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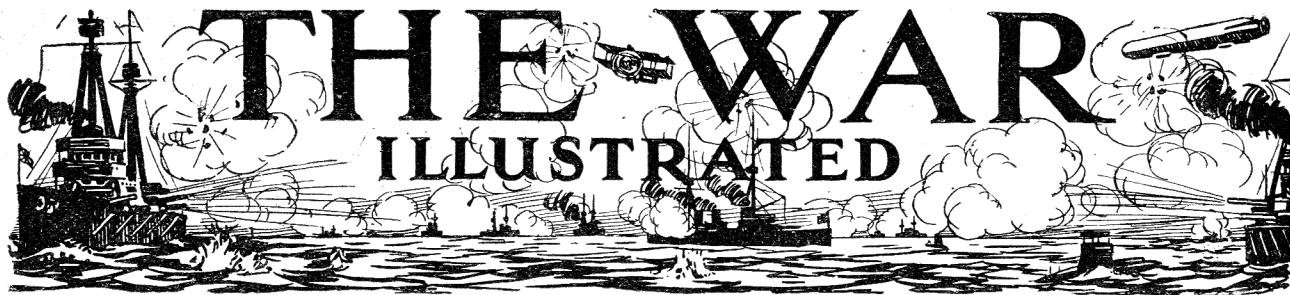
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Colin Hinson

In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.

THE WAR

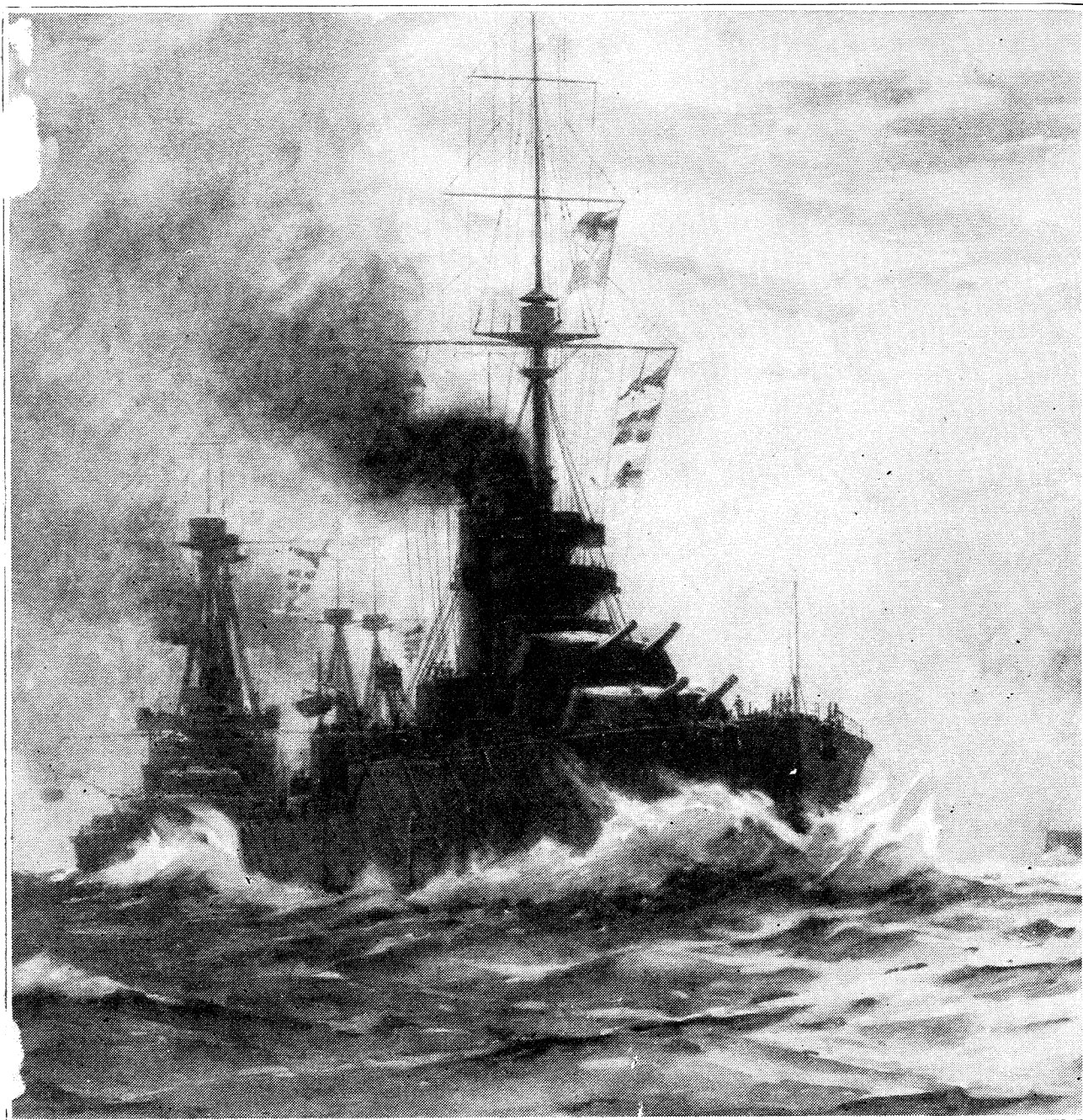
ILLUSTRATED



No. 1.
Vol. 1.

A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

For Week Ending
22 August, 1914.



(From the painting by Norman Wilkinson.)

THE BRITISH DREADNOUGHT KING GEORGE V.

WHY BRITAIN WENT TO WAR

A clear Exposition of
what we are fighting for

Expressly written for "THE WAR ILLUSTRATED"

— By —

H. G. WELLS

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The War in the Air," etc., etc.

THE cause of a war and the object of a war are not necessarily the same. The cause of this war is the invasion of Luxemburg and Belgium. We declared war because we were bound by treaty to declare war. We have been pledged to protect the integrity of Belgium since the kingdom of Belgium has existed. If the Germans had not broken the guarantees they shared with us to respect the neutrality of these little States we should certainly not be at war at the present time. The fortified eastern frontier of France could have been held against any attack without any help from us. We had no obligations and no interests there. We were pledged to France simply to protect her from a naval attack by sea, but the Germans had already given us an undertaking not to make such an attack. It was our Belgian treaty and the sudden outrage on Luxemburg that precipitated us into this conflict. No power in the world would have respected our flag or accepted our national word again if we had not fought.

So much for the immediate cause of the war.

WE had to fight because our honour and our pledge obliged us.

But now we come to the object of this war. We began to fight because our honour and our pledge obliged us; but so soon as we are embarked upon the fighting we have to ask ourselves what is the end at which our fighting aims. We cannot simply put the Germans back over the Belgian border and tell them not to do it again. We find ourselves at war with that huge military empire with which we have been doing our best to keep the peace since first it rose upon the ruins of French Imperialism in 1871. And war is mortal conflict. We have now either to destroy or be destroyed. We have not sought this reckoning, we have done our utmost to avoid it; but now that it has been forced upon us it is imperative that it should be a thorough reckoning. This is a war that touches every man and every home in each of the combatant countries. It is a war, as Mr. Sidney Low has said, not of soldiers but of whole peoples. And it is a war that must be fought to such a finish that every man in each of the nations engaged understands what has happened. There can be no diplomatic settlement that will leave German Imperialism free to explain away its failure to its people and start new preparations. We have to go on until we are absolutely done for, or until the Germans as a people know that they are beaten, and are convinced that they have had enough of war.

We are fighting Germany. But we are fighting without any hatred of the German people. We do not intend to destroy either their freedom or their unity. But we have to destroy an evil system of government and the mental and material corruption that has got hold of the German imagination and taken possession of German life. We have to smash the Prussian Imperialism as thoroughly as Germany in 1871 smashed the rotten Imperialism of Napoleon III. And also we have to learn from the failure of that victory to avoid a vindictive triumph.

PRUSSIAN Imperialism is an intolerable nuisance in the earth.

This Prussian Imperialism has been for forty years an intolerable nuisance in the earth. Ever since the crushing of the French in 1871 the evil thing has grown and cast its spreading shadow over Europe. Germany has preached a propaganda of ruthless force and political materialism to the whole uneasy world. "Blood and iron," she boasted, was the cement of her unity, and almost as openly the little, mean, aggressive statesmen and professors who have guided her destinies to this present conflict have professed cynicism and an utter disregard of any ends but nationally selfish ends, as though it were religion. Evil just as much as good may be made into a Cant. Physical and moral brutality has indeed become a cant in the German mind, and spread from Germany throughout the world. I could wish it were possible to say that English and American thought had altogether escaped its corruption. But now at last we shake ourselves free and turn upon this boasting wickedness to rid the world of it. The whole world is tired of it. And "Gott!"—Gott so perpetually invoked—Gott indeed must be very tired of it.

A WAR to exorcise a world-madness and end an age.

This is already the vastest war in history. It is war not of nations, but of mankind. It is a war to exorcise a world-madness and end an age.

And note how this Cant of public rottenness has had its secret side. The man who preaches cynicism in his own business transactions had better keep a detective and a cash register for his clerks; and it is the most natural thing in the world to find that this system, which is outwardly vile, is also inwardly rotten. Beside the Kaiser stands the firm of Krupp, a second head to the State; on the very steps of the throne is the armament trust, that organised scoundrelism which has, in its relentless propaganda for profit, mined all the security of civilisation, brought up and dominated a Press, ruled a national literature, and corrupted universities.

BRITAIN'S FOREMOST MAN OF LETTERS TELLS OUR READERS WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

Consider what the Germans have been, and what the Germans can be. Here is a race which has for its chief fault docility and a belief in teachers and rulers. For the rest, as all who know it intimately will testify, it is the most amiable of peoples. It is naturally kindly, comfort-loving, child-loving, musical, artistic, intelligent. In countless respects German homes and towns and countrysides are the most civilised in the world. But these people did a little lose their heads after the victories of the sixties and seventies, and there began a propaganda of national vanity and national ambition. It was organised by a stupidly forceful statesman, it was fostered by folly upon the throne. It was guarded from wholesome criticism by an intolerant censorship. It never gave sanity a chance. A certain patriotic sentimentality lent itself only too readily to the suggestion of the flatterer, and so there grew up this monstrous trade in weapons. German patriotism became an "interest," the greatest of the "interests." It developed a vast advertisement propaganda. It subsidised Navy Leagues and Aerial Leagues, threatening the world. Man-kind, we saw too late, had been guilty of an incalculable folly in permitting private men to make a profit out of the dreadful preparations for war. But the evil was started; the German imagination was captured and enslaved. On every other European country that valued its integrity there was thrust the overwhelming necessity to arm and drill — and still to arm and drill. Money was withdrawn from education, from social progress, from business enterprise and art and scientific research, and from every kind of happiness; life was drilled and darkened.

So that the harvest of this darkness comes now almost as a relief, and it is a grim satisfaction in our discomforts that we can at last look across the roar and torment of battlefields to the possibility of an organised peace.

For this is now a war for peace.

It aims straight at disarmament. It aims at a settlement that shall stop this sort of thing for ever. Every soldier who fights against Germany now is a crusader against war. This, the greatest of all wars, is not just

another war—it is the last war! England, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, and all the little countries of Europe, are heartily sick of war; the Tsar has expressed a passionate hatred of war; the most of Asia is unwarlike; the United States has no illusions about war. And never was war begun so joylessly, and never was war begun with so grim a resolution. In England, France, Belgium, Russia, there is no thought of glory.

"God Save the King!"



Britain's Sovereign in this Great Hour.

We know we face unprecedented slaughter and agonies; we know that for neither side will there be easy triumphs or prancing victories. Already, after a brief fortnight in that warring sea of men, there is famine as well as hideous butchery, and soon there must come disease.

Can it be otherwise?

We face perhaps the most awful winter that mankind has ever faced.

But we English and our allies, who did not seek this catastrophe, face it with anger and determination rather than despair.

Through this war we have to march, through pain, through agonies of the spirit worse than pain, through seas of blood and filth. We English have not had things kept from us; we have no delusions. We know what war is; we have read books that tell us of the stench of battlefields, and the nature of wounds, books that Germany suppressed and hid from her people. And we face these horrors to make an end of them.

There shall be no more Kaisers, there shall be no more Krupps, we are resolved. That foolery shall end!

And not simply the present belligerents must come into the settlement.

All America, Italy, China, the Scandinavian powers, must have a voice in the final readjustment, and set their hands to the ultimate

guarantees. I do not mean that they need fire a single shot or load a single gun. But they must come. And in particular to the United States do we look to play a part in that pacification of the world for which our whole nation is working, and for which, by the thousand, men in Belgium are now laying down their lives.

H. G. WELLS.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Britain Prepares Against the Teutonic Tyrant



Our handy-man is ready!

Troops from Ireland. Detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery marching through Dublin. Since the mobilisation order similar scenes have been witnessed in almost every town in the United Kingdom.

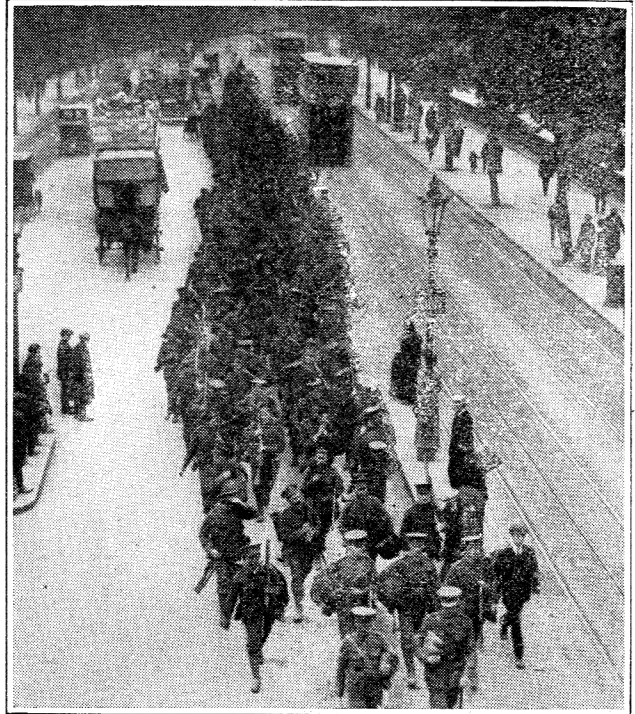


The contagious enthusiasm of our fighting men. Troops giving a rousing cheer before they left Derby.

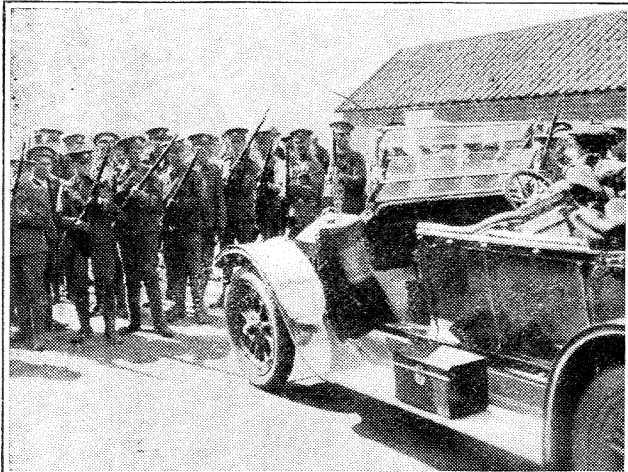
Industrial England becomes an Armed Camp



Artillerymen of the Expeditionary Force at Aldershot, loading their limbers with live shells.



A troop of soldiers, in marching order, threading the traffic of the Thames Embankment. All last week London has resounded to the tramp of her armed sons.



Territorials holding up a motor-car, as they guard an important position on a country road.



The Guards marching past Buckingham Palace before setting out on active service.

[Central Press] THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Historic Words of Europe's Leaders in the Great War

KING GEORGE V. (TO ADMIRAL JELlicOE.)

"At this grave moment in our national history I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the Fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."—August 4th.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

"If in a crisis like this we run away from those obligations of honour and interest as regards the Belgian Treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material gain we might have at the end, it would be of very much value in face of the respect that we should have lost. In the whole of this terrible situation the one bright spot is Ireland."—August 3rd.

MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

"If I am asked what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, it is to fulfil a solemn international obligation. Secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle, which in these days, when material force sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind, that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith."—August 6th.

MR. JOHN REDMOND.

"The Government can withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland to-morrow without the slightest risk of disorder. The Nationalist Volunteers are in comradeship with their friends in the North to defend the coasts of Ireland."—August 3rd.

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

"In the war upon which she is entering France will have on her side that right which no peoples, any more than individuals, may despise with impunity—the eternal moral power. She will be heroically defended by all her sons, whose sacred union in face of the enemy nothing can destroy, and who to-day are fraternally bound together by the same indignation against the aggressor, and by the same patriotic faith. She represents once more to-day before the world, Liberty, Justice, and Reason. Haut les cœurs, et vive la France!"—August 4th.

KING ALBERT.

"Soldiers! Without the slightest provocation from us a neighbour, haughty in its strength, has violated the territory of our fathers. Seeing its independence threatened, the nation trembled, and its children sprang to the frontier. Valiant soldiers of a sacred cause, I have confidence in your tenacious

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

courage. Caesar said of your ancestors: 'Of all the peoples of Gaul, the Belgians are the most brave.' Glory to you, Army of the Belgian people! Remember, men of Flanders, the Battle of the Golden Spurs! And you, Wallóons of Liege, who are at the place of honour at present, remember the six hundred men of Franchimont! Soldiers! I am leaving for Brussels to place myself at your head."—August 5th.



M. Poincaré, President of France.



Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.



William II., German Emperor.

GENERAL JOFFRE, FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

(TO THE PEOPLE OF ALSACE.)

"Children of Alsace! After forty-four years of sad waiting French soldiers are treading once more the soil of your noble country. They are the first workers in the great work of revenge. What emotion and what pride for them! To complete this work they are ready to sacrifice their life. The French nation unanimously spurs them on, and on the folds of their flag are inscribed the magical names of Right and Liberty. Long live France! Long live Alsace!"—August 9th.

(TO BELGIUM.)

"Having been called upon by the most odious aggression to fight against the same adversary, your admirable soldiers and those of France will bear themselves in all circumstances as true brothers under arms. Confident of the triumph of their just cause, they will march together to victory."—August 11th.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.

"In this solemn hour I am fully conscious of the whole significance of my resolve and my responsibility before the Almighty. I have examined and weighed everything, and with a serene conscience I set out on the path to which my duty points."—July 29th.

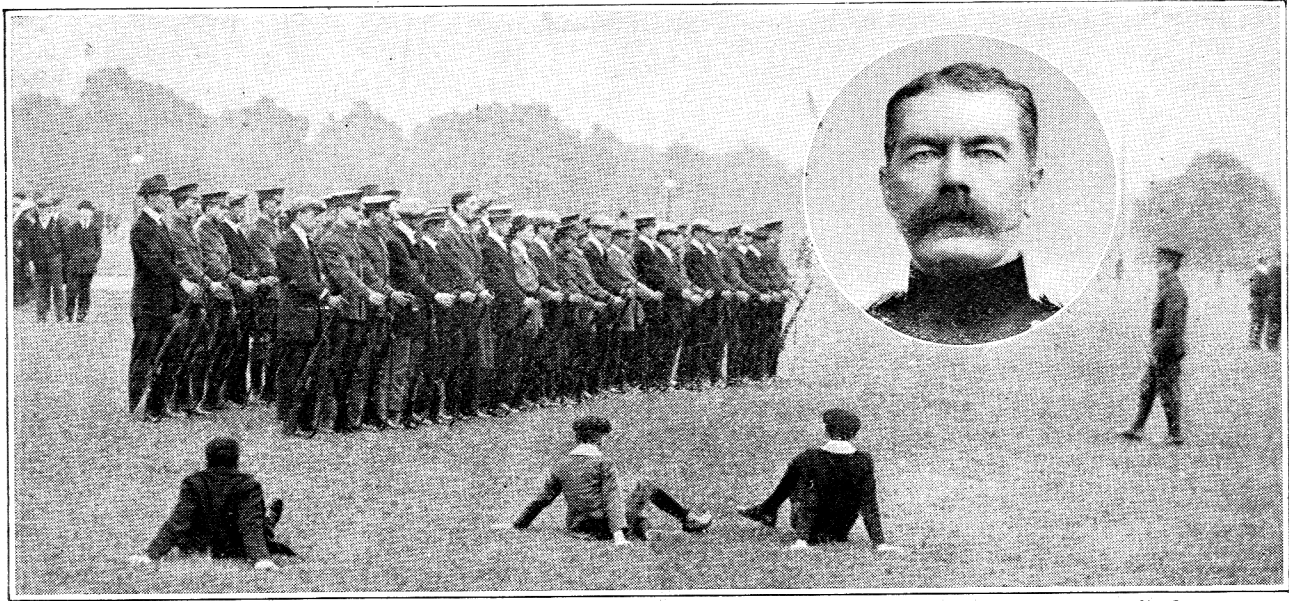
THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

"The sword is being forced into our hand. I hope that if at last my efforts to bring our adversaries to see things in their proper light, and to maintain peace, do not succeed, we shall, with God's help, wield the sword in such a way that we can sheath it with honour."—August 1st.

HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

"We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how he is to hack his way through (*wie er sich durchhaut*)!"—August 4th.

Britain's New Army of Freedom



London recruits for the new army raised by Lord Kitchener, starting their first drill in Hyde Park. Portrait of our new War Minister inset. *(Newspaper Illustrations & Bassano.)*

Since Oliver Cromwell, by an appeal to the religious spirit of the Puritans, created, in his model army the finest engine of war in the modern world, our nation has never responded so quickly and sternly to an appeal from a commander as it has done to the call made by Lord Kitchener for the immediate creation of a new Army of Freedom. Our forefathers had to use the press-gangs, and recruit from every prison in the kingdom, in order to win Trafalgar and Waterloo.



Eager to serve their King and country. Recruits at Whitehall taking the oath.

Now the flower of our young manhood was seen last week fighting in multitudes in friendly fashion outside the recruiting stations, in order to win the honour of being among the first to join the new army. All told, the British Empire has already nearly one million men under arms, and a million more will surely come forth if they are needed in the last and greatest of wars for establishing peace and free government throughout the world. Roll up! Roll up!



