

FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

Some Things That the Cable Men Forget to Send.

(London Daily Mail.)

A dramatic and exciting cavalry charge, unfortunately attended by fatal results, took place during manoeuvres on the Berkshire Downs on Saturday.

Private Lewis, of the 21st Lancers, has succumbed to injuries received during the charge, and twenty non-commissioned officers and men have been sent to Aldershot for treatment in hospital. Several of the men are seriously hurt. A corporal-major of the Life Guards has a thigh broken, several have injured backs, and all are badly bruised. Several horses were cut and bruised.

The disaster occurred in a curious manner. Two brigades of cavalry, under command of General Byng (Lancers Brigade) and Colonel Fenwick (Household Cavalry Brigade) had been searching for one another for three days over a range of three counties. Suddenly and simultaneously they discovered one another on Saturday morning.

Both forces, which were each about 1,000 strong, were at that moment, unknown to each other, ascending Weathercock Hill from opposite sides.

The route of both forces met on the very crest, and galloped back in wild dismay, shouting a warning. It was too late, however, and before the brigades realised what had happened they were facing one another at a distance of a few hundred yards.

The brigades rode at each other, cheering wildly. Squadrons became separated and charged anything and anybody, until the whole plateau became alive with a melee of 2,000 battle-mad horsemen.

It was a thrilling and realistic battle-scene—as like “the real thing” as has ever been seen at manoeuvres. When the “rally” sounded and the troops reformed, twenty or more disabled soldiers lay on the ground.

General French and his staff had a narrow escape. They were caught between the two lines of charging horsemen and had to spur hard to gain a place of safety. As it was, several of the staff officers were hustled by the galloping troopers. The regiments which took part in the charge were the 5th, 16th, and 21st Lancers, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards.

ENOCH ARDEN.

A strange scene in a dramatic drama, recalling Tennyson's “Enoch Arden,” has just been enacted at Southampton.

Some eight or nine years ago a ship's steward, in the service of one of the leading Atlantic lines, was married under the name of “Enoch Arden.” But unfortunately his domestic felicity was short-lived, and the couple parted in enmity.

The husband left the port with his vessel as usual, but when his ship returned to port his wife, who had had time to forgive the man of her choice, went to meet him. To her surprise he was not on board, nor could any news of him be gathered.

His wife inserted an advertisement in the New York newspapers, telling her husband that she had forgiven him, and appealing to him to return home at once, as his broken-hearted wife. There was no response.

Six years passed, and the disconsolate “widow,” who had one child, married a widower with three children. In due course two additions were made to the family, and life had pursued its customary tenor until the other day, when the long lost man unexpectedly appeared on the scene.

When the two husbands came face to face explanations were demanded, and hot words were passed. The second husband lost his temper, and in the heat of passion, and it is stated that he administered a sound thrashing to his rival, and then went his way.

The wife's wailing who had come to claim his wife also disappeared after this exciting adventure, and the woman who had had two husbands has now been left alone once more disconsolate.

WHAT IS A LADY?

For rich though unconscious humor it would be hard to beat the definitions given by little children in some of the London elementary schools in reply to the question recently propounded, “What is a lady?”

For instance, Ada (aged seven) explains that: “A lady is a man and she goes in a car or she goes in a motor. Sometimes she is a lady, sometimes she is a ball, and when her glasses when she can't see, and when her father dies she is a widow.”

Other examples are: John (aged eight)—“A lady is a pres (person) and a Cook-maid and a lady does the work (work) and a lady does the doorknob and she has the handle of the door. And the doorknob and the steves (stoves) and the taddoos and bread.”

Edie (aged eight)—“A lady has a very nice house and she has nice things in it and when she is married she has very nice wrings and then she mite have a nice husband and sometimes he treats her to nice things and then she treats him to nice things and they be kind to each other.”

Lizzie (aged seven)—“A lady is something like a man. But she's got long hair, and she's got a different face and different clothes, and she's got a lot of work to do.”

Ernest (aged seven)—“A lady is a mother or as a lot of children, and she thest (tries) to get rid of her children.” Howard (aged seven)—“A lady has got some trousers. But a man has got some trousers. A lady has got some hair. A lady has got long hair.”

Harry (aged seven)—“A lady is a maid and sometimes a cook that cooks the dinner, and a lady is a skirt, and when a lady isn't married she is called a widow. A lady has long hair.”

Dolly (aged seven)—“A lady is a kind woman. A lady is a Guvna. A lady is a Ruler. A lady is a kind and gentle woman to us and gives us clothes.”

GEN. BOTHA'S PLAN.

