



The Sad Plight of a Superman

—From The New York World.

IF George M. Cohan is to get the credit for discovering that gun rhymes with run, then several hundred thousand of his countrymen over in Europe share the honor of discovering at first hand that both words rhyme with Hun.

For the Germans are really on the run.

It may be a mere coincidence that their Berlinward sprint began with the crack of an American gun, and then again it may not be a coincidence. But the important point is that the Hoche seems to be moving his watch back to the Rhine.

"The Crown Prince," in the words of one commentator, "instead of following his nose, seems to be following his retiring chin."

And the scrappy Yanks and their comrades are following the "invincible" Germans at a pace that is setting new records in the four-year marathon.

In his review of the military situation, General Peyton C. March, chief of staff of the American armies, said that Marshal Foch has the enemy on the run. Marshal Foch, according to General March, is working on the sound principle "that when you get an enemy going you keep him going; never give him a chance to recuperate or think it over; keep on hitting him."

Observers agree that the enemy is really going at a pace that exceeds any of his previous movements. In a dispatch to "The New York Sun" Gerald Campbell describes it thus:

"For the fourth time, without reckoning the innumerable ripples and eddies along the shore line, the great tide of battle is sweeping across the same tract of France's soil. But this time there is a difference. The tide is rushing out faster and more irresistibly than it ever came in.

"So far, while both the ebb and flow of the battle tide have been governed by the immutable law 'So far and no further,' the inward flow has been swifter than the ebb. Twice the enemy almost overwhelmed

us, and twice in pushing him back we seemed to be working uphill.

"This time it is not too much to believe the spring flood of our hopes will sweep the enemy back to his proper frontier.

"Each hour blow follows blow as Marshal Foch and the British generals working with him keep after the enemy, giving him no breathing spell. We need talk no more of counter offensives, for the initiative is now in our hands."

When the tanks, both the large ones and the "whippets," began clearing the way for infantry action there was the greatest confusion among the disorganized Germans. Percival Phillips, after long service as correspondent with the British armies, says he had seen nothing like it previously. He cabled this version to "The New York Herald":

"Never have I seen more striking evidence of dismay and disorganization among a surprised enemy than on the battlefield I visited this morning. The story of the headlong flight before tanks and armored



cars, with infantry advancing in their wake with dreadful deliberation, is written plain on the Plateau of Santerre, beyond our old front line.

"From the forward machine gun nests to the snug headquarters of the 11th German Corps at Framerville the fugitives left a trail of debris and booty dropped pellmell in their wild desire to reach the Somme. Deserted batteries confront you at the edge of ruined villages, and some of the fields are dotted with documents strewn haphazard by the fleeing staffs.

"I passed through eight miles of reclaimed country and four villages which German held until yesterday morning, and every yard of this interesting journey revealed fresh proof of the consternation of the enemy and the inability to check the panic among his troops.

"Here and there a German lay where he fell, staring at the flow of khaki with astonished eyes. In lairs they used as living places were bits of mouldy bread prepared for breakfast when the tanks rolled up the wire. Along the level highway one passes the gaunt skeleton of a British aerodrome, tangled wisps of rusty iron and crumpled fragments of the hut encampment which we abandoned and then shelled until no German dared show his face above the level of the grass."

An Associated Press dispatch gives a vivid picture of a frightened German general running up a road, pursued by a British "whippet" tank:

"Where the tanks and the armored car batteries pressed far forward in the rolling country there was much agitation among the enemy. A report came back that a British tank, probably one of the fast little whippets, had been seen chasing a frightened German general up the road. But the enemy general was not alone in the direction in which he was going. Observers reported considerable columns of enemy transport going eastward in a hurry during the middle of the day."

The magnificent work of the tanks against enemy machine guns was illustrated at a small town south of the

HOW THEY RUN!



Look Out, He Has Tasted Blood!

—From The Baltimore Sun.

Amiens-Roye road, where the advancing French infantrymen were delayed by machine gun fire. According to another Associated Press dispatch:

"Five ponderous, armored monsters went over and rolled directly into the place. Their crews discovered that the houses were crowded with Germans manning machine guns, principally from second story windows. One tank leisurely advanced upon a house while a hail of bullets splashed off its metal hide. After reconnoitering at close range, the tank backed off and charged home. Its great weight crushed in the whole building, and it continued forward until the structure was flattened out with the enemy machine gunners thoroughly effaced.

