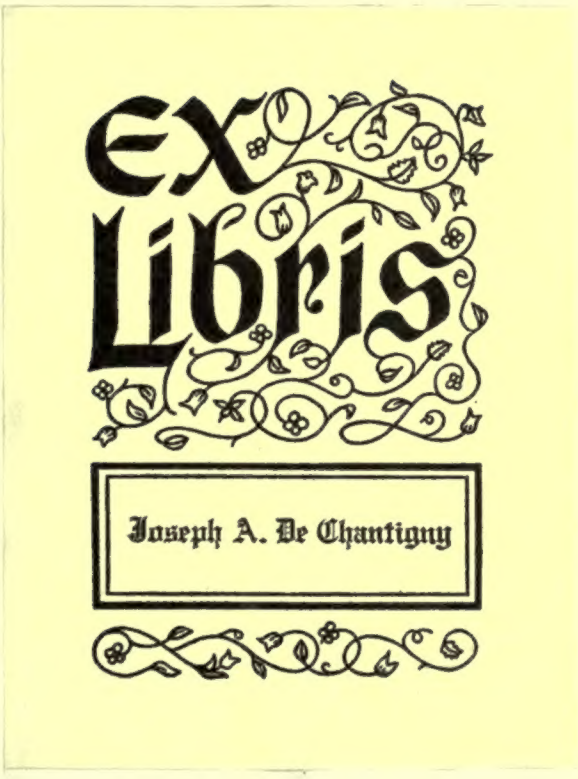
LAND & WATER
THE WORLD'S WAR

VOLUME III

AUG. 16 - NOV. 8 1917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LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2884 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

Death to the Hohenzollerns!

LAND & WATER

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1917

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THE CASE OF MR. HENDERSON

THE crisis which threatens the victory of the Allies is common to all Europe, but we are naturally in this country specially concerned with its local aspect and we may legitimately concentrate upon it. It comes at the end of a whole series. The vote of the Labour Conference in favour of going to Stockholm not only came as a sort of climax to a movement which had been growing for some time, but had, unfortunately, for the moment at least, a decisive effect.

The beginning of things, was the declaration by a mixed cosmopolitan group in the cosmopolitan centre of Petrograd in favour of peace. They used a phrase directly imported from Berlin—"no annexation and no indemnities"—in other words, the policy which the masters of the German Empire have been working for against the stupider of their subjects. How far this piece of folly was deliberate, which of the little cliques in Petrograd were agents and which dupes is indifferent to the practical result. It is clear that the German Government and Higher Command eagerly seized the opportunity and made everything ready for permitting a German delegacy to go to Stockholm. A few public men from this country visited Russia both before and during the revolution. Mr. Henderson was chosen among others, and believed, as might have been expected, that he was meeting men representing Russian national feeling. That great country, admittedly the most difficult for us of the West to understand, had to be judged in a few hours by a not very competent politician, hitherto quite ignorant of European affairs, and the result was what might have been expected—he advised the sending of British delegates to Stockholm.

We all know what followed. Mr. Henderson, just a week after his return, went over to Paris after some kind of consultation with his colleagues of the Cabinet, the degree and matter of which is doubtful. He went with Mr. Macdonald, two German Jews from Petrograd (whom he doubtless thought to be Russians), and he was apparently officially accompanied by some public servant or servants. Everything was made easy for him to undertake this journey and he undertook it with the authority of a Cabinet Minister. No one in the French capital could have taken his visit in any other capacity. The good side of representative institutions appeared immediately after in the fact that the whole episode (which had been carefully kept from public knowledge) was discussed under the privileges of the House of Commons, and the British public were astonished to discover that one of the few men with some official right to speak in their name had been pursuing a policy which they cordially detest and repudiate. Mr. Henderson, called upon to defend himself, put forth the astonishing plea, that though he was a Cabinet Minister he did not go abroad in the capacity of a Cabinet Minister but in the capacity of head of the Labour Party. The working part of the War Cabinet thereupon discussed the very unpleasant situation in which their colleague had landed them, and, to spare his feelings, kept him waiting for an hour in another room while they did so. It is to be feared that this indignity rankled and had something to do with the next development of an episode which is comic in spite of its grave result.

The next step in the story is doubtful. Mr. Henderson says that he gave his colleagues to understand that he would influence the Labour Conference in favour of going to Stockholm; all his colleagues, however, are unanimous in saying he did the exact opposite, and gave them to understand he would work against so fatal a decision. The probabilities are in the nature of the case, very heavy against Mr. Henderson, since the Cabinet would certainly have taken action at once had they received the impression that their colleague was going to advise against the most vital interests of the nation. But apart from this there is the fact that Mr. Henderson took the trouble to write a letter after he had made his speech to the Conference excusing himself to his chief, the Prime Minister. There can be no reasonable doubt that the version put forward by all of Mr. Henderson's colleagues is the true one and that he gave them the impression that he was going to work as the most elementary statesmanship required. Mr. Henderson, speaking at the Conference with all the authority of a Cabinet Minister (he has no other) i.e., as a man knowing what plain citizens cannot know, and as a man representing a national policy which must necessarily be kept secret, persuaded the Conference that delegates ought to go to Stockholm, and the members present followed his lead.

We all know the conclusion. Mr. Lloyd George's long and exceedingly plain-spoken letter, Mr. Henderson's lame defence in the House of Commons, and Mr. Asquith's intervention, which recalled the fact that we were at war, and stilled the uproar. As we write these words the last development is that the Cabinet has decided against the issuing of passports, and it is to be hoped they will stand firm in this right decision.

Of the many morals that may be drawn from this fiasco and the harm that it has already done, the clearest and the least debatable is the moral that Parliamentary methods which are the experience and habit of the Parliamentary politician do not make for decision, strength of will, and resolute action. The people most heavily to blame in the whole matter were not Mr. Henderson and his group, but Mr. Henderson's colleagues. The responsibility was shirked, no definite line was taken, but everybody left it to somebody else, and the result was what we have seen. Had the Cabinet spoken through any of its organs, in a firm and quite unmistakable manner, had it said; even as late as a fortnight ago, that there would be no traffic with such perilous nonsense as white flag parleying with the enemy by any section of the community, and that such action was, in plain English, treason and to be punished as treason, the whole nation would have vigorously applauded the act, have supported it, and would have felt that it was governed as men should be governed under the strain of war. Instead of that, there was a long shilly-shally, resulting as shilly-shallies always do, in a breakdown. If the lesson is learnt, at least so far as to guarantee us from such errors in the future, perhaps the anxiety which we have suffered during the last few days will not have been suffered in vain. The situation still requires very careful handling.

It must be made quite clear that the Government in its action is not condemning any serious body of opinion, and above all that it is not showing contempt for the real voice of the working masses of the country—that vast majority upon which all public opinion, and therefore all proper conduct of the war, ultimately depends. There is no doubt whatsoever of what that opinion is, of its patriotism or of its tenacity, but even "unpopular and discredited leaders" may become symbols of the popular power which they misrepresent, and no ground must be given for any complaint upon their part that those for whom they say they stand have been treated lightly.

The Crisis

By Hilaire Belloc

ENGLAND has been threatened and is still threatened at this moment with the greatest peril of any that have confronted her since she became a conscious nation. She is in danger of defeat at the conclusion of the only war which has seriously menaced her growth and independence.

In the past, supremacy upon the surface of the seas made her certain not only of continuing the mistress of her own fate, but of being able to prolong her resistance indefinitely and at the same time to throw into the balance of any land war a weapon unique and wholly her own. No European belligerent in the past had disdained to recognise the solemnity of treaties or the rights of neutrals, and it is true to say that though the greatest wars in the past have threatened nations with foreign dynasties none, since barbaric times, threatened national existence as this war threatens it. For the means were not available.

To-day and in this war, which in purpose quite as much as in scale stands quite separate from all others, England is for the first time after three years of effort and of agony in grave peril of defeat. And that peril is wholly political.

Were the peril military, it would impose silence. No worse turn was ever done the country than the spreading of panic in moments when the *military* situation seemed almost desperate, and it is to the lasting honour of the national temper that though attempts to spread panic were not lacking, the nation as a whole was not shaken at all. The nervous disease was successfully isolated until the danger had passed.

Now that the military situation is secure and that the peril —grave and immediate though it be—is purely political, the more outspoken criticism is, the better; for an evil of this sort can only be met by open dealing.

The ground upon which the political forces work in favour of the enemy's victory and our defeat is ground prepared by fatigue. One of the oldest phrases in all European languages, except our own, is the idiomatic phrase which the Germans translate "War-weariness." Prolonged strain produces it. *In the principal struggles of human history it has been usually the determining factor.*

The abnormal effort of a long war upsets all values; moods that seemed impossible at the outset may become commonplace in its later years. Objects which were quite clear in the first enthusiasm of the struggle, and for which indeed the struggle was undertaken, become confused or are forgotten. Both parties to the conflict in different degrees are subject to this degradation of temper: Victory, if the conflict be prolonged, is generally with him who suffers it least. If we enjoy the civilisation which we have to-day it is because Rome sacrificed three successive armies and endured the invasion and ravaging of all her dependent lands while Carthage, after a certain measure of the strain, would not, although it had been a victorious strain, make the last supreme effort of reinforcement.

No better example of the moral fatigue produced by long war could be given than the change in our attitude towards the German befouling of arms. It is a feature which all must have noticed and which emphasises in a rather horrible fashion this element of fatigue. We have grown used to abominations.

The enemy from the first moment that he violated neutral territory and broke his solemn pledges has proceeded step by step to greater and yet greater crimes against the common morals of our civilisation. He has massacred hosts of innocent civilians, beginning under the mask of the word "Hostages," continuing, as he openly avowed, for the sake of mere terrorism. He has included in those victims innumerable women, old men and little children. Even before the Marne he had bombed open towns. After his first defeats he introduced the use of poison. He proceeded to the use of massacre by sea; first against unarmed enemies under the plea that the vessels in which they travelled *might* contain a cargo useful to war; next against unarmed enemies and neutrals indifferently, if they travelled in such ships; next, to any ship whatsoever belonging to the belligerent powers opposed to him, however peaceful their mission, however incapable of defence their crews. Lastly, he extended this indiscriminate killing to neutral vessels and to the nationals of powers indifferent to his quarrel, murdering anyone who in any fashion, however indirect, might conceivably in his voyage trade with his opponents.

Again, as the war proceeded and in a late stage of it, he began, at first tentatively, but growing bolder as time proceeded, to enslave the population of the territories behind his lines. Not only prisoners of war but neutrals were compelled under the threat of torture or death to help him in defending his evil life. They worked in the mines. They turned the shell-cases on his lathes; they filled his cartridges; they raised his fortifications against their own brethren. Young girls were not spared; children were separated from their parents and there are hosts of families who after more than a year of this vileness know not whether the remaining members are alive or dead. He has taken a peculiar and bestial pleasure in humiliation, compelling those under his power to elaborate deference and selecting for special indignity men and women who occupy positions of respect, the chief magistrates and the ministers of religion.

Now it is horrible but true that these things have become customary through the effect of time. Conceive what would have happened in the mind of civilised Europe, what would have been said in the Press of France and England, what expressions would have been used even in the artificial Parliamentary world, if we had read four years ago of the massacre by any belligerent of crowds of wounded soldiers on board a hospital ship! To-day, when such an atrocity is recorded it is recorded as an item of news.

It is inevitable perhaps, enormously tragic as it is, that this crusting of the wounds should have taken place. The pitch of horror could not be maintained. But inevitable or no (and some of us seem to retain our original indignation better than others) it forms part of that general state of mind upon which, I say, those play who either actively desire or indirectly serve, or as mere dupes are dragged in the wake of, approaching defeat.

Every one of the forces at work, I say again, is political. Not one is military. All therefore can without offence to military requirements, be analysed and exposed.

Pacifist Sentiment

The first and most obvious, but I think the least serious, is the presence in the community of a certain small number of people, very small in proportion to the whole body of the nation, but often wealthy and influential, who have from the beginning disliked the war and thought its objects unworthy of or inadequate to the general policy of Great Britain. They combat its continuance to-day.

This handful of people (I am talking only of the sincere ones, for the rest are in another category) are worthy of respect, although the public exasperation against them makes it difficult to give them their due. They have wholly mis-read history; they quite misunderstand the position of this country in the world; by a curious paradox their attitude is largely due to an exaggeration of British Power and British security. If they know anything of the record of Prussia they know it only as a sort of dull history lesson, remote from actuality. They do not apply it to their own fortunes and those of their descendants. They conceived, at the outbreak of war, of an England which should remain benevolently neutral, though sympathetic, perhaps, with the cause of civilisation; enriched during its course by trading with both sets of belligerents; and guaranteeing at its close the weaker from the worst effects of defeat.

They thought (it sounds almost insane now-a-days, but it seemed much more plausible then) that after the struggle Europe would return to much the same life as that which it had left, and that in a somewhat similar balance of great powers the position of Great Britain would be, if anything, enhanced.

Above all, they had a respect and most of them an affection for modern Germany under its Prussian guidance. They were often men for whom commercial success was a sort of religion; and the spectacle of a people rapidly increasing its wealth, strictly subjecting its submissive proletariat to regulations which made the wheels of capitalism work smoothly, achieving numerous detailed successes in scientific discoveries, and methodically copying the much more numerous successes of more intelligent peoples; a nation so rapidly industrialising itself, becoming urban and building a great mercantile fleet, appealed to them. On the top of all this we must remember that they had been taught in all the text books of all the Universities that there was something called "A Teutonic Race," of which they themselves were members, so that the greatness and expanison of modern Germany cast a sort of reflected glory upon them even though they were being outstripped in the race.

The realities of the war at first shook these people. The

organs which they maintained in the Press and the voices which they command in Parliament, could not stand against the universal wave of popular feeling.

But time did its work. The collapse of Russia came with its three phases of breakdown: in failure of munitions; in treason upon the part of certain politicians of the old regime; and lastly, in the anarchy of the capital and the predominance there of alien elements—with the consequent disintegration of the army. It led to a rapid lowering of that process of attrition which is the essence of a siege. The enemy's rate of casualties fell to, perhaps, half what they had been, or little more; and it was clear that the war would thereby be considerably prolonged.

The phrases which had become current in the latter period of all this helped the peace-mongers. They were phrases originated by the enemy and carefully propagated by his agents. They talked of "a war of defence"; of "freedom of the seas"; of "the evil of annexations and indemnities." In general, Prussia, giving the lie to her whole nature and reversing every one of her own boasted formulas, did everything to attract to her cause as many dupes as might be. Meanwhile, the iron discipline which the Prussian Higher Command has established upon a basis of terror, kept the outer world largely ignorant of the terrible and increasing strain from which our enemies suffered. The effect of the blockade, the straits in which the German and Austrian populations find themselves, which a wise statesmanship would have thrown into the utmost relief, was allowed to fall into the background of the public mind; and to-day for one man who understands what such a detail as the lack of lubricants means for enemy transport and machinery there are a thousand who know what the Eastern situation means for the prolongation of the war, and hundreds, perhaps, who have accepted in various degrees such empty abstractions as the "democratisation" of the Prussian herd, or the falsehood that this war for the very existence of Europe in some way subserves the interests of wealth and is designed for the oppression of the populace.

The next element in this deplorable situation, and the one which has been most vividly present in the last few days, is the action of certain political caucuses in the various belligerent nations; of which caucuses the last to act, the caucuses of so-called "Labour leaders" in the various belligerent countries, is the most directly dangerous.

It is significant that these gentry fear above all things a direct appeal to those whom they pretend to represent. The Ehrlichs, the Goldenbergs, and the other naif Slavs of the "Russian" Committees, detest nothing so much as the National spirit of the Russian people and fear nothing so much as its revival. The tiny handful of Internationalists in the French Parliament (one of them is Karl Marx's heir!) are in the same boat; they detest the French peasantry and the traditional French spirit. There is not in this country the same divorce between these isolated beings and those for whom they profess to speak. But there is, perhaps, to a greater extent than elsewhere, because here more than elsewhere have representative institutions grown old, and fossilised, a startling contrast between the jerky shuffle of sham representation and the reality of national feeling.

Sundry individuals using a special and thoroughly false system of voting, pretend to speak for what they call "Labour," and the results of this quite false mechanical process are watched for almost as eagerly by those who dread it as by those who applaud it. It is a figment and a grotesque figment.

By "labour" is meant the totality of those families who live in this country on a wage earned in some form of physical operation: men (as the phrase goes) who "work with their hands."

If we could summon the whole nation and separate that minority which either does nothing, or earns its living in clerical and professional occupations, from the great majority who live upon manual labour of every kind; if we were to appeal to that body as a whole, to ask individual by individual, whether each desired to achieve full victory over the enemy or to compromise in this last stage and save him; if we did this can there be any doubt what the result of such a vote would be?

It is precisely that mass of the populace, the men who work with their hands who would be overwhelmingly, practically unanimously, in favour of the only possible national policy. The tiny remnant who would favour compromise would be found for the most part not in the popular ranks at all, but in that peculiar world which foreigners call "the Intellectual," the world out of which men like Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Snowden come; a world which uses words of six syllables in discussing the plainest social problems, and is steeped in all the last pedantries of abstruse (and false) economic theories. It would indeed be an amazing thing if, in this supreme turn of the world's history, this most acute moment in the story of England, the dead machinery of a Caucus prove powerful to betray the living voice of a whole people, and if sundry cards and ballots presented by sundry officials and wirepullers were to decide the ruin of the living mass which is so utterly different from and superior to themselves.

But there is a third element standing behind these two. It is the most powerful and the most to be dreaded. It is this element which pulls the strings and this element which is the master of the game. I mean, what is called international finance.

Briefly, this powerful cosmopolitan element whose interests belong to no one nation, nor even to Europe as a whole, believes the moment opportune to make peace by negotiation. They believe that the great loans which have hitherto supported the war have now reached a point beyond which no advantage can accrue to themselves. It is judged that they can be maintained upon a heavy strain as they now stand. In other words, that the credit of the Governments that have pledged revenue as against the money lent and the power of those governments to discover such revenue, still stands. But it is also judged that any considerable prolongation of the conflict will prove the inability of continuing this process of mortgaging the energies of the nation to the lenders. In such circumstances any man whose interest in life is not concerned with a nation, but with a financial process, and who prefers the success of the latter to the survival or greatness of the former, inclines to a disastrous peace.

Financial Interests and Motives

It is a great error to accuse the men who are thus more and more openly opposed to our holding on for victory, of sympathy with the German Government; still less have they sympathy with its atrocities in war. Because some of them bear German-sounding names, because many of their immediate ancestors have been born within the limits of the modern German Empire, is nothing to the case; the real motive is not national at all. It is one that seems to them and would seem to any one else indifferent to nationality, obvious, Awful suffering is prolonged; grave diminution of their private wealth is threatened, and all this merely for an ideal with which they are not concerned and with which they cannot in the nature of things be concerned. That is the position of what we call international finance at this moment.

You do not see its action in a direct form because that form would ruin its own objects. You do not find German methods of war praised, nor even direct appeals for peace in those papers which, in the various Allied Capitals are, as it were, the jackals of this power. Paris, in particular has suffered from this plague.

If you look closely you will see a perpetual and growing allusion to the enemy's strength, to his power of endurance, to his organisation, and all the rest of it; a perpetual suggestion that the war is endless, and a perpetual indoctrination of the mass which reads such things with the falsehood that the enemy's power does not decline. The most absurd statements on his strength find their best market in such papers, and the chief attacks upon those who would keep opinion sane, are to be discovered there also.

At the other end of the scale (but in exactly the same world) you have the same effort, strictly parallel, going on. You have the financiers who will say in conversation, though they would not print it or put it into a public speech, that the continuance of the war is absurd; that neither party can win—and all the rest of it. It is the same spirit, and in a sense it is a sincere spirit, for the people who say these things probably believe them. But their motive is a motive quite indifferent to the strength or the decline of England. By an accident this force now serves the enemy indirectly simply because it is the enemy who will profit by an early peace.

And here let me conclude with the argument of this, though surely by this time it should be sufficiently familiar.

I will suppose a man to say to me—for there are such men—"What can be said against a negotiated peace at this moment? The fourth summer of the war is far advanced and is passing; the next German class, that of 1919, will be in the field in a few weeks. The failure of Russia has so lowered the rate of the enemy's casualties as to alter the whole nature of the war. A prolongation of hostilities merely means, without the advance of either side, an increase of ruin, of pain and of death. We may reach a point where not the enemy, but Europe itself will break down. If—not at any price—but at the price of the enemy's evacuating the territory he has occupied and submitting to a conference for the regulation of frontiers, we call the thing a draw, what is there to be said against such a policy?"

This is the reply.

The main result of all war is its effect upon the spirit of the main belligerents engaged, and of the world that has watched or taken part in the conflict. The immediate result is the

delivery of such and such territory, the imposition of such and such compensations which last, may, upon an exact balance, cancel out so that peace comes apparently with no result to either party, and the war has seemed a sterile fraud. But the ultimate result is the preponderance of one spirit against another. You may say that the Thirty Years War was a draw. The Empire and the South had won; France turned the scale in favour of the Northern and Protestant Princes. The conqueror was content to negotiate. The party at first defeated was allowed to live. Was there, therefore, no consequence in history? There was a vast consequence. Northern Germany gradually acquired the preponderance. It drew ahead. A handicap had been imposed, and of the two competitors that which at first had the best chance, was, in the long run, surpassed.

The Civil Wars in this country resulted in a compromise which maintained and actually restored the Crown. Sharp sanctions appeared to reaffirm its ancient power; but the negotiation and the truce bore their fruit, and modern England derived not from the restored monarchy, but from the Parliament of the merchants and the squires.

There is no Peace in history, no termination of a conflict between opposing ideals of which it can ever be said that each has retired to its own boundaries and left the future unaffected. There is always and there must necessarily be a victor and a vanquished. Perhaps in the processes of history those struggles which have lasted longest and have ended by the most apparent compromise, are those which have most strongly emphasised in the long run the victory of the one party over the other.

A negotiated peace at the present moment means this:

That a Power armed in Europe, its armament supported enthusiastically by all its nationals, could violate treaties, could introduce into war horrors hitherto unknown, could enslave Europeans, could massacre and could yet remain strong, and unpunished. It would mean that this country, having drawn the sword, not only with a fighting object in view, but after public reiteration of that object, sheathed it again with an apology, and a confession that it had not the strength to attain the goal for which it had set out. It would mean that the various Allies, and in particular the two principal Allies, the French and the English, would enter a future in which each was conscious of defeat and each at heart would be blaming his partner and what is worse, himself: For men and nations when they are afflicted with bitterness suffer this double evil of eating into themselves and losing their friends.

It would mean that the greater part of European civilisation would look back to the German defence and its success as the capital military event of the modern world and would see in the armed power of Central Europe (which you may amuse yourself by calling an autocracy or a democracy or what you will), the one foundation upon which it could repose.

It would mean, without a shadow of doubt, the control of the Near East; of the Polish people, of the Baltic and the Black Sea and their twin Straits, by those who are now our enemies. No ink and paper nor solemn signatures at a green table could prevent that. It would, therefore, mean the permanent and perhaps rapid decline of Western civilisation, and in particular of this country.

It might mean, if the West remain sufficiently strong, a cycle of wars. It might mean, and would perhaps more probably mean, a peace of deeper and deeper humiliation.

The only alternative is victory. If you say with the enemy pinned upon the West, suffering passively blow upon blow, and never able to restore himself after each blow, or to recover what he has lost; with his territory blockaded; his youngest boys drawn into the struggle, that your victory is impossible; if you say this in the teeth of what your son can tell you returning from the front, and what, if you visit the front you will see with your own eyes, then confess yourself the citizen of a defeated nation and enjoy during what is left of your life the fruits of that confession. But if you think things have not yet reached that pass, and if you think there are still powerful armies in the field, and that their action has not been vain, then persevere.

H. BELLOC

Consultative Treason

By H. M. Hyndman

IT is already quite impossible to take the vote of the Labour Party Conference seriously. But the absurd muddle of the whole affair; the acceptance by a large majority of the proposal that forty-four British Labour delegates should meet in fraternal harmony, those corrupt fuglemen of atrocities, Scheidemann, Südekum, Ebert and Co., as well as the minority Social-Democrats, who practically support the same Imperial programme; Mr. Arthur Henderson's strange speech and still stranger suppression of the official cablegram from the Russian Government, disclaiming formally any sympathy with the Stockholm Conference; Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's reference, on behalf of the pacifist section, to our infamous German enemies as "our German friends"—all these things have done the Labour Party, as at present organised, incalculable mischief. There are, indeed, elements of the ludicrous in the entire conference.

The Russian Workers' and Soldiers' Committee, possessed of no International Socialist or Labour authority whatever, takes upon itself to call an International Socialist and Labour Conference at Stockholm, to consider the terms of peace with the German Powers and their confederates, on the basis of "no annexations and no indemnities." This programme is already vague, inconclusive and irregular enough. But the conclusions arrived at were nevertheless to be binding on all sections represented! Our British Labour Delegates assembled, in their collective wisdom decide, under the direction of a member of the War Cabinet and the Secretary of the Labour Party, Mr. Arthur Henderson, to wit (just back from acting as Special Government Envoy and Plenipotentiary to Petrograd), that they entirely decline the Russian invitation as it stands. They will have nothing to do with discussing the peace which the Petrograd Committee is so eager to promote, virtually in the German interest; but they will despatch their chosen forty-four missioners of brotherhood to Stockholm, for purely consultative purposes, which shall bind nobody to anything. Shall bind nobody to anything—except to meet and consult with the bitter enemies of our country! But for this item in the programme, men who know their own minds about the situation would laugh heartily at the hopeless inconsequence of the arrangement. That decision, however, to meet the German Kaiserists, is so disgraceful that I do not believe the delegates themselves fully understood what they were voting for.

For consider. Great Britain and her Colonies have been engaged for more than three years upon by far the most desperate and dangerous war ever waged. That is nowadays a platitude, universally accepted as the baldest possible statement of the truth. Hundreds of thousands of men of the same class as the delegates, and thousands of millions sterling of the wealth which they themselves create, have been sacrificed, in order to defeat an unprovoked attack by the most formidable aggressive militarism of modern times on all its neighbours. Prussian militarism, controlling the entire forces of Central Europe, meant and means to crush us and all our Allies, if it possibly can, to bleed us white in the event of victory, and at last to secure its domination first over Europe and then over the civilised world. Nobody who has studied German military pronouncements, or has carefully followed the course of the war, can honestly deny this. Moreover, there is nothing whatever to show that this vast policy of Imperial expansion has been abandoned, or that Germany has given up her attempt to establish herself as the supreme power—Germany over all.

To talk, therefore, of "the democratisation" of the Fatherland at this juncture is preposterous. The whole nation, with a very very few honourable exceptions, is at one. Bethmann-Hollweg was in fact, turned out, and Michaelis was put in his place, because Junkerdom and pan-Germanism are as strong to-day in Germany as ever they were. All the peace babble in the Reichstag and the criticism of the so-called minority Social-Democrats (who also voted the war credits after having solemnly pledged themselves to Belgium and France not to do so) only mean, so far, that the war has been much less successful than they all expected; that the loss of men and the high price of food are rousing some discontent with the management of the glorious national endeavour by the Kaiser and his generals; and that consequently a *German* peace would be generally welcome. But no terms of peace of any kind have ever been formulated by the German Government, with whom alone it is possible to negotiate, unless or until a revolution has taken place.

That revolution, those who know Germany best are confident will not occur until after the war, if then. There is as little hope of it now as there was in July 1914. The Germans we have all known and know, are still one solid body in their determination to fight for victory. But they are holding on to every bit of the territory seized, in order, should matters

take a bad turn at last—and German military leaders are not destitute of foresight—that they may be able to prepare again, with a nice compromise peace comfortably arranged, for that "next time," which Mr. Lloyd George rightly declares must never come. That is the position. The Allies are slowly winning. The Germans are slowly losing. A little more, and with American assistance, they must be completely defeated. Meanwhile, they are exhausting the resources of infamy and treachery to avert their doom and win the war, before the United States army can cross the Atlantic.

At such a time as this for a small minority of the nation to open up even a Consultative Conference with the agents of the enemy is to betray the dead and insult the living. Whatever Mr. Macdonald's "German friends" may instruct him to say, common Englishmen know that we are fighting a terrible fight, at first against overwhelming odds, and now at incredible sacrifice, to the end that Junkerdom and militarism shall not prevail in the coming effort of the peoples for national, political, social and economic emancipation. I do not believe that any appreciable number of my countrymen are eager to hurry off to Stockholm to trade with or consult Social-Democrat enemy agents.

The Labour Conference

It is worth while, therefore, to examine the constitution of the Labour Party Conference and to find out what this card vote of 1,800,000 to 500,000 in favour of going to Stockholm, which the pacifists and pro-German surrenderers so proudly emblazon on their white flag, really means. To begin with, I am personally convinced that the majority of the delegates did not understand, even after Mr. Henderson's confused explanation, that what they voted for amounted to a pledge to meet and confer, in friendly fashion, with some of the worst, most treacherous, vindictive and infamous of the Kaiser's agents. This was never put to them except by Mr. Sexton; and Mr. Henderson, by covering the Scheidemann gang with the mantle of his approval, blanketed this, which was the real issue at stake.

Why should not a general referendum of all workers be taken forthwith on this plain question: "Do you wish to send delegates to Stockholm for a consultative conference with Scheidemann, Südekum, Heine, Ebert, Noske and other 'Social-Democratic,' upholders of piracy at sea and wholesale atrocities on land?" I believe that the dimensions of the vote against doing anything of the kind would be astonishing. For the workers at large would then see clearly that they were condoning the crimes of these scoundrels, if they agreed to have any intercourse with them at all.

But again. Whom do these delegates at the Labour Party, Conference represent? As an old International Socialist, I have from the first been opposed to holding any International Socialist and Labour Conference during the war; for the very sufficient reason, as it seems to me, that the millions of men fighting on the different fronts could not send, or elect delegates, without the consent and active help of their various Governments; which assistance might very probably not be granted. Consequently, an International Conference or Congress could not be, in any real sense, representative.

Apply this test to the Labour Party Conference. Were the soldiers fighting at the front represented? Were their numbers polled, without being represented, in the figures given as the result of the principal division? Mr. Robert Smillie is the chairman of the Miners' Federation. He is an ardent pacifist. To show that I have no prejudice in the matter, I may state that, for the past three years, I have worked cordially with him in domestic affairs. I am doing so to-day. Will he now tell the public frankly how many of the 250,000 or 300,000 miners, who *volunteered* for active service against the invaders of Belgium and France, at the very beginning of the war, were represented in the mass vote cast by his Federation in favour of going to Stockholm? He is sure to tell us the truth, if he knows it—which is a good deal more than can be said for some of his fellow-pacifists—and it would be interesting to learn from him how this matter really stands.

In any case, surely, the millions of men who are protecting this island for us all so magnificently, upholding at the same time the liberties of Europe at the risk of mutilation or death, are entitled to be heard from, both as voters at Labour Conferences and electors for the National Assembly, before any decision is finally arrived at about going to Stockholm: still more before the terms of peace are formulated or ratified.

Further, how is the total vote of each organisation given by the delegates who record it? This is done dead against the principle of proportional representation. It is majority rule with a vengeance! For example, if a Trade Union, numbering 200,000, were called to vote upon the Stockholm issue by a poll of all its members, should 100,001 vote in favour of that ignoble mission, and 99,999 against it, the card vote of the delegate of the organisation at the conference would record 200,000 men as accepting the Macdonald-Henderson view of the matter! This, though barely half of the whole are of that opinion, and all the men of the Union at the front or in the army are thus committed to the proposal without recourse. Is it possible to imagine a greater absurdity than to count as voting for a measure 99,999 men who voted against it? Can anything be more unjust than to exclude the fighters and men in training from voting on such a crucial subject as this, and even to count their votes on this side or that, without giving them any power of repudiation?

Then, to bring the whole arrangement to the point of sheer idiocy, we are informed that out of the forty-four delegates who are told off for Stockholm, in the event of the vote of the Labour Party Conference being confirmed by the Trade Union Congress, shortly to be held, the British Socialist Party, a vehemently pacifist body, which has certainly not more than a thousand or two paying members, even including all not of British birth, is to be accorded eight votes at Stockholm, or fully seven and a half times more than the representation to which their membership entitles them. No wonder there is a demand on all sides for a complete Referendum on the question as to whether the organised workers of Great Britain desire to confer with Scheidemann and his fellows or not. Nor should we forget that even these organised workers, all told, do not count for much more than a third of the total labouring class of Great Britain. Far too much importance, therefore, has been attached to this comparatively small minority vote. It is high time that the nation as a whole should take a hand in the business.

And this is the more important because it is quite clear that the Workers' and Soldiers' Committees, which came to the front on the first flood of the revolution in Petrograd, no longer have any claim whatever to represent the Russian Government. The cablegram from Petrograd suppressed by Mr. Henderson clearly shows that. These committees also, as Thorne, O'Grady and Sanders informed us, on their return from Russia, are nearly all manned to the extent of at least a half by Jews. That was natural enough. The Jews are clever, educated, and by no means disinclined to use their ability to push their influence among their less enlightened Russian comrades. But, for the Jews, whether financiers or workers, as Mr. Israel Zangwill points out, this hideous war is a *Civil War*. They are butchering one another in every army. They are undergoing most brutal treatment in Russian Poland, German Poland, Galicia and elsewhere. We cannot blame them, therefore, if, as a widely dispersed, but still existent nationality, they should be for peace at practically any price. Their watchword, "No annexations and no indemnities" is all right for them. Anything for peace. But that it now appears is not the Russian idea at all.

Jews in Russia

Here, too, comes in the jealousy and distrust of the Jew which is still very common in Eastern Europe, and not in Eastern Europe alone. It was a Jew, Karl Marx, who said: "The Jew creeps into the pores of an agricultural society." It was General Trepoff who, after the monstrous Kischeneff massacre, remarked to my dear old friend Michael Davitt "If we gave the Jews the freedom you ask for them, in six months they would be masters of Russia." It is at least possible that the revolt against the Jews of the Socialistic Bund may become seriously reactionary at any moment, and that the so-called Maximalists, whether of the Leninist or any other section, may suffer from their association with a race apt to be a trifle arrogant when it feels conscious of its superiority. To say, therefore, as Mr. Arthur Henderson said, that it is necessary to go to Stockholm for the purpose of arguing the British case before a Russian jury—a jury which is losing ground with its countrymen every day, and the terms of whose formal invitation are almost contemptuously rejected—seems to me, to say the very least of Mr Henderson's policy, a strange misconception of what is politically advisable. Why should any non-combatant section of Englishmen, however well organised they may be for their own domestic objects, run dead contrary to national opinion, in order to curry favour with Russian Socialists who have lost control even of Petrograd, largely by their own fault?

There is, however, something more to be said. Mr. Lloyd George's Administration, which is pledged up to the hilt to "get on with the war," to conduct our side of it to the best advantage, and to lose no chance of winning completely, for the sake of all men hold dear, actually prided itself upon leaving the Labour Party Conference "wholly uninfluenced by the Government!" Such a policy is hopeless.

It is the duty of leaders to lead and to act, not to indulge

in philosophic contemplation of events. What we common Englishmen demand at this moment is a clear, plain statement of the national position from the national point of view. We want to know not only that we mean to defeat our enemies—that we know already—but what are the real facts as to the dangers and difficulties we have to encounter and in what manner it is proposed to overcome them. A nation which has faced the unnecessary disasters of Antwerp, the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia, and the dangerous succession of submarine sinkings, without flinching, is fit to be fully entrusted with the handling of its own destinies. The man who can rise to the height of this amazing situation, who can set forth to his countrymen the full truth about their own business, who can deal sternly with our enemies and faithfully with our friends, will arouse a storm of enthusiasm and determination among us which will even yet astonish the world.

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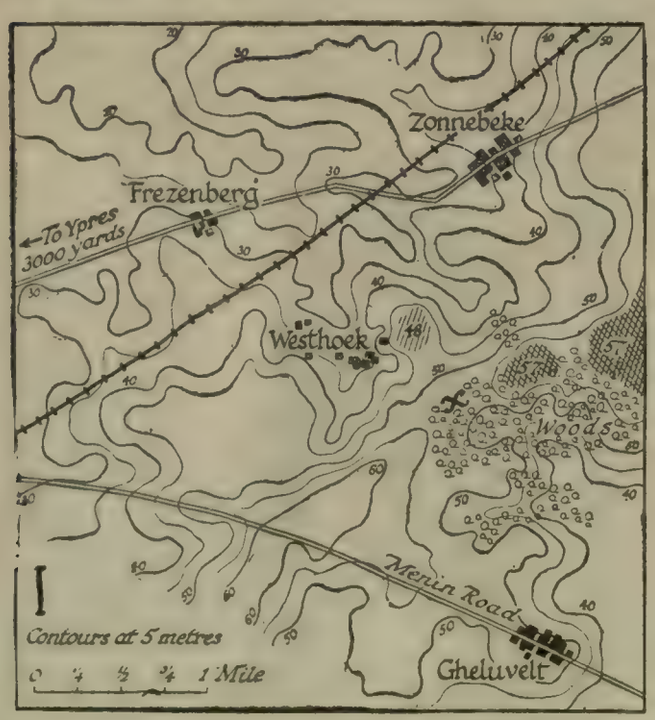
P.S.—Since the above article was written Mr. Arthur Henderson has made his defence in the House of Commons. Not even his best friends can consider it satisfactory. For some strong reason, which he cannot have fully disclosed, he honestly thought it more important to use his influence in favour of guiding the Labour Party to vote in favour of the delegation to Stockholm, than to carry out the policy which all his colleagues in the Cabinet were led by him to believe was his own, as it was theirs. It is a very unfortunate personal matter. But it does not affect the real issue. On that, Mr. Lloyd George's Administration has at last come to a definite decision. Ministers have resolved not to grant passports for delegates to the International Socialist Conference at Stockholm. Great Britain, the United States, France and Italy are at one upon this point. It is a good thing for the Allies. It is, also, a good thing for International Socialism. There was nothing whatever to be gained for either by a "fraternal" consultation between the Socialists of the Allied countries and the Social-Democrats of Germany and Austria-Hungary. These Germans betrayed all of us Socialists at the beginning of the war: they have deliberately outraged all the highest interests of humanity during the war. Leave them alone to reflect upon the consequences of their own actions.

The Military Situation

By Hilaire Belloc

THE only significant military news of the last week is the sharp fighting against the enemy's attempt to recapture the Westhoek and Frezenburg positions in the West and the combined pressure to the north and to the south of the Moldavian armies in the East.

As to the first of these what is happening is fairly clear. The offensive of July 31st obtained possession of all those points which lie in a crescent north and east of Ypres and overlook the plain beyond. The seizing of this dominating line was the first and most immediate object of the blow delivered on July 21st. Under the counter-attacks which filled the next 24 hours after the Allied assault and were prolonged during the next few days certain of these dominating positions were challenged and notably, during the present week, the low summit upon which Westhoek stands and the cross roads of Frezenburg from which one looks down northwards and westward every way to the Hannebeck. The position will be more clearly understood if we glance at the contours upon the accompanying map, where it will be seen

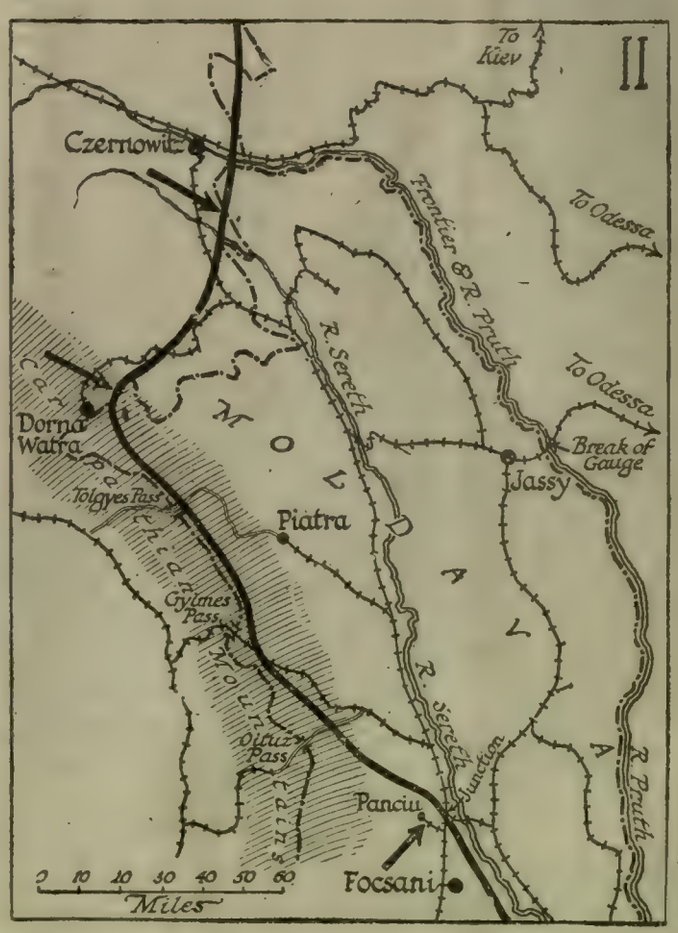


that Westhoek is upon the very top of the low hummock between the Roulers and the Menin roads, while Frezenburg (lying nearly 60 feet lower) gives direct view over more than a half circle of country around. The positions in question are, of course, quite low. They are no more than the last sinkings of the Messines or White-Sheet Ridge into the general level of the Flanders Plain. Westhoek lies just under 100 feet above Ypres (though 3½ miles distant from the eastern water-gate of those ruins) and Frezenburg is hardly 35 feet above the level of the same water-gate—though three miles distant. The Pilkem "Ridge" further to the north, is still less conspicuous in height, though more easily seen because it is the last rise of any sort before the dead level of the inundated sea flats.

The enemy's effort then, has been to wrest these positions of observation from the British before the next blow should be delivered. So far (the moment of writing being Monday evening) he has failed. Westhoek and Frezenberg are held and the former passed. In the woods to the south-east of Westhoek, where the contour is about 9 metres (some 30 feet) higher than the ruins of the village, some ground has been lost to the enemy.

The Eastern Front

The plan of fighting upon the Eastern front is no less evident and the accompanying map will perhaps present its elements in the simplest form.



With the abandonment of Czernowitz the Russo-Roumanians lost their principal depot and, what is equally important, the terminus of that lateral road and railway down the Sereth, which supplied their armies defending the Central

wooded Carpathian range from the Dorna Watra corner to the neighbourhood of Focsani.

So long as Czernowitz stood, numerous roads and a whole system of short local railways served that centre and turned it into a place of supply for everything to the south. With Czernowitz gone the main Sereth road and railway become almost useless. They serve only to contribute supplies that may come through Jassy, and Jassy only communicates with the Russian supply centres based on Kiev in the most devious manner through Odessa.

At the same time the Russian abandonment of the Bukovina (of which Czernowitz is the capital) turns the whole Allied line in Moldavia into a salient, the obvious policy for reducing which (and driving the Russo-Roumanians out of what is left of Roumania) is to attack the two wings and at the same time to bring pressure on the critical pillar point of the Dorna Watra corner. It is upon this account that Mackensen is attacking as hard as he can northward from Focsani. Every mile of advance he makes, and every mile of retirement suffered by the Russians in the Bukovina to the north, accentuates the salient and makes it more and more difficult to hold Moldavia. The Roumanian Court has already left Jassy, and the pillar point of the Dorna Watra corner is yielding. At the moment of writing (Tuesday morning) the last news is that Mackensen has reached Pincin and immediately threatens the junction between the two parallel railway lines that serve the Moldavian plain.

It need hardly be added that the whole of this unfortunate situation in Northern Roumania is ultimately due to the breakdown of the 11th Russian army in front of Tarnopol (now nearly a month old).

So true is it that the strength of an army depends on its cohesion, that is, on the validity of every part, and that this in its turn depends upon universal discipline. Whether Moldavia will be saved or no only the event can show; but so much is certain: That only an unexpected Russian resistance in the north can save it. Strategically, if the retirement through the Bukovina continues beyond the frontier, Moldavia has gone.

The Importance of Calculation—II

The Advantage

I think I showed clearly enough last week within how close a degree of accuracy we could come in these figures of belligerent numbers, and how legitimate was the use of such estimates merely in the point of exactitude. But doubts upon the mere reliability of such statements (which can only arise from haste in reading or from imperfect appreciation of the sources) is only one half of the trouble. The other, and perhaps the larger half, is the feeling that, accurate as the calculations may be under given conditions, those conditions change so abruptly and their change is itself so incalculable that time and trouble are wasted in attending to any calculation at all.

Here is an example of what I mean:

In the autumn of 1915 there was published in these columns a very careful estimate of the enemy's numerical position. The size of the Austro-Hungarian field army was slightly overestimated from a lack, at that time, of sufficient evidence; but that of the German field army and its losses were given accurately enough because a sufficient time had elapsed to correct the errors made in earlier calculations at the beginning of the war.

In estimating the reserves available for filling gaps the estimates made at that moment allowed for a certain large number of civilians of military age as being necessary to the "running of the country." Up to that moment this large number *had* been kept back in civilian employment. It was a matter of necessity that they should be so kept back; and the amount of available reserve man-power was by that extent reduced. But shortly after this moment the enemy originated a totally novel practice, hitherto unknown in civilised war, and therefore not allowed for in any such estimates. The Germans, began, at first timidly, afterwards more boldly, to enslave the populations of occupied countries. It was clear that as this novel policy proceeded and developed, very large numbers of those hitherto eliminated from the estimated reserve of man-power as necessary for civilian employments, would be released for the army. As a matter of fact the power of "combing out" such men continued during the whole of 1916 and only came to its final limit at the beginning of the present year. Therefore, the estimates made in the autumn of 1915, though perfectly accurate for their time and circumstance, needed sharp revision in favour of the enemy within six months after the time they were made.

Here is another example. A full statement on German numbers was made in LAND & WATER early in 1916, referring to the various categories of German losses (numbers of dead, number of definitive losses, number of losses from active service, etc.) up to the 31st December, 1916, and it was there shown that the total number of dead off the gross ration strength was then approximately one million. The total definitive losses, therefore, a little over two million, and the losses to full active service some three million and a quarter.

Now anyone reading that estimate (which events have proved to be perfectly accurate) might well have extended it when judging it in his own mind somewhat as follows:

"These are the losses for the first 17 months of the war. We may take it that the same rate will continue, and if the war lasts as much as another 17 months we shall have double that number of German dead; double that number of German definitive losses, and so on. We know the rate of German recruitment, and we see that under such circumstances the German lines as they now exist cannot be maintained throughout the fighting season of 1917."

No such conclusion was drawn, of course, in these columns. That would have been prophecy, and prophecy is a thing which this paper, I am glad to say, has never indulged in. Indeed, a good deal of our space has been spent in warning certain contemporaries and their readers against prophecy, whether optimistic or the reverse. The spirit that talked of "the Russian Steam Roller" and "The Russians in Berlin by the autumn of 1914," has no more place here than the spirit that talked of "a German march on India" and of ending the war "still looking at Vimy Ridge."

Nevertheless, it is not only conceivable but probable that many people would use exact and known statistics of the past first seventeen months of war, for the formation of a guess with regard to the future; and when that future became the present their guess proved wrong. After another second seventeen months of war the German losses had *not* doubled. They had increased by little more than another three-quarters, so that there existed a sufficient though barely sufficient margin of reserve, though not for the fighting season of 1917.

Why was this? What had happened in the interval?

What had happened in the interval was the Russian breakdown, with the consequent relief of the enemy from pretty well any sort of pressure over the whole of his Eastern front, and the corresponding rapid decline in his total casualty rate.

Now it is easily comprehendible that with such experiences in mind (and I have only quoted two examples out of very many that might have been chosen) a man might say: "These statements of numbers, however accurate for the time in which they are made, are a waste of energy and mislead the reader because other incalculable factors are perpetually coming in, and they make all the difference."

I hope to persuade my readers that this is not the case. If you so misread the war as to imagine the numerical factor to

be the only one, then certainly the close calculation of enemy effectives and reserves will be grossly misleading. If you regard the curves established by the Intelligence Departments of the belligerents as dead mathematical formulæ, the future development of which will be as regular as that of a mathematical function described upon squared graph paper, you will be quite certainly as much disappointed in one case as you will be agreeably surprised in another. For the curve will never follow an exact formula unless all the conditions that gave rise to it remain the same—and those conditions cannot remain the same. They include the *moral*, civilian and military, the co-ordination of efforts between different Allies, the political attitude of the various belligerent governments toward their peoples and a number of other incalculable variants.

They include, for instance, the consequence of movement. Were the enemy line to break anywhere his losses would suddenly rise enormously. Such a political event as a sort of truce —like that which we suffered for months on the Russian front —makes them decline in almost as startling a fashion. The advent of a new Ally upon either side, again changes the whole problem; so does the fluctuation of food supply, a good or a bad harvest; so even, to some extent, do the vagaries of the weather.

Reasons for Calculation

Well, if all this is so, what is the good of making any such calculations? Why are the best brains in all belligerent countries harnessed to the work of drawing up estimate upon estimate and why are those rooms, which are the very brain-centres of each army, covered with mathematical diagrams wholly concerned with such calculations and with such calculations alone?

It is because in any human endeavour the calculable part must have the first place. It does not give you certitude even in things so apparently blind as the operations of nature. It gives you still less certitude where the will of man comes in, and still less again where you have not only the fluctuations of man's will, but the accidents of battle, of climate, and the hundred other things that affect war. Calculation is not intended to give you certitude over the whole field, but it is intended to give you exact knowledge over one part of the field and by so much to reduce the difficulties your judgment has to meet. You know by pursuing such calculations at least as much as can be known with accuracy of the forces with which you are dealing, and it is at once a duty and a necessity to know as much as can be known, although the other elements which can only be guessed at and very vaguely judged will have just as much or more weight in determining the issue.

If we put the thing conversely it is even more clear. Supposing one party to a war were to use all the vast modern machinery of military intelligence and the calculation based on it, and the other party were to neglect it, there is not the least doubt as to which of these two parties would win. The party which neglected calculation (supposing such a thing to be for one instant possible) would fall into a fog and anarchy of movement that would determine his immediate destruction. If one party had identified the positions and strength of the other, while that other had taken no pains to accomplish a corresponding task on his side, the former could immediately destroy the latter. He could strike when he chose and how he chose.

And if this kind of thing is imperatively necessary for military operations, it is hardly less useful for the formation of civilian opinion, upon the strength and sanity of which all military power ultimately depends.

It is no exaggeration to say that if the record of enemy strength, man-power and reserve had been clearly followed by the great mass of civilians in this country during the present war, we should have been saved those lamentable variations in opinion which have been our gravest political weakness; and they are almost equally a weakness when they tend to exaggerate hopes as when they tend to panic or stagnation.

Consider, for instance, what the effect on opinion would have been if the very simple statistics published in this journal at the opening of the year and again last June, had been matters as commonly appreciated by the public as is the war map.

It will be remembered that we saw at the beginning of the year a total German ration strength of somewhat over 5½ millions; a fighting army of 3¼ millions; a reserve of man-power behind this, for supplying gaps up to sometime in the present month, of about a million; with the entry of some 300,000 or more of the 1919 class in the later summer or early autumn.

By the beginning of June we had established more than ¾ of a million of total losses and about a third of a million of definitive losses with somewhat less than the difference between them returnable to the field in an average delay of 4 months.

What was the conclusion from these simple and accurate figures? Evidently that the enemy had under existing circumstances and eliminating, as we are now bound to do, any probable heavy loss on the Russian side, reserves available for meeting his losses throughout this fighting season. His effectives would not decline unless the actions determined upon by the Higher Command took the form of a continuous and very heavy pressure. The judgment of the Higher Command was against this form of military policy and as a consequence any stable judgment could deduce, from the figures given, that the enemy's reserve would prove sufficient for his purposes up to the latter part of the present season.

There is another point, one of detail, in which the value of such estimates will be further seen. Among the prisoners taken recently at the front have been a certain small number of German class 1919. The interrogation of prisoners established the fact that these few lads were volunteers, and that is exactly what the known position of the 1919 class as published in our estimates would have led us to believe. The drafts from 1919 cannot be generally present in the field so early as the beginning of August. We know that the first of them were not incorporated at the earliest until some date in May and possibly only a few of them before the beginning of June. The period of training even for the most advanced units would not be less than three months and knowledge of this kind forbids us to build exaggerated estimates simply upon the presence of a few 1919 prisoners.

The truth is that at the bottom of all misgivings about so essential a thing as the following of enemy numbers, is the natural distaste for close study produced by the length of the war, and it is this more than anything else that has made this chief element in all our judgment lose its weight during the last few months. It is all the more our duty to re-act against such a tendency, for it is in the last stages of a war that this element of calculation is of the greatest value.

There is another reason which makes it especially necessary to follow calculation at this moment: It is one to which I have alluded elsewhere in this week's issue of LAND & WATER. It is the fact that those who are working underground to exasperate our patience and to weaken our will largely depend upon the impression that the enemy is in some miraculous way inexhaustible, and not subject, as are other belligerents, to normal losses. If opinion can be canalised into that channel the task of those who are indifferent to defeat and very anxious for peace is greatly strengthened.

There was published the other day from the pen of a distinguished diplomatic neutral, as he was then (who had lived at the centre of things in Berlin for many months), I mean Mr. Gerard, the statement that the German Empire possessed (I think he meant in the spring of this year), at the present moment "Nine million effectives." This statement was quoted widely, and I am afraid, believed. Well, that is the sort of statement which even an elementary public training in military estimates would render innocuous, but which a public ignorance of military estimates may render very dangerous. Whether the author of the phrase was using the technical word "effectives" *as* a technical word may be doubted. Even if he meant by it "everybody in uniform," the remark was wide of the truth by more than 30 per cent. It was, perhaps, due to some muddling up of the total effectives of the enemy with those of the German Empire, and at the same time a muddling up of the word "effectives" with the phrase "ration strength." But, at any rate, the facts are very different. The *effectives*, that is the number of men to be found in the organised combatant units, including in their staffs and field auxiliaries (*e.g.* medical officers in the field) of the German Empire at the present moment are just over three million. The incorporated reserve with which to keep these effectives up to strength is somewhat under half a million, and to these will be added in a very short time the newly trained men of 1919, which will, within the first months of the Autumn count another 300,000, and may, before the end of the year nearly reach the half million.

Those are the facts—enormously different from the fiction of "nine millions"—and I give them, as an example of what I mean when I say that the repetitive study of such estimates is essential to a sound judgment. H. BELLOC

Letters from a Legation

Owing to the irregularity in the postal service with America we are unable to publish in the present issue further chapters from Mr. Hugh Gibson's "Letters from a Legation." These memoirs will, however, be definitely resumed on August 30th.

America's Industrial Mobilization

By Isaac F. Marcosson, Author of *The War After the War, The Rebirth of Russia, etc.*

THE first time I met Mr. Lloyd George he said: "This is a war of machines. It is a contest between British and French workmen on one hand and German workmen on the other."

America has taken this warning to heart. With the mobilization of her men has come a kindred mobilization of her resources, the setting up of a standardization of industry that is one of the miracles of the Republic at war. The story of her industrial preparedness—which was really the cornerstone of her whole military readiness—is a narrative of practical patriotism as inspiring as it is helpful. It is all the more remarkable when you realise that it has been achieved in a melting-pot of a democracy with a multitude of peoples, a diversity of racial ideals and, up to the declaration of hostilities against Germany, a sharp clash of war interests.

Likewise you can understand the almost acute readjustment necessary in our industry when I say that for years we had proceeded on a 100,000 army basis and that suddenly the country was called upon to prepare and think in terms of ten or twenty times that unit. It was just as if a private manufacturing establishment was forced, almost over night, to increase its capacity tenfold. Yet America has made the change without perceptible dislocation to her vast productive machine. How was it done?

There were four main reasons. The first is that the country declared instantly for conscription, which made the mobilization of industry swift and simple. We will not have to recall our artisans from camp and field. The second was the fact that for nearly three years we have been pouring munitions into Europe. The third was that almost from the day far-seeing men realised that a break with Germany was inevitable, our best business brains began to concentrate on the industrial war problems. A fourth—and in some respects the most important factor—was the programme of industrial preparedness out of which grew the structure of munitions output. America was prepared to a far greater extent than her foreign critics comprehended.

Quickened to War

It really began on that fateful day in May, 1915, when German "frightfulness" registered one of its most appalling strokes with the destruction of the **Lusitania*. It was then that the heart of America quickened to war. But with what? Our army was less than Lord French's first Seven Divisions; the sole powder plant owned by the War Department had a daily capacity of 11,000 pounds, not enough to last the guns of New York harbour for one minute of firing.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels, had an inspiration. "Why not create a Board to study the whole mechanism of war," he asked himself. He enlisted Thomas Edison who became one of the organising forces. The eleven leading scientific societies of the country were each asked to name two members to serve on what came to be known as the Naval Consulting Board. Around it rallied the mechanical wizards of the nation, men of the type of Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, and his most distinguished colleagues. Straightway the Board saw that its great need was experts. The President got behind the movement and issued a call to the 30,000 members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Society of Electrical Engineers, and the American Chemical Society. An army of specialists was thus swung into line. Having mobilized the scientists the next step was to array the industrial chieftains.

A Committee on Industrial Preparedness was formed with Mr. Howard Coffin as chairman. Mr. Coffin was a famous engineer and master motor-car producer. He had personality and a real genius of organization. Tall, sinewy and self-made, he was what Americans delight to call "a live wire." Production is his hobby; he thinks in terms of quantity output. He knew that the best safeguard of the country in the war emergency was to be prepared to turn out munitions on the swift scale that it manufactured cheap automobiles and safety razors. He also knew that the Republic could not put itself on this basis without first finding out what and how much it could produce. Under his experienced direction a complete survey of American industry was instituted. The committee prepared a printed form which was filled in by 29,000 factories. This form called for the nature of the factory output, the capacity of the plant, the number of workers, skilled and unskilled, *what war munitions could be produced in case of emergency*; indeed all the vital statistics. Every State was thoroughly organised to make the census complete. Each one of the mechanical organisations that I have mentioned named a member to sit on a State Board. These Boards in turn sent skilled engineers in person to secure information. Never in all industrial history was a survey made under such conditions. Men whose salaries ranged from £5,000 to £15,000 a year drudged day after day, without thought of compensation. It was a labour of love and patriotism. When the facts were tabulated, standardized and co-ordinated the Committee knew precisely what it could count on when war was declared.

