TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND ON SEA

AN M. P.'S EXPERIENCE

An English M. P. who is fighting in Gallipoli Peninsula, writes home:

"At dusk I went to get orders from the colonel, and they were: 'You are to stay all night and cover a possible retreat.' An easy job, as our soldiers don't retreat, they go on. After dinner, the lieuteant and I walked up to the firing line. The road is strewn with corpses in wonderfully dramatic attitudes, great big Turks, with picks, shovels, and rifles scattered round them. When it was quite dark we walked home. One of the officers shot eleven Turks with his maxim. They came up to the wire by night twenty yards away. The corpses were counted in the morning. Another officer comes along the road late, sees a Turk in front of him, thinks he's a sniper, leaps on him with a revolver, finds to his disgust that the Turk is a corpse, and some days old at that."

Before entering the trenches Lieutenant McLaren was serving on a battleship. He tells of a novel capture. "After lunch a Turk came down to the shore and began to wash his shirt in the sea. The captain sent the cutter in with one of our midshipmen to fetch him. The Turk showed the boat where to land, stepped on board, and generally gave everybody the opinion he was fed up with the war. It was very funny seeing the middy with a big revolver bringing the captive up to the bridge. He was a soldier, and excellently equipped, I think he could give very valuable information.

"It was curious to see at any time at least 100 Australians," the writer says, "bathing with shrapnel falling all around them, and the enemy not a quarter of a mile away. One of the sights that rejoiced my heart was the burning of Maidos. The———, which was alongside us, fired about six salvoes by lyddite across the Peninsula, and the result has been a gigantic pillar of black smoke and a reddish glow in the sky all night. It was such a success that next day they lit Chanak up, too. The Turks are wasting a tremendous lot of shells over us. It is all a very wonderful adventure except for the sad side and the loss of one's friends."

CHASING A ZEPPELIN

The following description of a chase in the air of a Zeppelin is written by an aeroplane observer in the field with the Royal Flying Corps:

11.15 p. m.—"A Zeppelin is reported at ———, travelling due west at 11 p. m. Height estimated, 9,000."

11.35 p. m.—"A Zeppelin passed—, at 11.10 p. m. travelling N .W. Height estimated 9,000."

The above message supplied me with enough preliminary data to organize the chase. In a few minutes the varying burr of different types of aeroplanes could be heard along most of the British front.

It was pitch dark, and as we got clear of the aerodrome only the faintest outline of a nearby forest was discernible. There were broken clouds about at low altitudes. As we climbed through these they gave us an uncanny moistness which bespoke gathering rain. In a ffew minutes there was nothhing to guide us except the instruments and the timme.

Going for height in these conditions is a tedious business, for there is nothing to do except to spsculate more or less vaguely on one's drift and its relation to one's course. What a relief it is when one suddenly descries the lights of a town and gradually with increasing height other towns swim into one's ken!

Searchlights

A cloud in ffront suddenly blazes up as though by magic. It is an enemy searchlight. He has information of our quest and casts his great streams of white light all over the upper atmosphere. The shaft disappears,but a moment later finds us with a dazzling flash. A sudden dive and a rapid turn clear us of its course. In about twenty seconds the "Archies" begin. The whole areo through which we have just passed is filled with shells. They burst in groups and processions, some throwing out a syrupy stream of "dead-dog flames," some bursting like huge rockets, almost mesmerising with their dazzling rays reflected from the background of leafy cloudlets. But the searchlight cannot follow us. He fairly scans the sky, and suddenly picks up with another machine. This time he stays on, and "Archie" gets much better data for his work.

We are still going for height, taking in large sweeps through which it would be impossible for hostile aircraft to elude us. The searchlight has lost the other machine and plays on the base of a gathering cluod a thousand feet below us.

The Zeppelin's Ears

On the eastern horizen there is a gleam of new light as the moon struggles up. But well below that horizon someone is flashing out a signal obviously meant for aircrafft. It is the first cluue of the "Zep." We are bearing towards it with all possible speed. The other machine has disappeared, probably following another clue.

