

RUSSIA'S BUSINESS NOW IS TO COME BACK



These pictures were taken in the region round about Riga, where the German armies have been making a last attempt to break through. The upper photograph shows Russian infantry on the march. They seem to be well supplied with rifles and equipment, and are certainly superb specimens of military manhood. There never has been any doubt about the ability of the Russians ultimately to come back—though the force of the counter-movement may not be felt until spring.



The lower picture shows Russian artillery entering one of the picturesque little Russian towns in the Riga district. It was the lack of heavy artillery and high explosives that caused the great Russian retreat in Galicia and in Poland. But while retreating the Russian line was at no point broken by the German drive, as von Hindenburg and Mackensen had hoped. By spring the Russian artillery should be able to co-operate with the accumulated munitions of the Allies on the Western front.

Belgrade, or within the boundaries of France. So long as the daily toll of death and wounds goes on, so long we are every day nearer the inevitable end. And the factors which make one believe that that toll will increase rather than diminish are these three: We assume that her losses will be greater in the coming year, and greater in proportion to those of the Allies, because (1) the steady increase in man power of the Allies. For this first year of the war the brunt of power and fighting force has been borne by two only of the Quadruple Alliance; and of those two France alone has put forth her full strength. Russia, having lost millions, can put millions of equally good soldiers in the field, directly equipment is ready for them; and confront an exhaustible German man power with an inexhaustible Russian. Italy has practically only begun her fighting; so has England. I should doubt indeed if more than two million and a half British troops have actually been engaged with the enemy; and for the bulk of the past year far less than these. Behind the British Isles lies the British Empire.

And the second factor is munitions. Here, also, the German preponderance is slowly but inevitably giving place to a preponderance of the Allies. We are multiplying munitions in Britain, France, Russia, Italy. We have, behind, all the world to draw upon—the United States, Canada, the islands of the sea. All this enormous and increasing stock will be used sooner or later to batter to pieces German lines and German soldiers protecting them, as at Loos and Champagne. Not to-day, or to-morrow, but before the end comes, a moment will arrive when there will be found not enough German soldiers left to retain Germany's enormous extended frontiers. Then lines must break, and we shall be near an end.

And the third factor is the slow but steady and ruthless operation of sea power; a grip that has never failed at long last. It is as if a man was caught by the throat, struggling wildly as he feels the grip tightened—doing infinite damage—but suffo-

cated at last. For the first year it is only felt as an inconvenience; in the second year it becomes intolerable; in the third year the end may come. The whole of the German Press (in so far as it is allowed utterance) is full of complaint to-day at the rise in prices, the absence of necessities, the protest that the population are feeling the life growing more and more impossible, since all German trade has been swept off the seas.

For this is a world war and a world survey is necessary, if we are to obtain a true vision of Germany's present position. How does she stand to-day after a little more than a year of it? Her colonies, in which she took so much pride, have been snatched from her. Her international trade, which supported the bulk of her industrial population, has vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision. Her ships lie interned in ports of all the continents; her exports and all the profits which depended on her exports from Patagonia to Korea have ceased like the sud-

den shutting of a door. Her great floating palaces, which were her pride and the wonder of the world, each cost millions to build, are lying useless in her own ports or rotting in the ports of America, or, having been converted into armed cruisers, like the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, lie masses of twisted iron at the bottom of the Atlantic. In internal affairs her efforts have made her hopelessly bankrupt. She dares not raise a farthing by taxation. She is carrying on the war by the simple expedient of mortgaging private property to the State, giving payment for such mortgages in paper money and then taking the paper money as a new "loan" to the Government. The result is that six months after the war is over Germany would be compelled to convert or repudiate; for her paper money would be worthless outside Germany.

This lunge into S. E. Europe may prolong the end and increase the losses involved; it cannot prevent that end being attained.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

MONTREAL is having an exhibition of American paintings. A writer non-deplumed Keir O'Scure, in Beck's Weekly, says, touchingly, concerning one of the pictures: "The veritable soul of autumn is caught with a sure touch in 'Cobbe's Creek,' the sole exhibit of Daniel Garber." We should like to be absolutely sure the writer did not mean the "sole of autumn" and the "soul exhibition of Daniel Garber." There is a vast difference in this distinction.

AND now the movies have driven Trilby off the boards. In September the present season of Trilby opened in Toronto to capacity houses. It went from there to Montreal, where in the burn-

ing of the Princess Theatre the company lost heavily in properties though saving most of the costumes. It is now in the United States, and up till lately was continuing the phenomenal success with which the present season opened in Toronto and last season in New York, with Neilson-Terry in the title role and a number of eminent actors in the cast. But as soon as the Boston engagement is over the company will be called in. The reason is not any decadence in the public appreciation of Trilby, but the fact that there are a number of film productions of the play on circuit in the same cities booked for the original show—and the film version is killing the original. The manager is suing Wm. P. Brady, who has the dramatic rights of the book for, as he says, not living