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Pierre Carrier-Belleuse

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PANTHÉON DE LA GUERRE
Panorama of the World War and Its Heroes

The Largest Painting in the World
402 Feet Long---45 Feet High

Painted by Twenty-eight Famous French Artists
Assisted by More Than One Hundred Other Artists Under the Direction of
Pierre Carrier-Belleuse and Auguste-Francois Gorguet

and Containing
Six Thousand Life-Size Portraits
of World War Heroes and Leaders

REPRESENTING ALL THE ALLIED NATIONS
Belgium • Brazil • China • Costa Rica • Cuba • France • Great Britain • Greece • Guatemala
Haiti • Honduras • Italy • Japan • Liberia • Montenegro • Nicaragua
Panama • Portugal • Rumania • Russia • San Marino
Serbia • Siam • United States of America

With a Correct Landscape of the Battlefields of France and Belgium as They Appeared in 1914-1918

REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR
With Complete Descriptive Text

PRICE FIFTY CENTS A COPY

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A Great Artist’s Tribute to the Painters of the Panthéon de la Guerre

All who understand these things, will congratulate the group of French artists, Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, Auguste-Francois Gorguet and their collaborators, who, immediately after the victory of the Marne, undertook this work of glorification by painting the Panthéon of the World War.

Innumerable portraits, some from life, some from photographs and documents sent by their families, are there on a canvas 402 feet long by 45 feet high. Here then is a picture of 18,000 square feet in size. The surprising, the prodigious thing is that it should turn out to be a work of art, and it is one, of fine composition, well painted, worthy of being seen and of being preserved.

On the steps of a huge staircase, topped by a winged statue of Victory, there stand facing us many thousands of heroic, officers of every rank or ordinary soldiers, infantrymen, gunners, cavalrymen, sailors, aviators, all recognizable, all chosen from among those mentioned in despatches and decorated with the War Cross.

The harmony of this vast composition could only have been accomplished by artists of assured merit. There are no gaps in this throng and yet it is not overcrowded; the colors, so different, with little shading, melt into the prevailing shade of blue; there is no vulgarity, no reminder of so many bad pictures of public celebrations, no useless exaggeration, for the great trial is over, but all those who are there, both living and dead, know at what cost.

At the other end of the Panorama, there rises another section of the composition, the whole height of the canvas, but how different in tone and meaning! It is entirely along simple lines, expressing solitude and devotion. It contains but a single living figure, a woman in mourning who remembers, and who is kneeling in prayer on the steps of the cenotaph.

Note the perfect arrangement of the architecture: These semi-circular walls with a passage between, decorated on top with a slender cross; this cypress grove, whose symmetrical arrangement suggests a sombre expanse beyond, a decorative ensemble of touching grandeur which could only have been painted by one familiar with Italian landscapes; this rectangular pyramid, rising just in the center of the entrance of the field of the dead, this high pedestal, surmounted by six bronze figures, six soldiers supporting at arm’s length a coffin draped with the national flag. Admire the beauty of these stones, of the bunches of roses which discreetly adorn the columns placed at intervals along the white wall to right and left, bathe your eyes in the reflections of a violet coloring, so beautiful and so true, which, falling from the sky onto the steps, enlarges, as does snow, the outline of the stones; for the very time of day has been selected and the portraitist is most exact. It is not the morning light that this painter-poet has sought in this work; he has painted the richest hour of all, the beginning of twilight, when the colors start to fade, not all at once, but slowly like a caravan, stopping here and there, to make us believe for a little while that night has not yet won the victory.

From the memorial to the dead to the triumphal staircase, the huge canvas which joins together the two compositions is divided into two unequal sections.

Above the two semi-circles we have the French countryside, but not one invented or copied; it is the enormous battle field, from Calais to Belfort. When the visitor, after walking up the slopes of the Panthéon de la Guerre, arrives at the point where this landscape spreads out, he experiences surprise, and that kind of emotion which seizes the traveler who at last arrives on the top of a mountain and sees stretched out before him into the infinite distance the contour and color of the land. Everything is marvelously done; the fields, the roads with their inclines and turns, the streams, the hills or mountains which form the watersheds, the towns and villages placed as they are, on the heights or in the valleys. It called for remarkable landscape painters, of long experience, of all kinds of sources of information, and better still a genius, to successfully produce a panoramic view of such great size and such exactitude. I may say that no part of the work presented such difficulties; and the success of what was attempted is complete. Overhead the sky also is beautiful, not entirely clear, but traversed by long clouds, whose shape and effect and grouping, produced by the light and wind, have been faithfully observed. A General who fought in all the regions of this huge contour map, after carefully observing several sections with the detail of which he was familiar, said: “That’s the very thing, unbelievably so.” And one of our great aviators, after going over this landscape, had the same opinion and said “I thought I was the only one or almost the only one who had seen all these things.”

We can see that this is not so. True artists invent reality, they discover it in the present or evoke it from the past, without one well understanding how, for generally they are not men of learning and do not worry much about apparatus or libraries. But poets or painters or musicians, masters in taking endless voyages in the land of dreams, have this marvelous gift, that of seeing better and hearing better the secrets of this world. Those who conceived the idea of the Panthéon of the World War, who assembled on this canvas so many personages and scenes of recent history, must be thanked for having so nobly employed their clear vision of things, their talent in painting them, and their great genius in bringing them all back to life.

RENE BAZIN, of the French Academy.
How the Panthéon Was Created

The world owes the conception of immortalizing, on the largest canvas ever painted, the heroes and leaders of the World War, against a background of the battlefields of France and Belgium, to the genius of Pierre Carrier-Belleuse.

It was not Carrier-Belleuse's first attempt at painting on a gigantic scale. Nearly fifty years ago he had created, for exhibition in America, what was then the largest panoramic canvas ever painted, a graphic representation of the Battle of Manassas, in the American war between the states of the North and the South. That work had established his fame as an artist, whose imagination could picture action on a gigantic scale and whose brush could convey to others the grandeur of his conception. Little did Carrier-Belleuse dream, however, when he conceived the Panthéon de la Guerre, that his work was again to be exhibited in America, the scene of his first great artistic triumph.

When the World War began, in 1914, this great painter, though too old to take an active part in the war, was yet at the height of his artistic powers. While the forces of the Allies were still engaged in their death-struggle with the Armies of the Central Powers, Carrier-Belleuse enlisted the interest of his friend, Auguste-François Gorguet, a celebrated painter in oils, and with his aid almost every artist in France who was not at the Front was brought into cooperation in this gigantic project.

Gorguet, like Carrier-Belleuse, had won fame on both sides of the Atlantic. His work ornaments many of the public buildings in France and one of his finest creations is a mural painting which he executed for the Morris High School in New York.

Let this great collaborator tell in his own words the story of the creation of this masterpiece of historical and commemorative art.

"In the month of October, 1914, my friend Carrier-Belleuse called at my studio to ask me to collaborate with him in regard to a panorama dealing with the war," writes Gorguet. "The battle of the Marne had just taken place, and I accepted without hesitating. We started to work, each of us making our first sketch; it was at first a project which had not taken on form, a kind of apotheosis of the army and France's first victory.

"It was Carrier-Belleuse's idea to paint portraits, many portraits, but how could five or six thousand portraits be grouped without becoming monotonous? At this juncture I recalled the study of architecture which I had pursued at the College of Fine Arts, in the studio of the great decorator Gallaud, and I made a proposition to my friend Carrier in which architecture, as a matter of fact, played a considerable part. I suggested an antique temple, a temple of glory, in front of which would be erected a monumental statue of Victory, with a stairway to be not less monumental, upon the steps of which we might place our heroes; then, on the circular portion, pillars on which a considerable number of names of those who died upon the fields of honor would be inscribed and, finally, between these pillars the heroes and leaders of the Allies.

"The background, according to Carrier-Belleuse's ideas, should represent the country, towns in flames, all of the places where battles had been fought, and this formed the subject of our special study and attention. For several months we worked at our sketching in close collaboration. But there remained to be found, for the side facing Victory, a Monument to the Dead.

"One morning I took to Carrier the first sketch for the monument which we adopted; it was almost entirely like the one executed afterwards, first in sculpture, then in a painting.

"Six soldiers lifting up on their arms a sarcophagus, over which a flag was thrown, thus holding aloft, to a sky reddened by the flames, one of their own, the Unknown Soldier. Upon the steps of this tomb, a woman dressed in mourning, the mother, the wife or sister, one figure alone was, to my mind, to personify all the sorrows and all the mourning; and, near her, also one wreath alone, wound in crepe, to honor the Unknown Heroes.

"While Carrier-Belleuse executed all of the portraits which we required for our work, it seemed as though there were passing before him all the heroes of the Great War, from the humblest soldier to the Generals.

"We worked with our best brother artists at the execution of the Panorama. Thus the tracing of the architecture was entrusted to a designer of perspectives, Mr. Rabuteau, who carried out his trust with rare skill. The landscaping was turned over to two of our best brother artists, H. Foreau and H. Crosjean. They worked wonders. Our illustrious and much missed master and friend, the painter Carmon, of the Institute, was entrusted with the series of the countries of the Allies and Serbia. He later found death in an automobile accident.

"Antoine Colbet made England, Rene LeLong America, Francois Thévenot Belgium and Italy. I executed Russia, Rumania, Japan, Greece and Montenegro. I also executed the architectural part, assisted by my comrades Andre Luige-Loir, and Mignon and some decorators. Finally I painted the entire Statue of Victory, together with my friend V. Maren.
“All the figures on the great staircase were executed by our colleagues Alfred Fourie and Georges Roux, and likewise those out in front, Joffre, Foch, etc., as well as the guns and the German trophies, in accordance with the studies I had made.

“Two artists who were experts in the field of the panorama, Messrs. L. Bombled and Kowalsky, have likewise rendered us great service. To Bombled we owe the figure of the life-guards of the front, and the cannon which are so perfect in their execution; Kowalsky aided us particularly with regard to all the armies who come marching in front of the Temple of Victory.

“I shall certainly not forget my dear friend Auguste Leroux, who so excellently carried out and painted the group of the ‘Daddies.’