An Industrial Revolution

The results were startling. Manufacturers suddenly realized that quite unconsciously their establishments were embryo arsenals. A jeweller for example, was surprised to know that his plant, with slight changes, could turn out periscopes; a sash-chain maker found that he could make cartridge clips; the phonograph-record producer that he could make delicate shell parts or aeroplane mechanism; the music-roll maker that he could turn gauges; the cream-separator factory that it could add to the shell primer output. And so it went on. Even the makers of baby foods discovered that they could "do their bit" in the war game by manufacturing shell plugs.

The committee went further than this. They gave practically every factory in the survey a sample order for the munition that it was best adapted to produce. It might be for one hundred six-inch shell cases or a set of aeroplane parts. This meant that all the necessary jigs, tools, gauges, blue prints and other necessaries had to be produced and a set of workmen skilled for the job trained. Here then was the nucleus of the whole industrial mobilization. When the country turned to war the experiment simply became a practical work on a huge and nation-wide scale. The sample order was increased a millionfold.

Out of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness came the Council of National Defence appointed by the President. It included the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior, Commerce, Agriculture and an Advisory Commission composed of seven civilians. These men were: Mr. Howard Coffin, Mr. Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway; Mr. Julius Rosenwald, a merchant prince who had built up the largest mail order business in the world; Mr. Bernard Baruch, an eminent New York financier; Dr. Hollis Godfrey, President of the Drexel Institute and a distinguished engineer; Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, and Dr. Franklin Martin, one of America's greatest surgeons. From these men radiated the experience and the personnel, including the hosts of labour that would comprise the nation's chief bulwark in time of war.

Now began an intensive organisation of the whole country which drafted the best business, scientific and industrial energy and resource. Long before President Wilson hurled down the gauntlet to the Kaiser in his memorable speech of April 2nd, the national defence had set up its far-flung battle line. It had laid the foundations of a colossal Ministry of Munitions and had a branch in practically every one of the forty-eight States. It was geared to the biggest productive machine in the world, and what was more important, that machinery was already a going concern. It was one of the principal national assets, and when war was actually declared it went promptly to its task.

By May 15th, the following departments had been organised and were at work: General Munitions Board; Munitions Standards Board; Aircraft Production Board; Medical Section; Commercial Economy Board (dedicated to the elimination of waste); Co-operative Committee on Purchase of Army Supplies; Inventions Board; National Research Council; Committee on Shipping (out of which has grown the whole wooden and steel tonnage programme); Committee on Coal Production; Inter-Department Advisory Committee, which is charged with the task of co-ordinating the war work and preventing any duplication of effort, and a Committee on Women's Defence Work which will marshal the whole female labour element with a view of its adaptibility to war

* Mr. James Gerard, late United States Ambassador in Berlin, in his memoirs now appearing in *The Daily Telegraph* describing an interview he had with the Kaiser at Potsdam in October 1915, writes: "The Emperor said he would not have permitted the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* if he had known it, for no gentleman would kill so many women and children."

work and the release of fit men for the armies. In other words, within six weeks after war had been inaugurated the industrial first line defence was ready.

The immense aircraft programme is one definite result of this readiness. Mr. Coffin happens to be chairman of this board. His study of the first two years of the war had convinced him that in the aeroplane lay one great hope of victory over Germany. Although it was the birthplace of aviation America was sadly behind the times in aero knowledge and belief. No time could be lost in getting a huge appropriation from Congress and starting the aeroplane factories. To build up an organisation for this campaign would have been long, difficult and expensive. Thanks to the Council of National Defence Mr. Coffin had an organization ready. He launched an avalanche of publicity which educated Congress and the public, and in record time £150,000,000 had been appropriated, which means a fleet of 24,000 aeroplanes.

But even this immense sum of money would have been impotent without immediate facilities for construction. Here is where the Industrial Survey came in. Mr. Coffin knew precisely what motor-car and allied factories were available for aeroplane building, and within two weeks after the President had signed the bill authorizing the procedure the wheels were whirring day and night in a score of plants. It is just one illustration of the efficiency of the industrial mobilization. What has been true of aeroplanes has also been true of army supplies like uniforms, rifles, guns and transport.

The mention of transport reminds me of one admirable example of the national readiness, which is too vital to be overlooked even in this brief summary. In the United States to-day there are 3,500,000 motor cars, 175,000 motor lorries and 250,000 motor cycles. They constitute a military asset of almost incredible value. Under the auspices of the Council of National Defence the country has been cut up into districts, each one with a captain. A census had been taken which permits the almost instant mobilization of this huge array of transport for the army needs at home or abroad. Had a portion of this immense machine been available for France and England in the early months of the war some of the hazards and hardships might have been eliminated.

Take the whole mechanical output. It is dominated by one idea—standardization. In aeroplane and motor car construction miracles have been accomplished. Spark plugs, self-starters and controls, in which there was a mighty and costly competition among manufacturers, have been simplified. In many articles the number of specifications has been cut down by two-thirds.

Nothing is so essential to effective industrial output in war as a continuous flow of raw materials. England found to her cost and sorrow, when put to the test, how dependent she was upon Germany and Austria for many of the essentials to industry. Mr. Baruch is Chairman of the Committee on Raw Materials, Minerals and Mining, of the Council of National Defence. He has taken a complete survey of America's mineral resources. Under his instigation the metal producers have been organised into groups. This will permit collective dealing with the Government.

So-called big business has rallied to the standard of patriotism to a degree that is astounding to the people who have hitherto believed that the United States was so surcharged with commercialism that it could not see farther than the pocket book. The copper producers, for example, cut the market price in half on 45,000,000 pounds of copper needed for Army and Navy requirements. I might add that this saved the nation a little more than £2,000,000 in one lump. The steel manufacturers have made a corresponding reduction in the price of steel, and their example in turn has been followed by the brass and aluminium makers.

America, like England, will not be able to provide herself with all the needful raw materials. Yet she realises that she must make herself independent of foreign sources of supply. The standard of self-sufficiency has been unfurled from the masthead of the nation. To achieve this Congress has appropriated £500,000 for a laboratory in which the whole machinery of war will be taken apart, analysed, and if possible, improved. This is being done under the direction of Dr. Hollis Godfrey, who is chairman of the Committee on Science, Research and Engineering, of the Council of National Defence. It will be a sort of Bureau of Standards of War. Engines and guns will be perfected, explosives invented; schemes of standardization worked out; the ability of the nation to produce new minerals and chemicals tested. This laboratory will not only be a first aid to war, but likewise a definite incentive to the pursuits of peace. We, too, will find the way to potash and optical glass. It will widen the whole national creative and productive horizon. Destruction will have its compensations.

The very latest manifestation of American industrial war preparedness is the creation of a War Industries Board which is an annex of the Council of National Defence. It consists of seven members. Mr. F. A. Scott, who has been chairman of the Munitions Board, is chairman. His associates are: Lieut. Colonel Pierce, representing the Army; Rear Admiral Fletcher (who took Vera Cruz) the Navy; Mr. Hugh Frayne the Labour Organisations; Mr. Bernard Baruch; Mr. R. S. Lovett, head of the Union Pacific Railway and Mr. R. S. Brookings, a successful business man. The War Industries Board will be the clearing house for the Government's war needs. America's industrial mobilization is thorough and effective. It is a condition—not a theory. To Europe's wearied and battle-tried fronts it will bring the breath of a new hope—the guarantee of a complete victory over the common enemy of mankind.

The New Civilisation

By the Editor

MR. AND MRS. HAMMOND, when they wrote this book, were rendering unto their generation a far higher service than they realised, for though only just published, the work was finished before the war began. They could not have foreseen the extraordinary revolution that was then just about to overtake the industrial life of the United Kingdom—a revolution that was not merely to affect economic and mechanical conditions, but to touch so deeply the conscience and mind of the nation that at the present moment it is incredible we can ever drift back to the state that was in existence when the proof-sheets of this book were passed for press. In the preface the authors mention that "this volume is the first part of a study of the Industrial Revolution," and they promise a second volume that will give in detail, *inter alia*, the history of the workpeople during this period in various industries. We would make an earnest appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Hammond to lay aside the proposed second volume, at any rate for the time being, and devote their exceptional talents and industry to a companion work dealing with "The Town Labourer 1900-1914"—that is, from the accession of Edward VII. to the Declaration of War. Obviously this could not equal the thoroughness of the book under review, but it would enable students of industrial development—and what intelligent person in these days is not such a student?—to arrive at a fair understanding of the great progress that had been made in some directions; of the total lack of any advance in other directions, and of the extraordinary manner in which even when the more obvious claims of humanity had been conceded, the heart of our rulers continued to be hardened in so far as abstract justice and human rights were concerned.

We could not illustrate our meaning better than by a reference to the chapters on "The Employment of Children." A hundred years ago we were not only hanging men, but women and children for petty larceny. Children—both boys and girls—from five years of age and upwards, were employed twelve hours a day in mines, mills and factories, their failing powers stimulated by terrorism. Babies of four and five were used—and for many years later—as living brooms to sweep the chimneys of peers, gentry and tradesmen. And these things were done with the open approval of Parliament. Employers and employers' spokesmen "*for the children's sake* deprecated shorter hours as it would be exceedingly prejudicial to their morals to let them out earlier." "Nothing,' said one of these philanthropists who worked his children from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m., 'is more favourable to morals than habits of early subordination, industry and regularity.'" A hundred years ago the children of the poor were regarded merely as part of the machinery of industry. "When a weaver's wages had sunk to 6s. 6d. a week, the earnings of his children in the factory became an integral part of the family income; and parish relief was refused if he had children whom he could send into the mill." "The Combination Laws put the children as well as their parents at the disposal

The Town Labourer, 1780-1832. The New Civilisation, by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Longman Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

of the employers." In the view of the ruling class, the child of the weaver and the miner had no claims on society; there was no reason to educate him except that some rudiments of knowledge might make him more useful to his employer; and there was every reason to keep such education as might awaken discontent out of his reach." Well, how much has been changed since?

Pitiful Workmates

Charles Kingsley's *The Waterbabies* finally rescued Tom and his pitiful workmates from the chimney flues. Babes are not condemned to the coalpit to drag heavy loads or to act as mechanical contrivances for the safety of the men working the seams. Apprentices are no longer handed over by the parish with a sum of money to the first master who will take them, and no questions asked. But does the ruling class believe to-day that the child of the poor has equal claims on society as the child of the well-to-do? The question is suggested by the speech the Minister of Education delivered in the House of Commons only last week, on introducing his Bill—a Bill which, if placed on the Statute Book, promises to inaugurate a new civilisation, newer and brighter and more enduring than that with which the volume under review is concerned. An answer can be given when it is seen how many legislators accept these assumptions with which Mr. Fisher concluded his masterly utterance:

> We assume that education is one of the good things of life, which should be more widely shared than has hitherto been the case amongst the children and young persons of the country.
>
> We assume that education should be the education of the whole man, spiritually, intellectually, and physically: and it is not beyond the resources of civilisation to devise a scheme of education, possessing certain common qualities, but admitting at the same time large variations, from which the whole population of the country, male and female, may derive benefit.
>
> We assume that the principles upon which well-to-do parents proceed in the education of their families are valid *mutatis mutandis* for the families of the poor, and that the State has need to secure for its juvenile population conditions under which mind, body, and character may be harmoniously developed.
>
> We feel also that, in existing circumstances, the life of the rising generation can only be protected against the injurious effects of industrial pressure by a further measure of State compulsion. But we argue that the compulsion proposed in this Bill will be no sterilising restriction of wholesome liberty, but the essential condition of a large and more enlightened freedom.

"A large and more enlightened freedom" is not only the cause for which the manhood of this country is battling in Flanders, but it is the prize for which the working classes have striven for a hundred years and more with courage, tenacity and self-sacrifice, often in the face of almost hopeless conditions, which are beyond praise. The story of the beginning of Trades Unions is related excellently here. "It would be interesting to know whether any other class of English society has ever shown such readiness to trust its fellows as the men and women who subscribed to Trades Unions when they were illegal associations." In those days the working class had no friends among the classes in power. "The aristocrat believed in the unqualified rights of private property, the Radical believed in the unqualified virtue of free competition. The aristocrat traced everything back to private property: the Radical to private capital. The Radical said that if the law ought not to intervene to protect the rich, neither ought it on the other hand to intervene to protect the poor." What chance against these entrenched dignities and powers had those who had only the labour of their hands to depend upon? It is true that individual champions arose among both aristocrats and Radicals, but they could make small headway against current feeling and popular opinion, which moreover they often in their hearts regarded as right. For the world, on the whole, went very well for the manufacturer and the landed proprietor after Waterloo; there was glory and honour as well as comfort and luxury *for them* in being children of England; there was no reason *for them* to question the justness of inequality, which they attributed more to Divine law than to human regulations.

So the poor had only the poor to look to for redemption, and the working man had to put his trust in his fellow workingman, knowing well there was always at his elbow a Judas ready to betray him with a comrade's salutation for coveted silver. But he won through. The authors in referring to the influence of the Methodists, use these words: "The Methodists taught that the greater the sufferings endured with patience in these passing scenes, the greater would be the triumph of faith and courage in the day when the plot of humanity received its final disentanglement." To the present reviewer these words seem almost to have come true, though not in their intended sense. May we not behold the triumph of faith and courage over sufferings endured with patience in the glorious conduct through which the cause of enlightened freedom has been upheld by the working-men of England on the battlefields of France and Flanders during the last three years? Had not self-sacrifice been a heritage which their fathers' fathers had handed down to them as the one gift of those years of misery two, three and four generations ago, should we have stayed the enslavement which our enemies purposed or have checked the onward march of this new barbarism? Britain wins battles to-day, not only through her splendid military and naval traditions, but also through the courage and endurance which were nurtured and strengthened in the fight for freedom which the town labourer waged for over one hundred years.

Influence of the French Revolution

An interesting historical fact which this book recalls is the extraordinary influence which the French Revolution exerted over Britain's industrial revolution throughout the nineteenth century, an influence which is not yet altogether dead. The Reign of Terror actually lasted under two years in France, but in England it lasted more than ten times that number. Every effort the lower classes made for more humane treatment was regarded as a possible beginning of an uprising against existing conditions which would end with the guillotine on Tower Hill. Churches were built, not as outposts of heaven, but admittedly as ramparts against the forces of hell, embodied in half-starved weavers and farm labourers. The joyless Sunday of the Victorian era was much more due to the French Revolution than to Puritan teachings. "In the merry days of Archbishop Cornwallis, the Church, to the horror of George the Third, had set the fashion in Sunday parties. After the Revolution these dissipations ceased and Sunday became much stricter." The Home Office then took action against those of the poor "who wickedly profaned the Lord's Day by exercising unlawful Sports and Pastimes." The Newmarket meeting, which opened on Easter Monday, was postponed to the Tuesday so that it was unnecessary for its royal and rich supporters to travel on Easter Day, to the delight of the villagers, through whose villages the cavalcade passed. "The Duke of York, in answer to remonstrances, said that it was true he travelled to the races on a Sunday, but he always had a Bible and a Prayer-book in his carriage." As regards the Sundays of the proletariat, "some regarded the time spent by the poor on amusement as time stolen from the service of God; others regarded it as time stolen from the service of their employers"; but both agreed that amusement was bad for the poor.

Here we must part company with this fascinating book, though we have touched only lightly on its contents. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are inspired with a genuine historical spirit. How widely they have read is evidenced by the list of authorities given as an appendix. They never play the rôle of plaintiff or defendant; they are content to set down the facts and let them for the most part speak for themselves. These facts, combined with literary grace, raise their work to a very high level. It has the character of a classic in so far as the period it covers. It throws such a flood of light on the history of industrialism and incidentally on so much English literature, of the Victorian times and onwards, that we should like to see it accepted as a standard work in all Universities, to be read by students taking Honours in History, English, Economics, etc. The only fault we have to find is that the authors have been a little too sparing with the dates of years in the letterpress. The topic often compels them to pass quickly over considerable periods of time, and we are occasionally uncertain to what exact year their quotations have reference. It is a trifling defect, and only worth mentioning if the volume is to be accepted as a text book. There is not an employer in the country, not a working man or working-woman of intelligence, not an individual, male or female, who takes a sincere interest in industrial problems who can afford to ignore this book.

"The unofficial organ of the Inns of Court O.T.C." is the brief description given on the cover of *The Gehenna Gazette*, which, as is fitting with such a title, is written and illustrated by members of "The Devil's Own." It is also to be noted that this is a summer number of *The Hades Herald*, and its contents as well as its titles are well worthy of remark. The only outside contributors are Mr. W. W. Jacobs and "Touchstone," who need no recommendation, and, for the rest, it may be said that both letterpress and drawings are witty and clever enough to make up a really entertaining paper. The "Ode to a mess waiter," the "More hints on cleaning of equipment," and "Studies in evolution," as instances out of a mass of good matter, attest the soldier's unfailing sense of humour, and the drawings are just as good as the literary matter, which is saying a good deal. Copies of the *Gehenna Gazette* can be obtained on application to the Editor, Inns of Court O.T.C., Berkhamsted, at a shilling each, the proceeds of sales being devoted to charities.

The Prussian in Alsace

By Henry D. Davray

MANY people find it difficult to understand why a spirit of strife has perpetuated itself in Alsace between Alsatians and Germans. They thought that the antagonism that naturally followed annexation would subside with the passing of years and that the new generations would accept an irremediable situation. But nothing of the sort happened. The unyielding protests of the Alsatians in 1871, stubbornly repeated in the Reichstag in 1874, were never forgotten by the children and grandchildren of a population forcibly reft from France. The Alsatians relentlessly displayed their irreconcilable animosity in such few ways as were left open to them by the pitiless tyranny of the Prussian. Their dislike increased year after year, and the estrangement of Alsatians born since the annexation has to be admitted by Germans themselves as a matter of grave concern.

The Pan-Germanic Press vituperated the obdurate Alsatians who refused to be enthralled by the obvious superiority of German domination and kultur, and it demanded drastic measures in order to germanise them in spite of themselves. After 44 years of German domination, the Zabern incident revealed to an indifferent world the real feeling in Alsace.

Yet, at the present time, after all that has happened, all that has been written and said on the Alsace-Lorraine question, many people do not realise why it is that the Alsatians are openly against Germany, they do not understand that, in spite of forty-four years of tyranny, the Alsatians have remained unconquerably French. There is no better explanation of that attitude than the one every reader may find for himself in a book* just published.

Knatschke is the typical Prussian, the pedantic, pompous, fatuous, blundering, dogmatic, fanatical German professor, with no sense of humour and possessed of an overwhelming faith in his own immense Prussian superiority and the unqualified excellence of everything German. He is an unforgettable figure, fiercely comical and perfectly odious. He is the embodiment of all the characteristics of the race, and the idea of a comparison with Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick or Tartarin comes to one's mind. But these immortal creations offend against their very qualities, they sin by an excess of what is best in their nature; they remain good-natured, well-meaning, intensely human in all their extravagances, and we retain for them, in our inmost heart, an indulgent fraternal sympathy.

But the great German scholar Knatschke, whom Hansi has drawn, is a pure product of Kultur in his mind and soul quite as much as in his outward appearance. The double portrait Hansi gives of him, by pencil and by pen, does not permit any doubt as to the likeness; his short squat puggy nose supports golden spectacles; the reddish face is half hidden under a long reddish beard—the blonde beast snout which Nietzsche execrated and loathed; big thick square close-clipped skull is surmounted by a Tyrolese felt hat; his fat, flabby, corpulent body is sheathed in a close-fitting green-tweed coat of military cut, buttoned up to the neck to hide the absence of linen collar; huge hands with fat, plump fingers escape from sleeves without cuffs; his long, goose-stepping legs are swathed with baggy trousers and his big bulky, unwieldy feet are spaciously fitted out with strong hob-nailed boots. His whole being seems proudly to proclaim *Civis Germanus Sum.*

This attractive person who is called Dr. Wilhelm Siegfried Knatschke, was born in Tilsit-on-the-Hemel, the son of Herring-Export-Firm-Owner and Eminent-Tradesman Knatschke. He lives in Koenigsberg, from where he devotes all his learned attention to the development of Germanism in the reconquered land of Alsace. Once, on the occasion of a Philological Congress, he even came in person on a two days' tour to the Vosges, travelling through Alsace, where he learnt all about that country and its people.

Hansi's book was first published in German in 1907. It is written with a remarkable moderation and contains nothing abusive, outrageous or libellous. As he then lived in Mulhouse, where he was born in 1873, the author was particularly careful not to kindle the vindictiveness of the malevolent German authorities. Whether he uses pen or pencil, Hansi never goes to the lengths of German comic papers such as *Simplicissimus* or *Lustige Blatter* in either caricatures or lampoons. He chaffs, and makes fun of individuals who are their own people's laughing stock. But what is lawful on the right bank of the Rhine becomes an unwarrantable crime on the left, and the Boches were infuriated at the audacity of their witty and clever "reconquered brother."

To Alsatians and Lorrainers, old or young, to those who remained in Alsace-Lorraine after the annexation, or to those who, like Hansi, were born since 1871 and had to submit to German education and rule, Knatschke embodies the domination of the conqueror. The "great German scholar" represents the spirit which animates his compatriots who swarm in as gendarmes, commissaries of police, schoolmasters, petty officials or officers in the army. They come arrogant and proud, calling themselves "champions of German Kultur" against the "French schovinistic-cultural swindlers." They tactlessly remind the Alsatians of their so-called Germanic descent, they extol the greatly superior strength of the German Empire to which the "reconquered brothers" ought to feel grateful to be re-united. They do not understand why the Alsatians remain stiff-necked, and keep their hands in their pockets; they fail to see why the Alsatians resent to be over and over again called "re-conquered brothers"; they wonder why the Alsatians submit outwardly to German domination, to the harsh, spiteful and oppressive rule of the "conquerors," which they inwardly loathe; they become incensed when the Alsatians refuse to speak the German tongue they are taught at school and obstinately contrive to learn and to talk French between themselves at home, and, as French is forbidden in public places, they use their Alsatian dialect that the Prussian is at a loss to understand. Finally, being obliged to admit that after half-a-century, the population of Alsace has not yielded to German persuasion and seductiveness, the "conquering brothers" fume, rage, and threaten; and fines and innumerable years of imprisonment have been rained on the population.

From Hansi's book it is easy to realise the unbridgeable differences which separate Alsatians and Germans. On the one hand we see a passionate attachment to individual liberty, an unquenchable yearning for independence, for the unconstrained enjoyment of freedom. It is of their own free will and choice that the free towns and counties of Alsace were united to France; they were among the first to adopt the ideas of the Revolution; the Marseillaise was composed and sung for the first time in Strasburg; the Alsatians voluntarily enlisted to defend the Rhine against the German invader; Alsace gave to France an inordinate number of famous men; never were Alsatians compelled to abandon their own language or dialect; they were French citizens in the same way as any other Frenchmen; they enjoyed the same franchise, had the same legal standing, and the various governments that succeeded one another in France during the nineteenth century carefully showed all due consideration to the particularities of the border province, and the irrepressible spirit of its inhabitants, always intolerant of anything that reeked of constraint or fetters.

On the other hand, when they became incorporated into the German Empire, they were deprived of all freedom. The Alsatians have never for one moment assented to their forcible annexation. They had refused to France the right to give them up to the conqueror and they refused to subscribe to the pact in bending to the yoke. Prussianism and its spirit of domination failed utterly to make them relent.

It must be painfully humiliating to the Germans to recognise that after all their efforts to germanise a country and a people whom they claim as brothers, as Germans by birth and language, they have by no means succeeded. Far from it. There are not twenty officers of real Alsatian birth in the German army, while Alsatians came by thousands to fight in the ranks of the French army which counts among its glorious chiefs a remarkable number of Alsatians.

Hansi himself, who managed to give the slip to his persecutors on the very eve of the war, is doing his duty valiantly in the ranks of the armies of the French Republic. He was for fifteen months at the front, and now as sub-lieutenant Jean Jacques Walz, the creator of the "Great German scholar Knatschke," is attached to an important service in the rear, where he fills a position fitted to his talent.

In the words of Mr. Balfour, "Alsace and Lorraine were reft from France by force. At no moment since 1871 has the passionate desire of those taken from France for reunion diminished." Hansi has been a living proof of it and now, with his undelivered brothers, he awaits the moment when France will "restore herself to what she was before the attack engineered against her by Bismarck in 1870," for the moment when the last German gendarme will have crossed the Rhine on the heels of all the tribe of Knatschkes.

*Professor Knatschke: *Selected Works of the great German scholar and of his daughter Elsa*, collected and illustrated by Hansi, and faithfully translated into English by Prof. R.L. Crewe; Ph.D.; with an introduction by Abbé E. Wetterlé, late deputy of Alsace in the Reichstag. (Hodder and Stoughton). 3s. 6d.

Pinkerton's Great Coup

By H. Russell Wakefield

RAINIE should never have been a humble platoon officer. He had a very rare and definite talent, which in a properly constituted army should have brought him great distinction. On his third day in France he ran to earth The Terror of The Old Kent Road, in other words, an elderly and emaciated person, who sniped British soldiers from a cunningly contrived roosting place in an oak. For that he was christened "Pinkerton," and for the future was always detailed for feats demanding detective ability.

Rainie it was who interpreted that ingenious code of undergarments and window blinds in the little house behind the 4·5 battery near Rieppe. It was rather a famous case, but its history cannot be told here. It was he who secured the two occupants of the elusive Rolls Royce, whose peregrinations caused four days' consternation to important personages. He was a small, sturdy, intense individual, with "chess-players" eyes; (if you know any chess experts you will recognise what I mean). His power of synthesis and analysis was naturally unrivalled, and he had developed it. In fact, it was a shade too developed to be quite a happy element in a small mess, living in that atmosphere of reaction which active service breeds. Tension demands the lightest of conversational touches; a Sherlock Holmes, who exhibits his unique talents on the smallest encouragement and on the slightest provocation is apt to be a little trying. None the less, he was liked well enough as brave, unselfish people (and he was both) usually are.

By the time we left France opportunities for the exhibition of detective ability were rather played out, but Macedonia is the sort of place good detectives should go to when they die. Pinkerton's spirits rose daily after he arrived. While still in Salonika, he had reason to cut many notches on the staff of Fame. Those sons of Miltiades and Abraham, who earned a precarious livelihood by lifting officers' field-glasses, soldiers' trousers and Government rations found, by bitter experience, that our camp was a barred and deadly zone. "Early Morning Hate," an elderly Greek sergeant-major whose specialities were prismatic compasses and "greybacks," was neatly apprehended red-handed, and several other notorious local characters had reason to feel aggrieved at being forced to exchange the blessed light of day for the rather rudimentary amenities of a Salonika lock-up.

Eventually in the height of that terrible summer we went up country. At our first halt, Portach Plateau, the last outpost of culture, Pinkerton discovered a distributing agent of the *Balkan News* inspecting his bivouac rather closely. Though unable to prosecute through lack of evidence, his glare of suspicion simply paralysed old "Balkan, velly goo noos, ruddy goo noos," as the men called him, and he was heard to mutter "bad Johnny" as he sloped off with his wares.

We were the first to arrive at the Shadeless Valley of the Shadow, and amongst other jobs we were given local police-powers over our neighbours. By common consent, Pinkerton was delegated to superintend them. Traffic across the lake was strictly forbidden for the very good reason that certain articles of undeniable military value had been, in the past, slipped across to Bulgar territory to the mutual benefit of everybody except the crews of tramp steamers in the Ægean and Eastern Mediterranean. "But little puffs of gasoline and creamy rings that fizz and fade, show where the One-Eyed Death has been."

Pinkerton simply threw himself at his new duties. We were camped two miles from the lake, just opposite where it died away in the river, and between us and its muddy old waves was a wild tangle of reeds and swamps and forests, through which ran little doubtful paths used by the fishermen and herdsmen. There were several debauched looking villages near us and dozens of little boats on the lake, so that it was an ideal place for the exercise of the arts of contraband. Pinkerton mapped out the whole area, marked down every possible crossing, and, with the assistance of the motor-boats, closed the lake to traffic. We knew, however, that stuff was still going across somewhere in that wilderness of swamp. At last Pinkerton found the main depot in Kulos, and a few days later at midnight caught 15 laden ponies by the river bank, with a fleet of punts ready to take the oil across. This coup daunted and discouraged the others and the traffic entirely ceased

Soon afterwards the Bulgars arrived, occupied the other side of the lake and river, and made life very interesting and strenuous. We had posts out just clear of the reeds on little mounds. In front of them lay 1,500 yards of marsh and 1,000 yards of water; then the shore villages occupied by the enemy. It was just possible to force one's way through the reeds to the beach and snipe the Bulgars in the village, but the marsh gas was apt to knock out venturesome and enterprising persons, and the mosquitoes, which from their dimensions must have been nourished on the Food of the Gods, daunted even the boldest. Pinkerton spent many hours every day watching the foe through his small, but very potent, telescope. He made several interesting discoveries which had better not be enlarged on here.

His Favourite Watch-Tower

One day he went down to Post 1 about four o'clock, forced his way into the reeds for 500 yards, getting slightly gassed and severely bitten in the process, and climbed the little stump of a tree which was his favourite watch-tower. He had made it more or less comfortable, and his power of enduring bodily miseries was always inhuman. He settled himself there and put his telescope to his eye . . . The village straight across the lake in front of him, Rakdambos, was empty, save for a few donkeys and swine. He caught a fleeting glimpse of a cavalry patrol riding along the bottom of the Zanvik plateau; smoke was rising from the direction of Pagista; obviously trains were running again. That might be worth reporting. Everything else seemed drearily normal. The opposite bank of the lake was marked by a waving line of white, where the myriads of swan, their plumage caught by the sun, were resting on the mud; the geese were in their usual place in the little estuary; the duck were swimming about in hundreds, and the snowy plumage of the Little Egrets gleamed fitfully against the sluggish, shadowed waters.

Pinkerton was a bit of a naturalist; no one with his powers of minute observation could fail to be. For the first few days after their arrival the foe had been unable to resist the sight of so much food, and had gone out in punts to procure it. This had suggested to Pinkerton a masterly scheme. He had proposed to import a fleet of decoy ducks and moor them in a certain little corner, where the Bulgars could not fail to see them. Then he had proposed to take down a party of marksmen and wait till the appetites of the enemy overcame their prudence. When they were well out in the stream, the marksmen would set to work to destroy them. But the plan had been "turned down."

Pinkerton waited another half hour, and was just about to go off, when he thought he noticed something, and put his glass to his eye. Yes! there were three men coming down the hill to the village. A moment later he saw they were in uniform. They came leisurely down to the village, walked through the little street, and came down to the water's edge. Suddenly Pinkerton saw them get into line facing East, and stoop down as if to pick something off the ground. Pinkerton started. It seemed funny that they should all bend down together like that. He wished he could see them more clearly. Half unconsciously he noticed the swan had disappeared. In a flash an idea came to him. He looked to the West. That old tyrant, the sun, was just settling down behind the scarred and stony crest of Dciav Tepe. The summits of the eastern hills still shone, but their lower slopes were dark.

For a moment Pinkerton kept absolutely still, and his eyes were the eyes of a champion engrossed in the Middle Game. Then he said softly and exultingly to himself, "Bowing to the East!" He took one more look at the three men, who were just disappearing into the village again. Then he climbed down from his perch and raced back to camp.

* * * * *

Those highly trained detectives who track down the movements and positions of enemy forces had "lost" two Turkish divisions for over a month. They might have gone to Irak, El Arish or Bitlis, and it was essential to rediscover them. Therefore, when a report came through that some subaltern or other had noticed three men bowing to the East at sunset in a remote part of Macedonia, the information was not lost on them. The sequel was seen a fortnight later when the Press of the world was informed that "Turkish troops had recently appeared on the ——Front."

By that time Pinkerton was extremely busy tracking down one Ionides, a person of decidedly Teutonic sympathies, knowledge of whose whereabouts was badly wanted. Needless to say, he eventually ran him to earth, or rather to water, for Ionides was reclining luxuriously in the sulphur baths at Sohu, when his hour struck and he was gently "tapped on the shoulder."

A Note on the Flight of Shells

By R. Monteith, S.J. (Chaplain to the Forces)

"WHY does the spin of a rifle bullet result in its drifting to the left?" This is, of course, the same question as "Why does the spin of a shell result in its drifting to the right?" since the bullet moves on a left-handed and the shell on a right-handed screw. Owing to the flat trajectory of rifle bullets (in this war especially ranges have been very short), the drift and rotation of the axis of the bullet are slight, but in the case of heavy ordnance these factors are of very great importance. For instance a shell under extreme conditions is said to drift as much as a thousand yards to the right. Also, the rotation of the axis may result in its going wrong end first.

Dr. Proudman discussed the gyroscopic drift of shells in a mathematical paper recently read to the Liverpool Mathematical Society. The practical value of his work in these days will probably materially delay its publication. This note, though suggested by the subject of his lecture, will not touch on mathematics. Its purpose is to give an account of the causes which tend to produce these rather puzzling movements of projectiles, not to discuss methods of calculating them. The facts to be explained are:

(a) A shell turns its axis to the right;

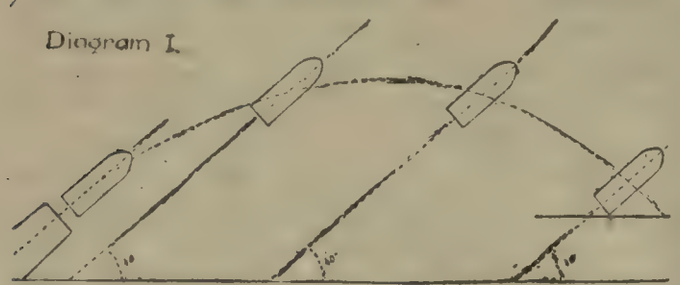
(b) A shell drifts to the right;

(c) A shell often turns its point gradually down and so lands on it—that is, a shell turns to the right and follows its nose.

All shells, however, are not so obliging as to go nose first, and some prefer to land on their tails. In fact, at first sight I think we should expect all of them to do so when fired at high angles.

Two reasons might lead us to this false conclusion: (1) In vacuum a shell would keep its axis parallel to the gun which fired it; also the spin would only tend to steady

Diagram I.



the axis in this position. Thus, a shell fired at an angle of 40° to the horizon, would land on its tail with its axis still pointing up at an angle of 40°. (See Diagram I.)

(2) If we consider the action of the air, apart from the spin, we see that the forces are disposed as in the shuttle-cock. Diagram II. illustrates how the air resistance turns the shuttle-cock so that the end which was struck passes under the feathers and then leads the way. In Diagram

Diagram III.

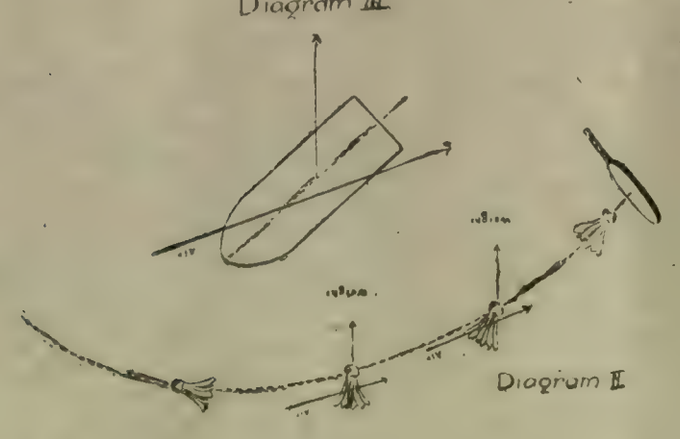


Diagram II.

III. the forces tend to the same result, if we disregard the spin, and we might expect the shell to turn turtle and alight wrong end first. This is not the actual result, I believe, in the case of our great naval guns. The reason is that the air resistance is now applied to a rotating body whose spin is not easily to be checked.

Dr. Proudman asks me to give his more accurate conclusion:—"On the whole a shell keeps revolving its nose about a direction which keeps a little to the right of that in which it is going, and it tends to follow its nose."

Two easy experiments carried out with a bicycle will illustrate the whole theory.

Experiment 1:

For convenience, fix the catch to prevent the handle-bars turning; grip the bicycle with the left hand towards the saddle and the right hand towards the handle bars, lift the bicycle just off the ground, and use the pedal to give the

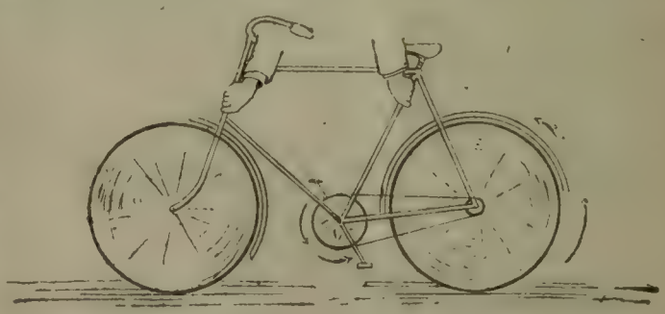
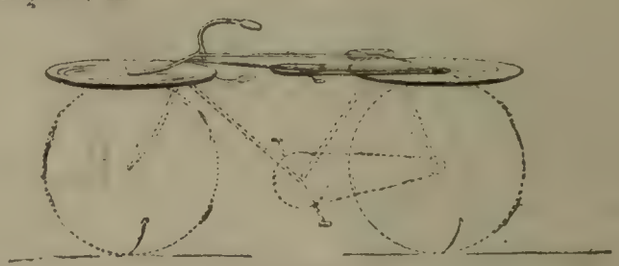


Diagram IV



back wheel a good spin forward, that is, to your right. Now try to turn the bicycle up into the horizontal. (See Diagram IV.) The bicycle will resist and try to turn to the right.

Experiment 2:

Having started the wheel as before, try whilst keeping the bicycle vertical to make it turn to the right. Again you will find it self-willed with a decided preference to lean over away from you out of the vertical. As I have said, these two experiments seem to illustrate the tendencies of spinning projectiles, which I have numbered (a) (b) and (c). Regard the hub of the back wheel as the case of a shell pointing away from you. In Experiment 1 you have tried to turn it up as a shuttle-cock is turned in the air. It turned its axis to the right so that a force couple, similar to the one which made the shuttle-cock turn over, will turn the axis of a spinning shell to the right and not up. The shell has now turned so that its nose is to the right of the direction in which it is going. (Diagram 3 is now no longer a vertical section.) The air resistance will be partly on the left side of the shell. One component will still tend to hold the shell back and up, while there will be another causing drift to the right. This is movement (b).

Also just as there was at first an effort of the air to turn the point up, so now there will be a tendency to force the point still further to the right. In Experiment 2, the effect of such an effort to turn the axis to the right has been seen. The bicycle heeled over away from the operator. The corresponding motion of the shell is a lowering of the point. This is the third motion (c) which we set out to illustrate.

As far as this third tendency is operative it will check the first coming into play, but it depends on the first and is secondary to it. We may conclude then that it is likely that by properly adjusting the conditions a shell might be made to travel more or less nose first, drifting to the right with its nose turned still more to the right and above the tangent to its path, but turning over sufficiently for it to alight head-first. Of course, nothing but a mathematical treatment such as Dr. Proudman's will give us an idea of the relative importance of the various factors of this problem. It will be noticed that the explanation given makes the aberration depend both on gravity and the air resistance and applies in general to the whole motion.

So far the motion of a shell has been illustrated by comparison with the behaviour of a wheel. Now it remains to be explained why a wheel behaves as it does. This may be of more interest as the text-books give only a mathematical treatment of gyroscopic action.

It will be necessary to remember that velocity and acceleration are quite distinct. They may be in opposite directions.

Also, if the acceleration is in the direction of motion the velocity increases even while the acceleration decreases. Diagram V represents a wheel lying in a horizontal position.

Diagram V

Suppose that it is rotating in the same direction as the hands of a watch lying on the table face up. We wish to examine the effect of a steady upward pressure at A (out of the paper) and an equal downward pressure at B (into the paper). That is to say, the effect of a force couple-acting about the axis C D. In the semicircle C A D the resultant force on every point will be upward. In the semicircle D B C the resultant force on every point will be downward. As a point of the wheel goes from C through A to D it will have upward *acceleration* all the time, so that the maximum upward *velocity* will be reached at D.

As a point of the wheel goes from D through B to C, it will have downward *acceleration* all the time, so that the maximum downward *velocity* will be reached at C.

From A to D a point gains up-out velocity.
,, D to B ,, loses up-out ,,
,, B to C ,, gains down-in ,,
,, C to A ,, loses down-in ,,

Hence, though the forces act above the axis C D, the actual turning will be about the axis A B.

If Diagram V be held vertical with A as highest point, we shall be looking at the first experiment from the point of view of the operator.

[N.B.—The rim of the wheel should be as heavy as possible so that the spin of the wheel may have its full effect.]

If the diagram be held with C as highest point we have experiment 2 from the same point of view.

Although this sort of treatment of a question in Rigid Dynamics may shock the consciences of some by its lack of rigidity, it is hoped that it achieves its purpose. This was to show how elementary considerations indicate the general character of the result. After all, when one has proved by Dynamics that a projectile will behave in a certain way there is interest in examining why it should do so. In conclusion I must again acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Proudman, though perhaps he would not like the reader to infer that he is responsible for these methods.

The Green Spot

By Morley Sharp

THE Squadron-Commander leant over the office table, his finger on the map, while a frown puckered his forehead.

"Yes," said he to himself, "I think I've got it."

He raised himself from his stooping position and slowly took out his cigarette-case. Then he walked to the window and looked out over the aerodrome.

It was a quiet evening; there was no breeze. The flag hung limply by its pole. The thunder of the guns had considerably lessened since noon. A couple of officers just landed, walked leisurely over to the mess, carrying their heavy pilots' coats on their arms. The C.O. looked at his wrist watch and, turning from the window, pressed an electric bell. An orderly entered:

"Tell Captain Briggs I want to see him."

"Ah, Briggs," said the C.O., "there's something here that wants attending to."

Captain Briggs came and leant over the table beside the C.O. while the latter traced on the map with his forefinger.

The two lines of opposing trenches stretched parallel across the middle. The point to which the C.O. directed attention, however, lay beyond them—some ten miles on the German side. It was a small wooded hollow, lying between the bare, undulating folds of ground, and watered by a narrow stream. It was round in shape and its diameter might have been a hundred meters. It lay not far from where four roads joined four main roads which converged into one, the latter leading straight to the German lines.

The C.O., having pointed out the green spot on the map, next laid his finger on the junction of the roads, and looked at Captain Briggs.

"There's been a lot of activity on those roads to-day," said he, "everyone has reported something or other in the way of transport, and Parker reports a whole column standing just there, stationary, mind you," and he pointed to the portion of the road which was nearest the hollow. Captain Briggs nodded.

"They'll be shifting their heavies further back, I'm thinking," said the C.O., "since we knocked out that lot," and he indicated a line of pencil crosses, midway between the four cross-roads and the German trenches.

Captain Briggs rolled the cigarette round in his mouth with his eyes on the green spot.

"It's a fair-sized target, anyhow," said he.

"Eh?" said the C.O., "just so. It's a likely spot!"

He looked at his watch again and then out of the window at the sky.

Second-Lieutenant Parker sat in his machine on the ground, his eyes on the "rev. counter," his hand on the switch. The C.O. and Captain Briggs had finished instructing him and had gone aside to escape the draught of the whirring propeller.

Lieutenant Parker's duty as well as his map was before him, and, "throttling down," he waved his hand to the mechanics, who promptly pulled the chocks away that held fast the aeroplane's wheels. Slowly the machine began to move, then its pace quickened until it tore across the ground, rose up over the trees and circled round the aerodrome.

Lieutenant Parker continued his circles until he had risen to a height at which the aerodrome appeared to him about the size of a postcard. Then he made a bee-line for the green hollow, away beyond the enemy's lines.

It was not many minutes before the four roads, looking much the same on the ground to Lieutenant Parker as they appeared on his map, were directly under him, and, closing his throttle he nose-dived for several thousand feet. Righting his machine he looked with the bomb-sight, until he stretched out his hand and released a bomb. As he looked over the side of his aeroplane to watch the effect, he saw a German machine, not very far below, coming up to meet him.

The bomb burst on one of the roads, not far from the green hollow, and Lieutenant Parker could see, far below, the hurried flight of men and transport along the four roads. He turned his machine and again took aim with the bomb sights. This time, as he released his bomb, he turned to his machine gun, to be prepared to combat his adversary, who was now almost on a level with him.

A hurried glance downwards showed him a bright yellow flame springing from the green hollow. At the same time, the concussion in the air jerked his aeroplane so much, that, had he not been securely strapped in, he must have been thrown out. A deafening roar down below shook the ground for miles around, and, at the aerodrome, the C.O. and Captain Briggs speculated much on the task done by their young subordinate.

But Lieutenant Parker's task was not yet over, for his aerial rival proved to be well-skilled in fighting. Round and round each other circled the two aeroplanes and the machine guns spat out hundreds of rounds. Lieutenant Parker had nearly come to the end of his ammunition. He could see his adversary preparing to fire. A couple of shots whizzed past him, close to his ear. He pulled the trigger of his gun, and the German pilot clapped his hand to his neck. He was hit. In a flash the German machine had dived earthwards. Lieutenant Parker dived after him firing his last few rounds. But he had put his opponent out of action, and he felt that his work was done. So he righted his machine and made back for the aerodrome, to receive, on landing, the promise from the C.O. that he would be recommended for the M.C.

* * * * *

And that was how "one of our airmen successfully bombed a large enemy ammunition dump."

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

A NUMBER of books of verse mostly of indifferent quality—have accumulated on my desk. In bulk they oppress me, like a visit to the Royal Academy. So many people doing things with all their might and so little achieved of any permanent value! Yet, after all, what does "permanent value" mean; and what, particularly in the arts, do permanent values matter? We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Meanwhile, let us strive manfully to achieve ourselves; and let us applaud and encourage the efforts of others, letting permanent values take care of themselves and believing all effort to be of value to the individual and the race. Above all let us sing the songs of our contemporaries, and especially of those young and brave men who march out singing to meet death.

* * * * *

"Should any sorrowing for the loss of such another bright young life find comfort in these verses which, however imperfect from a literary point of view they may be, are still the true expression of the faith held by the best of England's sons so nobly doing their duty to-day, the object of their publication will have been achieved." So "D.M.B.," in introducing Robert Harold Beckh's *Swallows in Storm and Sunlight* (Chapman and Hall, 3s. 6d. net), and there is little to add to this by way either of criticism or recommendation. Beckh, a scholar of Haileybury and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he had done well alike in work and in games, and intended to become a missionary. After a year at Cambridge he "joined up" in August, 1914, and two years later fell in action in France. Here are the poems, very appropriately described by the way in their collective title, of happy and hopeful youth. Beckh's last verses contain the following lines:—

Come danger, come Death,
Set teeth and brace back.
Still woo Mother Earth
Tho' her brows be bent black,
With a smile full of mirth.
And she'll soon pay you back,
In the coin that you're worth.

* * * * *

"Youth" is the theme of an effective epigram by M. St. Clare Byrne in *Aldebran*, a new volume in Mr. B. H. Blackwell's valuable "Adventurers All" Series (2s. net).

At fifteen, Horace,
Sixteen, Tom Paine,
Seventeen, Plato,
Nineteen, Montaigne.
And now I look back
And, to tell the truth,
Stand aghast
At the age of youth!

This, however, is a parenthesis in a volume of lyrics with a distinctive note of their own and a strain of haunting melody. Some of the verses have the daintiness of Herrick, to whom one of the pleasantest is addressed. Others show the influence of W. B. Yeats. Here is the closing stanza of the threnody, *Nos idem mortales . . .*," perhaps the finest poem in the book.

When they shall come to tell me you are dead
I will be very quiet: I shall know
Instantly, then, the place where I must go,
The thing that I must do. The words you said
I must ponder on in the very deepest heart:
I must remember all you ever did
Of loveliness, and the deep honour hid
In your whole life, and all the little part
We shared together, both of sorrow, laughter,
And age-old foolishness, all unforgotten,
I will tell over to myself all day
Your wonder and your beauty . . . and then after,
With peace of you from my long day begotten,
Quietly, strong with you, go on my way.

* * * * *

Another volume of impassioned poems inspired by a fiery enthusiasm for Freedom comes from the pen of Henry Bryan Binns. *November: Poems in War Time* (A. C. Fifield, 3s. net) is the third volume of verse that this poet has published since the war began, and it will serve to strengthen the growing opinion that his is one of the greater voices of our time. With splendid imagery fetched from near and far, and in full resounding tones, he delivers the great message of the age. I forbear to quote from the poems, because the most characteristic of them, such as *Freedom's Fellowship*, have a cumulative effect which would be lost in passages torn from their context. The book ends with a dialogue between Shelley and Mary Shelley on the subject of Emilia Viviani, called *The Price of Freedom*. Shelley sums up: "Freedom is a perfect and final thing even as death and birth are in their order final. And Freedom goes beyond them. It is eternal life. It is immediate participation in the integrity of God Himself." But Mary has the last word: "But never without justice; never without wanting to pay the price."

* * * * *

Freedom, treated in a lighter vein, is also the subject of Reddie Mallett's *Freedom Songs* (Waters and Co., 1s. net). These songs have a good swing about them and express now with strong indignation and again with racy humour, an Englishman's love of liberty and scorn of tyranny. Among the humorous verses I specially enjoyed, "What I ses to Jellicoe," the supposed yarn of a sailor pulling a good lady's leg, a poem which should make an excellent recitation. After an extravagant tale of penetrating the Kiel Canal and removing the Kaiser on his yacht, it ends:—

"—*A sixpence?*—Thank you kindly, Mum—
I will have just a tot o' rum;
I always ses drink makes a fool;
But you're so kind, I'll break my rool,
Same when Jack ses, 'Jim, come below!'—
'*I'm on!*' I ses to Jellicoe."

* * * * *

Two other books of light verse are worth attention. One is *Odes to Trifles* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), in which R. M. Eassie of the Canadian Expeditionary Force writes gaily of life on the Western Front in the spirit of these quatrains:

A tin of Ticklers between us four
A loaf of bread, and bully-beef galore
Beside us lying in the booby-hutch;
What can a bloomin' sojer wish for more?

And nightly thro' the darkness there will come
A Quarter Master-Sergeant "going some,"
Bearing a jar upon his shoulder, and
He bids us taste of it, and 'tis the RUM!

The other is *Lyrics for Sport* (B. H. Blackwell, 1s. 3d. net), by R. P. Keigwin, who has made some reputation as a writer of occasional verse. He deals with cricket, golf, football (both amateur and professional), and rackets; and writes useful mnemonic verses for Naval Cadets. The lady (American, I gather), who has such a name as Atossa, can hardly complain of this delightful epitaph:

Pause, friend, and read, that you may know
How fares the good Atossa
Her '*at* has vanished long ago,
But here repose her *ossa*.

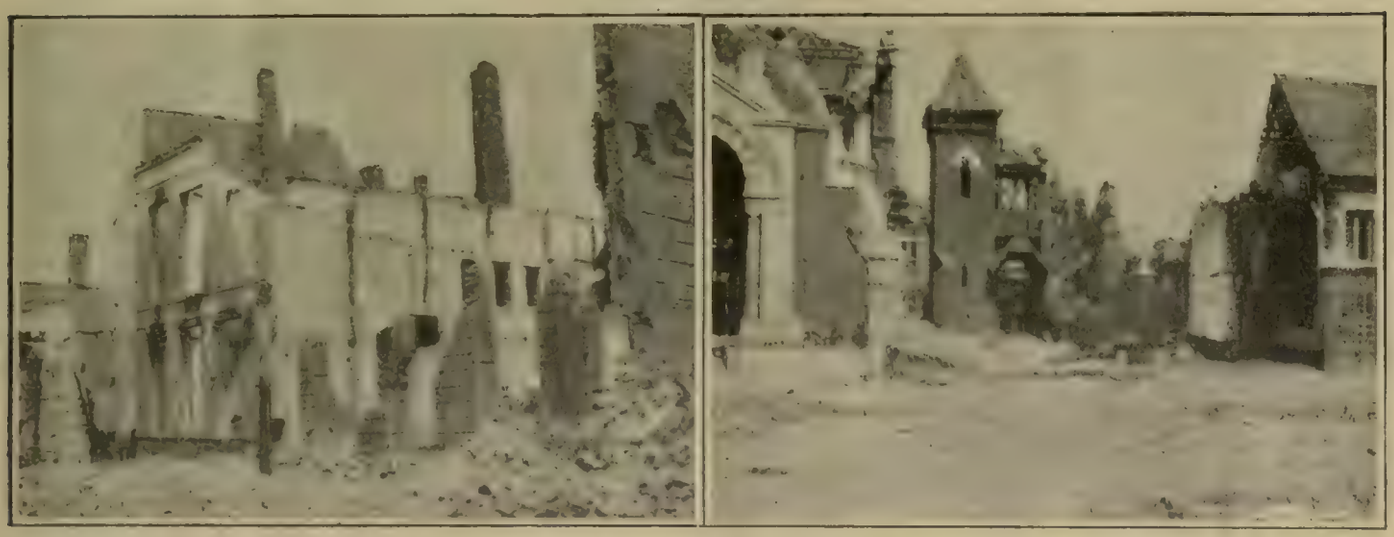
* * * * *

Finally, here is a collection of poems to illustrate South African life. In *Gold Dust from South African Poetry* (A. C. Fifield, 1s. 6d. net), Mr. E. H. Crouch has aimed at making "a collection which shall truthfully convey to those who may not be living in this land of sunshine, or who may not be familiar with its varied and interesting aspects, a fair idea of the scenes and life which go to make this sub-Continent so fascinating." It is indeed a kind of geography in verse, and very alluring verse too, much of it. In it you may hear "the creaking croon of the disselboom" in that excellent anonymous poem, "The Song of the Ox-Wagon," may listen to the weird lullaby of a Kaffir mother, or the "Voices of the Veldt," may accompany in fancy the big-game hunter or watch the southern stars with A. S. Cripps.

All night a-grof upon our shleep,
A million warders stare.
What do the stars of England know
Of us the sons she bare—
That all a million scornful eyes
Wor England's honour care?

The Desert Made by Germans

By James Milne



Two Streets in Arras

THE German Michael has a wonderful sense of art in destruction, a positive genius for ruins as a picture of wantonness. He takes a craftsman's pride in the way he levels a farmhouse; or even a humble cottage. He overthrows a château, like that of Coucy, so finely that it becomes an imposing cairn. He drills holes through the walls of a church with such nicety of relationship that he might be arranging new light effects. He even corrects a landscape by hewing down its trees and unloosing its waters as if the ancient plans of Nature needed his betterment. He does all those things so well that they carry an air of permanence, as if red ruin and the breaking up of an historic land were a bequest to the ages, an heirloom which those ages ought to treasure and preserve in inviolate desolation.

This is the devil's pageant, which my mind and heart, for it bites into both, have brought back from a strip of France which the German Michael held for more than two years. You may, with authority, reach it as I did, in an hour's motor-ride northward from the beautiful and happily unhurt town of Compiegne, which, itself, is a bouquet of France's history and romance. The perfume of that bouquet is still about you as you come to the region which the Germans laid waste when they were driven out of it in the spring. Consequently, the shock is sharp, even painful to a degree which blunts your natural attitude towards men and affairs, as if they were a new emanation from the lair of an unknown animal. It outrages the spiritual being in you, this brutal wastage of the useful and the beautiful, this dance of ruination, in mockery of the good the world has known. If you listen you can almost hear the ironic laughter of the old gods of force and spoliage who ruled in these northern frontiers of France before Christ gave out his message of Christianity.

Kultur

"Don't be angry; only be surprised!" So read a notice which the Germans scrawled upon the best public building in Peronne when they left it a skeleton. One loves to think that the man who scrawled these words had a sense of things hidden to the crowd of his fellows, who, probably, stood by applauding his sign. Was he a soul trying to strike a glow among them, a glow which should illumine, by irony, the present and the future to them? Perhaps his writing was just a chance, something done on the surface, into which there crawled a meaning unknown to the author. Anyhow, he wrote better than he knew, and the French have taken him at his word by leaving his message standing. They are not angry, they have long been beyond anger with the Boche, which is always their proud term of contempt for him. They are not now surprised at anything he does, for his long spoon of the nether regions has supped at their table these three years. They are just silent about him, and that is an awful judgment to fall upon one nation from another, and that other, France, the spiritual mother of all nations.

If you will spend ten minutes with me in one village we visited, you will understand the full eloquence of the French silence about the Boche. It was a smiling little place before the war, sheltered from the winds of the north and the east, prosperous in its fields and gardens, self-governed in its domestic affairs, in fine, homes linked into a community. Now its Gothic church, built on those lines found by the mediæval French architects as having a lift of the soul towards heaven, is no more than a quarry of stones. These lie upon each other with the precision beloved by the Germans when they set a charge to blow up a building. But the man they left to fire the charge was not, in the interest of his own skin, the perfect artist, for its roar caught him, broke half his bones against a grave-stone, and left him to be buried by the on-coming French soldiers. If our poet Gray were alive he could write a new *Elegy in a Churchyard*, and some day, who knows, a French Gray may do it, though it is hardly necessary. You gain the impression under all his war doings, of a strange absence of what George Meredith would have called the comic spirit. By that, one does not mean a mere sense of humour, nor a sensitiveness to the ludicrous and a corresponding desire to avoid it. One means the grave quality of comedy which is the companion of tragedy, the something elemental but soulful which lies between tears and laughter and keeps both in their just places. The war has given us many queer lights on German psychology and this is one which should be counted in, because it accounts for much. If the Germans had the comic spirit in the high sense of life and death, they would never have done the weird things they have done in the valleys of Shadowed France, because those things will mock them to all eternity. You

A Church in Arras

may mock a man and only make him angry, but let the Domesday Book of history mock a nation on the irrefutable evidence of its own deeds, gloried in, and that nation has come by its Purgatory. "Don't be angry; only be surprised!" It was the best word that German scrawler could write for his people above the grey ruins of Peronne; but it is also the just word in their condemnation and damnation.

That, and such as that, is the elegy which the Boche has written of himself across the slopes of Northern France. You would think, from the care of his scanning and the even roll of his rhythm, that he loved his task, was disappointed if he let it go imperfect. His gods of devastation must have chided him for leaving the high-set historic town of Noyon without lacerating it more deeply. True, he stole its metals and its other wares valuable to him, and he broke the canals and made a sea of waters out of which the cathedral lifted itself like a lighthouse. But the cathedral itself he spared, being in a hurry to escape, and so much the artist in destruction that, if he could not do it well, he would not do it at all. Only one street did he sack, in his modern fashion with mine and bomb, and that was as he finally departed, when his false gods were laughing at his impotence. We think of the wanton desolation which the Boche has wrought. Possibly he thinks, with regret, how much more complete he might have made it, which is a thought to stagger humanity.