Long before we are anywhere near its position the signalling ceases. We now speculate on the probable direction of the "Zep." In a few minutes it will be light enough to see, but these first few minutes are invaluable. We went higher and higher, keeping well in the shadow of a cloud. As we clear the top of thhis great mass of vapor the sky presented that dull,iron-grey appearance which is the prelude of a brilliant moon. Formally five minutes we anxiously searched the sky-line. Then a distinct flash was seen far above us and seawards. It was followed by another flash after a short interval. There was nothing more. It was far, too far, away, but we were certain it was a "Zep." Up we went and steered straight for the region of the flash.

As the moon came up we got in a line beyond the areas of the flash and the eastern horizon, and as we cleared a bank of mist at a great height the outline of the Zeppelin showed up with unmistakable clearness. Up to this time he had not suspected attack, for his course was regular and his nose level. But we knew he would soon hear the noise of our engine, so we kept as clear as possible until we had assumed sufficient height. But we under-estimated the "Zep's" ears. He heard us and began to "searchlight" us—a process which gives him no qualms over his own territory. The flicks of light from the great gas-bag were even mor weird than the long, searching streamms from the ground. They lit up huge tracks of clouds, and we saw with some discomfort thht the weather was preparing for a sudden

Air Machine Guns

As we crossed his stern at a fair height he got on us with the light and a perfect fusilade of machine gun bullets came scurrying around us. As we turned outwards to avoid his light and change the fire we were suddenly enveloped in a blind cloud through which not a rap of moonlight or a trace of visibleness" found it way. We made what we reckoned to be a due course for the "Zep." The only indication of his position was the constant clicking of his machine guns as they fired off wildly in the hhope of getting us with a stray shot. But even this lasted only a few minutes. When we thought we were over him we loosed off our projectiles in a rather hopeless attempt Their fate we shall never know. The clouds had baffled us at the last moment. It was one of the uncertainties of air warfare with which there can be no reckoning.

We continued our search until the early gleam of sunrise found us out to sea. The clouds had thinned out into scattered ribs. The enemy aircraft had disappeared. Only the occasional puff of a bursting shell accompanied us in our lonely excursion. We went home to report "somewhere in France."

BATTLE EMOTIONS

A London Territorial describing his experiences at the front write:

"We had gone into the trenches round Ypres only a few days before," he said, "and my first experience of the realities of war was to lie patiently suffering an awful inactivity while the artillery on both sides belched destruction on the men facing each other in the trenches. It was surprising, however, how little we suffered from the German shells, although at times one would burst in the trenches, hurling showers of earth into the air and wiping out the men round about.

"As dawn broke I felt an uncontrollable desire to climb out of the trench into the open, but I knew it was courting death, as I saw the next moment. The man nearest me raised his head above the parapet, and in an instant was bagged bq a sniper. He rolled over with a stifled murmur, and lay quite still, with his face buried in the soft red earth. I turned him over and spoke to him, but he was quite dead, with a hole in his forehead.

A LIFETIME IN AN HOUR.

"The men around me showed their emotions in their faces. Some were excited and showed an almost exaggerated enthusiasm for the work in hand. They laughed and joked and kept looking impatiently at their watches. Others, the majority — of whom I was one—were strangely silent. I can honestly say I felt no actual fear, but I could not help remembering that in a short time our number would probably be reduced by half, and I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if I should fall in the open from the inferno of fire from the German machine guns or whether I should get a taste of hand-to-hand fighting.

"It was dark now and the enemy's searchlights began to sweep our positions. Two more minutes and we should leap from our trenches. The bombardment reached its height, and then, with a wild, vicious roar, which seemed to open the heavens, it ceased. The moment had arrived. The order was given, and we scrambled over the parapet. The enemy's machine guns began to spit fire among our ranks, but no one wavered. If we had felt any fear it had now left us. Men fell on all hands, but with a yell we rushed forward with bared stell towards the raised ground.

THE FIRST KILL

"Our artillery had done its work well, for we found the wire defences almost completely blown away. We reached the enemym's front trenches, and I raised my bayonet as a big Bavarian made to fire at me. Then something within me made me hesitate, and a comrade laid the man out just in time. In the thick of the fight it had just dawned on me that I was about to take a human life for the first time, and I had felt a momentary repugnance. The next instant, however, one of our men next to me fell in a heap and a bullet whizzed past my face. Then I knew what it was to 'see red.' With a yell I bayonetted the German who had shot the man and had soon accounted for three more. The place was like a shambles. The German front line trenches were filled with a heap of corpses, and we were now attacking the rear trenches.