“As to the symbolical figure of Paul Déroulède, to whose memory Carrier wished to do special homage, it is he who painted it as it is and as he conceived it, that is to say, like a being returning from the Great Beyond to view the parade of Glory; and by the side of Déroulède, I painted the two small figures representing Alsace and Lorraine.

“At the end of four years of tremendous labor, pursuing our plan of victory through the gloomiest days in history, through all the difficulties which a war without precedent naturally brought about to prevent the realization of such an effort, we had the great joy of finishing our work on the day following the Armistice and of seeing it inaugurated on the 19th of October, 1918, by the President of the Republic, Mr. Poincaré.”

Besides the artists specifically mentioned by Gorguet, some of the more famous of the many who took part in the creation of this huge work were E. Marché, Malteste, G. Brunet-Mahuet, Trinquier and Gendron.

They were great hours, never to be forgotten, spent by Carrier-Belleuse and his collaborators, when Joffre and Nivelle, Foch and Pétain, all the generals and statesmen of the Entente, visited the artists who, while rapidly sketching their features, carried on a familiar conversation with them. Nor were the experiences the painters had with those of the lower ranks less memorable.

A soldier who had lost his arm, one of those whose name will not go down in history, talking, while posing, remarked: “I am a lucky fellow. How many of my comrades have fallen never to rise again. As for me, I got out of it with the loss of a limb.” General Galliéni happened along, and chatted familiarly with the mutilated man. The soldier, whispering into the ear of the painter, said with a smile: “Didn’t I tell you I was a lucky fellow?”

Another day General Maud’huy, who had just come into the studio, found there a young lieutenant of a battalion that the General had commanded. The lieutenant wore on his breast the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

“Pardon me, General,” he said timidly, “but every time one of the soldiers of your outfit was decorated you gave him your photograph, but you forgot me.”

“Don’t worry about that. You lost nothing by waiting, here is my portrait.”

The lifelike quality of the portraiture of the Panthéon de la Guerre is illustrated by an incident which occurred when the painting was on exhibition in Paris. The guide was pointing out the notable figures to a group of American visitors. When he came to the portrait of Samuel Gompers he paused.

“There is the model,” he said. “Compare it yourselves.” Mr. Gompers, who was standing nearby, declared that no photograph could be more lifelike, and the visitors agreed.

Time has changed the faces of many of those still surviving who appear on this great canvas; we see them as they were when the war was still raging. To American spectators it is of especial interest to compare the pictures as they were then of such men as Mr. Hoover, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Baker, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Schwab and others, with their appearance now. And it is of especial interest to have preserved for us the portraits of the great Americans who played such a great part in the war and who have since passed on to join the Immortals of all time.

The name “Panthéon” was well chosen for this great work of art. It is from the Greek, and signifies a temple or memorial to all the Immortals. And among those must surely be numbered the great artists who conceived and put upon canvas this memorial to the great.

AUGUSTE-FRANÇOIS GORGUET
Collaborator in the creation of the Panthéon de la Guerre and painter of several scenes
The Story the Panthéon Tells

The central and dominating feature of the Panthéon de la Guerre is the great bronze winged Victory, standing on her pedestal in front of the Temple of Glory, holding aloft the laurel wreaths with which heroes are crowned. The short and simple dedication, "To the Heroes" is inscribed upon the marble face of the pedestal, while perched upon it, at the feet of Victory, is the gamecock, latter-day emblem of France, loudly proclaiming the triumph of the Allies.

Upon the steps leading to the sacred sanctuary are portraits of more than five thousand heroes of every branch of the service, of every age and rank, proud warriors with beaming faces. Here is the imposing throng of officers and soldiers, their breasts covered with decorations; of civilians, victims of devotion to their country; of eminent prelates who upheld the faith of the people on the ruins of their burned cathedrals; of brave nurses who did not forsake the wounded even on the battle fields. These are the heroes of France, entering triumphantly this Temple of Glory as Victory, brave and smiling, opens her golden arms.

The great French leaders are standing at the feet of Victory, under the shadow of her wings. Their attitude is simple but energetic. First of all are the three famous marshals: Joffre, the conqueror of the Marne, whose expression of paternal kindness gained for him the nickname of "grandfather" from his soldiers; Foch, with his genial and inspired expression; Pétain, the intrepid defender of Verdun. Here, too, among the leaders, generals and admirals, are de Castelnau, Maunoury, Gouraud, Mangin, Nivelle, Franchet d'Espéréy, Maister, Guillaumat, Admiral Ronarch, Admiral Gauchet, Admiral Biard and many more whose names will live forever in history on both sides of the Atlantic.

In front, a slender figure, his breast covered with decorations, is Guynemer, the French ace; he stands as the representative of the youth of France, of their bravery, audacity, daring and faith in which they joyously gave their lives for their country. Next to him is Senator Raymond, grave and thoughtful, the ardent apostle of aviation, to the service of which he dedicated his life from the first hour of war. In this youth and this man are incarnated all France united in one supreme sacrifice.

In the forefront of all the heroes, resting on a carpet of enemy flags, is the greatest weapon of victory, the 3-inch gun, known affectionately to all Frenchmen as the Soixante-quinze or "Seventy-five," from its bore of 75 millimeters. Its famous inventors, Col. Deport and General Sainte-Claire Deville, are offering it to Mr. Poincaré. Laurel wreaths encircle its worn wheels and all the valor of its exploits resounds from its wounded frame.

President Poincaré, standing between Messrs. Dubost and Deschanel, the Presidents of the two Chambers of the French Parliament, views gravely the aggregation of France's heroes. He is surrounded by the leaders and soldiers behind the lines, those who, by their knowledge, their eloquence and arduous labors, quietly helped towards victory; our great engineers, our captains of industry, our great authors. Among these we find Albert de Mun, whose patriotic essays inspired the youth of France and gave the people of Paris strength to endure the hours of anguish.

To the right, straight as an arrow, rises the figure of courageous General Galliéni, who, by his almost ferocious attitude seems even now to be defying too daring an enemy. "You gave me the mandate to defend Paris, I shall defend it to the very end." And, from his furrowed brow, which bespeaks an enormous will power, sprang that ingenious and audacious idea which saved France, the encamped Army which was sent in taxis as far as Meaux to reinforce the lines. He is surrounded by his general staff: General Clergerie, General Galopin, Col. Monteil and all those others who by their splendid cooperation checked the advance upon Paris.

Here stand a priest and an artist, two fervent Alsatians, Hansi and Father Wetterlé. Small and stocky under his black soutane,
Father Wetterlé became one of France's idols by his flaming protests as a deputy to the Reichstag. The war won his native province back for that France for whom he had always fought lovingly. Next to him is Hansi, the author of *Mon Village*, whose picturesque and humorous thrusts went far to keep alive the love of France in the hearts of the Alsatians. At the outbreak of the war he entered the service of France as an officer and interpreter. Wetterlé and Hansi represent Alsace returning to France.

The flags seem to wave sparkling from their decorated staffs, a symphony in blue, white and red, enlivened by golden fringe and decorations pinned to their folds. Banners of the artillery, banners of the artillery, banners of the light brigade, glorious banners all of them, floating in the breeze of victory. Flag-bearers looking grave and proud, with heads erect, are holding them on high.

Who is the grey-haired man among them, who seems like the father of these young heroes? It is Collignon, formerly Secretary to the President of the Republic, Counsellor of State, who, starting as a common soldier in the 46th line regiment, defended unto death the flag which had been entrusted to him. Such was his bravery that, like another La Tour d'Auvergne, when the name of Collignon is spoken in the 46th regiment, they add "died on the field of honor."

**The Return of the Armies**

On the other side of the Temple of Victory we see the return of the victorious French armies. Nearest to the Temple steps are the dark fighters from France's domain across the Mediterranean.

Draped in their white burnouses, firmly seated on their small Arabian steeds, the African "goumiers" have left behind the mountainous stretches of the desert to fight in the French plains. Here they are, the Chiefs with bronzed faces, sparkling eyes. Their garments shine in the sunlight, their spirited steeds, with quivering nostrils, raise the dust of glory high towards the sky.

From the far horizon, serried ranks with their officers leading, the French infantry advances to victory. It is the light infantry, with variegated pennants, the Colonials in khaki, with red-tasseled caps, the alert Alpine infantry, with berets pulled down on the side, all pressing forward to take their share of honor.

The French cavalry gallops past in a cloud of dust. Here are the cannons of every kind, the "75," the "120," the heavy artillery; with heavy gun carriages bringing the hills. Bridge builders, sappers, engineers follow them in their course. Finally the artillery of attack winds up the march past, while in the distance, on the white roads, in uninterrupted procession, the grey motor trucks quietly take their share of glory.

And, giving added effect to this cavalcade, aeroplanes are flying back and forth in the clear, bright sky, crowding around to take their place in this apotheosis.

Slowly, as if tired by long and heavy labor, the old reserves come forward heavily, their picks and shovels on their shoulders. They look like old conquerors returned from far-off wars in Gaul, these "Daddies," dressed in skins, with their clear, blue eyes and heavy, long moustaches. A brave cook follows them, his pail in his hand, his bran-cakes on his shoulder, preceded happily by his dog.

**England**

Passing to the right, we find the section of the Panthéon devoted to England.

How many brave Tommies, lying stretched out on the plains of the North, have seen, leaning over their wounded bodies, the blue-eyed faces of English nurses? When listening to them, how often did they not think they heard the voices of their mothers, their wives, their sweethearts, left behind in the fogs of London or the hills of Scotland?

On the battle field and even under shell fire, they picked up the wounded, and on the white hospital beds, like gentle angels in blue, they tended lovingly to alleviate their suffering. Here, in khaki, are the English girl chauffeurs, driving their light ambulances.

Coming from every English province, from every rank of society, duchesses, peasants or working girls, they enrolled in a veritable army of their own. Living in regiments like soldiers, as drivers, truck-women, helpers, nurses, factory workers, they resembled the Amazons of ancient myth, an army of women.

If there is a branch of the army in which the Allies from across the Channel earned justified renown for bravery and daring, it is that of aviation. Bombers, pursuit-men or observers, the English aviators daringly carried out their difficult task. Nothing stopped them; they attacked even when inferior in number. Making light of those air monsters, the Zeppelins, they insouciantly wounded to the death even those colossi.