The Cathedral, Albert

You get the idea, as you pass through the area which the Boche wrecked, because he could no longer hold it, that he showed a special fondness for trying to up-root any patch of history he might come upon. The Château of Ham, which fell within his pale of devilment, is an instance. It had, that strong bastion set among the watery lands of the Somme, known the presence of Joan of Arc. It was the prison-house in which Louis Napoleon was confined for years, and from which, disguised as a workman, he escaped to Belgium, and then to England. Since then time had eaten into its vaults, it had become a mere relic of history, but the Germans would not let it stand. They must, with their queer lack of vision, make it a relic of their own doings as super-Huns. So they mined it methodically, and one morning it went up in a tumult of stones and earth, Grosse Tower and all. Now its ruins lie mute, bare to the heavens, and the Germans fancy they have cut a page of history out of the Book of France. What they have really done is to illumine that page for all time, for they have set free the spirit of the keep from the moth and rust of material decay.

Posterity will say that the Germans would have done better for themselves if they had not left any self-made memorials to advertise their spirit as invaders. Often, apparently, there would be an artist, a cartoonist, among them, and what must he do but paint the Boche on a school wall or embellish a dug-out with ribald sketches. These leavings should be preserved, and, if it be possible, gathered into a gallery where people might study the Boche at war, as he sees himself. How he gloats over his supposed strength as a fighting animal; how lust and conquest are glorified; how brutal it all is! How coarse is Boche humour when the soldier-artist lets it loose for the benefit of his comrades billeted with him! Examples of it have a miasma, like a battlefield sown with corpses, with shell-holes full of stagnant water and with poisonous flies. But this reading of his pictures, done in odd, triumphant hours of the war of occupation, could never have struck the German master of art, otherwise he would have destroyed them with the Châteaux of Coucy and Ham.

It was a principle of war with Frederick the Great, and the Prussian spoilers whom he begat, to live upon the enemy country, if that was possible. The Prussians of to-day have carried the doctrine so much farther that they first live upon the enemy country and then seek to destroy it. That is why, in a pilgrimage by the Aisne and the Somme, across ground which was beneath the Prussian war-barrow, you have a feeling of human desolation as well as of material desolation. Where are the young folk whose laughter filled the land? If they are quite young you may meet them, but there is no laughter in their voices. If they are not quite young they are doing the work of France, or, some of them anyhow, doing that of Germany, under compulsion, for they have been spirited away. Where are the middle-aged people, who were the heads of families, the administrators of communities? Fighting for the Tricolour, carted off behind the German lines, or, a few of them, left to emphasise the absence of the others. And the old people? They remain, numbed, stricken, looking out from herded corners, where they have found retreats, wondering if they will live long enough to have their France herself again.

The Germans made a desert, but the French, with their quick brains and their quick hands, are sorting it into shape, and soon it will take life again. Meanwhile, it is the street behind the sound of the guns, a street along which the man-power of France marshals itself, always on the move forward. Houses cannot be rebuilt in a day, much less towns so thoroughly razed as, say, Chauny. Stately trees which shaded roads taking you over the hills and far away, cannot be grown to stateliness again in this generation. But not all this defilement by the German has quenched the spirit of France one little bit. It has outraged that spirit, given it new fire, burnt into it a heat which has not been since the Great Revolution gave the world its Cap of Liberty. The beautiful body of France has been hacked, tortured, but her soul goes marching on, untarnished, untarnishable, because it has a divinity unknown to the German, undivined by him. For those reasons, one returns from the Appian Way of ruins sad at heart, but full of faith, nay of pride, in the redeeming power of the French nation, which may God bless.

A Village in France

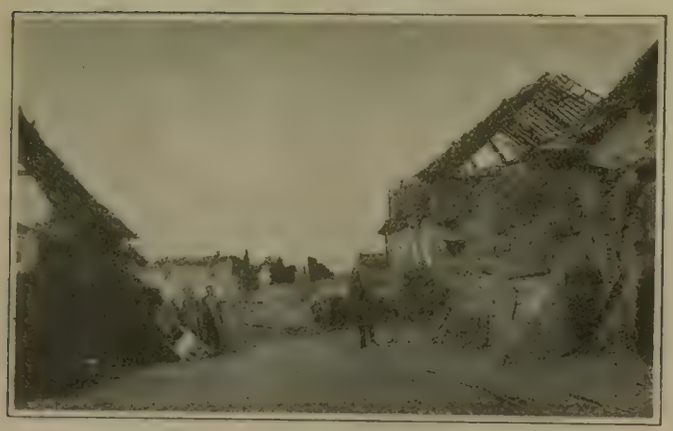
LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2885 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

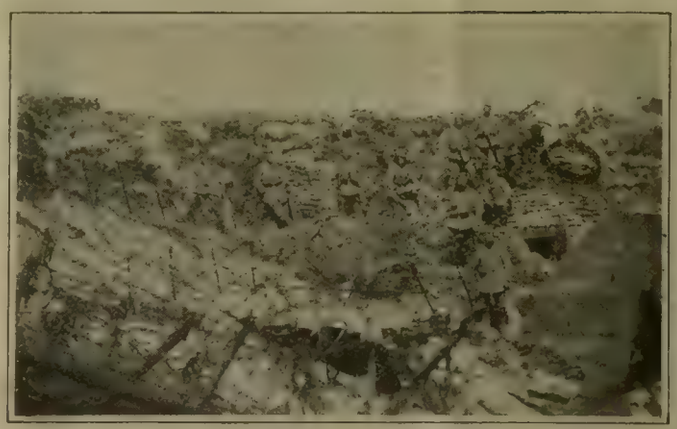
The Papal Crown

A good opening for a German peace

Scenes from the Battle Area



Langemarck—a German Photograph



German Dugouts

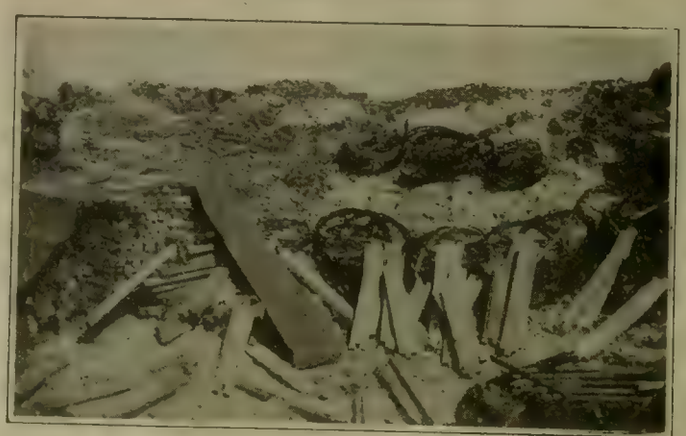
A Chateau in German Occupation

German Trench through a French Village

Bestowing Iron Crosses

A Village in Flanders

A Coal Mine near Lens



Depot of Railway Stock

These are German photographs of places in France and Flanders. They were taken from German prisoners who were captured at the Battle of Arras

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1917

CONTENTS

THE POPE AND PEACE

THE appeal which the Pope has addressed to the belligerent Powers in favour of an early peace, seems almost to have been drafted by a visitant from another world, who had passed over Europe on the wings of the morning and beheld the slaughter and agony as it exists at this moment. All the events that led to this slaughter, the manner in which it has been intensified by Germany's ruthless war on neutrals and non-combatants, its inevitable recurrence were Europe to return to the *status quo ante*, seems to have been hidden from his eyes. He sees the present horror and appeals to all that is best in human nature that it may instantly cease. Would this were possible. It is not. The appeal itself is weakened in that it is not addressed to all the belligerents—Serbia, which has been treated with a cruelty hardly excelled in Belgium, is omitted; there is no reference to Roumania; obviously Turkey gives no weight to this pronouncement on religious grounds—Turkey who still holds in her hands the fate of Armenia's pitiful remnant, to say nothing of the Christian communities scattered throughout the Levant and Palestine. The Alliance has to take these peoples into consideration; they have to recognise that they have an equal right to be safeguarded in the future as, say, England or Germany, France or Austria. Were the German colonies to be restored, who is to save the subject races like the Herreros of South West Africa from the abominations which they have suffered in the past at German hands. This is one aspect which renders the appeal futile so far as the Allied Powers are concerned.

But another aspect and one of greater weight, is that the acceptance of peace at the present time by the Allies would involve defeat. The Alliance has to think not only of its children, but of its children's children. *The Tablet*, the leading Roman Catholic organ in England, writing on this subject, remarks: "While in Rome the prospects of the struggle seems doubtful and uncertain, here the confidence in victory was never so high or so robust. And London is nearer to the West." And earlier in the same article it observes: "When the Allies insist on the necessity of crushing the forces of German militarism, they mean what the Pope means when he urges that the first thing to aim at is 'the substitution of the moral force of right over the material force of arms.'" The close analysis which Mr. Belloc contributes on this issue of the reasons why this war is a just one on the Allies' side is very pertinent.

Do what one will, one cannot free the mind from the thought that this appeal is the outcome of German influence, direct or indirect. The moment of its deliverance, its statements, omissions, and implications, its detachment from proved facts, seem to present overwhelming evidence of German bias. Mr. Richard Bagot, who has intimate knowledge of modern Rome, openly declares in a letter to the *Times*, that notwithstanding Britain is represented at the Vatican, the cause of the Allies never receives fair consideration within its walls. "No one," he writes, "who has had occasion to read between the lines in the so-called clerical newspapers and reviews published in Italy, since the beginning of the war, can honestly say that the constant and untiring representations of our Government, through its official mouthpiece, have any real effect at the Vatican." One is practically forced to this conclusion, on finding in the Papal appeal the phrase—"the true freedom and common enjoyment of the seas." Is not this the very voice of Jacob? Do we not know now that what is meant solely by "freedom of the seas," is that the right of blockade, accepted and exercised by a Land Power, shall be denied to a Sea Power. As for "the common enjoyment of the seas"—the words fall on the ear with an ominous ring at the very moment when the merchant seamen of the civilised world have at a public meeting practically decided to debar German seamen from the use of the seas in the future, except in their own ships, as punishment for their cold-blooded brutality in destroying life by drowning, thereby infringing the first unwritten law of the sea.

Since the Pope's appeal for peace was published, another document has appeared which destroys the last hope the Vatican could have entertained for its success. Peace, as we know, was to be based on guarantees to be given by the various belligerents. A right comprehension of the value which Germany sets on such guarantees has existed in this country since August 1914, but in order that there should be no possible misconception on this point, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg told most frankly to Mr. Gerard, United States Minister in Berlin, what guarantees mean to the rulers of Germany. And this was only last January. As the subject is of first importance, we make no excuse for reproducing here, thanks to the courtesy of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Gerard's exact words. Having read these astounding admissions, does it not appear foolishness on our part to talk of no annexations and no indemnities. We now learn what Germany is prepared to demand if the Allies enter into negotiations with her. Victory becomes more than ever a first necessity for the peace of Europe in the face of these arrogant intentions of the German Chancellor:

On several occasions when I asked the Chancellor whether Germany were willing to withdraw from Belgium he always said, "Yes, but with guarantees." Finally, in January, 1917, when he was again talking of peace, I said:

"What are these peace terms to which you refer continually? Will you allow me to ask a few questions as to specific terms of peace? First, are the Germans willing to withdraw from Belgium?"

The Chancellor answered, "Yes, but with guarantees."

I said: "What are these guarantees?"

He replied: "We must possibly have the forts of Liège and Namur. We must have other forts and garrisons throughout Belgium. We must have possession of the railroad lines. We must have possession of the ports and other means of communication. The Belgians will not be allowed to maintain an army, but we must be allowed to retain a large army in Belgium We must have commercial control of Belgium."

I said: "I don't see that you have left much for the Belgians, excepting that King Albert will have the right to reside at Brussels with a guard of honour."

And the Chancellor answered: "We cannot allow Belgium to be an outpost (*Vorwerk*) of England."

"I do not suppose the English on the other hand wish it to become an outpost of Germany," I returned, "especially as Tirpitz said the coast of Flanders should be retained in order to make war on England and America."

I then asked: "How about Northern France?"

"We are willing to leave Northern France," the Chancellor responded, "but there must be a rectification of the frontier."

"How about the Eastern frontier?" I asked him.

"We must have a very substantial rectification of our frontier."

"How about Roumania?"

"We shall leave Bulgaria to deal with Roumania."

"How about Serbia?"

"A very small Serbia may be allowed to exist, but that question is for Austria. Austria must be left to do what she wishes to Italy, and we must have indemnities from all the countries and all our ships and colonies back."

* * * * *

Of course "rectification of the frontier" is a polite term for "annexation."

The War

The Paaschendaele Ridge

By Hilaire Belloc

THE more difficult conditions of printing in this latter part of the war make it necessary for this paper to go to Press twenty-four hours earlier than it did some weeks ago. On this account my article cannot usually include any news received in London later than midnight of Monday or sometimes the early morning of Tuesday. I am unable, therefore, to do more than allude to the two new offensives in Italy and in front of Verdun, the first despatches with regard to which have only just appeared in England as I write. The number of prisoners given so far is between 11,000 and 12,000, of which rather more than one-third are the Germans taken in front of Verdun and the remainder the Austro-Hungarians taken by the Italians upon the Isonzo front. There is no mention as yet of any capture of guns.

The details so far show that the new tactic both of attack and defence has come into play before Verdun and on the Isonzo as it has long been in evidence in Flanders and the Artois upon the British front. The attack chooses a comparatively limited field, setting to each unit objectives which include little more than the first line of the enemy's defensive organisation. This is broken to pieces by intensive bombardments far superior to anything hitherto seen in the war, and made possible only by the heavy and increasing superiority in munitionment which the Allies enjoy. These limited objectives reached, the attack refuses further effort to advance, immediately prepares for the next blow, which is of exactly the same nature whether delivered on the same sector or elsewhere, and the effect counted upon is a cumulative one following as the result of a fairly rapid succession of separate blows.

As against this offensive tactic the defensive now leaves as few men as possible in its first organised line. These are the men the survivors of whom come in as prisoners; the guns are drawn further back than they used to be and, briefly, the first line is sacrificed. The hope of the defensive is set in the counter-attacks, which are launched from the second line as soon as possible after the first phase of the battle is over, and it is on the success or failure of these that the issue really depends. If they fail, each action involves the defensive in very much heavier losses than the offensive has suffered. But if they succeed—that is, if the attacking troops having failed to consolidate their positions in time break or lose ground under the pressure of the counter-attacks—by so much the value of the first phase of the battle is diminished to the offensive. Of course if the success of these counter-attacks were general it would mean that the new offensive method had failed and the new defensive methods devised to meet it had triumphed. Happily we now know for certain that this is not the case. The inferiority of the enemy is now too great for it to be the case, and of the total number of counter-attacks launched the percentage of those that effect their object wholly or partially is small. One cannot yet say, however, that it is diminishing; that phase will come later when the exhaustion of the enemy's man power has gone one stage further.

The contrast between the Allied and the enemy's offensive power is here well worthy of remark. Whenever the Allies this summer have undertaken the breaking of a piece of enemy front on the West they have attained their object, and we have had the regular succession of, first step, loss of the first line by the defensive; second step, counter-attacks from his second line; then later on another attack on the new first line (the old second line), which in its turn goes—and so forth. But if we turn to the only field in which the enemy has been able to make an offensive in the West at all—I mean the five or six weeks struggle for the ridge above the Aisne—we are interested to note the attempted use and complete failure of the same method by the enemy.

The French first line is not lost. There is no necessity for great counter-attacks from the second line; still less is there a succession of offensives turning that second line into a first line and so forth, pressing the defensive back step by step. What happened upon the Aisne was a very great number of attempts (from forty to sixty, according to whether you counted certain minor assaults as part of the larger ones or as separate actions) each of them preceded by its bombardment, and each having exactly the same object as have these Allied offensives: the immediate occupation of the French first line; its consolidation, and the meeting of the consequent counter-attack. Well, of this very large number of separate blows only about half a dozen succeeded in holding even a short sector of the objectives proposed in the French first line, and from these the counter-attack drove the offensive out in every single instance sooner or later. It is as though the British in Flanders had attacked the Messines Ridge, let us say, over and over again, and at the end of six weeks had found themselves back where they were at the beginning. It is true that this comparison suffers from the difference between the large scale of the Allied offensives and the comparatively small scale of the fighting on the Aisne Ridge; But the principle is the same and the contrast is of value.

Weather and Movement

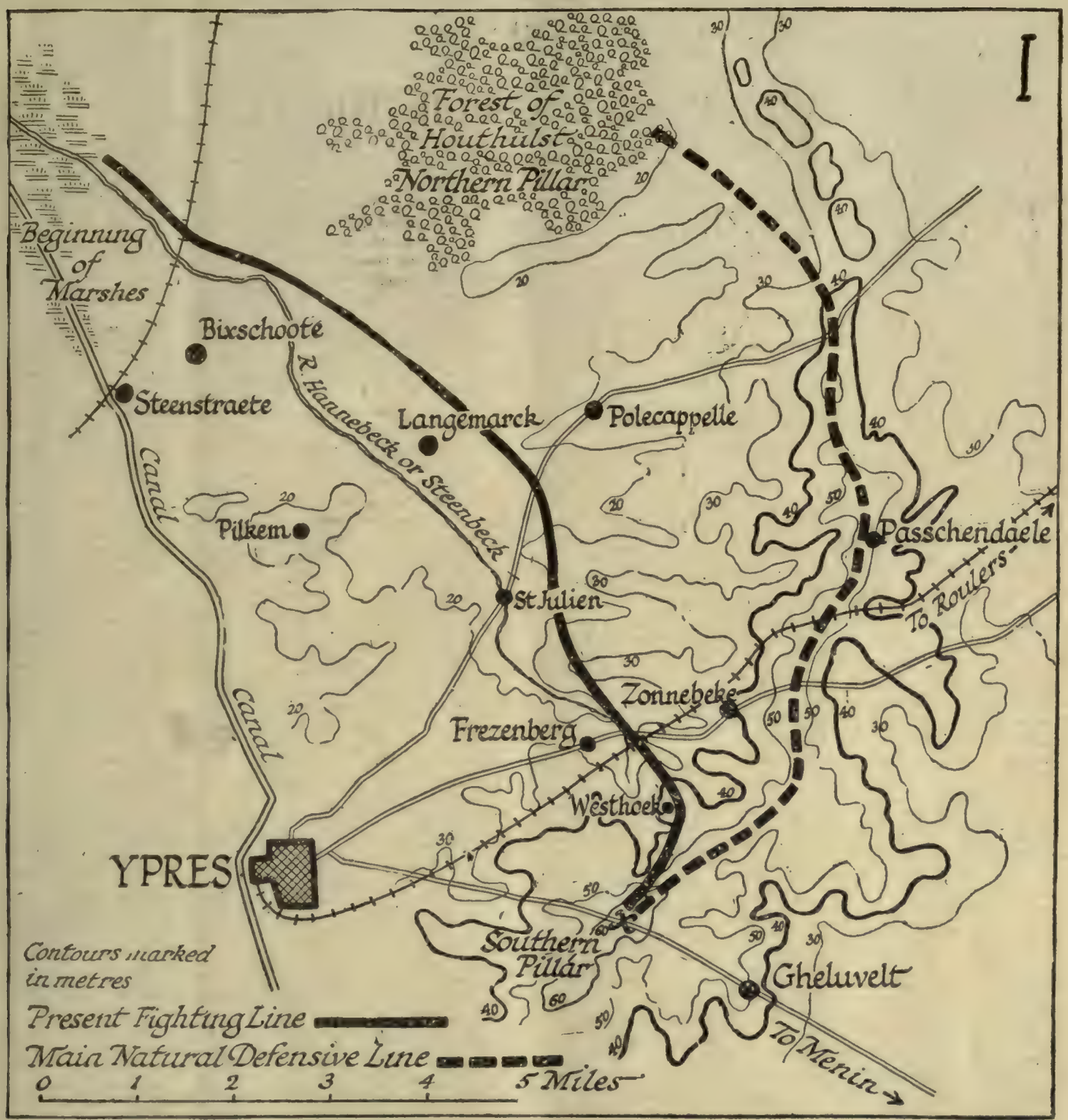
Apart from the two offensives in front of Verdun and on the Isonzo the week has been marked by successful operations upon the Flanders front extending the large crescent-shaped salient which, based upon the old Ypres salient, is now the principal British sector of offence against the enemy's line.

The plan of operations is clear to the whole world. It is that one of dealing successive blows, each upon a limited front, each with limited objectives in front of it; each breaking some new piece of enemy defensive organisation and each reducing the remaining defensive power of the enemy by the loss he suffers in men, in material, and in moral which we have just seen. A conspicuous test of the new method is the comparative rapidity with which the enemy can re-establish each new piece of defensive organisation after losing the old one. In other words, the ratio between the rate of succession in the blows delivered, and the power of recovery therefrom. That ratio is, so late in the season, largely dependent upon weather, and we see the rate of movement closely following the climatic conditions of the moment. These govern three capital elements in the whole business: They govern observation; they govern the power to move into and over the ground occupied (which wet weather turns into a morass of crater ponds and mud), and they govern that most important element, the rapidity and perfection with which the men who have occupied the destroyed trenches can restore them (and make new ones) for the purpose of meeting the counter-attacks the enemy immediately delivers.

The two movements of the week upon this Flanders sector comprised a larger and a smaller operation. In the first, which occupied Thursday, the 16th, there was a very considerable and successful stroke delivered from a point just north-west of Gheluvelt up to the extreme left where the French face at a distance of 3,000 yards the outskirts of the Houthulst Forest. This line is about nine miles in length, and the action which developed over it may be called after the name of Langemarck, the ruins of which place were at once the strongest part in the enemy's organisation and the cusp of the curve of advance. The character and extent of the fighting undertaken in this operation will be observed upon the accompanying map.

It is remarkable that the enemy chose upon this occasion to issue a completely false bulletin. In the first place, he nearly doubled the length of the line upon which the attack was delivered; he spoke of it as stretching southward as far as the river Lys; in point of fact, it stretched no further southward than the Menin road west of Gheluvelt. More remarkable still was the statement in the enemy's bulletin that the ruins of Langemarck, the retention of which was his principal object in meeting the blow, though temporarily lost by him, had been recovered. The truth was the very opposite of this. The British not only carried Langemarck and advanced to the objectives which they had set them, but nearly ½ a mile beyond: a distance which was doubled three days later. There was a serious attempt to press them back and to recover the ruins of Langemarck, but that attempt completely failed.

It is difficult to believe that this enemy bulletin was due to premature despatch or to wrong information conveyed to headquarters. The quite definite statement and its complete lack of correspondence with real events makes such an explanation almost impossible. It is none the less somewhat puzzling to discover the motive of these occasional gross misstatements. The most common explanation is that they are



made with the object of deceiving the German public and maintaining the moral of civilians. But we must remember that our own despatches are read in Germany freely three or four days after the event, and that the description given of the further fighting will show even a superficial German student of the war how the line actually stands. Perhaps the puzzle cannot be solved, and we can only leave it where it is until we have some better information of the method in which these bulletins are collated and sent abroad.

Meanwhile, it is clear the enemy depends for the checking of this serious and continued deepening of the breach in his lines and of the consequent cumulative effect of such successive blows—now far more expensive to him than to his assailant—upon the following method:

If the reader will turn to Map I, he will see that the nine miles of the enemy's present defensive front—in the shape of a crescent—have on the extreme south (the enemy's left) a body of high land astraddle of the Menin Road and just in front of the ruins of Gheluvelt; while on the enemy's extreme right or north, just behind his present line, is the big wood of Houthulst. Running in a deep curve from one to the other goes the gradually declining ridge of Paaschendaele.

The enemy clearly regards the two horns of the crescent, the wood of Houthulst and the heights of Gheluvelt, as strong pillars upon which he can rely to maintain either end of his defence, while if his centre is pressed further back he can at last repose upon the ridge of Paaschendaele.

This is the natural defensive line of the region, and now we understand why he has been fighting so desperately to retain the southern pillar, the heights near Gheluvelt. If the reader will here look at Map II, he will see the nature of these heights and the extent of the enemy's success and failure. I show on this map in detail the contours of the district.

The dominating hummock is an oval rather more than a mile long, lying, as I have said, astraddle of the Menin Road and marked by the 60 metre contour. The best Belgian maps are contoured to a metre, that is, every yard of ascent is shown, and I have within this hummock of land marked the four metre contours which lead one to its summit. That summit stands just on the road at 64 metres, and is known in the military discussions of the ground as "Hill 64." The British soldiers have called it "Clapham Junction."

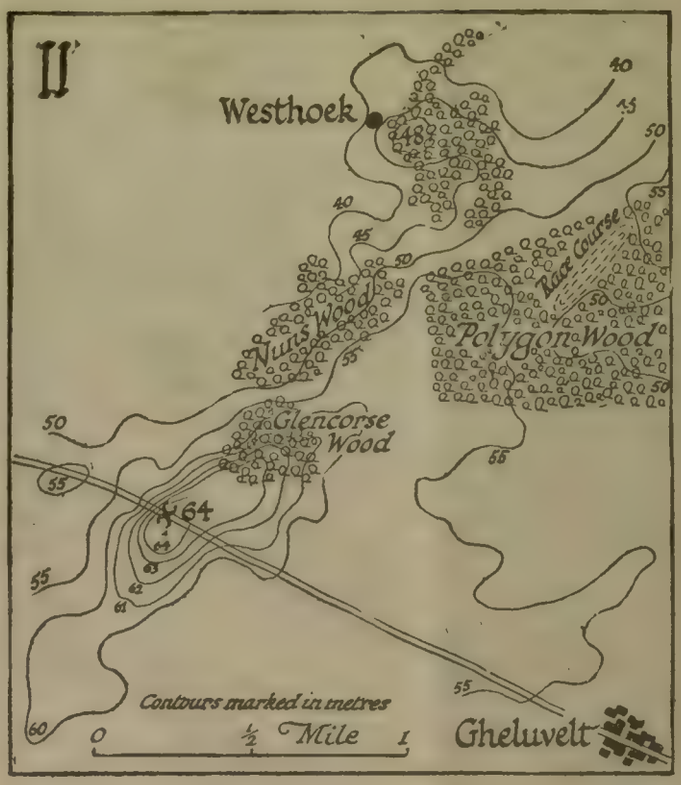
On the north of Map II the reader will see the tiny hamlet of Westhoek, lying just above the 40 metre contour—that is some 70 feet or a little less below Hill 64 and distant a mile and a half from it. He will further note just to the east of Westhoek a little isolated hummock marked 48, the highest ground in that neighbourhood. Lastly, he will observe how tangled and difficult the country is made with woods. Now the whole fighting in this region—the southern pillar of the German defensive scheme—is to maintain point 48, point 64 and the highest levels of ground running between the two; and the swaying to and fro of the battle in this district marks the great efforts the Germans have made to prevent themselves being dislodged from that defensive line.

In these efforts the woods have been their mainstay. The difficulty of the British advancing through the splintered woods supported the Germans during their long struggle to

hold the ruins of Westhoek and Hill 48, and the same thing happened in the immediate neighbourhood of Hill 64. It is here that the small southern projection of the Nuns Wood (which the British soldiers call Glencorse Wood) has its importance. It stands on the shoulder of the highest point. In the first sweep of the offensive some of the attackers got as far eastward as into Polygon Wood, well over the ridge and beginning to go downwards on the other side. A few seem even to have reached the racecourse, according to the descriptions given by the newspaper correspondents. A violent counter-attack threw them back to the line of the ridge again; the fight continued, and presumably will continue until the next blow is struck, for the possession of the highest points, being particularly violent in Glencorse Wood. If the enemy loses that southern pillar his scheme of defence is considerably weakened, and he is doing everything he can to maintain it even at the risk of weakening himself in the centre, and therefore suffering such a blow, for instance, as the second operation of the week, which cost him 500 yards of depth to the south-east of St. Julien.

For his Northern pillar, the forest of Houthulst, he has perhaps less fear. For one thing it is not yet reached. The French are still nearly two miles from its main body, and even from the outskirting copses a full mile. When, or if, the next blow carries the French up to the forest itself, it is so great and formidable an obstacle that the Germans rely clearly upon its standing, while between the forest and the inundated area on the north, the gate is narrow and very swampy.

We see from all this how the enemy's anxiety concentrates upon a little lump of high land in the Gheluvelt region, and why it has taken the place it has in the story of the last few days.



The Pope's Note

The suggestion for a consideration of peace which the Pope has sent to the belligerent Powers has one dominating interest. It may be put in the following question: "Why does a certain false view of the war almost invariably appear in any neutral statement?" For that is really the point where intellectual curiosity as distinguished from passion is aroused. That is the historical interest of the thing.

The man of the remote future who may be indifferent to the issues of this enormous conflict; some intelligent and well-read person among our contemporaries, who is so detached as also to be indifferent (if there be one such still remaining) would certainly ask that question.

Why is it that not only in this suggestion for peace which has last been circulated from the Vatican to the belligerent Powers, but in the simplest conversation with chance travellers from neutral countries, in a glance at the few remaining newspapers of neutral countries which have not taken sides, even in the general statements and offers for peace which came earlier from countries once neutral but now dragged into the war—why is it that we find in them all a certain note, a certain point of view, which we in the capitals of the modern world, I mean in London and in Paris, know perfectly well to be false?

Before trying to answer that question let me state what that note is and then proceed to prove its lack of correspondence to reality—not a difficult task. After that we may properly approach the answer to the question of how so stupendous an error has arisen and why it is almost universal at the present moment.

In general terms the tone of which I speak may be said to run thus:

"The Great Powers of Europe are engaged in a terrible struggle which is costing physical and spiritual pain after a fashion never known before. Each group of the two Alliances believes itself to be in the right. Each says that it is fighting for its existence. The two claims cancel out one against the other and all that remains is a horrible welter of incalculable suffering ground out by opposing forces which are in a deadlock, and neither of which will, with any probability be able to enforce its will upon the other. There is more than this. Neither party can now state clearly what that will is. Not only can neither be victorious over its rival, but neither is clear upon what the results of victory should be. You have then, after three years of increasing horror, which now threaten to grow into a general desolation of Europe, no issue but the obvious one of a mutual admission of error and an agreement to cease the carnage.

"There would obviously be in such a truce points unsolved by a mere cessation of arms. Thus territory originally belonging to one set of belligerents is now occupied by the other. Wanton damage has been done by both parties. There are clear cases of moral dues owed here and there from one side to the other. But these are points of detail which a sober examination could settle rightly. The main and right view is that the population of very nearly all civilised Europe has got dragged into an awful gladiator's show which threatens an increasing weakness or even an extinction of the civilisation common to all. Let the misunderstanding be resolved by a call to parley, and the details of particular wrongs settled by particular arbitration."

That, I think, is how the matter stands in the minds of those who have at various periods in the last two years appealed for peace. It is a statement true not only of this last Papal suggestion but true also of many a note we may remember from neutral sources, and especially true of what is least suspect of bias or afterthought, and therefore most valuable as a witness, the chance conversation of neutrals in the smaller countries and of the most detached of the writers in their Press. It is the point of view (when they are honest) of the little cliques up and down the alliance who amaze us by their talk of Stockholm conferences and the rest just as the phase of victory opens.

I say that this point of view is very widespread and to be discovered almost everywhere in men who profess a complete detachment from the quarrel.

That is the first and most obvious point in the phenomenon we have to study.

Now this point of view is false. It does not correspond to reality. The proof that it is false is so simple a matter that one is almost ashamed to set it down again in a newspaper attached to the cause of the Allies. For the truth has been told over and over again, and it is as surely as plain as the sun in Heaven.

But because we are discussing this matter and because it is never a waste to make things quite clear, let us tabulate the plain historical statements which demolish every contention among those I have enumerated.

(1) All war is just or unjust mainly according to who is the aggressor. Who was the aggressor in this campaign? Prussia was the aggressor. Prussia desired the war, prepared for the war, and launched the war in the belief that she would easily win the war.

How do we know this? Upon the following evidence:

(a) Prussia from three years before the outbreak of the war began to take steps in view of a coming campaign. The heavy artillery was re-formed; the pace of munitionment was accelerated and numerous dispositions appeared at the outbreak of the fighting which had required from two to three years for their development. In the interval there was a great levy on capital for the purposes of war throughout the German Empire. The German (that is the Prussian) armies were suddenly and dramatically increased by a special statute, and in many particular cases that could be proved notice was privately sent, towards the end of the period, to interested parties, of coming hostilities. Financial preparation was further discovered after the event to have been made for many months upon the market of London, the whole calculated for the date on which war broke out. Lastly, a great levy on

capital was made throughout the German Empire to provide a war fund.

(b) As against this the Powers now known as "The Allies" were preparing nothing. Upon the contrary they were, from various causes, falling back from the military positions they had held as against Prussia some years before. Such few dispositions as they did take, for example, the French law of Three Years' Service, were undertaken long after the corresponding and menacing Prussian moves and even so were eagerly debated, always cut down, and in some cases actually refused by the Parliaments. The events of the first months of the war amply confirmed the truth that Prussia had prepared and that the Allies had not.

We may summarise the first point, then, and say without fear of contradiction before history—for the matter is susceptible of positive proof—that Prussia designed war after the harvest of 1914, and that no trace of a similar design and preparation was apparent on the side of the French, the English, or the Russians, but on the contrary and most unfortunately, quite the reverse of such preparation.

(2) The particular circumstances surrounding the actual outbreak of the war tell exactly the same tale. The ultimatum to Serbia by the Austrian Government is not to be paralleled in any other diplomatic document whatsoever in the history of Europe. It made war inevitable and was intended to make war inevitable. Its acceptance would have destroyed Serbia as an independent State, and a State so challenged is sure to fight rather than be so destroyed without a blow.

Austria's Ultimatum

At this point again let us pause and note that the fact of no similar diplomatic instrument being drawn up in all the diplomatic history of Christendom is overwhelming. That note cannot be excused on the plea that such things have been done before, and had resulted in the submission of the small and assumedly guilty party and so saving war. It was a document unique and therefore damning, and its object was the conquest of a small State whose strategic position made it the key of the east.

For a full month after it was launched it was clearly believed in the countries afterwards forming the great Alliance that it could never be acted upon. It was thought to be only an excessive claim which would be modified. The proof of this is that the countries afterwards forming the great Alliance took no steps for any coming war, while the Central Powers arranged everything for a conflict which they had precipitated and desired.

In the last stages of the negotiations to which this extraordinary note gave rise, there appeared something which, if possible, was more significant still. The countries now forming the Alliance, suddenly seeing a precipice in front of them, made the most vigorous efforts to prevent the fall of their nations into that precipice. They appealed to arbitration; they appealed to delay. Arbitration and delay were refused at the eleventh hour.

That again is not a matter of opinion or debate. It is a matter of positive history. We further know from a comparison of tests, both in the secret diplomatic correspondence now published and in the public diplomatic correspondence of the time, that Prussia insisted upon her subject States and her Allies adopting this position.

(3) The positive act which provoked the European war was also an act upon the part of Prussia. This would be a secondary point if the first two were not established. But the first two are established. That a man is the first to strike a blow in a quarrel is not in itself proof that he is the aggressor, but if it be proved that he has prepared for the blow and insolently determined to launch it in spite of appeals for peace, then that first blow is not only corroborative evidence of his intentions, but cumulative evidence as well. The positive act which determined the war after those amazing preliminaries of which I have spoken, was a challenge delivered simultaneously by Prussia to France and to Russia bidding the latter to submit to grave humiliation in the person of the small Slav State and the other to abandon its Ally. On this there is no historical debate or question whatsoever, nor is any possible. It was Prussia that said to Russia:

"Unless you abandon Serbia to her fate, I and all my Alliance fully prepared make war against you at once," and it was Prussia which at the same moment and hour said to France: "Unless you abandon your Alliance with Russia, I will make war against *you*."

(4) The war being thus (a) prepared for three years; (b) provoked, and (c) declared by Prussia at the head of her dependencies, was enthusiastically and universally applauded by the whole German people.

Of this proposition the proof does not consist in diplomatic documents or a comparison of dates, but in something even more formidably true, the voice of a whole people. Great crowds everywhere frenzied for war; innumerable written statements in the Press applauding war, and the whole chorus shouting that war would be glorious and was for German right; universally expressed contempt of supposedly weaker peoples about to be conquered—all these provide a testimony to a true national act, a universal German insistence upon forcing war, as overwhelming as ever a popular movement has provided in history. The thing was unanimous and instinct with an insolent certitude of victory that will never be forgotten. That victory was declared absolved from the old moral laws of Europe and, not justified but supported by some fantastic philosophy of might, worthy of its originators and apologists. Not a word was heard of any other kind until the defeat came. Nothing said after the defeat can obliterate our memory of those days, and those who pretend that the things were not said, and that the cry was not universal, are liars.

(5) Prussia entered upon her victorious war. She knew herself and her dependents to be overwhelmingly superior in numbers against the French; in equipment, in science, and in rapidity against the Russians. She had not believed that the English would join the French—so much is true—but she did believe after this junction was effected that the war would be won by her before the long process of developing the latent strength of Britain could be completed.

We know what followed. Prussia, in the very moment of victory on the West, suffered the overwhelming disaster of the Marne. She was driven to ground and pinned and, in spite of the most furious efforts, has remained pinned ever since. Her successes upon the East, due to her great superiority in industrial power over the Slavs, availed her nothing as against the rigid tenacity which gripped her between the Alps and the North Sea, and which permitted the vast latent power of Britain to develop itself. She fought like a beast in the toils against that net; she was beaten at Ypres and at Verdun. She failed. She knew then that she was defeated, and from that moment she has intrigued for a peace that would save her from the doom that was inevitable if her enemies were but steadfast.

(6) In the process of this first insolent and uncompromising claim to break all right and to assert what she pleased to be advantage, Prussia in detail transgressed first one and then the other of nearly all the conventions which have kept European warfare a civilized thing. She began by throwing away a solemn treaty to which her name had stood. It was indeed the fourth or fifth time she had done that in her history, but it was the most flagrant case. She proceeded to the massacre of innocent civilians, to wholesale burning and wholesale theft; thence to the introduction of instruments of warfare hitherto foreign and unknown, beginning with the use of burning oil, then going on to poison gas, to which she reluctantly compelled (to her own hurt) her intellectually superior foes. She went further, she massacred non-belligerents upon the high seas and ended by massacring neutrals as well.

There is not one of all these abominations in which she did not take the first step. France and England took the first step in initiating fighting in the air; proper reconnaissance from the air by photography more and more highly developed; the increase of heavy guns and the creation of new types in these; protective helmets; barrage fire in its more and more perfected forms; the methods of destroying observation balloons, etc., etc.; these and twenty other legitimate steps in the increase of military power were the corresponding steps to those which in the progress of Prussia have been steps illegitimate; the lowering of a standard of chivalry and the debasing of arms: murder, the destruction of monuments, the bombardment of open towns—Prussia was *pioneer* in these. In not one innovation of the sort were the Allies guilty.

There is, then, no question of two parties to a quarrel each preparing for his advantage over the other, each watching his moment, and both at last springing at each other's throats. Still less is there a question of balancing evils done one against the other by two parties equally infuriated and blinded in the conflict. There is on the one side preparation; a contempt for pledges, a proclamation of superiority indifferent to right, followed after defeat by more and more desperate atrocities and, at last, appeals for peace.

On the other side there is, at first, the natural unpreparedness of men who neither desired nor expected such a catastrophe; their awakening; their agony of preparation to repair the wrong and at last, thank God, their ability to begin the chastisement. There is upon the one side no single act with which it can reproach itself of innovation in barbarity or falsehood. On the other side a positive claim that such innovations were to be made at its own discretion, and to be forgotten in the victory that would succeed.

There is not in all history a clearer case of right against wrong, if only it be admitted that there is a right and is a

wrong and that there is a God judging the nations. Why, months after English women had pressed distractedly to learn of survivors from the Lusitania, their fellow citizens were still debating whether it was right or not to blockade Germany in the matter of food!

Weeks and weeks after the first German use of poison had nearly broken our line, great bodies of Englishmen were still debating whether we could legitimately use such a weapon ourselves!

Why then, has there been so general an acceptation of a picture quite false: A picture of two parties within one happy and similarly cultivated society falling into a misunderstanding, of tragic consequences, each worthy of the other's respect and only needing mediation for an impossible situation to be relieved?

I say that that utterly false position has been very widely accepted. It is accepted not only by many neutral chiefs of every degree in the past, and even now, speaking officially; it is accepted widely in the neutral Press and neutral speech of private writers and travellers to-day. It is accepted to our shame, by men among us who are so worthless as to forget their country, and so stupid as not to see that upon the fate of their country depends their own.

How has such a complete dislocation of judgment been made possible? I think it may briefly and in conclusion be ascribed in the following causes:

First, there is the fact that the original Austrian collapse, the unchecked mastery of Prussia over all her dependencies and Allies—the single word of command which ran in the same tongue from the Danube to the North Sea—gave the enemy's propaganda a unity and simplicity of direction quite impossible to his opponents.

Next, there is the mere geographical fact that those opponents were separated into two groups which had no link one with the other; each fought separated from the other by a thousand miles.

Next, there is the diversity of speech and custom which makes it impossible for the great Powers of civilised Europe to create in the short space of this one war that community of sentiment which must ultimately arise, even if nothing nobler than necessity be there to forge it.

Lastly, there was, most unfortunately, the lack of capacity on our side to understand what propaganda should be. It was so ill-co-ordinated, so turbid with little personal quarrels, so subject to the wretched system of political jobbery, so amazingly ignorant in its direction, and at the same time so slow and lazy, that we were bound to reap a bad harvest—and we have reaped it. Against the ridiculous lies the Germans told with regard to their losses, for instance, there was no official action whatsoever.

I shall point out later how the Germans were admitting in official lists less than a million dead at a moment when they were telling Mr. Gerard that they had a million and a half and had, as a plain matter of fact, a million and three-quarters. There is an endless series of such falsehoods to be noted in the German propaganda during the past three years.

It is now too late for further criticism of this lamentable product of a bad political system to be fruitful. But there is a good side to this confession, which is that if it is too late for further propaganda now to be of use that is only because the supremacy of the Western Allies is now so strongly established, and because the mere force of things has convinced, or perhaps I should say, is convincing the plain man that the enemy's claims and his statistics are false.

Let it be remembered in conclusion, that any efforts for peace, whether well meaning or treacherous; whether just in motive or base in motive, are now of necessity working for our defeat and for the victory of the enemy. He is at that point where the continuance of the war is odious to him and threatens him more and more every day with disaster and penalty. We are at that point where the continuance of it is merely waiting for a harvest. We have but to meet every such attempt, domestic or foreign, with plain refusal, to reassert the simple truths of the original German aggression, the continued German abominations and the necessity of cutting out such a cancer, to achieve the result of all that has passed. He must be a madman or a fool at the best who sinks such an investment and who at the moment of fruition foregoes its fruit from some mere sense of weariness. As for him who dissuades his fellow-countrymen dishonestly from plucking that fruit, he is neither a fool nor a madman but something very much worse; for he is a traitor. H. BELLOC

Owing to pressure on our space Mr. Belloc is unable to deal in the current issue with Mr. Gerard's figures on German Effectives, concerning which he has received many letters. A full criticism by him on this subject will be published next week.

Reforms in India

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR,—It is well-nigh impossible for any one who takes a serious interest in that most fascinating of all Imperial problems—British rule in India—to keep silent at this time, when reforms are under consideration, which should prove in the course of years to be as momentous in their character and in their influence on Oriental life and progress as the landing of the first European in India, or Clive's victory at Plassey, or the fall of Delhi sixty years ago.

What we have done since 1858 is an amazing thing; in two generations we have so educated an influential section of the varied races of the Indian Peninsula that it is now fully persuaded it can govern the country by itself on the same lines as England is governed, where to gain the same political privileges it has taken this more or less united people the better part of a thousand years. When the *Westminster Gazette* reproaches the Aga Khan for delaying the publication of Mr. Gokhale's last will and testament for twelve months, it overlooks the fact that the Aga Khan, being himself of India by birth and upbringing, might conceivably be better informed of the true feeling of his countrymen than an Englishman whose knowledge of India can hardly be more profound than was Professor Knatschke's knowledge of Alsace. This point of view is confirmed when in the same article one reads that the exclusion of Indians from the commissioned ranks of the British Army was "illiberal, unjust and deeply felt." The difficulties which have always surrounded this military question are apparently unknown, for had they been known no honest man, as the writer of this article obviously is, would have used the terms "illiberal" or "unjust" in this connection.

Hasten Slowly

When any Briton raises the argument of *festina lente* in connection with Indian affairs, it is so easy for his fellow-countrymen to convict him of being nervous, conservative, or even reactionary, but it is as well to remember that the most conservative Western mind is a tearing progressive compared with the *bulk* of Indian opinion. Psalm xc. is an Oriental hymn, and the spirit that underlies the original, and that is more or less suppressed in our familiar metrical version, is as lively to-day in the East as when it was written. Every Englishman who has been brought directly into contact with this spirit, possibly over a considerable number of years, must desire that reforms should be introduced slowly and tentatively and that we should emulate the caution and slow care of the wise beast of the East, the elephant, in crossing the dangerous and treacherous ground that lies between a despotic and a democratic Government.

No one will deny that India deserves the most generous treatment for her splendid conduct during the war, but a cursory acquaintance with modern Indian history reveals that though on occasions we have been foolish, we have not been illiberal in the past. Now that the Great War has established certain facts, we are able to make a quicker advance, but it must still be regarded as slow by those who want to introduce at one leap the British Constitution.

The war has accustomed the public mind to consider more deeply than aforetimes certain racial questions. One of them deals with mentality. For German mentality we now study the training its people have received at home and in school, and we find that their public conduct is a natural reflection of it. Now this is not a question of East and West; it applies with equal force to all humanity, and I venture to suggest to British publicists that in writing of Indian reforms they should keep before them Indian mentality. This will not be easy, especially when the home is under consideration.

Think of the difference in the upbringing of a child of the high-bred Mahommedan and of the Brahmin, both of the same social rank as we should consider it, but of different religions. Think of the contrast between the teaching of a Brahmin child and of a Pariah child, both of the same religion as we regard religion, but of different castes. Then take into consideration the upbringing of say, a Hindu child of Malabar, where there were no marriage laws among the Hindus, until the present Indian member of the Governor-General's Executive Council, himself a Malayali, secured a permissive Act twenty-five years ago, or again, the training of a child of a Pathan tribe. We English claim that the home is the very foundation of our civilisation; if that be true, then the civilisations of the East must be many, seeing they are based on such different foundations.

It is very desirable in the interests of India that these elementary facts should be borne in mind.

London, August 21st. NON-OFFICIAL.

Campaigning in East Africa

By a Padre

THE Wami River battle had been a terrible disappointment. The big capture which we had so nearly effected would have been a long step towards ending the war. Now that the Germans had escaped and gone to swell the ranks of the force which we supposed was defending the line of the Central Railway, all the work had to be done over again. We started on the march, after two days' rest by the muddy Wami River, in anything but a jubilant frame of mind, nor did the officially pronounced warning that we were entering upon a tract of waterless country serve to improve our spirits.

The Central Railway is the greatest engineering achievement of the Germans in East Africa. It stretches across the entire width of the colony, and links up Lake Tanganyika with Dar-es-Salaam and the sea. The part that interested me at this time was the section running through Morogoro, and skirting the foot of the Wuguru Mountains. These mountains we could see distinctly from our camp on the Wami, as a great sombre mass on the horizon. They looked bad enough on the landscape, but on the map they looked even worse. For the map showed that frowning mountain wall extended fifty or sixty miles to the south in a tangled and confused welter of heights; the very place for a successful defensive campaign.

At Wami I lost my good horse Thady, and also my private bottle of chlorodyne. Thady simply disappeared. He was taken out in the morning to graze with the other officers' horses, in care of one of the grooms. The other horses came back, but not Thady. My own groom, a singularly stupid C'aju boy, was tearful, but could give me no consolation, though he said he had searched the camp from end to end. It was a large camp, and contained many cavalrymen whose mounts had died. Thady was not in good condition, but he had a great heart, and was good for another six weeks' work.

Thady's loss reduced me at once, so to speak, from affluence to penury, for while I had him, I could use my mule, Mary Abyssinia, as a baggage animal, and so be largely independent of the waggons. I came within an ace of losing Mary too, with my big saddle bags and blankets, for soon after we had started on the march (I was riding the machine-gun officer's horse for the day) I saw to my horror and dismay Mary break away from the line, and dash off over the veldt in the direction, more or less, of her home in Abyssinia, dragging with her with little effort my insignificant groom. Fortunately, he stuck to her, and in the end she gave up the ill-timed effort for freedom, and became once again her normal and placid self. It was the only unladylike conduct of which I ever knew her to be guilty, except once, when she tried to kick the Colonel, absolutely the one and only person she ever did try to kick.

A Long Trek

We make a long trek that day, travelling with full water-carts, two to each regiment. These would provide us with two water-bottles per man, and the next water was supposed to be anything up to twenty miles distant. The water in the carts was chlorinated, which gives it a very peculiar flavour, very difficult to get away from. When treated in this way it was supposed to be safe drinking, though our own M.O. was rather sceptical on the point. The carts, of course, were carefully guarded and under the care of a water corporal, a most responsible and sometimes very disagreeable office. Earlier in the war, it had very frequently been filled by clergymen of the Church of England, who combined this duty with the work of chaplain. They carried rifle and pack just as the rank and file, and their self-sacrificing and sometimes heroic labours won them universal esteem and respect. My Anglican colleague, who was attached to the other regiment of our miniature brigade, had at one time been a water corporal, with the result that his influence with the men, whose trials and hardships he so exactly shared, was quite exceptional.

We marched that first day till well into the night, and bivouacked in the dark. The road led through a red country, and the clouds of vermilion coloured dust which enveloped the column produced in the strong sunlight a most striking and theatrical effect. It suggested a company of firemen fighting the flames, or some Witch's Kitchen scene from a pantomime, when the red limelight is turned upon the smoke from the magic cauldron.

Talking about colour, German East Africa, so far as my experience goes, is a most disappointing country. I had come out full of expectations as to the glories of tropical scenery, but up to the time of writing I can safely say I have scarcely seen a decent flower, while as to birds with their gorgeous plumage, the most common have been a little thing like a blue robin, and another, a big one, which seems a cross between a vulture and a carrion crow. The few palm trees we have struck have been nearly all decapitated, and looked like decrepit factory chimneys. The natives, I believe, make some sort of spirit from the leaves at the centre, and the cutting away of these leaves make the entire head of the tree rot away, and fall off. They say that at Neu Langenburg at the top of Lake Nyassa, the roses are quite wonderful, and as the country is about the size of all Europe minus Russia, it may well be there are more favoured spots than those I have visited. Over and over again I have fancied myself in England, so quiet and subdued was the colouring of the scene, and so entirely absent anything distinctly tropical

Charged by Rhinos

Next day we struck straight across country, making our own road, and leaving the beaten track altogether. We had a little excitement at starting, for just as we were saddling up, a sudden shout of alarm all over the camp announced the approach of some sort of danger. It appeared almost at once in the form of three rhinos charging down upon us, and looking uncommonly ugly. Fortunately, instead of making right through the camp, as seemed to be their first intention, they swerved off to the left, and two of them were shot as they passed. Someone has described the German East Campaign as "General Smuts's War in a Menagerie," a good phrase, and one that has more truth in it than might be supposed. This was the only time we were troubled by rhinos, but lions were very often with us, and so were leopards, while elephants and giraffes knocked down our telegraph poles, and monkeys of all sorts jabbered at us out of the darkness whenever we encamped near a forest. The part of the country in which I am at present writing is particularly rich in lions; you can hear them roaring (or more often grunting) almost any night, and we have had one or two Askaris actually carried away from the trenches. Only a night or two ago, four lions attacked our cattle kraal, carried off two oxen, stampeded the herd, and caused the men in the trenches to open fire under the impression that the Germans were making a night attack. Even in daytime no one is allowed to go beyond the confines of the camp unless armed and with a companion.

This looks rather like a digression, but the fact is I am half afraid to begin the description of the day which followed the rhino visit. It was like no other day in the campaign, and it lives in memory as a red hot abomination, a thing full of a new and furious menace. Our way led across a plain, and we made our own road. It was quite easy to do so, as the plain was flat, and there were no rivers. It was covered with low scrub, and grass burnt to a rich yellow by the sun. The grass was the terror. If it had been soaked in paraffin it could scarcely have been more inflammable, and when it came in contact with anything in the way of fire—a cigarette end or a spark from a motor bicycle was quite enough—it simply exploded. But it was worse than an explosion, for it was not local in its action, but spread in all directions with incredible rapidity. There is an expression "to burn like wildfire," and we learnt that day to know what it meant. Fortunately for us the grass was not very long, and, fortunately, too, such trees as there were did not catch fire very readily, otherwise a most appalling disaster might have occurred. For we had with us not only machine gun and rifle ammunition, but two field batteries with their equipment of shells.

We had hardly started when the danger became apparent. We were the leading battalion of the Brigade that day, but other units were ahead of us, and soon we began to see little clouds of smoke arising at intervals in the distance before us. And then suddenly we were in the very thick of it. As it seemed to me, miles of flame appeared to spring into existence on our left flank, and the whole column swerved suddenly away to the right. If the road had been an old one, it would probably have served as an effectual fire-break, but it was only a track beaten down by the vanguard of the column, and almost instantaneously the flames were over it, and had destroyed the new-laid telegraph wire. Fortunately, a second track had been beaten by a column moving parallel to us, and behind this we took refuge, while the native troops were set at work beating down the flames with branches. I suppose they succeeded, but I confess I did not wait to see,

but urged Mary Abyssinia on at her topmost speed, which, when she felt like it, as she did that morning, was quite a respectable gallop. We got clear at last, and out of the smoke, the heat which, added to the heat of the sun, was almost intolerable. But behind us the sky grew blacker and blacker with smoke, and the thought that our transport with its heavy waggons and long teams of mules was in the thick of it, made us very anxious indeed, an anxiety which the obvious concern of some of our oldest and usually most imperturbable officers did not serve to diminish.

Nor were our own dangers by any means over. When we made the midday halt for lunch, and fires for cooking purposes were lighted, we were disturbed time and again by shouts of alarm, the horrid crackling noise of burning grass, and a general rush from all over the camp to the point of danger. I was myself within a few yards of one of these conflagrations when it started, and though ten of us must have been on it within a few seconds, beating for all we were worth with branches, it was a good ten minutes before we had got it under. That will give the reader some idea of what I mean by the explosive force of the flames.

Arrival of a Home Mail

The cloud of smoke behind us grew darker as we advanced in the afternoon, though we had no more fires in our immediate vicinity. But we had only exchanged one evil for another, for after a few miles the road became blocked, and we had numberless halts. Such halts are at any time wearying to a degree, but when you are marching on water and in an absolutely shadeless country, they become absolutely maddening. I was so disgusted with things in general that even the appearance of a snake and its happy dispatch a few yards away from me did not arouse sufficient interest to make me get up. It needed the arrival of a mail, which by some extraordinary freak of fortune caught us up during one of these halts, to dissipate the universal gloom. I was particularly blessed in this mail, for whereas for every one else there were only newspapers, for me besides newspapers there were several letters. I remember there was a copy of the Parish Magazine, of which I had once been editor, and the incongruity of reading about the school children's picnic, with my head in a tiny patch of shade, and a row of patient Baluchis sitting on the other side of the road, struck me very much.

But even the arrival of the mail could not make us forget for long the all-important subject of water. When at last we did creep on again, every one coming from the front of the column was eagerly questioned as to its whereabouts, and how far away we were. The answers were not reassuring, for no one had seen the much desired river, and the estimates of its distance varied from anything up to ten miles. Then disquieting rumours begun to spread; it was said that we had missed our way, and that the river was away to the left, that the river was dry, that there was no river, and that what river there was, the Germans were holding in force. Some colour was given to this last theory by the sound of distant firing at nightfall, but in the end we camped by the wayside after dark without reaching water at all, draining the carts to their last dregs for the evening meal. The carts were sent on ahead to get to the water if possible and come back to meet us in the morning.

After sundown, the whole sky was ablaze with the light of the bush fires, producing much the effect of an arrested sunset. It looked very pretty, but our anxiety for our wagons, which had not come in, prevented our enjoying it very much. Fortunately, just as we were turning in, the welcome news arrived that they had got through safely, and were near the camp, and shortly after they came labouring in. They had had a fairly exciting time, being compelled at one point to burn a fire-break before they could get on, but none of them suffered any damage. Other units had been less fortunate, and at least one ammunition cart had been caught by the flames and sent its contents popping about in all directions. Our anxieties with regard to fire were for the moment set at rest, but those with regard to water still remained.

The carts had not returned when we started off at daybreak, nor did we meet them on the way. But after a mile or two of marching we met natives carrying water, which proved conclusively that there was really a river somewhere about. Shortly afterward we struck it—quite a respectable stream—and camped near its bank, for the rest of the day. One of the minor drawbacks of a waterless day is that it is impossible to get a decent wash. A great deal, it is true, can be done with a very little, but it is impossible to get a bath and a shave in a teacupful of water. Our sufferings in this respect, however, were nothing to what many of the men had gone through in the German West Campaign. An officer told me that he had seen men there, their tongues black with thirst, trying to lick up the drops of hot water which fell from the pipes of a locomotive. He had another story about a bath too gruesome for repetition.

We were now only some fifteen miles distant from Morogoro and the Central Railway, and speculation was rife as to whether we were on the eve of the great battle of the war or not. We were not, as the reader of course knows. The Germans made no stand at Morogoro, but retired into the Wuguru Mountains after blowing up as much of the line as time permitted. Next day we heard that the Rhodesians had actually entered the town, and simultaneously with this cheering announcement, we were told that we were to have at least a month's rest in camp when we got there. We thought the war was as good as over, and turned in that night little suspecting the weary chase and hair-raising adventures which were still in store for us.