"After this success the four companion tanks engaged serious groups of the enemy and the house-wrecking machine proceeded to roll down and flatten nine other houses. This tank literally crushed the entire village and all the enemy within."

Further testimony as to the headlong flight of the Germans is furnished by "The New York Sun":

"The tanks and cavalry had gone still further and were having a merry time along roads blocked by great masses of retreating Germans. These advanced patrols rounded up prisoners and obliterated machine gun nests and even captured two batteries of artillery.

"These batteries were so thoroughly surprised that they and their servants were made prisoners in their shelters. Little wicker baskets filled with supplies for breakfast were found in the shelters. Still another indication of the rapidity of the advance was seen in the unmarked condition of large stretches of the country over which the French moved up. So precipitate was the German retreat that they did not wait to fire a gun."

A French officer is quoted by Paul Scott Mower in his dispatch to "The Chicago Daily News" as saying:

"The reconquered ground is strewn lit-



Our Collector Will Call at Berlin

—From The Columbus Dispatch.

erally everywhere with stacks of German cartridge boxes, trench mortars and other materials. The dugouts and posts of command contain clothing, boots and half-written letters. Everything proves the disorder in which the enemy retreated.

"Some officers were even soundly sleeping in their dugouts a couple of kilometers (one and a quarter miles) behind the lines when our infantry arrived. At Ressons-sur-Metz I saw an immense store of grenades of all sorts, also rockets, papers, handbags, paper bandages, cartridge boxes and machine gun bands."

Nor were the tanks the only disor-



ganizing force. Cavalry got into action on a scale previously unknown, with the following results, as reported by Joseph W. Grigg to "The New York World":

"At no time since the earliest days of the war has so much cavalry been used, nor so successfully, and to a squadron of this division lies the credit of having performed a real Wild West train hold-up

which resulted in the capture of nearly 400 Germans returning from leave.

"They had heard the heavy gunfire, but had no inkling their lines had been pierced. When they reached that part of the road between Harbonnières and Vauvillers a daring British airman dropped a bomb on their train, bringing it to a standstill. Before they could get under way again a squadron of British cavalry rushed up and surrounded it, demanding its surrender, whereupon Boche prisoners soon started on the next lap of their journey under cavalry escort to a British prison camp."

The cavalymen went after the Germans like hounds in a chase, according to "The New York Sun" correspondent:

"Our cavalry was held up at Marcolve by machine guns, so the horsemen withdrew until a fleet of small tanks could be called into action. These rambled into the town and made short work of the machine gunners and snipers. When the Germans saw the tanks coming they scooted out of the houses and tried to escape across the open country.

"Our cavalymen, noting this, leaped their horses over the fences and were on them like hounds in a chase, sabering the panic-stricken Germans right and left. Seven hundred prisoners were taken by the horsemen."

And then the Allied airmen swooped down with their machine-gun fire. Joseph W. Grigg describes their part in "The New York World":

"Chasing the enemy troops by airplane was one of the most common diversions and wrought havoc among the fleeing enemy detachments. Seeing British troops at one point held up by a strong enemy party in a trench with machine guns, another airman routed the whole lot with fire and scattered bodies all over the field as the enemy fled precipitately. Four hundred of the enemy retreated to a gulch, hoping to hold it with rifle and machine gun fire, but the airmen swooped down upon it and from a height of fifty feet slaughtered the Ger-



Looking for a Strategic Line

—From The New York Evening Post.

mans with bombs and machine gun fire. At another place 100 of the enemy surrendered to a small party of British infantry. When they realized that it would be impossible for any of them to get out alive under such a rain of bullets they capitulated forthwith."

"The varied achievements of the aviators is suggested by the following dispatch to "The New York Herald" from Percival Phillips:

"The airmen have scored many sensational successes since the beginning of the advance. They have pursued anti-tank guns, shot down crews, attacked trains bringing fresh troops toward the broken line, circling around them at fifty feet and firing into the windows of cars on both sides, chased teams of horses drawing observation balloons out of danger and killed them all, including machine gun men and the occupants of staff cars coming forward to try to investigate the situation. Some of these staff officers as well as ordinary infantry of the line marching away from in front of the Australians and Canadians



must have had a horrible time avoiding the machine guns in the air."