How London at once responded to Lord Kitchener's appeal. Scene at Scotland Yard, where a multitude of gallant young men surged into the recruiting office from early morning to past midnight. *(Sport & General.)*

Tears and Laughter Mingle at Farewell

If there has been sadness in the farewells between our soldiers and sailors and their families, mingled with it have been manifest signs of the happy and courageous spirit of men (and women) who mean to win through. Tears and laughter have signalled the partings everywhere—on railway-station platforms, at the docks, in the barrack squares, and along the highways and byways of towns and

villages throughout the kingdom. But for the fact that London has been full of soldiers, the scenes in the suburbs would have excited great public curiosity. But the going and coming of Reservists and Territorials since the mobilisation have been so common in every street as to cause no more excitement than the passing of the local policeman on his beat.



A mother's parting words to her sailor son.



Baby's good-bye walk with father on the eve of war.

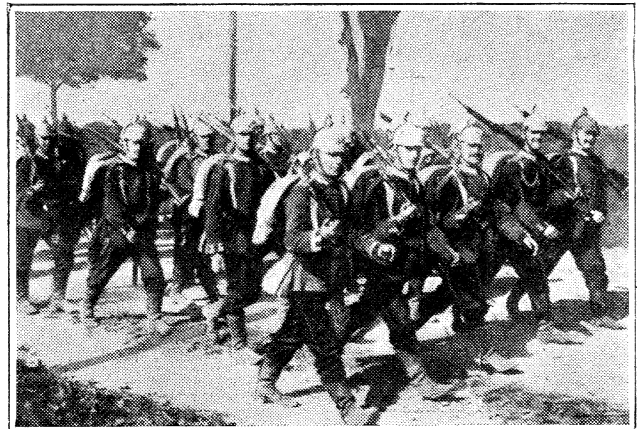
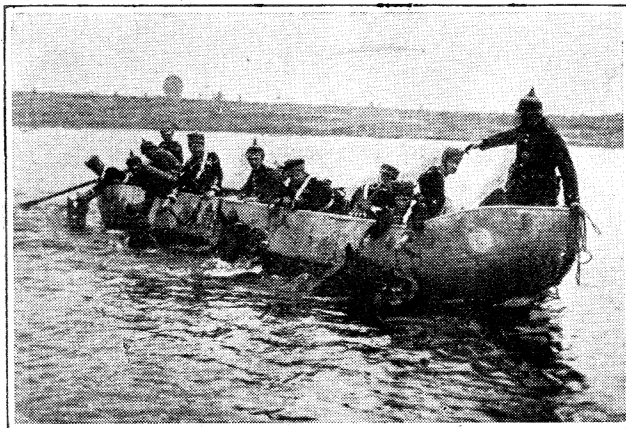


Jolly Jack Tars—a souvenir photograph taken just before entraining for the port of embarkation.

Germany's "War Lord" Dreams of Power



The War Lord of Germany watching his artillerymen shelling a position. An officer with glasses is studying the effect of the shot. The Germans are showing themselves good gunners, but in the first great conflict the Belgian fire was deadlier than theirs.

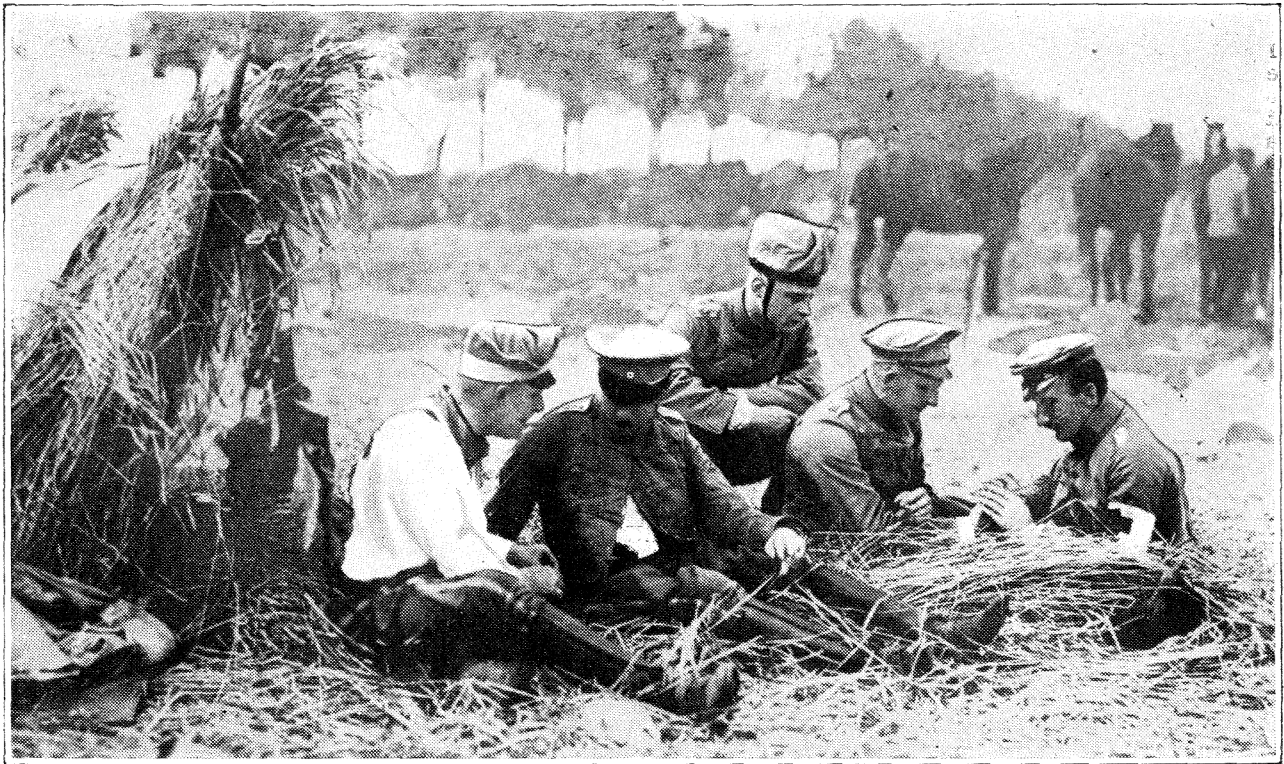


Seizing a river-boat, a party of German cavalry cross a wide stream, holding up by their bridles the horses that swim beside them. On the right are seen German troops detrained and marching to the vast battlefield. To prevent the scouts of the allied armies from seeing from afar the gleam of the brass ornaments on the German helmets, these are hidden in khaki covering. The new heavy boots of the German infantry are crippling them.



Light German cavalry conducting a reconnaissance. These mounted troops scatter in bands in front of an advancing host of Teutons, and when threatened by the scouts of the allied forces they dismount and form a firing-line in front of their horses. Hundreds of them surrendered without a fight around Liege, because they were weakened by want of food.

Glimpses of the German Army in the Field



A quiet scene after the tornado of battle before the forts and entrenchments of Liege. Some German cavalrymen are tending their wounded comrades, rescued from the first unexpected disaster at the hands of the gallant Belgian forces under General Leman.



German troops firing from trenches under the direction of an officer. The Germans, it is thought, have not learnt the lessons of the South African and Russo-Japanese wars. Their men are not encouraged to use their individuality in either attack or defence. Germany, after Liege, may change her methods of war when she is on the battlefield—a perilous procedure.

THE HERO OF BELGIUM

Lieutenant-General Leman, the genius and hero of Liege, who has completely upset the battle plans of the German War Lord, is the son of the director of the Brussels Military School. He has inherited his father's talent for mathematics, and early in his career he was marked out as one of Belgium's most promising officers. His opportunity came after the German attempt to bully France out of Morocco, when all the other nations of Europe began to look to their defences, fearing that the general struggle would suddenly break out.

Promoted to a lieutenant-generalship, Leman was entrusted with the difficult task of completing the forts at Liege, a place which would have to withstand the first attack of the German host. As planned by General Brialmont, the defences of Liege had many weak spots, as the place was first designed merely to delay the advance of a hostile army for a day or two. The younger general set to work to strengthen Liege, and made it—as even the Germans now know—one of the most remarkable “places of arrest” in Europe. By throwing into Liege a mobile army at the outbreak of war, General Leman converted his “place of arrest” into a temporary fortress town, on which the finest German troops, outnumbering the Belgian defenders by three to one, vainly dashed themselves. The manner in which General Leman handled his compara-



General

Leman.

tively small body of mobile troops, shifting them from one open space between the steel-capped forts to another, proved that he was as masterly a commander on the battlefield as he was in the mathematical calculation of defensive works.

During the terrible conflict between the forts and the mobile defence and the German army, General Leman was discussing matters with his staff, when a deafening noise broke out in the street. “This row is unbearable,” said one of the staff officers, “we cannot go on working here.” He went to the door, but as he opened it two German officers and six privates sprang forward, revolvers in hand, and fired at the general and his staff. Colonel Marchand fell dead, and the German assassins—it is

rumoured some of them had been working in disguise at Liege as taxi-drivers—tried to push through the officers to kill the commander. “Quick! Give me a revolver!” said the general. But one of his men, a fellow of gigantic size, said: “You must not risk your life, general.” “I will! I must pass out!” said the general. The big Belgian soldier saw there was no more time for words. He picked up his little general, hoisted him over the foundry wall, and then ran out himself. The Germans were firing from the windows at the Belgian commander, but the big soldier pushed his chief into a foundry workshop and saved his life.



King Albert the Brave, the young leader of Belgium's heroic army.

[Newspaper Illustrations.
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

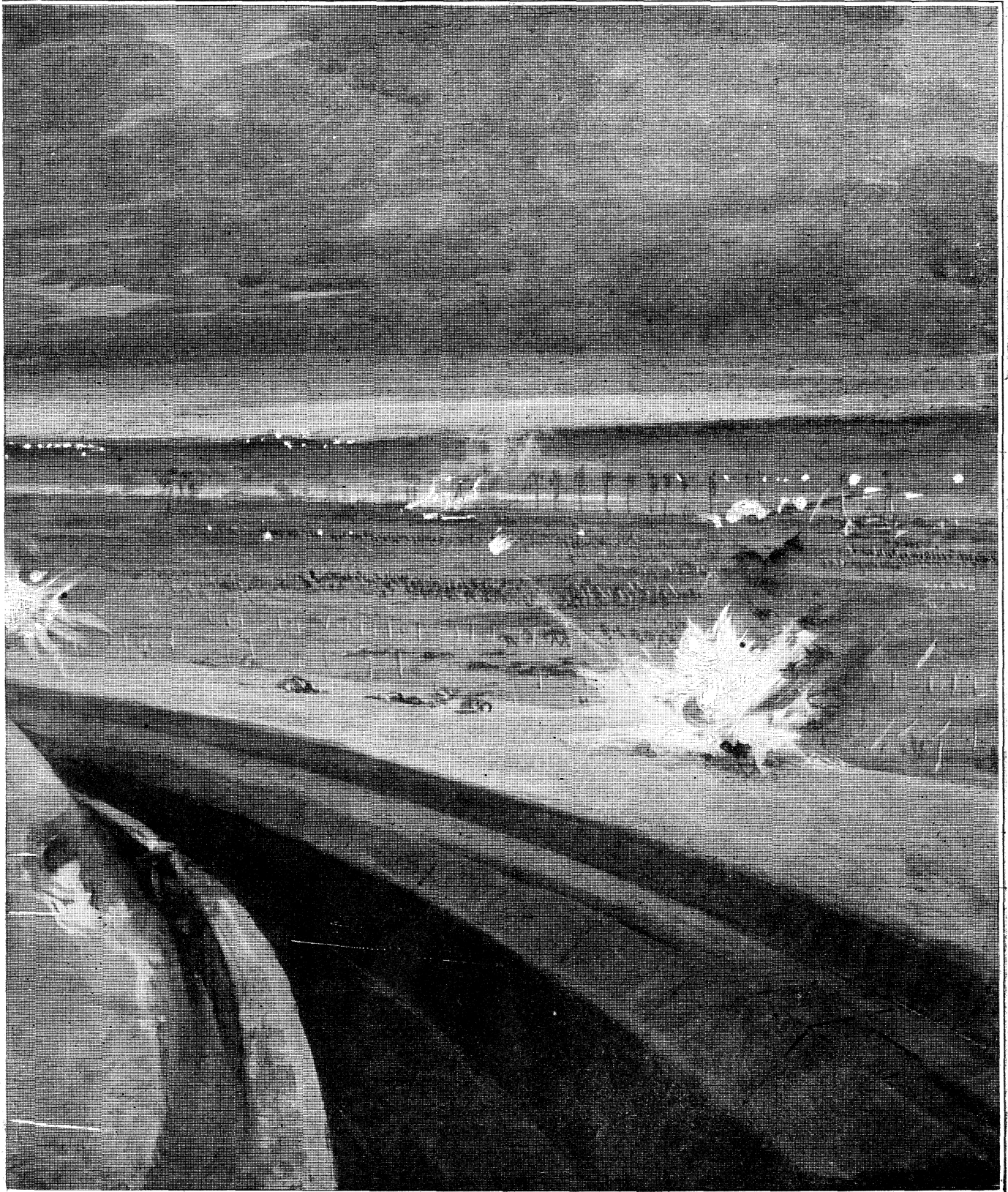
The Steel-Capped Forts of Liege in Action—



The interest of the war so far has centred round Liege, whose six large forts and six small forts are ranged in a ring on the heights, six miles from the centre of the city. Each is a triangular mass of strong concrete, with revolving and disappearing steel turrets. The Germans thought they would easily capture them and sweep past into France before the

French mobilisation was complete. They began their attack on the morning of August 4th, advancing in closely-knit ranks against the forts and through the open spaces. Under the fire of the Belgian guns and rifles, the Germans fell in heaps like haystacks, the living rushing over the dead and swelling the pile. In the afternoon the battle became

—Upsetting the Plan of the German Invaders

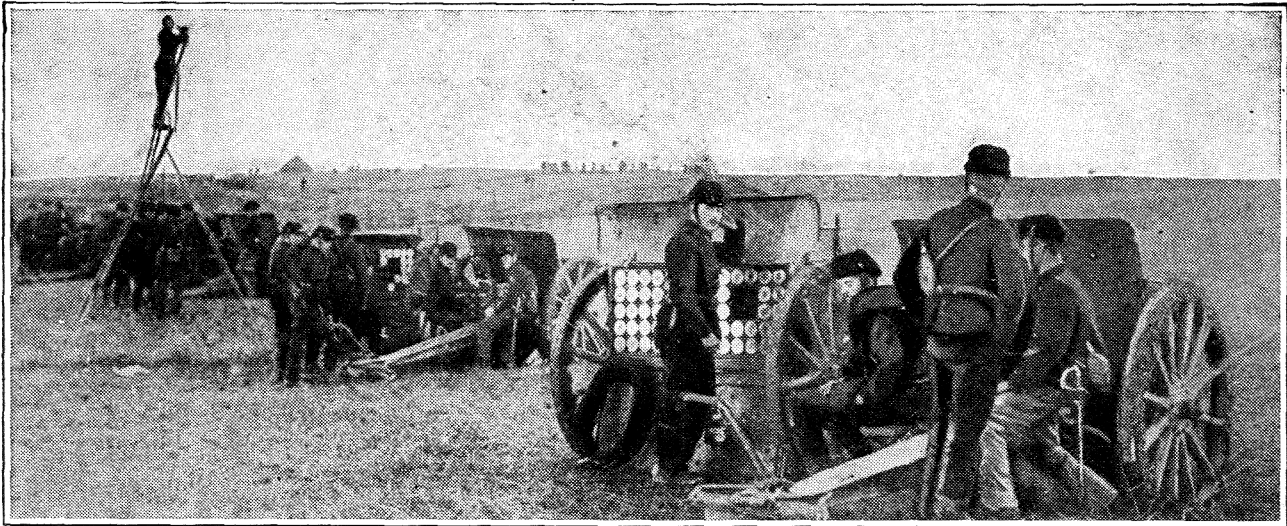


fercer all along the line. In the trenches between the forts the Belgians kept the enemy at fifty yards' distance by rifle fire, and then leaped upon him in a series of bayonet charges and drove him from the field. The battle continued during the night, and went on with unabated fury through the whole of the next day. Vastly inferior in numbers to

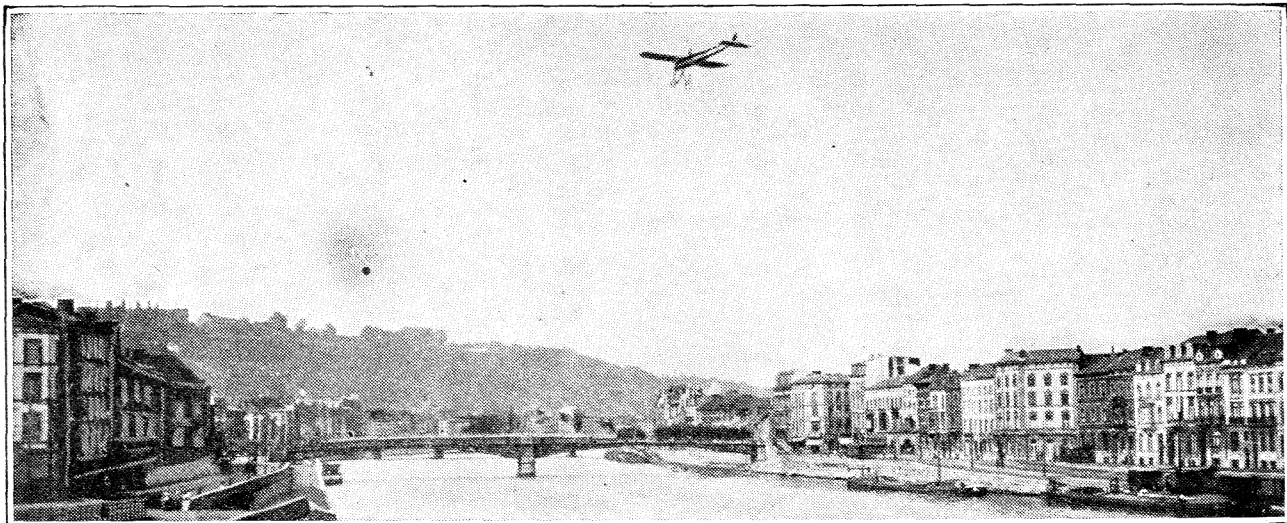
the Germans, the Belgians charged, shot, struggled at hand grips, shifting at times from one open space to another, under the direction of their heroic commander, to meet the main attack at different points. As night fell on this fearful day the Germans' fire slackened, and finally stopped; their troops, sullen, weary, and starving, lay behind their dead.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

The Belgians' Gallant Defence of Liege



Belgian artillerymen sweeping German troops off open ground between the forts of Liege. An officer on a ladder directs the fire of the guns. Liege is only a "place of arrest"—designed to impede the march of a hostile force. To transform it into a fortress, the Belgians had to throw 40,000 men into the passages between their domed forts.



An aviator flying over the Meuse, above the surprising city of Liege. A German prisoner states that he saw, round Liege, several of the aeroplanes of his own army destroyed by shrapnel shells from the Belgian guns.



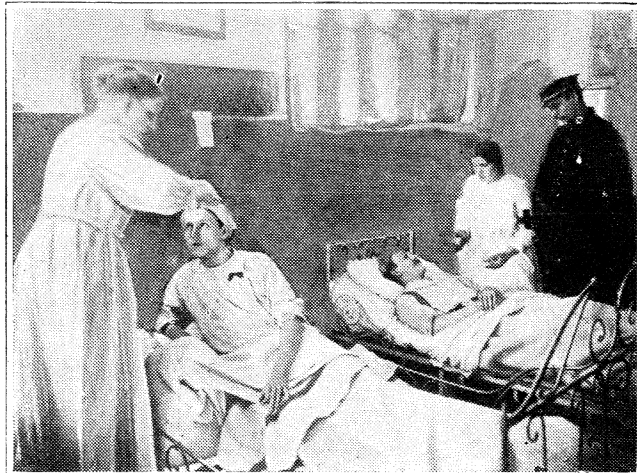
Joyful scene in Brussels after the magnificent, unexpected victory of the David of nations against the Goliath of military powers. Belgians who dashed in a motor-car from Liege to Brussels to display in the capital the trophies taken from the enemy in the first great battle of the European war.

War's Grim Realities as seen in Belgium



This graphic photo of actual war shows German cavalrymen near Vise, on their way to attack that town. In the wayside house on the right they killed a woman and two men who were said to have fired at them.

[Newspaper Illustrations.]



Early last week [the hospitals of Brussels received many wounded from the front, although happily Belgian losses were slight in comparison with the German.

[Newspaper Illustrations.]



French artillery hurrying up their heavy guns through Belgium to resist the Germans in their attack between Liege and Namur.

[Topical.]



No less brave than their soldier husbands, the women of Belgium are bearing their part in the tremendous stand their country is making against the German aggression. This photograph, taken only a few days ago, shows a crowd of soldiers' wives outside one of the offices where relief funds are being distributed in the Belgian capital.

[Newspaper Illustrations.]

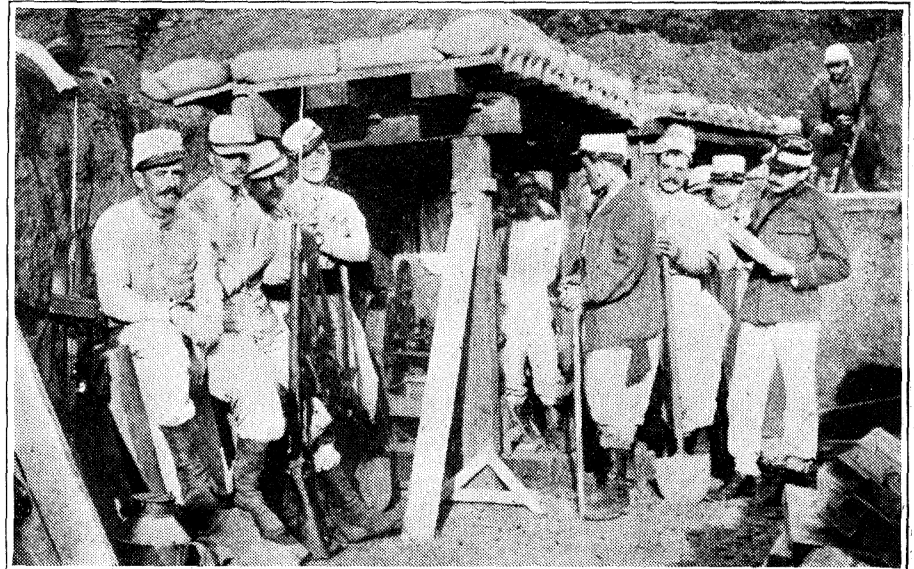
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

In the Field with the Soldier Citizens of the New France

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.



