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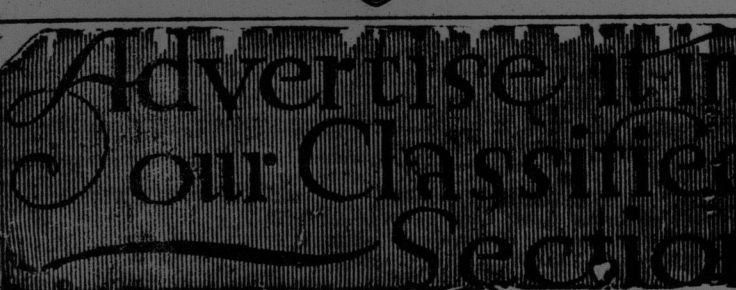
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'PAPA' JOFFRE STILL ON THE JOB



Other generals may come and go, but General Joffre directs operations of what is probably the greatest army ever generalised by one man—the allies on the western front. He is seen in the picture inspecting a Russian brigade in France, accompanied by Generals Gouraud and Lovitvsky.

The One Peace Condition

(Sir E. Goschen, in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung.)
(The following letter from Sir Edward Goschen, who was British ambassador in Berlin from 1908 until the outbreak of war, to an English journalist in Switzerland, was published a few days ago by the Neue Zürcher Zeitung. It has appeared throughout the German press. The letter is dated June 10.)

I have noticed that during the last few months statements have been constantly appearing in the Swiss press to the effect that Germany is victorious on land and sea, that she is ready to make terms, and that France and Russia are ready to treat with her, but are prevented from doing so by Great Britain.

Although I have retired from public affairs since the beginning of the war and have no official position, I have followed the trend of public opinion very closely; and as I have had the advantage of frequent intercourse with prominent British statesmen and other leaders of public opinion in England, I think I may claim to be conversant with the feelings entertained by our people and their leaders with regard to the course of events in the war and with their attitude towards the peace propaganda in Switzerland, the United States of America, and other neutral countries. I therefore venture to lay before you a few remarks with the object of making this attitude clear.

The revival of the peace propaganda in question has not passed unnoticed in Great Britain. But it has excited much less interest in this country than it has done in neutral countries, or for that matter in Germany, for the simple reason that Great Britain is at this moment not thinking of peace. That small section of the British people which is in favor of peace is no larger than it was a year ago; it is almost unrepresented in parliament, and for all practical purposes of government it may be said to be negligible.

The rock on which all such overtures as are now being made must inevitably split is the knowledge, which the British people have, that the objects for which Great Britain entered the war have not yet been attained, and that it may be taken as certain that until there is a prospect of their attainment the British people will never tolerate peace, which the British government who so much as ventured to discuss it would stand for a moment.

The German press campaign in neutral countries represents Great Britain the obtinate partner in a consoling sighing for peace. That is a charge which France and Russia may be left to answer—should they think fit to do so. Conquerors and Conquered.

I would, moreover, call your attention to the fact that the German chancellor has never formulated the peace terms which Germany would be prepared to accept. He appears to think that the entente powers, having failed as yet to be the conquerors, are accordingly the conquered. The answer to this claim is ludicrously simple. It is this—The entente powers do not accept the view that they are conquered.

That their armies are not at Magde-

burg or Breslau, that Belgium and Serbia and considerable portions of France and Russia are in the hands of the enemy is, of course, true. But if territorial acquisitions are, as the German chancellor still maintains, to be the standard of comparison between the belligerents, it is open to the entente to point out that, while the Central Powers have occupied 110,000 square miles of territory, the Entente Powers have occupied 676,000 square miles of territory. The entente governments have, however, never accepted and will never accept such a standard of comparison. With every month that goes by another, and a truer, standard will automatically force itself on German, and neutral, consideration.

Those who think that reverses weaken British resolution, singularly misjudge the British people. Consider the position in which Great Britain stood rather more than a century ago, in 1811. The power which was then attempting to overturn the balance of power and impose upon Europe a military hegemony had to all outward appearance attained its end. Its armies had overrun not two or three provinces of hostile territory, but the whole of Central Europe, together with the Italian peninsula. It had invaded its "ogies," Western Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Illyria, Spain, Russia was under French influence. Only Portugal and Turkey on the European continent were independent of the French emperor's will, and that merely because it was not his desire at the moment to attack them.

