



A CRITICAL MOMENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT MONS

Here is depicted the scene on the battlefield at Mons at the critical moment on Monday, August 24, during the opening battle on the frontier where first the Germans encountered the British army. Owing to the falling back of the French line further to the east, the British had hastily to change front under fire and withdraw. Until then, through the fierce fighting of the previous day and night, they had more than held their own, repelling, it is stated, six massed attacks with terrific losses to the enemy. Note the dark dense heaps of fallen Germans to the

right of the illustration; the masses of dead extend beyond the ridge to the right. To the left is seen the general wheel-back in progress, regiments retiring in unbroken order, flanked by other infantry firing from the shelter-trenches in the foreground. The British artillery (seen on the ridge to the left-centre) are covering the move. Two German aeroplanes are visible in the distance, hovering to direct the German guns by raising and lowering dics.—This picture was drawn by R. Caton Woodville from a sketch by Frederic Villiers and was first published in the Illustrated War News.

War is Hell

A despatch to The Standard from Paris says:

A woman friend has just given me a letter received from her son, a soldier at the front. It speaks for itself. Part of it follows:

"Life will soon become unendurable here. We have been for eight days holding a village, where at least eight hundred shells fall every day. We are in the thick of the horrors of war. The enemy occupies the river ford and we have been told to dislodge him."

"Four days back we made a night sortie and I assisted at the most awful butchery you can conceive. We made a bayonet charge in pitch darkness, talking to keep in touch with one another. I had a narrow shave myself, for a German got my rifle away and fired at me point blank, but the bullet only went thru my knapsack."

German Treachery

"We were regularly surprised one day, for the enemy played us a most scurvy trick by placing a lot of French prisoners in front of his men and forcing them at the sword's point to cry 'en avant.' We trustingly advanced accordingly right on to their trenches."

"I never saw anything like what followed. Our own artillery had to bombard the village, which was taken by the enemy. We had left our own wounded there."

"We take shifts day and night, without respite, in the trenches in front of our village. It rains without stopping, and never a ray of sun to warm our stiffened limbs. My feet are in the worst state, as I have not taken off my boots since we started."

"The whole country is covered with dead horses and is a veritable charnel house. We are all sure of winning, tho, and if the enemy violates all the

rules of war and commits atrocities it must be because he feels he has lost."

A vivid picture of a French infantry charge upon German trenches is drawn by the correspondent of the New York American in a despatch dated from

with corpses. Hundreds and hundreds of bodies lie on the ground as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of them all fell in one direction, like grass cut by a scythe. Death has overtaken them in the furious rush of an assault. All



RATIONS FOR THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH: A VERY PORTABLE FIELD-KITCHEN WHICH COOKS AS IT GOES

The Russian army on duty in the field is accompanied by a very excellent service of field-kitchens, the invention of a Russian cavalry officer. Each kitchen, with its wheels, weighs about 350 lbs., and can be adapted to any sort of country. Theoretically it is drawn by one horse, but generally in practice requires two, and it can either be drawn, or, as is shown in the leading group in this illustration, transported without the wheels between two pack-horses or mules. No special pack-saddle is necessary, and the food can be cooked on the march, ensuring a hot meal for the men at the end of the day. A somewhat similar contrivance is used in the British army described as a "galloping kitchen," invented by a non-commissioned officer of the "Buffs."

'behind the allies lines, France, Sept. 21. He says:

I climb from the hollow in which Barclay nestles and reach the edge of the plain, criss-crossed by German trenches. A terrible, yet sublime spectacle is presented. The vast plain is littered

lie with limbs extended and faces forward.

There is potent, moving significance in this position of the dead. It relates, reveals, describes.

A Single Desire

It is here than an impetuous, un-

yielding, overwhelming assault has taken place. In the immobility of death there is irresistible eloquence. The bodies are all pointing toward the enemy, heads foremost. A single thought, a single desire, a single impulse united these men in the last moments of life. There is still an expression of violence and impetuous dash in this fallen throng. Taken singly, they are horrible. Taken altogether these bodies seem to have indescribable and fabulous life, and if at the sight of this slaughter one feels a wave of emotion, it is not caused by pity, but by enthusiasm.

I think of the Japanese legend of heroes, who never die; when their bodies fall into the multitude of their souls continues the assault. Something of such deaths, something invisible and prodigious, must have happened here. Possibly they were fresh troops. The uniforms seem to be new. Blue coats with the skirts turned back disclose the red of the traditional trousers which is seen afar by the enemy—the vivacious color and imprudent and gay hue.

