

heaved out on the briny deep—that twenty-three won't be missing!

Up in the gallery the redcoat band is getting the brass and the big drum; pipers on the floor tuning up somewhere behind. Here's a private in his regimental cap. Number next swats it with his service cap and a line of kilties in dust-brown pit helmets grin.

"That's all right old chap," says he, "I'll quit being a parade guy when I get to camp. Gimme a match."

A strange democratic bonhomie as far as may be in a regiment; the levelling of a common cause that makes mannikins of all, and drill-shed tactics merely the survival of a habit. Company by company form fours and back again, right turn and right about, shoulder arms and stand at ease and stand easy.

Yonder an officer with a huge war head-line thrust from his side pocket harnesses a meek young recruit who last evening didn't know a knap-sack from a water-bottle. Almost comically he submits to the toggeries, strap upon buckle and heft upon load. A few weeks and that pale face will be brown as dust, those slimsy, shuffling under pins will spruce up to the grand click of preparation for war, and he'll learn to wriggle on the slack of his stomach with a gunstock at his wish-bone and aim at something that looks like a man.

Suddenly as an earthquake almost this eruption of soldier-making has seized the rank and file of the streets. It may be a long way from the first try-on of a knapsack to the keeping cool under the whine of bullets from the smokeless lines of God knows where; but from the crowd gaping at the newspaper bulletins to the recruiting office is only a step when its war, war, War, WAR!

Gun Cotton

And the Deadly "T.N.T."

WHEN Lord Salisbury swapped Heligoland to Germany for the island of Zanzibar, he replied to military objectors, that soldiers would like to fortify the moon against invasion from Mars. Rear-Admiral Mahan, of the United States navy, in Leslie's Weekly sizes up Heligoland as such a danger point that no one could imagine a British flotilla venturing anywhere near it. Heligoland is a fort, a torpedo base and a wholesale supply house for navy mines. Yet several German warships were sunk by the British within gunshot of Heligoland. Mines are more dreaded by sailors than Zeppelins are by landmen. The efficiency of the Zepps is yet to be proven. The mines are understood. It was a mine that blew up the Petropavlosk, flagship of the Russian fleet with Admiral Makaroff commander. As described by Commander Semenov, on the Diana, who was an eye-witness, that explosion of gun-cotton was the ghastliest thing that ever happened at sea.

When mines were first invented, many years ago, the explosive was gunpowder. Then came gun-cotton, which is ordinary cotton soaked with nitric acid and compressed into raw cakes. It is exploded by fulminate of mercury. After gun-cotton came "T. N. T.," which is the limit. This new explosive is probably used by the Germans, who have in their line-up of the infernos three kinds of mines; the observation mine, operated by an electric battery from shore; the anchored automatic, which explodes by contact; and the floating mine, which goes where it jolly well pleases and blows to smithereens whatsoever and whomsoever it will, whether enemy, friend or neutral, warship or merchant marine.

The Machine and the Man

How the Kaiser was Able to Mobilize His Millions

KAISER WILHELM has left his main army in France. He has gone to extend greetings to the Russians advancing with the three-headed steam roller in a line as long as from Montreal to Halifax. Compliments must be observed. Meanwhile the war machine that he has left doesn't even know he has gone. The Germans go on feeding themselves into the threshing-machine of the war gods just the same. Their single eye is set on Paris. They are wading through. The reserves fall into the gaps mowed by the artillery and the rifles. The wedge from the north and the thickening lines from the south are crawling closer to each other. Each

division knows just what the other is doing. There is a factory clock for each; a schedule to be kept; a programme to carry out. The Kaiser probably expects to come back in his special train so as to be the central figure at the capitulation of Paris. He never misses a spectacle. But at present his machine grinds away without him. Fancy Napoleon leaving his army! This is a marvelous machine that would push back millions and throw a ring around Paris, when the lord high chief of the General Staff is away hunting the bear.

It seems new to the world, this super-organic leviathan of war that spreads itself like a colossal cobra over France, one head down from Belgium, the other up from Lorraine, both intending to converge upon Paris, each head moving when the other does, and knowing when to do it. But in Germany they have had this manoeuvring machine since before the Franco-Prussian war. Away back in 1866 Bismarck and Von Moltke decided that war is not merely hell, as Sherman said just about that time. War is primarily a machine. It must be run as a factory.