Standing in aviation costume is the young and robust figure of Warneford, who was the first to win the glory of bringing down a Zeppelin, a very transient glory, for a few days afterwards he died in France as the result of an accident. His companions in arms surround him, Albert Hall, Cobden, and a few other figures who represent an army of knights of the air.

George V inherited his sympathy for France from his father and, in the hour of danger, took his stand by her side. He is here, clad in an English Navy Officer's uniform, representing all of the British Empire.

The King is surrounded by his illustrious admirals: Lord Beatty, Jellicoe, Keyes, Tyrwhitt, and next to him, slender and charming, stands the youthful figure of the Prince of Wales. The generals are near by.

But who is the short man with the high forehead? One might say the fire of youth, ardor and enthusiasm speaks out of his deep, inspired eyes. That is David Lloyd George, whose every speech was a call to action, the Clemenceau of England. He
was at the most critical moment entrusted with the task of forming and presiding over a Cabinet of National Defense, through which the work accomplished by England was multiplied many times and adapted to the needs of that tragic hour.

Near him is Lord Kitchener, Minister of War at the outbreak of hostilities; he welded the British army into that prodigious body of soldiers which held the line while the new army was being built. But it was not given to Kitchener to behold the victory. On a trip to Russia in 1916, the ship on which he was sailing was torpedoed and perished with all on board. But Kitchener will live forever.

Near him stands Field Marshall Douglas Haig. As Commander-in-Chief of the English troops he proved himself to be a forceful leader of men and a chief of merit. Under his command the British army rivaled the bravery of the Allied armies and in the final brilliant offensive fighting he distinguished himself by liberating the northern provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

This part of the picture ends with such famous men as will adorn English history forever: Balfour, Bonar Law, Asquith, Lord Curzon, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Grey, all of them eminent members of Parliament, whose deeds are the completion and crowning of the deeds of the sword.

The British Empire spreads far away, beyond the seas. Its King-Emperor governs this immense dominion.

The faithful sons of their mother country from her remote provinces gathered under her banner; bronze-skinned Hindus and Mohammedan warriors, with eyes of jet and hearts of lions. Here they are in their striped turbans. Their Chiefs are here, glistening in bright garments, with exalted, proud mien, mighty Maharajas, Princes of old stock to whom honor is a religion.

They have come, united in the same feeling, sons of scorching Africa, Boers who left the beloved vastnesses of their land, here under the command of their famous General Botha, while the intrepid Australians came from the end of the earth and Canadians answered the call to arms from across the ocean.

**Edith Cavell**

Here are two martyrs: Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt. Who does not remember their martyrdom?

Like a Saint in the frame of a church window stands Edith Cavell, in the glory of her halo, all frankness, gentleness, devotion, heroism and sacrifice. What was her crime? To tend the wounded, both friend and foe, leaning over their couch of pain day and night, nursing them, comforting them, saving them. But blind cruelty condemned the innocent one to death, and there ended the victim's agony with a revolver shot. Such horrors do wars produce.

Captain Fryatt, in charge of his peaceable merchant vessel, tried to defend his ship when attacked. Made prisoner after a desperate fight, he was shot without trial under the shameful pretext that he should not have defended himself. Another horror of war.

But, as an outcome of it all, naught but ineffaceable disdain has remained for those committing such atrocities, and fervent admiration for those who suffered as the helpless victims.

Flowers that will never fade, at Miss Cavell's feet, are a token of the homage of a whole world bowing before her in deep respect.

**Belgium**

No nation so small ever won renown so great as that which came to Belgium, where the first great shock of the war was felt and resisted. And one of Belgium's great war figures was Doctor Depage, the eminent physician of the Queen, who established the Ocean hospital at La Panne. Here is Doctor Depage, his head standing out against the white background of the banner of the Red Cross. Near him is a wounded soldier, pale, bandaged, lying on a stretcher, and being carefully lifted by two Belgian stretcher bearers, obscure heroes who, under bursting shells, are leaning over the dying.

There exists in the history of Belgium no nobler figure than that of Cardinal Mercier. This illustrious prelate, Bishop of Malines, shared the sad martyrdom of his town. He saw his cathedral go up in flames. And when the enemy had crushed the people of Belgium, Cardinal Mercier, with disregard of the military authority of the invaders, faithful to his country, to his king, kept the love of their fatherland in the hearts of the defeated Belgians. Famous is his pastoral letter: "Patience and Endurance," in which he admonished the Belgian people to be faithful. He is there, the grand old man with emaciated features, pale and noble face, deep, pure eyes, in the majesty of his long scarlet robe, whilst at his feet are displayed the rescued vessels, chalices, censers, mutilated crucifixes, saved from the ruins of the churches.

Albert I, King of the Belgians, adored by his happy people in the beautiful days before the war, stepped to the front of history to remain there forever. The young sovereign of a little nation did not hesitate to draw his sword against the formidable invaders, when Germany, tearing up her treaties and going back on her promises, commenced to enter Belgium.

Faithful to his motto, "Right before Might," he stood at the head of his small army, defending foot by foot the towns and villages of Belgium, and remained constantly in this small corner of the world which force was unable to take away from him.

Queen Elizabeth, charming in the simplicity of her grace, is standing by his side. Sharing all dangers, she never abandoned her husband or his subjects. How often did one behold her, distributing with her own hand, charitably and compassionately, the small gifts which gave pleasure, saying encouraging words in tender tones. How often was she seen at the cot of the dying, bringing them comfort in their last moments, dressing the most frightful wounds; in the huts of the poor, sustaining old, exhausted persons, caring for the orphans. This heroic and kind queen was the worthy wife of her husband.

In front of her are the young prince and his sisters, while...
at her feet lies the "scrap of paper," torn and crumpled.

The royal family is surrounded by the great figures of Belgian history, Mr. Max, the Mayor of Brussels; Mr. and Mrs. Carton de Viart; Vandervelde, the great Socialist; Emile Verhaeren, the poet; the Court Marshal Theodor, and many others.

One of those who also stand as a symbol of the very best that honor implies is General Leman, the stoic defender of Liége. As Governor of the town, he defended his fort to the very end, and, rather than surrender it to the enemy, shared its fate when the fort was blown up. Wounded, he was found and taken into captivity. The nobility of his conduct was recognized by the enemy, who did not take his sword from him, in token of their respect for his heroism.

The small Belgian army, under the high command of its king, defended the country bravely and cleverly. Led by courageous commanders such as generals Jacques, Bernsheim, Ruquoy, Michel, sustained by the farsighted policy of Mr. de Broqueville, the Minister of War and President of the Council, soldiers and officers united in the same sentiment of honor, this small army fought and suffered. It had hours of anguish and misery, painful reverses, tragic retreats, but it also had its hour of triumph when, throwing off the yoke which oppressed its country, it gave Belgium back to its king.

Its aviators were not less courageous, brave aces such as Tieffry, de Leulemestre, Coppens and many others who sacrificed their young lives.

Italy

In May, 1915, Italy took her place by the side of the Allies. At the call of the great poet Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian army arose, strong, proud and mighty; it gave proof of remarkable bravery, for it had to face insurmountable difficulties. It should not be forgotten that besides the war in the trenches it had to carry on war in the mountains, on the heights of Meletta, on Mount Asolone; at an elevation of 13,000 feet in those unfriendly, glacial Alps they had to establish permanent posts: men, horses, cannon, ammunition were taken up into this wilderness by sledges and deposited on the snowy heights, where the posts had to be established. The feeding of the post had also to be assured, which in this place could not be done by auto trucks, and the long mule teams laden with food often experienced great difficulty in climbing the devastated mountain sides. Even in the plains they encountered enormous difficulties, and after the victory at Carso they had the sorrow of being defeated and having to retreat. Remember the autumn of 1917 and their retreat back to the Po, without however for a moment giving up their courage. Aided and sustained by the English, by General Fayolle and his French corps, the Italians proceeded once more on their road to victory.

A small but imposing figure stands out from among the multitude of grey-green uniforms of the Italian army. Solidly planted on one of the steps, Victor Emanuel III, the king of Italy, is listening to the cheers of the poet d'Annunzio and his army. This sovereign, from the beginning of hostilities, spent his time among the soldiers, sharing their dangers, shooting with them, living in the trenches like the lowest of them, and encouraging them in critical moments by his presence and courage, a "soldier king."

He is there, surrounded by his staff: the Duke of Aosta, that wonderful leader who so skilfully checkmated the Austrian plans and opposed von Bülow on the Isonzo and the Carso; General Cadorna, the commander-in-chief at the beginning; General Diaz, who, after the frightful defeat of Caporetto, profited by the breathing space left him by the enemy to reorganize his troops, with the help of France and England, to strengthen and liven up the formation, increase its effectiveness, improve the morale of all and lead this practically new army to brilliant victory. There are also the royal family, the Count of Turin, the Duke of the Abruzzi, the members of Parliament, Messrs. Salandra, Sonnino, Tittoni, Orlando, Salvago Raggi and Barzilai; the French ambassador, Mr. Berrere, all of them, by their ardent patriotism and
their diplomatic genius, helped to realize the King's dream of a greater Italy.

Right in front on the steps, hat in hand, haranguing the crowd as he did in May, 1917, at the commemoration of the monument to the “Thou shalt,” appears the great poet Gabriel d'Annunzio. This historic figure symbolizes the Italian alliance. From the beginning of 1914 his every effort was directed to having his country join in the War on the Allied side. Exerting an extraordinary influence over the entire nation, by his speech of May 5th, 1917, he succeeded in winning over Italian public opinion. A few days afterwards war was declared on Austria. With the commencement of hostilities the celebrated poet did not consider his task finished, but thought that he had yet his duty as a citizen and a patriot to fulfill. He enlisted in the air force, this fifth branch of the service which he had long greatly admired, and was twice seriously wounded over the enemy's lines.

