

bards, equipment of all kinds, rolled overcoats, tent canvas—everything newly folded, laced and buckled. All seems to form an integral part of the body. Even the spiked helmets remained fixed on the heads. Nothing creates the impression of a routed army. If the French corpses reveal the irresistible fury of assault, the German dead display order and discipline. The German army is beaten, but not routed. It retired quickly, but methodically, not resisting the attacks. It withdrew, but not in confusion. It disengaged itself. Besides material it had abandoned also the wounded, but with them it left whole sections of the Hospital Corps to look after them. The French make prisoners of the wounded and their nurses, doctors and dispensers who maintain their rank and authority; and all these form the little German organization which continues to act automatically in the midst of the French army, isolated, imperturbable, with its rigid salutes, imperious commands—as if nothing had happened.”

This is a compact glimpse of what part of the machine looked like since it has been tried out in action against the Allies, and when it was in process of retreat along the valley of the Marne before the next halt of the mechanism along the five rivers that interlace with the Aisne. Critics said of the German infantry before the war that the men were too heavily loaded. It will be noticed from the description that each man carries part of a tent canvas on his back.

Meeting at Mons

British Soldiery Against the Mechanism

AT Mons on August 23rd British troops met the machine in the most desperate fighting recorded in military history. It was here, under the leadership of Gen. French and Gen. Smith-Dorrien, both veterans of the Boer War, that the British Tommies were able to show the Germans that the Boers had taught them some tricks of warfare unknown to the machine that fights in masses as the Germans do. It was here that the British, with 75,000 men, unable to get support from the French at the centre and the right wing, were for four days threatened with envelopment by 225,000 Germans. It was at Mons that Gen. French executed his masterly series of retreats in order to save his men against odds of three to one. It was at Mons that the 225,000 Germans tried again and again to turn the stubborn left wing of the British, whose front extended for ten miles towards Charleroi. And it was in the fighting of Mons and Charleroi that the machine tried one of its old tactics so successful at Metz and Sedan, when for days they tried by turning

the left wing to drive the British into the fortress of Maubeuge along the Sambre. With the best part of the British expeditionary force locked up in Maubeuge, there would have been an end, for a while at least, of the hated British factor in resistance. But the superb tactics of British generalship, saving the men in contrast to the German machine method of sacrificing men, pulled the British out of that trap with a loss of less than 6,000 in killed and wounded in four days' battle, while the losses of the Germans were easily three to one.

Our Dead Officers

What the Mechanism Did to Our Men at Mons

NOW we know what a toll of death the machine levied on the officers of the British army in France. Up till the early part of last week nearly eight hundred British officers have been lost to the army; 130 killed, 388 wounded, 279 missing. Of the Coldstream Guards, which has seen generations of fighting all over the Empire, 31 officers gone; of the King's Royal Rifles and the Suffolks, each 25; of the Gordon Highlanders 23; of the Munster Fusiliers 21; of the Cameron Highlanders and the Cheshires, each 19. The field artillery lost 56 officers and the medical corps 52. By ranks the dead and wounded number 32 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 85 majors and 246 captains. These all fell during the battle at Mons. They include several members of the aristocracy and sons of eminent public men. We are not informed as yet of the casualties among French officers who in the wars of Europe when French armies rolled from the Seine to the Danube and the Drissa have become immortalized no less than British officers in all parts of the world for deeds of daring that inspired the rank and file. German casualty lists so far give us only a few of the many officers who must have perished with the wiping out of such great regiments as the Imperial Guard and the Brandenburg Regiment. Gen. Von Emmich lost his life at Liege before the machine began its work in France. Gen. Leman, of the Belgians, was taken prisoner in the fortress of Loncin at Liege which he ordered to be blown up, killing several officers, saying that Loncin would be his grave; but the explosion spared only Leman whose determination to die with his men was frustrated as cruelly as Marshal Ney who, after the defeat of Waterloo, rode into the jaws of death several times praying to God that he might be killed, when he was spared along with Napoleon on the road towards Brussels. The hero of Liege was taken prisoner while he was unconscious, and confined in Magdeburg, being generously

given his sword by the Kaiser, two of whose sons have already been wounded in battle.