French foot-soldiers carrying a machine-gun, a weapon which has now proved to be terribly effective in stopping a charging mass of troops.



French sappers on the edge of the great battle-front, laying mines in places likely to be crossed by German troops in an attack on the fortress town of Belfort. (Central Press.)



French officers poring over maps and discussing air routes with one of their scouts of the skies. The mastery of the aeroplane has greatly benefited the French defence.



A battery of French artillery getting into position. Smart, keen, and ardent, the athletic young French soldier of our day is inspired by a spirit different from that of 1870.

How the French Soldiers Set Out for the Front



*La famille et le
personnel sont mobilisés
Réouverture
après la "Victoire"*



With laughing faces and merry jests, the pretty milliners' assistants of Paris, the famous "midinettes," have said "au revoir" to their friends, the keen young soldiers of the capital. On some closed shops notices state that the owners have mobi-

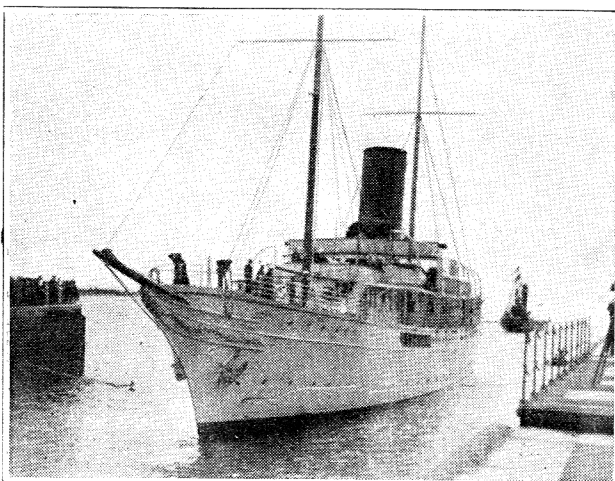
lised, and will re-open "after the Victory." In the railway-stations, such as the Gare de Lyon, the infantry waited, cool and tranquil, for trains to hurry them to the terrific struggle on the frontiers.

Woman's Healing Work Among the Wounded



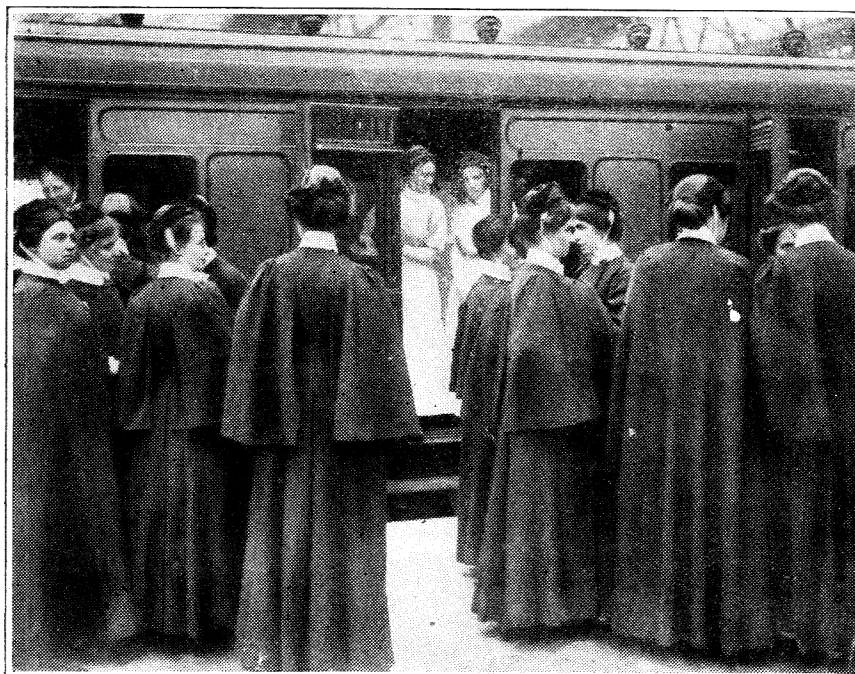
Camp of Red Cross nurses at Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

Since Florence Nightingale, with her knowledge, tenderness, and high courage, went to the battlefields of the Crimea to tend our wounded soldiers, the part that women play in war has continued to increase in importance. The marvellous progress of the civil ambulance organisations in the large towns throughout the Empire has enabled thousands of women, outside the hospitals in which professional nurses are trained, to become useful in the first-aid treatment that is of the highest value on the field of war. Members of the Red Cross societies are now training in camps for active service. In most

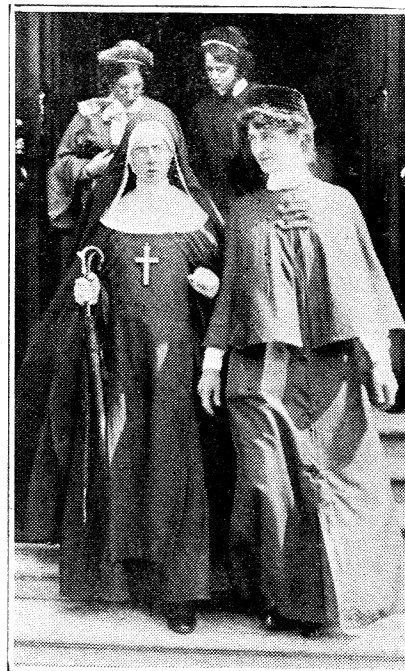


Lady Tredegar's yacht converted into a hospital ship.

cases, if a soldier's wounds are properly stanced and dressed on the battlefield, he will quickly recover, and need practically nothing more except a good bed and plenty of good food. This rapid and comparatively easy work is well within the ability of every woman who is trained in first-aid treatment; but for the more difficult work in the field hospitals the experience and skill of the professional nurse are required. But both on the field and in the general hospital, every woman used to deal with street accidents will be as serviceable to her country as the soldier in the firing-line.

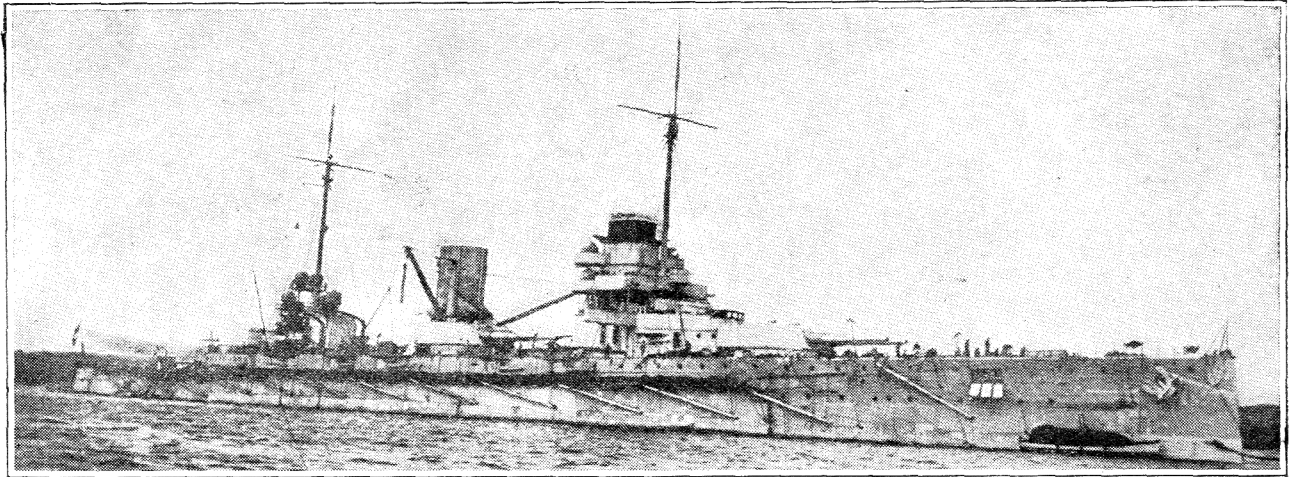


Nursing staff from the London Hospital entraining for Portsmouth Harbour.



Nurses leaving War Office for active service. [Topical.]
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

The Coward Cruise of the Mighty "Goeben"

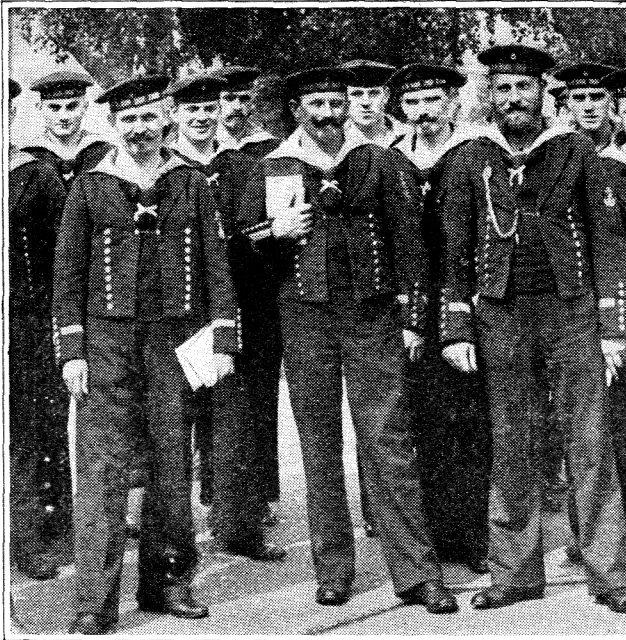


The German Dreadnought Goeben, that came out to fight, with band playing, and slunk away under the Turkish flag.

Heavily armoured, with ten 11 in. guns, twelve quick-firers, and a speed of over 28 knots, the Goeben was, till a few days ago, the best man-of-war in the German Navy. She was sent to the Mediterranean with the smaller ship, the Breslau, which was the swiftest of light cruisers under the German flag. These two superb examples of Teutonic naval construction were intended to destroy the Anglo-French commerce in the Mediterranean, and interrupt our traffic with the Orient through the Suez Canal.

They began their great work by wasting ammunition on the bombardment of Bona and other towns on the Algerian coast. A small squadron of our vessels gave chase, and the pride of the German Navy and her consort fled to Messina, on the strait between the curve of Sicily and the toe of Southern Italy. Here a fine spectacular drama

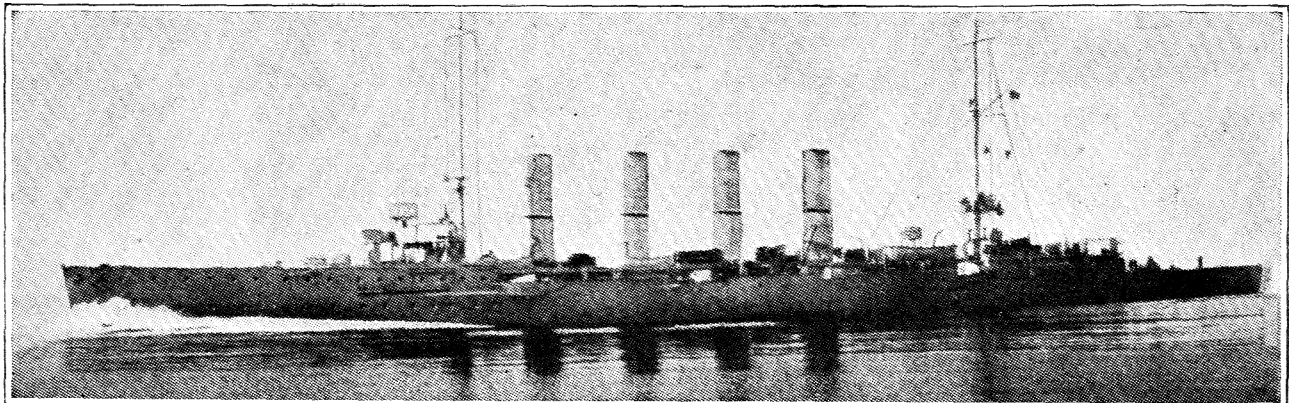
was enacted that engaged the admiration of the entire world. The captain of the Goeben was determined that the first battle of the mighty modern German Navy should be a lesson in high heroism to the hundred thousand



Types of German Sailors.

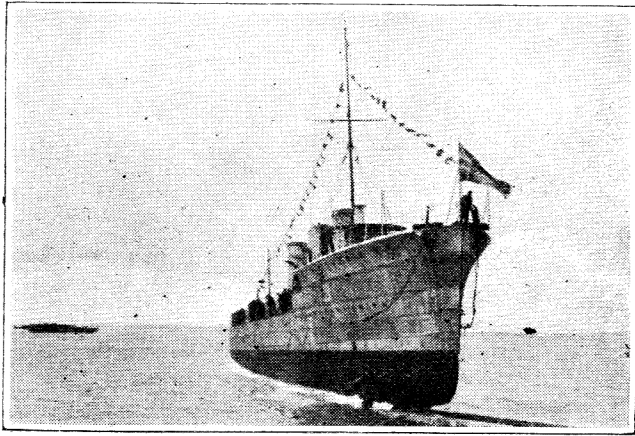
troops at Liege who were faring so badly at the hands of forty thousand Belgian soldiers. The officers of the two ships, it is said, made their wills, and solemnly entrusted the documents to a friendly consul. Then, with their bands playing, the German crews steamed out to meet the British ships in a death-or-victory struggle. An expectant world waited for news of the splendid dramatic battle; but somehow the German sailors put off the day of conflict, and turned full-steam up the Adriatic with the intention of joining the Austrian Navy. Austria, however, at that time was not at war with Britain, and to save her own fleet from attack, she refused to help the wanderers. Again the Goeben and Breslau set out on their wild, zigzag voyage, with British warships in pursuit, and, seeking refuge in the neutral waters of the Dardanelles, they were sold to

the Turkish Government for the sum of £3,800,000, and have been added to the Turkish Navy under the command of an English admiral! A great German naval victory would not wipe out this disgrace.

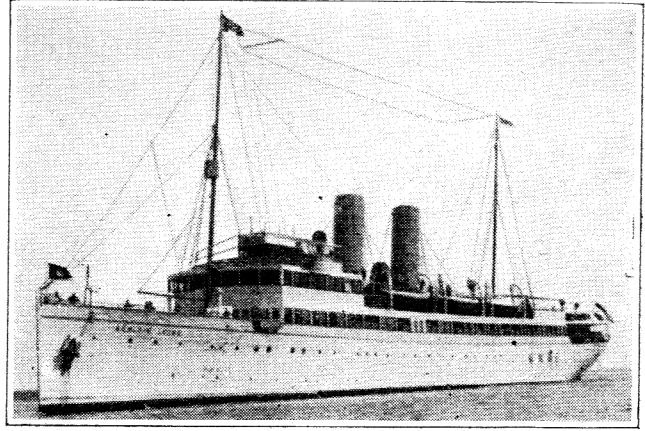


The German cruiser Breslau, that began the game of bombarding defenseless coast towns, but fled from British warships.

Mine-Laying in the North Sea Causes First Losses



H.M.S. Lance, which by remarkably quick, accurate fire, sank the German mine-laying steamer.



The Koenigin Luise, a converted liner, caught laying mines and sent to the bottom of the North Sea.

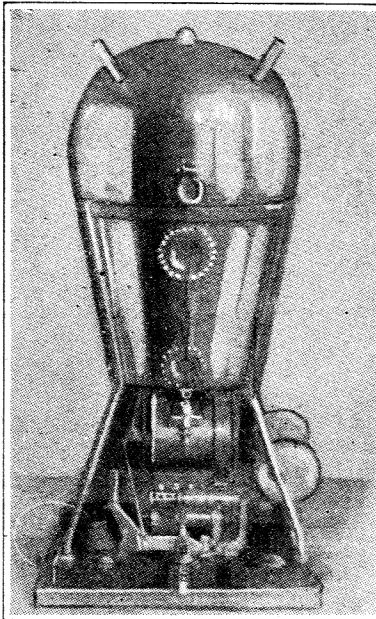
Of all weapons of death used in modern naval warfare, the "live" floating contact mine is the most dangerous. For it imperils the peaceful merchant marine of every nation plying over the seas in which it is used. A live mine may drift with the tides hundreds of miles from the scene of battle, and unless it is so constructed as to become unexplusive, it may wreck merchant ships after the war has come to an end. The German Government admits that their converted liner, the Koenigin Luise, was intended to lay her mines in the mouth of the Thames and "sow the chief English commercial waterways with death."

Two kinds of mines are now used in naval war—one for defensive purposes, another for offensive operations. The defensive mine is employed by a country in its own waters, and it is usually connected to the shore by an electric wire. By means of this wire, it is fired when the mine operator, sitting in a kind of camera obscura, sees a hostile warship sailing right over the spot where the explosion of the hidden mine will put it out of action.

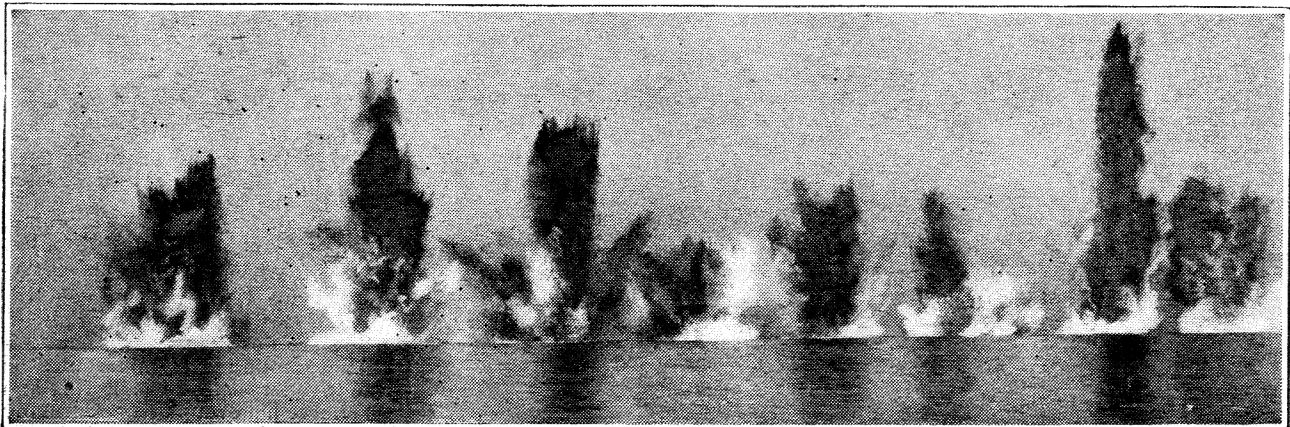
The offensive contact mine, by means of which H.M.S. Amphion was sunk, is a hollow metal case filled with a powerful explosive, and left to float about the sea like a sealed tin can. To prevent it being visible, a rope is attached, and a weight hung at the end of the rope. By adjusting the length of the rope, the mine can be sunk to any required depth. In order to make quite sure of the destruction of hostile vessels in a mine field, it is usual

to sink two of these floating contact mines, and then connect them by means of a cable. Then, if the bows of any ship strike against the cable, the cable will move forward under the blow, and bring the two mines against either side of the hull, and there they will explode below the water-line against the most vulnerable part of the vessel. The firing device consists of a series of projecting rods round the top of the mine, which are variously known as strikers, horns, or whiskers. When one of these is driven in by contact with the bows or side of a ship the detonating charge goes off, and the terrific explosion takes place. There are different arrangements by which the duration of the explosive action of a contact mine can be regulated. It can be made to fill with water, and sink at a given hour, or it can be made to rise to the surface after a given period, so that it can be recovered and used again.

A mine-searching flotilla now clears the way for a fleet in action. The most expensive way of clearing the waters is to discharge counter-mines, and blow up both hostile contact mines and hostile mines under electric control. The usual method, however, is to make a broad, free path for an attacking fleet, by means of a mine-sweeping flotilla. A pair of destroyers steam slowly ahead, towing a long heavy net in a sort of fishing operation. The net generally catches the mines under the bottom, and lifts them up without exploding them, thus providing the advancing fleet with deadly machines that can be used against the enemy that first laid them.

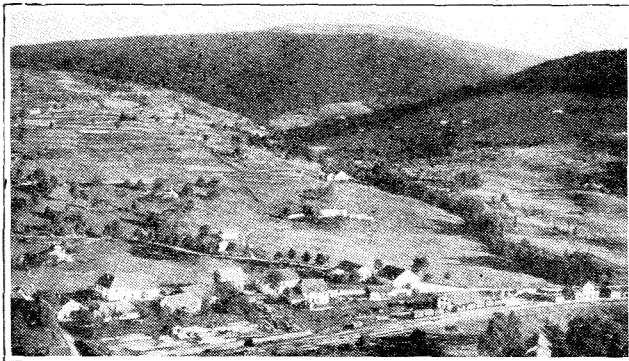


A German contact mine.

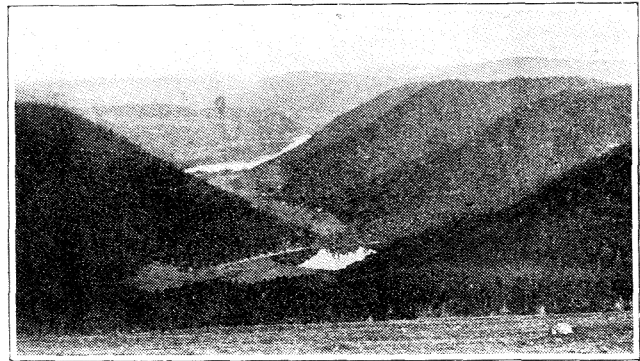


The effect of a line of mines, laid by the enemy, being exploded by our fleet by counter-mining.

Along the Fighting Front of the Great War



High, wooded frontier lands of Alsace, seen from the French side.