"Then suddenly I felt a pain in my shoulder, but I rushed on. I tried to raise my rifle, but found I couldn't, and the next moment I was hit simultaneously in the arm and jaw. The pain was terrible, but as I lay on the ground I tried to shout for joy. I was infected with the fever of our success, for I knew that the position was won. Then I lost consciousness, and I woke up in the field hospital.

"I want to go back. Tell the boys at home you feel you're doing something out here, and after the first feeling of 'funk' is over you look on it as your own little war, and are as keen as mustard."

A SERGEANT'S HEROISM

The following account of the attack on Sunday, May 9, is taken from the letter of an officer dated May 13:

We went into action on Sunday at 5.50 a. m. A and D Companies led the attack. We had to run for 300 yards across the open and storm the German trench after the gunners had bombarded for fifty minutes. We were taken in the flank by a machine gun section, and men were literally mown down. Both my subalterns were killed. Ten minutes later B Company tried, but they could not do it. Then C Company, but they were called back. I will not go into more detail now, but some day I can tell you what that time was like lying there in the German parapet. They shot any wounded men who moved and we could see it, and yet do noth ing. We came back at 8.30 p. m.

One of my sergeants did the most wonderful piece of work of any man I know. With his nine men he collected wounded, dug them in, and then got some more and slowly got back with nine whole and ten wounded men across 300 yards of open with rifle fire going on all the time. My servant got to the parapet but was killed half an hour later. I managed to kill four Germans myself but 400 would not make up the the loss of my splendid fellows; they came on and on until they fell, and those few who got there gave the finest account of themselves possible, and then lay with bayonets fixed waiting for the Germans and the end, but they dared not come.

PLENTY OF BOMBS

Writing to his sister, who resides in the Stockbridge district of Edinburgh, a soldier in the Motor Machine Gun Service says:—

I am at a loss how to begin this letter because during the last couple of weeks I have been living in a sort of trance, or rather going through a sort of hell. Still, through it all I am still safe, and we have only lost four men, wounded. One chap had his rifle broken with shell while he carried it on his back; another chap got his belt cut off by flying shell, and was uninjured. One chap I must mention; he was looking through his glasses when a bullet hit and knocked them to pieces. Yet he was uninjured.

I have been hit myself, but somehow the pieces were always spent, and therefore did not wound me. The worst I got was a piece of shell which cut through my pocket, broke my fountain pen, and imbedded itself in another piece of shrapnel shell which I was carrying in my pocket. I was knocked down, but uninjured.

I had a very novel experience the other day. I was passing a shop when a 15-inch shell burst in it. I was so taken unawares that I spun around like a top and before I could make a run for it the wall collapsed on top of me. At the same time a piece of shell flew over my shoulder and knocked a hole in the wall on the opposite side of the road. When I recovered from the shock of the explosion I was waist-deep in bricks and lime. I got out somehow, and made a dive into the house where the shell had burst to see if there had been anyone hurt. There were only two young women with slight injuries in the arms. It seemed very curious that no one was killed, considering the force of the explosion, for when I had a look around two houses were level with the ground and about twelve other houses wrecked. That was one bomb; yet there are hundreds flying about.

"A BRAVE SOLDIER AND A GOOD MAN."

The circumstances under which Colonel Alexander Brook, Haddington, commanding the 1-8 Royal Scots (Territorials) was killed are now related.

The battalion was marched to a reserve trench on Saturday, May 15, in readiness for an advance at three o'clock. The following morning the artillery battle commenced, and at the end of 45 minutes the enemy's trenches were knocked into matchwood. Then the guns having done their work they lengthened their range to allow the British first line to advance. German shells were bursting all around. The Territorials received orders to advance. Another regiment, it would appear, had been forced to retire, and with the shout, "Come on Royal Scots,' Colonel Brook led his men forward. Not many yards out of the trench the man carrying the tripod of the machine guns was killed. On the Territorials dashed, and successfully occupied the enemy's first line trench. Soon the Scotsmen moved forward again to the next trench. Further on the Territorials had to dig themselves in; they stayed in these holes all night, and the following day, being under shell fire for 17 hours, and losing a lot of men.