A sudden and unexpected downfall of rain, for which most of us were quite unprovided, caused us a night of extreme discomfort; the moment when the flood, in spite of all my efforts, reached my spinal column, remains even now one of the most vivid recollections of the war. Perhaps it was due to the soaking we had that, when at last we struck with our own eyes the long-looked-forward-to line of the Central Railway, it provoked no outward sign of enthusiasm. One or two of the officers took snapshots of it, but the men plodded stolidly over it, hardly raising their heads to look at it. I am afraid that as a force we must have lacked imagination, for otherwise this proof that we had actually accomplished the feat of marching from railway to railway, often enough following no beaten track, and clearing the country of the enemy as we went, must have evoked some little display of satisfaction. It may be that an uncomfortable presentiment that we were not so near the end of things as we liked to think had something to do with it. A glance at the map revealed the fact that there was a great deal of German East left to the South of the line.

An East African Mission

About three miles outside Morogoro we passed a large Catholic Mission on the top of a hill, and I registered a vow to visit it at the first possible opportunity. The church had quite an imposing tower, and the mere sight of a solid European building was refreshing to eyes wearied with too much veldt and jungle. Many of the native huts had little pious pictures set up before the doors, just as one sees in France and Belgium.

It had been one of my dreams while in France that I might live to see the day when we should re-enter Lille, or if not Lille, at any rate some one of the occupied towns. That hankering after glory was now to be satisfied in a strange topsy-turvy way, and I was actually to enter a real German town, quite a respectable town, as we were soon to discover. Morogoro, is indeed a model of town-planning, and gives the impression of being much bigger than it really is. The station buildings were quite imposing; there were several large sheds and a double storied rather fantastically designed house for the station master. A portion of the roof had been destroyed by a bomb, and one of the sheds had been fired by the Germans themselves, but beyond that the station had suffered little.

We marched right through Morogoro, and encamped a mile or so beyond the town. The main street, which was planted with trees on both sides, was lined by very prosperous white houses and had an extraordinary German "feel" about it. I think the advertisements may have had something to do with it, but it certainly in some way irresistibly suggested the idea of beer-gardens, though I need not say there was no beer in Morogoro. The civil population had remained undisturbed, but they did not line the streets to witness our approach; in fact, nobody took any notice of us whatever. There were a few German ladies to be seen, but Greeks, Armenians, and Indians formed the greater part of the population. The town was plastered all over with notices in German and Swahili, signed by the C. in C., and announcing the British occupation.

Our camping ground was a mile beyond the town on a rather unprepossessing sandy plain. As we were to stay there for a month, we set to work at once to build a substantial banda for the mess. It was everything except waterproof, but, unfortunately, that was the one property most necessary, for in the evening the rain came down again. Luckily, this time I managed to raise an old Kaffir tent. It was full of holes, but by carefully manipulating my waterproof sheet, I managed to get a dry night.

Next day I paid the visit to the Mission I had promised myself. It stood, as I said, on the top of a hill, and to me, after months of trekking and the constant expectation of danger, it seemed like the city of peace. I spent the whole day there enjoying to the full the atmosphere of rest, the big

cool church, the orderly life of a religious community, the utter absence of anything connected with war and its tumults. The Fathers belonged to the Alsatian Missionary Congregation of the Holy Spirit, and, though technically German subjects, their French sympathies had been generously recognised by the military authorities, and they had been left undisturbed by the terrors of deportation. All the Catholic Missions in the North of German East belonged to this Congregation, and I only heard of one case in which recognition was refused.

On returning to camp that evening, I reached the market square of Morogoro just at the termination of a public execution. A negro had been caught attempting to loot the house of a German lady, and had at once been tried and sentenced. He was shot against his own dwelling, and the story went that his only comment on the situation was that it would damage the wall a good deal. That was, I believe, the only case in which it was found necessary to inflict the extreme penalty.

I got back to camp laden with fruit and vegetables from the Mission garden, feeling that I had deserved well of the mess. And there I learnt that we were under orders to march at eight o'clock the following morning. Of what avail were oranges and even European (not sweet) potatoes in face of such a visitation! "Put not your trust in anything whatever the Staff may tell you, especially when it refers to rest camps."

The A. P. M. again

By Centurion

WHEN the A.P.M. got his transfer from the Home Command to a Base overseas, he began to feel better. The affair of the signalling-party had undoubtedly been a "wash-out," but he comforted himself with the thought that just as a dog is allowed in law one bite, so an A.P.M. may be indulged to the extent of one mistake. It is true that after one bite a dog is presumed in law to be ferocious, and on the same reasoning after one mistake an A.P.M. may be written down an ass. This, however, does not follow. The A.P.M. felt that he might yet achieve a great "stunt" and, achieving it, become A.P.M. to a division. Obviously the first thing was to profit by his chastening experience, and he made several good resolutions. One of these was to abandon the Inductive Method as an instrument of detective work. By a very natural mental revulsion he decided to adopt the Deductive Method. This, as everyone knows, consists in beginning with a generalisation instead of ending with one. Now you can, within certain limits, generalise about men, but you can never generalise about women. Woman will be the last thing to be rationalised by man. The A.P.M. did not know this.

A Base is a very peculiar place. The unfortunate officer whose lot it is to act as A.P.M. has to serve two masters—the Base Commandant and the P.M. to the L. of C., which being interpreted means Provost Marshal to the Lines of Communication, and there is scriptural authority for saying it is difficult to serve two masters. He has also to keep on good terms with the representatives of the national government who are many and various, both civil and military, such as the head of the Mission (who is not an evangelist), the prefect, the *commissaire de police*, the *procureur de la Republique* and the interpreter. They are very fond of coming to pass the time of the day with him. When one of them does this, you must never ask his business, for that would be too obvious a hint that you want to get on with your own. You must first ask after the health of his ox, his ass, his man-servant and his maid-servant. He will probably volunteer the information in any case, and though it takes time you will, if you are wise, forbear to interrupt him—it is quicker in the end.

An A.P.M. must also be on his guard against strangers. For strangers flock round a Base like flies round a honey-pot, demanding red passes or *carnets d'étranger*, which are a kind of ticket-of-leave giving them licence to reside so long as they are of good behaviour. The A.P.M., before he endorses their papers for the *commissaire de police*, must satisfy himself that they are "inspected and thoroughly recommended." He has to tell at a glance the difference between a joy-rider and a war-worker—a difference which has puzzled many people. He has to be well up in comparative religion, for he has to deal with the clergy and ministers of all denominations. He must know Burke's Peerage almost as well as the Army List, for "army followers" often claim to be and sometimes are of ennobled blood, and there be some that have entertained duchesses unawares. Your old-time *vivandière* had not where to lay her head; to-day, she has a house in Mayfair—which does not make her any easier to deal with. If the A.P.M. sees an officer with a lady who is the officer's wife, he sends her home by the next leave-boat; if she is not his wife, he looks the other way. For at the Base there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and officers' wives are discouraged for fear their husbands may get too fond of them.

Then there are the Women Auxiliaries; if he sees one passing the time of day with an officer, he parts them violently, but if it's a soldier he gives them a benediction. Also he has to be on the look-out for "sick" officers, whose lusty convalescence is apt to take the form of breaking out of bounds.

From all of this it will be observed that an A.P.M. at a Base has to know men well but women better. It is a harassing life.

Now one bright day the A.P.M. was walking up and down the Rue de la Paix seeking whom he might devour, which is a way A.P.M.'s have. And he was in a voracious mood. He had had a trying morning. An Anglican Bishop had been trying to persuade him to endorse an application to the G.O.C. for a permit to go up to the Front, in order that he might write letters to the *Times* headed "In the Field," and garnished with references to "our gallant lads," which is always a good diocesan "stunt"; a merry widow had attempted to seduce him into giving her a blue pass for her Rolls-Royce to carry "comforts" to staff-officers, and had tried to impress him with her distinguished connections; a war-worker had practised a fainting-fit on him in his office to convince him that her health required a relaxation of the four months' rule of residence. As a result of all this the A.P.M. was feeling cynical. A high-heeled, high-stepping, full-bosomed demoiselle gave him a blithe look as he passed out, but he ignored her. He was feeling rather "fed-up" with women. Having cooled his brow by taking the air he returned to his office and found awaiting him—a woman.

"Show her in," he said to the orderly impatiently.

A woman, young, pleasing and plausible, entered and said: "*Bonjour, monsieur le Colonel.*" The A.P.M. was only a captain and such obvious flattery at once put him on his guard. His quick eye noted that her knitted coat, though smartly designed, was only mercerised silk, he appraised her bracelet at 9-carat, and decided that her heels were too high, her skirt ready-made, and her gloves one franc fifty.

"A *demoiselle de magasin*," he said to himself knowingly, and then aloud: "Your business, madame?" as he offered her a chair.

Her tale was lamentable. She had cashed a cheque for an English officer, and it had been dishonoured. The name of the drawer was fictitious. Her employers had demanded that she should make it good. Now for an officer to utter a dud cheque is bad enough in England, but it is worse in France—for obvious reasons. And such things do happen. In the old Army they never happened, and the cheque of an English officer was as good as a Bank of England note. But to-day when you have, at a rough estimate, between one and two hundred thousand officers drawn from all classes of society, some of them possessing cheque-books for the first time in their lives, and under the pleasing impression that Mr. Cox's bounty is like manna in the wilderness in that it can never fail—well, accidents happen. The career of such officers is both brief and inglorious, and generally ends in a G.C.M. before which the charge-sheet impales them on the horns of the implacable dilemma of section 16 of the Army Act as "well knowing" that they had no funds, or of section 40 as "having no reasonable grounds" to suppose that they had any. It is not a pleasant job laying such as these by the heels, but the A.P.M. had the professional instinct for a good case. Also he felt a righteous anger.

"The scoundrel!" he said sympathetically.

"*Pas du tout.* You have no right to say that, monsieur," retorted the lady.

The A.P.M. was surprised. If he had known a little more of women he would have guessed something. As it was he merely pondered on the perversity of the sex. He asked for details. The lady was distressingly vague. She did not know the officer's name, nor his regiment, nor his rank. But he was very good-looking—would that be sufficient?

The A.P.M., with a glance at the mirror over the mantelpiece, reminded her that there were other officers who might answer to that description. The lady then volunteered the

information that the officer was very brave. The A.P.M. modestly replied that there were others of whom the same might be said. It suddenly struck him that the lady was rather pretty; he noted how her copper-coloured hair glinted with gold where it caught the sun. And undeniably, when you came to think of it, it was rather nice of her to call him a Colonel. Perhaps, he reflected, he rather looked like one. If you had told the A.P.M. at this moment that he was subtly influenced by the lady's charm he would have denied it with no less sincerity than warmth.

Eventually he elicited the information that the officer had two "pips" on his sleeve and a strange beast on the lapels of his coat—data which were sufficient to enable the A.P.M. to class him as a lieutenant in a certain Line regiment. The rest was easy. Enquiries at the Base Commandant's office revealed the fact that there were at the Base six junior officers, lieutenants and second lieutenants, belonging to different battalions of the regiment—some of them convalescents, one of them a Base "detail," the others belonging to a draft which was being put through its paces at the Base Training Camp.

The first step was identification. Within twenty-four hours messages had been sent out to the six lieutenants and second-lieutenants to attend at the A.P.M.'s office. He included the second-lieutenants in order to make the identification as convincing as possible, for he saw himself giving weighty evidence at the "Summary" and being congratulated on his astuteness by the P.M. to the L. of C. A proposal of his to his friend the R.T.O. that he should allow himself to be included in the batch of suspects as a super, so as to give variety to the performance, was coldly received as soon as he heard there was a woman in it. For the first time, the A.P.M. felt suspicious of the R.T.O., which was unreasonable. He also issued invitations to the D.A.A.G., the Embarkation Officer, the Censor, and an Intelligence man, but they all with one consent began to make excuses. The fact was the A.P.M., being very young, was rather apt to overdo things in his desire for theatrical effect. He was nothing if not elaborate. It had struck him that as a scheme of mural decoration it would look rather well if he could distribute among his six suspects about the same number of staff-officers. But he had to give this up.

At the appointed hour six officers, in a state of extreme nervous trepidation, presented themselves at the A.P.M.'s office. Each one was in a mood of gloomy introspection, searching his past for anything that might be construed as "conduct prejudicial." For in the Army the most innocent of us may have done something which we ought not to have done or left undone a thing which we ought to have done. Army "crime" is an elastic conception and includes many things not to be found in the Decalogue or the common law. That tempting souvenir from a crushed aeroplane which you neglected to hand over to your Battalion H.Q., that injudicious letter in which you expressed your frank opinion about the Brigadier or gave the location of your unit in order to enable your fiancée to find you on the map, that photograph of a cadaverous Hun, which you took with a secretive pocket-kodak—all these may rise up and accuse you. None of them knew what scent the A.P.M. was on. And each officer eyed the others furtively, hoping that one of them was the man "wanted." The atmosphere of an A.P.M.'s office does not conduce to charity.

While they waited in one room the A.P.M. was glancing impatiently at his wrist-watch in the other and reflecting on the incorrigible unpunctuality of women. Meanwhile, each of the unfortunate six was growing more and more convinced that his case was hopeless and had decided to make a clean breast of his individual delinquency. All of them except one.

At last the lady arrived. The A.P.M. noticed that she had dressed herself with extreme care and a sprig of azalea rose and fell upon her bosom as it panted in agitation. The A.P.M. thought the decorative effect was intended for himself. But in this he was mistaken.

"Madame," he said impressively, "I think I have succeeded."

And, feeling he was addressing the representative of a nation which likes a touch of the *panache*, he added with a *beau geste* towards the door, "I will see that justice is done." The A.P.M. was feeling like that.

"*Bon Dieu!* He is in there, he?" she said staring at the closed door and clasping her hands in agitation.

"I have every reason to think so, madame," said the A.P.M. majestically.

"And what will happen to him, monsieur le capitaine."

"He will be cashiered, dismissed, fired, *degommé, brisé!*" said the A.P.M. destructively. And he overdid it.

"Ah, it is impossible. *Non! non!* I cannot."

This was a contretemps the A.P.M. had not looked for. That the lady would at the last moment refuse to identify the culprit had never entered into his calculations. He reasoned with her, cajoled, upbraided, even threatened, and talked mistily of compounding a felony. This was a mistake. A woman may be inveigled, but she cannot be forced, and the more the A.P.M. stormed the more did she refuse. He saw a second "stunt" escaping him, and he grew bitter. He thought of all the staff officers and others whom he had invited to the reception, and he saw himself the derisive object of many pleasantries.

"Very well, madame," he said at last, "there is nothing to do but show you out."

Now what followed may have been design—the A.P.M. of course, has convinced himself that he designed it—or it may have been accident. My own opinion is that the A.P.M. in his discomfiture forgot which was the door leading to the street and which was the door giving access to the suspects. Be that as it may, it was the latter door he opened.

The lady stepped into the room and saw six officers. She drew back with a cry, stared at them, and then rushing forward, as if urged by an irresistible impulse, she threw her arms round the neck of one of them and cried: "Oh! *chéri*, why did you do it?"

* * * *

The A.P.M. looks forward to being mentioned in despatches. But he has ceased to generalise about women. He says you never know what they will do next. And he thinks he has been the first man to find this out.

La Quatrième Année

By Emile Cammaerts

Voici que tes soeurs sont parties,
Descendant pas à pas le large escalier d'or,
Et que le son de leur voix affaiblie
S'éteint au fond des corridors.

La première, l'oeil brillant, nous apporta le glaive
Et, la poitrine nue, poussa le cri d'alarme:
Elle nous ouvrit les yeux et dissipa nos rêves
Et nous la suivîmes dans le sang, dans les larmes.

La deuxième pieusement nous tendit la couronne,
La couronne d'épines de ceux qui luttent et peinent
Pour qu'à force de foi la vérité rayonne
Et fleurisse de roses les ronces incertaines.

La troisième, en souriant, nous offrit une palme
Et, d'un vol large et sûr, guida dans l'ouragan
Nos espoirs chancelants vers le hâvre de calme
Où, les deux bras tendus, la Victoire nous attend.

Mais toi, Etrangère, que nous apportes-tu?
Que nous diront tes yeux, que nous dira ta voix?
Vers quels nouveaux destins, vers quels cieux inconnus
Entraîneras-tu nos pas?

—Je vous apporte la balance
Où se pèsent les vertus et les crimes.
J'attendrai pour partir que votre Sainte Alliance
Ait châtié les bourreaux et vengé leurs victimes.

A publication, new in every way, *Recalled to Life*, under the editorship of Lord Charnwood, is produced by Messrs. John Bale, Danielsson, Ltd., 83-91, Great Titchfield Street, Oxford Street, London, at 2s. net. It deals with the prospects for the future of disabled sailors and soldiers, to whom, with the right kind of assistance, possibilities of hope and of usefulness are still open, so long as the new methods provided for their care and re-education are adequately supported. It is not a begging circular, but a record of good work well done, and nobody can peruse its pages and see what is being done for the welfare of these men, who have given the best of their lives for their country, without some desire to aid on the work. It is, without question, a national duty, and the business of all from whom the war has not taken such toll as these men have paid. We commend this periodical without reservation; it is of special interest to all who are attracted by the recent great advance in medical skill and science. May it help a work the urgent importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

The Ferment of Reconstruction

By Principal L. P. Jacks

WE have been told, and never more frequently than during the last three years, that ideas rule the world; and the saying is often repeated with a seraphic air, as though it were a kind of opening prelude to the millennium. I am not the least concerned to dispute the proposition as a general truth; but I do contend that seraphic airs are inappropriate to the utterance of it. For it is a truth that cuts both ways. Ideas are of all sorts, good and bad, true and false. Obviously the advantage of being ruled by them depends on which kind happens to be ruling you. Hell is ruled by ideas no less than heaven.

It is a common mistake to suppose that those communities are the most to be admired where ideas have the greatest power. In that case, Germany would be the most admirable nation on earth; for there is no country where ideas are so powerful. This should be enough to prove that it is not always the best ideas which exercise the greatest power. The worst may be in the ascendant, or anything between the best and the worst. For example, ideas "with money in them," which are neither the worst nor the best, may dominate an epoch or a whole civilisation, while, on the other hand, the ideas on which manhood and character are founded may be little more than ineffectual ghosts, present everywhere but dominant nowhere.

Scientific and Moral Ideas

Another mistake, to which we are all excessively prone, is to suppose that those ideas are the most powerful which are being most talked about. This, I believe, is seldom the fact. A candid reading of history suggests a strong suspicion that in all ages of the world the most powerful ideas are precisely those that are being least talked about. One might even go so far as to set up a kind of inverse proportion between the two things—the more oratory the less earnestness, the more eloquence the less action. For example, scientific ideas are, on the whole, far less talked about than moral ideas; yet, on the whole, scientific ideas produce more earnestness and more action. A scientific idea soon gives birth to a machine, and the whole structure of society may be swiftly changed in consequence—as happened when the steam engine was invented, and as will happen now that the aeroplane has been invented. But it takes a long time for a moral idea to translate itself into a civilisation, into a character, or into a manner of life.

The fate of scientific ideas in this respect is very different from that of moral ideas. The scientific idea turns itself into a plan of action, and that with the least possible delay. The moral idea is apt to become a literary or pulpit property, material for copy, stock-in-trade for novelists, playwrights, agitators, preachers, pamphleteers and lecturers. There is, of course, a literature of steam engines and aeroplanes; but its bulk is nothing compared to the literature, say, of Christianity. Yet we are more in earnest about steam engines and aeroplanes than we are about Christianity. At all events, it would be no hard thing to draw up a long list of ideas, good ideas, great ideas, true ideas, which have been in existence for thousands of years, which have produced literatures and been infinitely talked about, but which have never yet succeeded in ruling the world nor any considerable fraction of it. We have need, therefore, to be very cautious about the inferences we draw from the general proposition that ideas rule the world.

The need for this caution is especially great at the present moment. Ideas were never so plentiful as now. Indeed, I would venture to say that *good* ideas were never so plentiful as now. A multitude of new ones has been created, many old ones have been revived, and the new ones combining with the old have broken out into an efflorescence like that of the apple trees in spring. The war has set us all thinking—and remembering. Circumstances have given me a pretty extensive acquaintance with that immense "literature of reconstruction"—itself a portent—which the war has brought into being and in which all this thinking gets itself expressed; and the impression it has left on my mind, which no doubt is shared by everyone who has had the same experience, is that never before have I encountered such a flood of good ideas. One is impressed, moreover, with the enormous number of social improvements which might easily be effected by the application of one or other of the good ideas aforesaid, or even by the application of a little common sense.

But will the common sense be *applied*? Will the good ideas prove *effectual*? Will a world which has stopped its ears to Moses and the Prophets pay more attention to you and me? A literature of reconstruction is no doubt a reassuring thing so far as it goes. But how far does it go? The present would not be the first instance of an intellectual and moral awakening which has produced a literature, but produced little else. There is always the danger that the production of the literature may deceive mankind into the comfortable belief that something wonderful is going to happen of its own accord, that great changes will follow automatically—because, it is thought, good ideas have a Divine Right to get themselves fulfilled, so that, having cast them on the waters we may leave the Divine Right that is in them to do the rest, and go to lunch or go to sleep as the occasion prompts.

An Increasing Danger

This is the danger which attends a literature of reconstruction, and the danger increases just in proportion as the literature in question is brilliant, ingenious, profound, philosophic, eloquent and earnest—all of which qualities the present literature of reconstruction unquestionably possesses. With so vast a diffusion of good ideas accomplished, it looks as though the main part of our work were already done. As a matter of fact, it has hardly begun. How many of these good ideas will actually succeed in ruling the world? How many of them will get themselves translated into fact? What reason have we for believing that the war will not be followed by a tragic wastage of the intellectual and moral force which is now providing us with so many schemes for improving the world? Such wastage there has often been in the past. And it may happen again.

There is also a danger in the fact that most of the problems we are discussing are, from the intellectual point of view, so fascinating, so intensely provocative of argument, so full of tempting opportunities for that war of minds which provides us with wholesome gymnastic, and which we all love so much. Under these circumstances discussion often gathers round itself a secondary importance of its own, in which the primary importance, perhaps the tragic importance, of the thing we are discussing is submerged and lost sight of. This also has actually happened to more than one promising intellectual movement. The reconstructions proposed have not been carried out. They have ended in verbiage, in enormous accumulations of waste paper, in big volumes which gather the dust and are not taken down from the shelf once in a generation.

When the matter is considered in this light we get a new reading of the problem of reconstruction, and one which I venture to think deserves the earnest and concentrated attention of all serious men. At first sight, the problem appears to consist in finding the right scheme, or the right idea, by the application of which this or that is to be mended. The importance of that I do not belittle—nobody in his senses would dream of belittling it—but behind it lies the far greater problem of finding the *power* to carry out the scheme you have devised, to give effect to the idea you have propounded. And in speaking of power I am not referring to political power as it is represented by masses of voters, by measures passed into law, by armies and by policemen. I mean moral power, as it is represented by the steadiness of the public in the pursuit of its aims, by continuity of effort, by belief in principles, by mutual loyalty, by strict adhesion both to the form and the spirit of a pledge and by the refusal to be led away by cant. This is the kind of power you want and without which your scheme of reconstruction will never be carried out. It is one thing to devise an excellent arrangement and secure the consent of the parties involved. It is quite another thing to secure their continued loyalty to the consent they have given; and it is the last on which the success of your scheme ultimately depends. No scheme has ever yet been devised by the wit of man which was not susceptible of capture by sinister interests, or exposed to ruin by the disloyalty of the parties concerned in it.

Take, for example, the League of Peace; one of the boldest and most far-reaching of the "reconstructions" now before mankind. Power, we are told, is to be at the disposal of the League. But what kind of power? Most assuredly it must be moral power or the League will come to grief. It must consist ultimately in the continued loyalty of the nations to the objects for which the League was founded; in the spirit of good fellowship which animates their relations; in mutual respect; in a readiness to take a generous view of

each other's merits and each other's claims; and it must have this character not at the start alone, but all through and continuously. In the absence of these conditions the physical power at the disposal of the League, however great it might be, and all the more in proportion to its greatness, would not be a guarantee of safety, but a new source of peril. It would be exposed to capture by sinister interests; it would be at the mercy and ultimately become the tool of the most astute and the most unscrupulous member of the League. If peace were to be guaranteed to-morrow by the massed armies of all the States in the world I, for one, would sleep no easier in my bed—unless I knew that behind the armies this other kind of power was at work. On the contrary, my sleep would be more uneasy than ever. And so with regard to every one of the reconstructions, great and small, now before the public. There is not one of them that is worth the paper on which it is written unless we are able to count on the moral power which is to give it effect.

Right Social Conditions

The question of power being then the crux and centre of the whole problem, can we form any conception of the social conditions in which good ideas are least likely to be wasted and most likely to succeed? I think we can. The question indeed is much too vast to be adequately answered with brevity—it would require a survey of history and a careful study of human nature—but enough may be said to start the reader's mind on a line of enquiry which, I am convinced, will ultimately conduct him to the conclusion I shall now state.

The likelihood that a good idea will take root and fructify as a social force is ultimately dependent on the good temper of the community to which it is addressed. In human society improvement that is worth the name is never effected by one set of people forcing their ideas down the throats of another set. All improvement takes place *by consent*, by men seeing eye to eye, believing in common and acting together in good faith and mutual loyalty for the given end. This loyal and continuous consent can never be obtained on a scale large enough to be effective except in communities whose members, as human beings, are on good terms with one another, respect one another, trust one another, believe in each other's good intentions, and take a generous view of each other's merits.

Imagine the opposite conditions—and they are not difficult to imagine, for they existed in England before the war and are by no means non-existent even now—and I say without hesitation that the best idea that ever issued from the mind of man, the wisest reform ever projected, will inevitably come to grief; it will split on the rock of mutual dislike, suspicion, animosity—in a word on the rock of bad temper. There is no power in the State that can prevent this happening, for where the spirit of distrust is rampant, the State itself will be distrusted and its best efforts will be met by the cry that it has been captured by villains. This simple consideration points us to the one essential condition which will have to be fulfilled before any extensive improvement, or "reconstruction" after the war can be hoped for. There must be an immense increase of social good will, of the spirit of good fellowship between classes and individuals—an immense increase beyond the pre-war level, and even beyond the present level.

With the end of the war we shall enter upon one of the difficult periods of human history in which nothing but good temper can save us from confusion such as the world has never seen. If we consider the difficulties one by one, instead of treating them in general terms, we shall find that most of them are of the very kind which is certain, in an evil atmosphere, to give rise to jealousies and suspicions, to set class against class and man against man.

It would be easy to draw a picture of a general melée of conflicting aims in which every opportunity would be given for black and evil humours to develop. Great sacrifices will have to be borne. We shall have not only to exert ourselves but to exert ourselves together; friendly co-operation will be the first law, and imperative at every point; the weak not shrinking from so much of the burden as they are able to bear and the strong willingly accepting more than the share which would fall to them on a mere counting of heads. One has only to consider what will be involved in the single problem of finding among us year by year the interest on a national debt of thousands of millions. It was good to hear Mr. Hartley Withers, the financial writer, tell an audience in Oxford the other day that the one condition on which we could pay our debts after the war is that we keep our tempers, get rid of our nastiness to one another, and act like reasonable beings. The same advice may be given in regard to every other problem we shall have to meet. Evil is the augury which comes in from time to time of classes, groups and parties who are only waiting for the end of the war to "go for" their old enemies with fresh vigour and animosity. If that spirit prevails the prospects of reconstruction—no matter on what terms—are black indeed.

It would be a good thing if the plea for good temper, for the spirit of good fellowship, for social good will in every form, could be made a tail-piece, or put into the forefront, of every scheme for reconstruction after the war. It should be clearly realised that the biggest tax we shall have to pay will be the tax on our social temper, which is going to be strained to the uttermost. Labour and Capital should give the matter their earnest attention. The Trades Unions, the Labour Federations, should take it up, and they should do so in their own interest as well as in that of the public, for it is certain that not one of the objects which Labour is now aiming at is even remotely attainable unless supported by the goodwill and hearty consent of the whole community. The women should take it up—here indeed is a chance for them, now that they are to have the vote, to introduce something that is both novel and essential into the political life of the country. The churches should take it up. The writers of leading articles should take it up. The financial experts should take it up.

In those and a thousand such ways the mind of the public might be concentrated on the one essential condition for dealing with the immeasurable difficulties that lie ahead. If these efforts produced their impression I should not despair. Otherwise I do not hesitate to predict that the multitude of good ideas which the war has called into being will share the fate of many better ideas with which mankind has been familiar for centuries. They will not rule the world. They will end their career as themes for eloquence, and reconstruction will have to be content with the literature it has produced. A poor result!

This ferment of reconstruction is a wonderful thing, and on the whole an admirable thing. But there is one event in which it will come to nothing—so far as this country is concerned. *It will come to nothing if the Germans win.* We shall have neither the heart, the enthusiasm, the means, the money, nor the liberty to carry our schemes into effect. Nothing will be left of the ferment but the gas that has been given off and a black sediment at the bottom of the tank. Meanwhile the world will unquestionably be reconstructed—by the Germans—and in a manner that none of us approves of.

In that event the future historian will have some comments to make about all this which will not be pleasant reading to those of us who may live to read them. "These worthy people" he will say, "spent too much of their time and energy on this business, and too little on bringing the war to the only conclusion that would have given them a chance." He might even go further and make certain remarks which would render us rather ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. For example, he might say, quoting chapter and verse, that a large number of Britons during the war fell into an evil habit of consoling themselves for their losses on land and sea by a kind of reconstructive debauch. When they lost an ironclad in the North Sea, or a position in Flanders, they proceeded forthwith to hold a conference on reconstruction and proposed a new religion. When the casualties were exceptionally serious they began talking about eugenics and held a Baby Week. When Bucharest was captured they discussed a league of Peace; and so on.

These remarks were actually made in my hearing the other day; not indeed by a future historian, but by an intelligent young officer newly returned from the trenches. And I imagine that after the war these intelligent young officers, not to speak of the privates, will have a good deal to say in moulding the verdicts of history. If we lose the war they will come back in wrath and we, who have made our chief contribution to the war by reconstructing society during their absence, will have to look out for ourselves! There is only one way, so far as I can see, of averting their anger. And it is too obvious to be named.

In her second novel, *The Magpie's Nest* (John Lane, 6s.), Miss Isabel Paterson evinces the quality that was evident in *The Shadow Riders*, that quality of retaining to the full her own interest in her characters throughout the story, by which means she retains the interest of her readers as well. The career of Hope Fielding, heroine of the story, is little different from that of most girls with a trace of ambition in them, but the author invests Hope, through her own sympathy and understanding, in the mantle of romance, albeit romance in a practical setting, and one which gives us a very good view of mid-Canada as it was in the days before the war—the problems of a new land and the ways of its people are faithfully depicted. The main interest of the book, however, is the story of Hope and two or three others; their story is wittily and well told, without any undue straining after effect, and the result is wholly commendable work.

Town Child and Country Child

By Anna de Bary

ANYONE who, like the present writer, has made a study of village schools in England and on the Continent, must read *Mr. Fisher's statements with some joy and some misgivings. Joy, because the work of education seems at last likely to be recognised as the highest and most important part of civil service, and our children will in time receive as much individual care as the criminals in our prisons.

At present a captive people can put us to shame. See what Trent and Trieste do for their Italian children. The Commune of Trieste cannot bear to leave its children to be taught in Government schools, not because the Government schools are not efficient, but because the people of Trieste wish their children to have a certain mentality, a certain spirit—the Latin rather than the Slav or Teutonic spirit. The greatest sacrifices are made for the sake of preserving this Italian culture, and made so successfully that Trent, where the National League is beneficially busy, or was in 1914, and Trieste are, in spite of Austrian, Pan-German or Slav pressure and aggression, even more Italian than many towns of the Italian kingdom.

The schools at Trieste are built as though each one were a promise of future triumph. They have a dignity which is a sacredness. The Commune has two great centres of recreation for the children for whom running in the streets is undesirable. There are at these centres, gardens, libraries managed by very small librarians, and children's theatres. Music and manual work can be learnt, the children choosing the occupation that appeals to their instincts or their home habits. After the elementary school has done its best for a child, he is passed on to the Gymnasium, the Technical Institute, the University Association or the University. Rather than let a promising pupil leave too early, the Commune will help the parents to support the child, offering at least the amount which the child's labour would be likely to bring in.

In the poorer and more isolated parts of "unredeemed Italy," the National League keeps schools and libraries and clubs for the young Italian, and this in the face of very great difficulties. A building may stand empty for two years while authorities at Innsbruck or at Vienna consider whether they will sanction its use. Lesson books may be confiscated, teachers arrested or parents punished for the least outward expression of the racial soul. Yet the schools carry on and increase. This is the spirit we want in England, but how can it be had?

A Bundle of Negatives

We are not threatened in England with denationalisation in the ordinary meaning of the word. We are too insular to become Prussianised or Gallicised, but we may become a bundle of negatives, a colourless, characterless folk.

Our children hear of their rights as Englishmen, and these rights are said to consist in certain liberties of the person, precious liberties bought with much blood; also there are rights to living wage, to leisure, to free speech and so on. This is all very true, but does the English child know or care that he has a right to all that is best in his country's literature, in his country's art, in the scenery and air of his native land, and in the religious experiences of his forefathers.

Too many teachers are busy washing away the colour from the lads of Yorkshire, or of Sussex, or of Devon. What can they possibly give in place of that colour? Which brings me to the misgiving occasioned by Mr. Fisher's scheme. He seems to be not yet free from the fatal and fundamental misconception that mars so much of our legislature. He does not appear to be quite aware that London is not England and still less is it Great Britain. It would be far safer and wiser to train all London children in village dame schools than to train our village children in London schools or schools on the London pattern.

The London child from the average London County School, when he comes into the village, may speak up more rapidly in his vowelless tongue, he may move more quickly and attract more attention than the native child, but he always seems, by contrast with an average child from the village school, hopelessly underbred. Your village child may appear quaint, slow, loutish and lost when he goes to town, but he will not seem vulgar or underbred until he has altogether lost touch with his old life. Let us insist then that the country child shall receive a rural education on which he can, if he should want to, always superimpose the urban lore needed by clerks and business men.

It has often been remarked that while the town child is sharper at ten than the country child, yet his brains do not seem to hold out, so that at twenty he is disappointing both to himself and his employers, while the youth imported from the country improves steadily right up to middle life. This superiority of the country child is in danger. He has hitherto gained chiefly by the hours not spent in school. It is among the sheepfolds that he has learnt responsibility for the lives of others, in the farmyard that he learnt the rights of the creatures who serve us, in the potato patch he has learnt the patient persistence in rather dull work which so many lack. He has learnt to face discomfort and hunger and thirst when out on long tramps in all weathers. He has learnt to enjoy simple pleasures and he has, in the better type of village, learnt to know something of the manner of life in positions differing from his own and has generally learned to think of individuals rather than of those terrible monsters of town politics, "the classes."

Such a culture as this is not understood by the town-made master into whose hands the child is delivered for so many of the brightest hours of so many years. Excellent as many masters and mistresses are, they are yet apt to prize only that form of culture which brings credit to a possessor much as a good coat does. But the culture we want must be considered rather in the light of food which is valuable only as it builds up and sustains the growth. The quantity of knowledge stored in the mind may be the sum of a mind's lumber. To know where to find information and how to use it is on the other hand a great matter.

The problem of the village school is how to protect the child from undue strain and fatigue while allowing him to become familiar at an early age with every form of country occupation and work, recognising that such work, when not carried to the point of brutalising weariness, is a means of culture much too valuable to be relinquished lightly. The village child will still have plenty of time in which to learn to read and write intelligently, to make use of the school library or of reference books, or to carry on his own education in any branch which he may desire. If we give up our senseless system of measurements and our puzzling coinage, if children need not waste time learning to divide land into rods, poles and perches, while outside the school, they reckon it only in "lugs," there will be ample time for all necessary clerkly knowledge and also for a matter which seems likely to receive attention now for the first time, that is training in the spending of leisure.

At one of our well-known grammar schools there used to be a man named, or nick-named, Tingey, whose duty it was to keep the cricket pitch in order and attend to the playgrounds generally. "What will you do with this tip if I give it you?" a boy would ask. "Why, beer and baccy," Tingey would say, "beer and baccy, what else is there?" "Tingey, you're drunk," they would cry. "Vis I vas," was the answer.

We have too many Tingeys in England, far more in proportion to our numbers than the Tyrol has or than Holland, to take two countries where there is much less reading of papers and books than among us, an equal affection for the pipe and the bowl, but a superior knowledge of how to live in leisure hours, how to spend the margin of earnings, how to obtain enjoyment. The Dutchman would probably buy a picture or a flower, the Tyrolese a new musical instrument or an increased spending upon his rifle club, or perhaps he would buy a fine piece of wood from which to carve the long-desired Crucifix. Dutchman or Tyrolese would very likely get as drunk as Tingey on convivial occasions, but they would at least be capable of other forms of recreation.

If we are to spend great sums upon education, and we ought not to grudge anything, we need to bethink ourselves well to decide what the aim of education is, and then how best to reach that aim. Looking back on our own childhood can we see what helped and what hindered? What made for joy and health and good temper? What overtaxed our immature brains? Was it the cleverest teacher or the teacher with the highest character who helped most? How do we spend our leisure now, and where did we learn to spend or mis-spend it as we do?

The education of our children cannot be left to any one Minister, however wise. We must all bring our best experience and our most painstaking thought to bear upon a matter whereon the destiny of our nation and race must so largely depend.

*Speech delivered by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Minister of Education in the House of Commons on introducing his Education Bill, August 10th, 1917.

On British Peaks

By William T. Palmer

NOT so long ago one rarely read about any European peak which was less than ten thousand feet in height. The Chamonix Aiguilles, the stormy Shreckhorn, the ridges of the Matterhorn among the Alps, the heights of Arctic Norway, the dolomite crags of the Austrian Tyrol, and the snow-passes of the Caucasus were the literary fashion. There was a taste for sensation too, as well as for magnitude. The past generation found no unclimbed mountain within the four seas of Britain; few rock-routes remain unconquered for the next comers. Still, our home peaks possess character, magnificence of shape if not of mere bulk, and adventures, such as the breaking of a snow-cornice, the avalanching of a gully or a shower of rock fragments have only to be sought to be found.

Many of the highest British peaks go smoothly up, and finish in neatly rounded, uninteresting "paps." Others are great rolling waves tipped with foam of crags and flecked with scree. Others again are merely tilted edges of upland. Some peaks are fierce of appearance, jerking up in savage horns and spikes, or presenting forbidding ramparts, or rising in graceful spires. One gets surprises at times. The greatest thrill one has yet experienced on an open British peak was the surmounting of Glyder Fach, in North Wales. One had strolled from Gorphwysfa (on the pass of Llanberis) up into soft rolling masses of summer cloud. Glyder Fawr was duly located, after which, across alternate stretches of gravel, rock and grass, one took a compass course for the twin peak. A hump of broken crag was met and scaled, then to the left one saw the spike of stones which apparently marked the summit. For a minute the mists folded closely about one, hiding everything in a grey smother. Then there was a brightening and the curtain whirled aside. The climber stood on the lip of a mighty crevasse, up the black walls of which the mist was rolling and spraying. That further point discovered itself as a shattered "Tower of Pisa" leaning over a gulf. In sunshine the scene would have been interesting; against that grey, swirling background it was deeply impressive.

Easy Climbs

On the majority of British peaks easy routes simply shout at the rambler. One has to improvise considerably to get a climb as lively as say Striding Edge on Helvellyn. Snowdon and Skiddaw, Cross Fell and Ben Nevis are pretty much alike in weakness of ascent. Red Screes and the Peak, Plinlimmon and Ingleborough, Cader Idris and Ben MacDhui, Ben Lomond and Tinto Top can be ascended with little difficulty, even on donkey back. Kinder Scout and others of the South Pennine are difficult to locate—their tops are mere tufts of turf tilted a few inches above a mile of level moorland—and difficult of access. The way is cut across by scores of deep rain channels worn into the soft peat. One mile per hour is swift progress, for each trench may be a dozen feet in depth, thirty feet wide, with steep and slippery slopes, and one scrambles up to the heather just in time to step back into the next hollow. Moreover, these channels criss-cross in the maddest fashion, and hold scores of mud pools to entrap the unwary.

The peaks of Tryfaen give possibly the best scrambles south of the Border. One prefers the traverse from north to south where the route dodges in and out of steep crags and outcrops, where variations of more or less severity are always tempting, but even the easiest route—that from the west—gets up a stiff, broken face. The actual peak is the higher of two rock-teeth which stand, a few feet apart, above the bouldery cone. The view east toward Capel Curig has as foreground a few gaunt pinnacles and perched boulders, then a tremendous pit in which one sees the peregrine and raven floating apparently in suspense. In one of the ancient guide-books it is stated that an elated companion leapt several times from one rock-column of Tryfaen to the other. The exercise is possible—at three thousand feet one expects exhilaration, but personally one would not risk a bad fall in such a pursuit. To surmount the last ten feet of Tryfaen one must use the hands—it is the only peak south of the Border where such a method is absolutely necessary.

Crib Goch suffers from being an outlying ridge of the Snowdon peak—but really it should be counted as separate and satisfying. Many years ago a visitor likened its crest to a mile-long tight rope done in rock, along which the daring might crawl, glancing right and left to see, far beneath, the bleached skeletons of those predecessors who had failed in the journey. Crib Goch is not really dangerous as this. The white patches are merely outcrops of felspar, and accidents along the summit are few and far between. In a gale or under thin snow its narrow, rocky ridge might possibly be dangerous, but even at such times one may walk serenely beneath the crest, using the topmost ledges for handhold, and avoiding the "Crazy" and all other pinnacles.

Turning to Cumbrian peaks one has much to say about variety. There are some glorious mountain forms. The finest ascent of all is Great Gable, between Wasdale and Ennerdale. The retreat from this peak may be quite awkward in misty weather. Though no cliffs intrude on the direct path, there are plenty within easy reach, and most of the tiny cross-ridges slope down to a false buttress and a sheer descent. Bowfell, above Langdale, is another fine peak. Its magnetic ironstone ledges make the compass unreliable, a factor which is not always appreciated until the party is benighted as well as befogged. Scafell Pipe, the highest point of England, is not distinguished among others except for its roughness and for a possibly sporting route up beside Piers Ghyll.

Its north face has given Scafell a reputation as wide as the world of mountaineering. A series of huge rock-towers, split off by almost inaccessible chimneys, has provided enthusiasts with a new craft. But oh! that the long hummocky grass-slope from Burnmoor and Eskdale did not exist. To climb even the simplest route on the north face—Broad Stand—is a task to the novice.

The ascent threads up thirty feet of naked rock, then swings out to the left where for a few feet one scrambles astride the rib which walls in the Mickledore chimney. The gloomy depths of this, and the vista of Esk foaming two thousand feet below, scares off many an adventurer. Without a rope the climb is really none too safe for any but the experienced. One has reason to believe that any ancient dalesman who assailed this cliff worked out to the right instead of the left of the famous ridge, taking something near the line re-discovered in the North or Penrith Climb. From the great rift of Mickledore there is another fine route to the peak of Scafell. This is the steep and laborious Lords Rake, a screes shoot which may be varied by an ascent up the broken West Wall—a piece of rock-scrambling which is safe and introduces one to scenery of the wildest possible type.

The Scottish peaks are equally interesting to the rambler, though most present the usually easy slopes. There are, however, some not so accommodating. There is Sgurr nan Gillean in the Black Coolin of Skye, up which the "tourist route," is even mildly exciting. Now-a-days, the way is well-marked by boot scratches, and on a clear day the rambler needs no other guide. Such a one must avoid all pinnacles and carefully descend one or two gaps where the penalty of a miss-step means certain death. Sgurr nan Gillean is a jewel to the mild type of mountain-lover—the man whose tastes carry him no further into the inner presence than can be managed without ingenious balancing and strong "head" work. One may see much, even of the wild Coolin, without actually getting to grips with sheer walls.

On the mainland of Scotland, one finds less sensational, but still satisfactory, peaks. There is Suilven, a great sugar-loaf in the far North, which from a distance looks impregnable. Indeed, the rock-front only surrendered within the past seven years to expert assault, but there is a slash right down the cliff, a deep furrow floored mainly with grass which robs the ordinary ascent of terror. As already indicated, Ben Nevis has an easy side though the north face with its patches of eternal snow and its great rock-towers is still partially untested.

There is one peak above Glencoe which should be remembered. Bidean nam Bian may be traversed without finding any great difficulty, but its out-lier, Stob Coire an Lochan, gives a real climb. It is steep, it is narrow, it is rough, and the route winds between great slabs of rock and awkward stone-shoots. A slight touch of snow makes the climbing extremely severe, as one had proved, though the hard-packed masses after a hard winter rather assist than hinder the attacker.

Right through the mountains of Britain one finds the beautiful as expressed in contour, the grand as shown in mighty cliffs, the sensational as typified in towers and pinnacles. Compared with the Alps, the heights are small, but the pleasure is none the less. One also is less in the hands of the professional programme-maker and guide; there is more independence of route and course, and the beauties are both supreme and continuous. There is no wearying drag up leagues of moraine, no hours on moderate snow slopes where beauty does not exist. One gets to grips with the peak at once, and afterwards, turning one's back, there is no terrible slog back to civilisation.

The Wallet of Kai-Lung

By J. C. Squire

EVERYBODY knows about Mr. Thomas Hardy, Shakespeare, Lord Byron and Lord Tennyson. This does not detract from one's enjoyment of their works; but there is a peculiar and intense delight in good books which are not commonly known. English literature is sprinkled with them, and one's own favourites of the kind one talks about with a peculiar enthusiasm. For myself I continually urge people to read Trelawney's *Adventures of a Younger Son* and *Coryat's Crudities*, which, famous enough in the auction-room, is seldom enough talked about outside it. The present age, like other ages, produces these books that are less celebrated than they ought to be, and one of them is Mr. Ernest Bramah's *The Wallet of Kai-Lung*. This work was first published by Mr. Grant Richards seventeen years ago. For all I know to the contrary, it fell quite flat; at any rate since that date Mr. Belloc has frequently informed an inattentive public that it is one of the best of modern books, but one has never heard it mentioned by any other critic. Largely, I take it, on account of Mr. Belloc's recommendation, Methuens have now issued it in their 1s. 3d. (né 1s.) Library. It is a volume of Chinese stories.

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One does not need to have read many translations from the Chinese to understand that there is a distinctive, a unique, Chinese way of looking at things. The late Count Hayashi, in his memoirs, observed that his own countrymen, whatever their material successes, could not help feeling inferior in the presence of the civilisation, the rounded philosophy and perfect manners, of the Chinese gentleman. A man who reads Chinese poetry is in contact with a mastery of the Art of Life. Religion does not come in much except for rather decorative gods and good spirits and demons; once admit religion in our sense and the Chinese conception of life will not hold water. But granted their rationalistic epicureanism they certainly carry it out to perfection. They keep so superbly their balance. Moved by the passions, they stand outside themselves and watch themselves with sympathetic humour. They would have grief but not its abandonment, joy but not its paroxysms; they are conscious of the sweet in the bitter and the bitter in the sweet. They bear pain, and the spectacle of pain, with equanimity; yet their calm does not degenerate into callousness, and their comments on the spectacle of life fall through the air like parti-coloured petals, which flutter noiselessly in the wind and show in constant alternation the grey side of irony and the golden side of tenderness. They enjoy beautiful things with an exquisite sensibility, but a careful moderation: wine, flowers, and the sky, snow upon the mountains, reflections in the water, song and the laughter of girls. They yield a little to everything, but surrender to nothing, save to death; and there they submit courteously, with dignity, and throwing back a glance of no more than whimsical regret. The old Chinese literature is steeped in this philosophy. They have, it is alleged, no literature now on a higher level than that which comes out on the tea-boxes. But the manners and the restraint remain. When the fall of the Pekin Legations was in doubt the then Chinese Minister here, a most enlightened and charming man, was asked what would happen to the diplomatists if the rebels got in. "They will be decahpitated," he said, with a slight inclination. "But what will happen to the women and children?" continued the lady. "They will be decahpitated," he said. "But you, who are so pro-English, what would happen to you if you were there?" "I should be decahpitated." He thought that adequate: it was only decorous to leave any anxieties or strong emotions he had to be guessed.

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Mr. Bramah, in his book, has got the Chinese equanimity wonderfully; the most moving and the most horrible things are told with mild deprecation; the most grotesquely farcical situations are analysed and developed with a full sense of their rich ludicrousness but with the very slightest loss of gravity on the part of the narrator. All the characters behave consistently, veiling their actions and their intentions behind the most transparent lies and subterfuges and saying the most offensive things in the politest possible way. For it is to the comic side of the Chinese genius that Mr. Bramah chiefly inclines. Now and then he uses China as an illustration of Europe. By transplanting customs and phrases he at once suggests the unity and the absurdity of mankind. In *The Confession of Kai-Lung* he is frankly preposterous. He describes Kai-Lung's early career as an author in terms precisely applicable to a European literary failure. He began by falling in love with Tiao T'sun, the most beautiful maiden in Pekin, whom he frequently met

> at flower-feasts, melon-seed assemblies, and those gatherings where persons of both sexes exhibit themselves in revolving attitudes, and are permitted to embrace openly without reproach

(which reminds one of the old lady's comment on the Tango, in one of the late "Saki's" books: "I suppose it doesn't matter if they *really* love one another.") Kai-Lung was successful in his suit. Then, "on a certain evening," he says:

> this person stood alone with Tiao upon an eminence overlooking the city and watched the great sky-lantern rise from behind the hills. Under these delicate and ennobling influences he gave speech to many very ornamental and refined thoughts which arose within his mind concerning the graceful brilliance of the light which was cast all around, yet notwithstanding which a still more exceptional light was shining in his own internal organs by reason of the nearness of an even purer and more engaging orb. There was no need, this person felt, to hide even his most inside thoughts from the dignified and sympathetic being at his side, so without hesitation he spoke—in what he believes even now must have been a very decorative manner—of the many thousand persons who were then wrapped in sleep, of the constantly changing lights which appeared in the city beneath, and of the vastness which everywhere lay around.
>
> "O Kai Lung," exclaimed the lovely Tiao, when this person had made an end of speaking, "how expertly and in what a proficient manner do you express yourself, uttering even the sentiments which this person has felt inwardly, but for which she has no words. Why, indeed, do you not inscribe them in a book?"

He does. But while he is absorbed in his labour Tiao accepts "the wedding gifts of an objectionable and excessively round-bodied individual, who had amassed an inconceivable number of taels by inducing persons to take part in what at first sight appeared to be an ingenious but very easy competition connected with the order in which certain horses should arrive at a given and clearly defined spot." He completes his work, publishes it at great expense and great loss, and makes a last desperate bid with an effort to prove that the works of the great national poet were not sheer imitations. Here, in adaptations from Shakespeare, we lapse into burlesque. There are several quotations like: "O nobly intentioned but nevertheless exceedingly morose Tung-shin, the object before you is your distinguished and evilly-disposed-of father's honourably-inspired demon"—though after all a Boer dramatic adapter *did* render the same passage as "I am thy papa's spook." This excursion, however, does show Mr. Bramah's style. That style is almost impeccable.

* * * * *

He keeps it up from start to finish; ceremonial to the point of absurdity, embellished with an unending flow of maxim and euphemism. It is not possible here to detail the complicated plots of his extremely ingenious stories. The best of all is *The Transmutation of Ling*. Ling is a studious youth who passes the public examination and, to his horror, is awarded, not a cosy Cuthbertship in the Whitehall of Pekin, but the command of a very white-livered band of bowmen who have to resist the continual onslaughts of exceedingly ferocious bandits. His adventures are numerous and diverse. As I say, I will not tell the story, which Kai-Lung recounts, standing with a rope around his neck and his toes touching the ground, to a brigand chief with a formidable snickersnee. But one may perhaps quote some of the incidental proverbs, which add much to the grace of the tales.

> Before hastening to secure a possible reward of five taels by dragging an unobservant person away from a falling building, examine well his features lest you find, when too late, that it is one to whom you are indebted for double that amount.
>
> The road to eminence lies through the cheap and exceedingly uninviting eating-houses
>
> Although there exist many thousand subjects for elegant conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

Whether Mr. Ernest Bramah has been to the East or has merely caught the atmosphere of its literature I do not know. I do not even know who he is. But it is not surprising that one who likes good satire, good humour, good romance and good English should find the book worthy of being an inseparable companion.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

"A THOUSAND voices are endeavouring to explain at the same moment. Each voice has a message, each is worthy of a hearing, but among 'the tumult and the shouting,' all are ineffective." Anyone who has endeavoured to keep pace with the books on "after the war" problems, will sympathise with this plaintive remark of Mr. E. J. P. Benn's in *The Trade of To-morrow* (Jarrolds, 2s. 6d. net). I have just been reading three or four such books (Mr. Benn's among them), and find it extremely difficult to make up my mind whether to throw them all into the fire and express sympathy with the Minister of Reconstruction, or read them again, for "each is worthy of a hearing," and be in a position to criticise them. The latter is the duty of the good citizen, and one's duty is the least one can do in war time. With which highly proper sentiment, let me call attention to the scope and character of some of the books before me.

* * * * *

Mr. Benn endeavours to be heard above "the tumult and the shouting," by putting the conclusions of his book in the first chapter. He has a scheme of reconstruction based on a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, advised by Trade Councils for every trade, these Councils to be representative of Trade Unions of the men and Trade Associations of the employers. Readers, however, will be ill-advised if they leave his book after thus becoming acquainted with the mere skeleton of his proposals. He supports them in the remaining chapters with much shrewd and practical reasoning, and he has many interesting things to say on points of detail. Let me give one example. He is talking about "key" industries, and says that the Government is blamed for allowing certain industries to drift into the hands of the Germans, whereas the Government has had very little to do with it. "Individual manufacturers . . . have discovered that certain articles could be bought advantageously in Germany. They had all hoped that their competitors were ignorant of this advantage, and Germany has been allowed to secure the business because different British manufacturers were not on speaking terms with one another."

* * * * *

It is pleasant, for one interested in letters, to read an economic treatise so delightfully written and so full of literary allusions as Professor W. R. Scott's Jevons lectures of this year, *Economic Problems of Peace After War* (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net). This is a book both profound and urbane, which it will repay the economist who seeks to relate general principles to present conditions to read carefully and to read more than once. Particularly valuable, I think, will be found the two lectures entitled respectively, "For the Duration of the War" and "Communications of a Maritime State." In the former Professor Scott points out, among other things, that "the Government has become a depositary of the liberties of the greater part of the nation," and that we should refrain "from pledging the future of commercial and industrial freedom to a greater extent than is absolutely unavoidable." He also points out that there is the danger that after the war a strong counter-tendency may be carried to extremes. In the latter, he gives us a very interesting comparison between shipping losses and reconstruction during the Napoleonic and during the present war, and also effectively counters the enemy's "freedom of the seas" talk by pointing out what Great Britain has done for the freedom, and how Germany is destroying the humane custom of the sea that we have so largely helped to build up. Most interesting of all, however, is the concluding lecture on "Organisation Re-orientated," in which he pleads for a wiser use of man-power. "Man," he says, "is on the way to master inanimate things, but hitherto the failure has been in treating human beings too much like things." Let us, at any rate, recognise there is such a problem for which a solution is required. "When the time comes, and that solution has been discovered, the next generation may recognise it as a new industrial revolution, greater than that of the eighteenth century."

* * * * *

Professor Scott is a somewhat idealistic economist, but his idealism appears almost as materialistic as Mr. Benn apologises for being when compared with the idealism of Mr. C. Delisle Burns's study of political science, *The World of States* (Headley Bros., 2s. net). It is a well-constructed book written with great earnestness and some power of exposition, to suggest the possibility of a world organisation in which neither nationality nor economic interests will create hostility between man and man. Yet I must confess that I find it a dull book, partly on account of a pedestrian style scarcely relieved at times by the use of a rather arch sarcasm, but chiefly because some element of human nature seemed to be left out of account by the author, with the result that his whole thesis gives the impression of a bridge of which the central arch has not yet been completed. There are, indeed, in the book, though too occasionally, illuminating observations, like those on the practical man. "The practical man is indeed an authority on the course he has pursued; but for that very reason he is a bad judge of any alternative. He cannot see anything but difficulties if he is presented with a new plan of action; and he cannot see anything but unfortunate accident in the natural consequences of his own ineptitude. He thus misleads the common man by the over-rating of practical experience of past mistakes." There is a great deal of truth in this, and I would fain believe that I am a practical man who can only see the difficulties in Mr. Burns's idealistic conception of the world of states, while in reality it is a possible "new plan of action."

* * * * *

Here is a definite step that might be taken towards reaching the ideal of Mr. Delisle Burns. In *The Future of Constantinople* (Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d. net), Mr. Leonard S. Woolf rejects previous proposals for the settlement of Constantinople "on the lines of a narrow nationalism and a rigid imperialism," and advocates an international settlement. He would like to see something like the European Commission of the Danube set up in the present capital of the Ottoman Empire, and he gives a very interesting account of the working of that Commission. The problem is a difficult one, but Mr. Woolf offers a plausible and well-reasoned solution of it.

* * * * *

Now we come to a book that deals with hard facts. This is *The Parliamentary History of Conscription in Great Britain* (Allen and Unwin, 5s. net). This book is a compilation from Hansard, with a preface by Mr. R. C. Lambert, M.P., who opposed conscription in the House. It gives fairly fully the debates and contains the texts of the Military Service Acts. Where there is a certain amount of compression, it seems on the whole to represent fairly the view of both sides, and it is likely to prove a useful book of reference.

