

A Day With General Joffre on the French Front

[Correspondence of Associated Press.]

Paris, May 28.—Twenty-one months of responsibility by General Joffre in the conduct of the greatest war in history, during which time he has been on duty an average of seventeen hours a day and has traveled more than 70,000 miles in a motor car, do not seem to have aged this veteran soldier a bit; there is not the slightest betrayal of fatigue in his countenance, his step or in his mind; he is quite as ready for any development today as at any time since the war began, and his decisions are as prompt and clearly thought out as on the historical Aug. 25, 1914, when he issued to the French armies the general instructions for the battle of the Marne.

It is in a quiet villa surrounded by a pretty garden and in a spacious room on the ground floor with a billiard table covered with maps in the center and maps on all the walls that the general-in-chief begins to receive reports from his staff officers between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning.

General Joffre on sitting down at his work table finds a single sheet of paper on which are noted the latest news of the situation of the French and German armies received during the night. There is no inkstand on the table, for the general writes very little, and no telephone, an instrument that he detests, and never using anything by proxy. There is a complicated set of colored crayons, however, with which the general with his own hand marks changes in the situation of the armies upon the maps.

After a hasty glance at the memorandum, the general listens to reports from the staff, which are rapidly commented upon while concise orders are given covering questions of detail; afterward projected orders of considerable consequence are submitted to the general by members of his staff, or submitted by him to the staff.

Litany With Detached Air. General Joffre listens to his officers with a rather detached air; he even has the appearance of paying no attention to what is being said; then suddenly will surprise his staff by interrupting the reader of the reports, letter and reaching out for it. Whenever a phrase or a word strikes him, he insists upon reading for himself; he also follows for himself, pencil in hand, reports concerning military operations and movements of troops, and seeks out for himself even the most insignificant part of the report.

With the same care he reads every telegram, every order, before signing it. The first session of the day disposes of questions of organization, troops required at different points, movement by rail, sanitary service, arrangements for reinforcements, all of which are decided to the smallest detail.

The first part of the session is devoted to what is called the situation of the "Northeast," which means the north and east of France or the Franco-Belgian front; then follows the discussion of the situation of the "T. O. E.," standing for "Theater Operations Exterior."

After about three hours consecrated to reports and the necessary orders to provide for the eventualities of the day, Joffre rises from his desk and puts on his cap, which is the signal for the departure from the general headquarters to some one of the armies at the front. It is generally about half past nine. Three powerful motor cars are always waiting at that hour in front of the villa, as the general passes out of the door, an officer pushes into his hand a small paper that he sticks into the pocket of his jacket. It is the time table and the itinerary of the day's journey, arranged and approved by him the evening before and from which no divergence is permitted.

Car Known to All. The general-in-chief and an ordnance officer get into the first car, while a second officer follows in what is called the "relief car," the third being reserved for all his visits to the armies. These same cars have carried the general and his suite since the beginning of the war over nearly every mile of the ground from the sea to the Vosges. The hours he spends speeding over the country are of comparative rest for him. He improves the occasion to read in more detail reports that have not required immediate attention but which he wants to know from beginning to end, but most of the route is spent in rest, the general being an adept in the art of catching a nap while on a route. He is credited with the power of sleeping when he wants to and of awakening at will.

The general's car is known to every one in the army by the tri-colored fanion with a gold fringed cravat that it carries. He always arrives without ceremony and proceeds immediately and simply to the business in hand, whether it be a discussion of important projected operations with the commander of an army, or whether it be his simple lunch, which he often takes seated on the ground at the side of the road, and which he dispatches with good appetite. Frequently, instead of leaving the car to visit the headquarters of an army, he takes the general in command into the car with him and discusses matters en route, thus saving time and keeping to the time table prepared for his round. The discussion goes on while the general-in-chief and the general in command of an army are making their way to the communicating trench thru which they will proceed to the first line trenches.

Nothing in the construction of these trenches escapes Joffre; if there is anything wrong anywhere, the officers and soldiers say, it is that very thing that the general's eye will light upon. He prefers to be unnoticed in these sort of business trips to the front, insisting that they in no way partake of the form and ceremony that attaches to reviews, but, instinctively, when the old "grandfather" passes, the sentries and soldiers present arms, rendering with pleasurable emotion because of his opportunity to honor the general-in-chief.

Practical Men. None of the army commanders have yet been able to satisfy Joffre on two points—the shelters for the men along the first line are never deep enough, and the barbed wire entanglements that protect the first line are never dense enough.

"It's very well, it's very well," says he generally to the colonel, shaking his hand, "but you must put up a little more barbed wire. I am going to send you more, and when you have a few

men available just deepen these shelters a bit, too."

He never forgets such things; the barbed wire is always forthcoming, and if he passes that way again and finds the shelters have not been deepened, he notices it and makes the colonel notice it.

The numerous reviews that Joffre has had occasion to pass in twenty-one months of war are not entirely matters of show and parade. He first visits the installation of one of the battalions and inspects the kitchen, the laundry, and the organization of the baths. After he has assured himself that the material wants of the soldiers are cared for, he passed along the line to salute the regimental flag.