One of the enemy's gunners was particularly successful in finding his mark. It was at this stage of the fight that Colonel Brook fell. He was lying beside Major Gemshli examining a map when a shrapnel burst over them, burying the Major. At the same time a splinter hit Colonel Brook on the head, rendering him unconscious. Four men volunteered to carry their wounded officer to the ambulance, and amid a fearful hail of shots they performed their task. Two of them however, were wounded. Colonel Brook was taken to Bethune Hospital, where he died. The funeral, which took place to Bethune Cemetery, was a very impressive one. The body was conveyed on a gun carriage, the coffin being covered by the Union Jack and pipers playing "The Flowers of the Forest." The dead officer's horse and servants followed. The General, who was present, in a short address described Colonel Brook as a gentleman, a brave soldier, and a good man.

"TURKS ARE SPLENDID FIGHTERS.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the officer commanding the 5th Royal Scots, writes:—

"Having received letters from Colonel J. T. R. Wilson about the landing at the Dardenelles, I think it might interest the relatives and friends of the 5th Royal Scots to learn of the part our gallant men have taken in this, their first action. The Colonel says: 'Sunday, April 25th, there was a big bombardment and the landing. We formed the reserve with the rest of the brigade and without loss.'

"Unfortunately the battalion has since suffered heavily, particularly in the officers, up to May 12 there being 9 killed and 11 wounded. Luckily, most of the wounds are slight, and the majority of those wounded are back in the firing line. The Colonel goes on to say:— 'The Turks are splendid fighters, with all the latest dodges, and the snipers, who seem numberless, are good shots, Many tales of heroism were brought by the wounded to me at the hospital where I was lying, being wounded in the forearm on April 28th. The loss of these splendid fellows ought to make every man in Edinburg wish to average them. The battalian has covered itself with imperishable glory.'

"Should anyone wish to send out parcels to the battalion, I strongly recommend them, to include malted milk tabloids and thirst quenchers. They are small in bulk, and can easily be carried in the pocket, and proved invaluable to the Colonel, who had to drop his pack and spend twenty-four hours in the open before finding his way to the British lines."

BORDER SOLDIER'S 'THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

A Border soldier in the Northumberland Fusiliers writes: I had a thrilling experience at Ypres. A bullet penetrated by water-bottle, a piece of shrapnel tore my coat pocket away, and a bullet went through my back on my back and squashed my canteen flat. It was rather too near to be pleasant. We can still hear the rattle of guns. I am the only sergeant left out of ten, and have been promoted to C.Q.-M.-S. I have more work to do and have to look after the rations and other things, for the company. You need not send any money out here, as there is no place to spend it.

It is like a dream. We can hardly realize what we have seen and gone through. I am sure it will not be long till we are back home victorious.

IN THE DARDENELLES.

An Australian officer, describing the landing at the Six Beaches in Gallipoli, says:—We were anxious before it began in my battalion. We knew some of the men were a bit raw. As we drew in to the beach the enemy opened on us shrapnel, machine guns and rifle fire. It was worse as we got out of the boats, but we went through with it. The men never paused to fire just fired bayonets and up the rocks and hillsides. There were two men left alive in one boat as she touched. Out they jumped and straight ahead they went, The Turks bolted as we came through the wires. Then on the next ridge under the same fire, through scrub, full of snipers, till we had taken it.

Some of our units went too far. One simply could not stop them. They suffered heavy for we could not support them, and many lost touch in the brushwood and were cut up. But I feel that to do what they did that day was possible only for veterans or raw troops. Only perfect discipline or perfect courage could have brought men up the shore and the cliffs under that fire.