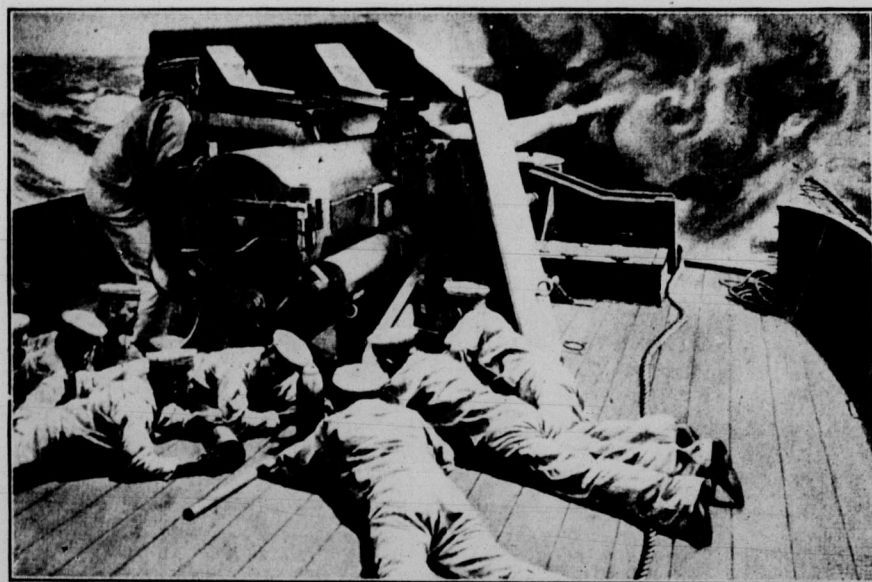
Faces on the Ground

The national symbol of red must have formed a flaming, trembling line across the plain at the moment of assault. Nearly all the dead lie with their faces on or in the ground, having been hit in the head or breast. All have those strange, inhuman, grotesque, sinister attitudes to which they were condemned by death on the battlefield.

Some of the wounded had had time to settle themselves and quietly await the end. They appear to be sleeping.

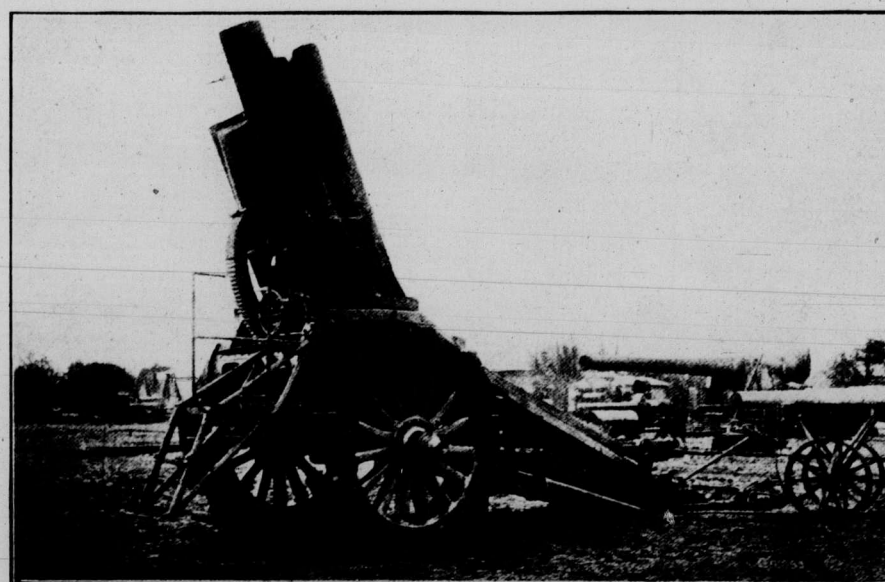
In front of, or under each corpse, is a rifle, which escaped from the grasp of the falling man, or was clutched in his hands when death came so suddenly as to make every muscle rigid.

The assault began at a distance of 700 and 800 yards from the first line of German trenches. It is possible to



NAVAL GUNNERS AT WORK

Here is a scene aboard the light cruiser "Highflyer," the British ship which sank the German commerce-destroyer "Kaiser, Wilhelm der Grosse." The "Highflyer" carries eleven 6-inch quick-firing guns, each of which can discharge twelve aimed shots a minute, using 100 lb. shells. It is vessels of this type which have cleared the North Atlantic of hostile ships and made commerce between Canada and Great Britain secure.



GERMAN SEIGE MORTARS IN FIRING POSITION

This illustration shows the most formidable weapon in use at the seat of war, the German 11-inch siege mortars, which wrought such havoc on the steel and concrete forts at Leige and Namur. These guns can be fired from positions behind hills and invisible from their target and throw a bursting shell, weighing over 700 lbs., a distance of over seven miles. The guns weigh about 16 tons and are hauled by traction engines.