* * * * *

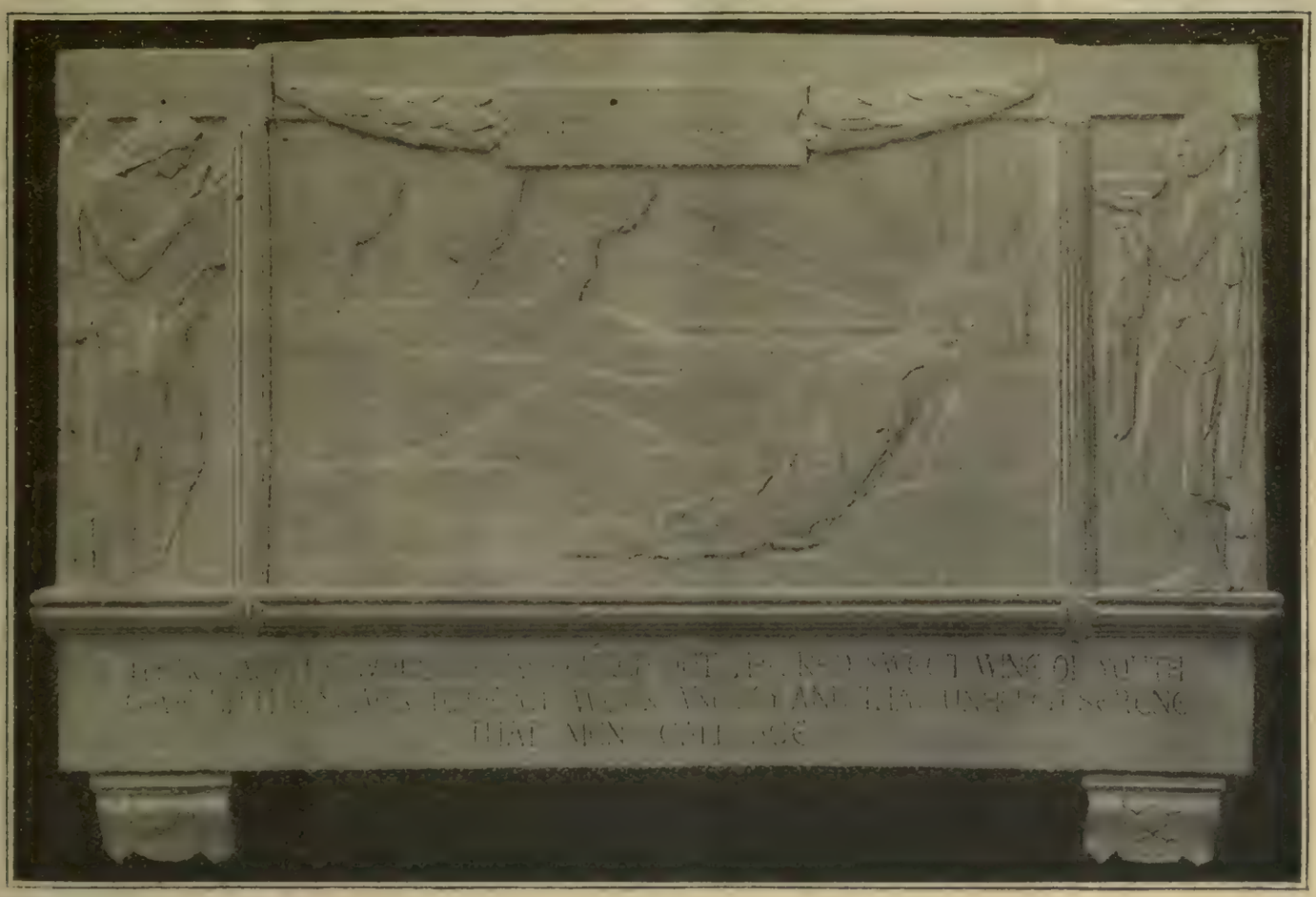
The Ideal Nurse (The Mental Culture Enterprise, 2s. and 2s. 9d. net) should prove a helpful little book to the many now engaged in nursing. It consists of an address given in 1909 by Dr. Charles A. Mercier to nurses engaged in looking after the insane but, as the author says, "by far the greater part of it is applicable to nurses engaged in medical, surgical, and other branches of the nurses' calling," and it was well worth reprinting. Dr. Mercier says that a nurse chiefly requires two things, sympathy and capability. In a very lucid manner he distinguishes capability from cleverness, and with great eloquence and insight he makes sympathy something more than a vague generalisation by analysing it according to St. Paul's famous description of Charity.

* * * * *

In *The Public School System* (Longman, Green and Co., 1s.), Mr. V. Seymour Bryant adds a seasonable book to the great educational controversy. After examining carefully the time-table of our preparatory and public schools, he urges various reforms, chiefly in the direction of teaching more English in the preparatory schools and in bringing science into any scheme of General Education. The course of opinion is tending in the direction of such changes, and it is therefore well to understand clearly what the performers propose. Mr. Bryant knows what he is talking about, and goes thoroughly into the whole question.

War Memorials

By Charles Marriott



Memorial for Aldeburgh, Suffolk. By Gilbert Bayes. The lines are by Rupert Brooke

SI MONUMENTUM QUAERIS if the last word be given the fair interpretation of "want" the looking round becomes doubly imperative, and it should be done before rather than after, and under the surface of things as well as above. At the moment there is natural anxiety about the form and character of our war monuments and memorials, but I cannot help feeling that most of the anxiety is on the wrong grounds; lest the monuments and memorials should not be "artistic" enough. The real danger is that they will be too artistic; too much derived from art and not enough from conviction. You cannot get good art out of poor ideas, and so far as I can make out even the monumental purists have no better idea than victory, meaning victory over the Central Powers. At this time of day the only victory which is capable of monumental treatment is victory over ourselves.

No, this is not an attempt to excuse Germany for making war or a plea for letting her down lightly from the consequences. On the contrary it is an attempt to confirm the conviction that Germany was and is guilty not merely in policy but in principle, and must therefore be utterly destroyed in her present character and constitution. But the conviction of German guilt will not be secured and so rendered capable of monumental treatment until it is fully and clearly recognised how and to what extent we shared in it. If ten men are drinking together and one of them sticks a knife into another he is justly blamed for not carrying his liquor like a gentleman; but that does not absolve the rest from re-considering the quality of the tap and whether they were wise to drink it in excess.

What, in short, was the tap that caused the trouble? To all appearances, and this is where the danger lay, it was a very respectable brew. It is a common belief of childhood that all dogs are male and all cats female; and the generation to which I belong was largely brought up in the belief that, broadly speaking, virtue was German and vice French. In the sense intended the belief was to some degree well-founded. Our conception of Germany implied something of the Pharisee, our conception of France did include the redeeming attributes as well as the faults of the woman who loved much. We were taught to admire Frederick, to regard Bismarck as a good, wise and great man, and German culture as worthy of imitation. Now until we understand that German guilt is not German aberration but precisely German virtue, and that we shared in it, and have now rooted it utterly out of ourselves, at any rate in intention, the object of the war will not be achieved and we shall not get our worthy monument to victory.

But illustration goes further than argument, and the design by Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Charles Holden, reproduced on the next page, is based upon a monumental idea. It was designed, in a competition organised by the Civic Arts Association, for a monument to be set up in the new County Hall in memory of those of the London County Council staff who sacrificed their lives in the war. The subject is Christ driving the money-changers out of the Temple. Nothing could be more apt for a war monument in the municipal centre of a great commercial city; or more universal and at the same time more personal in its application. For the German virtue, that we shared to a certain extent, and that must be destroyed in ourselves before we can cry "Victory!" was and is in the last analysis nothing other than worship of Mammon in the Miltonic sense of "admiring more the riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, than aught divine or holy." Grant Kaiserism, Prussianism, Junkerism all their devilish power as instruments, they could not have been operative in a world that was not prepared by Mammon worship.

These is no intellligent person who is going to believe that in the twentieth century dynastic ambition could hurl sixty million people into war unless they saw gain in it. Dynastic ambition was there undoubtedly, but in making this war it was a tool rather than a motive. The Hamburg-Persian Gulf Railway scheme, methodically exposed in M. Cheradame's book on *Pan-Germanism*, was backed by commercial rather than royal interests. And, though their methods were condemned, their ambitions were considered perfectly respectable. The belief in their respectability was the brew that caused the trouble, and our share in the belief was our share in the responsibility if not for the war at any rate for the world conditions that made the war possible, and, so to speak, 'inevitable." As for the so-called German "atrocities," they would be not more than accidental if they were not so clearly implied in the mildest German theory of life and conduct that was ever held up to our

admiration. For the terrible fruit of conscious and deliberate virtue is the unconscious crime.

Further, the responsibility was shared by every one of us, not only by the politicians and the financiers. There is a great temptation to identify mammon-worship with particular classes; but in the heart of each one of us there are money-changers and sellers of doves. That is the full meaning of the war monument designed by Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Charles Holden. Though directed against the great evil of commercialism, with its unmatched power as the ultimate cause of war, it is not an arraignment of a particular class—which would be presumptuous. It is a reminder to all of us that if we are to participate in the lesson of the war, and in the dedication of the monument, we must purge the Temple of our hearts. Nobody can have any real conviction about any evil who does not confess at least a potential share in it, and nobody can claim any share in victory who has not, at least in resolution, conquered himself

There can be no monument without a religious conviction. If they are to be artistic in the true sense of the word our war monuments and memorials must be, in the old sentence of dedication: "To the Glory of God," and only incidentally

Design for L.C.C. Memorial. By Eric Gill and Charles Holden

"in memory of" such and such an event, however great or such and such an individual, however heroic. And by a religious conviction I do not mean a sentimental idea of "Empire fellowship" such as one writer describes as an adequate motive for a memorial Chapel in the Charing Cross Improvement Scheme. Nor by "God" do I mean such a being as gifted romancers collect in tidying up their souls. You cannot make an artistic monument out of a patent religion or to the glory of a synthetic God. The religion must be common to the people, and the God must be the God of our fathers.

But, to come down to the practical—if anything could be more practical than the base of a monument—in order to be artistic our monuments must be not only to the glory of God but in the language of His creatures—the materials employed. It is for this reason that not the worst memorials are public works for some utilitarian purpose: a garden planted or an old injustice removed. Since it is not my own I can describe as brilliant the suggestion that a good way to commemorate the war in London would be to pull down the railings of London squares, so that little children could play in them. We are happier artistically in our common needs than in our celebrations chiefly because we are compelled to keep closer to the stuff. Outside material utility our best chance of artistic safety would seem to be in spiritual utility; some organic addition to churches or the revival of the Market Cross. On the whole, the Market Cross would seem to have a peculiar fitness. It is not a new invention, but a traditional and familiar form that survives in fact in a great many places; and from its position in the commercial centre of the town or village it would have special advantages as a monitor. If the war should really bring Christ into the market-place the men whose names were inscribed on the pedestal of His Cross would not have died in vain. Apart from some definitely religious symbol the best association is that of rest or refreshment; such as that of a public seat, preferably of stone, or a drinking fountain. The great thing in a monument or memorial is to avoid something that is merely to be looked at. We are pathetically dependent upon the sense of touch for our deeper emotions. On the seat, on summer evenings, we should think of our dead; and names actually felt by little fingers would be engraved in memory beyond any telling. And blood shed for England could not be symbolised better than by the water of life. The shrine, though beautiful in idea, is not really rooted in the habits of our people, and most of the war shrines that I have seen look irrelevant. It is doubtful if any form can be artistic when the idea that gave it birth is no longer active in life. But in either case, of material or spiritual utility, the event or the names could be embodied in the design and so commemorated in the only real sense of the word.

It is when our artists, and particularly our sculptors, attempt to embody an idea apart from utility, material or spiritual, that they are apt to come to grief. They will not trust the material to deliver its own message. They forget or through vanity ignore that the first object in a memorial is "to set up a stone." If to the dedication: "To the glory of God and in memory of so-and-so" were always implicitly added: "through His creature stone, or glass, or bronze, or wood," then could be said in quite large letters "by my hand" with no effect of conceit but only the grateful modesty of the collaborator. That is the great technical merit of the monument designed by Mr. Gill and Mr. Holden. The separate languages, so to speak, of bronze and stone are scrupulously observed, and their collaboration in the complete work is all the more organic on that account. In the modelling of the figures bronze is allowed to say how it, and not the mere intelligence of the sculptor, conceives of the human figure; and the stone is let behave squarely and firmly. There are the same technical virtues in the marble relief by Mr. Gilbert Bayes which we are allowed to reproduce. The marble saves its face; the sharp cutting giving all the necessary relief to the design, with the right accent, without destroying the continuity of substance, the smooth saying, which is one of the delights of marble. Here, too, there is admirable modesty in the design itself. It is an illustration to the verse of Rupert Brooke, leaving the moral to that, rather than an attempt at symbolism by the sculptor. Respect for materials is as much a religious as an artistic virtue—if the two are separable; it is a recognition of the nature of things. Utility compels this respect, and even when in purely commemorative work the respect is enforced, as by the hardness of granite in Egyptian sculpture, the results are generally better or, as we say, more monumental, than when the artist has been left to his own restraint. There is moral discipline as well as æsthetic guidance in the limitations of the stuff. The greater the freedom, as by our enormously increased command of materials the greater the need for some deep conviction to control the design; and "style" though it may save us from the worst atrocities, is a poor substitute for conviction.

The only victory we can worthily commemorate is a victory for God, and we should not dare to claim a victory for God that does not include a victory over ourselves. This should be the inspiration and meaning, clearly and firmly expressed, of our war monuments and memorials. For their execution there is plenty of talent in the country; and the private heart of the nation has learnt by suffering to be sound upon the real meaning of the war. The problem is to bring them together at the right angle; to evade the barriers of style and custom and let the heart of the nation speak in stone. Therefore, before we set up our monuments and memorials, or embark upon any public scheme to commemorate the war—*circumspice*. Let us look round at the whole meaning of the war, in its intimate personal reactions as well as in its international effects.

Nursing Adventures, by a "F.A.N.Y." in France (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net), in its earlier chapters, provides an extremely realistic picture of the confusion attendant on the fall of and flight from Antwerp; the writer has a very high opinion of the Belgian soldiers and their work, and in these first chapterss he shows with fine sense of the dramatic what that work was, incidentally also picturing what nursing work in the early days amounted to.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1917

CONTENTS

BRITISH LOYALTY

A NEW Honour was created last week which once and for all destroys the illusion that heroism and devotion to duty under arduous and dangerous conditions are only deserving of public recognition when displayed on a battlefield. For obvious reasons man has always regarded war as the special arena in which dignities and distinctions are to be won; now we realise that the toil and perils of peace are equally worthy of recognition, inasmuch as they are essential if war is to be waged successfully. This new honour—the Medal of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire—is to be awarded "for services of special merit rendered to the Empire by men and women in manual and other work *done for the war*." The italics are ours; these four words will, we doubt not, disappear at an early date while the honour, which has been badly wanted in the past, remains. "Peace hath her *heroisms* no less renowned than war," is a truism which all have accepted, but only now are we acting on it, and the fact that no difference is to be made between the sexes adds to its public value. Medals for our fighting forces were one of the outcomes of the Napoleonic wars; medals for the toiling hosts of labour are an outcome of the Great War. This in itself is symbolical of the progress we have made in the appreciation of a right perspective. The present life and death struggle of civilised humanity has caused the scales to fall from our eyes, and we now see that the existence of a nation is as dependent on all its members, both in sickness and in health, as is the mortal existence of an individual.

A week ago there were fears of a certain section of English railway-men going on strike. This happily came to nothing, for had it happened it would have disorganised the transport of munitions and would have inevitably resulted in unnecessary loss of life among our armies in the field. As things are at the moment, it is impossible to separate any part of the national organisation from another part for the simple reason the whole nation is at war, fighting for the principles of freedom and humanity which are the very life-blood of its corporate capacity. Long hours of work and high cost of necessities are severe trials, but if they are unavoidable, the Briton, to whatever state of life he may have been called, would be false to his traditions if he were to sacrifice his mates and fellow-countrymen in order to make things a little easier for himself. This loyalty between man and man is one of the most precious heritages of our race; we have ever been generous of it, extending it to those of alien blood who have given proof of their fidelity; it would be an evil day were any considerable section of the people to prove false to the tradition, but this is almost inconceivable seeing how strong this quality has been displayed in the terrible time through which we have passed.

But the strain of war, heavy though it has been, is by no means over. In the coming weeks it may press still harder on the shoulders of the civil population, though the daily reports from the firing lines continue to be favourable. Germany's new Foreign Minister, Baron von Kuhlmann, has stated publicly that he regards it as his duty to study the psychology of his enemies and to profit by that study to the advantage of Germany. During the years this man was at the German Embassy in London, he made it his business to get into close touch with all types of people; he had spies and secret agents in all quarters, and he did not despise any means or methods which would increase his knowledge of British sentiment. Like the majority of his fellow countrymen, Kuhlmann for all his cunning is stupid, and he gave himself away badly at the very beginning of the war by overestimating British gullibility. Notwithstanding this, it is well to bear in mind that he knows intimately every traitor there may be in England, he is familiar with the underground passage ways through which it is possible to influence public opinion, and as the necessities of Germany become worse, there is nothing he will stop at to promote discord and disunion in this country. His predecessors have done everything in their power to promote distrust between the Allies, and have failed. Kuhlmann has been elevated to high office to weaken and undermine British loyalty. Shall he succeed? Not for an instant do we believe so, but it is well to understand the motives and the aims of this able and unscrupulous person, which are very plainly set out by Mr. Coudurier de Chassaigne in his article that appears on another page.

As so often happens in the British Isles, after a hot early summer, the weather has broken, and the harvest months are cold and wet. These unfavourable storms are delaying the ingathering of the corn, and they already have had a very bad effect on the outturn. Fortunately, as the Prime Minister has told us, the food position is more favourable than it was six months ago, but the strictest economy is still necessary if privation is to be avoided. Lack of transport, both by sea and land, will create difficulties in other ways—for example, the problem of supplying London with coal during the winter has not yet been satisfactorily solved. This is the direction where in the coming months all have to show loyalty to their fellows, and to help, each in their own small sphere, in order that a full and complete victory over the enemy may be gained.

To revert to the new British Empire medal, know that the services of very special merit which its bestowal is to memoralise, will include "acts of great courage, self-sacrifice or high example, of initiative or perseverance; of skill, resource, or invention." Cannot even the meanest citizen in the humblest home practise some at least of these qualities? It is not only our duty to do so, but by so doing we put ourselves on the same level of high conduct as the men who are fighting our battles at the front, though at no risk of life or limb. In order to purify ourselves from the leprosy of selfishness and cowardly living, we need not go down to the Abana and Pharpar of Flanders and France, we may dip in the little Jordan that runs at our threshold. Every effort is now being made to place the food resources of the country on the most favourable terms possible for all classes of the community; it is less a question of supplies than of distribution, and the success must ultimately depend upon the consumer adapting himself to circumstances, that is on the private citizen fitting himself to the peculiar conditions of the times. It should not be difficult, though it may be temporarily inconvenient. The first thing to be done is to gain the consumer's confidence—work which will fall on the local Food Committees. The selection of these Committees is of the utmost significance, and it is the manifest duty of those who occupy leading positions in all local areas to take an active interest in the appointments. One of the great difficulties which the Food Controller has to contend against is that, inasmuch as the problems mainly concern retail trade, they are deemed beneath the consideration of persons of position and influence. It is not easy to change human nature in an instant, but we do consider that there is no public duty of greater importance at the moment, outside direct work for the war, than the regulation and supervision of food supplies.

The War

The Great Italian Battle

By Hilaire Belloc

THE great Italian action affords by far the most important military news of the week, and although it is not yet complete nor the result achieved, its development throughout the whole week is sufficient to show, not only the scale upon which the operation is being conducted, but the promise of its bearing fruit.

The action is taking place along the whole of the Isonzo line from Canale, in the north, to the trenches in front of Duino, in the south. As is the case with every such offensive, there are two main points of concentration, upon the two wings. The first on the north is concerned with breaking up the Austrian defensive organization in the mountains above Gorizia. It is on the extreme left wing of the Italians that this has been successfully accomplished. The second, in the south, on the extreme right wing against the sea, is concerned with the forcing of that formidable bastion covering Trieste, known as the Hermada or "Oak" Hill.

The measure of our Italian Ally's success on this wing, now that they are fully established with heavy pieces and their munitionment, will be the fate of the Hermada Hill. It is for this bulwark covering the approaches to Trieste that the great battle is being fought on the south, as it is being fought on the north for the plateau of Bainsizza and its escarpment wall of heights, the topmost of which, the Monte Santo, was carried last Saturday.

Very numerous examples in the course of the war have taught us both the importance and the limitation of an overlooking position in trench warfare.

Briefly, to occupy a commanding height, difficult of assault and giving direct observation over one's opponent, is a necessary preliminary to any final success, but it has not the same quality of advantage as it had. One can no longer talk of a height as "the key" of this or that. Its occupation is no more than the first—though necessary—step in a long process. It gives superiority in one function alone of the many which make up a modern battle; to wit, observation—and only local observation at that.

The advantage of higher ground for repelling an assault and for fulfilling all the functions of a glacis, in field of fire as well as in slope, are not what they were when the rifle determined battle. What conquers a belt of territory in to-day's warfare is the artillery, and it is after the artillery has done its work that the infantry occupies. There is, indeed, some advantage in such occupation taking place uphill, but the fact that the position you are bombarding is slightly above you makes very little difference to the preliminary artillery action.

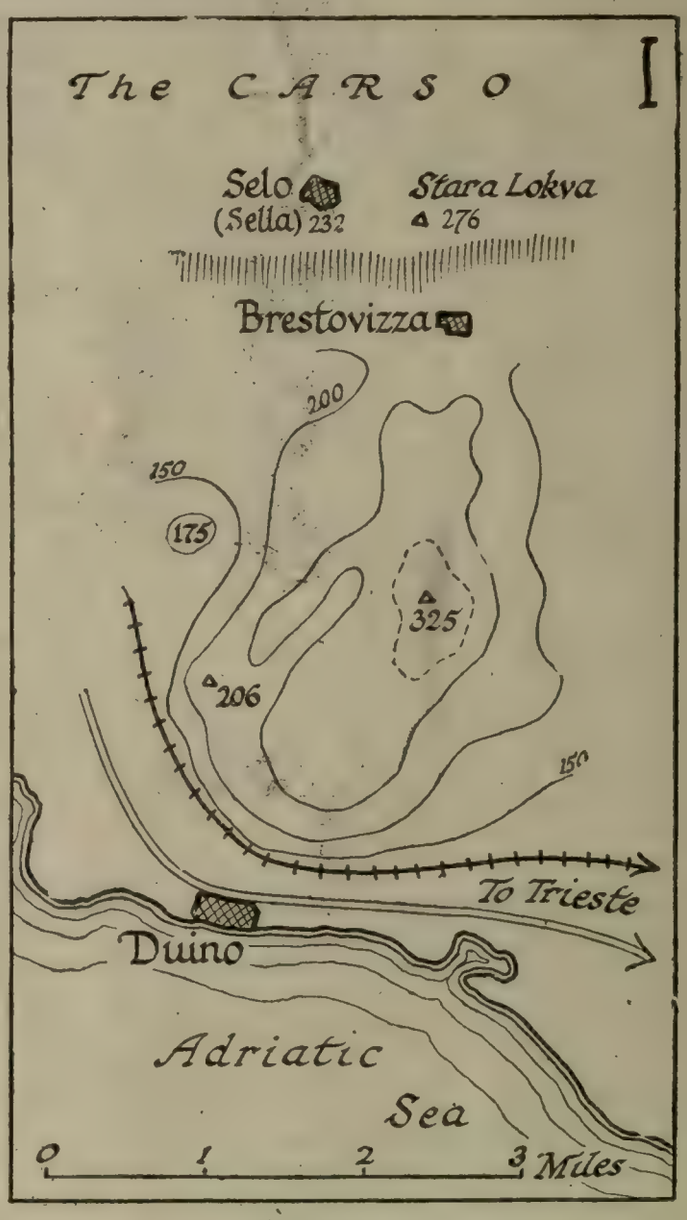
In general then, a dominating height, giving full observation and presenting an obstacle to advance against it is, to-day, an asset to the party occupying it. It weighs down the scale of his side. It increases the efficacity in that slow work of reducing then enemy's line by attrition, moral and material, which is the whole strategy of the present war in the West and South. But it does not rapidly determine an issue as was still the case only a few years ago.

We may judge very properly of the *value* of position by remembering that the enemy when he was driven to earth in France three years ago (and whenever since he has elected or been compelled to stand upon the defensive), has made it his first business to secure position.

We may judge equally well of the limitations from which position suffers to-day in this trench warfare, by his comparative inability to achieve any decisive success in spite of his original occupation of the heights.

After the Marne, the enemy held pretty well every dominating position from the Argonne to the North Sea. He had the Moronvillers group of hills east of Rheims, and Nogent Hill and Brimont Hill overlooking that city; then the whole of the Aisne ridge, the higher ground on both sides of the Somme from Chaulnes to in front of Peronne, and then all the line of positions from Gommecourt to the neighbourhood of Arras. He had the Vimy Ridge and the Messines Ridge. Almost everywhere he looked down upon the Allies. Yet, even while he still had a grave superiority in artillery he got nothing decisive from that advantage. If in the long run he had been able to maintain and increase his artillery superiority, then his positions on the heights would have borne fruit; but, as we have seen, the superior civilisation which he foolishly challenged, was able, once it turned its mind to it, to outpace him in production: and it is now the Allies, not Prussia and her dependents, who can make use of increasing artillery preponderance. Therefore, for them the occupation of dominating positions is fruitful.

It is this character of position in the present phase of the war—though not immediately decisive, yet laying the foundation for ultimate success—that makes the struggle for the Hermada of such essential importance. This is why in the grouping of the Italian artillery much the greater part of the southern pieces are turned on to the Hermada and its neighbourhood. This is why the British monitors are attacking it from the sea. This is why the brigade from Salerno (once again proving



the nonsense of all the old talk about bad recruitment from the South) struck its heavy blow above Selo, in the effort to outflank the Hermada on the North, and this is why the Austrians have massed their reserves upon their left, principally for counter-attacks in defence of the mountain.

The readers of this paper will remember our short descriptions of the Hermada during the fighting earlier in the summer, when once before it was attempted to master that height.

The Hermada rises up from the Gulf of Trieste above Dumino in a fairly compact and isolated lump, between the southern edge of which and the sea run the main railroad and the main road to Trieste.

The mountain is about two miles long by about one mile broad. On the southern edge it sinks steeply down on to the sea coast and the ledge along which the road and railway run. But on the northern side it is attached by a neck of high ground to the escarpment of the Carso.

Its highest summit, which is roughly in the middle of the formation, is 1,074 feet high. Its approach is rather less

steep from the western side, upon which the Italians are attacking, than upon the eastern side where the Austrian batteries and concentrations of men are concealed. There is a very sharp dip down southward towards the sea.

The despatches relating to the fighting of last Sunday (the latest upon which this article can be based) make it clear that the mountain has not yet fallen to any direct assault, but also shows us that our Allies are making a strong effort to turn the Hermada from the north, where the Southern Italian troops had forced their way to Selo (the Slavonic "Sella") on the escarpment of the plain: since Friday last they have been struggling to reach the summit of the Stara Lokva rise, half a mile beyond the ruins of Selo and 120 feet above them.

On the northern end of the line beyond Gorizia, the heights dominating the Isonzo Gorge are now completely in the hands of our Allies. The last and highest summit, the Monte Santo which had resisted all the efforts of the earlier summer fighting, fell during the late hours of Friday last, the 24th.

The capture of the Monte Santo has struck the imagination of all and has been very properly made the occasion of widespread rejoicings throughout Italy: for the Monte Santo comes at the end of the ridge which dominates the great gorge of the Isonzo above Gorizia and overlooks all the lower country at its feet; it was a sort of sentinel in perpetual observation of the whole region eastward to the Venetian plain and southward to the Carso. Moreover, in the great attack of May last it alone had resisted of all the points of the ridge when Kuk and Vodice, the lesser summits, its neighbours to the north, had fallen. This highest of the crests remaining in enemy hands had detracted from the value of the other captures.

Important, however, as the Monte Santo is both as a symbol and as a tactical point, we must appreciate that its fall has been due to the much larger and more important business of which the week-end was full to the north of it, and that business was the carrying of the Bainsizza plateau, which the countryside has called for centuries the "Plain of the Holy Ghost."

To understand the formation and position of this table land is very important to our comprehension of all that the Italians are doing. They have completely smashed the Austrian defensive organisation along the escarpment of it. We do not yet know the strength or position of the second Austrian line, but the chances of a war of movement developing here are considerable.

The Isonzo is a mountain river, running down from the high Alps in one of those deep valleys which are characteristic of such regions and entering just above Gorizia a narrow gorge, the walls of which stand frowning at one another about 1,500 feet, upon the average, above the water.

Upon the left, or eastern, bank of the river, this wall is the south-western escarpment of the Bainsizza plateau. It has the three main summits just quoted—crests higher than its average. The Monte Santo, the highest, at the south, then the Vodice, then the Kuk. At the Kuk summit the escarpment turns round northerly, receding somewhat from the river and along the valley, to widen until it reaches its northernmost point at Hill 676, about five miles away. At this point the escarpment of this nearly isolated plateau turns as sharply to the south-eastward, where the rapidly deepening valley of a mountain stream, which falls into the Isonzo, cuts it off. It is joined to the mass of the Alps by a neck upon the east: The southern escarpment runs above the Pustala gorge and brings one back again to the Monte Santo. Beyond the Pustala gorge are the heights above Gorizia, of which the

principal is the San Gabriele, a stronghold of the Austrians, dominating and overlooking (at a range of about 7,000 yards) the town of Gorizia which they have lost.

The Austrians elected to make their strong defensive organisation of the first line along the positions afforded by nature, the escarpment of the Bainsizza plateau, from hill 676 above Canale to Kuk and thence round from Kuk to the Monte Santo and so through San Gabriele.

When they had lost Kuk and Vodice, the main line still lay along this escarpment covering the Monte Santo as shown on Map II. Their advanced positions were on the Isonzo below where they had lost Canale in the offensive of last May, and still held the crossing at Anhovo.

The Italians on Sunday the 19th, and Monday the 20th, crossed the Isonzo at and below Anhovo on 18 bridges under the protection of their new and happily superior artillery fire, carried the escarpment and broke the main Austrian line, sweeping over the Bainsizza plateau, thereby outflanking Monte Santo from the north and advancing to some second Austrian line, the strength of which and the time taken in organisation we do not know. We do not yet know its exact position either, but it is somewhere on the further eastern edge of the escarpment.

It is a very great stroke, and it may lead to more. Unfortunately, at the moment of writing, we do not know what has happened yet to the two higher points on the plateau. Hill 824, which is wooded and gives cover as well as observation, and Hill 801 (the hill called "Slemo") two miles to the south. What the occupation of the plateau may lead to depends a good deal upon the fate of these two principal points of observation.

One of the characteristics of these Italian successes is that the enormous and novel pressure our Allies have been able to bring to bear upon all the Isonzo front is due not only to the vastly increased artillery (they are said to have something like 7,000 guns in line between the Alps and the Sea) but to a very remarkable superiority in air work. Every observer has noted this superiority in the last few days, and the degree in which it has been achieved is said, on the reports of eye-witnesses who can compare it with the Northern fronts, to be even more remarkable than the superiority established in the same arm upon the Allied side during the first part of the battle of the Somme. It is clear that upon this superiority the Italian successes have been largely based.

The prisoners counted up to the evening of Sunday were a total of 23,600, the guns 75, including two 12 inch howitzers, and a great mass of material and supplies was taken as well.

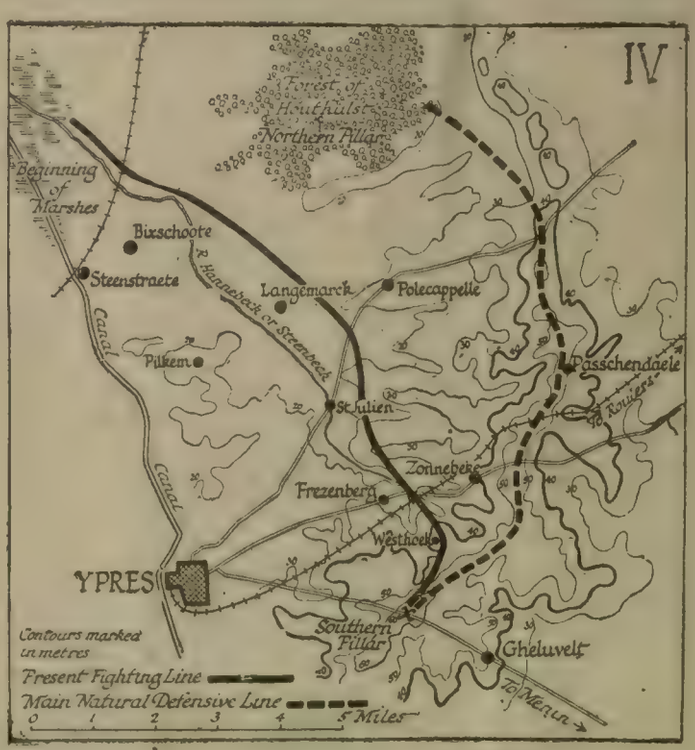
The Flanders Front

Two actions have specially marked the British work this week in Flanders. The first has been the expensive but successful effort of the Canadians at Lens. The second, the fighting for the "Southern Pillar" of the German position in front of Ypres, described last week, the higher ground below Gheluvelt.

As to Lens, that town, which has been turned into a heavily garrisoned stronghold, is now touched upon all the west, north and south, and the fighting is taking place in several places within the limits of the old municipal boundaries.

Strategically, the importance of Lens is that it corresponds upon the south, or British right, to the Ypres offensive, upon the north or British left. These blows on each wing, when combined, are strategically a menace to Lille which, in its turn, is at once the pivot upon which the enemy necessarily depends in case he should be compelled to a retirement, and the main pillar of his resistance between the Northern French manufacturing district and the North Sea: the bastion upon which depends the curtain to the north which covers his maritime bases of Ostend and Zeebrugge.

In all this week the ultimate object is, of course, the breaking up of the defensive line, and the reduction of any one strong point upon it, such as Lens, probably has a value in mere



numerical losses greater than any other aspect of such a success.

The chief centres of activity in this close struggle for the ruins of Lens are the slight summit on the main Lille road on the north, called Hill 70, now firmly in British hands (for the recovery of which several attacks have been launched by the enemy from the shattered suburbs to the south and east beneath it), and the big slag heap on the other south-western side of the town called by the British troops the "Grand Crassier," which stands in the tangle of railway lines just south of the heart of the City.

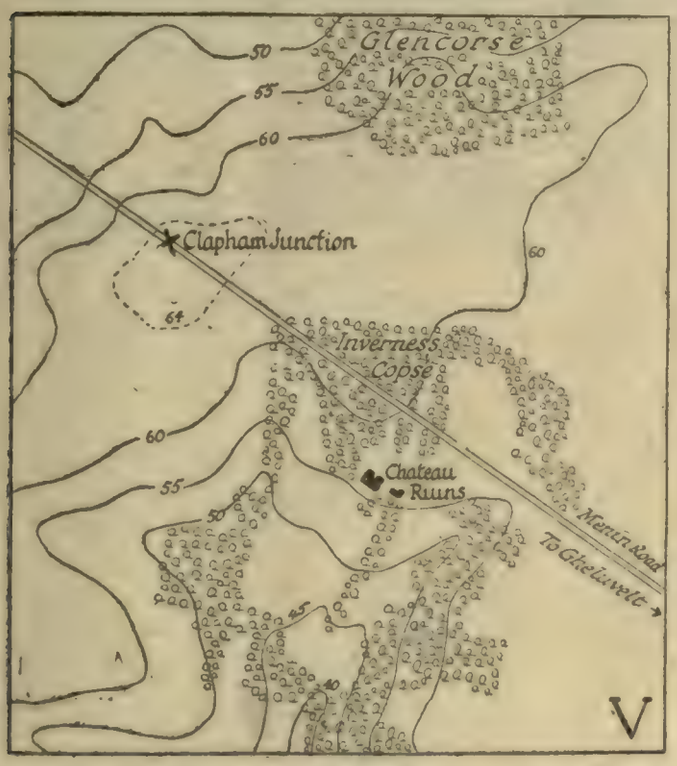
At the moment of writing the latest despatches indicate that the slag heap is still held defensively by the enemy; on the other hand, every effort on his part for the re-taking of Hill 70 on the north, has failed.

The other corresponding attack to the north of Lille—that is, the attack from the salient of Ypres—was marked

this week by the second of the two actions to which we refer, the very heavy fighting for what we called last week the "southern pillar of the Paaschendaele Ridge."

This "southern pillar," it will be remembered, was essentially the group of higher ground of which the summit is hill 64 on the Menin Road, called by the British troops "Clapham Junction." It is marked with a cross upon last week's map which I here reproduce.

It will be remembered what importance this point has for the defensive and for the offensive, and how we pointed out



last week that the enemy would make every effort to prevent its falling completely into British hands. Such an effort has been made, and is, at the moment of writing, undecided.

Upon August 22nd, that is last Wednesday, the British advancing from the highest point of Hill 64 down the Menin Road, got into the splintered wood called the Herenthage Wood, which the British Army christens "Inverness Copse." The undulations here are very slight and, in spite of the importance of observation in the Flanders plain from even a small rise, we must beware against exaggerating the contours in our imagination. All the way down hill from "Clapham Junction" to Gheluvelt is only 35 feet, and from the same point to the middle of Inverness Copse there is a fall of only 13 feet.

It was upon Thursday last, the 23rd of August, that the British entered Inverness Copse and occupied about half of its shattered area—the eastern half, of course. Had they occupied the whole of this wood one might say that the hummock which thus slightly overlooks Gheluvelt and the Menin Road would have been entirely in their hands.

But it was impossible for the enemy to admit this threat to his "pillar," without a very strong re-action and bid for its recovery. We accordingly find a violent counter-attack taking place upon Friday, the 24th, in which the enemy claim, in rather confused language, the recovery of this part of the wood; while the British communiqué registers the withdrawal of the British advanced troops, but adds: "The confused fighting which has taken place in Inverness Copse . . . is still continuing."

Upon Saturday, the 25th, there was another fluctuation of the line in this hardly contested and essential point. The German document admits the recapture by the British of the north-western corner of the Herenthage Wood (Inverness Copse), and on Sunday morning it was lost again, the Germans attacking with flame in great strength, but by the afternoon they had again been driven out. We may take it (as far as the very brief indications afforded us go), that the general result upon the Sunday night of the three days heavy fighting for this part of the "southern German pillar" was:

(1) A heavily pressed and successful British advance occupying half the copse and reaching down to somewhere near contour 60, but leaving the ruins of the Chateau on the south of the road still in German hands. This on Thursday.

(2) A very strong German counter-attack to recover this essential piece of ground filling the hours of Friday, and pressing back the British perhaps to the edges of the little wood, and in any case recovering the greater part of it.

(3) Another British blow on Saturday, which did not recover the whole of what had been taken on Thursday, but a portion of it, to wit, the north-western corner of the copse.

(4) A violent German flame attack on Sunday morning which temporarily recovered the north-west corner of the wood, but was driven back before night.

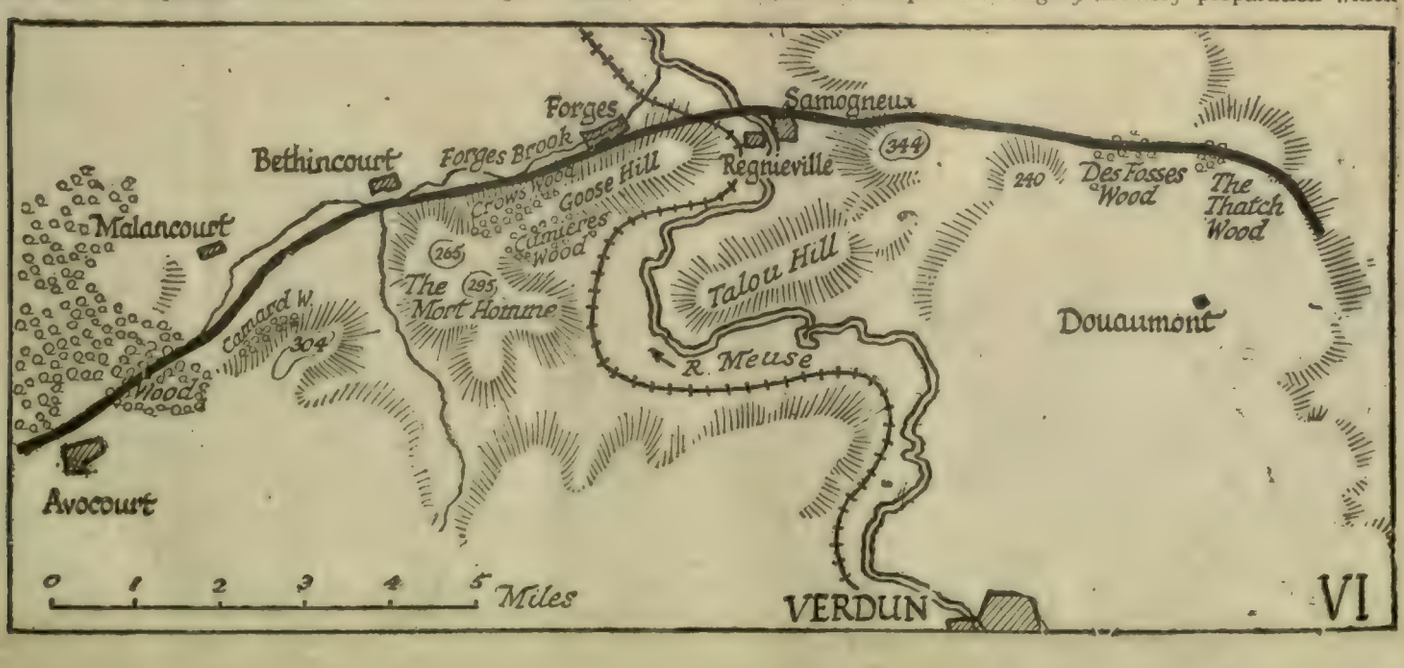
To those who have the opportunity for following the most important element of all in the fighting—the comparative losses—(an opportunity denied, of course, to the student at home) the really significant factor is the price which the enemy has paid in thus attempting to cling to the higher ground. The highest ground of all at "Clapham Junction" he has lost altogether. He is putting forth a very great effort to hold on to the first beginning of the further slope, and so far has maintained himself there. But the real value of the operation can only be tested from his point of view or from ours by its effect upon his numbers—and ours.

The Verdun Front

Meanwhile, far to the south, a new simultaneous offensive has further tested his numbers. This has been the sudden and successful blow launched by the French upon the Verdun sector. We are dealing here with an action about half as large in the effectives employed and the artillery work corresponding to them, as the corresponding effort on the Ypres salient. It has not the importance of the work on the Ypres salient, but it is very significant as an example of the degree to which the enemy is now pressed for men.

The French planned this offensive upon a sector of about 11 miles, directly north and north-west of Verdun town from the wood of Avocourt to Bezonveaux upon both banks of the Meuse.

There was ample and lengthy artillery preparation which



left the enemy in no doubt as to the blow that was intended. To the four divisions which he had left upon this sector he added two to meet that blow, and apparently a third in the course of its delivery making seven in all. He was unable to prevent its full effect from being reaped, and his inability was due to exactly the same cause which operates upon him everywhere, the decline in man-power—a decline which would already have been decisive but for the interruption of pressure upon the Eastern front.

It will be remembered that we went to press last week too early to do more than record the beginning of this operation. Its details would seem to have been as follows:

Upon Monday, August 20th, the artillery preparation having destroyed the enemy's defensive organisation, the infantry went forward and secured Avocourt Wood, the famous summits of the Mort Homme, the Crown Wood, and Cumières Wood upon the left of the Meuse. On the right bank the French carried Talou Hill, Hill 344 and Hill 240, penetrating also into the wood called "The Ditches" (Des Fosses) and the wood called "The Thatch Wood" (Chaume). By the end of that first day 4,000 unwounded prisoners were counted.

There was a strong re-action before night on the part of the enemy, probably conducted by the two supporting divisions which he had already brought up. But it failed.

On the Tuesday the Ridge of Goose Hill, beyond the Crows Wood, was entered by the French, and the village of Regneville at its foot: This upon the left bank of the Meuse. On the right bank the new advance covered Samogneux and the number of prisoners had risen to over five thousand.

On the Wednesday, the 22nd, there was a violent German counter-attack on the Mort Homme, which touched the front line but was driven out again, following on which the French line was advanced to the outskirts of the ruins of Forges. A corresponding counter-attack on the other bank failed with considerable losses, and by the evening of that day the number of prisoners had increased to 6,116 unwounded men (that is, including "walking cases"—the prisoners who can pass the tellers on foot) in addition to which there were 500 wounded men brought in.

On Thursday, the 23rd, there was only a small French stroke on the right bank and a general consolidation of the positions, but a full count of the prisoners and captured guns was issued: 6,720 of the former and 24 of the latter.

On Friday came the second principal blow of these operations, the French after full artillery preparation attacked at dawn and carried the whole of Hill 304, and the Camard Wood to the west of it, advancing about 2,000 yards on the average and reaching the Forges Brook.

On Saturday another minor operation put the French in possession of some fortified outposts just south of Bethincourt. A renewed count of prisoners brought the total up to 8,100.

It is of real significance and interest to follow the German accounts of this operation, and I will therefore summarise the enemy's despatches and let them speak for themselves in the light of what the reader has just had before him.

On the Monday night—the night of August 20th, when the first French blow had been delivered, the German despatch, after saying that the French were marching "under English orders"—a type of phrase which ought never to be admitted in the terse language of military accounts, and which only appears when the writer is suffering more than he should allow himself to suffer—tells us that "the battle before Verdun is going in our favour," and adds that the fighting on the east of the Meuse has not given any results to the French.

In an earlier communiqué of the same day the enemy had admitted a "voluntary withdrawal."

Upon the next day there comes the phrase "at many places the French troops penetrated into our defensive zone in which every step forward had to be wrested from our fighting troops by sanguinary losses." After these adjectives we get the phrase: "Bitter hand-to-hand fighting and powerful counter-attacks drove back the enemy almost everywhere." And we are further told, for what it is worth, that the struggle was mighty, and that it swayed to and fro; that the measures taken by the leaders were splendid; that the tenacity and bravery of the infantry was "typical," and that the termination of the day was "satisfactory." The despatch ends up by telling us that both leaders and troops anticipate a favourable conclusion.

On the next day, Wednesday, the German communiqué tells us that all attacks and thrusts were repulsed, and while the French "forced themselves into the southern part of Samogneux," the "dense masses" were "otherwise sanguinarily repulsed."

The despatch describing Thursday's fighting is unimportant as was the French despatch of the day, being a day in which there was little action. But on Friday we get another of these characteristic documents. It will be remembered that Friday was the day in which Hill 304 was carried, and we are told that Hill 304 was "evacuated in accordance with our plans."

On Saturday, the day when the French reached the Forges Brook and the little organised posts south of Bethincourt, we have in the German despatch the remark that "the French sent forward strong forces against our positions on the Forges rivulet, and between Malancourt and Bethincourt." And that these were "repulsed with heavy losses."

A tabulation of this sort is well worth making in the present phase of the war.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Belloc has been obliged, through indisposition, to take a short holiday, and will consequently be unable to contribute his usual article next week to "Land & Water."

Special articles have, however, been arranged for that issue: On the Western Front, by Edmund Dane, and On the Italian Front, by Lewis R. Freeman.

The publication of Mr. Belloc's analysis of the remaining German effectives, as estimated by Mr. Gerard, is postponed.

Germany's New Foreign Minister

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

The writer of this article is the well-known London correspondent of the Paris "Figaro." He is also President of the Foreign Press Association in London. He had many and excellent opportunities of studying Baron von Kuhlmann and his methods during the six years the Baron was Councillor of the German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace.

DR. VON KUHLMANN, or as he used to be called by courtesy, Baron von Kuhlmann, is a fortunate man. He is only forty-four, and has already obtained the most coveted post in the whole of German diplomacy, and has become the chief manipulator of the countless Pacifist wire-pullers who will succeed, if we are not careful, in winning a diplomatic victory for Germany in spite of its military defeat.

The man who assumes this gigantic responsibility is admirably qualified for his task. Baron von Kuhlmann comes, through his father's family, from that upper middle-class which has been recently ennobled after having made a fortune in business, and he owes to that modest descent some of his rarest gifts; his common sense, his instinctive knowledge of everything connected with commerce and industry, and his obviously inherited habits of hard work. For he is as tenacious and patient and energetic as the business man must be who wishes to succeed. He possesses also that quality which is so rare among the German nobility, of sympathising only superficially with the military caste, while he is profoundly attached to the industrial classes, which, for him, represent the true future of his country.

He is related, through the family of his wife, Marguerite, Baroness Stumm, and through his mother, Anna, Baroness Redwitz, with the best of the German aristocracy. In that way he is connected by his ancestry and his marriage with all the governing classes of the Empire, but, as he does not belong exclusively to any one class, he is able to estimate them all at their proper value impartially.

Nature has further favoured him in giving him good looks. He is a fine figure of a man and has none of that obesity which is so common on the other side of the Rhine. His pleasant face and smile are full of an independent spirit and have at times an expression of candour and good fellowship that disarms everybody who does not know him well. His hand-shake is cordial, rather rough, but giving the impression of perfect sincerity. In the popular phrase, he is "hail fellow well met." Nothing in his outward appearance suggests the diplomat—I should say the diplomat of the old school. He has, however, charming manners. He has an exquisite politeness towards everyone who comes to him, but he is so simple, so free from any affectation, that one would believe him to be an absolutely splendid fellow without the least malice in his composition. He means everything he says, though he does not speak all his thoughts. He has excellent health and appears

to have tireless energy. He always seems fresh and ready for anything. His tastes are simple; he lives in luxury without being a slave to it. He said to me once: "For me there are only two indispensable things in life, a good cigar and a good bed, for one must sleep well if one works hard."

In political circles, even among his enemies, he has an extraordinary reputation for independence and loyalty. One of the most distinguished members of one of our Allied Embassies in London told me four or five years ago that Kuhlmann had never told him a lie. I know, however, of one instance in which von Kuhlmann did not live up to his high reputation. This is the story just as it was told to me by an official, whose exceptional intelligence and perfect honesty Kuhlmann appreciated.

Two or three years before the declaration of war, a German meteor appeared suddenly in the sky of the social world of London, and shone there with great brilliance until July 1914. A month before the war, this magnificent star, whose name was Baron von der Heydt, disappeared, and thought fit to go and drink the waters in a little German town, there to take care of his health which had suddenly suffered as a result of so many festivities and pleasures. Baron von der Heydt passed as a young banker who wished to found in London a branch of his family's business house, and as his business prospered marvellously, he devoted all his leisure to good living in London. His luxurious house was the meeting place not only for distinguished foreigners from all countries, but also for the best English society. History now knows that this delightful host was the connecting link between the German Embassy, more especially Kuhlmann, and a group of English and foreign cliques, through which German propaganda and espionage were more or less discreetly conducted.

Detected in Deceit

Baron von der Heydt was the enlightened patron of the correspondents of German newspapers, and as such had a real influence in the foreign political circles. Now one day the doings of Baron von der Heydt attracted the attention of one of the best known English diplomatists. Wishing to know more about the nature of the reports that were passing between Baron von der Heydt and the German Embassy, this diplomat asked Kuhlmann if he knew this new arrival in the German colony in London. Kuhlmann, taken aback, hesitated, and was unwise enough to say that he did not.

"What!" said his companion, "you do not know Baron von der Heydt. But he is one of the most brilliant and sympathetic personalities in German circles in London. He is everywhere."

"I do not know him," Kuhlmann repeated.

"Well," retorted my friend, "such a state of things must not continue. I must certainly introduce you to Baron von der Heydt. I must arrange a breakfast party for you to meet him."

Kuhlmann was unable to conceal his annoyance. The diplomat, delighted at the trick he had successfully played on the Councillor of the German Embassy, did not carry his joke any further, but he told me some time ago that he would regret all his life that he had not introduced to Baron von Kuhlmann one of his principal lieutenants.

This little incident proves two things. Firstly, that Kuhlmann, in spite of his good qualities, has the faults of his race, that he has no tact or subtlety, and that, like all Germans, he is an enthusiastic adept in this game of espionage in all its forms, which is one of the off-shoots of German culture.

Kuhlmann was extraordinarily well informed. He had his emissaries all over the world. He knew better than anyone else how to give valuable information to English reporters, and journalists were sure to find a delightful welcome at the Chancellory of the German Embassy where the Councillor himself would receive them with warmth and cordiality. One realised the hidden power that the great chief of German propaganda in England exercised when, on the day of the declaration of war, he managed to pass into the *Westminster Gazette* an interview which has become famous, and the sole result of which, fortunately, was to make Baron von Kuhlmann ridiculous, and to lead to his being christened by the London newspapers, "the funny man." The noble baron used to try to persuade public opinion that the intentions of Germany were absolutely pure as far as England was concerned, and that England had nothing but advantage to gain from continuing her friendship with the Kaiser. Kuhlmann also used to make a point of having close and friendly relationships with foreign journalists. His intermediary was Baron von der Heydt, who used to collect at his house at his most interesting dinner parties, not only correspondents of the German press, but also those of other countries.

Kuhlmann in London was going through the apprenticeship of the profession he has since practised with much success in Holland. His method is to surround himself with a first class body of informers, and to give to the Press of the country where he is, and of neighbouring countries, the information that serves his own purpose, presented with an air of innocence that would disarm the most suspicious. He is, in fact, a model of the ultra-modern diplomat. He knows that in a well organised country effective government depends on two essential instruments, a docile press and a sound system of police. With the one you impose your opinions on the mass of individuals, and with the other you render powerless to injure you those few persons who refuse to be convinced by arguments that are sufficient to carry the crowd.

The Agadir Crisis

But if Baron von Kuhlmann had only those two qualities of the Prussian statesman, we might then regard his rise to power without great uneasiness. However, he has already proved since his soiourn in London, that this more or less mechanical part of his method of governing was only on a par with the rest of his policy. The new Foreign Minister has a wider conception of the true interests of his race. All the resources of corruption and of the iron hand are only auxiliary instruments in the service of a great idea. The future of the German Empire seems to him to lie in the unlimited economic effort of this prolific and hard-working people, whose armaments exist only to levy blackmail on the rest of the world. Kuhlmann was one of the instigators of the Agadir crisis, and the policy of threats was the one which he believed would serve his country best. But for nothing in the world would he have wished that a single shot should have been fired.

Kuhlmann's plan at the time of the Agadir crisis was to intimidate France and to obtain, by bluffing and without striking a blow, economic advantages and certain concessions of territory. His object would have been quite genuinely defeated if war had broken out. This was his own policy up till August 1914. In that August he said to a friend of mine—"I can speak to you to-day as one man to another. I shall tell you frankly what I think. Whatever may be the result, war is a criminal blunder for Germany. If we had had ten more years of peace, we would be masters of the world without having to shed one drop of blood."

I am convinced that Baron von Kuhlmann thinks to-day as he thought three years ago. He will make peace as soon as events permit him to do so. He has an unbounded confidence in the profound resources of the German race; his only desire is to recommence the work to which he and his friends, the great capitalists, the great leaders of industry, had devoted themselves twenty years ago, and which can be resumed along two lines, economic conquest of the world based on the threat of Germany's military power. Fortunately for us the junkers defeated the commercial interests, and the war has opened our eyes, let us hope for ever.

Kuhlmann is a practical man; he will concede to the Allies empty honours and even political advantages. I should not be at all surprised if he gave up Alsace Lorraine, perhaps even Poland, provided that Germany, or more precisely the Central Empires, obtain economic compensations. He will be the convinced and even loyal upholder of a peace without bitterness. He will shake hands cordially with his enemies of yesterday on condition that his one nightmare is destroyed, namely, the economic boycott of Germany after the war. He knows that in a relatively short time the German people, if all the markets of the world are open to them, and its commercial travellers can go freely in the allied countries, will regain slowly but surely, the place they had occupied before the war in the industrial and economic life of the whole world. A peace without bitterness will allow the Germans to recreate their army, to augment their fleet, which they call commercial; even if deprived of some of her provinces a Germany conquered on the field of battle will triumph through peace; for its workers, its chemists, its capitalists, united in a common ideal of industrial pan-Germanism, will work night and day to reconstruct and renovate their fatherland, and in 30, 40, or 50 years, our descendants will be faced by a Germany that has learnt by experience, and will next time know how to use its commercial victories.

Such, let us make no mistake about it, is the precise scheme of this man who is above all things, practical. He will have behind him his whole country, for German Socialists are, above all, socialists in the interests of Germany, and his democracy has no sympathy with demagogy.

What sort of statesmen have the Allies to oppose during and after peace negotiations to Baron von Kuhlmann, this young, active, energetic man, who knows every question from top to bottom, who is thoroughly trained in business, and who knows beforehand exactly what must be retained in every sphere and what may be sacrificed?

A Journal from a Legation

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

In this journal from a Legation Mr. Hugh Gibson, First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels during the opening months of the war; continues his story. In the previous portion of this Journal, already published in LAND & WATER, *he had described how the American Legation took charge of German residents in Belgium and made itself responsible for their safety. Here he takes up the story after the entry of the German Army into Brussels. He describes a most exciting journey which he undertook by motor-car to Antwerp in order to cable despatches to Washington. Antwerp at this time had become the headquarters of the Belgian Government. His account of the Zeppelin raid is most interesting, as this was the first occasion that the now discredited gas-bag was used to bombard a sleeping city. Mr. Gibson's Journal is published with the consent of the State Department of the United States.*

BRUSSELS, August 27th, 1914.—Some ten days ago I started on a trip to Antwerp, got through the lines and managed to wriggle back into Brussels last night after re-establishing telegraph communication with the Department and having a number of other things happen to and around about me.

All I can remember now of the 23rd is that it was Sunday and that we could hear cannonading all day long from the east. It was hard to tell just where it came from, but it was probably from the direction of Wavre and Namur. It was drizzly all day. The German troops continued to pour through Brussels. From time to time during the last few days their march has been interrupted for a couple of hours at a time—apparently as a result of a determined attempt on the part of the French and English to stop the steady flow of troops towards the French frontier. Each time we could hear the booming of the cannons—the deep voices of the German guns and the sharp dry bark of the French. At night we have seen the searchlights looking for the enemy or flashing signals. Despite the nearness of all this fighting and the sight of the wounded being brought in, the streets barred off to keep the noisy traffic away from the hospitals, and all the other signs of war, it has still been hard to realise that it was so near us.

Our little German General von Jarotzky has kept clicking his heels together and promising us anything we chose to ask; we have run around day after day with our telegrams, and not one has got further than the Hotel de Ville. Being naturally somewhat touchy, we got tired of this after a few days and decided that the only way to get any news to Washington was for me to go to Antwerp and get into direct communication over the cable from there. We got our telegrams ready and made a last try on the General on Monday morning. He was still effusively agreeable and assured us that he had determined to place a military field wire at our disposal so that we could communicate with Washington *via* Berlin. Our previous experiences had made us suspicious, so it was decided that while depositing our messages here I would make a try at getting through the lines and send whatever I thought best from Antwerp or any other place I could reach. We told the General frankly what we intended to do and he was all smiles and anxiety to please. At our request he had an imposing passport made out for me, signed with his hand and authorised with his seal. The Burgomaster wrote out an equally good letter for me when we reached the Belgian lines. Providence was to take care of us while we were between the lines—and just to make it unanimous he did.