Among a group of soldiers, easy to recognize by their red woollen shirts and wide neck scarves, appear the Garibaldis. They are four; the first, Ricotti, leaning on his crutches, is the son of the great Garibaldi, of him who dreamed in exile in America. on Staten Island, of Italy united and independent, and who went back to his native land and led his “red shirts” to make the dream come true. The other Garibaldis in the picture, his two brothers in French uniform, continued the tradition of their father, and in 1914 offered their services to France while Italy was still hesitating. Beppino alone was destined to return from the terrible struggles on the French front, the two others and numerous volunteers sleep their last sleep, far from their native land, in the forests of Argonne.

Let us point out an estimable old man among the group of Garibaldians. He is Giuseppe Carduchi, the poet of irredentism, who in 1882, in his magnificent poem, claimed Fiume and Trieste for Italy. Like Déroutede, he sees in this painting his dream now realized. He died too soon to take part in the triumph of his country, and the entrance of the Italians into Istria, returned to the mother country.

Portugal

The little republic of Portugal, under the presidency of Mr. Machado, was one of the first nations to join the Allies. Actively organized and led by young officers, under the command of General Tamagnini, the Portuguese army joined the volunteers of other nations in 1914, fighting in the French ranks. With the support of allied troops this young phalanx fought bravely and won distinction in the plains of the North. Nearly one hundred thousand Portuguese fought in the Allied ranks to the end of the great conflict.

The Monument to the Dead

In conception and execution no single section of the Panthéon de la Guerre can equal in the poignancy of its appeal, the magnificent monument to the Dead.

The shade is restful, the air is still; a sad, mild, subdued light scarcely filters through the rows of cypress trees. The green moss of time grows in the chinks of the stones, the imposing silence of the dead extends its sombre shadow. A mausoleum of stone, a door of bronze closed forever, and these words: “Pro Patria”—for my country. Bronze giants, six heroes, poilus and gunners, guards and marines, infantry and airmen, raise at arm's length a proud coffin covered by the folds of the flag. Heavy is this coffin; how many soldiers, all their sufferings over, sleep within it in the eternal splendour of their glory?

And standing out from the flaming sky, still lit up by the burning of Rheims, it says to all: “Weep not, but forget not.”

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mold Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

Here Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay And Freedom shall a while repair To dwell, a weeping hermit there.

Before the cenotaph, France on her knees is represented by a woman wearing a long crepe veil; as mother, wife, sister and sweetheart she endures in her heart all human suffering. Deep is her grief, but proud is her sorrow; her heart is crushed, but...
her soul is beautiful, worthy of the cherished beings whom she loves still more for their heroic sacrifice. Not a sob, but tears of love for all those who, with a smile, gave their lives for France.

Near her, on the footworn steps, lies a wreath of immortelles, covered with black crêpe and inscribed, "To the Unknown Heroes." And those who have no mound of turf with its cross as evidence, doubly lost because they are doubly absent, have here at the foot of this resting place their palm of glory.

China

On account of the enormous distance, China could not send troops to Europe on the outbreak of hostilities; she collaborated, however, by sending an army of workmen, who, in the war factories, actively placed their intelligence and skill at the service of the Allies. And this practical assistance, which greatly helped to increase the output of war munitions, was largely due, even before the diplomatic breach between the Chinese Empire and Germany, to the influence of his Excellency Hoo-Wei-Teh, Chinese ambassador and faithful friend of France, whose figure appears with that of Yuan Shi-K'ai, president of the Chinese Republic.

Here, near China, are all the flags of the allied nations: Brazil, Siam, Nicaragua, Guatemala, which lent their aid to the Allies, with General Menocal, president of Cuba, and the King of Siam, among the figures.

The United States

The section of the Panthéon de la Guerre devoted to the United States was inserted with difficulty, because the French artists, after three years' work, were nearing the completion of their great canvas when word reached them that we had entered the war. They erased a large area of the picture and into this space they placed the grouping of eminent men and women who were our outstanding leaders in that day.

Under a bust of George Washington, the artists built the American section, symbolizing the four branches of American man-power on which this country drew so heavily, the business man, the worker, the cowboy, and the Indian, led by a dashing West Point cadet, typical of our military leaders, while the Star-Spangled Banner, our own "Old Glory," flies proudly above them.

For thirty-two months, from August, 1914, to April, 1917, America had followed with utmost interest the terrible events which were steeping Europe in blood. President Wilson sent note after note, now first to protest against violations, then to inquire what was the aim of the belligerents' warfare. Finally America, remembering the Lusitania, broke off relations with the Central Empires in April, 1917.

Monday, April 2, 1917, the day when President Wilson read his War Message before the Congress of the United States, will remain one of the memorable days of the world's history.

Here he stands, beneath the bust of the immortal Father of his country, George Washington. He looks out at us from the Panthéon as he looked that day in the Capitol when he read, from the paper which he here holds in his hand, the undying words:

"Right is more precious than Peace, and we shall fight for the things that are dearest to our heart; democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice of their own gov-
organizations as the Young Men’s Christian Association, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Knights of Columbus, the Young Women’s Christian Association, the American Library Association, the War Camp Community Service, and the matchless Red Cross which at the very beginning of the war, when only the first act of the great tragedy had been staged, lent its aid to the cause of France and made our starry banner familiar on all fronts, where its voluntary ambulances testified to the indefatigable devotion of the women of America.

Long before we made a formal declaration of war, the American people were not satisfied to remain merely as onlookers in the fight between giants who were dividing the world, or trying to, and before as a nation we took our heroic part, our people played the part of charity and pity, multiplying their help for the wounded and suffering in France and prodigally bestowing upon them not only their money, but also their time, their labor, the service and courage of their benevolent ambulance workers. Many were those Americans who, when the war began, felt deep personal grief, as though they had been present at some attack on a beloved one, a chosen personage to whom were owing spiritual joys and tender feelings. Then, driven by a sudden impulse, they went to France with their love and their gold, organizing model hospitals, where so many noble women devoted themselves to charity of every kind, caring for orphans, aiding the soldiers, succoring the prisoners. To learn what they did, ask the French wounded, the children of the refugees from the invaded countries, all of the victims of the war. Food clothing and delicacies were distributed throughout the unhappy villages by their care. As godmothers of destroyed villages, some young American women had these rebuilt out of their own means. Wherever kindness was abroad, wherever their help could save, there they were, the first to hasten to the places of misery, hurrying along in their light vehicles. No obstacle could stop them in their work of devotion. It was one magnificent outburst of succor and help. The American woman in all her charity is standing here, due homage being given to her grandeur.

Montenegro

Having been the ally of Serbia during the war in the Balkans, the small kingdom of Montenegro did not intend to forsake her in the tragic hours of 1914. And in the first hours of the great war King Nicholas I. joined the Allies. The fight was hard for this small nation from the mountains who had fought the Austrians bravely. But his army was not large enough and his supplies insufficient and the king was soon compelled to retreat and go to France with Queen Milena and her daughters.

Prince Alexander, crown prince of Serbia, Regent of the Kingdom and Generalissimo of the Serbian army, added a page of glory to Serbia’s history through the aid which his army gave, and also due to the military genius of the Voivode Putnick. The aggression of Austria in 1914 found him with sword in hand. He never forsook the army, be the days good or evil, dedicating to his country all his bravery and efforts, and gaining the admiration and love of all the world by his nobility and dignity in misfortune.

Here he is, on horseback, at the head of his troops; you also see a group of armed peasants glorifying the heroism of this small nation who, brutally driven from their country, persecuted by the Bulgarians, perishing from hunger and exhaustion, stood in fiery resistance against a barbarous enemy throughout their retreat. Near by, an order in his hand, is the Voivode Putnick, the great Serbian patriot, their leader.

Aged King Peter I. is seated on a gun carriage, bowed down with grief, yet proud, despite his misfortune. The sad exodus of his people, the tragic retreat at the time when he himself was exhausted and forced to leave his little country and fled before the invader in a farmer’s cart drawn by oxen; all the suffering of this small nation is inscribed upon the pale countenance of this royal pastor of his people. But nothing destroyed his hope and faith, and he did not hesitate to fire a gun in the trenches. By his side are his faithful ministers: majestic old Patchich; the venerable, grey-bearded patriarch; Vesnitch, his ambassador to France and to whom Serbia owed much gratitude.

Japan

Japan, the ally of Great Britain, joined the Allies upon the declaration of the war. On account of being so far distant, she could send no troops to Europe, and her activity was carried out more especially in the Far East, where, aided by the English, she undertook the policing of the seas. In the month of August, 1914, and with the help of the British squadron, the Japanese squadron attacked the stronghold of Kiao-Tcheu, a German colony, which fell after a resistance of two months.

A new part was given to the Japanese armies in 1918. They landed in great numbers in the region of Vladivostock and came to the aid of the Czecho-Slovakian troops, who, lost in Siberia, were struggling desperately against the Bolshevik and the former...
prisoners of the Central Empires who had been liberated and armed by the traitors.

Another Japanese army came to the aid of the Allies at the start of the war: that of the laborers. Together with cannon of every kind, ammunition, food and equipment, the Japanese also sent laborers, whose presence made it possible for France to put more men in the field.

Russia

Nicholas II, Czar of Russia, had promised his father to continue in his Franco-Russian policy. In 1914 great indignation caused him to rise against Germany and Austria, when the assault in Serbia was perpetrated. The Russian army, being quickly mobilized, invaded Germany in the beginning of 1914, and one will never forget the wonderful drama of the invasion of eastern Prussia by Rennenkampf, which made the victory of the Marne possible by diverting the German army to the eastward.

Under the command of General Broussiloff, the Russian army met with disaster and retreat, but successful offensives and triumphs were equally her share, until the dark days of the revolution when, disorganized, she was nothing but the wreck of old Russia.

And Old Russia it is for which Nicholas II stands, surrounded by his son, the Czarevitch, in national costume, and the priests in their shining cloaks; Old Russia which, faithful to the alliance, inscribed beautiful pages of glory and heroism on the scrolls of her history.

Soon, however, nothing but smoke was left of all this heroism. While History inscribed on marble the sacred alliance of former days, when France and Russia were friendly countries, the revolution commenced to growl. Look at the Bolshevik, who has just set fire to Old Russia. The torch, lying half-extinguished upon the steps, carries away in its smoke the old régime and its institutions, interrupting with this incendiary gesture impassive History who beholds and meditates.