The enemy played every possible trick. They had machine guns in the bush, the gunners with hands and faces stained green, and with boughs and whole bushes tied about them. Dugouts everywhere with snipers, Turks and Germans, most of them with food for several days, and anything up to 2,000 rounds, and deadly straight their shooting was. We killed one in an Australian uniform with eight of our men's identification badges round his neck. Some of them would fire till our men were five yards off, and then ask for quarter. hat was too much. They tried to play the stretcher game on us. Our men were preparing to met a counter atack when down came a lot of fellows with stetchers, the leader shouting. "Make way for stretcher party, but there was something funny about this accent, and we thought some of the bearers looked too dark, so we shot them down and found we had bagged a dozen of them with a machine gun and three boxes of ammunition.

PLUCKY NEW ZEALANDERS.

A press correspondent writes:

"The New Zealanders fought like heroes. One of them told me how they were swept with shrapnel as the launches towed them in to support the Australians, and at the time a chess enthusiast in the boat worked out the last move of a problem on a pocket board till his comrades began to criticize this inhuman detachment from current events. As the boat grounded the chess player pocketed his board and was into the water among the first. He came safely through the fight. So did an Australian who fell from top to bottom of a cliff over 100 feet high, apparently bumped half way, and was picked up with mild hernia but otherwise none the worse.

The spirit of these men may be judged from the remark made by one who came sliding down a stone shoot, with one hand while with the other he hugged a precious range-finder.

"Look out," they called, "there's a mine below you."

"Catch me when I come up," came the ready answer.

They, too, had their share of loss from snipers, but the "cease fire." sounded in "a very foreign pitch," failed to charm. Bitter as their indignation was at the murder of multiplation of their wounded, they could not but admire the courage of some of the Germans in disguise. One walked calmly down to the bach and questioned wounded and whole alike till it was noticed that his uniform wts a "blend,' an incongruity which led to his appearance before a firing party.

At another point in the Australasian line appeared swarthy men crying and "Salaam, Sahibs, we Punjabis." But the Australians read their newspapers and know the wiles of the Boche, and the poor "Indians" met with a sad end, proving an examination to be Germans and Turks with self-blackened faces."

A DARDENELLES RUSE.

An officer on one of the British men-of-war in the Dardenelles, describing some of his experiences up to May 2, says:

The Australians are a fine brigade, and fairly turned the Turks og the landing place trenches, in spite of a heavy fire. . . . We had only two casualties ourselves, but it was a marvel we did not get more. They had to hang on by the skin of their teeth all the first night, and just managed to stick it. Now they'll take a lot of turning out, as they are all dug in.

We have our little excitements on board. A ship comes down the Straits in the early morning, and chucks a few projecsiles known as 'Whispering Nellies'' at us, about 12 in. in size. The Majestic got one jolly close to her the other morning. We have started firing back of late. Going ashore for the past few days was quite a business, too, what with the shrapnel bursting overhead and the bullets coming over the hill. The shrapnel are the most unpleasant; they make such a beastly noise before they come, whereas a bullet has gone when you hear it.

They have taken a fair number of Turks prisoners. They work on the shore, clearing up the place and digging dug-outs. Quite pleased about it. too, they are. They are supposed to be a good many Germans about who try the same old confidence tricks that they do in France. The other night a man came up in our uniform and said that reinforcements were coming up on the left, and therefore we were not to shoot. However, our men were doubtful about it, and telephoned to headquarters. All untrue! Anyhow, they waited until the enemy came, and withheld the fire, which so surprised the enemy that they stopped and got lost, whereon those who escaped being shot were finished of with the bayonets. The Australian is a great boy for the latter.

RISKING LIFE TO SEARCH FOR A BROTHER.

A Glasgow man writing from the front gives an account of a charge carried out by his regiment. Relating some of the incidents of the charge, he said:—

One case in particular appealed to us. Two brothers took part in the charge, and both had on previous occasion been wounded. One of them crawled back to our line in the early morning. He had been wounded slightly, but when he heard that his brother had not come in he went away again to look for him. Neither returned at that time, but we learned subsequently that they came in later through the Oxford and Buck's lines.

