

Where the Germans Turned Back

A Plan to Mark the Limit of Von Kluck's Advance

By PEMBERTON CLARKE

THE English poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in three wonderful lines, called up the figure of France, as she struck back at the kings of Europe, who had combined to deprive her of the fruits of her own Great Revolution. To those in America and Europe who believed in the new doctrine of political equality, it was the most thrilling day in her history:

When France in wrath
her giant - limbs
upreared,
And with that oath,
which smote air,
earth and sea,
Stamped her strong
foot and said she
would be free.

The image of an indignant nation, expressed in these verses, fits also the France which, at the Battle of the Marne, stemmed the German advance, saved Paris, and so upset the first of the Prussian plans that had been prepared many years before.

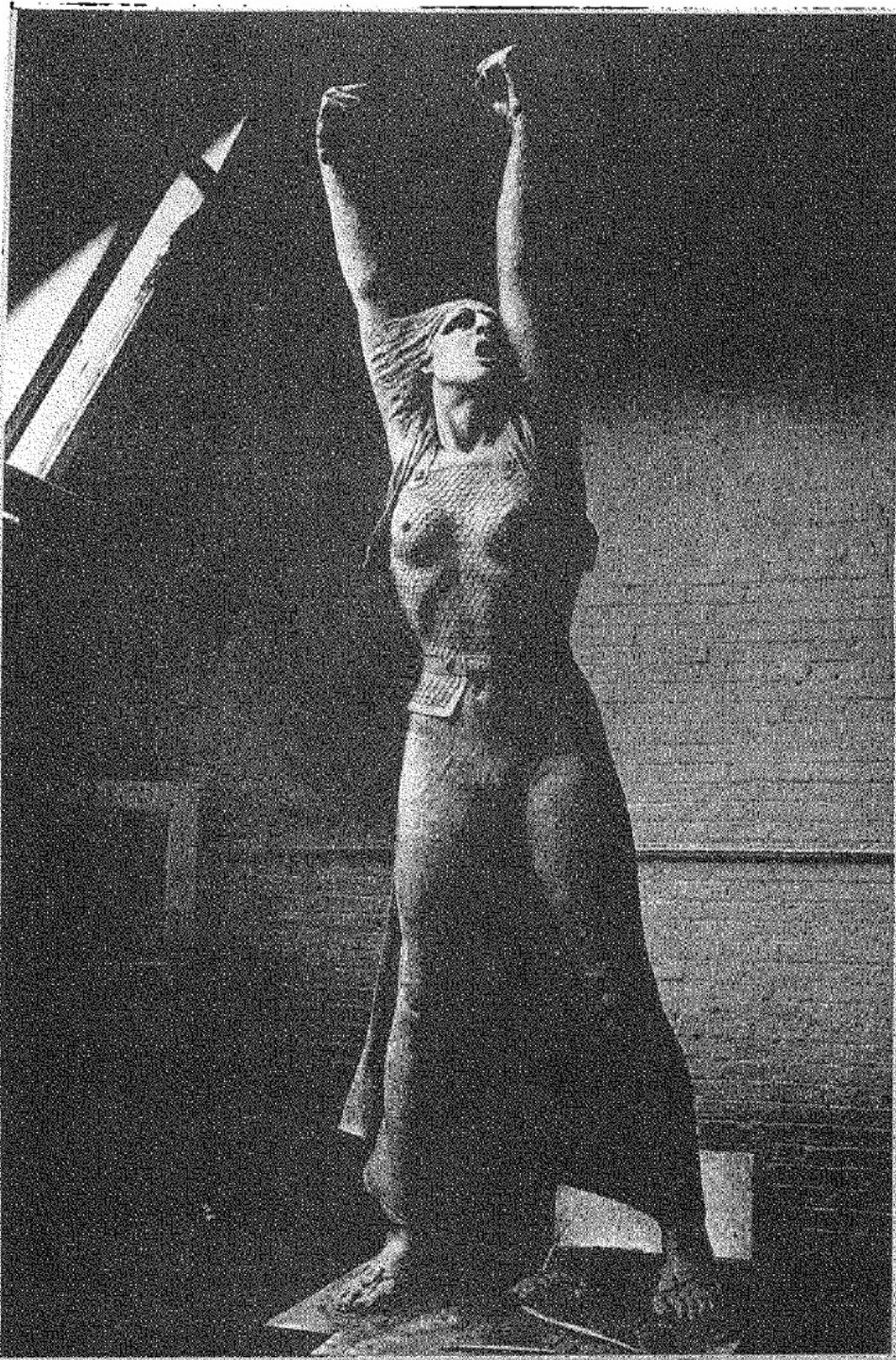
The great myth, made in Germany, that France stood for the graces of life, the ornamental side of existence, but had degenerated from the resilient energy which had marked her in Revolutionary and Napoleonic times, was destroyed once for all. France in wrath, and in righteous wrath, was still what she was when strange, gaunt people advanced to Paris from the South in the dark days of the First Republic singing a call to arms that, in a modified form was to become, as "the Marseillaise," the classical marching air of republicanism everywhere.

It was characteristic of the Germans that, placing as they did, force, available for any purpose however bad, above every other endowment, they should take the attitude that they had no serious grievance against France but her treasures. So they proposed to mend that by collecting a large indemnity, and some keepsakes, from the City of Light, after which all Teutonia, in her awk-

ward but good humored way, would condescend to be on perfectly good terms with the neighbor to the west forever and ever.

The France of this war, like the mighty France of the Great Revolution, could not be

altar, and the man of leisure from his pleasures, was a stern figure bent, not merely on self defence, but determined on wreaking vengeance on those who had robbed her of her children and destroyed the things that were among those she most prized.



FRANCE AROUSED

Heroic statue by Jo Davidson, designed to be placed at, or near, Senlis, the spot in France marking the extreme limit of the German advance upon the city of Paris

symbolized by any gracious, lovely figure. She who called the artist from his studio, the man of letters from his desk, the priest from his

or two in New York, where he has become one of the most important of the younger pillars in the temple of American art. No more vigorous or vitalized spirit is handling the chisel in our country to-day. VANITY FAIR stands ready to head any subscription list for the purchase and erection of this monument.

In making "France Aroused," a colossal figure of France Belligerent, Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, was inspired by the suggestion of certain persons on this side of the Atlantic that a monument should be erected at Senlis, to mark the point of the furthest military advance of those who believed that they would be battering the towers of Notre Dame on the morrow. Senlis is almost in reach of the big guns of the outer fortifications of Paris. The official report, on September 6, 1914, of the evacuation of Senlis by the Germans, and the withdrawal from Chantilly, was followed by the news that the full flight of the invaders had begun at the little town of La Ferté Gaucher, on the Grand Morin, on September 8.

The statue, which is twenty feet high, was made in the sculptor's studio in McDougal Alley, where it was photographed for VANITY FAIR. It is to be exhibited at the Newport Art Association show which opens on September 3, and which is to last for two weeks. The "giant-limbs" sung of by Coleridge in his ode, are intended to typify, in the statue, the strength of the spirit of the nation in arms. Jo Davidson, who appears to have deserted Paris for all time, has settled himself during the past winter