Do Germans, do neutrals suppose that the British people have such short memories that they can forget the story of the last attempt to dominate Europe was brought by their efforts, by their sea power, by their subsidies to an end Waterloo? If by some miracle every entente gun and every entente soldier were swept out of existence tomorrow, it would still be for the entente fleets at their good pleasure to determine whether a single German merchant vessel should leave from the Heligoland light. They could wither the whole growth of German overseas trade at the root, and put the clock back for Germany to the date more than half a century ago when Germany was a purely agricultural country.

When the consciousness of these things has been brought home to the German people and their rulers, as it will be, they will perhaps be ready to suggest terms which the powers of the entente can accept. Those terms must include reparation for wrongs committed and provision of means to reconstruct that which the Central Powers have destroyed.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY
OF THE SERBIAN ARMY

(G. Ward Price in London Times.)

The way in which the Serbian army reconstituted is one of the miracles of the war. Six months ago it could hardly have been said to exist. It was worn out with fighting against enormous odds, and the retreat through Albania had reduced it to a disordered mass of famishing and dispirited men, who had no chance, one would have said, of ever pulling themselves together and taking the field again.

Yet today, when General Sarrail and General Milne were the guests at a festival of one of the most famous Serbian regiments, the burly, vigorous men that marched past them with even, swinging step, and afterwards sang their songs and danced their national dances were splendid examples of the present soldier at his best.

Their discipline was excellent, and their high spirits undeniable, and these were the very men who came through Albania last winter leaving thousands of their comrades dying of sheer exhaustion by way. You need to see them now, full of heart and courage again and new-equipped and accounted from bayonet to bootsole, to realise fully the wonder that has been wrought.

The credit of it falls chiefly to the courage and resiliency of the Serbian character, but without the help brought by the French and British missions it would have been impossible for the Serbian army to come into existence again as such. Now that this great effort has been brought to full success it is well to recall some of the difficulties that have been overcome.

The first and most imperative necessity when the invasion of the Serbian army still fighting out of its own territory into rocky, foodless and hostile mountainous Albania was to meet the Serbians with food and save them from absolute starvation. These supplies of food had to be gathered at Brindisi and run the gauntlet of the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic before they ever reached Albania. And then there remained the hard task of getting them inland over the roads so bad that nothing in the United Kingdom but the

roughest tracks in the Highlands can be compared with them.

Officers and men of our Army Service Corps were sent to Medua, Durazzo and Avlona to organize this service along the line of the Serbians' retreat, from Skutari to the neighborhood of Avlona.

So exhausted and dispirited were they that it was necessary to place food depots at intervals along the coast so as to enable them to continue their journey. Between 60,000 and 80,000 men had struggled through from Serbia to Skutari. Day after day they had marched by goat-tracks over precipitous mountains in heavy rain and snow, often literally with no food for days together. Every few yards a man would sink down in the snow to die, and only the strongest came through. The men were

also exposed to attacks by Albanian brigands who laid in wait in the mountain defiles. One Albanian priest was even treacherous enough to betray a number of Serbian officers by inviting them to a meal to give his clan time to gather in ambush.

An Englishwoman Sergeant

was an Englishwoman. She had come out to Serbia at first as a Red Cross worker but later became a soldier, wore man's clothes and was promoted to the rank of sergeant. In the hospital here at Salonika, while recovering from the effects of the privation she had endured, she told of a matter-of-fact incident which showed her that she had spent behind a rock with her rifle, returning to the front line to find that the Serbian fire of British officers was sent out at the end of November and of these an advance party pushed on to meet the Serbian general staff at Skutari, while the rest established their headquarters at Rome and a base for food supplies at Brindisi. But for their endeavor it is difficult to see how the Serbians could have done anything but collapse and die of sheer hunger at Skutari. Bread cost ten to sixteen shillings a loaf. Some of the men went six days without tasting food at all. In vivid contrast with those night-mare days is the present happier time of abundance. As I look out of my window as I write this I see two burly Serbian soldiers ladling out soup from a big pot over their fire into pannikins for little Greek girls who come to claim their hospitality every mealtime.