WHAT GERMANS CLAIM

The anniversaries of the great war have begun. This week sees a year rolled around since the striving and anxious few days immediately preceding the unjustifiable and totally unexpected onslaught of Germany on almost the rest of Europe. On July 23 the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was presented. From that date on,the Huns were holding the pistol at the throat of civilization. On July 25 war was begun against Serbia. On August first Germany declared war against Russia, and the next day, without any declaration of war, France was invaded through the neutral state of Luxemburg, and Belgium was menaced. On August 3rd Belgium was invaded and war declared against France. Next day, August 4th, Britain and Germany declared war against each other. Mutual declarations between Britain and Austria, France and Austria, Russia and Austria, Belgium and Germany. Montenegro against Germany and Austria, Serbia and Germany, Austria against Belgium, Japan against Germany, the individual Triple Entente against Turkey, and Italy against Austria followed at intervals.

The following stories reviewing the first year of the war, are written by observers in Europe, and will be continued throughout this week.

AS SEEN IN ENGLAND

LONDON,July 26.—England's greatest victory in this year-old war was won before the war started.

Forty or fifty years from now—the Germans willing—when the British desire to honor the heroes of the great war, they doubtless will erect imposing statues of Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir John Jellicoe, Sir Frederick Sturdee and Admiral John de Robeck. They may even include Kitchener, although if a popular vote were taken at the present time, it is hardly likely the verdict in Kitchener's favor would be unanimous.

But if the English nation should fail to recognize in this distribution of awards a certain blond, blue-eyed young statesman of dandified mein and lisping voice, who by the fortunes of politics happened to be the First Lord of the Admiralty in the summer of 1914, it will demonstrate that other forms of government besides republic are ungrateful.

"Britannia rules the waves" today because of Winston Churchill. To his foresight, imagination and nerve is due the fact that when the War Lord threw down his gauntlet, the British fleet was ready, England's command of the seas was assured before Kaiser Wilhelm began scattering war declarations through the chancelleries of Europe.

Perhaps Churchill knew. Anyhow, most of his colleagues in the Cabinet didn't believe him. He acted in spite of them. His resignation lay on the table, to be taken up if events should prove that he was wrong.

Early in July the Grand Fleet had assembled off the south coast of England for its annual play at war. The manoeuvres followed their usual course and under all the rules the fleet should have been scattered a week before July 28, the day Austria declared war against Serbia. The next day—three days before Germany declared war against Russia, five days before she declared war against France and nearly a week before England officially entered the fray—Churchill converted the prolonged manoeuvres into the real thing. On the night of July 29, there was flashed through newspaper offices of London the brief announcement, "The British fleet has left Portland under sealed orders." Where it went, the writer didn't know then, he didn't know now—and if he did, he wouldn't dare tell. It isn't necessary to know. The results are sufficient. The main fleet kept together, with superior force ready to meet the Germans should they come out without notifying Great Britain of their intention, with scouts thrown out toward the German coast to watch for them, and patrols to guard the coast of England.

There may be some doubt about the land. There can be no question of her services upon the water. Her losses have been heavy both in ships and men, but not incommensurate with the advantages gained for her allies as well as herself by remaining mistress of the seas. Beside bottling up the German Grand Fleet—the one outstanding achievement of the entire war—England speedily swept the German mercantile marine from the oceans,destroyed von Spee's roving squadron, put out of business the German commerce raiders, and provided safe convoy not only to her own troops and their supplies across the channel, but to millions of dollars' worth of arms and ammunition for both her allies and herself across the Atlantic. Germany's war of attrition, conducted by means of submarines, can never overcome these results. And it is not detracting from the praise due Admiral Sturdee and his men for their wonderful work in hunting down and defeating von Spee off the Falkland Islands to say that it was Churchill who made this feat possible.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the British navy because early in the war it failed to catch the German East Coast raiders, and in more recent months adequately to protect merchant shopping against submarine attacks. But it should be borne in mind that the one big job of the Admiralty is to see that the Grand Fleet is kept intact and ready to meet the German fleet when it comes out in a body—if it ever does.

The year did not pass without its Admiralty scandal—an ugly blot on an otherwise creditable page. In a pique Admiral Lord Fisher d eserted his post as First Sea Lord. Rather than disrupt the navy—as he feared—Churchill agreed to step out. The Prime Minister picked Balfour as his successor, but Fisher didn't like Balfour any more than he did Churchill and refused to serve under him. What Asquith had been willing to overlook as temperament, he couldn't forgive when it became insubordination. So Fisher was replaced by Admiral Sir Henry Jackson.

