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THE PRESENT WAR WILL BE A LONG ONE

An American Experience of What He Saw and Learnt at the Front

British Soldiers Have Settled Down to Hard Work--They Are Calm and Quiet But Are Determined

The following article is from the pen of E. Alexander Powell, an American writer, in the London Daily Mail, from the British headquarters in France:—

Along a road in the outskirts of that French town which is the British headquarters a youth was running. He was of considerably less than medium height and fair-haired and very slender. One would have described him as a nice-looking boy. He wore a jersey and white running sports which left his knees bare, and he was bareheaded.

Shoulders back and chest well out, he jogged along at the steady dog-trot adopted by athletes and prize-fighters who are in training. Now in ordinary times there is not anything particularly remarkable in seeing a scantily clad youth dog-trotting along a country road. You assume that he is training for a cross-country event or for a seat in a varsity shell, or for the feather-weight championship, and you let it go at that. But these are not ordinary times in France, and ordinary young men in running shorts are not permitted to trot along the roads as they list in the immediate vicinity of British headquarters.

Even if you travel, as I did, in a large grey car, with an officer of the French general staff for companion, you are halted every few minutes by a sentry who turns the business end of a rifle in your direction and demands to see your papers. But no one challenged the young man in the running shorts or asked to see his papers. Instead, whenever a soldier caught sight of him that soldier clicked his heels together and stood rigidly at attention. After you had observed the curious effect which the appearance of this young man produced on the military of all ranks it suddenly struck you that his face was strangely familiar. Then you all at once remembered that you had seen it, hundreds of times, in the magazines and the illustrated papers. Under it was the legend "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." That young man will some day, if he lives, sit in an ancient chair in Westminster Abbey, and the Archbishop of Canterbury will place a crown upon his head, and his picture will appear on coins and postage stamps in use over half the globe.

Training to Win.

Now the future King of Britain—Edward VIII, they may call him—is not getting up at daybreak on these chilly spring mornings and reeling off half a dozen miles or so because he particularly enjoys it. He is doing it with an end in view. He is doing it for precisely the same reason that the prize-fighter does it: he is training for a battle. To me there was something wonderfully characteristic in the sight of that young man plugging doggedly along the country road. He seemed to epitomise the spirit which I found to exist along the whole length of the British battle line. Every British soldier in France has come to realise that he is engaged in a struggle without parallel in history—a struggle in which he is confronted by a formidable, ferocious, resourceful, and unscrupulous opponent, and from which he is by no means certain to emerge a victor—and he is, therefore methodically and system-

atically preparing to win that struggle just as a pugilist prepares himself for a battle in the prize-ring.

Every British soldier in France has come to a realization of the terrible gravity of the situation which faces him. You don't hear him boasting "Tipperary" any more or bawling about what he is going to do when he gets to Berlin. He has come to have a most profound respect for the spiked helmets. He knows that he, an amateur boxer as it were, is up against the world's heavyweight professional champion, and he perfectly appreciates that he has, to use his own expression, "a hell of a job" in front of him. He has already found out, to his cost and his very great disgust, that his opponent has no intention of being hampered by the rules laid down by the late Marquis of Queensberry. One of these days, therefore, when he gets quite ready, he is going to give that opponent the surprise of his life by landing on him with both feet, spikes on his shoes and brass knuckles on his fingers. Meanwhile, like the young Prince in the running shorts, he has buckled down with grim determination to the task of getting himself into condition.

I suppose that if I were really politic and far-sighted I would cuddle up to the War Office and make myself solid with the general staff by confidently asserting that the British army is the most efficient killing machine in existence and that its complete and early triumph is as certain as that the sparks fly upward. Neither of these assertions would be the truth, however, though in saying this I am perfectly aware that I am inviting the blue pencil of the censor. It should be borne in mind, however, that the British did not begin the building of their war machine until about nine months ago, while the German organization is the result of upwards of half a century of unceasing thought, experiment and endeavor. But what the British have accomplished in those nine months is one of the marvels of military history. The machine that they have knocked together, thought still a trifle wobbly and somewhat creaky in its joints, is, I am convinced, eventually going to do the business. It struck me as having all, or nearly all, of the merits of the German organization with the human element added.

