

PAGEANT OF EMPIRE MIGHT.

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One hears from a hundred sources how utterly the German Army had broken down and how deplorable was the retreat of that knotted column 105 miles long which for weeks congested every Rhineward road. It is just as well that these men should have been able today to see the perfect organization of our Army and the fitness of the men, if only as a wholesome contrast. One regretted the lack of sunshine. Yet nothing could have been more impressive than the endless tramp and roll of feet and wheels as column after column went out on to the bridges to disappear in the veil of rain. And long after they had vanished the pipes, or brass, or fifes and drums, called back. I do not think I would have had it other than it was.

All Good.

Of the Army itself there is little to be said which I have not said already. Besides the fighting infantry there were the field guns, clean as new brass nails, and every horse and mule, though soaked to the skin, showing his condition. There were the field companies of engineers, and the pontoons which perhaps they had dreamed of being used to make crossing of this very Rhine, instead of being dragged new painted and on wheels across a bridge. There were now happily empty of wounded, but the medical units with ambulance, said to be discreetly loaded with ballot papers and reading matter for troops, and the field kitchens, all steaming and giving out odours which must have been a cruel tantalization to the poorly-rationed populace.

And they were all good. It is not national prejudice. They were all good, the wholesome-faced men of a great race which has never shown its greatness better or with less cause of shame or regret than in this war, and down to the last brass button and last flopping ear of a gun mule they were good to see. One can imagine with what pomp the Germans would have surrounded the crossing, let us deprecatingly say, of the Thames. We do these great things with singularly little fuss, but in their very simplicity and forthright workmanlikeness there is a unique majesty.—(London Times).

A Transfer.

During a fierce infantry attack on a German position a British soldier was unfortunate enough to get slightly gassed. It had a peculiar effect—causing a temporary paralysis of the mind. The only thing he could remember was the terrible charge whereby they captured the enemy trench. The position was consolidated, and they sat the gassed man in the corner of a dug-out to recover. Just as the weary men were dropping off to sleep, the man in the corner began to mumble the only thing that occupied his mind.

“Us British didn’t ‘arf give them Germans ‘ell!”

“What’s that?” said the Corporal, sitting up.

“Uus British didn’t ‘arm give them Germans ‘ell!” he reiterated.

“Oh, shut up!” growled half a dozen voices. Every two minutes the poor chap repeated his homily, until the other occupants of the dug-out gave up sleep as an impossibility.

“Look ‘ere,” said the Corporal, going over to the man, “I can’t stick it any longer; you ain’t ‘urt, and if you ses that any more we’ll turn you into a blooming ‘Un, that’s wot we’ll do.”

The “gassed” man looked at him vaguely, and then repeated his dismal dirge.

“That’s done it!” said the Corporal. He grabbed a captured pickelhaube, placed it on the head of the man, and waved a bayonet before his eyes.

“Now you’re a bloomin’ ‘Un—a German. Understand.”

The man looked at him blankly, and then nodded his head sadly.

For twenty minutes not a sound was heard but the peaceful breathing of the tired men. All of a sudden the “gassed” man started talking, and this is what he was saying: “Then British didn’t ‘arf give us Germans ‘ell!”

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