At considerable risk from mines the Italian navy ensured the transport of food to Medua, but it was not possible to embark the Serbians there, as the Austrian fleet lay at Cattaro close by and might at any moment make a sortie. So the weary Serbians had to be routed again for another heart-breaking march southwards to Durazzo through dangerous marshes and in constant apprehension of an Albanian or a Bulgarian attack. It was another fearful journey, during which hundreds died of dysentery. At Durazzo only part of the army could be taken on board ship, and the rest had yet another seven days' march to Avlona. And along all this bitter way the officials and men of the British Mission stood by their sorely tried Allies.

The Arrival in Corfu.

From Avlona the French, who had now taken in hand the direction of the re-organization, quickly shipped the Serbians to Corfu. But even at Corfu their troubles were not over. The 80,000 troops who had marched from Skutari had been increased by 30,000 who had come straight from Elbasan to Avlona, and the difficulties of feeding and lodging such an army in the island, where no previous conveniences existed, were very great. The landing of troops be-

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gan in wretched weather, and the men were still so feeble that they went on dying of dysentery and exhaustion for weeks afterwards. But the French and English officers worked hard, while the Serbians devoted themselves to the task of reforming their broken-down divisions into fresh units. Roads and jetties had to be built, chiefly by English engineers; clothing had to come from France and England; rifles were shipped to Corfu, and horses and machine-guns. And so gradually order developed from chaos and the confused multitude of men who had struggled across Albania became an army again.

Then the Serbians were transported to Salonika through seas where they were awaited by submarines which were even sighted from shore by the Serbian troops at drill. The French were responsible for organizing this shipment, and they did it extremely well. The first shipment arrived here on April 15, the last had been discharged by noon on May 20, and not a man was lost on the way. Now they are all here—hard-bitten, war-seasoned veterans, both young and old. What strikes one about them chiefly is their good humor and simplicity—brawny 1st men with the heart and spirits of a child. Their uniforms are a most literal expression of their alliance with the Entente, for some wear English tunics and other coats of French horizon blue. Only the Royal Guard have kept their old full-dress kit—blue coat and red trousers trimmed with gold braid.

Finishing Touches.

The Serbian camps, of which generals visited one today, stretch for miles in a beautiful setting on a green plain flanked by a black mountain and shining sea. Here they are putting the last touches to their training, though they need little, for all are veterans. One regiment we saw today has lost more than a thousand killed and 8,000 wounded, out of an original strength of 4,000, since this war began, and there has not been a single year in the last five in which they have not been engaged in some war or other.

It is not only an army you see when you visit them, but a nation. That is the one melancholy thing about this Serbian force—that it should be all that is left of the manhood and vigor, bodily and intellectual, of so gallant a people. But none of the things they have undergone can damp their ardour or quell their buoyant spirit. After a day's work in the field they will join hands to dance the kolo, officers and men together, and sometimes, to guests from the Allied armies.

Sir John Jellicoe

Describing a meeting with Sir John Jellicoe, a writer in the London Daily News says: His manner was as simple and sage as that of any sailor who knows from long experience what troubles the sea is likely to show him and who can meet such problems without adding one

beat to his pulse. He has the self-control, I should guess, which characterizes a man's mind and leaves him cool when circumstances are most urgent. He would have the large and serene outlook of a just man who feels while doing all he knows that affairs are in the hands of God. Though there is a mascot, a black cat, on a woman-hater, I do not suppose the thought of fate worries him. He is vital and alive with a quick play of critical thought.

Kitchener Not a Woman-Hater

According to the Nursing Mirror, which quotes as its authority the editor of the Publishers' Circular, another stupid tale about Lord Kitchener is now exposed. It is to the effect that a writer in an American publication of January last credits him with telling the was office, when he was in the Sudan, that "if they insisted on sending him nurses he would duck them in the Nile." This was brought back to Lord Kitchener's notice, and he replied, through his private secretary, as follows: "The Secretary of State never takes notice of such absurd attacks upon him, which carry their falsehood on their face." The reply was marked "private," and is now released by Lord Kitchener's death. So far from being a woman-hater, the great soldier treated them with chivalrous deference.

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