We wanted to get away during the morning, but one thing after another came up, and I was kept on the jump. We had to stop and worry about our newspaper correspondents who had wandered off again. Morgan came wandering in during the morning and announced that he and Davis had set out on foot to see whether there was any fighting near Hal; they had fallen in with some German forces advancing toward Mons. After satisfying themselves that there was nothing going on at Hal or Enghien, Morgan decided that he had had enough walking for one day and was for coming home. Davis felt that they were too near the front to give up, and with a Sherlock Holmes sagacity announced that if they stuck to these German troops they would succeed in locating the French and British armies. Morgan thought this so probable that he was all for coming back and left Davis tramping along behind an ammunition wagon in search of adventure. He found it.

After getting out of their trouble at Louvain, McCutcheon, Cobb, and Lewis set forth on another adventure. There are, of course, no motor cars or carriages to be had for love or money, so they invested in a couple of aged bicycles and a donkey cart. Cobb perched gracefully on top of the donkey cart and the other two pedalled alongside on their wheels. They must have been a funny outfit, and at last accounts were getting along in good style. The air is filled with nervousness, however, and there is a constantly increasing list of people who are being thrown into jail, or shot as spies—and there is little time for careful and painstaking trials for wanderers who are picked up inside the lines of the fighting armies and are unable to render a convincing account of themselves. I shall be rather uncomfortable about them until they reappear.

While we were waiting for the final formalities for our trip to be accomplished I invested in a wrist watch and goggles. I did not care to take my watch and other valuables inside the fighting zone where I might have to make a run for it. As always happens when such careful preparations are made, nothing did happen. We also bought a little fuzzy animal like a Teddy bear about three inches high and tied him on the radiator as a mascot. He made a hit with all hands and got a valuable grin from several forbidding-looking Germans. We had signs on the car fore and aft marking it as the car of the American Legation—the signs being in both French and German. As we were the first to try to make the trip we thought it up to us to neglect nothing that would help to get us through without any unpleasant shooting or bayonetting.

The Start for Antwerp

After formally filing all our telegrams with the German General, Blount and I got under way at half-past two. We pulled out through the northern end of the city toward Vilvorde. There were German troops and supply trains all along the road, but we were not stopped until we got about half-way to V. Then we heard a loud roar from a field of cabbages we were passing, and, looking around, discovered what looked like a review of the Knights of Pythias. A magnificent looking man on horseback, wearing several orders, surrounded by a staff of ten or twelve others, was riding toward us through the cabbages, waving angrily at us to stop. The whole crowd surrounded the car and demanded hotly how we dared venture out of town by this road. While they were industriously blowing us up, the Supreme Potentate observed the sign on the front of the car, *Gesandtschaff der Vereiningen Staaten*, whereupon he came straightway to salute and kept it up. The others all saluted most earnestly and we had to unlimber and take off our hats, and bow as gracefully as we could, all hunched up inside a little racing car.

Then I passed out our pass which the Chief of Staff read aloud to the assembled notables. They were all most amiable, warned us to proceed with great caution, driving slowly, stopping every hundred yards, and to tear back toward town if popping began in our immediate neighbourhood. They were so insistent on our not getting in the way of bullets, that I had to assure them in my best rusty German that we were getting into this ragged edge of their old war simply because it was necessary for business reasons and not because of any ardent desire to have holes shot through us. They all laughed and let us go our way with a final caution.

From that time on we were in the midst of German patrols. We religiously observed the officers' advice to drive slowly and keep a look-out. Five minutes later, we began to meet peasants running away from their homes in the direction of Brussels. They reported fighting near Malines, and said that we were running straight into it. They were a badly frightened lot. We decided that the only thing to do was go ahead, feeling our way carefully, and come back or wait if things got too hot for us. We were stopped several times by troops crossing the road to get into trenches that were already prepared, and once to wait while a big gun was gotten into place. It was a ticklish business to come around a turn in the road and light on a hundred men sneaking along behind a hedge with their rifles ready for instant action. Just beyond Eppeghem we met a troop of cavalry convoying a high cart filled with peasants who had evidently been taken prisoners. The officer in charge was a nervous chap, who came riding at us brandishing his revolver which he had tied to the pommel of his saddle with a long cord. He was most indignant that we had been allowed to come this far, and

reluctantly admitted that our pass was good. All the time he talked with us and told us of the skirmishing ahead he kept waving that large blunderbuss in our faces. I tried a little humour on him by saying as nearly as the unwieldy structure of the German tongue would permit :· "Please point that thing the other way; you can never tell when it may go off and hurt somebody."

He was quite solemn about it, however, and assured us that he had perfect control over it, emphasising his remarks by shaking it under our noses. I was glad to get out of his range, for I verily believe that if somebody had shouted *boo !* he would have let that gun off with a bang.

Arrival at Malines

The German officers we talked with from time to time said that the Belgians were advancing, and that several skirmishes had taken place, that a big engagement was expected during the night or in the morning. We passed the last of the German outposts about two miles this side of Malines, but for fear we might tell on them they would not tell us whether we had any more of their kind ahead of us. We shot along through the open country between the last Germans and the edge of Malines at a fairly good rate, and kept a look-out for the English flag, which we had been given to understand was flying from the tower of the Cathedral. That is what we had been given to understand in Brussels; but along the road they were very noncommittal about the whereabouts of the British troops. When we finally did get a clear view of the Cathedral spires we saw the Belgian flag standing straight out in the good breeze that was blowing, and while that showed that the English troops had not taken over the place, it at least convinced us that the Germans were behind us. As we drove through the little suburb on this side of the canal which runs through the edge of the town, we found that all the houses were battened up tight. One lone man who came out from a little café told us that the Germans had been through about fifteen minutes before, and had shot up the town until they were driven off by a small force of Belgian cavalry which had appeared from nowhere and had as quickly gone back to the same place. Not knowing what forces were ready to start in again on short notice, all the inhabitants who were fortunate enough to have cellars were hiding in them, and the rest were trying to get into town as best they could, leaving their belongings.

When we reached the canal we found that the drawbridge had been taken up, and that there was no way to get across. There were a few gendarmes on the other side of the canal and a few carts on our side. All hands were anxious to get across, but the Burgomaster had ordered traffic to be suspended until things had quieted down. We prevailed upon a genial gendarme to run back and get orders to govern our special case. After waving our credentials and showing how much influence we had with the local administration, we were quite popular with the panic-stricken peasants who wanted to get into the town. Orders came very soon, and we made straight for the Hotel de Ville to thank the Burgomaster for letting us in—and also to pick up any news he had as to conditions. We did not get any great amount, however, as he could not get over the fact that we had come straight through from Brussels without having been shot by the German or the Belgian patrols who were out with orders to pick up strays like us. We tried several times to get information out of him, but he could do nothing but marvel at our luck and above all our *prouesse*, which left him quite bowled over. We gave him up and went our way. He has had other things to marvel about since.

Not far out of Malines we ran into the first Belgian outpost. When we were about fifty yards from them they surged across the road and began brandishing rifles, swords, lances, a veritable armoury of deadly weapons. Blount put on the emergency brakes and we were bracing for quick and voluble explanations when we saw that they were all grinning broadly and that each one was struggling to get our particular attention. We had our *laisser-passers* in our hands and waved them in the air; no one would pay the slightest heed to them. From the hubbub that was seething about our ears we learned that ten minutes or so before they had finished a little brush with the Germans and that the articles they had been waving in our faces were the trophies of the combat. Each fellow was anxious to show us what he had taken and to tell just how he had done it. They seemed to take it for granted that we were friends and would enjoy the sight and share their delight. One of the boys—a chap about eighteen—held aloft a huge pair of cavalry boots which he had pulled off a German he had killed. It was a curious mixture of childish pride and the savage rejoicing of a Fiji Islander with a head he had taken. We admired their loot until they were satisfied, and then prevailed upon them to look at our papers, which they did in a perfunctory way. Then, after shaking hands all round, they sent us on with a cheer.

We were hero-curiosities as the first civilians who had got through from the German lines since the occupation of Brussels. And perhaps we were not glad to be safely inside the Belgian lines! It was nervous work that far, but once inside we found everybody friendly and got through without any trouble, although we were stopped every kilometre or so. Soon after we passed the first outposts we began passing Belgian troops advancing toward Malines in large force. They seemed in good spirits and ready for anything. Our position here has gone steadily up since the beginning of the hostilities, and everywhere we went the flag was cheered and we got a warm welcome.

We had a slow time of it working our way through the fortifications and convincing posts every fifty yards that we were all right.

This forward movement of the troops was a part of a concerted operation by which the Belgians were to attempt to retake Malines and Brussels while the main German Army was engaged in attacking Mons and Charleroi.

About twelve kilometres out of Antwerp we were stopped at a little house and asked if we would take a wounded man into town to the hospital. He had been shot through the hand and was suffering from shock and loss of blood but was able to chew a huge chunk of bread all the way into town. He had no interest in anything else, and after trying one or two questions on him I let him alone and watched the troops we were passing. They were an unbroken line all the way in and a lot of them had not left town. The whole Belgian army and a lot of the Garde Civique were inside the ring of forts and were all being put on the road with full contingents of supply wagons, ambulances, and even dog artillery. These little chaps came tugging along the road and turned their heads to bark at us with enthusiasm.

Mined Roads

For a mile or so outside the *enceinte* which had been thrown up around the town the roads are heavily mined, and small red flags planted between the cobbles warn passers-by to tread gently and gingerly. We did not require the urging of the sentries to make us proceed with caution over these places, which were so delicately mined that heavy carts were not allowed to pass. I breathed more easily when we were once out of this.

We found the military hospital and handed over our wounded soldier to the attendants, who bundled him inside and then rushed back to hear what we could tell them. They had not heard a word from the outside world—or rather from our part of the outside world—since the withdrawal of the Belgian army to Antwerp, and they greeted us as they would greet fellow-beings returning from a journey to Mars. They had a few newspapers which were being published in Antwerp and handed them over to us, we being as anxious as they for the news that we had not been able to get.

From the hospital we drove to the Hotel St. Antoine and asked for rooms. The proprietor was very suspicious of us, and we had a tremendous time convincing him that there was nothing the matter with us. He *knew* that we could not have come from Brussels, as nobody had been able to make the trip. Our papers were *en réglé* but that made no difference. German spies and other suspicious characters had managed to get forged papers before that. Fortunately, all the other diplomats were living in the hotel, and I asked that he hunt up some of them and verify what we had to say for ourselves. Webber of the British Legation was brought out and acted as though he had seen a ghost. He calmed down enough to assure the proprietor that we were respectable citizens and that he could safely give us rooms. All the other people were away from the hotel for the moment, so we deposited our things in our room and made for the Consulate General. It was then half-past six and the Consul General had gone for the day. A well trained porter refused to tell where either he or the V. C. G. lived, but we managed to find out and got to the V. C. G.'s house after a hunt with a *chasseur* of the hotel on the box. He was not at home, but his wife was there. We talked with her for a few minutes and then went back to the hotel to await Sherman's (V. C. G.) coming. He called in the course of a few minutes and we made arrangements to go to the Consulate after dinner and get off our telegrams.

By the time we could get washed up and ready for dinner the crowd had come back, and when we set foot on the stairway we were literally overwhelmed by our loving friends. First I met Sir Francis Villiers and accepted his invitation to dine. He and Prince Koudachoff, the Russian Minister, a lot of other colleagues and goodness only knows who else fell upon us for demands for news. I took refuge in Sir Francis's office and saw as many people as I could until dinner time.

Baron Van der Elst, the Secretary-General of the Foreign Office, and M. Carton de Wiart, the Minister of Justice, forgetting all about the requirements of the protocol that I should make the first call upon them, came around to see if I had any news of their families. Luckily I had and was able to tell them that all was well. I did not know that I had so much first-hand knowledge of the people in Brussels, but was able to give good news to any number of people.

It became a regular joy-feast and was more fun for me than for anybody else. By eight o'clock we got out to dinner but hardly got two consecutive bits without interruptions. In the midst of soup, General Yungbluth, Chief of Staff to the King, came around in full regimentals and wanted to get all sorts of news for the Queen. Before we got much further others began to arrive and drew up chairs to the table, filling up all that part of the room. As we were finishing dinner several Ministers of State came in to say that the Prime Minister wanted me to come to meet him and the Cabinet Council which was being held—just to assure them that all was well with their families and to tell them, in the bargain, anything that I felt I properly could. However, I had my real work ahead of me—getting off my telegrams to Washington. I tore myself away from the crowd and, joining Sherman, who was waiting for me in the hall, I made for the Consulate General. The C. G. was already there anxious to hear the news. I had to get before the Department all the news I could and as comprehensive a statement as possible of everything that had happened since communications had been cut. I pounded away until after eleven and got off a fat bundle of cables, which Sherman took to the office for me. I then made tracks for the General Staff, where the Cabinet Council was waiting for me.

Eager for News

I have never been through a more moving time than the hour and a half I spent with them. It was hard to keep from bursting out and telling them everything that I knew would interest them. I had bound myself with no promises before I left about telling of the situation, but none the less I felt bound not to do it. I was able to tell them a great deal that was of comfort to them and that could give no ground for objection if the Germans were to know of it—and on these subjects I gave them all they wanted. After telling them all I could about their families and friends, I let them ask questions and did my best to answer those that I could. The first thing they wanted to know was how the Germans had behaved in the town. The answer I gave them was satisfactory.

Then they wanted to know whether the Royal Palace had been respected or whether the German flag was flying over it; also whether the Belgian flag still flew on the Hotel de Ville. Their pride in their old town was touching, and when they heard that no harm had as yet been done it you would have thought that they were hearing good news of friends they had lost. Then they started in and told me all the news they had from outside sources—bits of information which had reached them indirectly via Holland and the reports of their military authorities. We have never had such complete information given us. I made notes of a lot of it and ended with enough to justify the trip even if I had not restored communication with the Department.

We stayed on and talked until nearly half-past twelve, when I got up and insisted on leaving; perhaps it is just as well. They did not want to break up the party, but when I insisted they also made up their mind to call it a day's work and quit.

We brought Van der Elst back to the hotel, and with his influence ran our car into the gendarmerie next door. Then to bed.

Blount and I had a huge room on the third floor front. We had just got into bed and were settling down to a good night's rest when there was an explosion the like of which I have never heard before, and we were rocked as though in cradles. We were greatly interested but took it calmly, knowing that the forts were nearly four miles out of town and that they could bang away as long as they liked without doing more than spoil our night's sleep. There were eight of these explosions at short intervals, and then as they stopped there was a sharp purr like the distant rattle of a machine-gun. As that died down the chimes of the Cathedral—the sweetest carillon I have ever heard—sounded one o'clock. We thought that the Germans must have tried an advance under cover of a bombardment, and retired as soon as they saw that the forts were vigilant and not to be taken by surprise. We did not even get out of bed. About five minutes later we heard footsteps on the roof and the voice of a woman in a window across the street asking someone on the sidewalk below whether it was safe to go back to bed. I got out and took a look into the street. There were a lot of people there talking and gesticulating but nothing of enough interest to keep two tired men from sleep, so we climbed back into bed and stayed until morning.

Blount called me at what seemed an unreasonably early hour and said we should be up and about our day's work. When we were both dressed we found that he had made a bad guess, when he looked at his watch and discovered that it was only a quarter to seven. Being up, however, we decided to go down and get a bite.

A Zeppelin Raid

When we got down we found everybody else stirring and it took us several minutes to get it through our heads that we had been through more excitement than we wotted of. Those distant explosions that we had taken so calmly were bombs dropped from a Zeppelin which had sailed over the city and dropped death and destruction in its path. The first bomb fell less than two hundred yards of where we slept—no wonder that we were rocked in our beds! After a little breakfast we sallied forth.

The first bomb was in a little street around the corner from the hotel and had fallen into a narrow four-storey house which had been blown to bits. When the bomb burst it not only tore a fine hole in the immediate vicinity, but hurled its pieces several hundred yards. All the windows for at least two hundred or three hundred feet were smashed into little bits. The fronts of all the surrounding houses were pierced with hundreds of holes, large and small. The street itself was filled with debris and was impassable. From this place we went to the other points where bombs had fallen. As we afterwards learned, ten people were killed outright, a number have since died of their injuries, and a lot more are injured and some of these may die.

A number of houses were completely wrecked, and a great many will have to be torn down. Army officers were amazed at the terrific force of the explosions. The last bomb dropped as the Zeppelin passed over our heads, and fell in the centre of a large square—La Place du Poids Publique. It tore a hole in the cobble stone pavement some twenty feet square and four or five feet deep. Every window in the square was smashed to bits. The fronts of the houses were riddled with holes, and everybody had been obliged to move out, as many of the houses were expected to fall at any time. The Dutch Minister's house was near one of the smaller bombs and was damaged slightly. Every window was smashed. All the crockery and china gone; mirrors in tiny fragments; and the Minister somewhat startled. Not far away was Faura, the first secretary of the Spanish Legation. His wife had been worried sick for fear of bombardment, and he had succeeded only the day before in prevailing upon her to go to England with their large family of children. Another bomb fell not far from the houses of the C. G. and the V. C. G. and they were not at all pleased. The windows in our hotel were also smashed.

We learned that the Zeppelin had sailed over the town not more than 500 feet above us; the motor was stopped some little distance away and she slid along in perfect silence and with her lights out. It would be a comfort to say just what one thinks about the whole business. The *purr* of the machine-guns that we heard after the explosion of the last bomb was the starting of the motor which carried our visitor out of range of the guns which were trundled out to attack her. Preparations were being made to receive such a visit but they had not been completed; had she come a day or two later she would have met a warm reception. The line of march was straight across the town on a line from the General Staff, the Palace where the Queen was staying with the royal children, the military hospital of the Elisabeth filled with wounded, the Bourse and some other buildings. It looks very much as though the idea had been to drop one of the bombs on the Palace. The Palace itself was missed by a narrow margin, but large pieces of the bomb were picked up on the roof and shown me later in the day by Inglebleek, the King's Secretary. The room at the General Staff where I had been until half an hour before the explosion was a pretty ruin; and it was just as well for us that we left when we did. It was a fine big room with a glass dome skylight over the big round table where we were sitting. This came in with a crash, and was in powder all over the place. Next time I sit under a glass skylight in Antwerp I shall have a guard outside with an eye out for Zeppelins.

If the idea of this charming performance was to inspire terror it was a complete failure. The people of the town, far from yielding to fear, are devoting all their energies to anger. They are furious at the idea of killing their King and Queen. There is no telling when the performance will be repeated, but there is a chance that next time the balloon man will get a warmer reception.

(To be continued)

Literature and Art

The Utopian Satirist

By J. C. Squire

MR. CHARLES Whibley has just published, through the University Press (1s. 6d. net), the Leslie Stephen Lecture recently delivered by him at Cambridge. It was a good lecture, if rather permeated with Mr. Whibley's political cranks; and its chief object is to show that Macaulay and other critics have been hopelessly astray in describing Swift as a low and beastly ruffian who hated human society and was emphatically unfit for it.

* * * * *

Mr. Whibley is, of course, right. Macaulay and Thackeray were completely wrong. I do not think it is quite just to say that Macaulay's opinion was founded on Whig prejudices: far more probably it arose from sheer disgust at Swift's frequent filthiness, and from misapprehension of his custom of representing men, when he was attacking them, as larded with all the disagreeable concomitants of the sty. But vilely as he abused mankind, and too habituated though he may have become to exaggerated invective, his first impulse was an idealistic one. He detested men, not because they were men, but because they were not the men they might be. When he called himself a misanthrope, he went on to explain that he intended to prove "the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*." He uses his communities in *Gulliver* to expose in the most savage way the defects of Western civilisation: but can those who call this "cynical" deny that the defects were there? Mr. Whibley refers very properly to his acceptance of the "generous creed" of the King of Brobdingnag, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Mr. Whibley himself has so marked a disbelief in all politicians that he allows this "simple doctrine" to stand by itself. But the Utopia in Swift's heart even had room for better politicians. Take the introduction to the school of political projectors in Laputa:

> In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimæras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

It is surely obvious that these are not the sentences of a hater of mankind, but those of one who was continually haunted and tormented by the undeveloped possibilities of mankind. Man is "capable of reason"—and will not use it. Swift himself stated that he would "forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, [*The Tale of a Tub*], which is contrary to Religion or Morality." It depends, of course, upon what you mean by Religion; and a clergyman of the Established Church was, to say the least, unorthodox when he informed the Honyhnhms that "difference of opinions hath cost many millions of lives; for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine." But generally speaking, his claim was not absurd. Even his obscenities could scarcely give anyone a taste for the obscene, and, comprehensive though his irony is, he seldom if ever jeers at genuine virtue or makes sport of suffering. As Mr. Whibley suggests, it is conceivable that his ironic method has misled people; though how anyone in his senses could have supposed that he meant to be taken literally when he argued that the superfluous children of the poor Irish should be exported for food, it is difficult to conceive. Some, at least of his contemporaries, gave him credit for good intentions. The Irish, at one period, would have risen in rebellion had the Government gone for him. Pope, Harley and Bolingbroke knew the warmth of his affections. And an obscure publisher, who printed his poems, after remarking on the savagery with which he had written about women and Whigs, thought fit to add: "We have been assured by several judicious and learned gentlemen, that what the author hath here writ, on either of those two Subjects, hath no other Aim than to reform the Errors of both Sexes." Surely a large and a lofty aim!

* * * * *

The same bookseller, in the same apology, made another true, if oddly expressed, observation: "Whatever he writ, whether good, bad or indifferent, is an Original in itself." Swift was one of the most natural writers we have ever had. He did not bother at all about his sentences: he had a quick, vivid, witty, logical mind, and his style has precisely those qualities. Mr. Whibley justly compares him to Defoe, both for his easy simplicity and for his power of realistic narrative. To make one believe *Gulliver's Travels* was an even greater feat than that of convincing one that Robinson Crusoe really did keep his hold on the rock till the waves abated, land, build a hut, read the Bible to his parrot, make a hat out of goatskins and see a cannibal's footprints on the sand. But Swift does it, and with the most wonderfully cunning touches of verisimilitude. How pathetically true Gulliver's longing, when amongst the kindly giants of Brobdingnag, to be "among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without fear of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy"; and still more that other flash:

> I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

But Defoe, outside straight narration, was clumsy. His satires are almost unreadable. Swift was a supreme ironist: he was as great at saying something by saying its opposite as he was at direct story-telling. That he should have chosen irony as his method of attacking abuses was natural.

* * * * *

For he was, at bottom, a very reticent man. His friends had often to deduce his good heart from his good deeds, and even in the letters to Stella he usually keeps to the superficies of gossip and scandal. His anger was terrific when it broke out. The most amiable of men with his friends, there was a passion in him which men feared, something in him, it may be, he even feared himself; though it was to that he owed the concentrate force of expression and which must have been his chief source of delight. *Vive la bagatelle* is the motto (it was his) of a miserable man. Swift *was* a miserable man; but the causes of his misery, however obscure they may be, were not petty ones. Men are seldom great through being unhappy; Swift is almost unique in English literature in that his unhappiness was not the effect but the source of his power. The "fierce indignation" that, on his own statement, consumed him, had to manifest itself in grim jokes instead of exalted rhapsodies. At any rate, the ironical method became second nature to him. And it has delightful results in a small way as well as magnificent results in a large way. He was a master of under-statement. "Yesterday I saw a woman flayed, and you cannot imagine how it altered her appearance for the worse." The little incidental jests are scattered all over his minor controversial writings, and even in the most necessary preface he took every opportunity of gravely pulling the reader's, or even his own leg. One such he defended (speaking as one of "The Multitude of writers, whereof the whole Multitude of Writers most reasonably complains") on the ground that:

> It makes a considerable Addition to the Bulk of the Volume, a Circumstance by no Means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

which is an extremely modern thought. "Whatever," he added, "word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime." He was, in his queer way, a dreamer; he was a master of English; a great realist; and a great wit. And if a man should still think he went too far in his exposure of the race of "little odious vermin," to which he belonged, let him remember two things. One is that Swift projected a work entitled *A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in All Ages*. The other is Swift's own despairing reflection, that "there is not, through all Nature, another so callous and insensible a Member as the World's Posteriors, whether you apply to it the Toe or the Birch."

Gabriele d'Annunzio

By Arthur Symons

POETRY, as Rossetti has wisely said, must indeed be as "amusing" as prose; but it is not amusing first and poetry afterwards. But fiction, dealing with circumstance, which is the accident of time, and character, which is the accident of temperament; with society, which is the convention of external intercourse; with life seen from its own level, and judged by its temporary laws; has been a sort of composite art, working at once for two masters. It has never freed itself from the bondage of mere "truth" (likeness, that is, to appearances); it is only now, faintly and hesitatingly, beginning to consider beauty as its highest aim. No art can be supreme art if it does not consider beauty as its highest aim. It may be asked, it may even be doubted, whether such an aim will ever be practically possible for the novel. But to answer in the negative is to take away the novel's one chance of becoming a great imaginative art.

This aim, at all events, has always been clearly the aim of d'Annunzio; and with d'Annunizo it is important to remember that he was a poet long before he ever wrote novels, and that his novels, as he gets more and more mastery over his own form, become more and more of the nature of poetry. His early stories were crude, violent, done after the French models of that day; the man himself coming out in them only in the direct touch, there already, on physical pain, more than on physical pleasure. But with *Il Piacere* he has begun, a little uncertainly, to mould a form of his own, taking the hint not only from some better French models, but also from an Englishman, Pater. There is still much that is conventional and unskilful in a book which, it must be remembered, was written at the age of twenty-five; but how it suggests, already, the free form of the *Trionfo della Morte* and *Le Virgini delle Rocce*! how the imaginative feeling of the descriptions of Rome struggles with the scraps of tedious conversation between "golden" young men at the club or on the course. It is the book of youth, and has the over-plenitude of that prosperous age. *L'Innocente*, which shows a new influence, the Russian intimacy of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, deviates in form, but narrows the interest of the action still tighter about two lonely figures, seeming to be cut off from the world by some invisible, impassable line.

In the *Trionfo della Morte*, form and subject are both found. This study in the psychology of passion is a book scarcely to be read without terror, so insinuatingly does it show the growth, change, and slowly absorbing dominion of the flesh over the soul. "*Nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum*," the epigraph upon the French translation, expresses, if we add to it the "*Odi et amo*" of Catullus, that tragedy of desire unsatisfied in satisfaction, yet eternal in desire, which is perhaps the most profound tragedy in which the human soul can become entangled. *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Tristan and Isolde*: it might have seemed as if nothing new could be said on a subject which is the subject of those two supreme masterpieces. But d'Annunzio has said something new, for he has found a form of his own, in which it is not Antony who is "so ravished and enchanted of the sweet poison" of the love of Cleopatra, nor Tristan who "chooses to die that he may live in love," for the sake of Isolde, but two shadows who are the shadows of whatever in humanity flies to the lure of earthly love. Here is a man and woman, I can scarcely remember their Christian names, I am not even sure if we are ever told their surnames, and in this man and woman I see myself, you, everyone who has ever desired the infinity of emotion, the infinity of surrender, the finality of possession. Just because they are so shadowy, because they may seem to be so unreal, they have another, nearer, more insidious kind of reality than that reality by which Antony is so absolutely Antony, Tristan so absolutely heroic love. These live in themselves with so intense a personal or tragic life that they are for ever outside us; but the lovers of the *Trionfo della Morte* might well be ourselves, evoked in some clouded crystal, because they have only so much of humanity as to have the desires, and dangers, and possible ecstasies, and possible disasters, which are common to all lovers who have loved without limitation and without wisdom.

II.

In *Laudi del Cielo, del Mare, della Terra e degli Eroi*, the substance is infinitely interesting; the form shows a wide range of accomplishment. Never, indeed, has d'Annunzio shown himself a more complete musician of the art of verse, and there is here and there a poem perhaps more genuinely poetic than anything he has yet written. The first section of the book is largely a song of heroes; there are poems on Garibaldi, the King, Nietzsche, Victor Hugo, Verdi, with a series of sonnets on "*Le Citta di Silenzio*," in which the glories of Italian cities are celebrated and a "*canto augurale per la nazione eletta*." In all this there is a great deal of fervid and eloquent writing, but, except in some of the descriptions, little that seems sincere with more than the orator's sincerity of the moment, little that does not become tedious with the tedium of unfelt emotion. Page follows page, and soon we are wearied of this orator in verse, who expects to be listened to because he has a beautiful voice. Much in the latter part of the book has something of the same quality of tedium, especially the four "*Ditirambi*," which are all gesture, and some of the classical studies, which are no more than elegant scholastic exercises done with great purity of style. But, among these classical studies there are some which have a genuine personal quality, and a feeling for what was at the root of classical mythology. The dialogue in sonnets, "*La Corona di Glauco*," has fine outlines and moves to the sound of steady music: "*Versilia*," the nymph of the woods and "*Udulna*," the nymph of the water, speak as if with the actual life of sap and of springs. With these may be classed a series of poems which render with extraordinary subtlety certain natural sensations: the joy of sunlight in "*Meriggio*," the singing of water in "*L'Onda*" and "*Intra du'Arno*," the delight of rain among the trees in "*La Pioggia nel Pineto*," with all that is expressed in the title "*Lungo l'Affrico nella sera di giugno dopo la pioggia*." They might be called "poems and lyrics of the joy of earth," though with a significance by no means the same as Meredith's. Their joy is a joy from which not only the intellect but the reason itself is excluded; they render the sensations of animal pleasure in merely living and being conscious of life. Within these limits of sensation they have infinite delicacies; and this verse which is so often eloquent without saying anything, becomes suddenly precise, with a new beauty of exactitude. A whole new order of rhythms comes into d'Annunzio's work in the search for some means of expressing almost inarticulate meanings.

What is curious, however, in this book, as in much Italian poetry, is the license which permits, in verse of fine technical accomplishment, a paucity and irregularity of rhyme which does not exist in the verse of any other language. Poems written entirely without rhyme are arranged in the form of stanzas: for what purpose? Poems, in which only the last line of each stanza, of perhaps eight lines, rhymes, disconcert at all events the foreign ear, which refuses to carry on a sound so remotely recurrent. There is one poem here, "*Albasia*," which consists of two stanzas of nineteen lines each, in which the last lines of the two stanzas rhyme together. And in many places assonances are allowed to stand for rhymes, bad rhymes like "*Coperchio*" and "*Specchio*" are used, or lines are suddenly left unrhymed for no apparent reason. Is there, one asks, a reason for all these things, and is it a reason which can be realised outside Italy? For it is quite certain that d'Annunzio never wrote a line carelessly or left it other than as he intended it to be.

In this book for the first time, it seems to me, with the possible exception of *Francesca da Rimini*, d'Annunzio the poet has brought his technique to the point which d'Annunzio the prose-writer had long ago reached. The verse becomes less formal, less formally accomplished within too narrow limits; it becomes at last a means of speech. What has always been most significant in the novels and in the plays is the power of rendering sensation, with a directness, an acuteness, almost painful. That power is only now fully evident in the verse; and it is because I find that power in this volume of verse, only now fully evident, that I am inclined to welcome it as, still with the possible exception of *Francesca*, the most important book of poetry that d'Annunzio has yet given us.

III.

I never realised the full charm of the Italian language until I heard the "Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins" read by Gabriele d'Annunizo at Count Primoli's, and d'Annunzio reads Italian more beautifully than any one I ever heard. Delicately articulated, all those triple endings, *avano*, *arano*, *ovono*, ringing like bells, fatigued the ear as the blue of the Mediterranean fatigues the eye; there were no grey shades, and there was also no brief, emphatic pause in the music. I realized then that it is a language of beautiful exteriorities, and that its beauty is without subtlety; the typical feminine language. But the day when I made this discovery is worth remembering for other reasons as well; for the ceremony of the reading, in that interesting house

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and before the choice of Roman society, was like one of those readings in the days of powder and peruke, when poets were still elegant, and a part of society's amusement. D'Annunzio, small, blond, at once eager and discreet, with the air of a perfectly charming bird of prey, his eyes full of bland smiles, his mouth, with its uplifted moustache, poised in a keen expectant smile, had indeed the air of a court poet as he stood in the ante-room greeting his friends as they entered, before he made his way to the dais, draped at the back with crimson cloth, where he sat down at the table on which were his MS. and a Bible. Once seated, the reading once begun, you saw that other side to what you might have thought the merely mundane young man; you saw the artist, who, as he told me, was well content if twelve hours' work had given him two pages; for his own words visibly absorbed, possessed him; he never lifted his eyes from the paper, he read all that chanting prose as if he were reading it, not to the duchesses, but to the unseen company of the immortal judges of art. It had been announced that the conference was to be by someone else; and one careful mother went to the host, and asked if he thought her daughter might remain. A French abbé, who had come to hear the unexceptionable Costa, seeing d'Annunzio, quietly disappeared. Neither the abbé nor the mother need have been alarmed. D'Annunzio first read the parable out of the Bible, then his gloss upon it. The gloss was full of colour and music. Then he read one of the most delicate of his poems, "*Villa Chigi.*" Every one was charmed, d'Annunzio and all his hearers; and then the duchesses went.

An August Day, 1915

By Bertha Harrison

JUST at dawn there were two explosions.

The waking hours brought a perfect autumn day. The sun shone, a soft haze hung over the woods and deepened the blue shadows in the folds of the great downs. From time to time an erratic breeze ruffled the smooth sea. The larks sang loudly and disputed the sovereignty of the upper air with other flying things—featherless—gigantic—that also sang loudly, but in a lower key. In the roadstead where some twenty ships—chiefly neutrals—lay at anchor, the patrols were very busy running about paying visits now to one ship now to another.

All at once the guardship—a respectable, elderly steamer, of comfortable build—slipped her moorings and began racing about at full speed, her 3 inch gun barking defiantly. After a few minutes she described a circle, firing into the centre as she turned; then, the manœuvre completed, she paused a minute or two as if to breathe herself, and returned to her moorings as if nothing untoward had happened.

After this we went out for a walk.

Our path lay over high grass fields and slanted into a narrow valley with a steep climb on the opposite side. Down that smooth green slope came an elderly gentleman of benign appearance but with a troubled look in his eyes. He stopped and passed the time of day. Then: "of course you have seen the wreck," he said. No, we had not seen it. "You will find it over there"—he pointed to where the cliff edge cut the sky line—"as usual the murderous devils had done the job thoroughly." And he went his way down the hill.

The cliff fell sheer 200 feet to the shingle beach; and not half a mile from the shore lay the martyred ship—an oil tank steamer of some 3,000 tons; built in the usual manner of her class, with high bows and engines aft.

The job had been thoroughly done; she was a total wreck. The torpedo had exploded in the engine room, so her stern was entirely submerged and she was, so to speak, sitting on her own tail. Her navigating bridge amidships was almost awash, and her shattered funnel, rising at a strange angle from the water, only waited a blow from a moderate wave to carry away altogether.

She was a piteous sight; verily a mark of the Beast—an abomination of the Desolator. There is that in the aspect of a wrecked or disabled ship which rouses feelings akin to those excited by seeing a beautiful animal wounded to death; and it was in such a mind we looked on the latest victim of the enemy's morning Hate.

There was no sign of life aboard her. The living and some of the dead had been taken off earlier in the morning and landed at the little town two miles away. Half a dozen gulls chattering querulously, and a young porpoise—his black fin showing from time to time as he chased his lunch—were the sole companions of the poor thing, and to them she was of no consequence at all.

There are many inhabitants of the British Isles to whom the cold blooded savagery of the enemy is still but a name. They are somewhat shocked by reading of its manifestation in the papers; but the daily recital has become so familiar to the public mind as to reduce it nearly to the state mentioned in a certain homely proverb.

To us, however, the thing came home as a concrete horror. Destruction had been wrought and men killed almost before our eyes. The enemy in his actual person was somewhere under that calm blue water.

A further proof of his presence and activity awaited us beyond the next headland, where a big steamer loaded with timber was also in distress. She was afloat, though evidently badly holed; and so low in the water as to seem in imminent danger of sinking. Probably, however, her cargo—much of which she carried on deck—helped to keep her up; and with some assistance she might get safely into port. Two powerful tugs had already arrived and were preparing to take her in tow. A little group of trawlers stood by.

A black destroyer slid up from the south, gave some orders and proceeded northwards. The tugs followed with the timber ship. The trawlers dispersed. All vanished in the misty distance.

Then there was nothing left on the sea except the lightship about three miles off.

Lightships are dull. They do not look like proper ships; but are clumsy things, modelled apparently after the pattern of those drawn by small children. Moreover, they make no appeal to the imagination of the adventurous, for they are always in the same place; and when—on a fine afternoon—they bellow at regular intervals, they are irritating—to people on shore.

It was a beautiful afternoon; land and sea were full of colour. The turf was like a gay carpet, so thick were the flowers, eyebright, yellow crepis, pink and white clover, daisies, scabious, harebells, yellow lotos; with here and there clumps of ladies' tresses; smallest and sweetest of English orchids. Wide patches of purple field gentians, delicate pink erigerons and golden thistles brought back happy memories of Alpine valleys. The great knapweed and the wild mignonette fringed the cliffs with purple and pale gold; and beyond, an ultramarine sea melted into pearly distance.

The air was warm and balmy. The odours of the grass and flowers mixed pleasantly with the sharp salt smell of the sea. The small waves fell lazily on the shore. Everything seemed at peace except the lightship.

Presently, a little to the east of that discontented thing, a trawler emerged from the mist. After describing some curious evolutions, she began firing as if she were at target practice. The shells hit the blue water into spirts of white foam.

It was interesting to speculate as to what might happen. Mines? Possibly; though as a rule they are settled with rifle fire. Still . . . . . .

The lightship bellowed on; but with uncertain tremulous tones, like a distressed cow. An aeroplane came droning along like a cockchafer on a June evening and flew out over the water; it seemed she had a little word to say in the matter. A bomb flashed in mid-air. The trawler fired once more, then held her peace. The lightship ceased complaining.

Suddenly the earth was seized with a great trembling as from an earthquake shock and there came a loud noise of rushing water.

Not far from the lightship the sea had become violently agitated. There was a boiling whirlpool of fierce white water, with breakers hissing angrily as they foamed and tossed themselves in all directions. It seemed as if the uttermost depths were being churned up by some irresistible unseen force. A few seconds—then a prolonged, heavy, thunderous roar shook the air and beat upon the ears with stupefying intensity. It was a terrifying sound. It surged up over the land and rolled away sullenly among the hills.

* * * * *

The sun shone. The warm air moved lightly over the scented land. The little waves crawled among the stones along the shore. The depths of the sea held the silence of death.

In the warm evening light the trawlers went home to their base. They steamed in single line ahead, keeping distance with the precision of a first class battle fleet.

One among them was a happy little ship and well contented with the day's work. Good hunting had fallen to her lot. The evil wrought at dawn had been amply avenged before sunset, and in that swift vengeance there was poetic justice. The Sea Beast had been rent in pieces from within by her own vile spawn.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

IN matters of conviction, political, economic and religious, most people appear to find in the war precisely what they expect to find. There are some exceptions. I have known some believers who became unbelievers and some unbelievers who became believers, but for the most part men find everywhere evidence for what they believed before the war. In *The War Pilgrim* (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net), a Danish traveller, Johannes Jörgensen, sees everywhere in France the triumph of the Church, and indeed almost represents the war as something planned by his friends of *L'Action Française* in honour of St. Joan of Arc and for the glory of the faith; his faith, of course. Yet the book's sincerity is pleasant; it is all interesting, both the point of view and the pictures themselves, especially those of the little strip of land which is still Belgium.

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Faith is also the dominant note in the story—which M. Reynés-Monlavr, who tells it, claims is an absolutely authentic story—of *Sister Clare* (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net). Certainly it is very beautiful, this tale of a little Franciscan Nun, the sudden and terrible dispersal of her House on the German entry into Dinant, of the horrors of the flight to France, and of her work and testimony in Rheims. Occasionally the author is tempted to point the moral and adorn the tale. He is so full of the urgency of its message that he can scarcely avoid this over emphasis. But for the most part he tells his moving story simply and naturally, especially in its most poignant moments. I do not know of anything more touching in all the literature of the war than the conversation here recorded between Père Jean and Sister Clare during the hazardous flight from Surices, nor anything more tragic than the murder of the saintly Father which followed it. Whatever the creed of the reader, he can scarcely fail to pay homage to the sincerity and beauty of this book.

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Here is a book by a Protestant writer of a fervour and sincerity equal to that of the two I have just noticed, though the author is not so gifted a writer as Jörgensen, nor has he such a tale to tell as that of *Sister Clare*. There are two interesting and curious points to be noted about *Jottings by a Gunner and Chaplain* (Kelly, 1s. net), by John A. Boullier. The one is that the author rose from the ranks—to be a chaplain. The other is what may be called his purely professional point of view. He is out as a saver of souls, and is never so happy as when he is counting his "bag."

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K. G. Ossiannilsson is a Swede, who holds firmly that the Allies are fighting for Freedom, and has already made a valuable contribution to war literature in *Who is Right in the World War?* Now we have translations of two more of his books. The one *Militarism at Work in Belgium and Germany* (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net), is a damning exposure, carefully based on documentary evidence, of the German policy of deporting Belgian workmen and the working of the Preventive Arrest Law in Germany. The other is a more remarkable book. *Sven Hedin: Nobleman.* (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), is really a creative psychological study of the type of mind that takes to Prussianism. Ossiannilsson was once the author of a poem in honour of Sweden's great explorer. He explains how he first saw his idol's feet of clay, and proceeds to topple him off his pedestal. There is some striking irony in this description of a "nobleman."

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If there is still anything in America's attitude and spirit which needs clearing up for English readers, it should be explained in Mr. Frederick Palmer's *With our Face in the Light* (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net). This little book is written primarily, I take it, for Americans, to crystallise the public opinion that has brought them into the war. It will serve also, as its author hopes, to explain that public opinion, and how it came to be formed, and how enduring it is in consequence likely to be, to the English people. We already know Mr. Palmer in England. He has been a War Correspondent in France, and has published two books in which he has been generous in his praise of our armies. We listen to him, therefore, with the respect due to a tried friend, and he explains clearly to us the meaning of America's long hesitation to take sides, and why it was she eventually came to do so. He also explains why Prussia will find her a dangerous and determined enemy.

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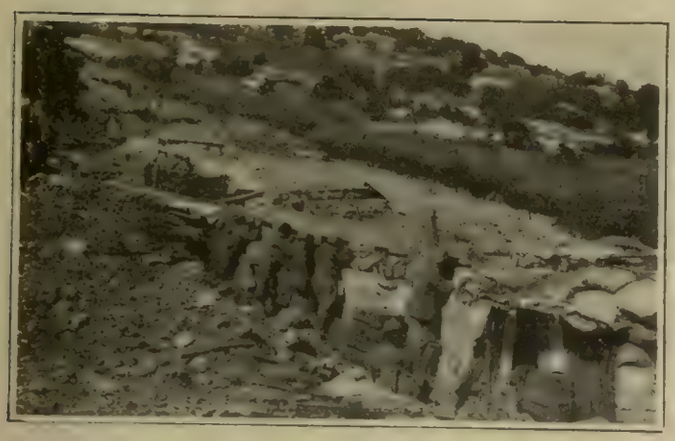
I turned to a novel, *The Safety Candle*, by Miss E. S. Stevens (Cassell and Co., 6s. net) for recreation this week, but scarcely found it. The book is a study of two types of women, with a rather shadowy man, the same man, intervening in the lives of each. One of these women, the widow of forty-five, who marries the young man of action after being further aged by a railway accident, is the so-called "Safety Candle," a feminine designation intended to imply that she does not singe the wings of the moths she attracts. She is rather a clever study and almost convincing, but her preoccupation with her age, though natural, bores one, and we are not made sufficiently to understand her attractiveness. The other woman, a young protegée of the former's, is even more elusive. She has moments of charm, especially when she is wandering with her elderly Italian admirer among the antiquities of Sicily, but I do not think Miss Stevens, though she is plausible, quite sufficiently explains her habit, for it almost amounts to a habit, of having babies without the intervention of matrimony. The book is provocative, and to me provoking, but may have more appeal to women readers.

* * * * *

Picking up another novel, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* by H. H. Richardson (Heinemann, 6s. net), with better hopes, I encountered a long and photographic study of life in Ballarat and Melbourne in the late '60's. At first the book bored me, but the characters were so real that, although they never did or said anything particularly interesting, I got fascinated by the book. Ruskin somewhere objects to one of George Eliot's novels, that the people in it are "the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus," but if one could treat with sympathy and illumination the life history of an omnibus load of people, why should it not be of the profoundest interest and value? Unfortunately, Richard Mahoney is out of sympathy with his surroundings. He is impatient of the overcrowding and vexed with the vulgarity of the people in the omnibus in which fate has placed him. Consequently, the story of his fortunes is written in a monotone of querulousness, and were it not for the charming portraiture of Mrs. Mahoney one would be inclined to regard the contents as a mere cynic with no feeling at all for the people he makes to live. As it is I suspect the author of having more affection for the creatures of his fancy than he allows, and cannot believe that the obvious moral of the book, that the only thing to be done with Australian society of the '60's was to get away from it, is the real moral. I am quite curious to know if Mahoney finds life in England any more to his liking.

A valuable collection of *War Speeches* 1914-1917 has been made by Mr. Benedick W. Ginsburg (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 2s. 6d.) They include, among others, those delivered by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on August 3rd, 1914, by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law at the Guildhall on September 4th, 1914, and by Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer on September 8th, 1914. The notorious speech of the German Chancellor (Bethmann-Hollweg) in the Reichstag on December 2nd, 1914, endeavouring to throw on Britain the blame for the war is also here, as well as the speech by President Wilson to Congress—certainly quite one of the most famous utterances the war has called forth—when he appealed to the United States to join the Alliance in the cause of humanity. Mr. Ginsberg contributes an able and eloquent foreword explaining the circumstances under which these speeches were delivered, and also adding certain facts which give to them peculiar point and emphasis. This is a book that every publicist should have in his library, and which no educated person can overlook who desires to keep himself well informed on the true circumstances which have surrounded this life and death struggle of civilisation.

On the Italian Front

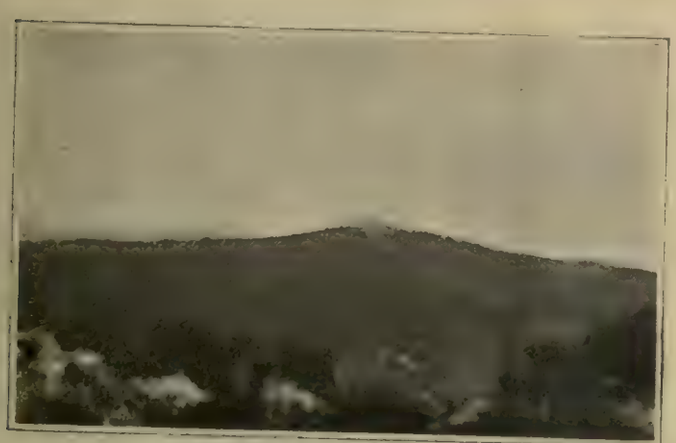


Trenches opposite Monte Hermada

Tolmino

Mountains round Monte Nero

Foot-Bridge over the Isonzo



Bombardment of Monte Santo

Bombardment of Monte Cucco

Trenches on the Carso

Valley of Plezzo

Special photographs of the very difficult country where the Italian Army, under General Cadorna, is conducting a victorious offensive

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to Passe-Partout, LAND & WATER, *5, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2. Any other information will be given on request.*

How to Save Coal

How everyone will manage for coal throughout the winter is as yet an unsolved matter. Certain it is that many will find the official allowance far below the amount they have hitherto been accustomed to burn—even if the allowance itself will at all times and all seasons be available.

The wisest plan undoubtedly is to prepare for the worst—or if not exactly the worst, something very near it. Everything calculated to save coal is of the utmost importance, and one or two inventions tending towards this end are more than welcome. One of these is the "Bewty" Fire, the Pascall patent and registered design. This at the minimum of expense and trouble converts a bar-fitted fire-place into the most economical kind possible to imagine.

Gone in a flash are those fire-places which not only "eat up" coal, but owing to the difficulty of combating draught waste it needlessly. Gone, too, is the old system by which much of the heat of the fire went up the chimney without being projected into the room. And like many extremely clever things the "Bewty" fire is simplicity itself.

Mr. Pascall, the inventor, grasped the salient fact that far more heat is radiated from a small fire spread out with the bars removed, than from the customary kind. The "Bewty" fire to all intents and purposes is like a tray of glowing coals in the fire place, the utmost being got out of each piece of coal and the saving in the amount used considerable. With the spanner and directions enclosed almost anyone can put it in place perfectly easily. It is made in four expanding sizes and an illustrated descriptive leaflet is at the service of all further interested.

Save Your Cinders

The careful saving of cinders is a most important factor in the husbanding of the coal supply. Formerly it is safe to say that in nine households out of ten cinders were thrown away which could very well have played some part in the next day's fire. Now it is essential to prevent this from all points of view; apart from patriotic and economical considerations waste has been made a punishable offence.

The "Ee-Kon-Me" Cinder Saver is one of the best things of the kind ever produced. With its help cinders can be sifted in the cleanest and most convenient way, and everything that can be possibly used again readily saved. This cinder sifter consists of three parts, the bin, the sifter and the top. The top is a particularly valuable feature, for once it is on dust from the sifting does not fly. The handle of the sieve fits into a groove and by moving this to and fro for a brief while the dust is shaken through, the clean cinders staying in the sifter absolutely ready for use.

With this at hand no maid can object to saving the cinders, it becoming a clean instead of a somewhat grimy job. A cinder sifter of this type lasts for years, being made of strong galvanized iron. Four sizes are available, costing from 17s. 6d. upwards, carriage being a trifling extra.

Electric Labour Savers

One of the most welcome developments of the times are some stoneware electric utensils, designed to labour save in every possible way. They are made in England, and a little leaflet describing and illustrating them is worth many people's while to see.

Most folk with electric light in their houses will probably make one or more of the articles depicted here their own. Casseroles of various sizes, boiling jugs, shaving pots and food warmers are included, and most covetable they are. With a casserole, for example, any one can have a piping hot meal at any time. The casserole itself, with its stone colour and dark green ware is an attractive affair enough, and the whole thing can be cooked in a rather delightful way on the table. The Food Warmer again is a capital notion for anyone looking after a baby or the wounded. Inside is a scale showing tablespoons and liquid ounces, so that the amount wanted can be accurately measured out. It can be easily cleaned.

With the shaving pot a man can get half a pint of beautifully hot shaving water in three minutes, the price of the pot being but 7s. 6d. Attachment in this and every other case is simplicity itself, for the utensil just needs connecting with any electric light and the current then switched on.

The Electric "Housemaid"

Such in very truth is the name deserved by the Premier Electric Suction Cleaner. This can solve the whole domestic problem, with the minimum of labour, time and expense a house can be kept delightfully clean. It is no use, of course, save to people with electric light, but those who have it should find that cleaning with the Premier costs a bare halfpenny an hour. It is exceedingly light.

Things like this are going to revolutionize housekeeping and rob it of half its difficulties and terrors. With the Premier Suction Cleaner there is no need for that nightmare period known as spring cleaning, and drudgery is just eliminated from daily housework.

Descriptive booklets will be sent promptly on request, and the firm concerned are at all times most willing to answer enquiries.

A Most Convenient Matter

A cigarette, note case, and cheque-book case combined is one of the best things yet mooted for the convenience of man, especially when on active service. To one side is a good space for cigarettes, to the other a particularly clever arrangement for treasury notes, while at the back is a division into which a cheque-book readily fits.

There is also room for stamps and visiting cards, and then the whole affair folds compactly over, going easily into the ordinary sized jacket pocket, and taking up little room.

The great art of things now-a-days is compression, and this little contrivance is the acme of multum in parvo.

White Washing Veils.

Given the right type of colouring nothing is more becoming than a white veil, as many have proved. At the same time under certain forms and guises, these at the moment are an unjustifiable extravagance, not to be countenanced.

But as far as some white veils hailing from France are concerned no such charge can be substantiated for the space of a single second. In the first place these veils wash like the proverbial rag; in the second they are so strong that their durability is a matter assured.

Another point in their favour is that they are silk, and thus have an unusually nice sheen. In spite of this, however, they are not unduly thick as many silk veils are, but of a particularly light and becoming mesh delightful to wear. Add to this the two points that their modest price is half-a-crown, and that once the present stock is sold out a future supply is problematical, it will be seen without effort that the opportunity is one to be seized.

Worth Enquiring About.

The question of the proper fertilizing of every scrap of agricultural and gardening ground is of such vital importance now that attention is assured for a new fertilizer just brought out. The people concerned are most willing to answer all enquiries on the subject. They believe that this new production will create a record in fertilizers, and judging from all reports have every reason for the assumption.

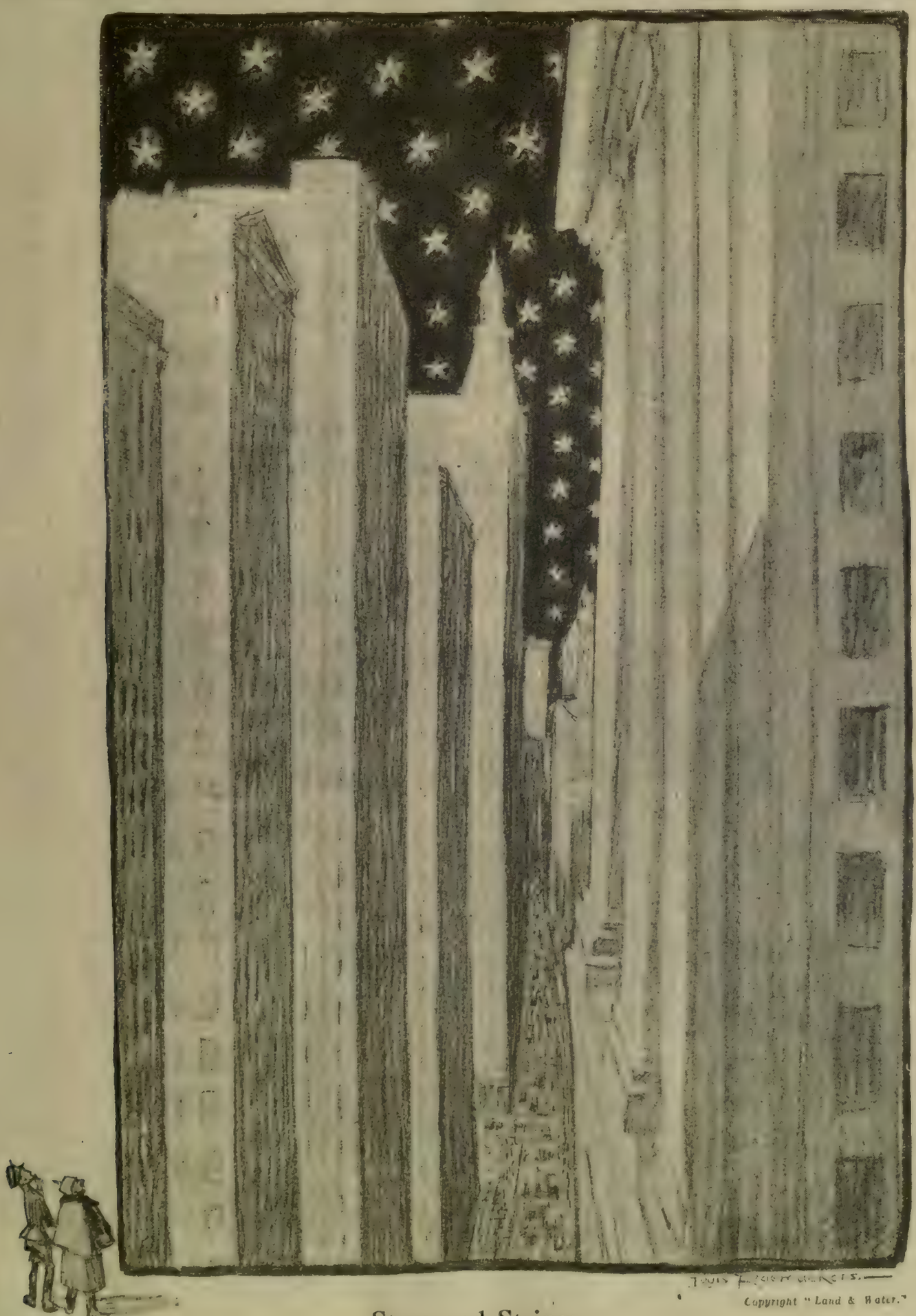
This fertilizer has an unusual amount of potash in it, in spite of the fact that potash, now, is well nigh unobtainable. It is letting no one into a secret to say that a waste product of London is being utilized by a chemical treatment and that it seems likely it will make all the difference in the fertility or non-fertility of the land.

The interest of this to all farmers, agriculturists, market and home gardeners, is difficult to exaggerate. At any rate the matter is well worth looking into, and that is what all are invited to do.

PASSE PARTOUT

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2887 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE



Stars and Stripes

William : "Look at that, Willie ; am I still the All Highest or not ?"

On the Italian Front

General Cadorna (centre) talking to the King of Italy (to the left)

A captured Austrian gun on the Carso

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1917

CONTENTS

GET RID OF DISTRUST

THE Trades Union Congress, which is sitting this week at Blackpool, has an interest quite apart from its resolutions on international affairs or the views it has expressed on the Stockholm Conference. The country sees more and more clearly how the future of the Empire will be based upon the prosperity of industry. The *Sunday Times*, which is wisely giving considerable prominence to the relationship between employers and employed, contained this week an article from the pen of Mr. Dudley Docker, C.B., the chairman of one of the largest business concerns in the Midlands, and a big employer of labour, who summed up the position in these words:

> The progress of the Empire lies in industry, which is in the hands of employers and employed. We must get on with our commerce or make way for others. We do not intend to sink into a second-class community, and must prepare our own future. The first essential is to get rid of suspicion and distrust. Let there be light!

The address delivered to the Trades Union Congress on Monday by its retiring President, Mr. John Hill, of the Boilermakers' Union, breathed in almost every passage this suspicion and distrust. He would not have the labouring man put faith in anyone except himself, he showed distrust of Government, of Parliament, of Capital, of Employers, and even of Labour itself when it accepts public office. Regarding the future, Mr. Hill spoke as follows:

> The best scheme of reconstruction will be one of our own devising; a strong and intelligent trade unionism linked with our political arm the Labour Party. If we can inspire the men and women in the workshops and in the constituencies to support these ideals we can say to the officious lawyers and huckstering bureaucrats, "Keep thine own ship, friend; we do not want thee here."