Churchill, the man who defeated the German fleet before it could lift anchor, is still in the cabinet. The nation couuldn't afford to lose a man of his ginger. His job is "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster," which has to do with the collection of rents of something of that sort—but only for the moment.

Tomorrow—The Army.

AS SEEN IN FRANCE

PARIS, July 26—"The great world-war is one year old this week: What has France accomplished?"

I put this question to M. Jean Cruppi, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs,member of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Foreign Relations Commission, a man physically noe very unlike Theodore Roosevelt. He replied:

"France accomplished the defeat of the Germans in the Battle of the Maine; she stopped the German drive for Calais and the sea; she has kept Germany nailed to the spot for ten long months, steadily reducing her by attrition; she has done many other big things but the greatest of all was the dropping of internal differences, her unification of all classes with one, great fixed purpose in view: "Victory."

"Yes," he continued earnestly, "our word 'union' means something more than the harmony of our people; there is something of the sacred in it. This sacred union will last. France is as one man with one idea: final success, cost what it may. The war, no doubt, will be long, but the courage and patience of our people will be equal to the task of seeing it through.

"In short perhaps the greatest accomplishment to France's credit in the last twelve months is that she has found herself."

To appreciate fully M. Cruppi's words one has but to glance back at the France of the years just preceding the war; France, the antithesis of Germany where collectively is the national passions; France, the nation of individual workers and thinkers where no two people could be expected to agree on any subject.

In the Chamber of Deputies there are a score of more parties instead of two or three, as is the case in the United States. The Dreyfus affair split the nation into two hostile camps and each camp into others with varying opinions. The Caillaux case to some extent did the same thing.

All manner of pessmistic talk was heard on cafe terraces and even in drawing rooms. A sad fate was in store for the land. Surely a revolution was coming. Another restoration was on the way, some said, while others declared a second Commune could not be averted. Treason, it seemed, was on all sides and in high places; among political leaders, so it was intimated, one was as bad as another, or worse if this were possible, which it was not. The theatre gave the impression that even French home life was rotten.

The things one saw and heard in Paris gave one a rather gloomy feeling—that is if he believed all he saw and heard. One got the idea that patriotism was a lost emotion in France. Some said the revolutionaries had the upper hand among the Socialists and that the Socialists were running things. Labor, they said, was ruling Capital, and labor and socilists, by their general strike doctrine, had their hands at the throat of the nation. The Gustave Herves were the real masters of the land, and Gustave Herve, you remember, editor of the Social War, spent a time in prison because he advocated a general strike, or rebellion, among the soldiers in the event France should go to war with another nation.

In the short world, too busy to go below the surface of things, considered France too highly educated. The individual had too much sense, too much imagination. He could talk but he could not fight. Should a foreign power jump on France, Frenchmen would argue among themselves what ought to be done, each man advocating something different while French troops would rebel and may be shoot down their officers.

Germany undoubtedly had some such idea. She expected to find France unprepared and French opinion divided, a great national scheme develop ing the moment there was serious talk of war, or a revolution after the first success of French arms.

But what happened? The real France found herself. The nation's heart, so long hidden, was revealed, and to the last man France became a unit. As M. Cruppi remarked, nothing has shaken this unity since.

The moment the General Mobilization was posted in France all classes rallied to the tri-color. Gustave Herve tried to enlist. Labor became a marvel of efficiency and patriotism. Anti-militarists boosted it, considering it against what they are against—militarism. Socialists became cabinet members, one now holding a position similar to that of Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions,, in England.

It was the "sacred union," one of France's greatest accomplishments.

Instead of a revolt in the ranks, the troops dried the tears of wives,sweethearts and mothers with laughter and went their way to war singing.

AS SEEN IN GERMANY

BERLIN, July 26.—Germany looks back upon her accomplishments of the first year of the war with satisfaction. The Germans believe the events of the past twelve months have demonstrated to the world that the Teutons are the mightiest race of all history. No other country could have withstood the combination of world powers which Germany has kept at bay since last August, declare the Germans, and no other country has ever so deeply stirrred the imagination of the world.

