

SEE DAWN OF
FINAL VICTORYSeems to Break Over the Town
of Comblès

A LONG ROAD TO IT

Two Years to Get Six Miles, and
What a Struggle—No Such
Cliché of Death in History of
Warfare

(Boston Transcript.)

As the first British armies landed in France after their passage of the Channel, the men sang a popular song which had pleased their fancy, of which the refrain was, "It's a long road to Tipperary." The song became their war chant. There was something prophetic about it. The men who sang did not know what "long roads" had to do with this war. Their great leader, Kitchener, did know, and he must have smiled grimly when he heard the soldiers sing of the weary way to Tipperary. For how long and hard the road was to be, before they were even to look upon the dawn of their final victory on the continent, he, Kitchener, fully understood.

Just now, all may see that dawn. It seems to break over a certain little town which nestles in a valley near the river Somme in France—the town of Comblès. There is nothing about little Comblès to give it the character of a stronghold—nothing to forebode fighting fame for it. But it chanced that near this village the nippers of the French army and the British army came together, and it is a fact that the British and the French have been marching to Comblès, or



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of five, who volunteered to care for some of the orphaned children, had ninety-four allotted to her, and others suddenly found themselves with surprisingly large families. Every one helped in the relief work, and those who could not provide shelter contributed generously to the funds that were started. In a single day I was able to raise enough money to supply clothing and food for 1,000 refugees in Rouens.

As time went on our burden was made somewhat lighter when England assumed the care of part of the refugees and they were taken to London, but for nearly two years now we have cared for the 400,000 that still remain within our country. It is the future of this great number, most of them children, that we must consider, and it is our aim to educate them, and we have decided that we can only care for them and hope that at the close of the war many may be restored to their mothers and fathers.

Boys' Club at Hague.

"A few years ago, with only \$4 capital, and under the special patronage of the prince consort, I started a club for poor boys at The Hague. I conceived the idea after a visit to America, where I saw the great work being done here among poor boys. My club flourished from the start and we now have a nice

building free of all debt and with a membership of 225 boys. At the outbreak of the war I threw my club open to the Belgians and soon had more than one hundred refugees, who remained there several months. Later, when the relief work was better in hand I was able to restrict the occupants of the club-house to boy refugees, and I endeavored now to keep as many boys as possible over fifteen years of age in this building. The Manual Training School

of The Hague is located opposite and there they are studying to perfect themselves in some trade.

"Our idea is to make the Holland-America Home a permanent home for these and the other Belgian orphans in our land. We do not wish to make it an institution where children will be training in classes. Instead, it is our plan to have cottages with a mother, whose family will be increased by four or five, at the head of each, where the

children will receive individual attention and know the joys of a home. There will be, perhaps, the dining hall for the colony, as well as a school and church, and we will endeavor to make all of them self-supporting. The difference of religion of the two countries will not in any way enter into the home and any one will be free to leave whenever he wishes to. We need \$100,000 for our project, for which we hope to make arrangements as soon as possible.

creeping to Comblès, or gnawing their way to Comblès, over a road which is about six miles from the spot to which they swiftly marched about this date two years ago, on their recoil from the Marne.

Here, two miles out of the city of Albert, on the road which meanders up the valley of the Somme, the French dug themselves in two years ago. The British line at that time was farther north, but was afterward extended to this neighborhood. And along this road the British and the French have now long stood shoulder to shoulder. From the high ground, they could see little Comblès, nestling in the bend of the river. But no dawn of victory could they see breaking over it. That had to come with the tedious traversing of the road.

Two years to get six miles! A long road, indeed, but what a road to travel! Here were stretched the most complicated, the deepest, the thorniest, the most amazing intrenchments that the art of war has ever produced. Crossing this line of entrenchments turned out to be a good deal like shooting Niagara, upward. Here was an army comfortably underground, out of the reach of shells. Not far away was the "Wonder Work" of German defensive art, which makes of Vauban's strongest fortifications a child's play place. In order to march over these six miles of road to Comblès, the British must bring into being guns which they had never used before, and which were capable of grinding, with their fire, these entrenchments

to bits. That was the way they were negotiating the road to Comblès—by putting all their shops and mills, and even the women they had left behind them, to the manufacture of these weapons of uttermost destruction.