Rumania

From the beginning of the World War Rumania had remained neutral, but when the will of the Rumanian people called for war, the sovereign followed his people faithfully and, at the head of his army, threw himself valiantly upon Bulgaria.

Queen Marie and her daughters donned the white nurse’s veil, organizing hospitals, going to the cots of the wounded, tending them and bringing them tender consolation. Rumania, at first victorious, saw hours of enchanting and glorious victory, but, pressed by Austria, Bulgaria and Germany, forsaken by revolutionary Russia, she was compelled to retreat, losing a great portion of her territory. Then, like her sister Serbia, she knew the misery of invasion, the despair of retreat, the pangs of famine. During these tragic hours the queen became the support of her crushed people.

What could be more touching than this sublime and tragic picture: all these Rumanians appealing at the feet of their sovereigns. Pressed on all sides by pitiless enemies, they seek refuge with the royal family. Women implore, grey-bearded men rise up to fight once more. The war has made them beggars, their crops are in the hands of the enemy. Nothing is more impressive than this appeal of a people who had themselves chosen their destiny by refusing to make common cause with the enemy.

Dérouléde and Alsace-Lorraine

We come back now toward the Temple of Victory, the goal to which the color-bearers are returning with their flags. But who is this, this figure shrouded in mystery, like a phantom; this tall, bent man, wrapped in his wide gray cloak, with bared head, like a man beholding his dream?

It is Paul Dérouléde. All France is looking on through the eyes of this ardent patriot, the worthy elder of all these heroes, admirable in his perseverance, in the courage of his mission. Having passed over too soon to see that recovery of the lost provinces, whose enthusiastic and fervent missionary he was, he has come from the great beyond to view its triumph. In front of him are his two beloved, graceful children, Alsace and Lorraine, standing in noble silence, martyrs for more than forty years of bondage, now liberated, free, forever happy upon the breast of their mother country, stepping forward timidly strewing flowers at the feet of the soldiers. Here is Dérouléde’s dream come true. And the great man’s eyes are beholding the vision which he will carry back with him on high.

The Return of the Flags

The Life Guards, in shining breastplates, with long horse-hair manes, are gaily singing the triumphant hymn of their return. Trumpets are sounding, their joyous rhythm inspiring the horses, who seem to touch the ground as though with dancing feet. Like the heralds of long ago, they are proclaiming victory and
ing the march past of the army. They are the French Ministers of State who labored without ceasing: Briand, Millerand, Ribot, Viviani, Pichon, Klotz, Leygues, Loucheur, Claveille. One among them stands out more wonderful than any. Unnecessary to describe him, his expressive countenance is familiar to all. It is the great Prime Minister, “The Tiger,” as he himself likes to be called. After so many years of struggle bent towards one single goal, after so many furious battles, Georges Clemenceau smiles in triumph. “I am carrying on the war,” said he with just pride; he might have added: “I won it with the Poilus.” Despite his 78 years of age, his youthful faith enlightens his countenance. He seems to be listening to the voice of Victory, Victory resplendent and superb, floating above all, while the Gallic chanticleer at her feet, proudly raising his head, crows his victorious “cock-a-doodle-do” to the listening throng. Today the great Clemenceau, too, sleeps with his beloved Poilus who laid down their lives in the struggle, in the bosom of their beloved France.

And here we leave them, these gallant heroes, all the brave galaxy of those who risked all for their fellow-men, for the sake of an ideal of Liberty.

We honor them, as the world must always honor them, because of what they risked and what they gave. Yet while we honor the heroes, must we not fervently hope that never again shall the occasion arise when such heroism, such conflict on such a scale shall threaten to blot out the civilization to which mankind has climbed through the ages?

War is a terrible thing. In all the history of the world no war was ever so terrible as that which this Panthéon commemorates. Never before were there so many men under arms, in conflict to the death. Let us all devoutly pray that such a fearful scene shall never again mar the face of the good, green earth.

Against the twenty-three million men mobilized by the Central Powers in this great war, the Allies mustered more than twelve million Russian men-at-arms, more than eight million, four hundred thousand soldiers of France, almost nine million fighting
men from all the far-flung reaches of the British Empire and its Commonwealth of Nations, more than five and one-half millions of gallant Italians, eight hundred thousand armed Japanese, three quarters of a million troops of Rumania, almost as many of Serbia. Belgium's ever-glorious and gallant little army of more than two hundred and sixty thousand, the two hundred and thirty thousand who were prepared for action in Greece, Portugal's hundred thousand and the fifty thousand of little Montenegro, brought the total of the Allied armed and mobilized forces up to the staggering figure of nearly thirty-eight million fighting men on land and sea and in the air. And, associated although not allied, Uncle Sam called to the colors another four million, three hundred thousand men, who rallied under the Stars and Stripes, bringing the number of those opposed to the twenty-three million of the Central Powers up to more than forty-two million.

Sixty-five million warriors in deadly conflict for four long, terrible years!

More than five millions of the soldiers of the Allies, besides one hundred and twenty-six thousand brave American boys, were killed in battle or died of wounds received on the field of honor, while more than three million of the youth of Germany, Austro-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria lie with them beneath the sod of the same Mother Earth. More than twelve millions of the survivors among the Allies and the Americans bear the brands of the awful conflict, honorable scars to forever remind them of the tragic years, while more than eight millions of crippled and injured keep alive the memory of war in the countries of the enemy. And even more starkly soul-rending is the roll-call of the missing.

In every capital of every nation which poured out its life-blood in the great war stands a monument to the Unknown Soldier. Beneath that tomb rest the bones of one who may have been any of the more than seven millions whose actual fate in war will never be known. Who is he, this Unknown Soldier? His name appeared on the rolls of his brigade at dawn but he never again answered the roll-call when the shattered ranks were once more called to assembly. He is merely one of those heroes against whose names stands the one grim word: "Missing."

And here, again, we leave these glorious, tragic memories, in the profound hope that out of the lesson of this greatest of all wars may come a realization of the futility and the horror of war, which shall guide humanity to that higher plane of civilization on which honorable peace shall forever prevail. May it indeed prove to have been, as the great leader of America through that conflict believed it might turn out to be, a war to end war.

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**The Bivouac of the Dead**

The muffled drum's sad roll has-beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud,
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

*Theodore O'Hara.*
How the Panthéon Came to America

When it was finally decided to bring this great painting to America it was quickly realized that the problem of packing and transportation presented unique difficulties. Just as no picture ever before painted covered such an area of canvas—more than 18,000 square feet—so also had nobody ever been confronted with the task of removing anything so gigantic. Experts in handling canvas advised that the painted surface should be protected by specially woven velour and cotton padding to prevent any damage when the canvas was rolled up. To the Foundation Company of New York, London and Paris, the job was entrusted. After a farewell ceremony in which high officials of the French Government and American diplomats participated and the cords which held the two ends of the canvas in place were cut by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt with a pair of golden shears, the painting, wrapped in velour and cotton, was wound upon a specially-built spindle. A tight covering of canvas was sewn around it all, and over that was soldered a sheath of soft metal, to protect the painting from dampness and vermin. The package was then placed on an oaken cradle and secured in place by metal straps. The completed package weighed ten tons and made a crate nine feet square on the end and fifty-two feet long! It is probably the largest single package ever handled.

Transportation to the port of Le Havre by rail or river was out of the question; French freight cars were not long enough, the bridges over the Seine were not high enough. The largest truck and trailer in France were employed to move the Panthéon to the sea, which was accomplished in 20 hours, with a ceremonial pause at the Arc de Triomphe, before the grave of the Unknown Soldier. All other traffic made way for the Panthéon, and all along the route citizens saluted with cries of “Vive l’Amérique” and “Bon Voyage.”

At the French Line quay it was found that no loading crane was strong enough to hoist the great package on to the “Paris,” the ship which was to bring it to America. Nor was any of the ship’s hatchways large enough to admit the Panthéon to the hold. So with the aid of a floating crane the great picture was lifted to the ship’s deck and secured there for the ocean voyage, which fortunately was not a rough one.

In New York arrangements had been made for the exhibition of the Panthéon in Madison Square Garden, which was not quite large enough, but the largest space available. Part of the wall of the Garden had to be removed to admit the painting. During the eight weeks in which the Panthéon was shown there it was seen by nearly a million persons. Unfortunately no other exhibition space could be obtained in New York and at the close of the engagement at the Garden the painting went to storage, where it remained for exhibition as a part of the George Washington Bi-Centennial celebration.

This final leg of the journey, which began at the historic home of the “Panthéon de la Guerre” in the Rue Université at Paris and ended at the Capital of the United States, presented further surprising and interesting transportation problems. Mr. Harry M. Crandal of Washington, president of the Panthéon Corporation, which acquired the great panoramic picture and its brood of 246 smaller studies, with his associates, Mr. Frank C. Walker and Mr. Michael Comerford of New York, widely known leaders in the theatrical and motion-picture world, planned the route.

By now the accoutrement that had to travel with the gigantic canvas, included the portable steel necessary for two immense observation decks, with much rigging and tackle, and it all amounted to 60 tons, which was conveyed by an imposing caravan of huge trucks that moved over highways in New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland before it could enter the District of Columbia.

The original idea was to pass over the new George Washington Memorial Bridge but it was found that the roads on the New Jersey side were not in readiness. So the procession moved by electric ferry out of New York, then at a steady gait through the states mentioned, until on the third day it passed the Capitol at Washington, even as it had passed the mighty Arc de Triomphe on its departure from Paris. Once again there was a halt as newspapermen greeted the column.

The historic canvas, which had been hailed all the way from New York to Washington, thus completed 3390 miles by land and sea from the spot where it was born when the World War raged in France, to its own building in the United States.
One of those admirable, subtle words that the French have a way of inventing... that give you a universe in a nutshell, and can’t be precisely defined.

Soigné... It exhales in one breath all that you unconsciously feel in the atmosphere and tradition of the French Line... the sure taste... the close attention to detail... the instinct for doing things well. It expresses better than any other word the French philosophy of living.