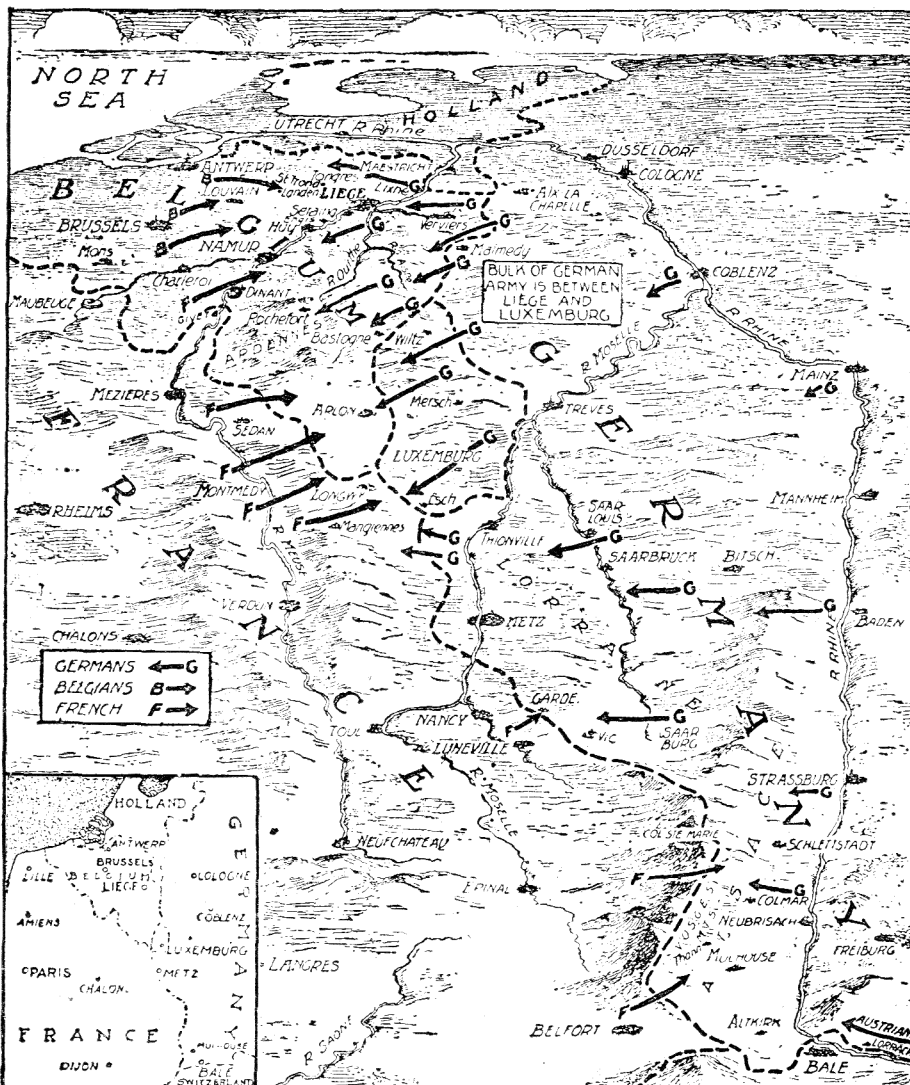


The Vosges country, wild, broken, and full of cover, between the armies.

On the Ardennes—a lovely, quiet land of romance, with its rounded, wooded, flowery hills, its grey, fantastic rocks, flashing streams, and old-world towns and hamlets—all the terrible forces of modern war have burst. The thing at first seemed a nightmare. In the idyllic forest, fragrant with memories of "As You Like It" and "Love's Labour's Lost," where, as Byron, in his historic poem on Waterloo, says, "Ardenne waves above her green leaves, dewy with Nature's teardrops as they pass," two million troops

were massed for conflict at the close of last week. They were armed with picric shells, bomb-dropping aeroplanes, and far-ranging guns mighty in destruction.

The battle front stretched for 250 miles, from a spot close to the field of Waterloo, in Belgium, to the lowest point of Alsace, where Belfort, the Gibraltar of eastern France, guards the French flank. Never, in the authentic records of history, has there been so stupendous a scene of conflict.



First positions of the two million troops of the warring nations.

The main forces of the German invading host were reported to be massed to the east of the River Meuse, between Liege and Luxembourg, ready to attempt either to "hack their way through" Belgium, or to break down the French defences farther south. Some German army corps were entrenching from Liege to the Dutch border, in order to prevent a turning movement on their right flank.

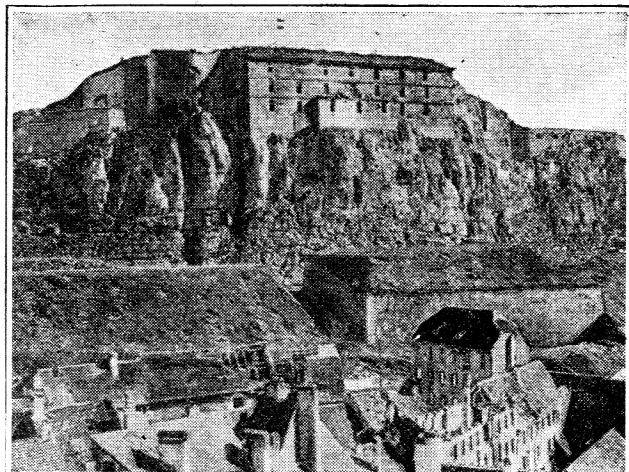
The allied armies were awaiting the terrific onslaught of the invaders along a line from Liege to Namur. At both these places a system of steel-capped forts supported the defenders in their efforts of resistance. Namur, equal to Liege as a delaying fortress, and superior in defensive position, was abundantly garrisoned, and supported by the allied field troops.

It was expected that the massed German troops, ready to be hurried forward under the cover of tremendous siege guns, would fling themselves through the gap, nearly eighty miles wide, between Namur in Belgium and Verdun in France.

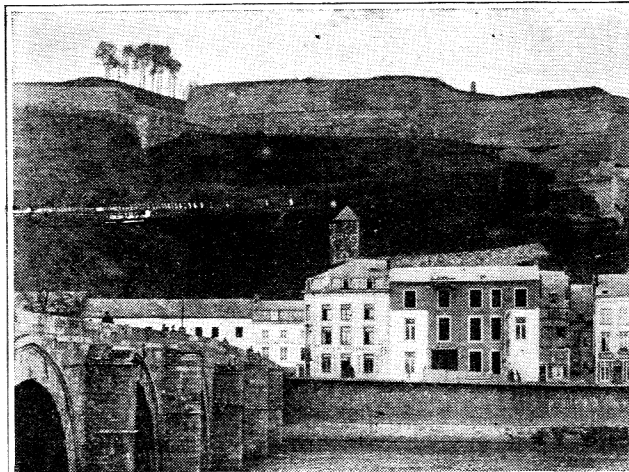
This has always been the easiest path of invasion into France, and the French have covered it only by small and weak defences at Montmedy and Mezieres. Again, there is another gap of about thirty-five miles farther to the south, between Toul and Epinal. It is covered only by the Moselle.

Both these gaps, however, were specially left by General Séré de Rivieres, who drew up the scheme of defence that it has taken the French forty years to work out. They are designed as traps, with a view to imposing certain routes on the invader instead of allowing him to choose his own paths. Germany

Peaceful Scenes Where the Tide of Battle Rolls



Belfort, the Gibraltar of eastern France, that dominates southern Alsace.



Namur, in Belgium, stronger than Liege, on the main army route into France.

was so afraid of what would happen if she walked into either of the traps, that she dared the hostility of Britain in an attempt to obtain a third path of advance through Belgium to Lille. But at the end of last week it seemed as though the brilliant, surprising skill and fighting power of the small army of Belgium had compelled Germany to take the path fixed forty years before by French strategists, for only the two gaps below Namur and below Verdun remained open.

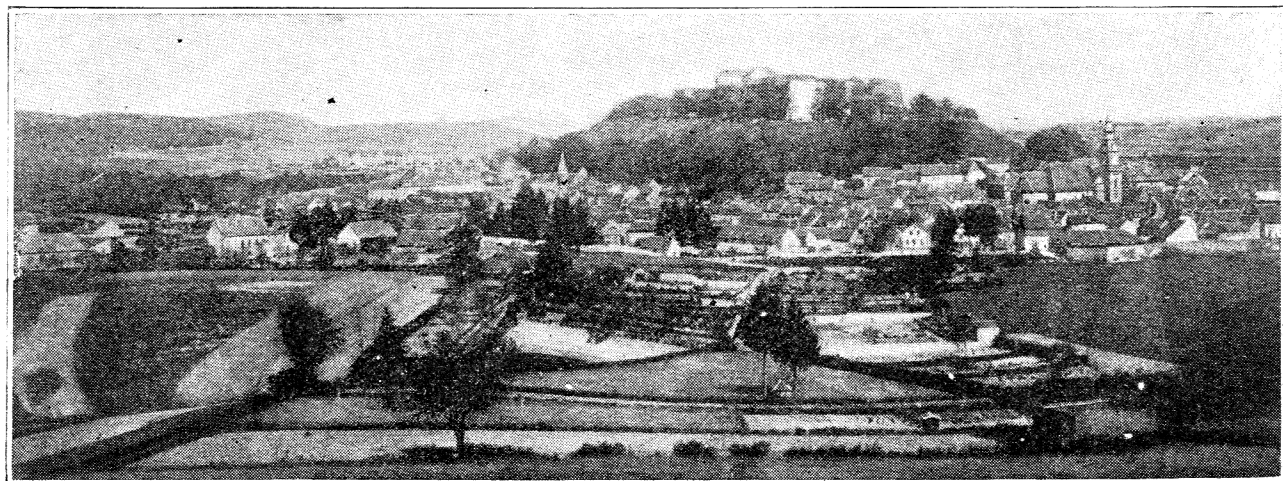
Meanwhile, the French airmen watched the German preparations, and the French commander accumulated army corps to parry the expected blow. At each of the gaps a French host was waiting in prepared positions, while a fan of scouting cavalymen tested at almost every point the spirit and dash of the advanced bodies of hostile horsemen. Then it was expected that by a counterstroke across the Alsace-Lorraine frontier, from Thionville to Mulhouse, where the Germans appeared to be in relatively weak force, large masses of French troops would relieve the pressure on the allied armies fighting the main battle between Namur and Verdun. This counterstroke would endanger the German line of communications.

But the chief tactical feature of the situation seemed



Mulhouse, the Alsatian town, where Germans, Austrians, and French have fought.

to be the disadvantage at which the Germans were placed by the magnificent work of the Liege forts, when advancing through the rough, hilly, wooded country of the Ardennes. The scanty population, the scarceness of railways, and the damage done by the Belgians to all the lines of communication, appeared to make the task of feeding the vast German masses of men a matter of extraordinary difficulty.



Bitsch, a strong German fortress town on the Alsatian frontier.

THE TIDE OF WAR: The Story of the Great Conflict Told Week by Week.

EUROPE has been fearing and preparing for a general war for the last five years. For the Treaty of Berlin, on which the peace of the Continent was founded, was suddenly torn up by Austria-Hungary and Germany in 1909, on the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. This was the opening move in a great scheme to absorb the Balkans and establish a Teutonic Empire, stretching from the North Sea to Constantinople, and across the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf. Ever since Austria in the seventeenth century repulsed the Turks from Vienna, she has regarded herself as heiress to all the Turkish dominions.

* * *

ON the other hand, since the days of Peter the Great the Russians have looked on Constantinople, the Holy City of their religion, as the future capital of their Empire. But our Government has fought and schemed to prevent both the Teuton and the Russian from succeeding to the power of the Turks, and so dominating our interests in the Mediterranean and our lines of communication with India. This was one of the reasons for the extraordinary efforts made by our Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, to prevent Russia and Austria joining in the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. Our own vital self-interests, as well as our passion for freedom, make us the protectors of the little independent nations of Europe. The Teutons, however, considered themselves superior in military power to their opponents, and when they learnt some months ago that France was improving her army by a three-year system of service, and that Russia was turning her vast masses of troops into marksmen, they resolved it was best to strike suddenly while they had the apparent advantage.

* * *

THEY were casting about for an excuse for hostilities, when, on June 28th, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated by a Bosnian Serb, maddened by the annexation of his country. The Foreign Minister, Count Forgach—notorious for forging documents against the Serbs in the Agram trial—then stated he had evidence that the assassination of the Archduke was engineered by Servian officials. On this untrustworthy charge, the Austrian Government tried to rob Servia of her independence, and thus obtain the road to Salonica, which would give her the practical dominion of the whole of the Balkans. Under the leadership of Britain, all the disinterested Great Powers worked, quickly and strongly, to maintain the peace of Europe. But, pushed on by Germany, the Austrians declared war on Servia on July 28th, and bombarded Belgrade. Russia, the protector of the small Slav state, then had to sink peacefully into the position of a beaten Power and watch the Teuton Empire expand in overwhelming might or put everything to the hazard of battle.

* * *

ON July 30th she began to mobilise against Austria, and the next day Germany started her armies in motion by a declaration of a state of war. Her object was to concentrate and sweep down and conquer France, the ally of Russia, before any Russian counter-stroke could be made in force. Up to this point the British Empire did not seem to be vitally concerned in the awful conflict into which millions of men were being driven by the lust for dominion of the governing caste of the Teutonic races. But the universal ambition of the Prussians, and especially of their leader, Kaiser Wilhelm II., had led them to attempt, among other things, to challenge our sea power, and to refuse the repeated offers made by our Government to stop the insane race for supremacy in naval armaments. In order to obtain money for great social reforms, such as the old-age pensions and national insurance against sickness, our Government had then entered into an understanding with France for that country and Britain to divide the work of meeting the naval menace of Germany. France undertook to protect British and French interests in the Mediterranean, and Britain undertook to mass her main fleet for the protection of British and French interests in the Channel and the North Sea.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

WHEN, therefore, the great war broke out, we were bound in honour to protect the northern coasts of France from invasion; and ancient treaties made us, in self-interest and in honour, the protectors of the neutrality of Belgium and Holland. So when, on August 3rd, a hundred thousand German troops crossed the Belgian frontier and advanced upon Liege, our Government sent an ultimatum to Germany, and after a fine speech in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Grey, all parties united in a quiet, solemn resolution to enter into the Great War, and help to free the world from the savage, dishonourable, madly ambitious power of Prussian despotism.

* * *

THE small democratic Belgian nation showed at the beginning of the war how the spirit of freedom can suddenly lift up a people to the heights of heroism. Forty thousand Belgian troops, consisting of the 3rd Division and the 15th Mixed Brigade, met in the passages between the forts of Liege 100,000 German troops, consisting of the 7th, 9th, and 10th Army Corps, under General von Emmich. The Belgians were commanded by General Leman, who had been working for some years on the fortifications of Liege. These the Germans thought they would conquer in an hour and so be able to sweep past them into France before the French mobilisation was complete. They began their attack on the morning of August 4th, and the battle went on with unabated fury for several days, as described elsewhere in our pages.

* * *

HAVING achieved his object of stopping the German army, General Leman provisioned and garrisoned the forts, and then withdrew the rest of his men to the main body of the Belgian army that had now collected in the west, awaiting the arrival of its allies. In the meantime, the forts of Liege remained intact, stopping the march of a million and a quarter German troops.

* * *

BY way of diversion General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief, sent a division of his soldiers into Alsace on August 9th. Finding an equal number of German troops entrenched outside the town of Altkirch, the French fixed their bayonets and took the position with the "white arm" with the extraordinarily small loss of about a hundred men. Then they advanced on the unfortified town of Mulhouse, which they took and held until Austrian reinforcements came to the help of the Germans.

* * *

AT the time of writing, over a million and a quarter German troops were massed against an equal or a slightly inferior number of French and Belgian troops on a battle line stretching from Diest, in Belgium, to Belfort, in France. Large bodies of cavalry were scouting and fighting in the open space between the entrenched positions, with the object of finding a weak spot through which the main advance could be made. At Haelen, near Diest, a battle had taken place between the Belgians and the Germans as the latter were trying to turn the northern flank of the allied armies. The Belgians were as victorious in the open field as they had been in the trenches of Liege. There was another engagement at Eghezec, above Namur. In the meantime, the British fleet, under Admiral Jellicoe, had won the most surprising victory in the history of sea power. Without a blow, save the repelling of an attack by a submarine flotilla in which H.M.S. Birmingham sank the German submarine U15, our ships, in less than a week, had effectually strangled the sea-borne commerce of Germany, thus inflicting on that Power many of the consequences of a naval defeat. The German Navy had not ventured on an engagement of any magnitude, and our only damage was the wreck of H.M.S. Amphion, by a floating mine, on August 6th, against which was placed the destruction of a German mine-layer, the Koenigin Luise, by British gunners on August 5th.

THE WAR

Illustrated



No. 2.
Vol. I.

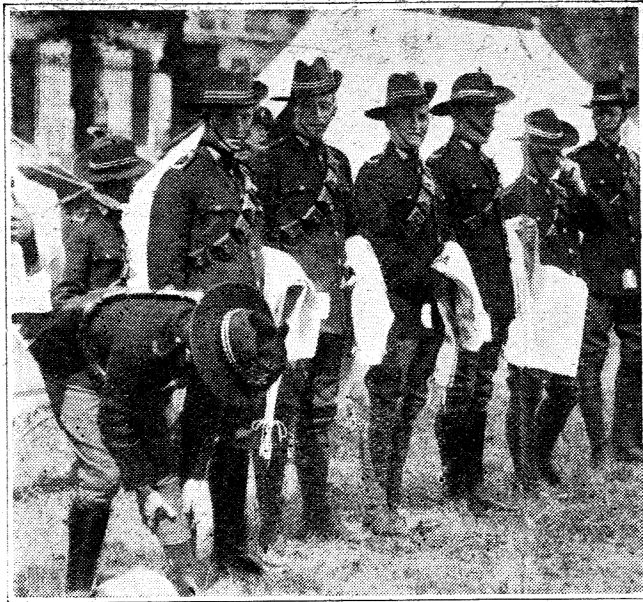
A WEEKLY PICTURE-RECORD OF EVENTS BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

For Week ending
29 August, 1914



"HAVE YOU SEEN ANY GERMANS PASS THIS WAY?"

A unique war photograph taken last week on a Belgian highway. It shows a scouting party of French dragoons who are endeavouring to get into touch with the German Uhlans.



The smart, dashing soldiers of New Zealand.

THIS is no time to say "I told you so" to those who were incredulous as to the coming of Armageddon which we now face in Europe, or to those who declared that if Armageddon did come, the Overseas Dominions would break away, selfishly fearing their fate, and establish independent nationalities. Armageddon has come! The heart of Europe is laid bare, and we can see its fierce pulsations and know whereof it is made; but also the hearts of the Overseas Dominions have been laid bare, and we know, without peradventure, that they throb in unison and in purpose with Great Britain and also Ireland, thank God!

ONE great bund of peoples with the same destiny.

The doubter, the agnostic, the timid man, the peace-lover who would run any risk of war for the sake of peace, and who hated what he called Jingoism, has received the answer to all doubt, speculation, and challenge in the cry "We are coming!" from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and "We are with you!" from South Africa. There is no Jingoism in that cry.

There is now no sentimentalism in the oft-repeated phrase; "Hands across the sea." There is no sense of adventure or of a martial holiday in the sober, grim acts of government which send from the Antipodes and from across the Atlantic near fifty thousand men; not for the Old Land only, not alone for the Flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, nor for the great tradition and the splendour of Britain's history; but for themselves, and for us all, as part of one great bund of peoples with the same destiny, though not part of one constitutional whole.

A WAR for the preservation of the small nations.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Newfoundland—they all recognise that we are inextricably linked in interest, in faith, in our ideals. How quickly they saw the meaning of this war; the greed, the aggression, the ambition of a military autocracy with a reckless War Lord, determined to make his new Empire supreme over all the world, at its head. With the clearer vision of the overseas people who, because of their distance and their isolation have far sight, they saw that this was a war for the preservation of small nations, for the rights of nationalities, however

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

THE RALLY OF

How the Overseas Dominions are standing by the Motherland:

Expressly written for "The War Illustrated"

insignificant; for the security of the one small man against the dominant many. They did not wait to reason; they saw, they knew.

From the material side, the interdependence of the interests of the British Empire was brought home to them before war was declared between Germany and England by the chaos on their small stock exchanges. Canada's financial interests are interlinked with those of many nations, and if she had needed the lesson, it was there for her when her grain exchanges as well as her stock exchanges suddenly congested at the threat, and not the operation of war.

THE first precedent for Imperial co-operation.

Who could have had fear of what the Overseas Dominions would do that had lived in them, and had also lived at the centre here in London? We, who had honestly studied the problem for many years, had no doubt that the bold spirit which set the first precedent for Imperial co-operation, when the New South Wales Government sent an Australian contingent to reinforce the British troops in the Soudan to suppress Arabi Pasha, would be a hundredfold more alive to-day when Australia has become a great exporting country, and is erecting a great fabric of western civilisation near to undeveloped Asiatic communities.

The Australian ex-Premier, George Reid, now the High Commissioner for Australia, ever since his landing on these shores has, with a mingled common-sense, vision and statesmanship peculiarly his own, preached the doctrine of British preparedness by Army and Navy, and confidently declared that the co-operation of the Overseas Dominions, and certainly his own Commonwealth, would not fail in the hour of storm and stress. So it has been with Australia.

As for New Zealand, that little community, socialist in the main in its government, was not merely sentimental when it gave its Dreadnought to our Navy. Deep in its bosom was an understanding loyalty, a sense of brotherhood, which could not fail, as it has never failed, when England, needing help but not asking for it, turned her eyes to the great Pacific continents.

Memory, history, tradition, the spirit of the pioneer, worked in them. They were either New Zealanders or British-born, or were the sons or grandsons of the British-born. England to them [was the great homeland, the cradle of their nationality.



Private of Tranevaal Scottish Volunteers, 29th August, 1914.

THE EMPIRE

A Stirring Chapter in the History of the Great War

By Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.,

Author of "Round the Compass in Australia,"
"The History of Old Quebec," and many world-famous novels of Canadian Life.

Anyone who has been great distances from home knows what that longing is which men feel who are far from the soil from which they or their fathers sprang. That is why throughout the British Empire there is never a public meeting or social gathering or entertainment which does not conclude with "God Save the King." Loss to the Motherland meant loss to themselves.

As for Canada, her instant action was not the action of a government, but of a people; a people composed of two races—English and French; the latter not having naturally the same affiliations with these islands or the British Constitution which possess their British fellow-countrymen.

THREE years' political feud ends in hearty co-operation.