The Human Factor

How the British Bucked the Machine

A NON-COM. of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, invalided home, gave a vivid tale of the fighting at Mons. His description has been corroborated by numbers of others who tell how the human factor of real British fighting more than held its own against the unreasoning onslaught of the machine. He says:

“From the first it was clear that the Germans were trying to turn our left rather than risk an attack on the strongly entrenched position extending along our front for nearly ten miles; but they were a bit put out by the quickness with which we turned about and gave them a hot time there. After a pretty steady artillery fire they came on with a rush, evidently hoping to drive us out before we had time to entrench; but they did not make enough allowance for the speed with which we got to work.

“As they came into view in the open in front of our hastily dug trenches our men opened on them with a steady fire that never once went wide, and we could see clean cut gaps in the tightly packed ranks as the hail of lead tore its jagged way through them. They were a game lot, however, and they kept closing up the gaps in their ranks as though they were so many marionettes. Then they halted for a few minutes, gazed about them in a dazed sort of way, and ran like hares. Their place was taken by another bluish-grey mass behind them, then there was another bolt for the rear.

“This advancing and retreating went on for hours, each retirement unmasking a fresh body of men, and by the time they were close enough to hurl themselves on our trenches it was an entirely fresh mass of men who had suffered little from our fire. As they scrambled up they seemed cocksure of themselves, but they had forgotten our men posted under cover on their right, and just as they were steadying themselves for one last rush at us a withering fire was opened on them, and at the same time we cleared the way for the Hussars, who were at them right and left as soon as the fire of our men ceased.

“Hell's fury blazed from the eyes of the trapped Germans as they tried to grapple with their new foe. It only took them a few minutes to make up their minds, and with a blood-curdling wail that I will remember to my dying day, they ran as though all the fiends were after them. They were cut down like chaff, and it was at this point that most of the prisoners were taken by our men. Rifles, bandoliers, caps, and everything else that could be cast off was sacrificed to speed, and many of the scared men outpaced easily the tired horses of our Hussars.

“Later during a lull in the fight we went out to collect their wounded lying near our trenches, and you would hardly believe the fury that was manifested against us. I think they hate us ten times worse than they hate the French, and that is saying a lot.”

Taught by Boers

The British Struck Sudden Terror Into "Gott Mit Uns"

SERGEANT LOFTUS, whose regiment is not mentioned, gives much the same story as the Berkshire non-com.; but he shows more pointedly how the open-order and ambush tactics learned by these same Britishers from the Boers, played havoc with the solid mechanical masses of the Germans. He says:

“As we lay down in the trenches our artillery opened on the beggars in fine style. Soon they returned the compliment; but they were a long time finding the range and they didn't know of shelters, a trick we learned from the Boers, I believe. After about half an hour of this their infantry came into view in solid square blocks, standing out sharply against the skyline, and you couldn't help hitting them. It was like butting your head against a stone wall.”

The rest of his description tallies well with that of the non-com.; but he adds:

“Some of the crack shots were told off to indulge in independent fighting for the benefit of the Germans. That is another trick taught us by Brother Boer, and our Germans did not like it at all.”

“This sort of thing went on all day without bringing the Germans any nearer to shifting us. After the last attack we lay down in our clothes; but long before sunrise were told that we had got to abandon our position. Nobody knew why we had to go, but we obeyed without a murmur. The enemy's losses must have been terrible. Little mounds of dead were to be seen all along the line of their advance; and in the retreat we picked off their cavalry by the score.”

In the battle of the Marne it was recorded that the Germans made solid ramparts of their own dead to protect the lines from the artillery fire of the French.



BERLIN'S PATHETIC BURLESQUE OF A NAPOLEONIC TRIUMPH.

Sept. 2, the Kaiser's first trophies of war were paraded in pageant through the Brandenburg Gate, down the Unter den Linden to the Imperial Residence; 11 Russian field guns, 4 Belgian and a number of French machine guns viewed with pride by the Crown Princess and her sons and Gen. Von Kessel, commander of Berlin. Did these great personages and the excited crowd remember that the four great bronze horses and chariot of Victory over the Brandenburg Gate were taken in a pageant by Napoleon I. from Berlin to Paris, where they remained for seven years till the end of the Napoleonic Wars? And do they imagine that Paris would not like to have the great Quadriga once more on the Champs d'Elysee?