Germany has won her place in the sun. The German Empire has added brilliant chapters to the history of Teutonic might, begun under the Hohenzollerns of the Kingdom of Prussia. The Kaiser himself has earned for himself the title of William the Great which posterity surely will bestow upon him. These are the dominant beliefs of the German people at the close of the first year of the war.

Germany has shown up the world in all its littleness, and all its boastings of false greatness. Only the Germans themselves have withstood the test of blood and iron, for only the Germans have gained victories during the past fateful twelve months. Germany believes she has changed the whole future course of history. German influence upon the future of civilization for generations to come will be far beyond the influence of any other nation. Germany will not dominate the world by her armed might, but by her virtues which have given to her a greater capacity for organization and discipline than all the rest of Europe combined possesses.

When the Germans look back to last August and recall the threats that then were being made against them, and the penalties that were imposed by England, France and Prussia in advance of the trial by battle, the nation laughs. The world didn't understand Germany last summer. It is beginning to learn now that the Hohenzollern Empire has progressed during the years since the France-Prussian war in ways unsuspected by the rest of mankind. There is nothing in the German of today that wasn't put there by the discipline and study that the world knows under the name of Teutonic Kultur

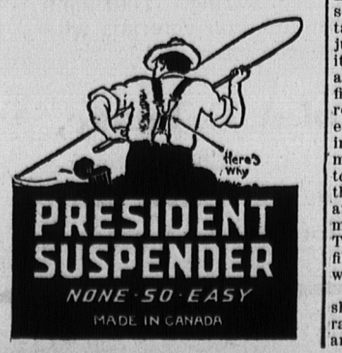
The increasing respect paid to German Kultur is not one of the least victories the German declare they have won for themselves during the past year. Nothing came as a greater shock to the Germans last year than the way in which their Kultur was everywhere derided. The comments passed upon Germany for her strong belief in her own destiny, as represented by her Kultur caused more resentment than anything else that happened in the early days of the war. The German indignation at last changed to contempt as the idea grew that the world laughed at Teutonic Kultur because the world had been left so far behind by German progress as to be unable to understand the German point of view.

This opinion has grown as Germany has shown her ability to thrive on misfortune, and to rise to heights of attainment capable of meeting every new task imposed upon the nation. Each new victory on the battlefield and in departments of internal organization has been regarded as one more proof that the Germans really are the world's super-men. German Kultur is now firmly believed to have conquered all opposition and to have established its prominence among adverse conditions such as never before have had to be encountered by the aspirations of any nation in all history.

Germany has shown no spirit in the past year of revolt against forms of government. Democracy and absolution have been in combination against the German system of a mixture of the two. The result is declared by Germans to be such as to increase the faith of the Teutonic Empire in its own governmental methods. There probably will be a more equable division of electoral districts in Germany as the result of the war, and political parties may have their representation in the Reichstag seriously altered, but Germany is not going to duplicate the British brand of Memocracy.

The German people believe they owe their existence as a nation to the unprecedented capacity for organization and discipline they have developed during the past year. The feeling has developed that British democracy is incapable of reaching to the heights attained by Germany, and if the Germans had been governed according to the British system they would now be crushed and at the mercy of their foes. The world said during the early days of the war that Germany would emerge from the conflict democratized. The Germans are now laughing at that prediction. They declare the prophecy must be read backward,and democracy will have to Germanize itself if it is to keep pace with Germany's progress in the future.

Another early prophecy of Germany's enemies which is now being recalled with mirth was the one professing to see the certainty of a German revolution before the war had gone very long. As a matter of fact the Franco-Prussian war did not solidly the people of the Empire as much as this conflict has done. All as much as this conflict has done.' All Germany is now a unit and has been increasing in solidarity from the first shot. Prussia has not dominated the nation at all. The south German states have shown no jealousy of the powerful northern nucleus of the Empire. The Prussian regiments, in fact, have not been the prize ones of the war. Catholic Barvaria has been the staunchest supporter of the protestant Hohenzollern.



GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to natural color and keep it so. It is not a dye, and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price one dollar. For sale by Reddin Bros, druggists, Cameron Block, Charlottetown. Also sent postpaid Address Tremain Supply Co, Dept. "C. G.," Toronto Ontario