

ENGLAND, SILENT AND BUSY

A Servian Writer's Tribute to the People Who are Ultimately to Win the War

By M. LAZARE KOSSOVAC

THE English people are silent; but it is remarkable that when these northern men begin to speak they are more eloquent than we of the south. More eloquent is Macaulay than Mirabeau, and Carlyle than Renan, and Gladstone than Mazzini. As if the chill northern mists pressed upon the mouth, their thoughts come to the tongue and go back from the tongue again unexpressed. Englishmen are silent and thoughtful. Never was this island more silent, more thoughtful, or more busy than it is now. The war has given to the whole of Great Britain a solemn aspect. As I stepped upon British soil at Folkestone, I felt as though I had entered Westminster Abbey. All this island is transformed into an abbey; every man is silent, thoughtful, and busy.

In the Dardanelles five great battleships have gone down. In the southern lands such losses would cause countless comments; but they cause Englishmen to become only more silent, thoughtful, and busy. In the Atlantic there was committed the "Superman" crime of the Lusitania, which like some vast sarco-phagus was laid on the floor of the deep. But in England, as the news arrives, lips are only pressed more tightly, the brain is more intensely concentrated, and tasks are more bravely seized. The Zeppelins make daily competition with their brothers the submarines in the destruction of private property and of unarmed and innocent people. At home poisonous bombs may fall from airships, while poisonous gases choke the heroic men in the trenches. Day by day appear the long columns of killed and wounded. But the granite island is silent, thoughtful, and busy! Thus it makes answer to all calamity.

THE English have to-day a sea dominion from Pole to Pole. If their duty to the Allies were to free the waters, they have done that duty brilliantly. To-day a Serbian can embark at Salonika, and travel through Suez to the Antipodes, around the globe and back through Gibraltar to Salonika again. During the whole journey he will travel upon the friendly English green sea-fields. English power upon the waters was never realized in such measure—and so effectively—as now. Never was there in history upon land such power as the English are exercising now upon the seas. You will say, "The waters are only a highway, nothing more." No, the waters are more than a highway. They represent nine-tenths of the best strategic positions, which, thanks to these Britons, are now in our possession; but which, without these Britons, had certainly been

in German hands. A free highway of the sea preserves the Allies from starvation, makes possible the transport of men and munitions, and transforms what would be otherwise widely-scattered parts into a well-knit and inseparable whole. Imagine if it were not so; imagine if the Germans had such dominion on the waters! Their battleships would now be at Salonika, Kronstadt, Vladivostok, at Naples, Marseilles, and Odessa, at Jaffa and Bombay. Then, from all these sides would creep the German hosts; and who knows how many tribes and nations would not now be fighting against us on the Prussian side? It is, indeed, our happiness that these nine-tenths of

have described in glowing details the successes of their Allies. How beautiful and delicate are the letters of English correspondents from Russia. And as they have been eloquent in praise of the successes of their Allies, so these thoughtful island people have been not less eloquent in sympathetic descriptions of the losses and pains of their friends. One could make books of the articles depicting Serbia's sufferings from typhus, devastation, and want.

The same is true in regard to Belgium. One might think that the English had no pain and suffering of their own. Oh! yes they have, and not a little; but they are silent, and in silence they tend their own wounds and bear their own distress. Silently and thoughtfully they have freed all the seas, from the frigid to the torrid zone. But they have not stopped there; they are helping now to free the dry land. Their troops are fighting day and night in Belgium, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, in South Africa. They have made superhuman efforts to create land forces in as many months as any Continental Power has taken years. We from a distance behold only the glorious sea-power of Great Britain which has just been displayed to all the world. But we do not see these gigantic internal moral efforts which are not less magnificent than her sea-dominion.

MARIUS said, "As soon as I stamp my foot, so soon will arise the legions!" That, however, was only the idle word of a southern mind. King George has silently put his foot upon the earth, and there has in very truth arisen legion after legion. And they are arising still! In this point Germany alone has been self-deceived, and the whole world surprised. All the world regarded the British Isles as the empty wooden horse before the gates of Troy. Albion has shown herself more deft than Ulysses; but she remains very silent, very thoughtful, and very busy.

That a land may gain a nimbus of grandeur and beauty, there must appear upon it a great race or a great man. In this point Carlyle was right. Before the English people, this misty and humid island stood low and uncertain as if it might sink beneath the waters. But to-day it stands as fast as granite, and rises higher than the Alps. And upon this lofty rock stands a nation as one man and as if placed by Providence as sentinel to view with watchful eye every corner of our planet and every movement of nearly two milliard of human beings of all races, all religions, and all States.

WITH LOYAL HEARTS

By ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

O God, we thank Thee in this crisis great
The Nation has not flinched from duty's 'hest,
But all ungrudging have gone forth her best
To give their blood for right; to demonstrate
The sacredness of treaties. Hymns of hate
Have not dismayed us; we have borne the test
Of modern war's inferno; and we rest
Assured that they shall conquer soon or late:
For this we thank Thee; and O Lord we ask
Help us that we at home too play the man.
Not ours the glory; but to each a part
To fill. Be it in field or shop or mart,
Let us with loyal hearts do what we can:
So shall fulfilment crown our Empire's task.