So far as can be gathered from the abbreviated reports of this address, the speaker advocated a policy of splendid isolation; the working-classes of this country were to stand alone, their only alliance being the working-classes in other lands. We need not pause to-day to discuss the practicability of such a policy; Mr. Hill realises it can only be possible if democracy wins a complete victory in the war. When the victory is gained, which will not be yet, it will be time enough to consider seriously the question of internationalism; meantime, our thoughts can be more profitably occupied in working out the best means of knitting together the nation more closely, and by translating into civil life that splendid spirit of comradeship and *esprit de corps* which makes our civilian armies invincible on the battlefield.

It is well first of all to try and visualise for what the average working man is risking his life in this war. For freedom and humanity certainly, but how are these abstract qualities resolved into the concrete and expressed in his own life? If he comes from a big city, at the worst humanity is represented by a single room in a squalid tenement house for himself, his wife and his children, and freedom by the right to get drunk every Saturday night, provided he carries his liquor quietly. At the best, he may rent a house or a part of a house; there may be enough money coming in, *provided there are not too many children*, for an occasional cinema or cheap excursion, beyond the necessities of decent living; his children will be educated until they are fourteen, when circumstances will more or less compel them to begin wage earning, and in the evening of his days there is the pension. Outside his work, it is not a full life; it never can be for the great masses of any country; therefore it becomes a most urgent duty to see that in the work itself, ample opportunity is provided for development of personality and expression of self, which after all constitute the true joy of human existence, no matter to what state of life a man belongs.

The housing question is one on which Mr. Dudley Docker lays special stress. "A slight acquaintance with the housing conditions prevailing in most parts of the country," he writes, "must inevitably lead any impartial person to the conclusion that the working classes are justified in their demands for better accommodation for their wives and families, and a larger share in the comforts of life. Good houses are not luxuries, but necessities." It is a pity this truism was not realised fifty years and more ago. It seemed as if during the nineteenth century we had lost the art of house-building, of home-making. Even where money was no object, comfort and convenience were neglected. We know the horrors of the slums, but the sleeping-quarters, outside the guest rooms, in many of the most palatial Victorian residences of this city were only one or two degrees better. All classes are paying heavily for this neglect of their fathers, but there is a new spirit abroad to-day, witness Mr. Charles Marriott's "A Vision of England," in this issue. The working-classes may be the first to benefit in that it is easier and cheaper to destroy hovels and build up homes than to sweep Grosvenor Square out of existence and impart to its monotonous residences a separate and comfortable individuality.

The present development of allotment gardens will make an enormous difference to city life in the future, taking as it were the people back to the country. But besides the betterment of homes, there must be a new and pleasanter atmosphere in factory and mill. "The question of wages and output go hand in hand, and are interdependent. There is no magic line fixing the amount of money to be paid to a workman. A man is entitled to all he can earn. Some manufacturers lose sight of the fact that the material point is the cost of the article produced and not the amount paid to the man." Here Mr. Docker reveals the worst sore in the many maladies of labour. If ambition be a virtue, then it certainly is when the ambition is to make the home happy and to give the children better chances than the parents had, and this restriction of output strikes at the very root of this noble incentive, which is perhaps one of the most common stimulants in Anglo-Saxon blood. No nation has fought more steadily and consistently through the centuries for the good of the children. This question is now becoming an Imperial one. Writes Mr. Docker:

> This restriction of output has been almost peculiar to Great Britain, and is the greatest danger to be faced by the Empire in attempting to regain commercial supremacy after the war. If this war is to be paid for and the nation saved from an incubus of debt there must be greater production, and the short-sighted trader must learn that increased trade means higher wages.

Hand in hand with restriction of output goes restriction of currency. Any attempt on the part of cosmopolitan finance to return to pre-war standards of value would be bitterly opposed by employers and employed alike. It would impart new life and vigour to that distrust of Capital which, as we see now, is the evil thing that has to be destroyed if the future of industry is to be prosperity. The best promise for success lies in the fact that a new alliance is gradually growing into being between master and man, fostered by leading men on both sides, who realise that community of effort is as necessary for success in peace as it is for victory in war. Every individual who helps to strengthen this industrial alliance and to create a better understanding deserves well of his country. It is a campaign in which all may take part without regard to political views or social status.

Italy's Great Record

By Lewis R. Freeman

The writer of this article made a complete tour of the Italian Front last winter, and he has just now returned from another tour of the same Front under present conditions. Three weeks ago he was the guest of Italian officers in the trenches before Mount Hermada.

AMONG the several factors strongly contributing to the success of the latest and most brilliant of the Italian blows upon her Isonzo or Julian Front, there is no doubt that one of the most important was its comparative unexpectedness, the fact that it was delivered at a point where the enemy had least counted upon receiving it. This does not imply that the offensive itself was unexpected (on the contrary, Austria, in spite of her inferior aerial service in this theatre, could not but have known that it was preparing during all of the three months which elapsed between its inception and the dying down of the Italian attacks of May), but only that the opening blow came a good deal farther north than the enemy must have believed that he had good reason for expecting it.

I am not, I am sure, revealing anything remotely approaching a military secret, in writing that the Italian General Staff appear to be fairly well agreed that the chances of striking a telling blow against the enemy are much better upon the Isonzo Front than upon any other part of the line, which serpentines among the peaks and valleys of the High Alps. To the tyro, looking at a map and paying no heed to roads and contours, there appears to be a dazzling chance to cut off the enemy in the Trentino bastion by moving from the east or west, or from both directions at once, on Bolzano. But it is just this matter of roads and contours—the lack of one and the superabundance of the other—that makes the scheme (or the dream, as many Italian officers are wont to call it), practically prohibitive.

The plan is no new one. General Garibaldi was interrupted in a campaign that had the taking of Bolzano and Trento as its objective when Italy made peace with Austria in 1866, and the fantastically brilliant victories of Colonel "Peppino" Garibaldi, grandson of the Liberator, in taking the Col di Lana and the Costa Bello in the present war were directed toward the same end. The terrible losses of frontal attacks against Alpine peaks, or the almost equally terrible slowness of the tunnelling and mining method of forcing the enemy from some strategic pinnacle by blowing him up and off it with a hundred tons or so of gelatine, convinced the Italian General Staff that a really telling blow against the enemy in the High Alps would be prohibitively costly. The consequence has been the gradual settling of the whole Alpine Front into a state of what might be called "active defence," and the steady concentration of pressure on the somewhat less mountainous region along the upper and beyond the lower Isonzo. Indeed, in a sense, Italy's entire Alpine campaign may be said to have been defensive in that the heavy offensives for such positions as the Col di Lana, the Castelleto and the Marmolada have been prompted primarily by a desire to throw the Austrians from dominating points, to establish a line that could be more easily held.

"Strange as it may sound," said an officer whom I met at Italian headquarters, "the principal safeguard against attack on our whole Alpine Front has been the strength of our armies on the Isonzo. General Cadorna realised this from the outset, and acted upon it with decision on the only occasion that the enemy seriously threatened to invade us, I refer to the Austrian attempt to break through in the Trentino, a year ago last spring, and in connection with it I recall a very amusing incident which, now that it is ancient history, there should be no harm in telling.

"It was just after General Cadorna, partly by the effective use of such troops as were available on the Trentino and partly by rushing a new army to the field in motor-lorries (an achievement rivalling that of Gallieni in bringing the army of Paris into action at the Marne in taxicabs), had definitely stemmed the tide of the enemy's advance. Most of the war correspondents then in Italy were on hand to follow the dramatic operations, and it was while a number of these were waiting one afternoon for a promised interview with the Commander-in-Chief that the incident to which I have referred occurred.

"Cadorna was pacing up and down the courtyard in earnest conversation with a certain General X—— who had called to congratulate him upon his great achievement. The visitor, as it chanced, was somewhat hard of hearing, so that occasional words of General Cadorna's, as he raised his voice now and then to make himself understood, were all that reached the ears of the waiting correspondents.

"It was just as X—— was about to depart that Cadorna was seen to strike the palm of his left hand with the clenched fist of his right, and, in characteristic manner, to snap out a dozen words or so in what was plainly some pithy conclusive asseveration. The visitor leaned closer in an attitude which indicated he had not fully understood what had been said. Again Cadorna smote his palm and spoke so loudly that the words 'Trentino' and 'Isonzo' were distinctly audible to the correspondents thirty yards away. But still the meaning was not clear to General X——, and, hand to ear, he leaned still closer to the steel-trap of Cadorna's clenched jaw. If there was anyone in that part of Vicenza who failed to hear every word the Commander-in-Chief said when he spoke the third time, I have yet to find him. There was no copy in it for the correspondents, but much food for thought and argument. That night, and for many nights, there was hot debate at Press Headquarters as to what Cadorna had meant when he told General X—— that he was 'going to complete the defence of the Trentino upon the Isonzo.'

The Carso Offensive

"Dawning comprehension came as the preparations for the Carso offensive of the summer of 1916 took shape, and with the taking of Gorizia in August of that year the meaning was clear. From that time to this the Austrian has been kept so busy on the Isonzo that he has never been able to gather himself together for an offensive on the Trentino or anywhere else. And as he will be kept busier and busier as time goes by," concluded the officer with a laugh, "we are reasonably safe in the belief that the war will be fought out on the Front to which our superiority in men originally enabled us to pin it down, and where our superiority in the air, and in artillery will enable us to fight it out and win."

There has been much not especially edifying discussion by military correspondents in all of the Allied countries, Italy included, as to what were Cadorna's objectives in attacking on the Isonzo Front, these having been variously stated as everything between a march around the Adriatic to Durazzo, *via* Trieste and Pola, on the one hand, and an advance upon Vienna on the other. Broadly stated, the Italian Commander-in-Chief's objectives are precisely similar to those of Petain, Haig or Hindenburg—namely, to capture or kill as many of the enemy as possible, and, more or less incidentally, to occupy as much of the enemy's country as possible. Unfortunately, all of the country to which there is fair chance of the Italians penetrating this year is too far from the heart of Austria to make the blow a vital one. That is to say the occupation of Trieste and the region round the head of the Adriatic would not deprive Austria of anything without which the war could not be carried on, anything that would necessarily force that Empire to throw up the sponge. Or at least this would be the case if Austria was in the enjoyment of anything approaching the vigour with which she entered the war. Greatly weakened and disheartened as she is there is of course always the chance that the taking of such a place as Trieste, signalling a series of retreats and defeats too great to be disguised by official euphemism, might prove the last straw. Certainly the fall of Trieste to-day would hit Austria far harder than would have been the case a year ago.

The point, I hardly need say, for which a victorious Italian army would have the most interest in driving for direct is Laibach, the Austrian strategic centre, rather than Trieste, this for a reason similar to the one which would impel a man in a hurry to gather a load of apples to cut off a limb of the tree and scoop up the fruit from the ground rather than climb a ladder to pick it. With Laibach in Italian hands all the region to the south of it, including Trieste, would fall of its own weight. Unfortunately, the road to Laibach, though by no means beset with such difficulties as those the Italians have already travelled to Monte Santo and Gabriella, is rough and mountainous, and it is by no means improbable that, once the Hermada is taken, the advance along the more open littoral may out-distance that farther inland. In that event, the fall of Trieste would probably precede that of Laibach, hastening that of the latter by opening up a way to it from the south.

What are the chances of the fall of Trieste in the course of the present campaign, and what would be the probable consequence of it? The first part of the question raises at once the problem of the Hermada. There has been no word in newspaper war strategy parlance that has been more loosely

used than that of "key," as applied to a position, the taking of which compels the evacuation of an important objective. Many a time and oft have these so-called "keys" rusted in the hands that have grasped them while the door they were supposed to open still barred the way. In the sense that it would be impossible for a strong Austrian army to hold Trieste after the Hermada is in Italian hands, even this crucially important position has no right to the term of "key," for if Trieste barred the way to some vitally important position farther on, its capture could be made a terribly costly affair, just as is the advance of the British forces across the level plain of Flanders. Or if Trieste were the only, or the main, Austrian naval base on the Adriatic, if there were not Pola to carry on with, it is certain that the enemy could, and doubtless would, make a very desperate resistance before Trieste, even after the fall of the Hermada. As things are, however, I strongly incline to the belief that the Austrians will—as they have been doing from the first—make their great fight for Trieste at the Hermada, and that, when this great mountain fortress falls, the evacuation of the most important port on the Adriatic will not be long deferred. *If the Austrians cannot hold the Hermada it is fairly safe to assume that they cannot hold Trieste.*

About the Hermada itself there is nothing especially distinctive except the fact that it happens to have been placed across the road to Trieste. Like so many ridges and rises along the Western Front, it owes its importance to its position rather than to its height, contour or any notable physical characteristic. Yet there is no one point along the whole Western Front that occupies a similar position to the Hermada. Douaumont and Vaux suggest themselves as fortified hills blocking the way to a very important objective; but both Douaumont and Vaux fell to the Germans without opening the way to Verdun. Trieste, as I have said, will hardly survive for long the fall of the Hermada, and the latter, once firmly in the hands of the Italians, would be far harder to recapture from them than were Douaumont and Vaux for the French to re-take from the Germans.

Mount Hermada

Regarding the physical characteristics of the Hermada, there is not much that I can add to the succinct and comprehensive description of it given by Mr. Belloc in his last week's article: "A fairly compact and isolated hump, between the southern edge of which and the sea run the main railroad and the main road to Trieste." The name of "Gibraltar," so often applied to the Hermada, is apt enough, so far as it relates to a stronghold blocking a road as Gibraltar commands the road to the Mediterranean, but misleading if it is meant to conjure up a picture of a frowning cliff-begirt fortress like a mediæval castle.

I have seen the Hermada from observation posts scattered around something like a hundred degrees of a circle, and from these directions (which roughly correspond with those from which the Italian attacks have been made), a soldier with stout legs and a good wind—just such a soldier, indeed, as is the Italian Bersaglieri—could trot right up to the round shell-scarred thousand-feet-high summit of the Hermada at the double. The principal reason that he has not been able to do so up to this time was that the Austrian gun-caverns and protective galleries for the men were so deep in the rock that the Italian artillery had comparatively little effect upon them. The Austrian would retire with his machine gun to the bowels of the earth until the bombardment of the Italian heavies was over, and then bob up serenely and mow down the attacking infantry from such of his half-demolished emplacements as were still serviceable.

The vital importance attached by the Austrian to the Hermada is shown by the fact that he has continued to concentrate and emplace artillery in that sector from the outset, the consequence being that while on the rest of the Isonzo front the Italian superiority in heavy guns has been on the increase for many months, on the Hermada, when an attack came, he has been found very nearly able to give shot for shot. In the May attacks, the Italian artillery, reinforced by the newly arrived British batteries, had considerably the best of the exchange, but the slackening pressure on the Russian front enabled the enemy to bring up both guns and men in numbers and in time to prevent the attack being pressed to its ultimate objective, the summit of the Hermada. When Cadorna "lets go with his right" again, however, we may confidently expect an artillery superiority that will give the magnificent Italian infantry a chance to get their teeth in, to go up and drive the enemy out of his holes as they did on the Sabutino, Kuk and the Vodice, and as they have just done on Monte Santo. When this happens the Hermada is doomed, and once firmly in Italian hands the chances of the Austrian winning it back are practically negligible.

The fact that the Hermada is nothing more nor less than a honeycombed mountain bristling with guns makes it practically invulnerable to any flanking attack save one striking deeply enough to cut its communications. If it holds out for any length of time against the frontal attacks which we may expect to see launched against it before long, something of this kind might develop as a consequence of the taking of Monte Santo and the deep Italian advance to the north. Nothing short of an outflanking movement deep enough to threaten the communications of the Hermada, however, can be expected to force the enemy to retire from that stronghold. It is obviously out of the question for any Italian force to try to pass down the narrow strip of plain between the Hermada and the sea. It would be annihilated under the guns emplaced on this, the steepest side of the grim black mountain against just such a contingency. A similar fate would probably await any attempt to outflank the Hermada by advancing easterly from the present Italian positions on the south-eastern escarpments of the Carso.

To sum up, then: if the Hermada falls in the course of the present series of Italian attacks, it will probably be taken by direct assaults launched after—for this theatre at least—an unprecedented artillery preparation; if it survives the present series of attacks it may fall under the threat of its communications of a wide encircling movement from the north.

With the Hermada firmly in Italian hands, the question whether or not the Austrian will put up a fight for Trieste will hinge very largely upon whether or not he would expect to return to it again in case he is forced to leave. If he expects that the Peace Treaty will be so framed as to give back all or a part of the teritory Italy has taken from him, he would naturally be inclined to begin his fight to save his remaining submarine bases at some point that would not involve the shelling of his principal port. It was the hope that he would, sooner or later, be returning to Gorizia that made the Austrian give up that place without resorting to a house-to-house resistance that could have been made incalculably costly to the Italian. Most of the wanton shelling of this remarkably beautiful little city has been done since the Austrian has seen his hope of coming back receding day by day as the Italians pushed forward to the north and south.

The case of Trieste, once the Hermada is in Italian hands, will be precisely similar to that of Gorizia in the several months previous to its fall. The Italians will be in a position from which, with their heavies, they can destroy it, block by block and dock by dock, if they so desire. This, because Trieste is to them an Italian city which they hope to enter into permanent possession of, they will do almost as reluctantly as if it were Venice or Naples; indeed, only as a last resort will they turn their guns upon a place which has become to them the symbol of all Italia Irredenta. This the Austrian fully understands, and whether or not he will *force* the Italian to do this by making a stand will, as I have said, depend upon how good he estimates his chances are of coming back. If favourable, he will doubtless try to draw the fighting to some other line; if unfavourable, he will try to lure the Italian to destroying his prize with his own guns.

The dilemma of the Italians when once they are in a position to bombard and to advance directly upon Trieste is a difficult one. On the one hand there will be the natual desire to enter this long-fought-for objective with as little delay as possible; on the other there will be the no less natural desire to do the place as little injury, irreparable or otherwise, as possible. The Austrian fully understanding this phase of the situation will, of course, endeavour to take full advantage of it. The Italians, so far, have taken the greatest care that their aerial and naval bombardments on Trieste and its vicinity have been directed towards points of unquestioned military character. The increasingly frequent bombing raids by squadrons of Caproni aeroplanes and by dirigibles are always timed to do their work in the full light of early morning in order to be sure that the tons of explosive go exactly where they were intended to go.

There has probably been less indiscriminate bomb-dropping in this theatre than in any other. Not even as reprisals for the wanton destruction wrought by the Austrian raids on Venice, Padua and Verona did the Italians resort to bombing the non-military sections of Trieste and other cities and towns about the head of the Adriatic. Whether this restraint would have been exercised had enemy regions other than those of Italia Irredenta been within practicable bombing range one cannot say. The fact remains that the Italians have not sought to compass the military discomfiture of the enemy by the destruction of civilian life and property, which is a valuable index of the reluctance with which they will resort to such methods to force the Austrian from Trieste.

The capture and complete control of Hermada will undoubtedly materially simplify the Italians' problem on this score. It is not generally known that, ever since the bringing up of the Italian "heavies" after the advances of last May,

these guns have been in a position to reach a considerable part of the city of Trieste with their high-angle fire. I was given definite assurance on this point during my last visit to this sector of the front, when I was also told that the one reason why such bombardment was not carried out was because distance and uncertain observation would militate so strongly against accurate fire that unnecessary non-military damage might be wrought.

Astonishing Perseverance

Turning to the great and developing series of Italian attacks themselves, one is impressed with the fact that the astonishing perseverance of them is, considering the nature of the ground being fought over, even more remarkable than the large area of territory conquered and the large captures of prisoners, From 25,000 to 30,000 prisoners, and a six to eight mile advance on a fifteen mile front, combine to make a success rather more striking than has yet fallen to any of the Western Allies at any point between the North Sea and the Adriatic. But, great as this preliminary success is, there has been no Allied action in the whole war in which "more to come" stood out more plainly than it appears to from the one in question. Although the attack has been more or less general along the front of something over forty miles, the great weight of it has only fallen on the from fifteen to twenty miles of front where the unprecedented advance has been made. There are some reports of attacks and slight advances to the South (there has been some mention of gains at the base of the Hermada), but the impression the whole thing conveys is that Cadorna still has a good deal up his sleeve.

One would have this impression, I say, just from the way the situation has developed since the initiation of the attack; General Cadorna's own statement made to the Italian ex-Minister Barzilai for publication in a Roman paper gives it ample confirmation. I do not know whether the English newspaper reader has come to appreciate what models of lucid terseness,, of succinct comprehensiveness, General Cadorna's daily bulletins are. He not only contrives to say what there is to be said in the fewest words, but he very rarely fails to say it with telling effect. The same quality is evident in his rare interviews. No military leader of the war has spoken for publication more seldom, and yet more to the point when he did speak, than has Cadorna. Special significance, therefore, attaches to this statement:

"As the military critics of the Allied countries have already favourably commented on the Italian plan," he said to Signore Barzilai, "I may say without boasting that the present manœuvre, owing to its vast objectives and its daring, and its probable effects on the whole war, is one of the most important in the history of that war.

"Our offensive comprises such an extensive front that it would be impossible, except for the simultaneous success at all points; but the country may rest assured of our final success, towards which the magnificent tenacity and patriotism of the civilian population contribute almost equally with our glorious fighters. . . ."

"General Cadorna," the dispatch adds, "gave in calm mathematical terms facts and figures proving the immense military and moral superiority of the Italians over their traditional enemies, and asserted that the imminent and decisive success of Italy means the turning point of the whole war."

How then, assuming that the Italians are able to push the present offensive for an indefinite time yet, may the situation be expected to develop? Let us first glance hastily at what has been accomplished during the first week of the offensive, or up to about last Thursday. In addition to the spectacular crossing of the Upper Isonzo—an operation which, when we have the details, may well take rank with the blowing up of the Col di Lana and Castelletto for fantastic daring, the heights beyond that river were stormed and an advance over the broken Bainsizza Plateau made (at a couple of points) to a depth of over eight miles, and at no point, on a front of but little short of fifteen miles, to a depth of less than five miles. The area of the conquered territory is computed at over 150 square kilometers.

In the tenuous strip of lowland along the left bank of the Isonzo a dozen villages were taken, the largest of which was Canale. On the highland of Bainsizza fourteen or fifteen villages were occupied by the advancing Italians, in many of which, so far had they been behind the lines and so secure had the Austrians appeared to feel in their possession, the civilian population had not been evacuated. The seizure of large stores of food and munitions—are solid evidence of the unexpectedness of the attack.

An apparently firm foothold has been gained at the southern end of the deep Chiapovano Valley. It is the depth of the advance at this point which may threaten the communications to the San Gabriele, with its south-western buttress, San Caterina, and induce the Austrians to abandon this crucially important *massif* even before they are blasted off it by the plunging fire of the artillery the Italians will shortly be bringing to bear from the still higher vantage of the newly-captured Monte Santo. The fall of San Gabriele, which has been the principal instrument of torture in keeping the Italians upon the rack in Gorizia and almost entirely preventing their reaping anything but a barren "sentimental" victory in return for their heavy sacrifices in taking that bitterly-fought-for little city, will be one of the first fruits of the taking of Monte Santo. Not until San Gabriele and San Daniele have fallen will the Italians be able to gain any distinct military advantage from the occupation of Gorizia. With the Austrians pushed off these commanding positions and back out of anything but heavy artillery range, Gorizia will be on the way to becoming the first adequate advanced base the Italians have had beyond the Upper Isonzo.

The Italians appear to be playing a gigantic game of nine-pins with the dominating line of peaks, ranging in height from 1,700 to 2,300 feet, which prevented their advancing beyond the Upper Isonzo during all their first two years of the war. Monte Kuk, the most northerly, fell in the assaults of last May, as did also the Vodice, the slightly higher peak next in line to the south. Now the Vodice has "pushed over" Monte Santo, the highest peak of the chain, and Monte Santo in turn, should bowl over Monte San Gabriele. Monte San Daniele, next in line to the south-east, cannot long survive an attack from San Gabriele, while the former, to quote the words of an Italian despatch of a few days ago, "commands the Pannowitzer Forest and San Marco, and San Marco in turn enfilades Faiti and Stol, and these latter have their intimate bearing upon the tenure of the Hermada." This suggests one very probable development of the Italian offensive

The Number of Prisoners

Even the casual reader of the daily bulletins will hardly have failed to remark the fact that the number of prisoners taken by the Italians in all of their great attacks of the last year appear to be considerably larger in proportion to the probable number of troops engaged than in the operations on the Western Front. A military correspondent of one of the London papers explained this last week by saying it was due to the freedom with which the Austrian soldiers of Italian blood gave themselves up to their attacking brothers whenever opportunity offered. This hardly conforms with the facts, I fear. The Austrians have done many stupid things, but hardly anything quite so stupid as to employ units from Italia Irredenta on any part of their Italian Front.

The real reason for the comparatively large hauls of prisoners is to be sought in the great underground rock galleries and caverns which have become inevitable features of this rock mountain warfare. The labour of blasting sufficiently deep trenches to give any real protection is almost prohibitive in the first place, while in the second place the casualties in even the best of these from flying rock fragments are greater than those from pieces of shell and shrapnel bullets. The consequence has been that both Austrians and Italians have, between natural and artificial caverns (the former are especially abundant in the porous Carsic formation), sufficient underground shelter at most points for all the troops they ever need to throw into their advanced lines.

Into these absolutely safe underground shelters the troops retire while a preparatory bombardment is on, to emerge when it is over to make the best defence possible against the infantry attack. It is the same kind of thing the Germans have tried to do on the Western Front, only (because the natural conditions are better suited to it beyond the Isonzo) carried much further. The result is that the defence generally loses fewer in killed and wounded in this "cave-man" warfare, and more in prisoners. The latter, reluctant to abandon the safety of their underground shelters, usually give themselves up in large bodies as soon as the wave of Italian infantry has swept up to or beyond them.

It may also have been noticed that the attack appears to relinquish a much larger proportion of prisoners to the enemy than on the Western Front. In the Italian offensive of last May the Austrians claimed that nearly 25,000 prisoners were left in their hands by the Italians, or a number almost equal to that the latter took from them, while up to the present moment in the offensive now on they are claiming that over 10,000 Italians have remained with them. I was assured on unquestioned authority that the Austrian claims for May were rather more than double what they should have been, and, from the nature of the action, it is quite probable that the claims in connection with the present offensive are even more greatly exaggerated. But even so, the proportion of prisoners abandoned to the enemy is far and away greater than any attacking army on the Western Front has ever ceded. This again is directly due to the "rock warfare," where the digging in of soldiers who have reached, or over-reached, some exposed objective is practically out of the question.

Warfare in the West

By Edmund Dane

ON the West front the week August 27th to September 2nd was, during the greater part of the time, wet and stormy. This state of things not only affects the ground, tending to impede movement and transport on both sides, but, covering the battle area as a whole with mist, restricts observation both from the air and on the level. Nevertheless, to speak of a lull in the fighting is to entertain a complete misimpression. *Considering the conditions*, the activity was as sustained as it has been in any week on the West during the war.

North-east of Ypres, from the farther side of Langemarck to the Ypres-Roulers road, we "cleaned up" another series of posts and emplacements forming part of the enemy's third system of defence in this area. From Gouzeaucourt to Hargicourt we made, on July 26, a further and not unimportant bite into the Siegfried line. North of Verdun there was the battle round Beaumont, and the approaches to Hill 344, and at the end of the week there was the French attack on the enemy positions north-west of Hurtebise, a brilliant piece of work which proved entirely successful.

At the same time, the artillery duel, more especially north of Verdun on both sides of the Meuse, round Lens, and in Belgium, was sustained, and often intense, and our airmen, naval as well as military, and the French airmen, carried out various bombing raids on a large scale, and with well-marked results.

This during a week of very broken weather is assuredly qualified inactivity.

Coming down to details it is worth observing that the German defences no longer present a uniformity of type. They are not now everywhere an uninterrupted closely interwoven web of diggings, heavily wired, linked up with deep and capacious dugout refuges, and supported at commanding or vital points by concreted redoubts. The difficulty attending such a system is that if sections of it be swept away renewal to the rear is a matter not only of great labour, but of time and of material. In any event a line of that character, even given the necessary labour and material, *and* the time, can only be rebuilt beyond the range of the hostile guns. In the meanwhile the sections remaining, though reduced in value, are fixed, and that in the circumstances becomes a serious disadvantage, for to no small extent the value of any part of a system of that kind depends upon its being held as a *whole*. The underlying assumption was that it could be so held. Events, however, have destroyed the theory. It is not only therefore doubtful, and more than doubtful, if the enemy has at his command the labour and material required; but the plain necessity has arisen for a defensive system which, while strong, is at the same time *movable*. To-day the state of affairs is that on some sections of the front we have what may be called a movable type of defences, and on other sections works of the older, immovable style.

The breaches made in the older system are from the Yser canal to the Lys; from the north of Lens to Queant; along the Craonne Ridge, the length of the Moronvillers Ridge; and lastly at Verdun on both sides of the river. In between are patches or sections of the immovable line connected up by the posts and emplacements representing the later development.

It is interesting to note that during the week under review our troops had to deal in Belgium with the one type of obstruction, and between Gouzeaucourt and Hargicourt with the other. More than once in inspired German statements it was asserted that British troops would prove useless in open or semi-open warfare. That, of course, was after the assertion that they could never successfully assault the fixed works had had to be removed from the propaganda screen. There is never an assault on the fixed works now that does not go right home to the objectives determined upon. The world, nevertheless, is still invited to believe that in face of the later development it is another story.

Hence the frequent appearance of the enemy formula with reference to British attacks, sometimes imaginary, that they "broke down in front of our defences with heavy losses." The new discovery has apparently a mysterious virtue. So, however, had the older invention of an "impregnable" line—until its supposed qualities were exploded.

The question worth determining is whether the change from a uniform fixed front to one partly fixed and partly "elastic," has added to or lightened the burden of the enemy's defensive. Should it have lightened the burden it is from his point of view to the good; should it have added to the burden it is to the bad. By burden of the defence has to be understood the amount of effort called for in relation to the results of that effort. If the effort called for be great and the results less than before, the burden is increased; *vice versa* if the same effort or less gives greater results.

The Week's Record

Even this particular week, from August 27th to September 2nd, affords the means of settling the point. Let us run over the enemy's activities.

August 27th: Resistance to British attacks east and south-east of Langemarck. Succession of counter-attacks. Raid on the British positions north of Lens. Driven off with loss. Attacks north of Laffaux, east and west of Cerny, and on both sides of Hurtebise. No result. Violent attack on the southern outskirts of Beaumont. Completely repulsed, and according to the French report "annihilated."

August 28th: Heavy fighting in resistance to British attack astride the St. Julien-Poelcapelle road. Succession of counter-attacks. Two attacks on Inverness Copse. Both repulsed. Violent bombardment of California Plateau. Bombardment mastered by French counter-battery fire. Intended German assault failed to "materialise." Artillery duel north of Verdun.

August 29th: Counter-attacks against British south-east of Langemarck. Attempted raid of British posts east of Oosttaverne. Unsuccessful. Defence against British raids south-west of Hulloch, and north-west of Gouzeaucourt. Artillery duel on Aisne sector. Violent cannonade on both sides of the Meuse at Verdun. Reconnaissance against French positions in Caurieres Wood. Repulsed.

August 30th: Cannonade in Nieuport sector, and north and north-east of Ypres. Fighting against the British south-east of St. Janshoek. Artillery duel at Lens. Artillery duel at Craonne and Braye. Attack at Chevreux. Unsuccessful. Continued cannonade at Verdun. Another attempt against the Caurieres Wood. Repulsed.

August 31st: Another raid on British posts east of Oosttaverne, this time in strong force. A British post captured. Attempted raid on British positions at Arleux-en-Gohelle. Repulsed. Attack in force on British posts at Gillemont farm, and trenches of Gouzeaucourt. British post at Gillemont taken. Attack otherwise unsuccessful. Attempted raid east of Cerny. No result. Resistance to French raid south-east of Corbeny. Position lost. Trenches raided by French at Butte de Mesnil. Artillery duel at Verdun.

September 1st: Cannonade at Nieuport. Defence against British raid east of Wytschaete. Cannonade south of Lens. Attempted raid south-west of Havrincourt. Repulsed. Positions lost to French north-west of Hurtebise on front of 1,500 metres. Three counter-attacks to retake lost positions. Unsuccessful. Casualties heavy.

September 2nd: Resumed attack against British posts near Havrincourt. Positions captured, then lost. Raids between Lens and La Bassee. Repulsed. Attempted surprise attack on French posts near Cerny. Repulsed. Renewed attempt to retake the positions lost at Hurtebise. Broken up by French artillery.

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This was a week not marked by any great offensive blow. The period may be ranked as one of the interludes. Yet we find very considerable and general enemy activity. Of the many counter-attacks the net result was the capture of two British posts. On the other hand the positions lost north-east of Ypres, south-west of Le Catelet, and at Hurtebise were of decided tactical consequence. In one way and another the enemy effort was greater than that on our side; and it was certainly much the more costly. There is hardly a comparison, however, between the respective results. On the one hand they were negligible; on the other of indisputable value, and unless we assume that the Germans are merely fighting for show, which of course is absurd, the bite of the Allied attack, watching its opportunity, pressing where the opening offers, and getting in at moderate cost, is in sufficiently striking contrast with the relative restlessness, and lack of bite on the part of the defence.

There is evidently on the German side sharper sense of insecurity. When the front was more homogeneous comparative quiescence might be relied upon even though at some given point like the Somme a heavy pressure had to be met. As

matters stand pressure may have to be met anywhere. There has to be a constant "feeling" of the Allied line to detect possible surprise. It is a fatiguing situation.

Value of Infantry

One effect of the change in short is that the enemy has had to bring his infantry more generally and more actively into play. Broadly the later system of defence is based upon counter-attack. At any rate it is based upon counter-attack in the last resort.

Now it cannot be supposed that a defensive development which brings the enemy infantry more generally and more actively into play can at this period of the war have been adopted from *choice*. If the enemy were superior in the infantry arm the explanation might be acceptable. He is not superior. The point is not one merely of numbers. The difference in the fighting quality of one German battalion and another is very marked, and at times extraordinary. In short the enemy infantry, like fruit in a basket intended to catch the eye, has been deliberately "topped." Much of the bulk is indifferent.

To under-estimate the enemy's fighting capacity of set purpose can not only serve no useful end, but might be mischievous. Optimism and pessimism alike are terms which imply views influenced by feelings or temperament. A just view has to be based upon the facts interpreted in a dry light. Events certainly do reveal the trend of the war and all the more clearly if carefully studied. In this instance we have (1) the altered character of the front; (2) a modification of defensive tactics arising out of that change; (3) more work thrown upon the enemy's infantry by that modification.

Measuring the effort with the outcome of the effort can leave no reasonable mind in doubt that the total result has been to make the burden of the defensive heavier to carry.

To what extent can the enemy carry that burden, and for how long? Of course if infantry has to be brought more generally and more actively into play it is not a state of affairs tending to lower the rate of casualties. So much is demonstrated by the summary just outlined. The root of the whole matter is the Allied initiative. It is the Allied initiative which has thus compelled the Germans to fall back as they have done upon an arm they are above everything interested to conserve, and to expose it. More than that the exposure under their practice of distinctions between corps and corps, takes the heaviest toll of the best elements. There was an example of that in the recent fighting at Lens. The evacuation of that place was staved off, and no doubt it was important politically that it should be staved off, but at what a price was that done!

The military liability thus imposed upon the enemy is one of great moment, and so long as the Allies hold the initiative tactically as well as strategically, as they do, it is a liability he cannot avoid. In that connection we ought not to forget how the complete initiative now exercised has arisen out of the course of the war. It represents no "fluke" victory. On the contrary it has been challenged with every resource, and at every turn. It is the harvest of a long succession of battles. Further, the liability is bound to operate more searchingly, not simply in casualties and the incidence of casualties, but in fatigue. Even as things are the Germans often find themselves obliged to leave troops so long in the line without relief that they are unfit to fight.

It is somewhat the fashion at the moment to consider the infantry arm as put down in this war from its old place, and its functions as subordinated, and that was the opinion with which the Germans themselves began the war. Whether or not after their experiences they hold the opinion now is doubtful. Their actions do not tend that way. And the truth is that the increased power of artillery, and even the use of aircraft, so far from subordinating the function of infantry, have made it all the more important. To say nothing of the effect upon tactics of machine guns, and the re-introduction of bomb throwing and trench mortars, the work of the footman, and his range of skill both in attack and in defence, have been vastly enlarged. To think otherwise is to misread all the great battles.

But if the functions and importance of infantry have in truth been extended and raised, then the side which commands the greater power in this arm has the issue so much in its favour, and the allied initiative proves as much. Manifestly too to widen still further the difference in the power of the infantry arm is an object of the first consequence, and is one of the most telling uses to which the initiative can be put. There may be nothing showy in imposing upon the enemy liability which is bound in due course to crush him, and in rendering escape from it impossible, but if not showy *it is the highest level of military skill*, and it is the real art of war as distinguished from the spectacle.

For another point not infrequently overlooked is that war, as now waged, is, notwithstanding all the multiplication of its mechanism, more even than ever it was a clash of the power of mind. There is a very widespread idea that the more mechanism is introduced the more the conflict becomes one of blind strength in contrivances. Apart from the fact that mechanism is itself an embodiment of intelligence, the application of such aids calls for more intelligence, not for less, and commandership rises alike in responsibility and in effectiveness, not alone with the size of armies, but with their complexity and equipment. It may be bad taste in that respect to praise ourselves, but our French Allies who, despite all German claims and boasts, are the most thorough-going soldiers in the world, and can wage war brilliantly and successfully without degrading it to the level of cowardice and outrage, have gripped that fact, and are not blown about by the winds of vain doctrine.

It is apposite in passing to observe that if war were a blind conflict of man-killing inventions, and that if infantry were the almost negligible quantity which some who know little of the matter think it to be, then very likely there could be no decision. There could not be a decision in a mere contest between opposing artilleries even if assisted by fleets of aircraft. It is upon these notions that doubt as to whether there can be a decision is founded, and it is a peculiar thing that both are in a marked degree serviceable to the enemy. He is most strongly interested in propagating the no decision possible legend, because as he well knows a decision is not only possible, but given the necessary time, foregone.

Suppose he were the better in leadership, had finally won, and held the initiative, were the stronger in infantry, and as the effect of all these things had imposed upon us what we knew to be a wasting and deadly, yet unescapable liability, and suppose somebody in those circumstances came along and assured us that there could be no decision notwithstanding. That somebody would forthwith be voted the most ridiculous and grotesque of optimists. The contrary pessimism, or professed pessimism when the balance is in our favour, is not less grotesque, and not a whit less ridiculous.

The Thrust at Riga

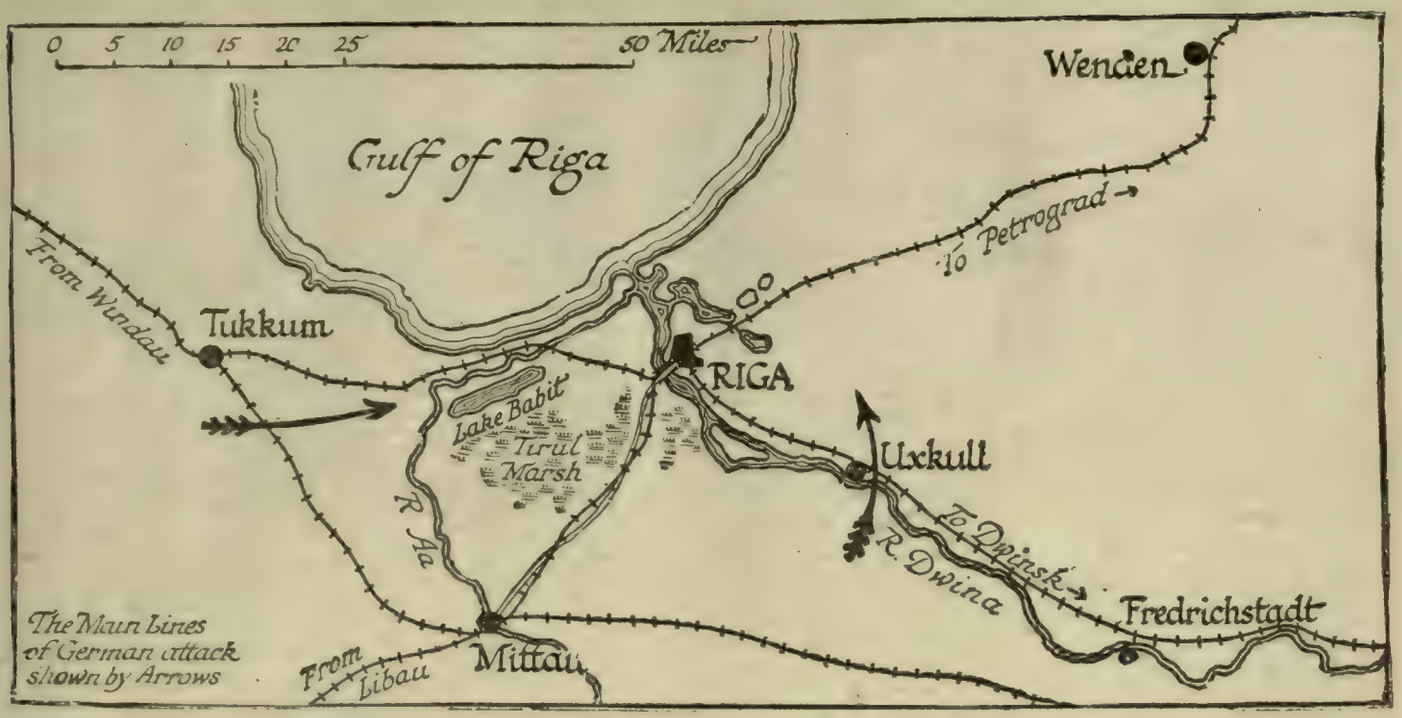
The state of affairs on the East front is abnormal, and so long as that state of affairs continues there is no basis on which calculation can be applied. It is a very remarkable fact that in the renewed campaign in Moldavia, Mackensen has met with no success whatever save what was presented to him by the defection of certain Russian units. Other Russian troops have fought conspicuously well. A few days ago the special correspondent of the *Times* writing from Jassy, declared that in this campaign beginning with the resumed offensive by the Roumanians, fourteen enemy divisions had been used up, or at all events, had to be withdrawn on account of their losses. This piece of information was doubtless derived from Headquarters, and is probably reliable. If so, it has been for the enemy a very expensive, and on the whole hitherto, a singularly unfruitful adventure. It is evident that reorganised and in effect handled by French officers, the Roumanian army has proved a peculiarly tough proposition, and if doubt concerning its supplies could be eliminated, there should be no ground for misgiving, and the less so because of the situation in Italy.

That the enemy should have chosen such a juncture to launch an offensive having as its objectives the capture of Riga and Dvinsk, may at first sight appear odd. So far from being influenced by any favourable turn elsewhere, on the West let us say, it has pretty certainly been inspired by the bad outlook in that quarter. Relying upon the instability of Russian resistance, and considering the issue of the war to have resolved itself into a race between the submarine campaign and American intervention, with the chances, as they think, in favour of the *U* Boats, the aim of the Germans is to create as improved a position as possible on the East front by rounding off as quickly as may be the conquest of the Baltic Provinces.

But for the confusion—it might be more properly called the absence of authority—in the Russian army, the move would not have had the remotest chance of success. As it is it appears to have every chance since there is nothing in effect to oppose to the advance.

On Saturday the news came through that the enemy had crossed the Dvina from the Illuxt bridgehead, abandoned by the Russians some time ago, thus menacing communications with Dvinsk.

On Saturday he apparently, with no effective opposition, passed the Dvina also at Uxkull, 18 miles to the south-east of



Riga, and was reported to be developing this success, practically a walk-over, in the direction of the Riga-Petrograd railway. If that railway be reached by the German forces, and it was not easy to see what was to stop them, Riga would be cut off, save for communication by sea.

The city occupies a promontory at the mouth of the Dvina, and the river has to be crossed by any forces approaching from the west or south-west. As the river is wide this is not easy. A crossing at Uxkull gives an approach from the south-east, and there is no other impediment save the absence of good roads. Since, however, the distance from Uxkull is only 18 miles, that is of itself not formidable.

All the probabilities at the moment of writing were that Riga could be entered by the enemy with little delay.

The Russian defence both at Illust and at Uxkull had evidently given way.

Nor, if orders are reviewed and debated by regimental committees, is that in the least surprising. Even if the orders were "endorsed" the delay involved would be fatal, and besides, no force is worth a rap if while some regiments stand others withdraw as they may choose. That the break-up of the Russian defence is due to this cause may be taken for granted. It is remarkable that these breakdowns should occur when and where the Germans want them to occur, and the circumstance justifies suspicion, for the so-called democratic organisation, even if debating societies on a battlefield were not the last word in absurdity, is one that seems contrived for the very purpose of facilitating corruption.

There is only this to be said, that *if* the Russian army is purged of a taint which allows every cowardly and dishonest or blatant fool directly to murder his comrades by exposing their lives, the Germans are not likely to hold "conquests" effected by such means.

Broadly, the enemy situation is this. The Roumanian campaign last autumn and winter, coming upon the heels of the battle of the Somme, swept away the German strategical reserve. As the campaign of 1917 could not be faced until the reserve was re-created, there was a severe and universal "comb" of every industry—agriculture, mining, transport, and even arsenal and munition shops. The risks economically were serious, and serious even for the keeping of the armies afoot in the matter of materials and supplies. They were to be met, for a time, by the Compulsory Service Law. Since, however, it was foreseen that they could only be met for a time, "unlimited" submarine warfare was resolved upon to end the war within a calculated period. Not only has that period gone by, but the strategical reserve, re-created at these risks, has once more been swallowed up. The position, therefore, in that respect, is exactly what it was at the end of last year, but with the difference, a very vital one, that industry has been drained to the dregs, and that even the hastened embodiment of the 1919 class of recruits has made yet another draft upon it.

We can understand therefore the haste to improve the situation on the East front as a further insurance against eventualities. The move indicates rather the gravity of the outlook on the West, and a hedging against its political repercussion, for German losses in Belgium during the past month have been of punishing proportions, and those round Lens and on the French section of the front have been in the same ratio. There is no reserve, and the economic and labour squeeze has become beyond example severe. The submarines are the one hope of keeping the Americans out. The hope is not now certain.

* * * * *

Since the above was written the Germans, as foreseen by Mr. Dane, have occupied Riga without resistance.

Leon Daudet: A Prophet in France

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

TO those who have sufficient delicacy of perception to pick up the wireless currents of political life, it has been evident that in all the Allied countries those centres of espionage organised by Germany before the war still retain much of their previous subterranean activity. Public opinion was pacified when a few non-naturalised aliens were placed under lock and key. But those who had taken the precaution of obtaining naturalisation papers were left at liberty to spy and plot with our worst enemies, who are everywhere those of our own household. For however painful the reflection may be, it must be acknowledged that every country has the traitors, as well as the heroes, it deserves.

In spite of the rigorous Press Censorship in France, the existence of this hidden danger has been generally realised and fairly freely discussed, But to all this the French Government turned a deaf ear, though it is true that a few small fry were periodically imprisoned. It was not, however, until Duval the notorious accomplice of Almereyda, was arrested on the Swiss frontier, with a German cheque in his pocket, by the military police, that the Ministry of the Interior and the civil authorities were forced to take action.

Even then, had it not been for the speech, now famous, made by M. Clémenceau in the Senate, denouncing the incomprehensible attitude of M. Malvy towards these nefarious agents of the enemy, it is doubtful whether the whole affair would ever have been made public. M. Malvy's resignation is the first fruits of that speech, but I question whether M. Clemenceau would ever have made it, if the ground had not been prepared by the persistent and courageous campaign conducted in *L'Action Française* by his old political enemy M. Léon Daudet. The true sentiment of patriotism, like necessity, makes strange bed-fellows, and though M. Clémenceau is a Republican and M. Léon Daudet a Royalist, both equally deserve the title of good Frenchmen. From diametrically opposite directions their common love for their country has on this occasion united them against the common enemy.

The personality of M. Clémenceau, whose destructive

genius has dissolved so many French Ministries, and who may yet deal a fatal blow to the system of which he is a living symbol, is already well known in England. M. Léon Daudet, has, on the contrary, scarcely been heard of on this side of the Channel. Long before August 1914, both writers, at the risk of losing influence and popularity, made continual and desperate efforts to rouse their fellow-countrymen to the existence of the German peril.

The son of the celebrated novelist Alphonse Daudet, M. Léon Daudet is himself a novelist whose talent, though totally different in character, is at least equal to that of his father. This inherited disposition soon lured him from the study of medicine, and the result of the change in his career was a series of novels of which *Les Morticoles* is perhaps the most famous if not the most remarkable. But, though he has never entirely ceased to write fiction, M. Léon Daudet has of recent years devoted most of his energy to political journalism. His paper *L'Action Française* is consecrated to the championship of the Royalist cause, and incidentally to the exposure that besides her open enemies in the field, France is under the menace of secret enemies at home.

Daudet's Activities

This latter crusade begun long before the war, was adopted by M. Léon Daudet as a sacred duty. His barbed and brilliant pen, violent, tenacious, and at the same time logical in attack, soon made of him the leader of a band of writers which includes that forcible theorist and monarchist M. Charles Maurras. Despite the ability with which it was conducted, *L'Action Française* had until recently comparatively few readers in France, and made fewer converts. From my own part, I must confess that before the war I never attached much importance to the propaganda of MM. Daudet, Maurras, and their Camelots du Roy. It required the terrible catastrophe of 1914 to bring to my notice that extraordinary book *L'Avant Guerre*, written at least three years previously by M. Léon Daudet, with the express purpose of denouncing the open and occult intrigues of the innumerable German agents already settled on French soil. With the connivance of powerful groups of international financiers, these servants of the Central Empires had elaborated plans not only for the commercial conquest of France, but also for the betrayal of important strategic points within our territory to the invaders immediately after the declaration of war.

L'Avant Guerre was given me by a friend who begged me to read it. I spent a feverish night in devouring its pages and closed them with the conviction that M. Léon Daudet was a brave and patriotic Frenchman. Of his public and private life I knew little or nothing. But I realised that in time of peace it takes more than ordinary courage to raise a cry when most political parties, and many private individuals, are ready to smother you for daring to disturb their selfish complacency or threaten their petty profits. Of course, I was told when I ventured to express my admiration of the book that Léon Daudet was simply a venal traducer, in the pay of nameless bandits whose only desire was to overthrow the faultless regime which had given France forty years of peace and prosperity. I adhered, however, to my opinion that whatever motives might have urged the man who wrote *L'Avant Guerre*, the book contained the truth and nothing but the truth about the secular enemies of France. That was sufficient for me. So next day I obtained a copy of *L'Action Française*, the daily organ of this Royalist knight-errant, who had dared to wage war against the perfidious Teuton before the first shot was fired.

Shall I continue my confession, and avow that for more than three years I have read *L'Action Française* every day, and that without being converted to all the views, political, or religious, professed by Léon Daudet and his friends, I have been compelled to recognise that they, and they alone, in the Paris Press, were intelligent and brave enough to prosecute day after day a patriotic campaign against those hidden enemies, who were still flourishing in the heart of the capital long after the Battle of the Marne? How many times have I seen in *L'Action Francaise*, the formidable indictment of Vigo, alias Almereyda, launched by M. Léon Daudet at the time when that ex-anarchist, convicted of many crimes, was the intimate friend of powerful politicians, and the defender of M. Caillaux! While *L'Action Française* had only its few sympathisers and a public subscription, which was marvellously successful, to depend upon for funds, Vigo alias Almereyda, Jacques Landau, and their associates, were starting papers with ample subventions which not only provided their contributors with large salaries, but with all the luxuries of Parisian life on an *ante-bellum* scale.

It really seems as if a strange and fatal blindness inevitably falls upon politicians from the moment they grasp the reins of power. Like all prophets, Léon Daudet's indications of the rocks ahead were reiterated in vain. In spite of his ardent propaganda, he strictly adhered to the pact of the "*Union Sacrée*," or Political Truce, and preached obedience to the Government responsible for the safety of France during her terrible struggle, never protesting against the harshness of the censorship which makes every writer in my republican country sigh for the liberty of monarchic England. Yet Léon Daudet's advice and entreaties were alike disregarded by every successive Ministry. Again and again he offered to give them the benefit of the documents he possessed concerning many of the doubtful Frenchmen, neutrals and naturalised Germans, who kept up communications with the enemy. But although his offers were never accepted, the Government was unable to ignore entirely his denunciations of certain functionaries. But it would not interest English readers to give the list of scoundrels who were finally arrested and condemned after having been pilloried for years in *L'Action Française*.

M. Léon Daudet's patriotic efforts made him few friends in official circles, and the fact that the infamous Vigo, alias Almereyda, enjoyed impunity for so long, was largely due to his passing himself off as a political victim of Royalist rancour.

To-day the tables are turned, though many parliamentarians may still declare that M. Clémenceau, and nobody else, forced M. Malvy to repudiate his former friend and comrade Almereyda. The truth is, however, that M. Clémenceau simply repeated in the tribune some of the facts and arguments which Léon Daudet had collected and published in his paper. In making this assertion I shall not be accused of party prejudice. After seventeen years' residence in London the only political consideration that moves me is the safety and welfare of France.

But the Clémenceau-Malvy-Almereyda episode would be of little consequence beyond the limits of French international politics, if beneath the affair of the *Bonnet Rouge* one did not perceive dangerous though still vague possibilities of far deeper import.

On the one hand, the scandal of the exposure and death of Almereyda has awakened public opinion, and demonstrated to the Government sceptics that Daudet's "spy-mania" was not so mad as those in authority would have had us believe. It is now proved that large sums of German money have been sent into France through a Neutral State —not to corrupt the French Press—but to create mushroom rags devoted to all those causes which are dear to the Central Empires. No Ministry of the future will be permitted to disregard the canker which had begun to eat into the military as well as into the civilian elements of France.

But, on the other hand, nobody can fathom the ultimate consequences of the revelations which must inevitably be made when the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies meet in a few weeks' time. The legal action already started by the Public Prosecutor against Duval and the acolytes of the *Bonnet Rouge* and of the *Tranchée Republicaine* cannot now be arrested, all the more so as we are living under military jurisdiction. In ordinary times the Government would have had no real difficulty in handling this delicate matter. At the worst, a new Ministry would have been formed to disown the errors of its predecessor and all would again have been well in the best of all possible Republics.

To-day, however, we are confronted with the following situation: three different Ministries, each supposed to exist and function by the consent of the *Union Sacrée*, have stubbornly refused even to listen to warnings and accusations supported by evidence, made by a group of French citizens, representing another ideal of Government. But in the end the State has been compelled to take action upon these self-same facts.

If the present Government had possessed the most elementary common sense, it would have made use of the Political Truce to collaborate frankly with *L'Action Française* in the patriotic work of cleansing France of its traitors, and the Republican regime would have been strengthened thereby. As it is, incalculable forces have been set in motion which may well escape control. The task of explaining to the French people why this nest of malefactors has been, not only tolerated, but encouraged in the pretended interests of the Republic, will not be an easy one. It remains to be seen whether M. Ribot—or possibly his successor—will have the power and the intelligence necessary to avert a disaster, not only to his party but to the fabric of the Republic itself.

A Journal from a Legation

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

Mr. Gibson had carried the story of his dangerous visit to Antwerp from Brussels after that city had been occupied by the Germans to the second morning of his stay in Antwerp. On the previous night there occurred the historic first Zeppelin raid by night. He mentions that though much damage was done, it was a failure from a military point of view, infuriating the people instead of frightening them. He is still in Antwerp when he takes up the story:

BRUSSELS, August 27th, 1914. - In the morning I called at the Foreign Office, established in a handsome building that belonged to one of the municipal administrations. The Minister for Foreign Affairs took me into his office and summoned all hands to hear any news I could give them of their families and friends. I also took notes of names and addresses of people in Brussels who were to be told that their own people in Antwerp were safe and well. I had been doing that steadily from the minute we set foot in the hotel the night before, and when I got back later I had my pockets bulging with innocent messages. Now comes the merry task of getting them around.

The Minister showed me a lot of things that he wanted reported to Washington, so I went back to the Consulate General and got off some more telegrams. The trip was worth while.

Blount and I were lunching alone, but —— —— would not hear of it and insisted that we should sit at their table as long as we stayed on in Antwerp and whenever we came back. They were not only glad to see somebody from the outside world, but could not get over the sporting side of our trip, and patted us on the back until they made us uncomfortable. Everybody in Antwerp looked upon the trip as a great exploit and exuded admiration. I fully expected to get a Carnegie medal before I got away. And it sounded so funny coming from a lot of Belgian officers who had for the last few weeks been going through the most harrowing experiences, with their lives in danger every minute, and even now with a perfectly good chance of being killed before the war is over. They seem to take that as a matter of course, but look upon our performance as in some way different and superior. People are funny things.

The Queen of the Belgians

I stopped at the Palace to sign the King's book and ran into General Yunbluth, who was just starting off with the Queen. She came down the stairs and stopped just long enough to greet me and then went her way; she is a brave little woman and deserves a better fate than she has had. Inglebleek, the King's Secretary, heard I was there signing the book and came out to see me. He said the Queen was anxious I should see what had been done by the bombs of the night before. He wanted me to go right into the houses and see the horrid details. I did not want to do this, but there was no getting out of it under the circumstances.

We drove first to the Place du Poids Publique and went into one of the houses which had been partially wrecked by one of the smaller bombs. Everything in the place had been left as it was until the police magistrate could make his examination and report. We climbed to the first floor, and I never shall forget the horrible sight that awaited us. A poor policeman and his wife had been blown to fragments, and the pieces were all over the walls and ceiling. Blood was everywhere. Other details are too terrible even to think of. I could not stand any more than this one room. There were others which Inglebleek wanted to show me, but I could not think of it. And this was only one of a number of houses where peaceful men and women had been so brutally killed while they slept.

And where is the military advantage? If the bombs were dropped near the fortifications it would be easy to understand, but in this instance it is hard to explain upon any ground except the hope of terrifying the population to the point where they will demand that the Government surrender the town and the fortifications. Judging from the temper they were in yesterday at Antwerp they are more likely to demand that the place be held at all costs rather than risk falling under the rule of a conqueror brutal enough to murder innocent people in their beds.

