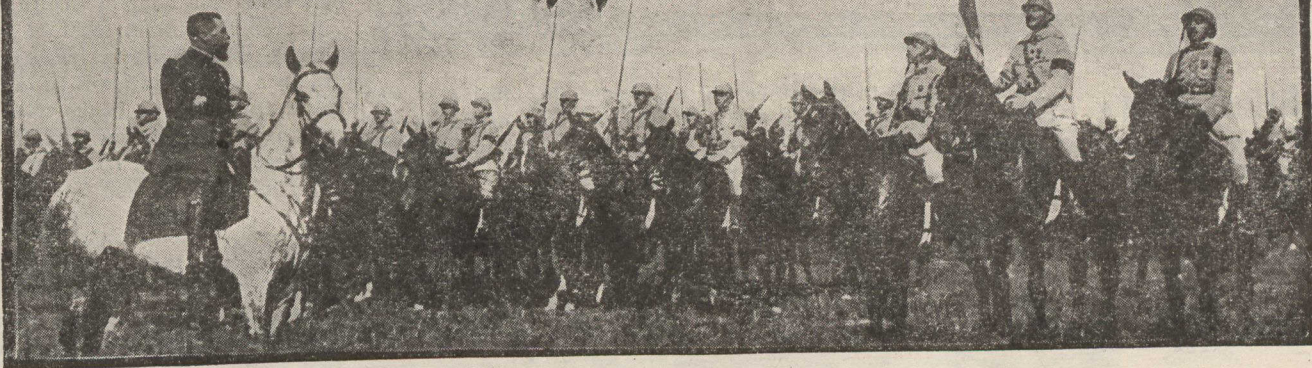


How the War Looks Now



Gen. Gouraud, famous in the counter-offensive on the right wing of the Marne salient, reviews and addresses some of his cavalry. The Marne is far behind them now.

ALMOST prophetically Gibbs in his book puts in the number of the year—like an after-thought; as though he said to himself—"The gods of war know, and they may decide that after we've got Passchendaele and from that ridge can begin to see into the Land of Victory, the Huns will roll us back again, and back over all we've got till we turn and drive them back over those same fields, through the same ruins—ours at the first, then theirs, ours again, theirs again—till all that will be left of them eventually ours." And if he had thought like this he would have been able to add to his title, 1917—and after; because the stories he tells of 1917 are the same human stories—more swiftly enacted in 1918.

WE shall never again hear of an attempt to take either Paris or the Channel ports. There never will be another backward movement of the Allied armies. For the first time since the war began there seems to be a road to Berlin. Whether the war will be over before any of our armies find it necessary to fight along the Rhine depends upon what appetite for more fighting can be injected into the Kaiser's armies. Their great offensives are done. But they are capable of fighting like wolves in defense of Germany. And they may

IN a hundred years not all the details of this battle will be told, for to each man in all the thousands who are fighting there is a great adventure, and they are filled with sensations stronger than drink can give, so that it will seem a wild dream—a dream red as flame and white as snow.—Philip Gibbs, in From Bapaume to Passchendaele, 1917.

By THE REVIEW EDITOR

the offensive and getting beyond the point where he could consolidate his gains. The "war of movement," as the Germans call it, was capable of going so far. If it could not be continued or followed up, it must become a war of digging in or of retreat. Foch gave them no time to dig in. He struck with a counter war of movement. He is still striking. How far he will go depends in his case also upon how well he can follow up his gains. He may make the Hindenburg line his present objective or he may go further. He may content himself with getting to Paschendaele, where the Allies quit, or forcing the Huns to go back of that before they dig in for the winter. There is still a month before the autumn rains make Flanders mud impossible. If Foch can make the same progress in that month as he has done in the past month, he should easily get back all the Germans took in the present offensive. And he will never give it up again. The German army is weakened to a point where it cannot push Foch back. Foch has saved his men and his guns and his morale. He has a vigorous army.