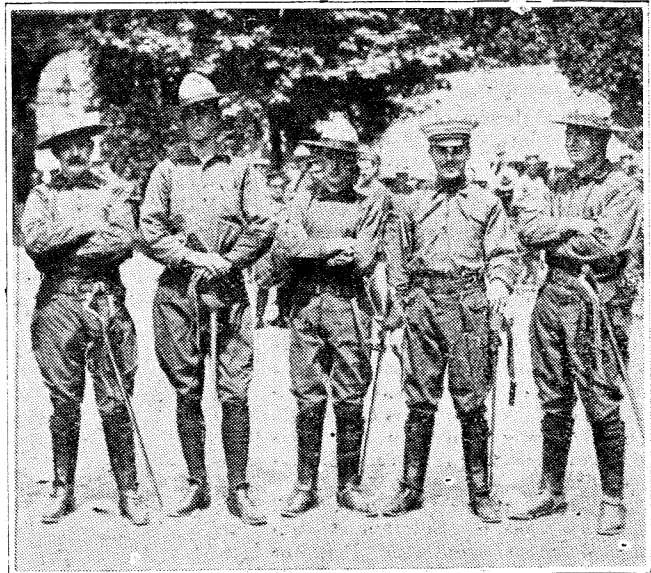
Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the late Prime Minister, was ever a peace-lover. A hater of war, he viewed with intense dislike the diversion of energy from industrial and commercial channels to what he termed militarism and the rivalries of national aggrandisement. Yet it was he who carried his French fellow-countrymen with him in the policy of a Navy for Canada to work with the British Navy in time of war; and now, hand in hand with Sir Richard Borden, the Prime Minister, with whom he has been at bitter odds for the last three years, he leads his fellow-countrymen without prejudice from any quarter into the field of common effort for the Empire.



Southern Mounted Rifles, South Africa.
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

That is not alone because England is helping France; it is because he knows that Canada's destiny is Britain's destiny, that for better or for worse they must be one in the sight of men. At the battle of Chateaugay his great compatriot De Salaberry saved Canada to the British Empire. The precedent is a good one; it was bound to be repeated. It was repeated in South Africa when, at Paardeberg, Canadian troops had the honour of leading the last attack against Cronje.

Of what value are these oversea soldiers? The majority of them will be men who would make capable officers; they will be drawn from a highly intelligent, adaptable people, with initiative, and an ingrained habit of finding a new way out of new difficulties. Vast numbers of them will be men to whom the rifle is as familiar as an umbrella to a Britisher. They will understand this fight as a fight for freedom from the control of war-making peoples, from those who desire their own material pro-



Light Horse, Dragoons, and Rangers of Canada.

gress at the expense of sister nations; from those who make war to make money, by securing territory and cash indemnity and dominance.

No Englishman will feel more strongly what is at stake than these Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians, and South Africans also.

SOLVING the problem of a constitutional union with the Dominions.

One of the remarkable things of this war—an accident, however—is the fact that in supporting Belgium we win the sympathy of the South Africans; in supporting France we win the sympathy of all Canadians. The Overseas Dominions will, if need be, send us 150,000 men before this war is over, and when it is over we shall never be again as we were before, but we shall be nearer and dearer. We shall have solved, or we shall be solving, when this war is over, the problem of a material and constitutional union with our Overseas Dominions.

In September, 1913, writing upon the welding of the Empire in the "Fortnightly Review," I used these words: "It is more than likely that these apprehensions will all be swept away in some day of crisis in the Empire, and even as after the South African War the minds of men all over the Empire saw that there must be Imperial co-operation and constitutional machinery which would make co-operation workable and effective as an instrument of Empire, so some great trouble—which Heaven forbid that we should invite!—will sweep away prejudices and will turn to larger uses the jealous apprehension with which so many people view any modification of the complete authority of the House of Commons as it now exists." That crisis, that trouble has come, and we shall be an Empire in very fact and truth if fortune attends our arms.

THERE is only one race throughout the British Empire.

No one in all the Empire desired this war; few in all this Empire will flinch now that war has come; but as it has come we have found at the very start unity of interest, brotherhood and understanding; and if we win, the fabric of this Empire, from the Thames to the Murrumbidgee, will be "based upon the people's will, and all the people's will."

In the readjustments of national boundaries in Europe, and the new disposition of races, it will be found that there is only one race throughout the present British Empire.

Antwerp—Belgium's Last and Mightiest Stronghold

ON the defences of Antwerp—the old picturesque Flemish port by the River Scheldt—the great Belgian fortress-builder, General Brialmont, exerted all his genius. Liege and Namur were designed by him only as delaying points, intended to impede the march of the Germans for a few days.

Antwerp he made a complete stronghold, built to last for a year against the most powerful of modern siege-guns. The forts are so placed that their guns can sweep an attacking army on all sides with an unceasing tempest of bursting shrapnel.

There is, at need, room for all the soldiers of Belgium within the defences; and the Belgians long ago resolved to make their last heroic stand against an invader in this great, important seaport.

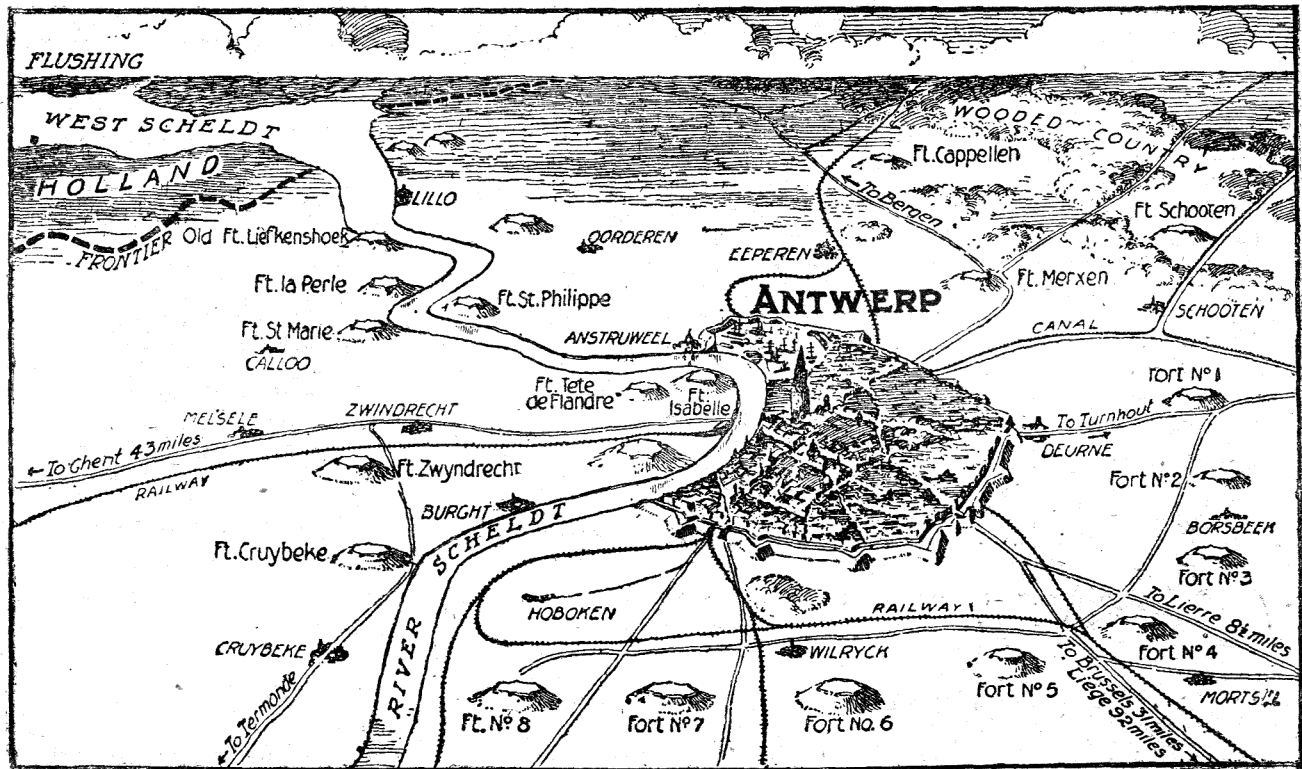


The famous Gothic cathedral of Antwerp.

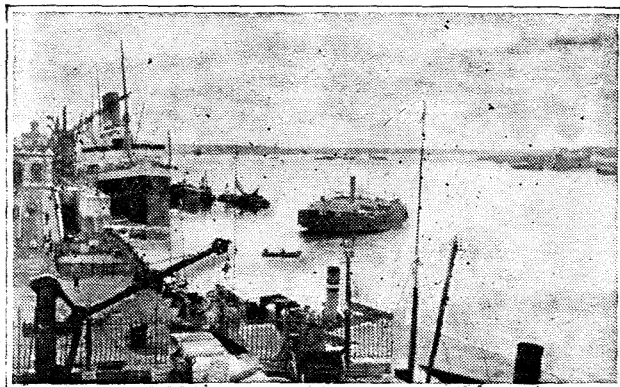
But after the Allies reinforced them and the new strategical positions were taken up, Antwerp became the fortified edge of the left wing of the enormous battle front extending to Switzerland.

Then, having for fifteen days covered the movements of the French armies, the Belgian troops withdrew to their formidable entrenched camp of Antwerp, this serving as a base of operations from which they could threaten the flank of the German host, and co-operate in the movements of the allied armies.

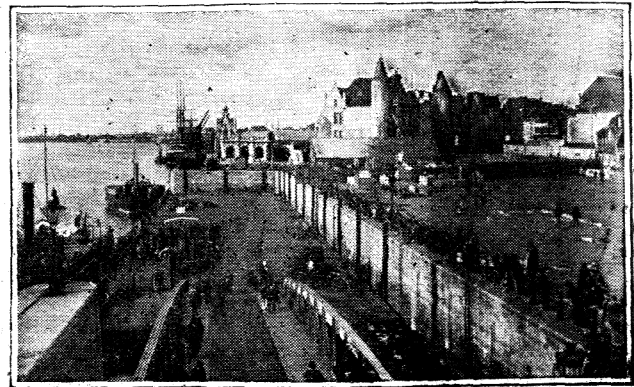
Antwerp itself is one of the most beautiful ports in Europe—full of tall, quaint, old, glorious gabled houses, and churches with altar pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens.



The immense fortress town, with a triple belt of forts, where the Belgians prepared for their last heroic stand.



Busy quays of the great Belgian seaport.

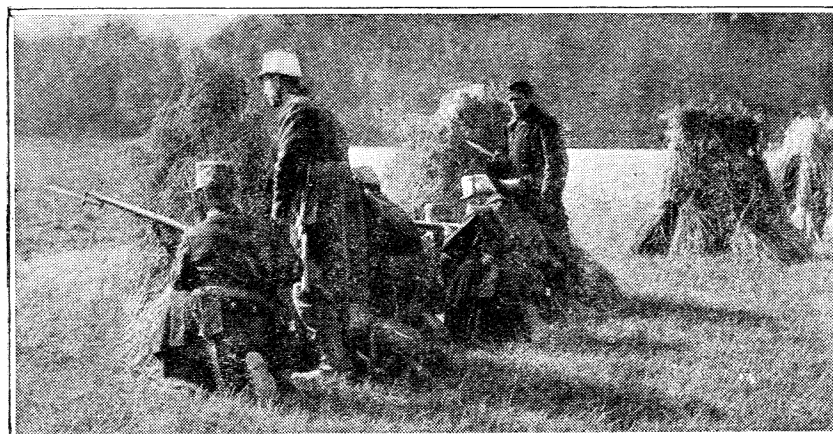


Where Antwerp steamers land their passengers.

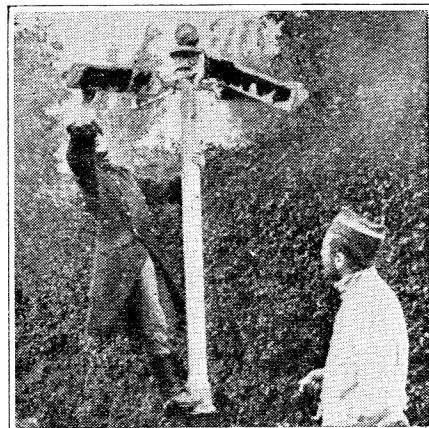
Red War Among the Golden Cornfields



Fighting amid the harvest. The Belgians bind their black helmets with wheat-stalks to escape notice till they fire.



Sowing death amid the gathered corn.



Smudging signpost to confuse Germans.

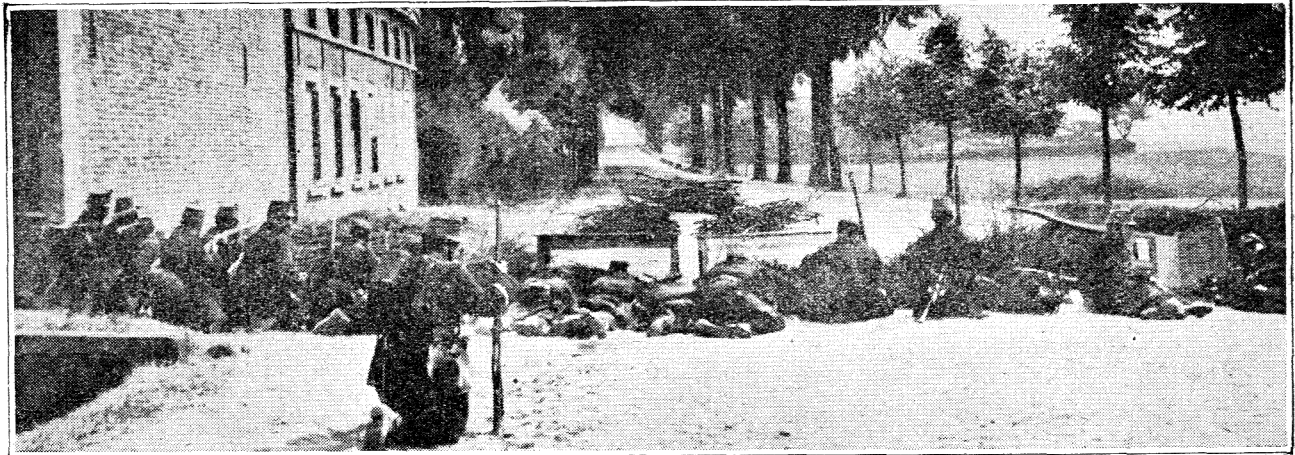


The victorious Belgian infantry resting by the battlefield after their amazing success at Haelen. 29th August, 1914. THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

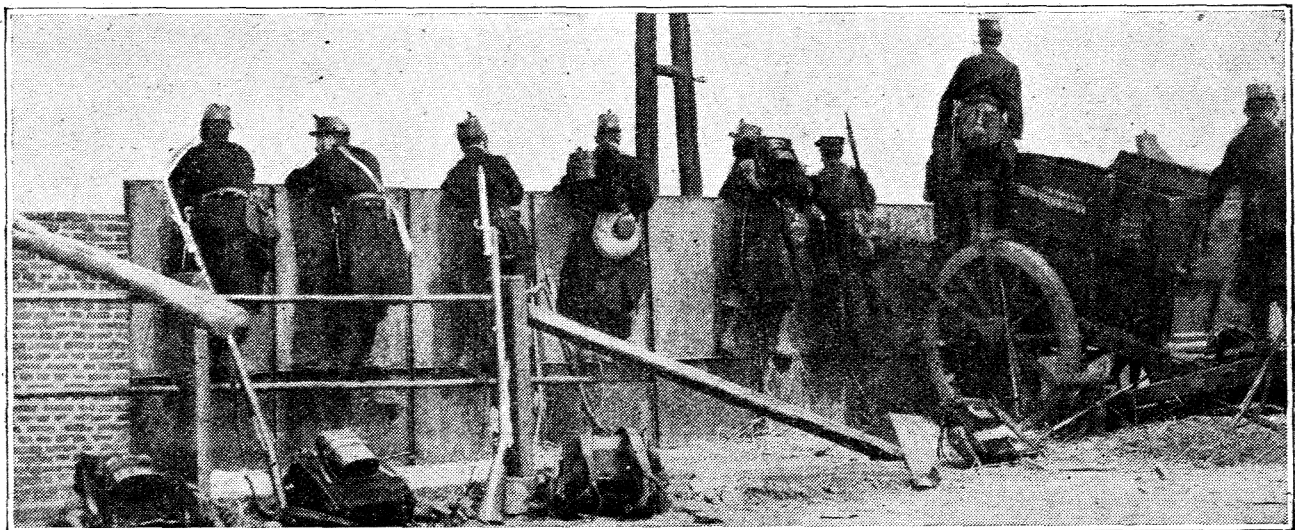
Belgian Rear-guard Covering Retirement

AGAIN the field force that beat the Germans out of the passages between the Liege forts have shown with what heroism they fight. They had begged to be sent back to Liege. This could not be done; but at Aerschot and Louvain, on August 19th, they met the main front of the huge Teutonic battle power, and held it at bay, while the Belgian Army was retiring on Antwerp.

The magnificent rear-guard action opened with a terrific rain of shrapnel from the massed German artillery. Then the Germans, outnumbering the Belgians by ten to one, swept down on the trenches. To cover the Belgian retreat on the right flank, 288 men faced the mighty German hosts. They saved the position, but only seven of them returned.



Stubborn Belgian fighters holding up the German advance while the main body of the Belgians was retiring on Antwerp.

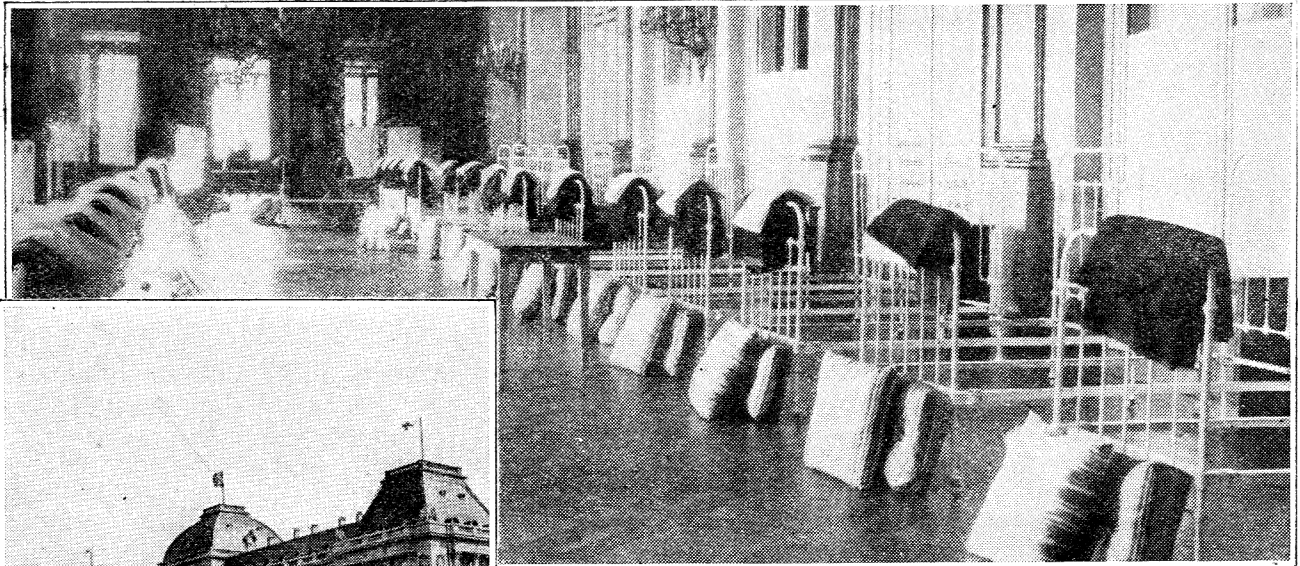


Watching on the outskirts of Louvain for the advance guard of the great German Army.



Another view of the Belgian rear-guard in action at the point illustrated in the top picture.

How Brussels Prepared to Succour the Wounded



Ball-room in the King's Palace being prepared for hospital work.

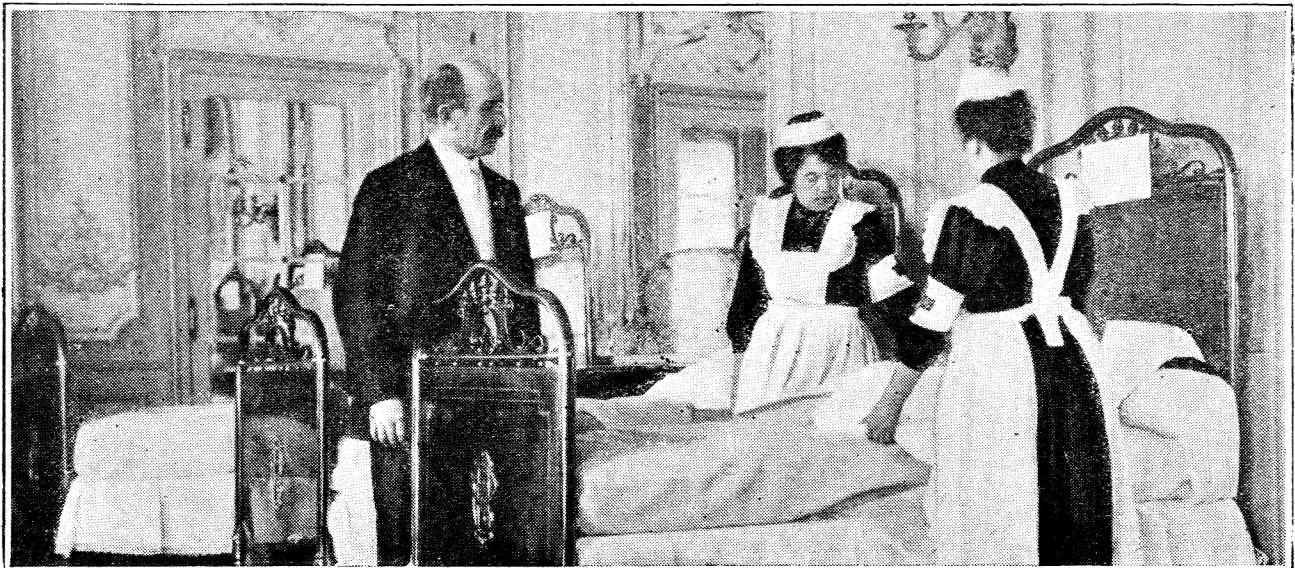


King's Palace, with the Red Cross flying.

