

“VERS LA GLOIRE”

Gloire,” again—not in a narrow glimpse upon three panels in the Pantheon, but painted far across ten thousand leagues of sky.

On the night of our advance at Cambrai I stood on the hills of Pittsburg and gazed upon the infinite and far-flung glory of that last advance. Before me, stretched out along the valley, were the flaming chimneys where the toilers forged the shells. There on the hills of Pittsburg that night I saw the beginning of those battle-lines that stretched forever on and on from reeking foundries and from roaring trains unto the insatiable mouths of our uttermost blazing guns.

To the gunners attending the blazing guns on the perilous outposts, 'mid darkness, rain and mud, there was naught of glory in the task. The grimy, sweaty artisans who toiled amid the sparks on the foundry floor saw only horrific flashes from the blast-furnace. “Glory,” whispered in their ears, brought forth contemptuous outbursts. “G’arn! there ain’t no glory here—it’s just plain hell!”

The fed-up one in a front-line trench would burst forth in like contemptuousness at mention of such a word. Amid the grime and smoke of Pittsburg the toilers by the tireless fires lose every vision of a place beyond, and the soldier, wet and shivering in his miserable trench, is