General Botha visited Standerford recently, and was welcomed by the municipality. In reply, he said that he could not adequately express his feelings concerning his recent visit to Britain. In spirit Britons meant well to the Transvaal. It was a spirit of friendship and brotherhood, and he hoped that the inhabitants of the Transvaal would foster that spirit. He had set himself the task of inducing concord between the two races.

Addressing the school children, General Botha said that feeling of suspicion should be dispelled on the school benches. All should assist in building up a great nation under the British flag. To a meeting of his constituents the

Premier declared that the work of the first session of Parliament had justified the grant of self-government. He regretted the attitude of many members of the Imperial Parliament, and wished they would allow the Transvaal to mind its own affairs.

Referring to the loan, he said he had told the Imperial Government that it would be impossible to develop the country without such an advance. The Opposition had cried out that a bargain had been struck, but he had discussed the loan in the clearest manner, and there was no question of a bargain.

After maintaining that the presentation of the Cullinan diamond to the King was most correct, General Botha, in an eloquent peroration, made a plea for reconciliation. “We are,” he said, “only a small white population, and we must take the hand of brotherhood in the march of progress.”

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Attention has often been called to the absence of any simple arrangement at London railway stations by which passengers could communicate by telegram or letter with waiting friends or make appointments, and we are now able to state that an automatic machine, styled the photograph, has been invented, by which this communication can be readily and cheaply effected.

The photograph, which is the invention of a young Englishman holding a position in a large mercantile and financial house in the City, provides desks where messages can be written, and three rows of revolving belts upon which ninety messages or telegrams may be exhibited simultaneously.

The inventor states that the first machines, which are being made in England, ought to be ready by the end of November.

LAVENDER OUT OF FASHION.

Lavender water as a fashionable scent is falling on evil days. People nowadays prefer a more modern perfume with strong-sounding names.

A pleasant rural industry is thus threatened with ruin. In many an old-world London village where lavender picking was once the great occupation of the inhabitants the cultivation of the lavender field is found no longer profitable.

Meanwhile, once the centre of the lavender growing, has now hardly a field of it left. Growers now sell as much lavender as they can in bunches. Only when the last possible bunch has been sold do they send the lavender to the distillery, as the price for lavender oil is so low.

L. C. C.'S £850,000 PALACE.

Many of the leading architects of the world have sent in their designs for the London County Council's new hall, which is expected to cost nearly £850,000.

It is expected that a greater number than the 216 who forwarded plans for The Hague Palace of Peace will have completed. London has supplied at least fifty complete designs.

A prize of 200 guineas goes to the winner, who will, of course, be entrusted with the task of carrying out his design. The remuneration of the architect responsible for the construction of the hall will be 4½ per cent. on the total cost, or very nearly £40,000.

SHOOTING-BOX ON WHEELS.

The most luxurious caravan of modern times is the shooting box put forward by a London firm on behalf of a vehicle, the total cost of which amounts to considerably over £1,000, which they have just constructed. Ten weeks ago the order was placed by an Indian Rajah, whose intention it is to use the vehicle as a movable shooting box. It is now ready for exportation to Bombay.

Between the windows—strongly barred without, so that they may be left open in safety, with no fear of intrusion from the wild beasts of the jungle—ten port-holes are interspersed. The roof is curved slightly in the manner of a quarter-deck.

The walls are built of the strongest teak—the only wood capable of withstanding the full onslaught of the Indian sun—lined inside with light oak.

TOLL OF THE SEA.

A return of the lives lost at sea in British ships from 1891 to 1896, which has just been issued by the Board of Trade, shows a gratifying decline in the loss of life both among crews and passengers. The following are the figures for some of the years:

Year.	Masters and Seamen.	Passengers.
1891.....	1,918	532
1892.....	1,869	58
1893.....	1,837	48
1894.....	1,191	275
1895.....	955	124

The greatest loss of life was in 1894 when 1,874 masters and seamen and 1,197 passengers were drowned.

FASHIONS IN DOGS.

“Even dogs are subject to fashion, and favorite at present is the kind that can be tucked into an overcoat pocket or carried in a lady's handbag. Now we want a waistcoat dog—one about the size of a watch.”

Such was the declaration of a Leadenhall Market dog-fancier, when he heard of the discovery in West Australia of dogs that are no bigger than rats. If the new dog can be imported for the London market, fanciers say that it is sure of popularity.

It is surprising how fashion in dogs changes. Here are some of the most important dates of the different fashions: 1820—Spitzbergers.

1830—King Charles spaniels.

1840—Black and tan terriers.

1850—Mexican “hairless” dogs.

1870—St. Bernards.