GAY, bright, picturesque Brussels has bravely, generously prepared for the greater Waterloo. The Government has been shifted to Antwerp, and the unfortified capital has opened to the enemy without a struggle. It had become a city of hospitals. King Albert gave his splendid palace for hospital work, and big hotel-keepers and large shop-owners turned their buildings into Red Cross institutions. On the shuttered windows of the Bon Marché the Red Cross was marked to protect the rooms from shot and shell should a battle rage in the streets. It was to avoid this that the militia was withdrawn.



The Bon Marche shops as Red Cross hospital—windows marked.



A bed-room in the Royal Palace Hotel, ready for the wounded.

Belgians' Pitiable Flight before the Invaders



All roads round Brussels were crowded, like this, with fleeing people.



A sad scene of refugees on the road from Malines. (inset: Fleeing families from outlying villages.)

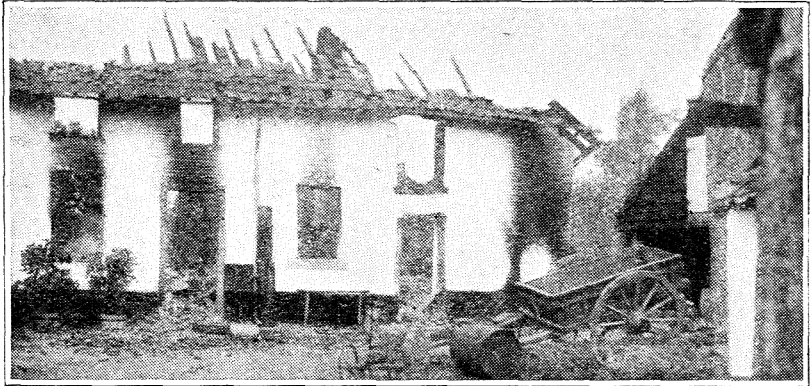


Tired, hungry children resting in the hedge during the flight from the barbarous Teuton.

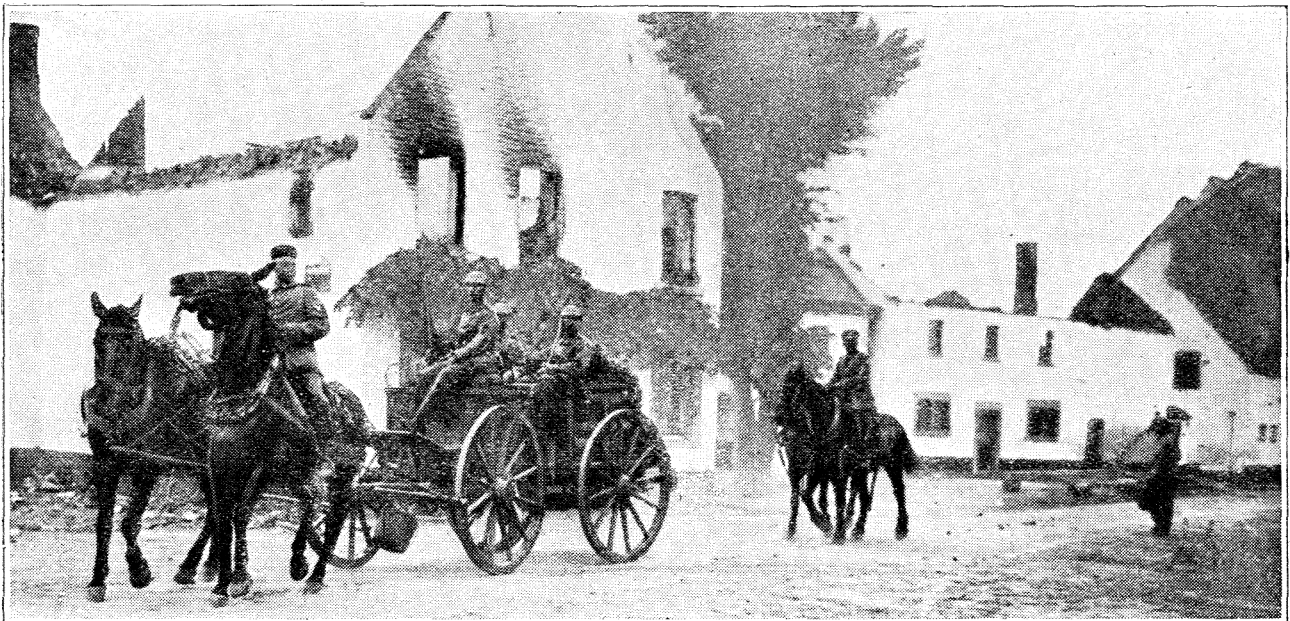
The Wake of Ruin Behind the German Advance

SENT into Belgium in the confidence of an instant, easy victory, and provided with no food in case of an unsuccessful attack, the first German army of 100,000 men, under General Von Emmich, has left a terrible trail of ruin behind it. Happy villages have been turned into smoking, roofless ruins, farmhouses are now burnt and blackened wrecks, with only the bare walls, and everything has gone—horses, forage, cattle, and crops.

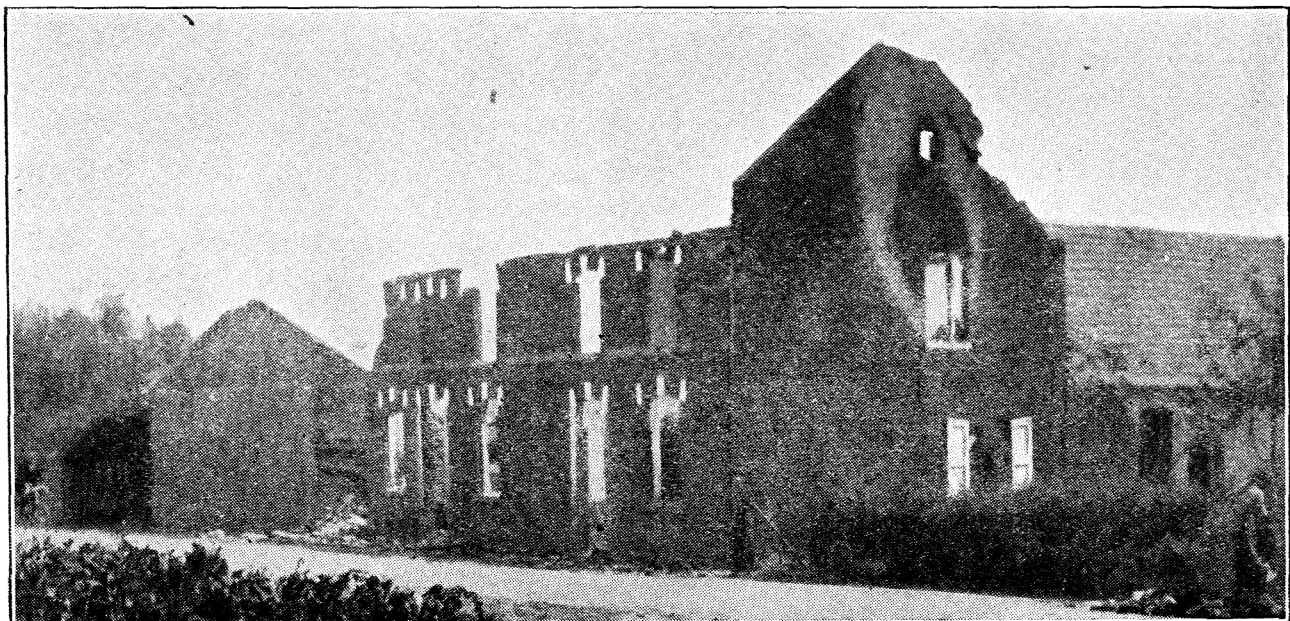
Every raiding troop of Uhlans seems to have been bent on avenging on the peaceful non-combatant peasantry the continual series of unexpected checks they received at the hands of the soldiers. From Visé to Diest, along the Meuse and in the woods of the Ardennes, the German has left behind him strange, plain testimony of his boasted culture and his regard for the international rights of non-combatants.



A burnt, despoiled farmhouse near Liege after the famished Germans had passed by.



The rear of the German Army leaving Moulant burnt and sacked.



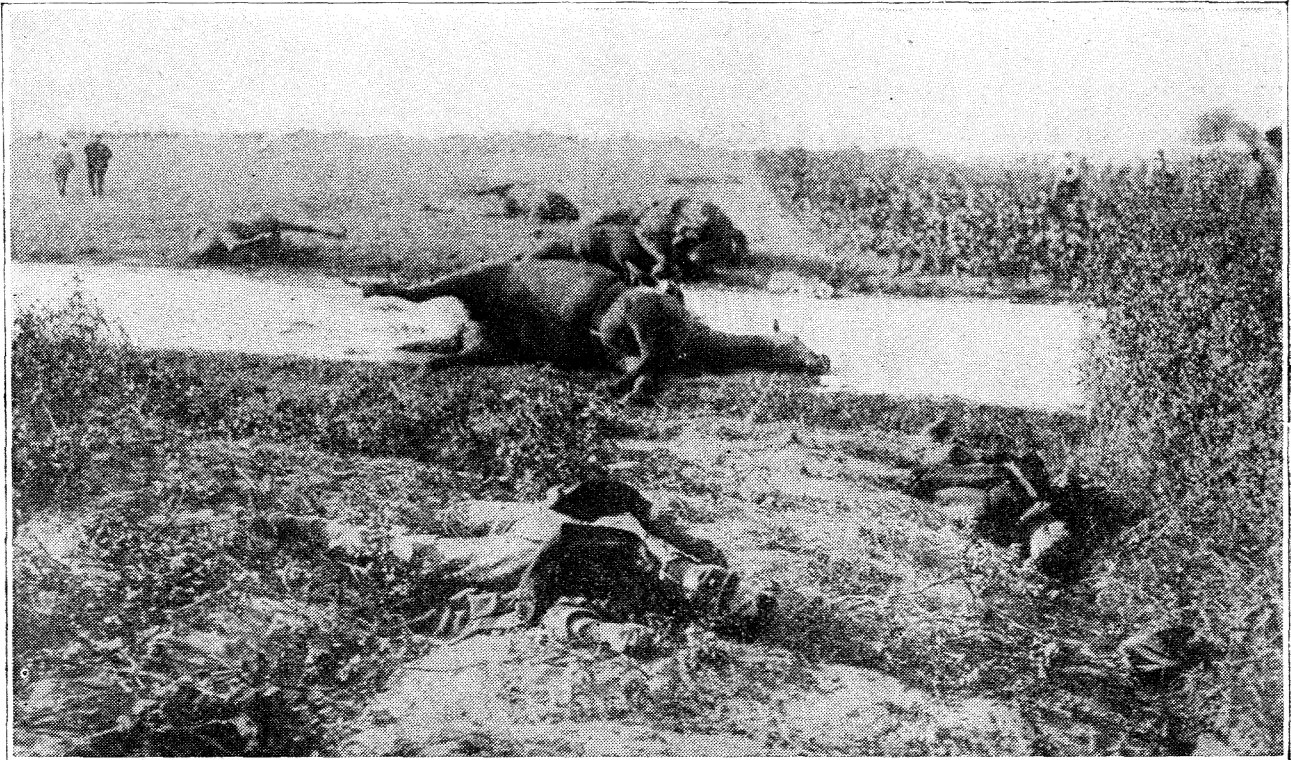
A house at Haelen after the German raiders had been beaten back.

The Terror let loose on the Fair Land of Belgium

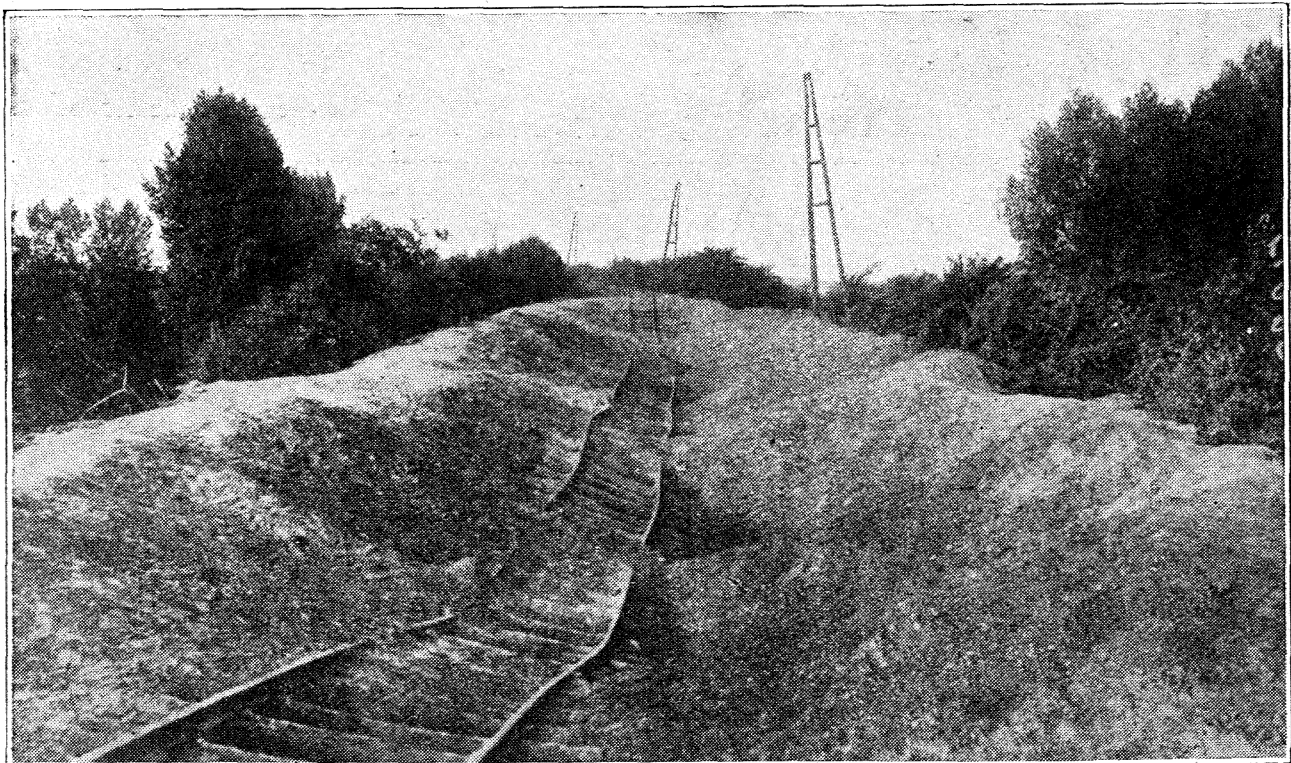
A MONTH ago Belgium was a land of lovely, dreamlike towns, smiling fields of harvest, and busy, industrial centres. Now many of her bravest sons lie in huddled heaps amid the ungathered corn, amid the burnt ruins of villages, with their faithful horses stretched in death beside them. And this horrible thing has happened because the Belgians put their national honour above bribery, because

they stood out against the mendacious, ferocious savages of Prussia, for the sanctity of treaties on which civilisation depends.

If anything more were needed to nerve the young men of the Empire to fight to the death against Germanic barbarism and tyranny, the sight of these dead heroes should alone suffice.



The fallen, heroic sons of Belgium and their dead chargers on the battlefield.



The railway from Landen to St. Croud, destroyed by the Belgians to hinder the German advance.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE

THE illustrations in this and the four following pages touch one of the most remarkable events in the whole range of British history—the landing of the British Expeditionary Army on the shores of France to join its forces with those of our cross-Channel Allies in the supreme effort to rid Europe for ever of the evil root of armed insolence.

Little more than a century ago the great Napoleon was wont to pace the sands near that same French port, musing

on the possibility of striking a blow at England from that base, and watchers of our coasts were on the look-out for a new armada that never came into being!

Napoleon never dreamed of such monster masses of men as shall decide the new Waterloo, and whatever part the fine British army that went so silently from our shores to those of France may be called upon to play in that mighty struggle, we may rest assured they will honour the tradition created for British arms on the fields of Belgium by Marlborough and Wellington.



Scotland and France were ancient allies, and the coming of the Scots to Boulogne with the British Expeditionary Force was a thrilling moment for the French onlookers.

(Photo, Downey.)

The British Army on the way to the War—How the Expeditionary Force landed in France

(Photo, Bassano.)

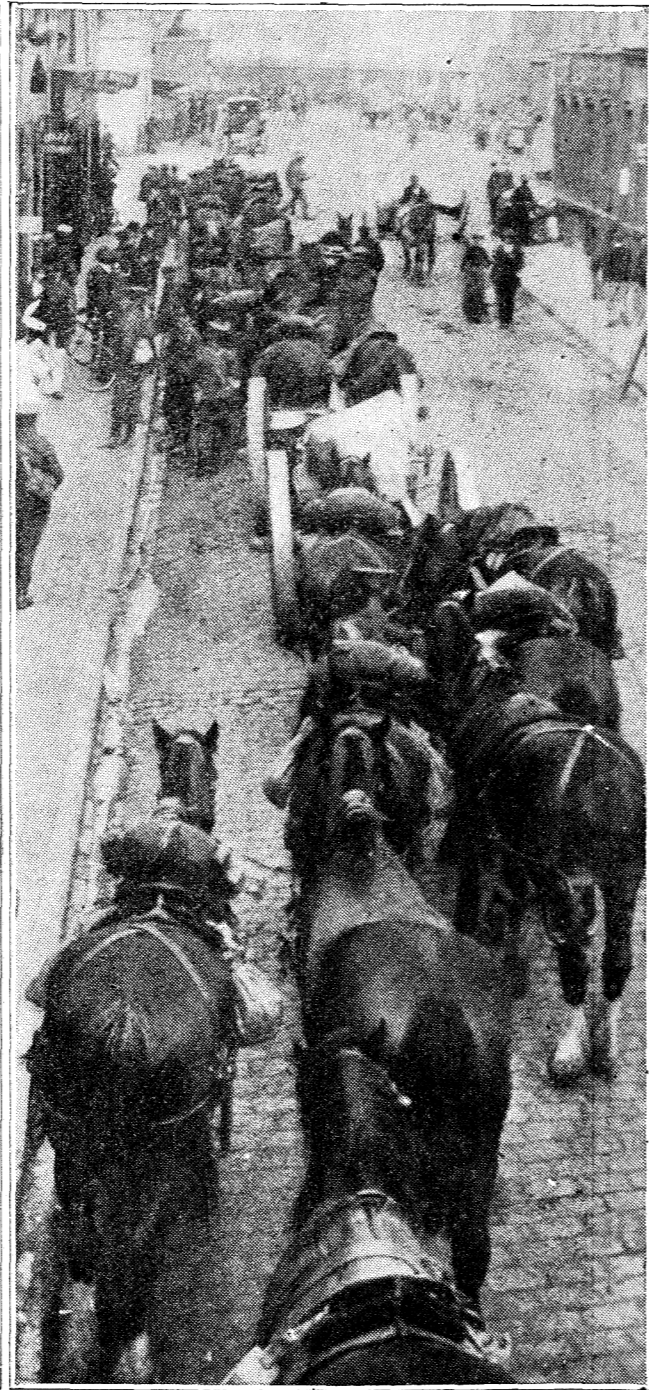
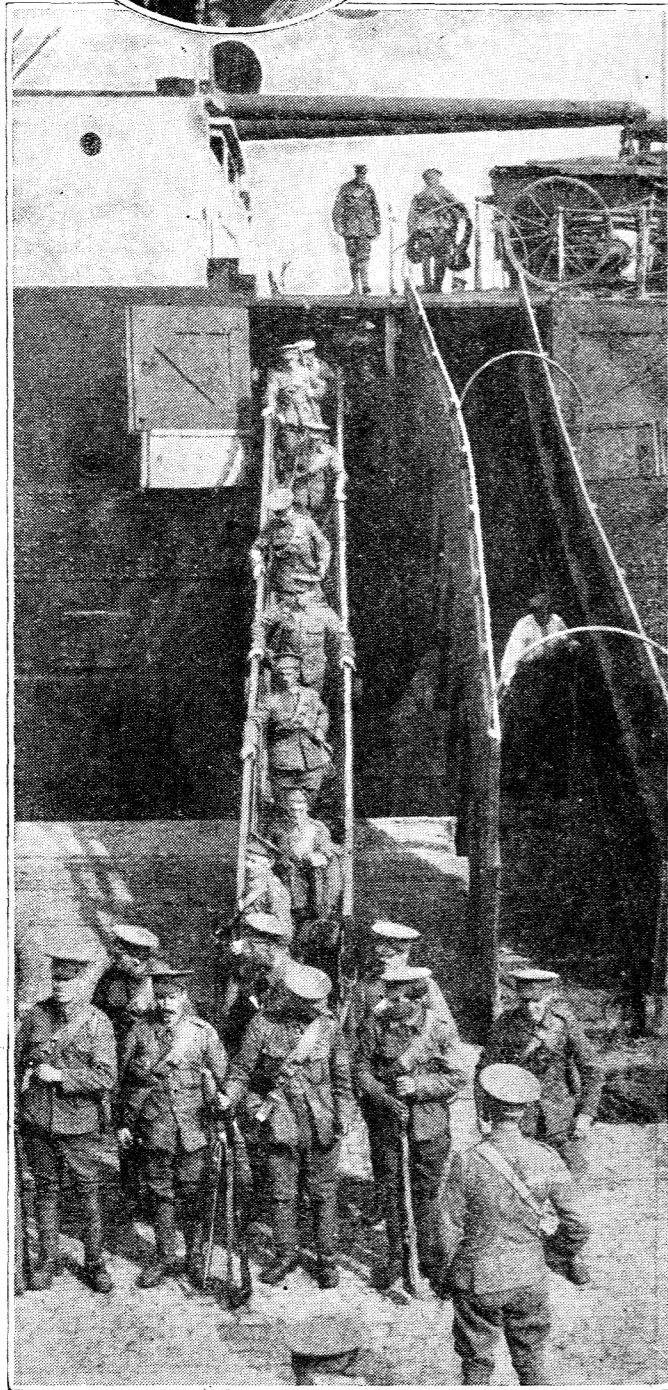


King George's Message to the Expeditionary Army

"You are leaving home to fight for the safety and the honour of my Empire.
 "Belgium, which country we are pledged to defend, has been attacked, and France is about to be invaded by the same powerful foe.
 "I have implicit confidence in you, my soldiers. Duty is your watchword, and I know your duty will be nobly done.
 "I shall follow your every movement with deepest interest, and mark with eager satisfaction your daily progress. Indeed, your welfare will never be absent from my thoughts.
 "I pray God to bless you and guard you and bring you back victorious."