Roads in Good Repair.

You cannot really appreciate what this British war machine is like or what it is accomplishing by reading about it; you have to see it for yourself as I did. And it is by no means easy to see, either, for along that portion of the battle front held by the British, correspondents are about as welcome as small-pox. For miles and miles the road is lined with British motor-lorries in their war coats of elephant grey, with converted London motor-omnibuses and motor-bulances until you begin to wonder if there are any motor vehicles left in Britain. So crowded are the roads behind the British front; that at the cross-roads in the country and the street corners in the towns are posted military policemen with scarlet flags who control the traffic just as do the constables in the Strand and Piccadilly. The roads are never permitted to fall into disrepair. Road gangs and steam-rollers are constantly at work.

BLOCKADE FARCE UTTER FAILURE

England's Trade Some \$23,000,000 Over Last Year

London, June 14.—There is a grave danger lest the dramatic crimes of the German U boats, and especially the sinking of the Lusitania, should give us an exaggerated idea of the success of von Tirpitz' campaign against our merchant shipping, says the Globe. For the four completed calendar months of the present year the value of our foreign trade has been as follows:—

Imports	£281,676,312
Exports	116,770,328
Re-exports	31,729,362

Thus, during a war in which all

our chief European customers are engaged, and in face of the attempt by the world's second naval power to blockade our ports, we have in four months done a trade of no less value than £430,000,000.

Imports for these four months—although Germany is avowedly trying to cut off our food supplies—are actually some £23,000,000 higher than in the corresponding period of last year.

These figures teach us several lessons. They teach us confidence and to keep our heads at the time of occasional dramatic outrages. They teach us the immeasurable debt that we owe to our navy. They testify to the loyal service and imperturbable pluck of our mercantile marine.

THE NOBLE SISTERHOOD

HER cavalier, in boots and spurs, Beside the Volga's stream, Drank of the stirrup cup and said, "This, dearest, is my dream, That you shall be my only love, And deck our cottage walls. So, fare ye, well, sweet soul of mine, The Little Father calls."

And here a young Canadian, All girded for the fight, Speaks to a fair and lovely girl, Whose lips are deathly white. "Have cheer, my own, my gentle lass, The months will flee away, Though duty takes me to the wars, My heart is thine for aye."

O, cavalier, in boots and spurs, The Polish fields are red, And many a gallant gentleman The same good-bye has said. Those tearful eyes of Heaven's blue Will see the Volga's side, But never find their cavalier, For, ah, the world is wide!

And so, beside our lakes and rills, Some one will wait in vain, And seek to hide her loneliness, Her sorrow and her pain. But, ah, her head will still be high, Her soldier boy was brave, And memories of an endless love Are deeper than the grave.

—By J.E.M.

ONLY ONE OUTCOME.

"World power or downfall" was the challenge of Prussianism: and the world is ringing Germany with steel, grimly determined to fight that issue to the end. And there can be but one end, albeit that is far off. We who have stood half a world away and watched this cataclysm know what this end must be. We can feel at last the strength that fights in France, in England, in Belgium, in all the foes of "kultur." The Lusitania taught as nothing else could have done.—N. Y. Press.

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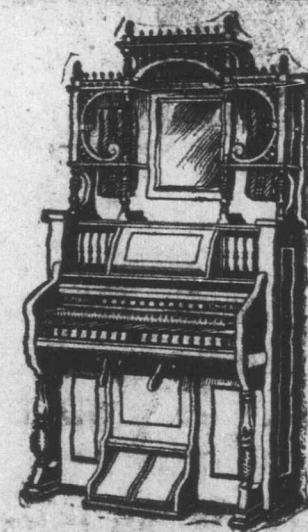
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