PANTHÉON de la GUERRE
CYCLORAMA OF THE WORLD WAR AND ITS HEROES

CHICAGO :: A Century of Progress Exposition :: 1933
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
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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

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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 dispatches 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 portraiture 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 battlefield, 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 ornamens 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 hesitation. 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 especial 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 lady 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. Grosjean. 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 Collèt 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 André Luige-Loir, and Mignon and some decorators. Finally I painted the entire Statue of Victory, together with my friend V. Marec.
"All the figures on the great staircase were executed by our colleagues Alfred Fourié 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. Bombed and Kowalsky, have likewise rendered us great service. To Bombed 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 Cendroid.

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.
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, Couraud, Mangin, Nivelle, Franchet d’Espéry, 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 Reymond, 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 that the 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 soutine,
Father Wetterlè 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 Alsations. At the outbreak of the war he entered the service of France as an officer and interpreter. Wetterlè 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 infantry, 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 canons of every kind, the “75,” the “120,” the heavy artillery; with heavy gun carriages climbing 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 Ball, 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 Maharajahs. Princes of old stock to whom honor is a religion.

They have come, united in the same feeling, sons of scourching Africa, Boers who lost the beloved vastness 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 officer, 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 Théodor, 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 Liège. 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, Bernheim, 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 Leuemestre, 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 skillfully 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 live 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, Messers. 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 "Thousand," appears the great poet Gabriele 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 fulfil. 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, Ricciotti, 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 Garibaldis. He is Giuseppe Carducci, the poet of irredentism, who in 1882, in his magnificent poem, claimed Fiume and Trieste for Italy. Like Déroulede, 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,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
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 crêpe 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 kings 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 crépe 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 break 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 sweeping 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 unyielding 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.

Serbia

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 Kiau-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 Bolsheviks 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 Czarewitch, 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-beards 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.

Déroulède 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 Déroulède. 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, grateful 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 strewning flowers at the feet of the soldiers. Here is Déroulède'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 triumphal 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
RUSSIA AND RUMANIA

One of the most striking scenes in the entire Panthéon is the dramatic action in the center of this section. All of the portraits shown here are identified on the back of the central colored reproduction.

The French army is marching past, with sounding trumpets, beating drums, flying banners.

Those banners! Torn, mutilated banners, on which the victorious battles are inscribed in relief, these pious tatters that are still stained with the blood of the brave who died to save them, that are spotted with mud from the trenches, those banners with faded colors and yet forever resplendent, trembling in the breeze of glory.

The Poilus are following them. All are seen here, infantry, reserves and marines; a sky of helmets, an infinite ocean of blue; they also are stained with the mud of glory, with the white dust of the roads, but they too, are beautiful like heroes.

Here are marines, those fusiliers who, a handful of men, led by brave commanders, one pitched against eight, stemmed the savage onslaught of the Germans, saving France from the terror of invasion. Marines from the Yser, the heroes of Dixmude, these fusiliers will stand out forever in the History of the World as living examples of courage and sacrifice, daring and unselfishness. The words of one of their leaders; “Hold fast or die,” was their motto when, at the cry of “Justice and Freedom,” a sublime intoxication inflamed their courage.

The flag that they have taken onto the battlefield, so often decorated and now adorned by a red cordon, the flag of the marine fusiliers, floats gaily upon the air of victory, in feeble homage of bravery, lifted high by one of these splendid officers who, escaping as by a miracle from the disaster at Bouvet, desired once again to have the honor of leading the marines on to the firing line.

In like heroism the Zouaves are following them towards the temple of glory. They have come with their glistening swords and bayonets of steel, after triumphant deeds, and how many names that from henceforth cannot perish, are here to be read!

Clemenceau

A group of civilians is crowding about the steps in front of the Temple. They, too, are enjoying the pure air of victory while saluting 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, crow’s 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 forces in Serbia.

THE SERBIAN SECTION

The events that precipitated the war occurred in Serbia, whose national heroes, depicted here, are identified by name and place on the back of the colored reproduction of the Panthéon in this book.
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.

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 sife
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 diplomatists 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 until it was taken to Washington for exhibition as a part of the George Washington Bicentennial 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 accompaniment 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.
The French

HAVE A WORD FOR IT

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.

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