Lord Kitchener's Counsel to the British Soldier

"Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.
 "It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this trouble.
 "The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.
 "Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act.
 "Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses."



British Expeditionary Force disembarking at Boulogne.

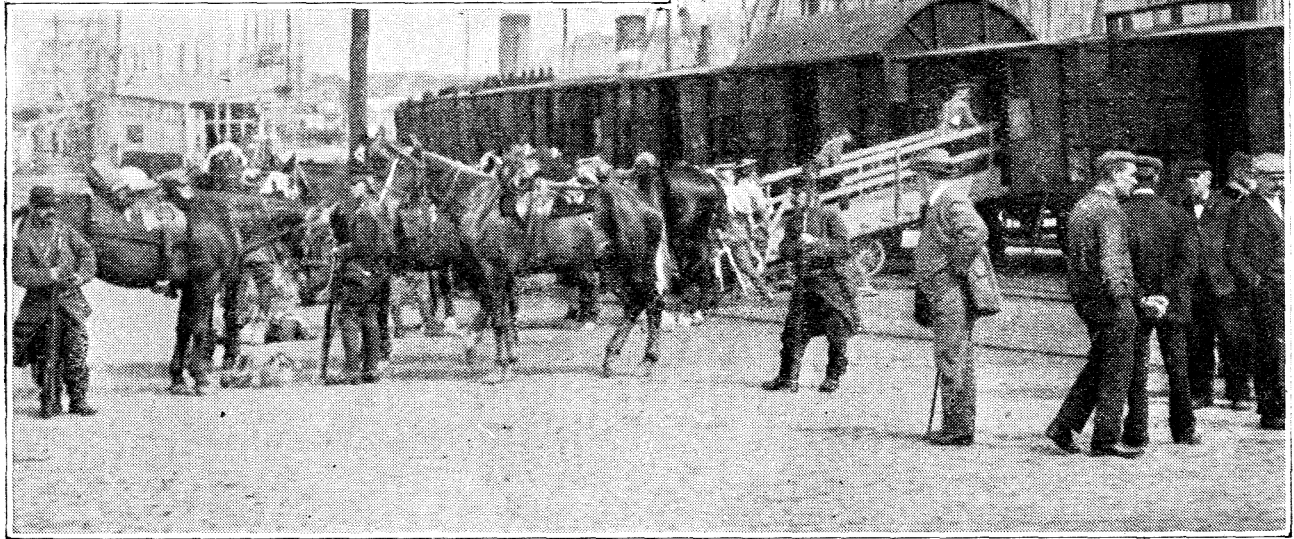
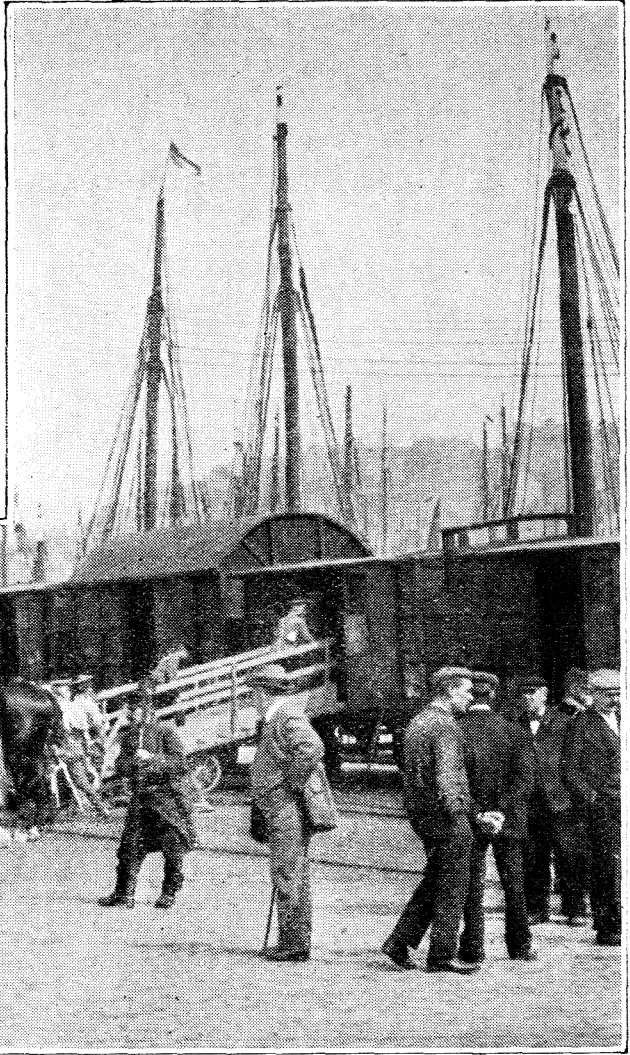
British Artillery, with guns and horses, passing through Boulogne.

Pontoon section of British Engineers disembarked on the quay at Boulogne.



The "Entente Cordiale" in being—British and French soldiers together at Boulogne.

An Historic Moment—General French Lands at Boulogne



Horses as well as men look very fit after their sea-passage. Inset: The British Field-Marshal acknowledges the welcome on the quay.

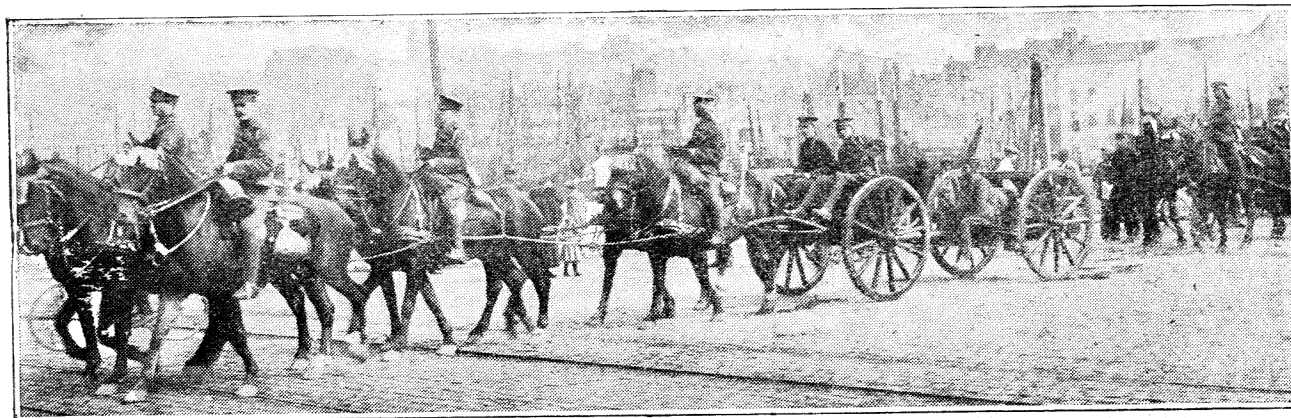


British gunners ashore at Boulogne, ready for the land journey.
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.



Scots and French soldiers compare notes.
29th August, 1914.

Some Camera Pictures of British Soldiers on French Soil



Getting forward with the guns.

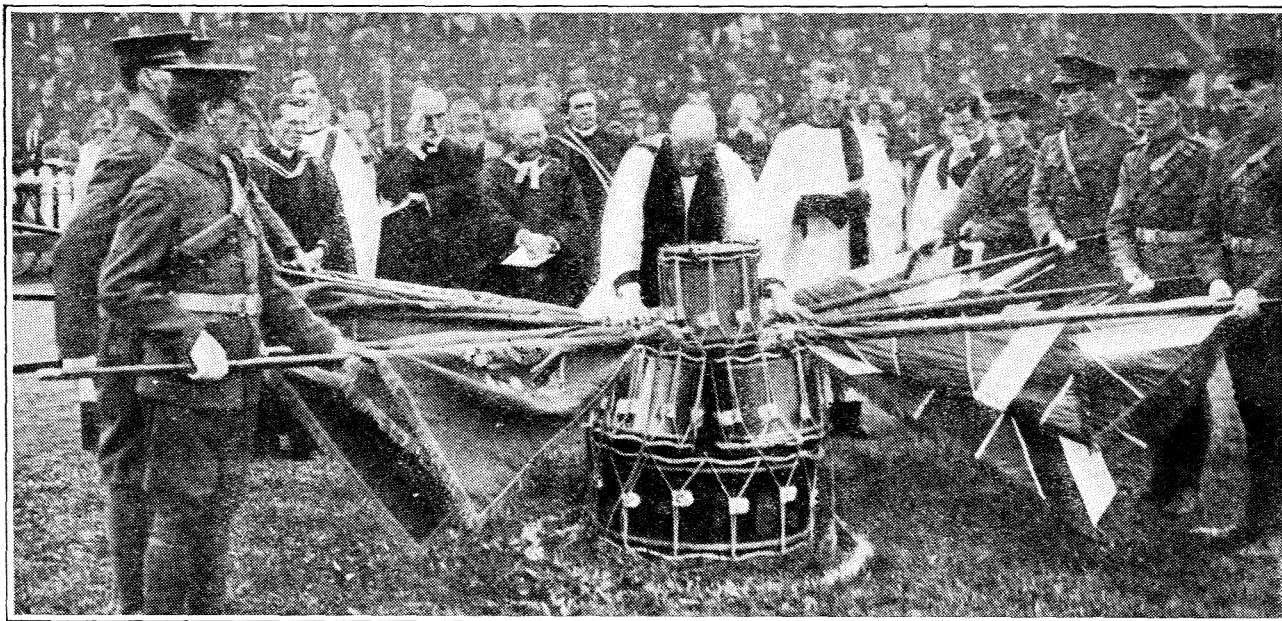


French soldiers of the Line watching the arrival of their British allies.



A halt by the wayside.

United Ireland—A New Source of Strength to the Empire



Blessing the Colours of the South Belfast Regiment of Uister Volunteers before the mobilisation.

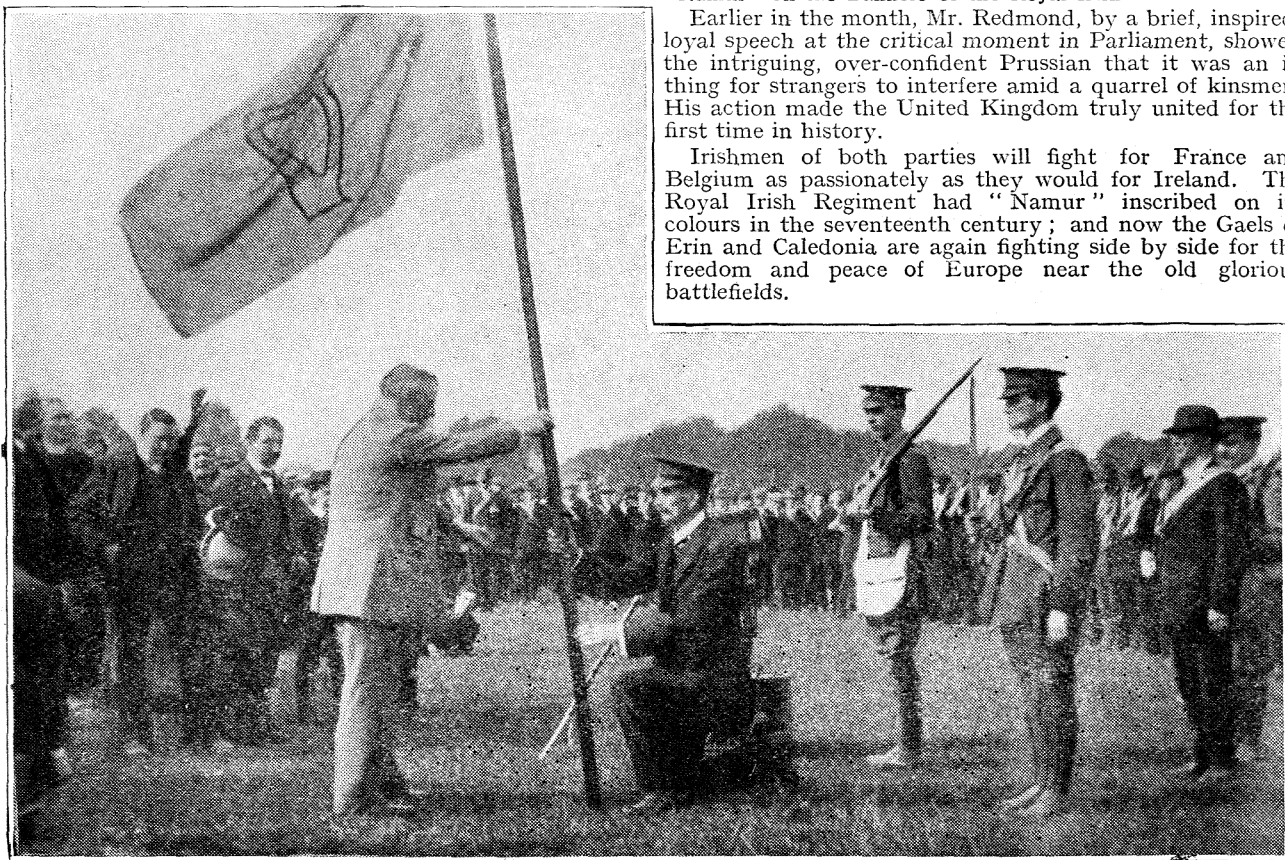
THE Kaiser has done one fine, great thing, seemingly beyond the power of any other man to accomplish. He has cemented Ireland to the rest of the Empire, in a bond as firm as that by which Scotland and England are joined. Whatever arrangement Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond may come to, one thing is certain—what Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Pitt could not do, the German Emperor, without meaning it, has done. It is “a day to live for,” said Mr. Redmond, when presenting colours to the Maryborough Corps of the Irish Nationalist

Volunteers. “You, the sons and grandsons of the men who were shot down for daring to arm themselves, ought to be proud of the fact that you have lived to see the day when, with the goodwill of the democracy of England, you are arming yourselves in the light of Heaven, and when in all your actions you can feel that you have at your back and on your side the sympathy of every nation in the world, and the goodwill at long last, thanks be to God, of the people of Great Britain.”

“Namur” on the Banners of the Royal Irish

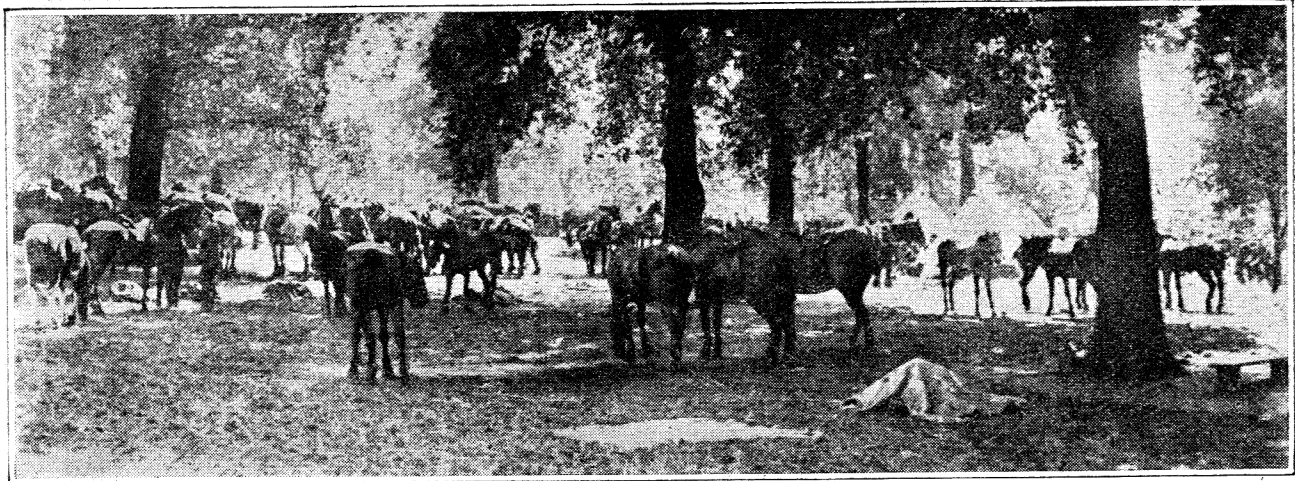
Earlier in the month, Mr. Redmond, by a brief, inspired, loyal speech at the critical moment in Parliament, showed the intriguing, over-confident Prussian that it was an ill thing for strangers to interfere amid a quarrel of kinsmen. His action made the United Kingdom truly united for the first time in history.

Irishmen of both parties will fight for France and Belgium as passionately as they would for Ireland. The Royal Irish Regiment had “Namur” inscribed on its colours in the seventeenth century; and now the Gaels of Erin and Caledonia are again fighting side by side for the freedom and peace of Europe near the old glorious battlefields.

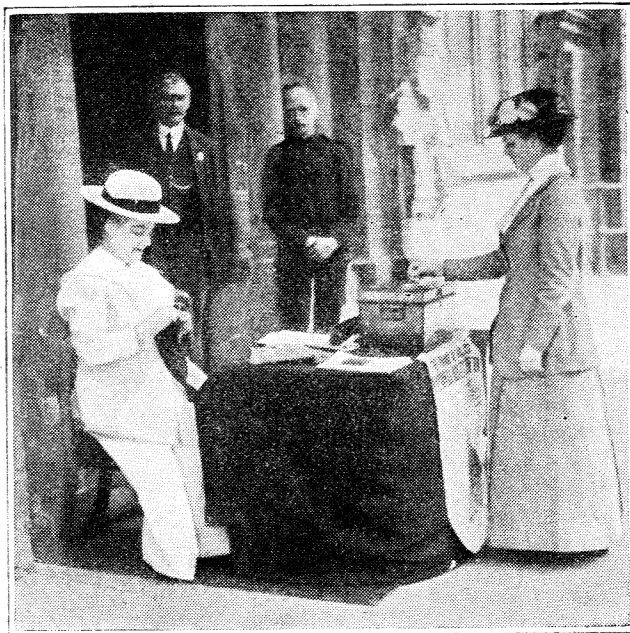


Mr. John Redmond presenting Colours to the Maryborough Corps of the Nationalist Volunteers.

Some Unusual Glimpses in the London Area



Strange sight in St. James's Park—Cavalry horses resting by a camp.



The Mayoress of Wandsworth sitting all day long in the street knitting for soldiers and collecting for the War Fund.



No cigarette fiends in the fighting-line. Distributing pipes to soldiers before the march.

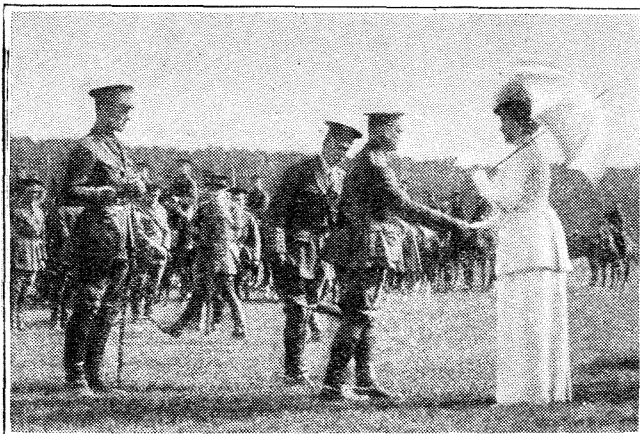


Men who checkmate the lurking Teuton in our midst. Territorials awaiting their turn for duty at Woolwich Arsenal.

Some Homely Scenes in War-time England



A charming wayside picture at Harrow, where the 4th Division have their camp.



Queen Mary bidding good-bye to 18th Hussars.

THE camping out and billeting of our Army of Defence along all the important points of the countryside has enlivened rural England, and added to the pleasures of a soldier's life.

Everywhere the smart, gallant troopers are the centre of attraction. They are supposed to know all about the secret intentions of the Kaiser and the deeply laid plans of General Joffre and Admiral Jellicoe, and to them the villagers turn for information.

All the romance of war attaching to the "fencibles" of the Napoleonic days now shines round the eager, tanned faces of the young Territorials.



Handy Highlanders at work in their new quarters.
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.



An amusing billeting incident at Bedford.

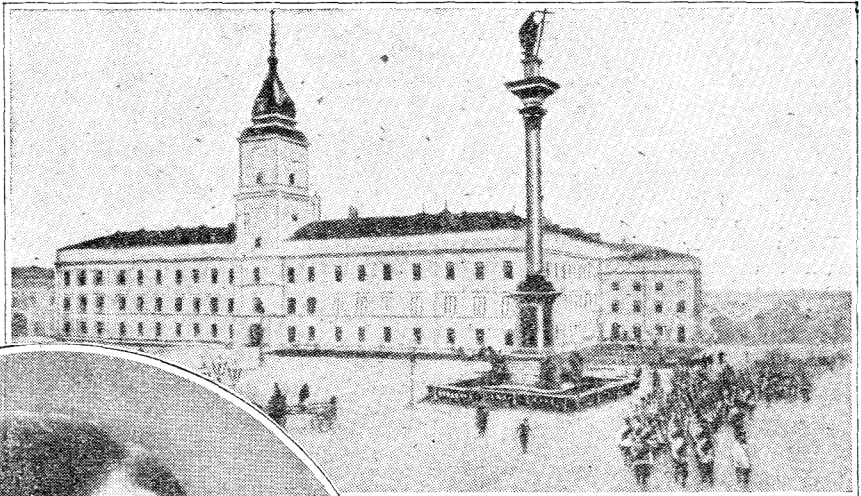
29th August, 1914.

Tsar's Master-stroke Poland a Nation Again!

"WITH open heart, with outstretched, brotherly hand," Great Russia has approached the Poles within and without her own frontiers, and has offered them the realisation of the dream of their fathers and forefathers: a new birth, with freedom in faith, speech, and self-government. In return Russia expects but her recognition as suzerain.

The effect of the proclamation has been electrical. Polish representatives in Warsaw have declared that "the blood of the sons of Poland which will be shed with that of the sons of Russia in battle against the common foe will be the best pledge of the new life of the two Slav peoples in the spirit of peace."