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IDENTIFIABLE PORTRAITS WHICH APPEAR IN THE PANthéON DE LA GUERRE

FRANCE

MARÉCHAL JOFFRE, Commandant de l’Armée Française; Marshal Foch, Commandant des Armées "Alliés"; General Weygand, Attaché de Foch. Il a sauté en 1920; General Sarraill, Commandant de l’Armée en Orient; Marshal Franck, Commandant de l’Armée en Orient, Victoire contre la Bulgarie; General Humbert, General de l’Armée, Gouverneur à Strasbourg; General Barfourier, Commandant du 20e corps; Marshal Petain, Généralissime dans l’Armée Française; General Antoine, Commandant de l’Armée de la Somme; Amiral Ronaque, Commandant de la flotte marins à Dixmude; Amiral GuFirotte, Commandant de la flotte Dardanelles; Marshal Lyauty, Amiral Rod De La Plage, Commandant de la Marine; Amiral Biard, General Girand, General Gouraud, Chef de l’Armée. Entre le premier à Strasbourg, Gouverneur a Paris; M. Manchez, General Cor- donnier, Armeé d’Orient; General Duperot, M. A. Sancere, M. Sancere, M. Dubose, M. Poincare, President de la République; Colonel Rimailhot, Inventeur d’un canon; M. Deschanes, President de la Chambre des Députés; General Langlois, General Deville; General Lamine, M. Lepinasse, General Michel, Gouverneur à Paris; General Galopin, Gouverneur de la place de Paris; General Gal- lien, Sceauire de Paris; General Clergerie, Collaborateur de Gallieni, M. Remach, General Frontenau, General Couin, Pierre Loti, Commandant Vialaud.

M. RIBOT, Ministre des finances; M. Millon, Ministre de la guerre; M. Briand, Ministre des affaires étrangères; M. Albert Thomas, Ministre des ministres; M. Viviani, Ministre de la Justice; General Lajoie, Ministre de la Marine; M. Bourgeois, Chef de S. O. N.; Jacques Bumen- said, Aviateur; M. Godard, Ministre de l’Hygiène; M. Painlevé, Ministre de la Guerre; General Roques, Ministre de la Guerre; M. Clementel, Ministre des Finances; M. Roux, M. St. Pichon, Négociateur du traité de Versailles; M. Jules Cambon, Diplomate; M. F. Godard, M. Cla- veille, Ministre des Travaux Publics; M. Leygue, Ministre de la Marine; M. Clemenoue, Surnommé le Tigre, President du Conseil.

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU, Vainqueur de Grand-Couronne; General Maunoury, General Dubail, Gouverneur de Paris; Armeé d’Espagne; General D’Urba, General Graziani Bonnet, General Nivelle, Generalissime de l’Armée Française; General Baratier, Un colonial; General Mangin, Chef très puissant de l’armée; General Sieur, Meunier Inspecteur; General Marchand, La mission Marchand a travers l’Afrique; General Gerard, General Baille, M. Mun, Orateur Catholique; General Bourget, M. Hudigue, M. Strane, Ministre de l’Hygiène; M. Donnier, M. Delanne, Projet de la Seine; M. Bakoezy, M. Appel, Rector Palatine; Paris; M. Kote, Professeur Faculté Strasbourg; M. Lancet, M. Mithouard, Conseiller municipal de Paris, Poète; M. Dissel, M. De La Meurthe, Philan- thrope; M. Sarpane, M. Hansi, Association Protestataire Caricaturiste; M. Suriaux, M. Wettere, Asacien, M. St. Léger, Gouverneur de la flotte Strasbourg, Gouverneur de Paris; M. De La Gazette, Gouverneur de Paris; M. Dumenil, Commandant de la Se armee; General lAickele, Ancien Ministre de la Guerre; Generalissime du fort de Vaux; Generale Deville, General Serret, General Belin, General Maistre, Chef d’armée Champagne, General Leblot, General Malterre, M. Boelle.

M. JACQUES DE CHONDENS; M. R. Besnard, Ministre du Commerce; M. Preyerenet, M. Londe, Ministre des Travaux Publics, grand industriel; M. Mordac, At- teche de Clemenceau; M. Cochon, Ministre sans portefeuille; M. Klotz, Ministre des Finances; M. Barthou, Ministre de la Justice; General Mayor, General Dubois, General De

THE ITALIAN SECTION

In the center, upon the third step, stands King Victor Emmanuel III. Behind him, in the uniform of a naval officer, wearing a green scarf, is the duke of Genoa, his uncle. Upon the second step, with a grey coat, is General Diaz, leading the Italian troops. Behind him, in sky-blue, two generals; seen full-face, General Fayolle and, seen in profile, General Maistre, who commanded the French troops on the Italian front. Above them, General Cadorna, who commanded the Italian troops at the beginning of the war, having back of him, to the left, Admiral Tahn di Revel, Minister of the Navy.

Upon the left is a group of Italian light infantry. In their midst, bare-headed, his right arm on the shoulder of his comrade, the Austrian Deputy Battisti, who entered the Italian army at the start of the war, was taken prisoner by the Austrians and hanged. In front, the Italian mountain artillery. Above, a group of some of the aviation aces. With waterproofs, Captain Salmone; at his right, Captain Bartor and Captain Oliviari and, finally, his coat unbuttoned, Capt. Sala, the Ace of Bombardment.

Further to the left, near the pylon, two personages engaged in conversation. The white-haired Signor Bisolati.

In front, in civilian clothing, is Mr. Machado, the President of the Republic; behind him stands Senhor Norton de March, the Minister of War, who was appointed a delegate to the Peace Conference at St. Germain. In front of him is Col. Sidonio Paes, who was assassinated in Portugal with black hair, with hands in his coat pockets, M. Destree, the Belgian Deputy.

To the right of the King will be found his three cousins. In white uniform, the Count of Turin, in grey, the Duke of Aosta. Behind the latter, in civilian clothing, wearing the green sash, Signor Tittoni, Prime Minister, having at his left Signor Manfredi, the President of the Senate, and in front of him Signores Saldana, Sonino and Orlando, Ministers of State. Back of him, in uniform, with black hair, in profile, M. Barrère, French Ambassador at Rome.

Upon the first step, holding his silk hat, Gabriel d’Annunzio, the aviator poet, the Dictator of Fiume, having behind him Signor Boselli.

On the second step, leaning on his crutches, with white beard, Signor Ricciotti Garibaldi, the son of General Garibaldi, who fought for France in 1870. To his left, his sons, General Beppino Garibaldi and his two brothers, who, continuing the paternal tradition, placed themselves at the disposal of France at the beginning of the war. Behind them, in red shirts, a group of Garibaldis. In their midst a grey-bearded old man, Carducci, the poet of Irredentism.

PORTUGAL

When he was about to sail for Oporto. Seen in profile is General Fernando Tamagnini de Abreu. Above them, standing out against the green and red flag, a General Tamagnini Barbosa, who was in command of the Portuguese troops on the French Front.
IDENTIFIABLE PORTRAITS WHICH APPEAR IN THE PANTHÉON DE LA GUERRE

THE BELGIAN SECTION

In the center is seen the King of the Belgians, Albert I; at his feet lies the treaty of the Hague, the violation of which brought England into the war. On the floor you see the ruins of Belgian Cathedrals which were destroyed, Louvain, Malines and others.

Upon the right hand side of the king is Queen Elizabeth, in front of her the Crown Prince and his sisters.

On the same step, in his red robe, is Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. In front of him are M. Carton de Wiart, the Prime Minister, and Mme. de Wiart. Back of him, in uniform, embroidered in white, is M. Max, the Mayor of Brussels who was interned in Germany. Next to him is M. Vanderwelde, the great Socialist. M. Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, is further on to the left. Wearing a Magistrate’s head-dress, is the Marshal of the Court, Theodore, who was also interned in Germany. In front of the latter, in a dark blue uniform, with his left arm on his hip, is Tiefhery, the aviator; on his right, in khaki, you see Victor de Meulmeister, who brought down 11 German planes. Behind him is the aviator Coppens who brought down 36 German balloons. On the floor are standing the Army Chaplains with their war dogs. Behind them, the physicians and nurses of the Ambulance of Panama, organized under the auspices of the Queen and directed by the famous surgeon Depage, whose head stands out from the white background of the flag.

On the left of the king, with his hands on the guard of his sword, is General Rucroy, who commanded the Belgian troops. Then you see the Minister of State, M. de Broqueville, in civilian clothes; near him, in uniform and with his arms crossed, General Leman, the defender of Liége. Behind him, his principal helpers, General Glain in his cap and General Jacques in his helmet and with bared head, General Bernheim.

On the third step, holding his jockey with his hand, is Otto Lyser, the 13-year-old boy who passed ten times through the enemy’s lines and captured the caisse of 11 spies.

Above him, cap in hand, is General Tombeur, who commanded the troops of the Belgian Congo, and on his right, General Michel. Behind them, wearing their police caps, the princes Sixtus and François Xavier of Bourbon of Parma, the two brothers of the Empress Zita of Austria, both of whom entered the Belgian army.

Standing in front is seen the royal guard (in the costume of guides), saluting the flag.

Finally, near a pillar, shown in profile, with his right hand in the pocket of his coat, is M. Destres, the Belgian Deputy.
**DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR**

(Names on the Pylon on the Face of the Picture Opposite this List)

A. HERBAULT
M. MICHAU
J. CHARLOT
G. GAULMA
JEAN ET PAUL BOREL
J. TROUILLIER
R. HENRY
H. LESAGE
A. RIVALS
M. DIRIKEN
J. DE RESEK
H. DE PIMODAN
G. KERMINA
J. DAGNAN
BOUVERET
PH. CAMBEFORT
DE LARANDIE
H. VENET
BERTHIER DE WAGRAM
GAL. DEVALLIERES
DE ROCHECHOURT
MORTEMART
J. MURAT
GAL. BATAILLE
DE CHEVEUSE

**THE BRITISH EMPIRE SECTION**

In the center, in the uniform of a naval officer, stands His Majesty, King George V. At his right, with crossed arms, in field uniform, is his son, the Prince of Wales. By his side is Admiral Jellicoe, who, as Admiral Wemyss is standing. With both hands in the pockets of his coat, there is Admiral Beatty, who was in command of the English fleet in the naval battle off Jutland, and behind him are Admirals Roper and Tyrwhitt.