By spring—what? Will the Huns have recovered during the winter enough to resist the further offensive of Foch? We don't know. But we guess—not. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that a map of the western front, published April 18, 1917, shows the Allies—then engaged in working eastward—occupying almost the identical line they held in the last week of August, 1918. The story of how those towns and villages, radiating from Arras, Lens, Vimy Ridge, Peronne and Bapaume, were taken grimly in 1917, is almost the identical story of how they have been retaken rapidly in 1918. And that story is told with all its tremendous human interest by Philip Gibbs in his book from Bapaume to Paschendaele, 1917, to read which is almost equivalent to reading the despatches of August, 1918. The extracts chosen to illustrate this are a startling commentary on "How the War Looks Now; the most startling story ever told in a book of events which transpired more than a year later. It is narrative in the guise of picturesque prophecy.

Wytschaete and Messines (Retaken by the Germans last spring.)

AFTER the battle of Arras and all that fierce fighting which for two months has followed the capture of Vimy and the breaking of the Hindenburg line, and the taking of many villages, many prisoners, and many guns, by the valor and self-sacrifice of British troops, there began to-day at dawn another battle more audacious than that other one, because of the vast strength of the enemy positions, and more stunning to the imagination because of the colossal material of destructive force gathered

behind our assaulting troops. It is the battle of Messines.

It is my duty to write the facts of it, and to give the picture of it. That is not easy to a man who, after seeing the bombardments of many battles, has seen just now the appalling vision of massed gun-fire enormously greater in intensity than any of those, whose eyes are still dazed by a sky full of blinding lights and flames, and who has felt the tremor of earthquakes shaking the hill-sides, when suddenly, at a signal, the ground opened and mountains of fire rose into the clouds.

There are no words which will help the imagination here. Neither by color nor language nor sound could mortal man reproduce the picture and the terror and the tumult of this scene.

The Way to Lens

(Recently taken by the British.)

TO-DAY, as I went towards Lens over Notre-Dame-de-Lorette and the valley beyond, I met a number of those men coming back after their victorious fighting. Amongst them were Nova-Scotians and young lumbermen and fishermen from the Far West. They came in single file, in a long procession through a wood—the Bois de Bouvigny—where once, two years ago, young Frenchmen fought with heroic fury and died in thousands to gain this ground, so that even now all this hill is strewn with their relics.

The boys of Nova Scotia came slowly, dragging one foot after another in sheer exhaustion, stumbling over loose stones and bits of sand-bags and strands of old wire. They were caked with clay, and they were spent and done. But through that whitish mud their eyes were steel-blue and struck fire like steel when they told me of the good victory they had shared in, and of the enemy's flight before them—all this without a touch of brag, with a fine and sweet simplicity, with a manly frankness. They have suffered tragic hardships in those five days since the battle of Arras began, but there was no wail in them. When they first emerged from the tunnels on the morning of the great attack they had been swept by machine-gun fire, but by good luck escaped heavy casualties, though many fell.

"Our losses were not nearly so high as we expected," said one lad, "but it was pretty bad all the

(Continued on page 30.)



"Now then, mate—On to Berlin!" "Bill me, this 'ansom looks emblematic of the country we're to go over. It's busted!"

collapse before the armies of the Allies begin to roll definitely towards Berlin.

It is not necessary to take Berlin. All we want is to get Germany. How that will be done nobody can tell as yet. And there is a tremendous amount of fighting yet to be done before it can be accomplished. From now on the taking of territory counts more for the Allies than it did for Germany when they began the present offensive nearly six months ago. Their object then was not to hold territory, but to smash armies and terrorize their enemies by occupying Paris and the Channel ports. They knew they would have to go back over the ground, because some day they must get back to Germany. The Allies had already backed up, to a point where Foch decided that the retreat must stop.

And it stopped, not in a defensive holding of the lines, but a tremendous counter-offensive. The strength of that counter-movement was equalled only by the German offensive beginning in March. It was conditional upon the enemy wearing himself down in

Safe betting that to these four Canadian editors, 500 yards from the German lines the war looks worse than "Irate Subscriber."