1880—Collies.

1890—Pug dogs (still in demand).

1896—Bull-dogs and dachshunds.

1900—English sheep dogs.

1907—Pomeranians, King Charles spaniels, Pekinese and Japanese.

The new Australian dog, which would undoubtedly find a ready market in London, resembles the marsupial dingo, and feeds on lizards and ground vermin.

WARTS DISFIGURE THE HANDS

But can be painlessly removed in twenty-four hours by the use of Putnam's Wart and Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and still the best. Insist on getting Putnam's only.

On July 13, 1878, was signed the treaty of Berlin. Associated with this is the well-known phrase, “Peace with honor.”



AN UNFORTUNATE COMBINATION.

Junior Brutus Slobb—I hate the knave walk up, and down and speak to no one, and, oh! ye gods, see what company he is in!

Comic Opera War in Morocco.

What Happens When the Sultan Leads an Army Forth.

It is little wonder, the French laughed when the Moorish Sultan, Moula Abd el Aziz XIV, begged them to leave to him the chastising of the tribesmen outside Casa Blanca. For his Shereefian Majesty's military methods, while unquestionably magnificent, are decidedly not war.

For one thing money has been lacking. To-day all that is available for the imperial treasury is whatever may be left of the customs revenue after the French have taken their 60 per cent. And even such remnant is in large measure stolen by the native administrators in all the ports between Tangier and Mogador.

Formerly when the Moorish Sultan needed money he merely sent his demands to all his Caid's or provincial governors, from the Riff coast to the mysterious and little known Soos country in the Great Atlas. Of late years the Sultan's tax gatherers, far from returning with a rich harvest, have been grievously maltreated, and some indeed have never come back, and those who followed in their footsteps were shocked to behold their heads above the great gates of tribal castles in the hills.

Clearly then the Sultan is obliged to go forth pretty often to chastise rebellious tribes. And since he has no money, he is a mere rabble of adventurers that live by looting, a call for volunteers is the first step in the formation of a mahalla or expeditionary force.

Each feudal lord is required to furnish so many hundred horsemen, and as a result perhaps 40,000 warriors are gathered on the hills outside the walls of Fez. Among them you will find tribes that bear deadly animosity toward each other, yet are content for the moment to sink private quarrels in view of loot to come when castles, villages and towns are being looted. The Sultan is the first step in the formation of a mahalla or expeditionary force.

The strange thing is the absence of hurry. “Taste is of the devil,” says the Moorish proverb. Two years ago when Morocco's finances were in a desperate straits and a swift move on the Rabaah rebels was struck terror into the hearts of Aziz waited fully two months at Rabat to witness the arrival from Constantinople of some Circassian ladies he had bought for his harem at a figure approaching \$15,000.

The moral effect exerted by the mere idea of the Sultan on the Sultan's set forth originally is first fined \$50,000 and then forced to do his majesty's police work in return for loot and vengeance afforded for past ills.

While these preparations are about the imperial mahalla passes an enjoyable week or two in that oasis, living in the country and laying it bare, and any cloud of locusts could ever do. The Sultan holds daily audiences.

In due time the sovereign's passengers of velvet and gold, and the Sultan's gory heads, which are speedily sent in to the nearest walled city to be salted. These grim reminders of law and order are then distributed, with a nice discrimination, among cities that have been rebellious in late in sending taxes up to Fez. (Singing) “Our majesty has been named twice the number of horses, camels, mules and asses turns northward toward the ancient capital of the empire. But there is much police work to be done on the road.

It may be half a dozen villages to be given and burned because of “upset” of the Sultan's set forth originally is first fined \$50,000 and then forced to do his majesty's police work in return for loot and vengeance afforded for past ills.

But so far Moula Abd el Aziz has been enough to engage the Sultan's army in a pitched battle, preferring minor skirmishes and then a leisurely retreat on the imperial city. It is notorious that after one severe defeat at Bu Hamara's hands near Taza the Sultan sent glowing letters to be read in all the mosques describing a great and glorious victory—“By the grace of God.”

For the last ten years the country Caid has been smuggling in modern rifles and ammunition on a great scale, chiefly through the ports of Tangier and Casa Blanca. These weapons are carefully concealed in underground matans, or grain chambers, to be produced in the event of a holy war being proclaimed against the Christians all over the empire from the Riff coast to the Great Atlas. In that event France, or any other Power, charged with the polling of the last independent Moslem empire of North Africa, will surely have her work cut out.

All settle down as though on a pleasure trip. Even the most despairing appeals for aid from a beleaguered city full of loyal subjects are disregarded or waved aside with a placid: “Wait and see how we shall eat the dogs when we cast our nets about them.”