Years before the Siege of Paris the German army was the nucleus of what it is now. It was absolute conscription. The country was then divided into



Teaching the old and young idea how to shoot. Recruits at Valcartier being instructed in how to hit a target at war distances.

military districts. The census taker spied out the name and address of every man capable of shouldering arms. There was the war footing and the peace footing then as now. When Germany went to war with France, in 1870, she had 1,100,000 men all trained to war. To get them she scoured the back concessions and the farmhouses and the villages. The general staff knew where every male warrior lived just as well as the tax-collector did. Military centres were dotted all over the country. At each were the list of names, the guns, the stores, the clothing, the artillery, the boots and the etceteras of war. If necessary, one of these centres could march out to war without any of the others. The mass was decentralized. Each centre, corresponding to an army corps, knew through its officials just what was to be done at a moment's notice as to mustering, arming and equipping, getting of horses and field guns, collection of supplies from its own territory and transports to get the whole sudden machine of that district on its way to the field of war wherever it might be quite independent of the others; but all moving with a common purpose.

That kind of army mobilization had its birthplace in Germany. It was old there before it was cradled anywhere else. The million that mobilized with all the munitions of war in 1870 are nearly all dead now. The five millions mobilized when this war started were even more ready than the million were in 1870. State railway systems built for military use, telephones and telegraphs all owned by the State, instantly became the servant of the mobilization-machine when it began its world-dazzling move upon France via Belgium and Luxembourg. The brains of the machine knew precisely what was the programme. The machine was built and scheduled to act promptly. Any hitch at the start would have been fatal. It worked perfectly; because it was a perfect machine. But a machine is made to be worn out. This one has done its best work. So far it has operated under the most favourable conditions, with its lines of communication all open and its bases of supply all close to the rear of the army. The nearer it gets to Paris the further it gets from its base and the weaker it becomes. Already the Germans have lost the equivalent of three army corps in dead men. The machine was said the other day to be living on horseflesh. Even if true that would bother the Germans very little. Dead horses have been a food

commodity in Germany for a long while. But from now on this perfect mobilization—which means the placing an army on the front of war to do business—must be expected to become less and less efficient. By the time it gets to Paris, if ever it does, it will be so different a machine that even the Kaiser would scarcely recognize it. And after it gets to Paris—if at all—it will encounter the greatest resistance ever offered to any kind of war machine known to history.

The Deadly Sikhs

India's Great Six-Footers

WHENEVER the Indian troops get to the front, much may be expected from the Sikhs, who, in the Indian Mutiny of 1859, fought side by side with the British troops before the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. These warriors are nearly all six-footers, as slow and steady in action as the Gurkhas are wild and swift. They are more amenable to discipline and make more use of the rifle. They are born fighters, who have learned the necessity of saving their fire for the time when it will have the deadliest effect. Their Hindu religion makes them as fearless of mere death as the Mohammedan or the Jap. Their loyalty to the English "Sahib" and to the native Raj make them as much at one with the interests of the State as any German infantryman is for the sake of the Fatherland. They are quiet, reasonable customers, these Sikhs, and well represent the fine loyalty of the leading native princes to the British Crown. There has been talk of what Germany might do to stir up sedition among the Mahomedan races in India. There is still talk of what Turkey may be able and willing to do as a machine in that direction. But against Germany and against Turkey are the great mass of non-Mohammedan peoples in the Indian Empire who recognize in British rule the best they can expect in a world of empires dominated by white races. Against Mohammedanism in India also are the Sikhs and the Gurkhas and the Pathians and many other native peoples who, when the Empire needs them, are ready to swing out to the front as solidly and eagerly as did the Turcos and Spahis from Africa to the tri-colour of France. The black princes of Senegambia have seen the magnificence of Paris. The brown princes and Rajs of India have seen the splendours of London. More than that, they have felt the truth of the British cause.

A Sane War Lord

Kitchener of Khartum in 1897 and Now

LET no one forget when talking of war lords in Berlin and Petrograd and Paris—that the sanest war lord in the world is now in the War Office in London. It's some time now since Canadians thrilled at the name "Kitchener." The last time we tingled over that name was when he was second in command to "Bobs" in the South African War. Of course the Kaiser says that the plan of campaign which he gratuitously drew up, sketched out and sent to Queen Victoria, really won the day against the Boers. But Lord Roberts knows better; and Lord Kitchener was on that empire job after Lord Roberts had broken the back of the war with the relief of Ladysmith, the battle of Paardeberg and the raising of the sieges at Mafeking and Pretoria. It was Kitchener who, by his system of block-houses and armoured trains, succeeded in corralling De Wet, thus completely ending the war. It was he who shot fear into the lolling officers at Capetown and inspiration second only to that of Bobs himself into the troops that retrieved the dark days of Spion Kop and Magersfontein.

Since that Lord Kitchener has been commander-in-chief of the Indian forces till he found India was not big enough to hold both himself and Lord Curzon, Viceroy, who is now helping to raise recruits for the army that Kitchener wants. He went back to Egypt where he first became known as Kitchener of Khartum, as H. M.'s agent and Consul-General to the land he had conquered from the Mahdi in 1887. And whatever Lord Kitchener knows about the German war machine, whether or not he would qualify as an adjunct of the Kaiser in the iron business of war, this man of iron, who gave the British troops the