To describe Poland's liberation as a "master-stroke" by the Tsar himself is not to go beyond fact, for according to M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the Emperor eighteen years ago confided to him the intention now so happily expressed, an intention

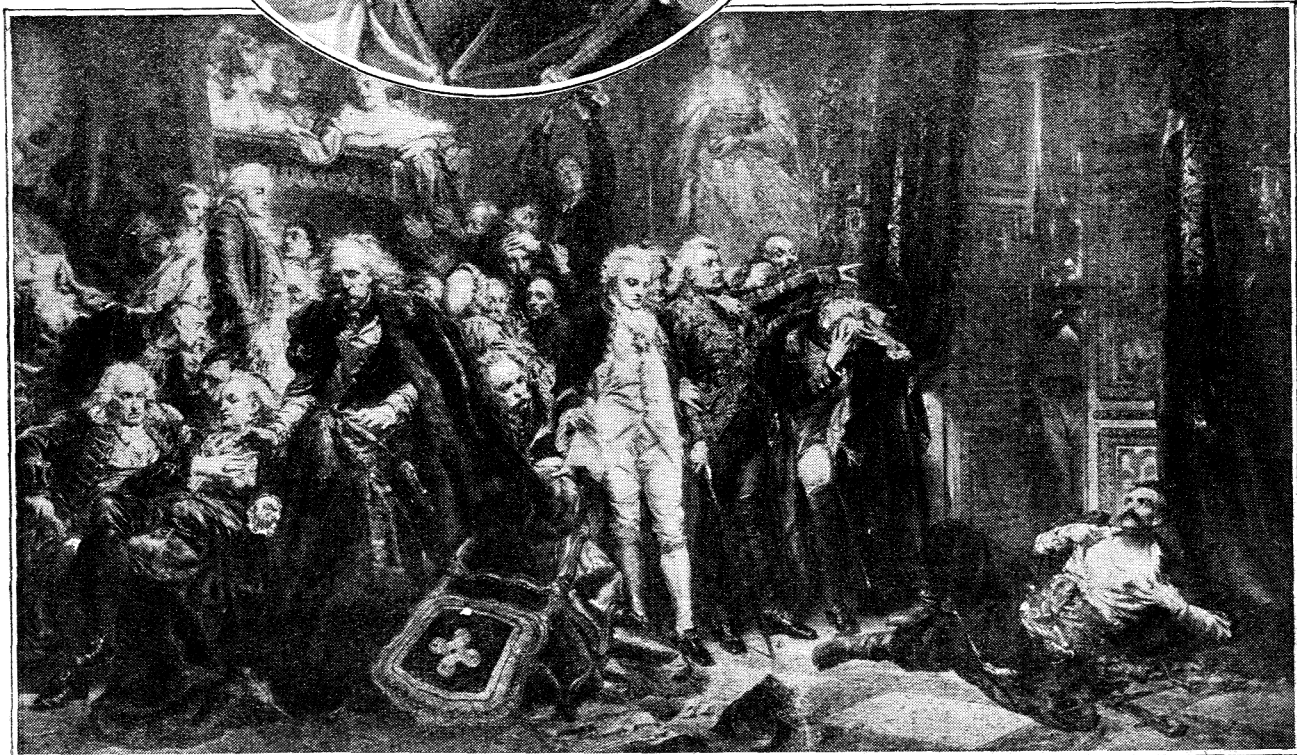


Palace of the Kings of Poland at Warsaw.



borne witness to by various pacifying measures, which would have borne riper fruit had they not been opposed by reactionary Court influences.

Lacerated in the past as she has been by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, Poland, which as a nation once covered a territory some 40,000 square miles larger than Austria-Hungary is now, has reason to hate Prussia most of all, and the 23,000,000 of her people, still a nation though geographically divided, will doubtless fight with all the resources they can command in a war which is essentially one for the freedom of the Little Nations it is the aim of Prussian terrorism to crush under its iron heel.



At the diet of Warsaw, in 1773, called to sanction the dismemberment of Poland, Thaddeus Reyten, the Polish Cato, unmindful of lavish bribes, opposed the election of a Russian Marshal for Poland, and when the weak King Stanislaus would have yielded, the intrepid Reyten, with four companions, kept possession of the sanctuary until he saw that further opposition was useless.

Victories of the Great French Air Fleet

NONE of the sensational expectations of the destructive action of aircraft has yet been fulfilled. Half a dozen huge German Zeppelin airships are reported to have come to grief—some destroyed by the high-angle fire of the allied armies, others wrecked by defects of construction or handling.

The bombs dropped by German airmen have ruined a few peaceful buildings in Belgium, but when launched at troops in action they have done less harm than a shell from a quick-firer.

On the other hand, the French fleet of the most skilful and daring airmen in the world has already rendered services to the Allies of the highest importance. It surpasses all that General Joffre and his staff hoped for. The French airmen have become the lightning messengers and marvellous eyes of the allied armies. They fly at a height where they are completely out of range of the new Krupp aerial guns. At the altitude at which experience has taught them to fly their vision is perfect.

The Marvellous Eyes of the Army

Nothing—absolutely nothing—escapes the trained eyes of the observing officers. They are even able to count the exact number of trains in a German railway-station, the number of carriages on the trains in motion, and distinguish the units—infantry, cavalry, artillery—of the hostile armies marching on the frontier.

Not the slightest tactical movement of the enemy escapes their notice. For instance, a few days ago one of the French airmen made an aerial raid of 250 miles. He saw and reported the whole immense movement of German troops from Metz and Treves to Aix-la-Chapelle. The General Staff of the allied armies know every daylight movement among the masses and skirmishing lines of a million and a half Germans and Austrians.



How airmen drop their bombs upon the enemy's ships and forts.

In the meantime, the Teutonic airmen are trying to carry out the same work of inspecting the arrangements of the allied forces. But their Zeppelins are practically failures, and their aeroplanes are not properly built for observation work. The disposition

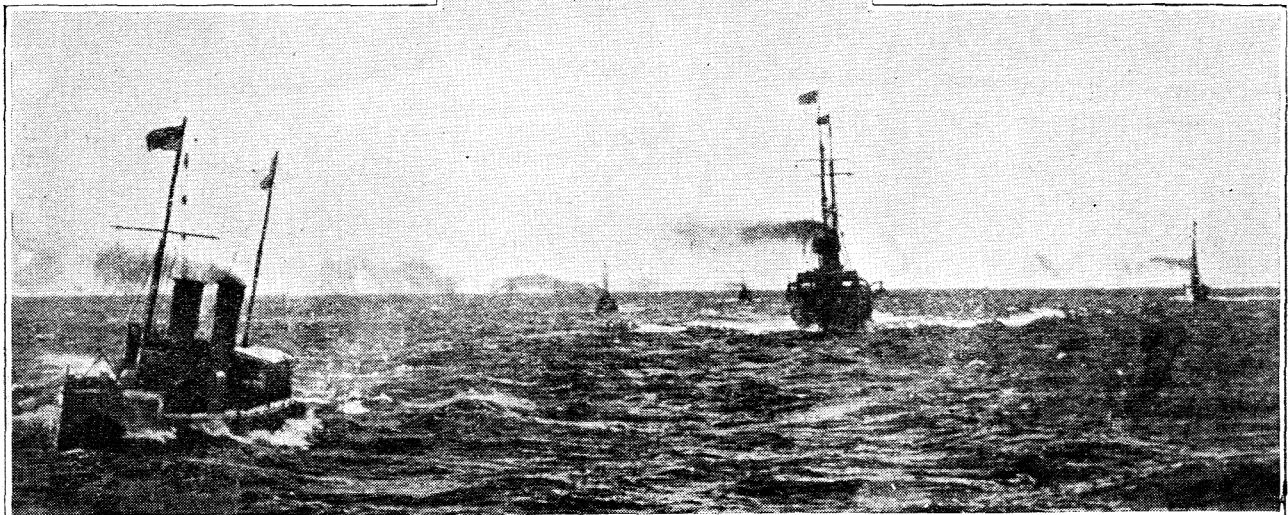


of the engine, especially, on German flying-machines prevents the observing officers from seeing exactly what is directly beneath them—from having a direct, perpendicular vision of the allied armies. The Germans have to peer ahead and look over the side of their machines. Owing to the obliquity of their field of observation they can see at a height of 3,600 feet only what an allied airman could see by direct vision at a height of 7,200 feet. The mist troubles them, and veils the details of the Allies' movements. This is one of the reasons why the French were so successful in surprise attacks in Alsace and Lorraine.

Triumphs of the French Aviators

This, however, does not mean that the German scouts of the skies are quite negligible in comparison with the craft of the Allies. Their machines are clumsy and difficult to handle, and their airmen are somewhat too careful of their own safety; nevertheless, they are rendering certain services to the German War Staff, though much inferior to those rendered to the Allies by pilots full of dash and resource, who are every day performing astonishing exploits.

The first fortnight of the war was extremely precious to the French airmen. In a few days, in a fever of creative work, the French did more to improve their military aviation than they had done in two years. The brilliant French genius for improvisation was soon as the best. And now every morning the allied airmen profit by all they have learnt the evening before, and the armies of freedom fight under the direction of squadrons of flying men, armed and furnished and organised with the efficiency of the British Armada in the North Sea. The airmen carry orders from the General Staff to all the different units, inform the commanders how their orders are being carried out, and watch over all the movements of the enemy.

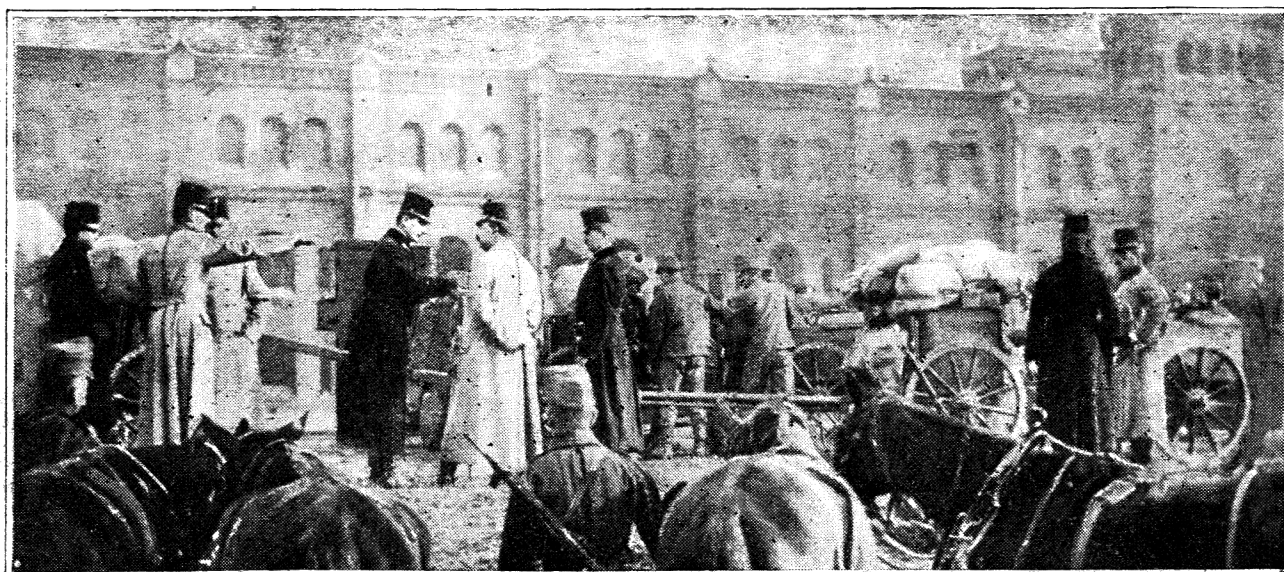


German destroyers, with a naval Zeppelin airship, leaving Kiel Harbour on a scouting movement.

Where the First Flame of War Was Lighted



An early incident at the outbreak of the General War. An excited crowd of Austrians gathering outside the War Office in Vienna, as the waggons arrive with flour for the mobilising troops. The Austrians did not then see that their ambitions would lead them into war with France and Britain. Inset are seen a Hungarian reservist and his young wife at the hour of parting.



Austrian troops leaving the arsenal in Vienna for the invasion of Servia. Beaten back, these soldiers have now gone to the Russian frontier to keep back the "steam-roller" of the Eastern world, which, however, is coming forward more quickly than the Austrians and Germans expected.

Germany's Evil Genius and Some ^{of} the Kaiser's Men



German Telegraph Corps at work.



Hungry Germans round the soup pot.

ACCORDING to wounded German soldiers, it was the Crown Prince who brought the European situation to war point. Young Friedrich Wilhelm has never been on friendly terms with our country. In the most public manner in the Reichstag he has displayed a fierce hostility to the very nation his subtler father was trying to soothe and deceive.

Banished to a country garrison town for his unpolitic frankness, "Fritz" went on a penitential tour to India and hunted with our officers. Then, having acquired



something of the Hohenzollern art of poisonous friendship, he wrote a book on his sporting adventures in India, in which he tried to make us forget his outbursts against us.

Being as eager to push his father aside as Wilhelm was to edge his father off the throne, the Crown Prince has set out to make himself the war hero of the people. But bullets do not turn aside to flatter, as chiefs of the War Staff do, and the rumour that the firebrand of Germany was wounded may prove prophetic before the last battle is fought.



After hours of torturing thirst on the battlefield the invaders of Belgium get a drink of water. (Inset: The Crown Prince.)
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. 29th August, 1914.

Our Allies of the Far East Intervene

THE Berlin mob must feel sorry they sang and danced outside the Japanese Embassy on the outbreak of war, thinking Japan would fight on their side. For, without waiting for the result of the first great battle, the loyal Japanese have carried out their part of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance by calling on Germany to withdraw her warships and armed vessels from the Northern Pacific, and hand over the territory of Kiao-Chau, with a view to its restoration to China. August 23rd was the latest date fixed by the Japanese Government for taking action.

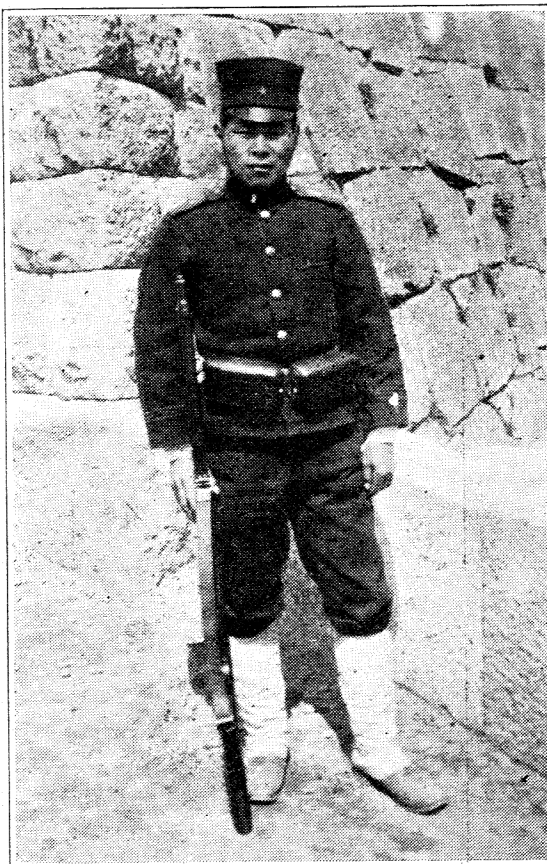
The Japanese "Revanche" against Germany.

On her splendid naval base and colony in the Yellow Sea Germany has spent untold wealth and labour. The Japanese, it is clear, are bent on totally destroying the huge commercial position which Germany has built up in the Far East and the Pacific. More bitterly opposed to Germany than they were to Russia, the Japanese are in the same position as the French. They have a "revanche" to carry out.

When they emerged victorious from their war with China, in 1895, it was Germany that wove the scheme by which Japan was robbed of Liaotung and forced to prepare for war with Russia.

How the Teutons seized Kiao-Chau.

In the meantime, two German missionaries were killed by brigands in Shantung in 1897. As blood-money, Germany demanded Kiao-Chau, with 200 square miles of Chinese territory, and sent her Pacific Squadron to take it. The harbour is one of the finest in the world, and Germany has fortified it and made it a commercial stronghold as well as a military fortress. Two years ago the imports came to 115 and the exports to 80½ million marks. There was no occasion for the



Ready for a tussle with the Teuton.



Japanese gunners fighting a siege gun.

people of the United States to doubt the good faith of Japan when she promised to restore Kiao-Chau to China. There is something she wants to wipe off a slate, and it will help to improve her relations with the Chinese, besides gratifying her own Samurai instincts.

Vital Interests of Australia and New Zealand.

Our Australian and New Zealand brothers must also profit by the mortal madness of the Prussians.

In Polynesia there are more than 75,500 square miles of territory, inhabited by nearly 900,000 people. Most of the islands belong to the traders and settlers of the British Empire by right of discovery, settlement, and commercial interest. Long before the German flag was seen in the South Seas British and Australian explorers, sailors, traders, and missionaries swept most of the islands into the sphere of our Imperial influence. Australia and New Zealand had vital interests in the larger islands near their shores. But owing to the intrigues of a great Hamburg firm, backed by the diplomacy of Bismarck, some of the most important outposts of our Southern Colonies were surrendered by the Home Government.

Other German Colonies that will Probably be Taken.

Now is the time to recover them. Kaiser Wilhelm Land in New Guinea, especially, is waiting for the Australians, together with the Bismarck archipelago, both among the most fertile lands in the world. Then, in part of Samoa, in the Marshall Islands, in part of the Solomon Islands, and in the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone Isles, the men of our race can recover what belongs to them. In Africa the Cape to Cairo Railway can be built, and there are nearly 900,000 square miles of territory for division between Britain, France, and Belgium.



Kiao-Chau—bought at the price of two dead missionaries—Germany's vanishing seat of power in the Far East.

HOW THE WAR WAGES: THE STORY OF THE GREAT CONFLICT TOLD WEEK BY WEEK

ON the evening of August 14th the British Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, had won, without striking a blow, another victory of high importance over the German Navy—the second most formidable instrument of sea power in the world. For, in spite of the menace of a large hostile fleet in being, with its scouting aeroplanes and secret submarines, Field Marshal Sir John French disembarked at Boulogne, following the largest, finest British army ever landed on the Continent without a single casualty. The achievement is one of the most daring strokes of war in our long adventurous history.

ON the day when the last detachments of our expedition landed at Boulogne the French mobilisation was completed. The forts at Liege were holding out, and the stubborn Belgian forces were still withstanding the German advance round Diest, a little town thirty-eight miles from Antwerp. Far in the south, on the crests of the Vosges Mountains, the French were turning the left flank of the Teutons, and acting against the Germans as the Germans were acting in the north against the Belgians.

THE Russians, in the meantime, were mobilising a full week ahead of the plans of the German War Staff. On August 16th a general advance of the Russian forces was made, and their pressure was felt along the Austro-Hungarian and German borders.

To add to the difficulty of the German western armies, few reinforcements came from Austria. For the Austrians were wasting 400,000 men on the side issue in Serbia, where on August 18th they were routed by the Serbs with great loss.

Distractions of this kind in Austrian operations were what Bismarck and Moltke had always feared would occur if they entered on a European war with Austria as their ally. Risings among the Bohemians or Czechs also appeared to be weakening the offensive power of the Austrians in a very serious manner, and they were troubled with many mutinous Slav subjects.

GERMANY thus found herself in a worse position than she had been in the Seven Years' War, when Frederick the Great had to fight against the combined forces of three Great Powers. Frederick won through, owing to the assistance of Britain. But his descendant was now opposed by the Mistress of the Seas, an overwhelming force of Russians, the whole male population of France flaming with mortal enthusiasm, and the entrenched troops of brave Belgium.

In these circumstances, the German War Staff devoted their entire efforts for eighteen days to forcing their way towards Brussels, preparatory to a descent upon France. While part of their van tried to sweep, by Liege, northward through Diest, other and larger bodies attempted to pass from the Ardennes across the Meuse between Liege and Namur, and between Namur and Dinant. This led to the first memorable conflict between the French and the Germans in Belgium on Saturday, August 15th.

THE battle opened at six o'clock in the morning, with the Germans occupying the left side of the Meuse, and the French the right bank. After a long skirmish, the French

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

artillery obtained the command of the situation, and under their effective fire a French infantry regiment flung itself on the German troops, and chased them out of the town. Continually the deadly French batteries of thirty-six guns moved forward, and the Germans retired to the southern hills, where they were pursued for several miles by the Chasseurs. Considerable numbers of the enemy were drowned in the river while trying to escape.

SOME of the prisoners taken along the Meuse had beetroots and carrots in their knapsacks, and admitted they had been living on these vegetables for several days. This showed that the bad commissariat arrangements in the German army, already remarked at the battle of Liege, were still obtaining. It also explained the urgency with which the invaders were trying to reach Brussels, where they hoped food would be abundant.



Field Marshal Sir John French, in command of the British Expeditionary Force.

GIVING over the road from Dinant, the Germans took an easier, but slower, route to their goal, and set about building boat bridges across the Meuse between Liege and Namur. Then, seeing the vast masses of troops they had crowded together in the Ardennes, it was only a question of time when they would arrive in sufficient force against the Belgian line to compel the Belgians to retreat. Of course, the French could have sent reinforcements to Jodoigne and Wavre, both near Louvain, against which the Germans began to press on August 16th and 17th. But General Joffre and the General Staffs of the allied armies had already resolved to let the Germans advance on Brussels as soon as they could overpower the small, brave Belgian army. The work of the Belgians throughout the first part of the campaign was to fight a kind of rearguard action, and delay as long as possible the forward movement of the enemy.

THE Belgians fought their last delaying battle at Aerschot, near Diest, on Wednesday, August 19th. After being repulsed on the previous day, the Germans resumed the attack with an outnumbering mass of infantry, supported by machine-guns. Outflanked on both sides, the Belgians kept their ground for two hours, fighting with desperate courage. Two regiments that had already covered themselves with glory at Liege held the forefront. But at last they were compelled to retreat on Louvain, leaving the road to Brussels open to the invader. So surrounded were the Belgians, that, in order to retire, they had to fling out a covering force of 288

men under Major Gilson. Only the wounded major and seven of his men returned. The Belgian army withdrew into the triple fortifications of Antwerp, and on Thursday, August 20th, the Germans entered Brussels.

WHILE the Germans were thus pushing on in search of food, and the cheap glory of winning an undefended capital, the French in Alsace and Lorraine were effecting an important advance against the southern wing of the Teutonic host. Advancing in a series of sharp, severe engagements amid the rocky, wooded spurs and flooded valleys of the Vosges, they drove a wedge between the two great fortress towns of Metz and Strasburg in Lorraine. Then they strengthened their position in Alsace by retaking Mulhouse.

29th August, 1914.