There are sports and games, songs and manoeuvres, receptions and powder play. This last is the national pastime.

A body of superbly mounted riflemen, 500 or 1,000 strong, trot slowly forward in line over a flat plain. There is an officer on either hand and a third in the centre. Suddenly these raise their guns with shrill cries. The excited staidness quicken to the gallop, and amid thundering hoofs and clouds of dust the cavalry dash headlong on an imaginary foe, firing recklessly this way and that to display horsemanship of a high order and skill in avoiding a return shot.

Still, there comes a time when the leisurely pace must push on, literally eating up the country as it goes and reducing whole tribes to beggary. And the time comes also when the enemy's country is really reached.

“Now,” you will say, “we shall see hot work.” Not a bit of it. First of all grave envoys are sent out to impress upon the offending tribe that at length Sidna, the Lord of All, has descended with his countless legions, before whom their own might is puny as that of the locust beheading the lion. This being so, how much do they propose to pay to buy off this mighty terror now at their gates?

The local Caid suggests 50,000 Moorish dollars (each worth 75 cents), and thereupon the envoys arrange an audience with his Majesty in the big square before his tent, which space is marked out with Maxims and batteries that will not shoot.

On the evening appointed the tribal chiefs prostrate themselves before the big weak-faced youth seated awkwardly in a gaudy European parlor chair. And after waving fealty and depositing their dollars in big canvas sacks in the tent of the Lord High Treasurer, a proposition is put to them by the Chief of Staff.

“O Brothers,” says the War Minister, Sid El Guebbah, “our word have ye at the Ben Arad men, three days ago they said they have given much trouble, raiding cattle and women, killing and maiming camels and horses, and as well carrying off great stores of grain and cloth. Go, bring hither the heads of these dogs and eat up their country.”

Here are skilful business arrangements. The tribe against which the Sultan set forth originally is first fined \$50,000 and then forced to do his majesty's police work in return for loot and vengeance afforded for past ills.

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Irish linen manufacturer, died on the 29th ult.

Greatest of Mimic Wars.

The Kaiser Manoeuvres That Show Germany's Power.

The Emperor of Germany is preparing a more ambitious programme than ever for the famous “Kaiser Manoeuvres,” in which a quarter of a million men will take part. Every great nation sends pickets of officers to witness these superb annual displays, for no one questions the supremacy of Germany in matters military; and her September manoeuvres are considered the practical University of War, to which students come from all parts.

Every one knows the German Emperor is master of 5,000,000 fighting men—a vast army keyed to an amazing pitch of perfection, and selected from a whole empire in arms. That army is the most formidable fighting force the world has ever seen, and its practical efficiency is tested once a year, the month of September. For the great aim, says Gen. von Einem, the Prussian Minister of War, is “to be ready before the need arises to use our weapons.”

September is chosen, firstly because climatic conditions are then most favorable; and secondly, because just after the crops have been harvested the contending armies can march across wide stretches of cultivated land without doing any damage. Mobilization and operations even on the hugest scale are carried out in strict accordance with the rules of actual war.

At the same time it is erroneous to suppose the Kaiser himself works out the scheme of the manoeuvres or that he retains supreme command. It is really the General Staff under its new chief, Gen. von Moltke—a true “battle thinker”—which works out the details and supervises the operations.

The Emperor's functions are those of a supreme umpire-in-chief, who passes final verdict on the performance of all troops and criticizes defects with merciless severity. But long before September minor sections of the huge machine are being exercised, so that they may know their part when called upon. Young Lieutenants barely out of their teens are ordered to lead sub-sections of companies into the open country and take them against imaginary enemies.

The great September operations are known as the Kaiser manoeuvres, because the Emperor always supervises them in person as Commander-in-Chief of the army. Mobilization orders are issued precisely as they would be if France or Russia declared war. Every reservist who has abandoned his civilian calling receives a statement telling him to report as riding at the head of his troops into the thick of battle and spurring them on to victory by his own heroic example.

In such moments he thinks of armies, not fighting in thin line scattered forty miles, but as masses of heroes hurling themselves upon the cold steel of their opponents. For this reason, it is the Kaiser has never been able to resist the temptation to set aside a few hours to spectacular movements, specially designated to gratify his own craving for superb effect.

And so every year the manoeuvres are interrupted for a day in order that all the cavalry forces belonging to foreign armies may be moved and led against the combined infantry. Military experts regard the incursion as perplexing and demoralizing to the common soldiers. The Kaiser then places himself at the head of the cavalry and leads it in a terrific charge against the unmounted forces.