With his left hand on the hilt of his sword, is Admiral Keyes, who commanded the operations at Ostende and Zeebrugge; on his right, turning his back towards them, is Admiral Fisher.

Upon the second step, with gloved hands, stands the aviator Warneford, who brought down the first Zeppelin over Ghent. Upon the same step, with his right hand on his hip, stands Capt. Robinson, who brought down the first Zeppelin over England; near him, dressed in black leather, Capt. Ball, the aviator, and, behind him, in khaki, the Canadian Lieutenant Cobden, the ace of aces of English aviation.

On the floor, with her hands behind her back, is Miss Wirth of the Canadian Red Cross. Higher up, on the steps, a group of English Red Cross nurses.

To the left of the king is Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, General Sir John French, and Wilson. Upon the third step is Lord Kitchener, the organizer of the English army, who perished in the wreck of H.M.S. "Hampshire" on his way to Russia. By his side, all dressed in grey, is Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, with Lord "Bertie" Cecil, the English Ambassador in Paris. Behind him and, on his left, in uniform, wearing the white ribbon of the Legion of Honor, is M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador in London.

Behind him is a group of eminent members of Parliament; from right to left they are: Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Grey, Lord Derby, Mr. Asquith, Lord Curzon and Lord Northcliffe.

On the second step, in a black overcoat, is Lord Balfour, by his side, with his stick in his hand, General Robertson, and on the floor, with his right hand raised, General Plumer. Above him, in his uniform, is Marshal Allenby, who conducted the campaign in Palestine, having on his right General Currie who commanded the Canadian troops.

On the third step, with his left hand upon his hip, is General Maude, behind him General Smuts, who directed the operations of the African Front, and in front of the latter, with bare head, is General Botha, the commandant of the South-African troops.

In front of him in a white turban, wearing a blue scarf is the Maharajah Pertab Singh, who commanded the Indian cavalry.

In front of the pylon at the right stands Miss Edith Cavell, in a halo of glory, the heroic nurse who was shot by the Germans. To her right is Captain Fryatt who was shot without trial for having courageously defended his merchant vessel.
DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR
(Names are on the Plaque on the Face of the Statue)

C. Gouraud, Commandant Bertrand, Commandant Baudry, Commandant Camou, Commandant Barthez, Commandant Bequet, Commandant Guepin, Sergent Baudry, Sergent Thuillier.

FACE WELCOMING OUR VICTORIOUS ARMIES

At the foot of the pedestal of the statue of Victory are the great army chiefs.

In the center shown full-face, with his hands behind his back, is Marshal Foch, the conqueror of the Marne; on his right, in his white gloves, is Marshal Foch, the Generalissimo of the allied armies; at his side, with a light blue cape and cap, is General Weygand, his General; in front of him, in his cavalry cloak, Marshal Foch of Epercy, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Orient; upon the second step, wearing a sky-blue cape, is Marshal Petain, the defender of Verdun, and behind him Generals Humbert, Balfourier, Degoutte and Antoine. To the left of the latter, his right hand upon his hip, Marshal Foch, who commanded the marshals at the battle of the Yser; near him with his arms crossed, Admiral Guiraud who commanded the French Fleet of the Dardanelles; at his side, in khaki, Marshal Limayet, the Governor of Morocco, at whose left, seen in profile, stands Admiral Boné de Laparaye, formerly Minister of the Navy; then follow the other generals in khaki; with his hands in his pockets, General Faidherbe, the Governor of Algeria; with crossed arms General Giraudot; with his left hand upon the hilt of his sword having lost his right arm, there is General Gouraud who commanded the Army of the Champagne in the final offensive. In front of the right of Marshal Foch, in profile, with a white glove in his right hand, is General Castelnau, the defender of Grand Couronné of Nancy. Back of him with his hands upon his sword hilt, his left eye bandaged, is General Maunoury, who commanded the army of the Ourcq in the first battle of the Marne; at his right, in khaki, General Duduit, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, and to his right there come two generals in sky-blue, seen full-face, General Nivelle, who commanded the French troops in Italy, and seen in profile, General Mangin, who commanded the Moroccan troops. On the right of the latter, in his cavalry cloak, General Marchand, the explorer of Inner Africa, and next to him, with his right hand on his hip, General Guillaumat.

In front of this group, upon the first step, with his hands behind his back, the ace of aces of aviation: Capitaine Schmitt, Capitaine Conneau, Commandant Foucault, Commandant Gouffé, Commandant Delahaye, Commandant Guepin, Commandant Léonard, Commandant Delavigne, Commandant Monnier, Commandant Caillaud, Commandant De La Chapelle, Commandant Barthez, Commandant Becquet, Commandant Guepin, Sergent Baudry, Sergent Thuillier.}

FRANCE WELCOMING OUR VICTORIOUS ARMIES

In front of them, with his hands behind his back, is M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador in London; before him, with crossed arms, Georges Clémenceau ("The Tiger"), the organizer of Victory. To the left of Cambon, a few steps higher, to your left, a group of nurses, General Maunoury, who commanded the army of the Ourcq in the first battle of the Marne; at his right, in khaki, General Duduit, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, and to his right there come two generals in sky-blue, seen full-face, General Nivelle, who commanded the French troops in Italy, and seen in profile, General Mangin, who commanded the Moroccan troops. On the right of the latter, in his cavalry cloak, General Marchand, the explorer of Inner Africa, and next to him, with his right hand on his hip, General Guillaumat.

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IDENTIFIABLE PORTRAITS WHICH APPEAR IN THE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE


leader of ambulance service. Near her, with her hands in the pockets of her dress, is Madame Duagen. Above her stands a Sister of Mercy, who is charged with the cross of the Legion of Honor; this is Sister Julia, the Superior of the Hospital de Gerstwiller. Behind her you see Madame Sumner, who supplied with food a battalion of infantry under perilous conditions; above her Madame Macherez, who was acting Mayor of Soissons during the entire occupation by the Germans. A few steps lower, at the far left, you see the Baroness Yolande of Baye, taken in profile, who was five times honorably mentioned in the army despatches. Finally, above her there is a young girl in deep mourning: Mlle. Emilienne Moreau, the heroic telephone operator of Loos.

On the floor in the center is the famous 75-millimetre field gun of France, decorated with laurels, resting upon the colors of the enemy.

To the right of this, in front, you see a group of five persons. In the center, wearing the large sash of the Legion of Honor, is M. Poincaré, President of the Republic; at his right M. Dubose, the President of the Senate, and upon his left M. Deschanel, the President of the Chamber of Deputies.

The officers surrounding them are, to the left, Artillery Col. Dupont, and to the right, General St. Clair Deville, the two inventors of the 75-millimeter gun. Behind them, with his black képi is Artillery Col. Rimaillot, the inventor of the heavy artillery cannon.

On the right, in front, wearing a light blue coat, stands General Galliéni, the Governor of Paris, who, with the aid of taxis, transported the French army to the right wing of the German army and thereby assured the victory of the first battle of the Marne. Near him, in a black cloak, is his Chief of Staff, General Gallopin.

Behind General Galliéni, wearing the cap of an officer of the Second Naval Captain Pierre Loti, the well-known author; at his side, seen in profile, General Cousin and, in front of him, dressed in black, holding some documents in his right hand, Count Albert de Mun, the great French author.

Still continuing to the right, with his képi on his head, is Commissary General Barguet, who helped General Galliéni so brilliantly in the first battle of the Marne.

On his left, in black, is Senator Doumer, at whose side you see General Hirschauer, the former commander of the military aircraft, and, in formal attire, M. Delaney, the Prefect of the Seine.

Behind him, seen in profile, and wearing an overcoat with a black cape, is M. Mithouard, the President of the Municipal Council of Paris; at his left, in a light blue coat, with the decorations of the Legion of Honor, is the Alsatian artist Hansi, near whom you see Father Wéderlé, who was a Deputy in the German Parliament when the war broke out, and who became the Deputy for Alsace in the French Parliament.

Further to the right, in front, stands a soldier with a white beard, carrying the flag of the 40th Infantry Regiment; he is M. Colignon, formerly Counsellor, who voluntarily entered the army at the beginning of the war, at the age of 38, and fell in the Champagne.

By following the direction of his flag, you will find its end pointing towards the Ace of Aviation Aces, Capt. Fenex, who brought down 60 planes. On his right is Aviator Madon, in the uniform of a Second Ace. Further to the left is a group of Cadets with plumed helmets and white gloves. All of them had vowed to fight with white gloves on. All of them were killed.

On the same level but more to the right is a group of aviators. There is Nungsesser, in red trousers banded with blue, who has upon his right the Aviator Dorme, who was killed, and on his left, in black, is the Aviator Navarre. Behind him, Aviator Pégoud, the Ace of Looping. On the same level but more to the right, in waterproof coat with brown fur collar, is Aviator Garros and, facing him, Aviator Védère.

Above them is the group of Bishops and Cardinals who distinguished themselves by their patriotic attitude and devotion during the time of the German occupation. In the center, with his right hand raised high, is Monseigneur Lucon, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and on his left Monseigneur Lobédy, Bishop of Arras, behind him Monseigneur Gënesy, Bishop of Verdun. Further to the right is Monseigneur Mareau, Bishop of Meaux, and back of him Monseigneur Tissier, Bishop of Chalons- sur-Marne.

To the right of the large pillars are seen the victorious troops returning from the front, making ready to march in front of the Allies.

At your right is the African army (the Gourmiers), then the artillery, the light infantry ("Blue Devils"), the "Daddies" (the reserves), still covered with the mud of the trenches.
The figure of the old man in black standing against the pylon is that of Paul Deroulede, the great French patriot whose life was given to the effort to restore Alsace and Lorraine, but who died shortly before the beginning of the war.

The two girls in national costume standing in front of Deroulede symbolize the “Lost Provinces” of Alsace and Lorraine, welcoming with flowers the returning French troops and their flags.

The Life Guards, in shining breastplates, like the heralds of old, are proclaiming the victory of the Allies, forming a Guard of Honor for the massed flags, on each of which is inscribed the names of the battles in which the regiment that bore it took part. And following the flags are the Poilus, the soldiers of France, infantry, reserves and marines, dusty and war-torn.