Of all the generals who have conferred decorations during the war, none, it is said, do it with such real feeling as Joffre. When he gives the "accolade" after pinning the cross upon the brave soldier's breast whether it be the simplest trooper, the blackest Senegalese rifleman, or an officer, he kisses him heartily on both cheeks, never being satisfied with a semblance of an embrace as are some other generals.

After conferring with the general of an army, visiting the quarters of the troops or passing a regiment in review, Joffre always consults his little paper, the itinerary of his round, and this is the only thing that disturbs the equanimity of his temper.

"We are going to be at least twenty minutes late," he often says, impatiently, and this means that the man at the wheel must make up that time in order to get back into the general's good graces, he never goes too fast to suit his illustrious passenger.

Annoying Part of Routine. The tour of inspection is generally finished about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then back at headquarters comes the most annoying part of his day's work—questions of displacement, promotion, retirement, recommissions of officers, and citations of soldiers, besides a thousand-and-one questions relating to arms, material, ammunition supplies, and the sanitary department. The reserve supplies of shells for cannon of different caliber is a matter of such momentous importance in this war that Joffre leaves these de-

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tails to no one else; he keeps the figures in his head, and he, any day, can give the exact reserve stock of ammunition in hand. He knows also the exact figures representing the daily output of the ammunition factories. He personally attends to all trials of new engines of destruction or protection.

After the audience relating to those questions, the general receives the director of what is called the "services of the rear" to discuss transportation and plans for the repair or construction of railroads; still more designs, more figures, all of which are organized, coordinated, and filed in the prodigious memory of the general-in-chief, so accurately as to require no memorandum.

General Joffre has been described by some of his generals as the safety valve of the army. While he is the directing intelligence of the great machine, he is at the same time the relief for overcharged minds of subordinates who, under certain contingencies, may be over-affected by matters of secondary importance. Surprised by some unlooked-for development, which seems to them decisive and perhaps irremediable, a simple observation from Joffre often reduces the exaggerated incident to its proper proportions and cools the blood of his subordinate.

The general-in-chief is not partial to the visits of civilians in war-time. He has resisted with admirable consistency the constant pressure of thousands of influential civilians who

have no business at the front, but nevertheless desire ardently to see it.

Besides the hundreds of war correspondents, the supervising committees of the chamber of deputies, hundreds of other influential politicians, ministers, and other governmental dignitaries, there are the visiting notabilities from the allied countries who never fail to put in an application for a visit to the front.

When the general lunches at the general headquarters, he manages to satisfy some of these innumerable demands by receiving French or foreign ministers, generals, other officers of allied armies, or notabilities, at his table. The dinner is generally a good one because Joffre eats with an excellent appetite, altho he drinks little and smokes none at all. It is one of the hours of the day which he looks forward to, because questions relating to the service are rigorously barred from the conversation and safety is the rule. After dinner the general turns over rapidly the leaves of the latest illustrated papers and complains of the multiplicity of photographs representing him in all sorts of positions and poses that he rarely finds to his taste.

The general-in-chief returns to his work at half past eight in the evening to receive the reports of the day that have arrived in his absence, and to approve the communiqué to the press, which is never transmitted to Paris without having received his approbation. The ordnance officers bring in the last telegrams and receive their orders for the morrow. At 10 o'clock, after the members of his staff have

retired, the general finally, entirely alone in his workroom, finishes his day's task.

Healthy Region. "Healthy place? I should say so! We'd have a perfect record of no deaths, if it were not for the doctors."

"So, it's the doctors, not the place, that is the cause of mortality?" "Nope—place." "But you said—"

"Yes—place does it. It's the doctors that die off—starve to death."—Judge.

Indiana Man's Experience. Frank Moseley, Moore's Hill, Ind., writes: "I was troubled with almost constant pains in my sides and back and attributed it to weakening of my kidneys. I got a package of Foley Kidney Pills. Great relief was apparent after the first doses and in 48 hours all pain left me."

If you have rheumatism, backache, swollen, aching joints or stiff, painful muscles, why not try Foley Kidney Pills? They stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments, too. McBride & Will Drug Co.

Willing to Oblige. "The British army has raised its age limit to 45 years," said H. W. Gresham, the British consul to Cleveland. "The age limit originally was 35."

"The army isn't so exclusive as it is age or as to physique as it was at first."

"A slacker in Manchester tried to get exempted the other day."

"I've got such poor eye sight," he said. "I can't see any distance at all."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the surgeon. "You'll have an excellent view. We'll give you a trench in the very front line."

Advertisement for a Mississippi River cruise, featuring an illustration of a steamship and text describing the trip.

Advertisement for Ford cars, titled 'THE UNIVERSAL CAR' and 'RUDE AUTO CO.', featuring an illustration of a Ford car.

Advertisement for Colville Indian Reservation, titled 'COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION' and 'Open to Settlement July 3 to 22'.

Advertisement for Forsale Real Estate, titled 'FORSALE REAL ESTATE' and listing various properties.

Advertisement for 'Beating William Tell' featuring a cartoon illustration of a man shooting an apple off a boy's head.

Advertisement for 'By "HOP"' featuring a cartoon illustration of a man with a large head and a speech bubble.

Advertisement for C. E. Pearson Land Co., titled 'FORSALE REAL ESTATE' and listing various land parcels.

Classified Advertisements ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CENTS.

A large grid of classified advertisements containing various notices, real estate listings, and business opportunities.