

FRANCE AND HER TROOPS.

France's mighty Empire is made up of strange contrasts. Her boundaries stretch southwards to the warmth and brilliance of North Africa. Her flag flies over the majesty of the East, as well as the modern efficiency of the Western world. The ruler of Morocco, King Sidi Mohammed, drives to the Mosque to pray for victory, while the bearers beat off the flies, and other bearers behind the carriage carry the Royal Umbrella.

King Sidi Mohammed is spiritual and temporal head of the vast Musulmann Empire. He rules with all the splendour of his ancestors.... leaving the Mosque the King rides an arab charger.....

but the sun is hot..... you'd better hurry up with that umbrella.

The King rides, while the ladies of the Harem watch without being seen.

In fact, the film camera seems to fill some of them with terror.

The colour and sunshine of these pictures contrasts strangely with the stern realities of the Western Front. More troops are going up to the front line, and its Spring!

He thinks he'd rather be in morocco. The snow stops, and a pale sun comes out as the men reach the forward positions. Our cameramen are risking enemy shells and snipers' bullets to get these pictures.

This war on the Western Front is hard... It has the silent danger of still deep waters. The enemy seems to think that the suspense of waiting will weaken our determination. We shall show him.