In the upper right corner of this section, near the pillar of commemoration, may be seen the beginning of the rainbow of victory.
DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

(Names as on the Pylon on the Face of the Picture Opposite this List)

The Mikado stands at the corner of the pylon at the left, in front of the Rising Sun flag of Japan. To the left, as you face the picture, is General Kamiro, conqueror of Tsing-Tao. Next is Marquis Okuma, in diplomatic full-dress with sash, the Prime Minister of Japan, while standing on the steps are two nurses of the Japanese Red Cross. The white-mustached man behind the Mikado is Baron Matsui, Japanese Ambassador in Paris, and standing on the step, facing the Mikado, is Admiral Togo, who commanded the Japanese fleet in the war with Russia.

Central figure in the Russian group is the Czar Nicholas II, short, bearded man facing the spectator, with both hands clasped on his sword-hilt. Directly in front of him is his son, the Czarévich, in Cossack uniform. The tall officer at the Czar’s right, in khaki uniform, is the Grand Duke Nicholas and behind him, in Cossack uniform, General Gorko, whose wife, wearing the white cowl of a nurse, is shown at the extreme left under the group of Russian flags; she was killed on the French front.

In profile, behind the Grand Duke, wearing spectacles, is General Rouki. Facing the Czar are two Patriarchs of the Russian Church; behind them, in the center, the Crown Prince of the Czar, and in white, the helmeted Imperial Guards.

Behind the Czar on the other side, to the right, as you see the picture, stands General Alexiev; next to him, the French Generals, Pau and De la Guiche of the Commission to Russia. Behind the latter, bare-headed, is General Janin, who commanded the Czecho-Slovaks. Standing on the third step, bare-headed, is General Brusiloff, Commander of the Bolshevists; slightly above him to the left, General Renne-Kampt, Commander of the Russian Cavalry. In civilian clothes, almost in the center, is the Grand Ambassador of the Legion of Honor, stands M. Iswolski, Russian Ambassador to France; next to him, M. Sanozoff, former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and behind him, with a beard, General Ivanoff.

The Russian section comes to a dramatic climax in the central scene, in which a draped figure representing “History” is inscribing upon a marble tablet the historic alliance of France and Russia against Czar Alexander III and President Sadi-Carnot, while a Bolshevist in a red blouse leans insolently against the pillar and at his feet, lies his flaming torch, the smoke from which is beginning to obscure all that is left of the old régime.

Facing a turret of honorable, King Ferdinand of Romania stands in the center of this national group, with his wife, Queen Marie, to the left one step below him. Behind the King stands his oldest son, Prince Carol, now King of Romania, and in front of King Alexander, in Boy Scout uniform, his second son, Prince Nicholas. Behind the Queen in nurses’ costumes are her daughters, the Princess Elizabeth and Marie; behind them wearing a veil, Mlle. Lahovary, daughter of the former Romanian Ambassador to France.

Prince Nicholas is the white-bearded Prime Minister of Romania, General Averescu; to the right, with lifted arms, General Berthelot, Commander of the French Mission in Romania; between them, General Present, former Generalissimo of Romania. On the second step, in civilian dress, is M. Lahovary; above him, with white mustache, M. Philipescu and next to him, in profile, M. Take Jones. Beyond him, with black beard, is Premier Bratiano, who declared war on Germany. Standing under the flags with crossed arms is General Rudano, while in the foreground is a group of Romanians exiled to join the Allies by Mme. Vacarescu, the Romanian poetess.
IDENTIFIABLE PORTRAITS WHICH APPEAR IN THE PANTHÉON DE LA GUERRE

SERBIA . . . GREECE . . . MONTENEGRO

A t the extreme left of this section, standing in front of the pylon which separates it from the American section, stands the young King Alexander of Greece. To the left, facing the furled Greek flag, is Admiral Paul Condouriotis, the commander of the Greek Fleet. Behind them is General Eydon, head of the French Commission in Greece, while, standing with one foot on the lower step is General Dankles, commanding the Greek army. The gray-bearded man to the right of the King is the famous Premier of Greece, Eleutherios Venizelos. At his side stands M. Jomnaat, French Ambassador to Greece and, between them, the Greek Minister Romans.

In front of the crowned double-headed eagle of the Montenegrin flag stands King Nicolas of Montenegro. Behind him, only his showing, is M. Miocevich, President of the Council of Montenegro. The officer in full French uniform a little distance to the right of the King is M. Brunet, French Consul in Montenegro. The old couple with rifles, to the left of the King, typify the small Montenegrin nation in arms.

The Serbian section of the Panthéon centers around the figure of King Peter I, seated upon a draped gun-carriage. To the left, standing on sword, is General Boyovich, Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army. By his side, slightly behind, in horizon-blue uniform, General Mondesir, head of the French Mission in Serbia. Wearing a low coat with rod lapels, on the steps stands Generalissimo Voivode Putich.

Riding proudly on his horse, the young Prince Alexander leads the Serbian people to war. Behind the horse's head may be seen Major Nalpas, the French Chief Surgeon who organized the Serbian medical relief.

Standing on the right of King Peter is General Stanislovanov. The elderly gentleman in civilian garb, with white beard, on the second step, is M. Patchiel, Premier of Serbia. Grouped on both sides of the officer are the Kings of the official Serbian Staff and distinguished civilians.
IN the foreground of the American section are four figures that represent the four elements from which the American Army was drawn: the business man, the worker, the cowboy, and the Indian. They are all led by a West PointCadet. They are approaching the bust of George Washington, above which are draped the flags of the American States and of the other American republics which took part in the war.

At the foot of the pedestal stands Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, with a paper in his hand containing the address in which he called upon America to enter the war.

To the left, as you face the picture, leaning against the pedestal is the hero of the picture is the youthful figure of Herbert Hoover, Director of Belgian Relief and American Food Administrator. At the left, with his mustache, Alexander M. Thackrey, American Consul-General in Paris, holding a book, Whitehead, American architect in charge of restoration of ruined buildings. On his left, above Mr. Schwab, is Hon. William T. Sharp, American Ambassador to France between Mr. Rockefellar and Mr. Roosevelt.

The right of the pedestal, wearing a standing uniform, is Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. To the right of Mr. Baker, with bare head, Hon. William G. McCadery, Secretary of the Treasury.

The group of white-uniformed Navy officers consists of Admiral Henry T. Mayo, with arms crossed; Admiral Harry B. Wilson, standing between Admiral William S. Sims and behind him Admiral W. S. Benson. Directly behind Admiral Sims is Miss Elizabeth Warren, Commander of the Salvation Army in Europe.

Alongside of Admiral Sims stands General Tasker H. Bliss, holding his field-glasses; in front of him, in profile, General John J. Pershing, with General’s hat, standing on the lower step of the pedestal; General Pershing, in overseas cap, is General Leonard Wood. Further to the right, also in overseas cap, standing in profile on the lower step, is General Haueter Ligget, with Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President’s medical aide, in a white cap, at his right shoulder. Above and to the left, Miss Anne Morgan in blue hat; the bald man in white beard, directly in front of the uniform, Royal Lafferty, American Ace of the Lafayette Escadrille.

The group of women at the right of the American section includes Madame Marre, in black, standing on the lower step, with her right hand on her mouth, blue Miss Edie de tsesse; beside her, giving a drink to a wounded soldier, is the Baroness of Orscon, and directly above her Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Standing at her right is Dr. Arthur Beatty and behind him, with the wall, with bandaged eye, Floyd Gibbons, famous war correspondent.

Standing, white nurse’s uniform, above the group of refugees, is Miss Meuse; above her, a sculpted figure, Mrs. Edward Tuck, with her husband at her left, and behind him Edward V. Rickenbacker, the American Ace.

The extreme left of this section are grouped the flags of China, Siam, Brazil, Guatemala, Cuba, Nicaragua and other small nations which aided in the war by sending men to fight for the British.
THE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD

On the top of a granite mausoleum six heroes, a "Patrie," a gnomon, a Cuirassier, a Marine, a soldier of the light infantry and an aviator, support at arm's length a column in which lies an unknown soldier. The national flag covers him within its glorious folds.

The back of the group of heroes and stations and the symbolic ornaments of the Panthéon de la Guerre extends the panoramic view of North and Northeast of Europe, from Dunkirk, his background has been painted under the direction of the School of Fine Arts. A bird's-eye view of the immense theater of the Alliance is projected on a vast screen.

About a certain emotion does one view anew the names of thousands of our bravemen, from there enacting and where so many allied heroes, fallen on the field of honor.

To the right of the North we perceive Dunkirk which for 4 years suffered the bombardment by the German fleet, the French fleet, the aviators of the German and French armies, where the 9th and 13th Corps of the American Marine army was stationed. The German armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, between Marshal Foch and Admiral Weymouth, to the left, the report is perhaps the most brilliant of the 15th and 16th Armies, Division, which was formed by the French army out of the Battle of the Marne, in honor of the 2nd Division of the Marine army which captured this position.

A little farther, still on the Marine, Jacques de Cessens, where the 15th American Division and General Dornacq, at Chasseneuil, you will find the tomb of Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, brother of the President, taken by the Army of General Dornacq. There, above and to the right, the strong against the German army, the 15th Corps of Americans, the 2nd Division, where in 1917 by the African army commanded by General Massif. Further north, heading to the right, Flanders, which was liberated by the American troops on August 4th and 5th, 1918, after a hard bayonet fight.

Let us now pass to the right of the monument to the dead.

Nearby, a little above Cypress Point stands out the battlefield of Brest, where, the 1st and 2nd Corps of the American Marine army, under the command of General Charles D. Rodes, Albert said, to the right, Bapaume in flames, lost and rebuilt.

Paralleling with us, we have the hills of Notre-Dame-le-Vieil, where the French and the English fought to the death for their courage in March 1915 and April 1917, towards the South, Amiens (the limit of the German advance), then to the entire valley of the Somme and the Cambrai which being in front of the lines, both offensive and defensive, carried on by the 9th and 9th Corps of the French army.

With the 9th and 9th Corps of the German army, under the command of General Hoehn and Blumberg, an aviator, support at arm's length a column in which lies an unknown soldier. The national flag covers him within its glorious folds.