Vancouver, B.C.

the best strategic positions the English are holding now and not the Germans.

ENGLISH people know all this, but they never talk about it. They keep silent and think about their own merits! But they are not silent in regard to the merits of their Allies. There has not been a single success, not the smallest achievement of Russian, French, or Serbian arms, which has not been generously praised by these silent Britons. Our Serbian successes at Rudnik and Kosmai have been acknowledged by none so warmly as the English people. Merely chronicling their own successes, they

THE CANADIANS AT FESTUBERT

London Times' Reuter Despatch Eulogizes our Troops in the Orchard Fight

British Headquarters, June 26.

IT was in the Festubert area that the Canadians had the glory of winning their first trenches from the enemy and it was in the fighting in this district that they gave fresh proofs of their powers of courage and endurance.

Among the points captured by the Canadians was a certain orchard, which was held by the enemy in great strength. On the evening of May 20, as the result of a reconnaissance, it was decided that three platoons of the 16th Battalion should attack in front and on the flank. The attack was launched shortly before dark, and the men, most of whom were from Vancouver, charged out into the open under the leadership of Captain Morrison, commanding the company. Scarcely had they begun to advance, however, than they came under a very heavy fire from machine guns and rifles from three different directions. Gaps were caused in the charging lines, but the men never wavered, and continued their progress until they came to a deep creek, full of mud and water, just in front of the orchard.

Before these two formidable barriers a slight halt had necessarily to be made. Then, with a cheer, the men waded through the muddy water, which in many places came up to their armpits, and reached the hedge. Here there was another brief pause, and then Captain Morrison shouted, "Lads, we must get through," and was just about to lead the way through one of the openings when he was stopped by a bomber, Private Appleton, who said, "Excuse me, Sir, but the bombers should go first." So saying, Appleton jumped forward, and darted through the gap, which was so narrow that each man had to follow through separately and take cover.

On reaching the other side of the hedge the Canadians dug themselves in and held on. By this time their numbers had been somewhat thinned, and reinforcements were asked for, which subsequently arrived. Later on the company was relieved and fell back to the rear, after having accomplished

a very fine piece of work against terrible odds.

Another spirited incident was the attack delivered upon a certain redoubt erected by the enemy at the meeting point of several trenches. The little fort bristled with machine guns in strongly-made emplacements, while bomb-proof shelters and specially high parapets afforded good cover to the defenders. Against this two companies of Canadians with a grenade company advanced. The attack was met with a terrible fire from the enemy's machine guns, and the assaulting force suffered severe casualties. Some of the men, however, including a bombing party, reached the enemy's first trench and succeeded in driving the Germans down it for a distance of 400 yards, chiefly by means of bombing. Here a barricade was erected and counter-attacks by the enemy were repulsed.

After the fighting in the last ten days of May there was a comparative lull till June 15, when the Canadians again distinguished themselves at Givenchy. Here they were engaged in the Festubert operations, and one of the tasks of the Canadians was to take a certain portion of the German line, which was strongly defended by two redoubts, filled with machine guns, situated one at each end of the trench. One redoubt was successfully blown up and then blotted out by gun fire, but the other caused trouble. Notwithstanding the fire from this fortin, the Canadian reached the German first line without much loss, the enemy having been considerably demoralized by our gun fire and the mine explosion. Strong German reinforcements, however, began to roll up very quickly, and, in the face of great numerical superiority and an unbearable fire, the attackers fell back down the communication trench, and safely regained their old line.

Among the many gallant deeds done during this local fight, one in particular is worthy of mention. At a certain point in the trench an officer and a private, whose names I have been unable to trace, were working a machine-gun. The tripod slipped,

however, and could not be replaced in its original position on the parapet. Accordingly, without a moment's pause, the private, protecting his shoulder with a blanket, supported one of the feet of the tripod on his back, the other two resting on the trench wall. In this position over 1,000 rounds were fired with the gun. The officer was finally killed. The private, being unable to remain in action with the gun, took it off its tripod, and successfully brought it back to our lines.

Exaggeration

(The Nation, New York.)

WITH regard to the situation in England, there has unquestionably been a great deal of exaggeration. From a shortage of ammunition the correspondents, professional and amateur, have gone on to speak of no ammunition at all. They have pictured the British sitting helpless in their trenches under German fire unable to make reply. This is absurd. What England is actually agitated about is not a shortage of shells for her present battle-line, but an adequate supply for the immense new armies she is creating. Where is the British army? the Germans ask now as they did during the first days of the war. Of that army a million is now in France, probably, and other millions are still drilling. If no British advance in force has been attempted, the reason may not be altogether one of munitions, important though that may be. There are indications that British policy is against any attempt by a portion of her full available strength. If the Germans are to be pushed out of Belgium, the attempt must be made by vast numbers and the attack must be sustained. A thoughtful article in the London "Nation" some weeks ago called for the creation of a "phalanx," a heavy mass of men, a huge human battering ram, such as the Germans drove against the Russians in Galicia.