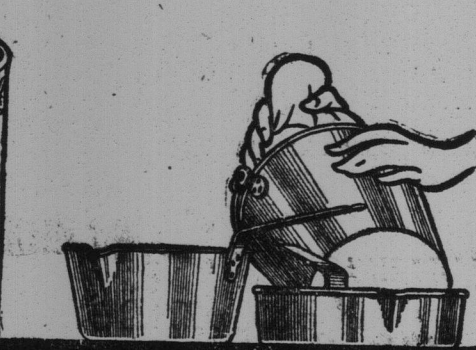
The road had to be marched not merely above and upon the ground, but through the very earth. The British succeeded. Their new and powerful guns, their terrible accumulation of shells, at last drove the Germans out of their trenches by virtually shooting the trenches out of the earth. And when the Germans sought to make new trenches, they found the fire too terrible and ceaseless to permit them to make the elaborate dug-outs necessary. Today we have a picture of the resistance which the Germans made. Lacking the deep trenches that the British would not let them build, they placed the cannon side by side, 150 to the mile, and resisted the advance with shell fire unexampled in its volume of projectiles.

Even at that, the British are getting over the road. No such cliché of death has been recorded in the history of warfare. Never such a pouring out of blood and treasure, with empires at stake. That the expenditure must bring victory at last to the assailants is plain from this fact, that the resistance is absolutely the utmost that the German power can bring to bear, and it does not avail. If not another ounce of power remains to them to exert, what must be the result of their fighting back? The test has gone against them; that is all.

And thus it is that, although the Germans at this writing remain in the little town—their backs to the river, both flanks menaced—the road behind them narrowing hourly—the British, piled up on the road, eastward looking see the sun of victory dawning over Comblès.

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FOR BELGIAN WAIFS

Dutch Project Backed by Roosevelt and Others

Solicit Funds in United States—Daughter of Court Chaplain of the Netherlands Tells of Her Work Among the Homeless

Under the auspices of a committee, consisting of Theodore Roosevelt, August Belmont, Horace White, E. E. O'Leary, Mrs. George B. Davis, Mrs. Arthur H. Lee, and a number of other prominent Americans, Miss Hindrika A. C. van der Pijer of the Hague is raising funds for a home for Belgian children, to be known as the Holland-America Home.

Belgian children whose fathers were killed in the war are to be trained and educated there, and it is proposed to found the home in Antwerp after the war. In the meantime the children are to be cared for in the different institutions and private families where they have been for the last two years.

Miss van der Pijer, who is the daughter of the court chaplain, who is a farmer, and married the Queen of Holland, has for many years been engaged in improving the condition of the poor in her country. Since the beginning of the war she has given her entire time to relieving the sufferings of the thousands who were suddenly thrown within the nation's gates, and is now in the United States to obtain funds for carrying on the work of educating and making these unfortunate people self-supporting. She is at the McAlpin Hotel, New York, where she explained the growth and details of the plan for the home, which was started in December, 1914, with the formation of a committee consisting of Monsieur le Baron Fallon, Belgian Minister at The Hague; Dr. Franz van Cauwelaer, of the Belgian Parliament, and herself.

"When the war began more than 1,500,000 terror-stricken Belgians swamped our country," said Miss van der Pijer. "These desperate people had fled from their homes without a moment's notice and had carried with them all sorts of strange things and what was needed—food and clothing—and we were, therefore, confronted with the colossal problem of providing for this human flood which had fairly inundated our quiet little towns. It was horrible to see the fleeing mob, pressing forward so closely together in all the roads which led to safety that many a Belgian mother found her baby crushed to death in her arms. It lagged behind for a moment was to be hopelessly lost from the rest of the family.

The streets were filled with the refugees, some towns being tripled and quadrupled and even more in size. One town of 20,000 found 100,000 Belgians in its streets clamoring for protection and food, and many had taken refuge in the woods. One village of 8,000 swelled to 25,000 in a single night and sheltered 4,000 in the cathedral. We established temporary quarters in churches, public halls, and even in private houses where shelter could be obtained. One mother

building free of all debt and with a membership of 225 boys. At the outbreak of the war I threw my club open to the Belgians and soon had more than one hundred refugees, who remained there several months. Later, when the relief work was better in hand I was able to restrict the occupants of the club-house to boy refugees, and I endeavored now to keep as many boys as possible over fifteen years of age in this building. The Manual Training School