And then the airmen returned to report what they had observed. Perry Robinson writes to "The New York Sun" about them:

"With the rapidity of our advance the first day something like panic seems to have set in back of the enemy lines. Scenes of the utmost confusion were noted by our aviators, who reported that men and vehicles were streaming over the roads in a wild mass, the soldiers throwing away their rifles and all equipment in their hurry to reach safety. Even their wounded were left behind. German orders which we intercepted show that confusion ruled even in the minds of the commanding officers."

Writing of the work of the armored cars, the same correspondent said:

"The crew of one car said they met a German transport which tried to turn around to escape. Four mounted officers came galloping up to see what had happened and all were shot from the car, which then proceeded to round up the personnel of the transport. At several places our armored cars overtook both mechanical and horse drawn transport along the roads, and after shooting the horses took the men prisoner. At one place the crews of the armored cars stopped a railway train and set it afire. At another place the cars drove through a village, where the soldiers were still asleep, unaware of danger. The car drove through, shooting into windows. In one house officers were just preparing to sit down to breakfast, but their meal was interrupted by a hail of bullets."

With the enemy retreating, speculation arises as to how far he will be forced to go. "The New York Mail" observes:

"It would not be too much to say at this stage of the operation that if Allied victories on the Marne closed Germany's road to Paris, the victories in Picardy are

opening the Allies' road to the Rhine. How much further that road will lead, even to Berlin, is a subject for hopeful speculation."

"The New York Evening World" thinks there are scant hopes that the Kaiser's warriors can continue to keep 215 miles between the Allies and the Rhine:

"The nearest point of the Allied battlefield to the Rhine lies about the junction of the bit of Belgium still free with that part in German hands. It is 215 miles from the Rhine.

"During the four years of war the test of strength has seasawed backward and forward over a range of about sixty miles, with the Germans now fast retreating to the outermost line held by them.

"The German Emperor has made his chief bid for the support of his people on the fact that no fighting has taken place on German soil, the slight invasion of Alsace not counting in his claim. It would be a living lesson could Germany be made to endure some of the cruel suffering she has caused the innocent people of France. A German force which has been beaten with such celerity during the past month could hardly endure to reach the Rhine, or, if it did, would be in pretty poor fighting shape when it arrived.

"It is neither absurd nor impossible, however, to imagine a retreat of such magnitude. The great Napoleon once made a longer one, and brought back but one-twentieth of his 'grand army.'"

The New York Tribune has struck the popular chord of American opinion. As its "unmilitary expert" observed in an editorial which has been widely reprinted:

"Plain unmilitary Americans with never a square inch of khaki in their wardrobes and not a smidge of Napoleon's wisdom at their tongue's end are out to cheer and celebrate a battle that speaks for itself.

"Whether there are pinners to snap or salients to be squeezed we do not give a hoot. The most exposed flank in the world leaves us cold as cold." The Allies are licking the tar out of the Boches, the Allies are going forward as fast as tanks can take them, and the Germans are going back, back, back. For us, the Allies, hip, hip, hooray!

"The objective? We know and we'll tell—which is more than most experts will take a chance on doing.

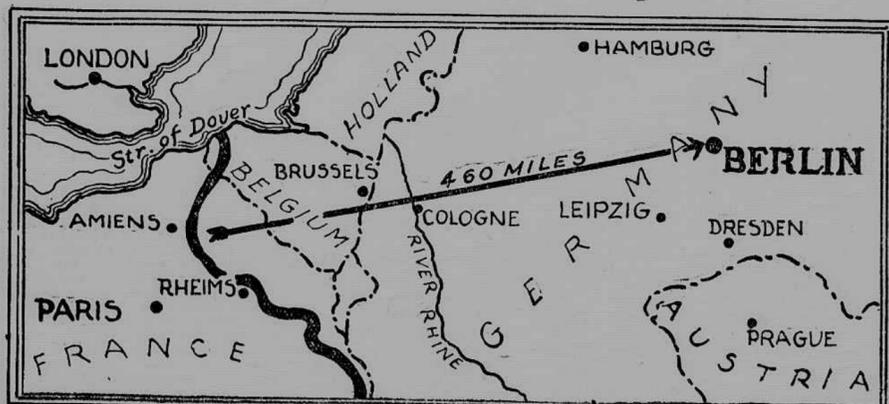
"The objective is Berlin!"



Wading Home

—From The Montgomery Advertiser.

A Map That Needs No Explanation



"Die Wacht am Rhein"

—From The Knickerbocker Press.