

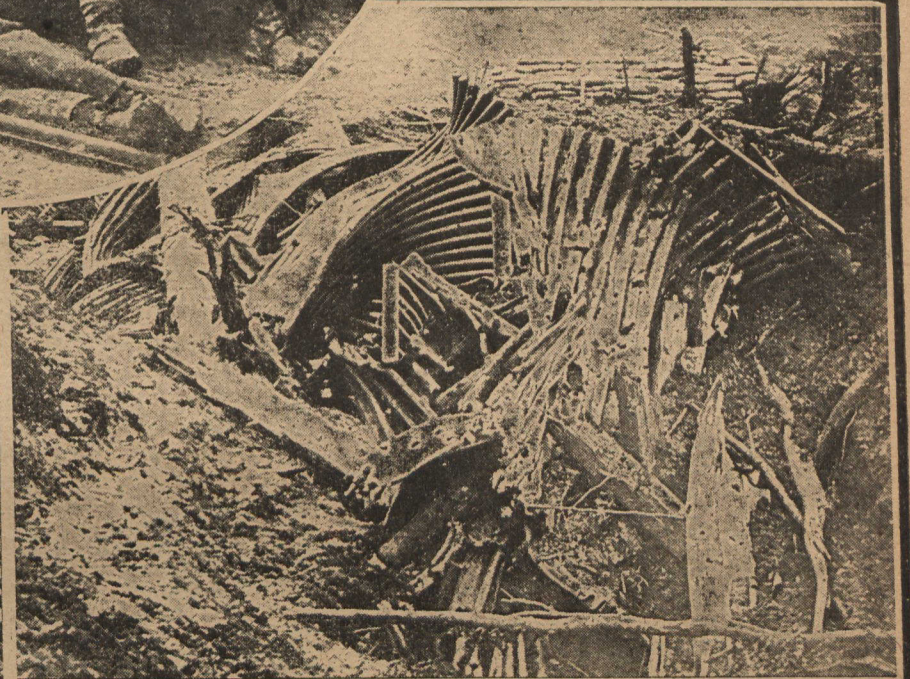
GERMAN ARMY SICK OF ITS JOB

Here-and-There Scenes from the Drama of the World-Harrying Teuton

NO doubt all soldiers are sick of war. But some are sicker than others. Germans are—some of these. One photograph does not make a moving picture, any more than one swallow makes a drink. But there have been so many pictures of tired Teutons that the photograph of German prisoners shown here somewhat sums up the story. These poor Fritzies look as though they would like to hate war and die. They don't look like average human beings engaged in world conquest. They resemble slaves driven to the job of war which inwardly they curse and yet keep at it because they can't escape the taskmasters. It's no kind of sense, however, to conclude that the German war machine is anywhere near its last wobble because the German soldiers are sick of war. The machine will keep on going for a long while



yet so long as the war lord slave-drivers can keep the slaves going. It takes a remarkable national psychology to keep armies fighting when soldiers look the way these poor devils do. Germany has it. There is no swagger about the Germans now. They are down to grim business. They don't sing Deutschland Uber Alles like they used to. They know that it no longer fits the case. But the war lords have still great armies of these jaded Teutons whom they can lash into the conflict. And on a military basis they can keep on lashing them for a long while. No doubt the German armies are suffering more hardships than any other. It is some while since iron crosses were given to army cooks. The armies of Germany long ago got past their second wind. Verdun and the Somme took most of that. They are fighting now because they have no will nor impulse for anything else.



ON top of this hill stands the Parthenon Museum, one of the wonders of Ancient Greece. In the foreground, Gen. Roques, French Minister of War and his staff are seen coming away from a visit to the ancient temple. The picture just below the circle looks like the ribs of some extinct mastodon. It's merely the anatomy of a German trench, as revealed by the touch of Allied shells. It is the steel and concrete skeletons of these trenches that have made the operation of blasting the Germans out of France such a slow one. More workmanship was spent on a mile of these trenches than upon the greatest factory in Europe.

In spite of all the atrocities of the Huns the French people seem to treat German prisoners very kindly. The picture to the right shows a French mayor binding up the wounds of a German soldier.