ON THE
Morning's
Porridge

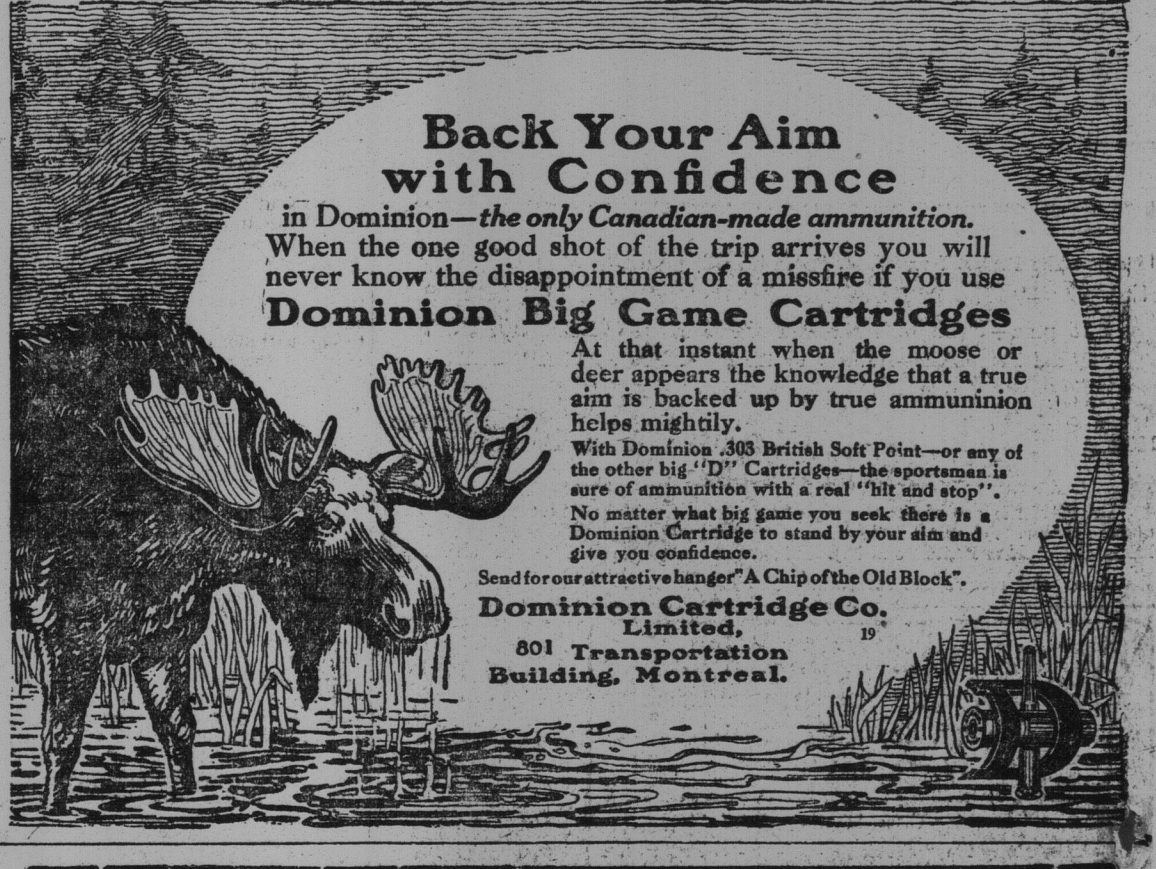
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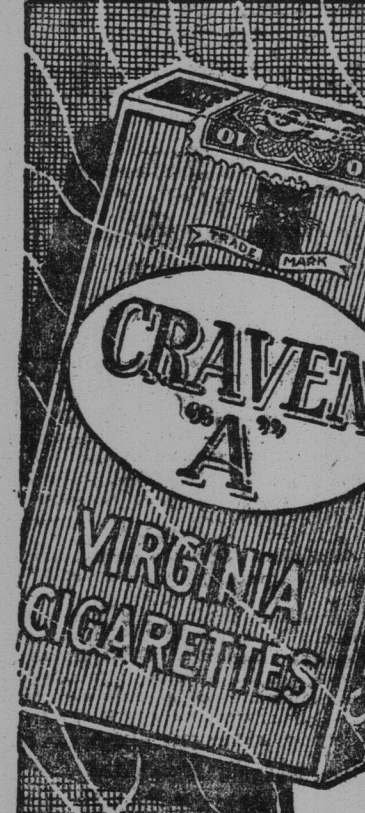
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