The foreign attacks are frequently very critical, and find fault with many of the combined movements dear to the Kaiser's heart. “The lessons taught both by the Boer war and the Russo-Japanese struggle,” said a British observer of last year's manoeuvres, “have apparently been ignored by those responsible for training the German infantry. The old dense formation is strictly adhered to, and many of the assaults on the trenches were conducted with a shoulder to shoulder. It is to be feared the awakening will be a rude one.”

French critics declare the grayish black uniforms of the German army are conspicuous a mile away, and say their spade work in trench formation is not well done. A couple of donkeys have been deducted for officers and non-coms, the men creep into what is left and sleep packed like sardines. Thus this tent system is elastic. Two men can form a shelter, or an entire company may unite their sections.

The hour of respite varies between midnight and 3 in the morning. If there is time the regiment will boil its coffee, but if not every man munches his bit of schwarzbrod contentedly and marches off. Singing is encouraged, for the men who sing on the march go further and fight better than those who do not.

It is a wonderful sight to watch one of these born soldiers on the march, so extensive is his equipment. In fact, it is only by degrees he can bear the strain, for if a raw recruit put on full equipment he would drop in an hour. Here are some of the items: A heavy rifle and bayonet; water bottle, haversack, pouches and mess tin; big hairy knapsack carrying light boots, cleaning brush, spare underclothing, trousers, tunic, cap and other trifles, overcoat, tin pieces, pegs, wood for cooking, bread, ammunition, spade for trenching, collapsible water bucket, pickaxe, heavy leather helmet, and a thick uniform and heavy top boots.

Yet under this load the man is often called on for thirty miles a day. When each regiment halts at midday out comes the firewood, and in five minutes there are scores of little fires going. A few minutes later the German soldier's patent combination food—a nutritious mixture of meat and vegetables combined, which only needs heating—is frizzling merrily in its can.

The General Staff will have divided their forces into two armies of almost equal strength. One side represents Germany, and the other the foreign country with which the empire is supposed to be at war. Each is under the command of a full General Staff. When operations begin the armies may be separated by a hundred miles of rough country, and the first object of the opposing Generals is to make a series of strategic marches in such a way as to obtain the best position for actual fighting.

These marches may occupy two or three days, and they are carried out on the theory that the troops are traversing a hostile foreign country. Screens of cavalry are sent forward to spy out the land and shield the main body from observation and surprise attacks. Very often at night the soldiers bivouac in the open; and in bad weather they have a pretty severe taste of the actual hardships of campaigning.

After the battle is over the ambulance surgeons and their stretcher bearers go forth with the dogs. It is an inspiring sight to see the dogs racing this way and that, sniffing the air and poking

their noses into bushes and thickets with real enthusiasm. When they find a “wounded” soldier they first give him a drink of water from a little flask they carry on their neck and then bark until the attendants arrive.

The Emperor himself watches the manoeuvres of his troops with unremitting attention. During preliminary stages he rides with the cavalry or marches with the infantry, discussing military problems with the officers, or even talking with the common soldier. When the troops are encamped the Kaiser also lives in a tent. Formerly he used to bivouac on the bare ground with his men, but his medical advisers have strictly prohibited this risk since the operation on his throat in 1903.

The moment the armies get into touch the Emperor hustles across the imaginary battlefield in his big automobile, and no movement in any part of the war area escapes his attention and criticism.

At the close of each day's operations the Kaiser summons his principal officers around him and delivers to them a lecture on the lessons and warnings to be gained from the day's experience. Mistakes are mercilessly exposed by the imperial expert, who expounds intricate questions of military strategy in a way that reveals a complete mastery of the subject. Moreover, the Emperor speaks with considerable oratorical charm, and his military homilies on the battlefield are keenly appreciated by the staff officers.

On certain occasions, however, when the Kaiser has had entire command of the army of his own, he has suffered crushing defeat, despite his absolute mastery of strategy and tactics. This is mainly due to his love of spectacular effect. On one memorable occasion in the Rheinland, when the Emperor was in command of an army, he suddenly found himself entirely surrounded by a great opposite force under General Count Haeseler, and in real warfare should have been entirely annihilated. It is said that Gen. Haeseler's success, and the embarrassing position in which he put his imperial master, has led to his being in disfavor at court ever since.

The German Emperor knows perfectly well what the conditions of modern warfare are, and how vastly they differ from those of old. And yet the rigid scientific lines of to-day do not satisfy his yearnings for the magnificent. For the Kaiser loves to think of himself as riding at the head of his troops into the thick of battle and spurring them on to victory by his own heroic example.

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