The Prime Minister told me that he had four sons in the army—all the children he has—and that he was prepared to give everyone of them and his own life and fortune into the bargain, but that he was *not* prepared—and here he banged his fist down on the table and his eyes flashed—to admit for a minute the possibility of yielding to Germany. Everybody else is in the same state of mind. It is not hysterical. The war has been going on long enough, and they have had so many hard blows that the glamour and fictitious attractiveness of the thing has gone, and they have settled down in deadly earnest to fight to the bitter end. *There may not be one stone left upon another in Belgium when the Germans get through, but if these people keep up to their present level they will come through—what there is left of them.*

German Atrocities

Later in the afternoon I went to the Foreign Office, and let them read to me the records of the commission which is investigating the alleged German atrocities. They are working in a calm and sane way and seem to be making the most earnest attempt to get at the true facts, no matter whether they prove or disprove the charges that have been made. It is wonderful to see the judicial way they can sit down in the midst of war and carnage and try to make a fair enquiry on a matter of this sort. If one one thousandth part of the charges are proven to be true . . .

The rest of the afternoon was spent in seeing people who came in for news of Brussels and who had messages to send home. I had had to tell the hotel people that I would be there from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. to see people and that the rest of the time I must have free for my own work. They came in swarms, all the diplomats, the Cabinet Ministers, and the Ministers of State, army officers, and other officials—a perfect mob. I had a package of cards on which I noted names and addresses and the messages which were to be delivered. These messages have been sent out to-day, after being submitted to the military authorities, some of them in writing and some by word of mouth, and if they have afforded one-tenth the comfort that I hope, the sum total of misery in this town has been reduced a good deal this day.

Colonel Fairholme left for the front with the King early in the morning and was with him during the battle at Malines. He thought we were going back during the day, as I had told him the evening before. About noon he called up on the telephone and told Sir Francis that under no circumstances was I to be allowed to start, as the town was being bombarded with heavy siege pieces and all traffic was absolutely stopped; that we could not only not get by, but that any part of the trip by the regular road was extremely dangerous. I was just as glad that we had decided to stay over. The Colonel stayed out all that night and had not returned to Antwerp when we left yesterday. During the morning he called up again and asked about us, again advising against our starting. Pretty decent of a man who has as much to think of as he had, to be worrying about us enough to take time out and telephone us as to the dangers of the road.

To make sure of offering no unnecessary chances for Mr. Zeppelin the authorities had ordered all the lights on the streets put out at eight o'clock. It was dark as midnight and there was no use in thinking of venturing out into the town. The Cathedral clock was stopped and the carillon turned off for the first time in heaven only knows how many years. It was a city of the dead. Guns were posted in the streets ready for instant use in case the airship should put in another appearance. As a result of this and the searchlights that played upon the sky all night our friend the enemy did not appear. Some people know when they have had enough.

Yesterday morning I looked out of my window at the Cathedral clock and saw that it was twenty-five minutes to ten. I tumbled through my tub and rushed downstairs to get through my morning's work only to find that it was half-past six. I had forgotten that the Cathedral clock had been stopped.

It was just as well that I was up early, however, for there was plenty to be done. I found a lot of telegrams waiting for me at the Consulate and had to get off another string of them. Then an Orderly held me up on the street to tell me that the King's Secretary was hunting for me all over the place and that I was wanted at the Palace. When I got there he had started off on another hunt for me. He finally got me at the hotel and kept me for half an hour.

By the time that I got through with him there was word that the Minister for Foreign Affairs wanted to see me, so I made a bee-line over there; then there was another call to the Consulate to answer some more telegrams. After attending to various matters at the Palace, the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the Consulate General, and seeing a few more people

at the hotel, the morning was gone and it was time for lunch and a quick get-away.

All hands came out and bade us farewell. You would have thought we were on our way to Heaven except for the fact that they urged us to come back.

Back to Brussels

As we could hear the cannonading we decided that we would avoid the Malines road and would try to skirt around the zone of trouble and work our way into Brussels from the west. We got ferried across the Scheldt on a terrible tub of a steamer that looked as though she would go down under the weight of the military automobiles that she had to get across so that they could get ammunition to the front. We all got away in a bunch from the other side, but we drew ahead of them as we had not such a heavy load, and within three-quarters of an hour were outside the Belgian lines. Van der Elst had secured for us a most imposing *laisser-passer*, which took us through with practically no trouble except that it was so imposing that we were held at each barricade while all the men on duty took turns reading it. The only ticklish part of the trip to the Belgian outposts was working our way through the village, which had been mined in anticipation of a German invasion. It is bad enough working one's way through there in a motor with everybody helping you to keep out of harm's way, but it must be a trifle worse to do it in a mass with a man on a hill a little way off waiting for you to come up to the signal post so that he can touch a button and send you in small pieces into the next world.

We struck out through St. Nicholas, Hamme, Termonde, and Assche, and got into Brussels from the west without mishap; we have got quite used to having people poke bayonets in our faces and brandish revolvers at us, so the latter part of the trip with only that to contend with seemed quiet and almost boring.

On the road in from Assche, we passed near Eppeghem and Vilvorde, where the fighting had been going on for a couple of days. After news had been received in Antwerp of the defeat of the French and English at Mons and Charleroi the Belgians were ordered to fall back on Antwerp and had left these little villages to be occupied by the Germans. As they occupied them they had set them afire and the flames were raging as we came by. They were quaint little towns and had excited our admiration two days before when we had gone through—despite the fact that we had other things on our minds beside admiring the beauties of architecture. Now they are gone.

The Germans gave us no trouble, and we got back to the Legation at Brussels by five. All hands poured out to meet us and greeted us as prodigal sons. When we had not come back the day before they had about made up their minds that something dreadful had happened to us, and the rejoicing over our return was consequently much greater than if we had not whetted their imaginations just a little.

I found that the situation in Brussels had undergone big changes while I was away. General von Jarotzky had been replaced by General von Lütwitz, who is an administrator and has been sent to put things in running order again. There was no inkling of this change when I left and I was a good deal surprised. Guns have been placed at various strategic points commanding the town, and the Germans are ready for anything. The telephone wire they had put through the town to connect the two stations and headquarters was cut day before yesterday by some cheerful idiot who probably thought he was doing something good for his country. The military authorities thereupon announced that if anything of the sort was done again they would lay waste the quarter of the town where the act was committed.

Some of the subordinate officers have since told us that von Jarotzky was a fighting general and had no business staying in a post requiring administrative ability. The new man is cut out particularly for this sort of work and is going to start a regular German administration. Functionaries are being brought from Berlin to take things over, and in a short time we shall to all intents and purposes be living in a German city. The first trains ran to-day in a halting fashion to Liege and the German frontier. Perhaps we shall have a newspaper.

An Unpleasant Experience

Davis got back yesterday from his trip to the front, and we learned that he had been through a perfectly good experience that will look well when he comes to writing it up, but one that gave him little satisfaction while it was in process. He started off to follow the German army in the hope of locating the English. After leaving Hall some bright young German officer decided that he was a suspicious looking character and ought to be shot as an English spy. As a preliminary they arrested him and locked him up. Then the war was called off while the jury sat on his case. One of the officers thought it would be a superfluous effort to go through the form of trying him, but that they should shoot him without further to do. They began considering his case at eleven in the morning and kept it up until midnight. He was given pretty clearly to understand that his chances were slim and that the usual fate of spies awaited him. He argued at length, and apparently his arguments had some effect, for at three o'clock in the morning he was routed out and told to hit the road towards Brussels. He was ordered to keep religiously to the main road all the way back on pain of being shot on sight and to report at headquarters here immediately on his arrival. By this time he was perfectly willing to do exactly what was demanded by those in authority and made a bee-line back here on foot. He turned up at the Legation yesterday morning footsore and weary and looking like a tramp, and told his story to an admiring audience. I was still away on my little jaunt and did not get it at first hand. The Minister took him down to call on the General and got them to understand that R.H.D. was not an English spy but on the contrary probably the greatest writer that ever lived, not excepting Shakespeare or Milton. The General said that he had read some of his short stories and that he would not have him shot. Just the same he was not keen about having him follow the operations. He is now ordered to remain in this immediate neighbourhood until further orders. To-day he had several interviews with the General in an attempt to get permission to leave the country, but had no luck. The last we saw of Davis he came in late this afternoon to tell us that he did not know what to do next. He said that he had been through six wars but that he had never been so scared as he was at that time. If he is allowed to get out of Belgium I think that he will not darken the door of General von Lütwitz for some time to come.

I was surprised to learn that Hans von Harwäth, who used to be military attaché in Washington and whom I knew very well, is here as Adjutant to our new Governor. I have not yet had time to get over to see him, but shall try to do so to-morrow. I am glad to have somebody like that here to do business with.

Louvain

A terrible thing has happened at Louvain, the town where we were only ten days ago. Yesterday there was some sort of shindy in the public square. The Germans say that the son of the Burgomaster shot down the commanding general. That sounds a little peculiar, as the Burgomaster has no son. The Belgians say that two bodies of German troops who were drunk met each other and one body took the other for French and opened fire. However that may be, it ended by the town being set afire; rapid-fire guns being placed in the streets and the people mowed down like grass. According to the Germans themselves the town is being wiped out of existence. The beautiful cathedral, the town hall, and the other famous buildings of the place are in ruins. The people were killed by hundreds, and those who were not killed have been driven from the town. They have wandered in here by the thousands and the end is not yet. This evening the wife of the Minister of Fine Arts came in with the news that her mother, a woman of eighty-four years, was driven from her home at the point of the bayonet, and had to walk with the crowd of fugitives all the way to Tervueren, a distance of about twelve miles, before she could be put on a tram to her daughter's house. Two priests have turned up at the Legation nearly dead from fatigue and fright; one of them, a man of nearly seventy, is very ill and may die as a result of what he has gone through. Baron Capelle came in late this afternoon to tell me that the Germans were bringing in a lot of priests on carts of provisions and were planning to hold them as hostages. One of them had called out and asked him to notify me that Monseigneur de Becker, president of the American College at Louvain, was among these prisoners. He is the old man I went to see when I was in Louvain ten days ago. I had told him he was perfectly safe and scoffed at his fears.

The Minister was out when this news came, but I sallied forth and tried to locate the Monseigneur. He was not to be found anywhere. When I got back to the Legation both the Minister and Villalobar were here and I told them all about what had happened. The people of the town were getting excited over the treatment that was being meted out to their priests, and it was in a fair way to result in serious trouble. Both Ministers made for the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, where the German Government is established, and before they left had secured orders for the release of all the hostages. A lot of these terrible things are done by subordinate officers and the people at the top seem only too anxious to learn of such affairs and do what they can to remedy them. The day has been dreadful with stories of suffering and murder and pillage.

(To be continued)

The "Nine Million" Effectives

By Hilaire Belloc

Mr. Belloc, who is away on a holiday but will resume his military article next week, contributes this analysis of German Effectives in reply to the letters he has received from many correspondents.

I HAVE been written to by many people about Mr. Gerard's expression "Nine Million Remaining German Effectives" appearing in the memoirs he is now publishing. I should like to say in the first place, that the criticisms I have to advance against this expression in no way detract from my appreciation of the excellent work which Mr. Gerard has done as a public witness in this grave trial of all Europe.

Why must we regard this one phrase "Nine million remaining German effectives" as wholly inaccurate?

Before answering that question let me remind the reader of the way in which we naturally receive any impossible statement made upon high authority.

If a man highly placed in the Hydrographic Service of some Government writes of the Straits of Dover: "The deepest soundings are but 100 fathoms or so," we do not, whatever the repute of the writer or his special opportunities of knowledge, accept the statement. We know that it is, as it stands, nonsense; we cast about for some explanation. We say to ourselves, there may have been a slip of the pen; if the information is in type, we may refer it to a printer's error; or we may find that the Straits intended to be mentioned were not the Straits of Dover at all, but some other deeper channel, and that the word "Dover" came in by some error in writing or dictating, or in correcting proofs. A mass of long-known official statistics, to wit, the numerous soundings taken in the Straits over centuries, make us perfectly certain that the sentence as it stands is meaningless: no part of the Straits of Dover is within much more than a *third* of the depth stated.

Now that is just what a man whose business it has been to follow the statistics of this war feels with regard to the statement that "German effectives are still nine million in number." The German effectives—in the sense of combatant units—are perfectly well known. They are somewhat over *three* million (at the most 3¼), organised in divisions and lesser units, the numbers and positions of which have been ascertained and are followed minutely as the war proceeds. Behind these effectives is an organised reserve power of men in depot, now very considerably less than half a million (at which figure it stood ten weeks ago), but to be increased in a very few weeks by the greater part of class 1919 and before the end of the year by nearly the whole of that class.

Combatant Effectives

When we read, therefore, that "The remaining German effectives are nine million," we cast about for some explanation of how the statement could have got into print—what sort of typographical or other error explains it.

The word "effectives" is generally used to mean the men organised in units for combatant service—the actual fighting force. For instance, when you are told by a military historian that "Napoleon had a difficulty in keeping up his effectives in 1814," the phrase refers to difficulties in the upkeep of combatant forces in the field the filling of gaps resulting from death, capture, sickness and wounds on active service. It is not a word of that precise scientific or technical value which words often acquire after long service, and one can easily conceive that one source of error in the remark we are criticising might be the loose or double use of the word "effective": first to mean mobilised men in general, and next to mean of active service alone.

Whether the word "effectives" has been used first loosely and then technically, thereby creating a confusion, or whether it has been used throughout to mean the fighting forces alone, is of little consequence to a true statement of the position. The statistics of this are well known. There is no debate upon them save with regard to comparatively small margins of error. A few weeks only of further fighting have modified a position which, towards the beginning of July, stood somewhat as follows:

(1) Total ration strength of the German Army about five and a half millions (or a little under): To show upon what points doubt exists, I may mention that the lowest estimate I have seen is for 5,135,000 (which is that of a high French authority), and the highest but just under 5,600,000. It is clear that a slight difference in date, or the inclusion of one very doubtful category (say, the ladies who are on the ration strength doing typewriting), by one authority and their exclusion by another, would be sufficient to account for these small differences. At any rate, if we put the present ration strength of the German Army at 5½ millions, we are probably just a little over the right figure at the present moment.

(2) Of this large body, the only part which counts in our calculation of fighting strength is the organised combatant active force, and is about or perhaps at the present moment a little under three and a quarter millions. This is what would normally be called the "effectives."

(3) Of the balance of somewhat over two millions, and perhaps nearly two million and a quarter, the great bulk are made up either of men who are used to garrison, to supply, etc., but are too old to be used in the field (save a few exceptionally here and there), or of men so affected by war in the way of wounds and illness that they can only be used for similar auxiliary purposes. These last do not count among "definitive" losses, that is, they are not out of the army for ever as are the dead, the prisoners and the discharged from very bad wounds or illness; but then, neither are they capable of active service in the future.

Depot Strength

The only part of this balance between the total ration strength (5½ million) and the army in the field (3¼ million) that counts in the active strength of the enemy is the number Germany has in depot; that was in June last under half a million—excluding class 1919. By some British accounts this reserve is by this time so depleted that the first of class 1919 have begun to appear in the battle—but they are barely due, and it is probable that prisoners of 1919 are volunteers. This class was expected rather in the beginning of September than at the end of August, and they will probably dribble in during autumn—to the extent of 350,000 or thereabouts. This is not the whole of class 1919. The remainder of it, to the extent of 140,000 or a little more, were put back as immature for later training, and most of them will presumably appear in the winter.

Such is, in rough figures, the situation of the enemy as regards effectives, that is, in combatant numbers. There is no mystery about it. The figures are perfectly well known and generally dealt with all over Europe by those who concern themselves with close and rational study of the campaign. They are based, of course, upon the convergence of many different kinds of information, all grouped under the Intelligence Department of the various belligerents.

Twenty-one German classes were put into the field in the first months of the war—classes '14 to '94 inclusive. They included the young men in their twentieth year and up to men in their fortieth year. These classes 1914 to 1894 inclusive came from men born during the course of 1874, during the course of 1894, and during the course of the intervening years.

Apart from these, five older classes from 1893 to 1889 inclusive, that is, men from their forty-first to their forty-fifth year inclusive, were summoned as liable to military service, but not used in the field save in exceptional circumstances and in small numbers.

The total number of men born from 1874 to 1894 inclusive, and still alive when Germany declared war was, omitting figures under a thousand, 10,757,000. Of the youngest class, under normal conditions, about three-quarters are fit for service. The elder, of course, as one approaches forty, tail off rapidly and come down through less than five-eighths to little more than half. The total number normally available for active use, within the 21 classes, was over seven, but rather less than seven and a half millions. Of these, a certain proportion, probably about a million and a half, were not mobilised in the first months, but kept back for civilian work.

With the second year of the war, or rather a little before the beginning of the second year of war, what is called "abnormal" recruitment began in Germany—as it did somewhat later elsewhere.

It took three forms. (1) The combing out of what could possibly be spared from civilian occupation among the fit; (2) the calling of the younger classes; and (3) the combing out of the "unfit," that is, of those who under normal recruitment are rejected:

The first process was largely aided, some months later, by the beginning of the slave raids organised by the enemy in the territories he occupied.

The second, which was begun in October 1915, could not in the nature of things yield any very large body of men, though, as the pressure increased with every passing month,

the combing out process became more and more severe.

It was the third source, the younger classes, which formed the backbone of the recruitment to replace losses, but it gave —even under extreme pressure—not more than the three-quarters which we get in normal recruitment. The reason of this is that if you take an immature class below twenty, though under pressure of war you lower your physical standard of *health*, you have a larger number of boys who must be kept back before they are fit to serve, from lack of growth, and the gain in numbers due to the lowering in the standard of health hardly balances the loss due to immaturity.

We know, for instance, the statistics of the last class called out, class 1918. It bears out this case exactly. The number of boys of this class alive on the 1st of last January was, omitting the figures below a thousand, 685,000. The total number gathered for military service of every kind was just on the 500,000, which is just 2 per cent. below the standard figure—three-quarters of the whole of the class.

Possible and Actual Resources

If you take the mere census figure of all the adults, from the men who were forty when the war broke out, down to the lads who are nineteen this year, you get out of the total number alive at the moment of recruitment, a total *mobilisable* force for active service of about 9½ millions. It corresponds very closely, population for population, with what Great Britain has found possible (counting naval services and exemptions for auxiliary work) and with what France has found possible. It corresponds also to the known present ration strength of the German army and to its known definitive losses, just on 5½ millions for the first and just over four millions for the second respectively.

To sum up: Germany has used for active service numbers which have already reached more than nine and may approach 9½ millions and will, when 1919 has fully come into the field, reach perhaps to nearly ten millions. Of these her remaining active force in the field is just over three million, say, 3¼ at the most—with reserves behind it of somewhat less than half a million, excluding class 1919. The balance can never again appear in the field.

These things being so—the active effectives available three and a quarter millions—it is not without interest to enquire how the error in the statement we are submitting to examination, the curious "nine millions" arose.

Mr. Gerard was told by the Germans that they had mobilised twelve million men, first and last. This is roughly true. Counting class 1919 they have called up, even where they have not actually put into uniform, ten million men up to the age of forty, and the number of men in the classes over forty alive at the beginning of the war came to not far short of two million more.

But that has nothing to do with "effectives." That is, only the total number of men put under the orders of the War Office in one form or another, or even warned that they may be called to service. It includes the older classes who cannot be used in the field as well as the classes that are. The intention was obviously to give the impression of a great fighting force of twelve millions raised since the beginning of the war and to call up a picture in the mind of this enormous body all organised in combatant units—the remaining strength of which to-day could easily be calculated by merely subtracting losses in the field. It is as though one were to take a business man's gross receipts since January 1st and pretend that his present balance at the bank would be got at by deducting from that total his domestic expenses alone—and those faked.

I have noticed this startlingly simple method of deception in nearly all the German statements made for purposes of propaganda. A piece of statistics is given which is true—when words are used in a certain sense. This statistical information is then applied to the situation, *but using words in another sense*; then the false conclusion is arrived at without the painful necessity of detailed corroboration.

For instance, the world was startled to hear quite early in the war that the German hospitals performed the miracle of returning to active service all the sick and wounded soldiers who entered them, with the exception of a trifling 11 per cent.

The truth was that *of those who survived* after entering hospital, only 11 per cent. *were given their final discharge* by the army authorities upon leaving hospital; all the rest of the *survivors* were kept on the lists of the army—no matter what their condition. Some were either discharged later on as hopelessly unfit, others were put to auxiliary work, no matter how light; only the balance—not 89 per cent. at all but more like 60 per cent., returned to active service. The proportion of the latter, as we know from the rate at which the German classes have been called up, and from every other source of information, has been pretty much the same as among the other great belligerents—which, after all, is what one would expect—but it is astonishing what a number of people were at first taken in by this monstrosity of "89 per cent. hospital returns."

In the same way the total of twelve million summoned to military service of one kind or another—which included class 1919 not yet trained and the older classes never put into the field—was taken as the basis of calculation. It was true for all men put under the military authorities from first to last, from the beginning of the war to the present day, for any purpose whatsoever and was then used as though it were true of the active army in the field, which is a totally different thing. The German authorities having got that figure of twelve million accepted for something which it was *not*—that is, for the active army in the field, proceeded to argue that there must remain as many "effectives" as would result from a simple sum in subtraction: the subtraction of their "losses in the field." Even if this last item had been accurate, the method was false: but the item of losses given to Mr. Gerard was not accurate; it was even ridiculous. For, as we shall see, it had the following features:—

(1) While it gave fairly accurate account of prisoners (available, remember, from other sources to a neutral diplomat).

(2) It understated the dead by at least a quarter of a million (at the same time giving the lie to its official lists by *half* a million the other way!)

(3) It absurdly reduced the numbers off the strength from wounds and sickness.

(4) It wholly suppressed the number of sick and wounded which, while kept on the books of the army, cannot be returned to active service.

To begin with, they told Mr. Gerard that "there were only a million and a half dead." It is worthy of remark that at the very moment they were making this statement (I presume during last March at the latest, or perhaps in the very first days of April) the German authorities were publishing in their official lists the statement that there were far less than one million German dead! Even to-day the last lists (covering July 1917) allow for only 1,030,000 dead!

The value of this sort of statistics may be tested by that one example alone. The real number at the time was about 1 million and ¾ or a little less, for by the end of May it was about 1,750,000 to 1,800,000.

The next item they admitted was men incapacitated for active service by wounds and sickness. They gave the number of these at half a million! That is, for *three* men dead, only *one* was incapacitated for service by sickness or by wounds! Such a statement is merely fantastic. The real figures are roughly these: that the dead come to a little less than half the definitive losses at any moment, the remainder being made up of men permanently incapacitated and prisoners.

Of prisoners Mr. Gerard's informant gave him a half million; a further half million of hospital cases (I think) was thrown in as a makeweight . . . and there the information stopped! These imaginary figures added up and came to three million sure enough. Not a word was said of that very large item—nearly equalling the number of dead—the casualties which, though not leading to discharge, failed to return to active service. Only the imaginary three million were mentioned. They were deducted from the supposed 12 million effectives, and left the balance of nine million with which so many have been amused and astonished.

It would be, perhaps, a waste of space to point out the numerous other ways in which the true figures can be established, and the enormity of the error emphasised.

For instance, if Germany had nine million effectives to-day, she would, at her present establishment to a division, have at this time in active organisation something like 600 *divisions*.

Or again, if she had nine million effectives it would mean that she had been losing at a rate of about *one-third* that of the French and the English (as, for instance, at Verdun and at the Somme!)

Or again, it would mean that after three years of war she was able to put into the field, of her total population, nearly as many men, proportionately, as all the other fully mobilised belligerents had been able to muster *from the very beginning*.

Or again, it would mean that she had had no losses at all since the spring of 1915.

P.S.:—Here is a little note which will, I think, interest those who have appreciated the real state of military losses in the German Empire.

One comes in enemy reports and newspapers upon the phrase: "Over a million War Widows." It is clear that the insurance work (government and private) and the other forms of necessary statistics kept, made that phrase general in the early part of this summer: and it is equally clear that the phrase corresponds to some general and wide-

spread information. Particular figures are not given, but these general terms are commonly repeated: "Over a Million War Widows." They are used in arguments in favour of an early peace; in rhetorical descriptions of the horrors of war; in dry calculations of expenditure and strain.

Well, it is interesting to remark that the proportion of married men in the German forces mobilised since the beginning of the war for *active* service, that is, the classes '94 to '18 inclusive, is something between 52 and 53 per cent. In the younger classes there are, of course, very few married men indeed. In the youngest of all not 1 per cent. In the older classes the proportion gets steadily higher, until one reaches the oldest class with a proportion of nearly 80 per cent., and the average, if you take the whole lot and number them separately, is just over one-half, 52 to 53 per cent. of the Germans exposed to death from this war are married men.

In other words, the admission of just over a million war widows exactly corresponds to that figure of just on two million German military dead which we postulated for June.

It is only one other example of the way in which true statistics always converge to prove the same general result within a small margin of error, whereas false statistics can always be exposed if one is patient enough to lie in wait for the points in which they give themselves away. H. BELLOC

Progressive Whist

By Alec Waugh

PRIVATE WALKER of the 305th Machine Gun Company overslept himself. It was not the first time he had done it, nor will it be the last. Reveille had gone at 6.30, and it was now nearly seven o'clock, only just time to shave and wash before breakfast. He had meant to clean the barrel of the gun during that time: it was in an awful state; he had dropped it in the mud the night before; it must be cleaned before the next parade. One never knew when it might be inspected. You could never trust officers, they always did things at such funny times. That barrel had to be cleaned, and yet the mess orderlies were just going for the food. If he cleaned it now, he would miss his meal, and Private Walker could not remember a single occasion on which he had done that. No, the barrel would have to wait; breakfast was much more important.

But the morning of Private Walker's well-earned rest also happened to be the morning Captain Evans had chosen for one of his surprise visits to the gun teams. No one ever knew when he was coming, usually he never knew himself till five minutes before. Nothing was ready for him. His visits were a daily menace to the Subaltern.

And so half way through the morning parades a whisper ran round No. 2 section, "Cap's coming round." Private Walker's heart sank within him. He pictured himself in irons bound to a wheel undergoing ten weeks F.P. No. 1. He had visions of court-martials and a crime sheet miles long. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Captain Evans inspecting the gun, he saw him take out the barrel, and hold it up to the light.

"Mr. Ferguson," thundered the Captain.

"Sir," answered the section officer rushing up.

"This barrel is filthy, Mr. Ferguson, filthy, a disgrace to the company."

"Yes, sir. Sergeant Simpson . . ."

I don't want to hear anything about Sergeant Simpson, Mr. Ferguson," shouted the Captain, "this gun is under your charge and I expect it to be clean. That's what section officers are for. You don't know your duty. If you can't keep your guns clean when you are out of the line, what are you going to do in action. Very bad, Mr. Ferguson, very bad. I can see that you've got no hold over your section. Your leave will be stopped for three months."

Mr. Ferguson was left overwhelmed; he had been counting on that leave, and after all it wasn't his fault that the rotten gun was dirty; that wasn't his job, it was the Sergeant's job, and he wasn't going to take this sort of thing lying down. Instantly he despatched an orderly for the section sergeants.

"Look here, you two," he began, "this barrel is absolutely filthy."

"Yes, Sir, Lance-Corporal . . ."

"I don't want to hear anything about any Lance-Corporal. You two are directly responsible for that gun being clean. That's what you are sergeants for. If you don't keep your guns clean you are not fit to be sergeants. You are both under open arrest."

As soon as he had gone the two sergeants looked at each other.

"'Twern't our bloomin' fault, Bill."

"Naw, Joe, 'twas that blasted fool of a Lance Jack, 'ere you," he bawled at one of the men, "yer run off and fetch me Lance-Corporal Wilkinson and hustle yerself too."

"Look 'ere, me lad," said Sergeant Simpson to the perspiring one stripe, "that there barrel of yours is awful dirty, can't see down it."

"Is it now?"

"Not 'arf it bloomin' well ain't."

"Well Sergeant, Private Walker . . ."

"I don't want to hear about your Private Walker, it's your fault if 'e don't clean his gun, that's what you're there for. Don't think yer there for your looks, do yer? You can go under close arrest you can, off yer get to the guardroom and bloo min quick too."

Lance-Corporal Wilkinson went to the guardroom, but on the way he had five minutes' vituperative conversation with Private Walker.

"See 'ere, you bloomin' fool, that gun o' yours is dirty, got that? It's your job to see it's clean, got that? And termorrer morning you'll be up before the Cap'n, got that? Twenty-six days number one, that's what you're in for, got that? Now then don't answer me back; you're for it. See?"

And so at last the long arm of justice was on the collar of the real culprit.

* * * *

Next morning there was a string of prisoners for company orders. The two Sergeants were marched in first.

"Dirty barrel, Sir," explained Mr. Ferguson, "it was in a most filthy condition, and it's the sergeants' job to see that it's clean, Sir."

"H'm," said the Captain, "is this the gun I spoke to you about, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"H'm, well-er-yes," said the Captain dubiously. It was obviously the section officer's fault that the barrel was dirty and yet he had to back up his officers. "Look here," he blazed out, "You're sergeants, and are supposed to look after your section. You've got no excuse . . ."

"Please Sir . . ."

"Don't answer me back, you've got no excuse whatever. It's through sergeants like you that the company will be losing their good name, do you see?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well-er-let me see, there's a twenty mile route march to-morrow isn't there Sergeant Major? I thought so. You'll conduct it, Sergeant Simpson, and Sergeant Henry, you'll attend. March out.

Then Lance-Corporal Wilkinson was marched in.

"A dirty barrel, Sir," explained the two sergeants in unison. "It's the Lance-Corporal's job to see that the gun is cleaned, Sir. We can't do it all Sir; we expect him to do that Sir. We have a lot to do Sir. What with guards, sir, and . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain; this was getting beyond a joke, still he supposed he had to back up his sergeants. It was the only way to maintain discipline; if he didn't punish the men his N.C.O.'s brought up, they would cease to take interest in their work. "It's the Corporal's job to see after his gun," he said, "if the gun's dirty it's your fault."

"But Sir . . ."

"Don't answer me back. It's your fault, see? Sergeant Major, put Lance-Corporal Wilkinson down for Cook House Guard. March out."

And then trembling and without an excuse Private Walker, No. 1532 of the 305th M.G. Company, *fons et origo mali*, was brought into the presence of Justice.

"A dirty barrel Sir," said Lance-Corporal Wilkinson.

"It's his fault. I allus says to my No. 1. 'It's you as 'as got to fire that there gun, an it's up ter you ter see that it's clean.' That's what I says Sir to my No. 1, Sir, I says No. 1 . . ."

"Yes thank you Corporal, quite enough. Now is this the same gun?"

"Yes Sir."

"Well, I am sick of it"; the Captain's endurance was at an end. "I've heard enough about this beastly gun, and I am not going to hear any more. It's wasted enough of my time already. Case dismissed. March out."

And so Justice was robbed of its prey; and yet not wholly so. For, between 'First Post' and 'Lights Out,' two irate Sergeants and an outraged Lance-Corporal had a good deal to say to Private Walker.

Mr. Galsworthy Gives Them Gyp

By J. C. Squire

PERHAPS it would be as well to begin with a fairly long quotation:

> Some say there is no such thing as an affinity, no case of a man at least—made bankrupt of passion by a single love. In theory, it may be so: in fact, there are such men—neck-or-nothing men, quiet and self-contained: the last to expect that nature will play them such a trick; the last to desire such surrender of themselves; the last to know when their fate is on them. Who could have seemed to himself, and indeed to others, less likely than Charles Clare Winton to fall over head and ears in love when he stepped into the Belvoir Hunt ballroom at Grantham that December evening twenty-four years ago?

You think you know the style? It is Mrs. Barclay? It is the *Family Herald Supplement*? No: It is Mr. John Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy thus opens the story of his new novel (Heinemann, 6s.) which, for reasons which are certainly Beyond me, is called *Beyond*.

* * * * *

Charles Clare Winton was the soul of honour. The lady he fell in love with at first sight, a beautiful "soft-hearted creature," had been married for three years to "an amiable good fellow of a husband." As she did not want to break her husband's heart, she would not elope, and the liaison was kept dark. Then she bore Winton a daughter and died in childbirth. The husband brought the child up under the impression that she was his own daughter, and died. Winton was named as Gyp's guardian, and gave her, for convenience, his own surname. For a long time he had hated the very thought of his child—his child, in giving birth to whom the woman he loved had died. But it was impossible to resist "Gyp." "Being seven, her little brown velvet frock barely reached the knees of her thin brown-stockinged legs,"—which is, perhaps not surprising in a frock seven years old. But "her eyebrows were thin and dark and perfectly arched; her little nose was perfectly straight, her little chin in perfect balance between round and point." So, barring the frock, she was perfectly perfect.

* * * * *

As she grew up, so little did Gyp think of sex that she felt "a secret yearning for companions of her own gender." Then the change came. Her father took her to Wiesbaden to drink the waters. They went to a concert. The star performer was Gustav Fiorsen, a Swede, who had "had to play his violin for a living in the streets of Stockholm" (a topical touch) but had been rescued by a man with an eye for genius.

> Unlike most violinists, he was tall and thin, with great pliancy of body and swift sway of movement. His face was pale, and went strangely with hair and moustache of a sort of dirt-gold colour, and his thin cheeks with very broad high cheek-bones had little narrow scraps of whisker.

His eyes were green, like a fierce cat's. The pair caught each other's glances: he seemed to play an encore for her alone. Someone tells her that he is a great rake and wants saving. When she gets an anonymous bunch of roses it does not occur to her that they are from him, so she wears them. The result is that the first time they meet he says: "I admire you terribly. . . . You are just Woman, made to be adored," and the second time he kisses her hand and declares that he is not going to leave her. She is not in love with him; but his playing is superb, and she knows that he will "never accept refusal." When, therefore, he follows her to her country home and says: "Major Winton, your daughter is the most beautiful thing on earth," she accepts his proposal. Winton naturally loathes the idea, and "when she came up to say good-night, both their faces were as though coated with wax." Buying furniture, etc., makes the engagement period tolerable. ("If it were not for that," asks Mr. Galsworthy brightly, "who knows how many engagement knots would slip?") But nothing could make the marriage tolerable. In the train after the ceremony, "every now and then he glanced at the corridor and muttered," while she "was tremulously glad of that corridor." This was a rather inauspicious beginning. Nevertheless, in "the early days she gave him everything—except her heart," partly compensated by her "elation of being identified with his success." But his habits were Beyond. He mimicked her relatives to their faces, and as for his jealousy:

> "I am jealous even of those puppies."
> "And shall you try to hurt them?"
> "If I see them too much near you, perhaps I shall."

Besides he would implore her to love him, which "seemed to her mere ill-bred stupidity." Husbands really ought to know where to stop.

* * * * *

"Disillusionment," remarks Mr. Galsworthy, showing a keen grasp of the peculiarity of the sex "is not welcome to a woman's heart." Gyp discovers that her husband's music comes from his brain and fingers, not from his soul. On the very day that she discovers she is going to have a child, he comes home drunk. There is also his sinister friend Count Rosek, who makes love to her:

> "Ah God! I am tortured by you; I am possessed!"
> He had gone white through and through like a flame, save for his smouldering eyes.

The phraseology is what one expects from foreign Counts; the physical symptoms were, one hopes, merely an idiosyncrasy of this one. At all events Gyp flies to her father.

* * * * *

When she returns she looks through the window and sees her husband caressing Daphne Wing, a young dancer whom Rosek had thrown in his way in order to promote his own designs upon Gyp. Then Fiorsen comes upon Gyp at the moment when her old music-master is kissing her hand. Gyp goes to her father again, bears a daughter (little Gyp) and, standing on the seashore,

> watching the sunlight on the bracken, Gyp thought: "Love! Keep far from me. I don't want you. I shall never want you."

One more return to Fiorsen (who now jealously digs "his claws" into the baby) and Gyp leaves him again. She now meets Love for the first time. Brian Summerhay, a sporting barrister (with a face like Botticelli's or Masaccio's young man in the National Gallery), whom she had met once, gets into a railway carriage with her. They grow like old friends: "Is it the isolation or the continued vibration that carries friendship faster and further than will a spasmodic acquaintanceship of weeks?" The isolation and the vibration, aided by a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets opened at a passage about

true love, teach Gyp what she had never known before. Alone, outdoors again, she changes her old opinion :

> Love—the love she had thought she would never want? Ah, but she wanted it now, wanted it at last with all her being!
> With a shudder, she sprang up; the ants had got to her and she had to pick them off her neck and dress.

This last may, perhaps, be best described as an Anti-climax : or perhaps it is only local colour.

* * * * *

One cannot detail the rest. How Daphne Wing has a child by Fiorsen; how Fiorsen kidnaps Gyp's child and Daphne Wing recovers it for her; how Gyp goes to live, undivorced, with Brian Summerhay, the perfect lover; how she catches (for in this book everybody goes wrong; and nobody goes wrong with impunity) Brian kissing his cousin; and how Brian is killed riding, so that Gyp, robbed of everything but her child, is left with her old father. But if one quoted ten times as much it would all be the same.

* * * * *

It is not with pleasure that one compares a book by Mr. Galsworthy with the later novels of Miss Marie Corelli. Mr. Galsworthy wrote *The Country House* and *The Silver Box*, which, if not masterpieces, were, at any rate, very interesting works. He is a high-minded man who devotes himself to good and unpopular causes, and he hates caddish behaviour to man, woman or beast. But a critic would be a useless critic who allowed considerations like those to affect his reviews. This novel appears to me to be unmitigatedly bad. The English is the English of the cheap serial; the incessant dabs of banal and irrelevant description are almost maddening; and scarcely anything that the characters do is credible. So set is Mr. Galsworthy on representing life as vile that he (not Fate, and not themselves) bowls them over like ninepins and jumps on them when they are down: the one consolation being that they are puppets who have never come to life. In so far as they have come to life one dislikes them all, except Winton. If a book neither amuses one, makes one feel, makes one think, nor interests one by the accuracy of its observation or the graces of its language, one has no option but to say so.

Across the Bridges

"HURRY and poverty and the acute geographical separation of rich and poor have dragged down the ideals of a London street, robbing it of charm and colour and all those odd formations by which Englishmen are wont to remember their native town." So writes Mr. Alexander Paterson, in his book *Across the Bridges* (Edward Arnold, 1s. net). It is not a new work, but one to which we may well draw special attention at this time when the betterment of the poor of our big cities is engaging earnest and sincere attention.

"Once things are dirty or noisy or untidy or unattractive, everything conspires to increase the failing and weaken the powers of natural resistance." Even now this truism only slowly permeates the public mind. If any continue to question it, let them place themselves under the guidance of Mr. Paterson and be led by him across the London bridges that span the Thames to the cheerless warrens of toiling humanity in Southwark and Lambeth. If they doubt the truth of his words an evening's walk will confirm it.

Across the bridges human existence has to be made as bright, cheerful and happy as north of the bridges if the old evils are to be abolished. Mr. Paterson demonstrates here what a procession of meannesses and littlenesses life is from the cradle to the grave. Indeed, death or rather burial is the great event. "The ceremony of marriage has curiously little emphasis set upon it by custom in these parts. A funeral demands special clothes and carriages, very considerable expense and to attend such an event second cousins will take a day off work and think it but dutifully spent." Could any fact be more eloquent or more pathetic than this. And how is it to be changed? "Before legislation can sweep boldly along the path of reform, the men who vote and the men who rule must have greater knowledge of each other's lives. . . . The most urgent need in all social questions is for this knowledge and sympathy." Believing this to be entirely true, we draw attention to this marvellously clear-sighted little work. No one can possibly understand London life who has not read it.

The summer number of the *British Australasian* (1s.), contains a wealth of stories, articles, and verses of high literary quality, together with a number of illustrations, some of the war zone, and others picturing "down under," but all exceptionally good. It is an excellent production, and will appeal to everyone.

The "Unsoldierlike Sub."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

There has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F. which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, both in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front" and of what has been lately written in the pages of LAND & WATER regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question :—

> I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.
>
> When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.
>
> I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two "pips," and have now three stars and an M.C.
>
> That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System.
>
> ———, Captain.

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O's. and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived. There is indeed "something in Pelmanism."

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority *and his D.S.O.* to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is, at present, inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example :—

> The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

> "A few weeks ago a well-known peer called here in uniform," said the Secretary of the Pelman Institute in an interview, "to enrol for the Pelman Course. He told us that General —— had strongly urged him to do so.
>
> "We are continually enrolling military officers who have been sent to us by their superior officers. The value of Pelmanism is well appreciated by the higher command. There are twenty British Generals at present studying the course, which now includes Special Military Supplements contributed by two Staff officers.
>
> "Officers sometimes tell us that their enrolment is the result of hearing the Course praised by brother officers at the mess. A Rear-Admiral decided to enrol after hearing two officers of his ship speak highly of the benefits received from the Course.
>
> "But in civil life the same thing happens. Men and women taking up new positions and responsibilities are instructed by their employers to get in touch with the Pelman Institute.
>
> "The variety of callers at the Institute is extraordinary. In a single morning we have interviewed a Doctor of Philosophy, the manager of a munition works, an authoress, a famous flying-man, several clerks and salesmen, a teacher, a Brigadier-General and other officers, and the Governor of a great Bank. All the world comes to the Pelman Institute for help and advice, and I do not think we ever disappoint them."

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech, or action; on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced.

Every reader of LAND & WATER—whatever his position and whatever his aims and interests—should read *Mind and Memory*, in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. A copy will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader who sends a post card to The Pelman Institute, 39 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1; and he will thus be placed in possession of the simple facts of the case and be enabled to judge for himself the extent to which "Pelmanism" would forward his aim or ambition.

A Vision of England

By Charles Marriott

By F. L. Griggs

*The Pool

MOST of us carry about in our hearts a conception of England that is much more real to us than the England that we see. Generally, though not always, it is associated with the place where we spent our childhood, and takes its character from that; with the strange result that the details of Thomas Hood's "I remember, I remember" are almost universally recognised.

As a rule, the conception does not go much further than this mental picture of "the house where I was born," but in some of us it goes on developing under the surface of life, and we are always half-consciously confirming and adding bits to it. For no apparent reason certain things, whether actually seen or experienced or only read about or heard in music, are immediately recognised as belonging to this England of the heart; while, equally without reason, certain others are not. Often it is much more familiar in dreams than in waking moments, which seems to show that it exists in the sub-conscious rather than the conscious mind. This would account for its extraordinary reality and consistency, as also for the fact that, if their broken utterances are to be trusted, it is the England to which dying men return. In its character, persistent and at the same time fragmentary with lapses as incomprehensible as the vivid reality of some portions, it might be compared to the original writing of a palimpsest. Life writes another text over it, but nobody having made out parts of the original would hesitate for a moment to say which was the more real and true, no matter how full and active his life might have been. How much, if anything, the original text owes to ante-natal memory I am not prepared to say; but it is quite certain that it embodies many scenes and incidents that could not have come into individual experience. Almost everybody would be able to give instances of their delighted astonishment at coming upon some unmistakable reference to their England in a book, picture or piece of music. In my own case personal familiarity with the death of Sir John Falstaff may be explained by the fact that I had the good fortune to spend my childhood in Gloucestershire, where the people talk like that to this day; but why should I know my way about Lamb's "Mackery End" and "Blakesmoor?" Or why, again, should the second variation of the second movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, which is not even English, recall for me not only a particular scene but a particular day? It is true that there is here a suggestion of evening bells over summer fields; but why should that music bring back the fields when the bells themselves do not? As for the death of Colonel Newcome, that is England for so many people that I shall not claim it as personal.

By F. L. Griggs

The Ford

Every now and then you meet a person in whom the England of the heart is so constant that they may be said to live in it. Such persons are usually indifferent to their actual surroundings. They can live in a slum—or what is worse—a new suburb without prejudice to their health or happiness, because their spiritual home is elsewhere. Indeed, you can test the reality of England in a man's heart by his regard for actual surroundings. If he is always girding against bricks and mortar you may be sure that the reality is weak; and, on the other hand, people in whom it is strong are not more than indulgently interested in such admirable institutions as garden cities and suburbs. They don't need them. Probably the most real Englishman, in that sense, that ever lived was William Blake. This little cockney printer had an England so firm and complete and consistent that he took it for granted in an allusive manner that can only be called exasperating to less fortunate people. I often think that George III's "Take them away!" on being shown some of Blake's drawings,

* These photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, The Twenty-One Gallery, York Buildings, Adelphi.

was prompted by despair at an England beyond his rule. So little did Blake depend upon the England about him that he was much happier in South Moulton Street than at Felpham in Sussex. It is no exaggeration to say that if we could establish the England that forms the mental background of Blake's writings and drawings, with the laws and policies that belong to it, we should have all the material we need for what is called "the work of reconstruction."

When the Englishman, in that sense, becomes articulate in language or line the results are not only absorbingly interesting in themselves but extremely valuable as propaganda. The England of the future will owe much more to certain writings of Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc than to Acts of Parliament. Nor is the value of these writings in the historical information, but in the sense of England that they convey. They are the still, small voice if anything connected with Mr. Chesterton could be described as small or still—of the Englishman in the cosmopolitan hubbub, with a prevailing Eastern accent, that fills the land. In the pictorial arts the sense of England is rarer, partly because painters as a class are tiresomely concerned about what they see with their bodily eyes; which is very seldom England in any sense that matters, any more than it is necessarily the subject matter of painting.

But every now and then you get an English artist who, like William Blake, draws from his heart. Such an artist is Mr. F. L. Griggs, some of whose etchings we are allowed to reproduce here. His connection with Blake is real rather than obvious. Blake had a friend called Samuel Palmer, who spent his life painting and etching, with more regard for weak imaginations, the England that he shared with Blake. Both of them were proud to claim how much of this England they owed to Milton; and I believe that Mr. Griggs would be equally proud to be called a successor to Samuel Palmer. The influence is not very marked in these particular etchings because the subjects are architectural; but to anybody who has had the privilege of seeing Mr. Griggs's work in pure landscape the sympathy with Palmer is obvious. Equally obvious is it that this architecture belongs to that landscape, and that both are not merely "bits" that survive, but related parts of a consistent whole that exists somewhere if only in the imagination of the artist.

By F. L. Griggs

The Quay

At a glance you would say that "The Ford," "The Pool" and "The Quay" must have been drawn from actual buildings, if not in the same arrangement. As a matter of fact, they are all "inventions," though based on a knowledge of architecture so intimate that it has become unconscious. Personally, I do not like the word "inventions," because it suggests something done out of the head, and these etchings come from a deeper source.

Much might be said about their pictorial and technical merits; their effective arrangement in light and shade, and their firmness and economy of workmanship; but I prefer, now, to dwell on their extraordinary reality and what it implies. For no man could conceive a city like this who had not in his heart some sure and definite conception of life. It is impossible even to look at these etchings without beginning to speculate about the life that went on in the city of which they show parts, and to form conclusions about its character. Wise government, bold policy, honest trade, sound craftsmanship, and a dignified domesticity are all implied in the look of the buildings. Insensibly, too, the imagination passes beyond the city walls and explores the surrounding country; and, indeed, in other plates, in "Maur's Farm," "Stepping Stones," and "Priory Farm," Mr. Griggs has given us hints of pastoral and agricultural life as firm and flourishing as the civic life expressed in "The Quay." These etchings are memorials of an England that was once and might be again.

One remarkable thing about these etchings is the practical knowledge they suggest. With all their romantic feeling, as of the scene of great events, they are entirely free from Wardour Street picturesqueness and the atmosphere of decay. The buildings could be lived in. Looking at them one is persuaded that Mr. Griggs is as sound upon the plan as he is inventive in the elevation; that he could if necessary build the city that he has drawn. It would be a city like Durham or Toledo, on a rocky hill in the loop of a river; and, guided by the etchings, one confidently explores the parts of the city that are not shown. Its general topography is already familiar. And, in spite of the resemblance to Toledo in situation, nobody looking at "The Ford" or "The Pool," could mistake it for anything but an English city. Not only that, but there is even a local flavour, and I could name more than one village in Gloucestershire that might have suggested the street in "The Ford."

This combination of imagination, practical knowledge, a feeling for tradition, and a sense of locality, is extremely rare in artists—and even in architects. The impression given is that Mr. Griggs would be a useful man to consult in any scheme of restoration or reconstruction. He would build or restore not only practically and beautifully, but with a due sense of the continuity of history. Unless all the signs are misleading, we shall presently be feeling back in history for guidance even in our practical affairs. The return to the land is a fact accomplished, and unless we are to be content with labour camps, we must have houses. One effect of the return, particularly if, as is probable, we develop the co-operative system of agriculture, should be the revival of the country town.

Living in London we are apt to forget England and how much of it still survives in country towns in a form that could easily be brought up to modern requirements. On the whole, it is better to join hands with the past than to jump into the future. Life is, after all, an old business. The "audacity" recommended by Mr. Lloyd George is nothing more than a bold bid for reality; the reality of England that underlies the unreal world created by modern advertisement.

Architecture must come out of life, but it is equally true that architecture reflects upon life, and to live in a decent house is more than half way towards living decently. It is not only the pig that responds to a clean sty. Extend the house to the street and the architectural influence extends correspondingly from private to public life, and along broad highways and over firm bridges from town to country. Nor is there any need to extemporise an architecture, with all the risks of faddism and the German virtue of "deliberateness," for the purpose. As Mr. Griggs has shown in other plates, there are enough survivals, from the cathedral to the barn, to teach us the principles of good building in every department of life; that is to say, building in response to the practical needs and conditions and the ideals, aspirations and beliefs of the community. There is no need to copy the survivals; the better way is to study them and what they meant in life. To base our scheme of society on that of Gothic England would be silly, because the conditions are different; but from the survivals of Gothic England in architecture, and careful consideration of their meaning in life, most of us could learn something that would help us to organise our lives, private and public, upon a saner and firmer basis.

Thinking and feeling precede action, and the individual affects the mass; and as a prelude to reconstruction, it would not be a bad thing if, instead of girding against the present and trying to invent reforms out of nothing, each of us retired into his England of the heart and imagined the life that should proceed spontaneously from that. Visions are more practical and fruitful than theories, and in their vision, clearer, firmer and more consistent than most of us can form, of a better England the etchings of Mr. Griggs will prove a powerful aid to reality. Being works of art, and not arguments, they share with Hood's "I remember" the magical property of universal and particular application.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2888 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

Called and Raised

William: "Take it from me, Scheidemann, what America is doing does not trouble me"
Uncle Sam: "Wa—al! Then I will raise seventeen billion dollars and increase my first army by another million"

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917

CONTENTS

GERMAN "HONOUR"

THE disclosure of the disgraceful deceit of the German and Swedish Legations at Buenos Aires, for which we are indebted to the Government at Washington, is another link in that chain of dishonour and inhumanity from which Germany will never be disentangled until she not only rids herself of her present rulers, but changes her whole conduct of life. It will take more than a generation to accomplish this mental revolution, and we know there can be no hope of it ever happening unless peace is preceded by the total defeat and overthrow of those Teutonic powers which derive—or imagine they derive—their strength from the practice of these abominations.

Count Luxburg, the German Chargé d'Affaires to the Argentine Republic, was permitted by the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires to make use of a private cypher in order to communicate with the Foreign Office at Berlin, information regarding Argentine shipping that would be useful to the submarine campaign. This typical German diplomat suggests that certain Argentine steamers should be sunk at sea "without a trace being left." The reason for this cold-blooded murder is to avoid unfriendly relations with a friendly country, because in event of the crew being drowned to a man, it would be possible for the Count to deny the very crime he had planned. The Barbary pirate or the cut-throat buccaneer was a gentleman compared with this German diplomat. They slaughtered openly, and never troubled to conceal their iniquities. It was possible to deal with them, but how can we treat with men who are more callous and cruel than pirates, at the same time professing themselves to be civilised and humane.

It is an ominous fact that at the beginning of the war, that notorious and unscrupulous intriguer, von Kuhlmann, now Foreign Minister in Berlin, was the German Minister at Stockholm. He who glories in being a clever and deep student of national psychology must have congratulated himself on having read the Swedish character aright, so that by playing on the hereditary hatred of Russia, and the German tendencies of her Court, he was able to utilise Swedish Ministers abroad most advantageously in that intricate system of German espionage which there is every reason to believe is more active than ever, though possibly more cautious But Kuhlmann, through all his career, has only been rendering to his Imperial master the sincere flattery of imitation. The revelations of the private correspondence between that pair of lovebirds, Willy and Nicky, twittering to each other on their lofty perches, which the *New York Herald* has made, must give the death-blow to the last friends of Germany who would have us believe there exists a sense of honour or humanity in the Teuton breast. Hardly had he failed to form a European confederacy against Great Britain, and to destroy the British Entente with France, than we find the German Emperor writing in a London newspaper protesting that he had ever been our true and loyal friend and that he worked singly for peace. In private life such a man would be hounded out of decent circles; can there be a different rule for public life? If so it must be more severe, seeing the evil and misery which these men have it in their power to work.

There is overwhelming evidence that most of Russia's trials since the Revolution, have been caused by the same covert intrigue of which this Buenos Aires incident is but one illustration. This also was worked through Sweden, which became the recognised channel for German agents and German payments. The amount of Swedish coin that suddenly passed into Russian circulation was the first direct evidence the Provisional Government had of the activity of German propaganda. Until it be possible (if it ever be possible) to purge Petrograd of this malign influence, things cannot settle down satisfactorily. The city and district is now under martial law, and it remains to be seen with what firmness and thoroughness this law is administered. As Mr. Belloc points out, Russia is suffering to-day from lack of discipline, not only in her armies, but through all sections of the community, and until this is restored no reliability can be placed on the future of events.

As for Sweden's part in this discreditable episode, the question is still under discussion, but one fact is perfectly plain. The Allies will not tolerate a second Greece in Scandinavia. We are well aware that there is a considerable body of public opinion in Sweden that is entirely on the side of the Allies, but it will have to make its influence felt without delay. The Government of Sweden has to disavow the action of its representatives abroad in the most unequivocal manner. The excuses it puts forward are mere feeble prevarication and do not touch the point at issue. It can hardly suppose they will be accepted as an apology or an expression of regret. The patience of the Allies is exhausted; there can be no more temporising with unfriendly Neutrals, who do not show any compunction in stabbing us in the back, provided they feel fairly certain of escaping punishment. Courts like those of Athens and Stockholm are rendering, if they only knew it, the worst disservice possible to the monarchical idea. By lending themselves to the dirty work of a discredited Autocracy they display a contempt for constitutional Government, which is the first protection and safeguard of their dynasty. The Queen of Sweden, it may be said to her credit, has from the first openly placed herself on the side of Germany, but her sympathies should be entirely personal, otherwise they must involve her adopted country in disaster.

The tortuous ways of German diplomacy which have been revealed during recent weeks, makes it difficult to comprehend how any civilised nation, great or small, will be able to enter into amicable relationship with that country in the future. The keystone of civilisation is truth and honour; remove it and the structure inevitably becomes a ruin sooner or later. President Wilson realises this; the *Times* Washington correspondent mentions that "in public affairs he has shown a willingness to bear with patience, even to forgive, everything but deceit." But deceit may be said to be the first and last virtue of Germans in all their dealings with neighbouring nations. Beyond necessity it is the only quality they seem to understand. And they laugh in their hearts at the old standard of conduct best summarised in that verse of the minor prophet Micah: "What does the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." Germany regards this spirit as slave morality, though she is slowly learning that such ideals are not incompatible with greater strength and longer endurance that she possesses. This German "honour" is one of the most horrible things the world has ever had to encounter; it is not merely evil in itself, but it is as it were a pernicious poison that spreads evil around it. Not until it is wiped off the face of the earth can free peoples breathe freely. It has taken time for Western civilisation to comprehend its reality and to understand its full growth and size, but now at last this is accomplished. And for this we owe no small thanks to President Wilson, who is devoting his energies first to revealing, then to destroying it, knowing there cannot be enduring peace while it lasts.

The Line of Pskov

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE is a danger lest, in the present eclipse of Russian military power, the general military problem still presented by the war should be misunderstood. There is danger lest the nature of the Russian weakness itself should also be misunderstood ; and it is important before winter comes on us, with its probable tedium and delay in operations, that opinion should not falsely interpret the fundamentals of the task upon which civilised Europe is engaged.

The war is as much as ever a siege.

It is a siege upon one sector of which the besiegers have yielded more and more against the pressure exercised upon them by the besieged. Upon this sector the besiegers have suffered a disintegration of their forces. *Were the siege one in which the besieged could hope for external succour or were they still in full force this failure would be disastrous to the whole Allied cause.* As things are, however, the political collapse upon the Eastern front has not, and cannot have castastrophic consequences, and that for the two reasons indicated. First that there is no relieving force to appear upon that sector ; secondly that the forces of the besieged are insufficient to take full advantage of their belated political success upon this side.

A parallel from the common type of siege—which is that of a single stronghold—will make my meaning clear. Take an army contained within works of fortification such as those of Paris or Metz in 1870. If one sector of the surrounding force is ill-defended, so that the besiegers there are pressed back and back by successive sorties, the strategic advantage, as distinguished from the advantage in supply to be obtained by the besieged from such a success, will be one or both of two things. They will perhaps at last annihilate the military force of their opponents upon that side, and so be able to bringe their full force to bear against the remaining besiegers upon the other side, and with that full force perhaps defeat *them* in turn ; secondly they may hope upon this side, when they have begun to be successful, for the reception of a relieving force, such as was the army of the Loire in 1870, which will reinforce them and decide the issue.

We must be careful to note that neither of those conditions is present in the case of the enemy's Eastern front against the Russians.

No Separate Peace

There is no immediate prospect, apparently, of the enemy's putting the Russian armies out of action and of thus freeing his forces upon this side for work against the West. Whether such result will at last be obtained depends upon political factors in the Russian State of which we know very little ; but at any rate, the existing organs of government (such as they are) do not propose even to approach a separate peace. Were a section to try for peace there would be nothing still in any such arrangement ; while the destruction of the Russian army and the consequent *necessity* of Russia accepting peace is not a possible contingency. It may grow weaker, it may continue to yield ground, it may continuously suffer in *mpral* and in munitionment ; but the spaces are too great, the opportunities for retirement too vast, and the ultimate reserves of human material, however shaken, are too considerable for a decisive and final defeat to be inflicted on Russia in the present condition of the enemy's armies.

The second definitive advantage which a situation of this kind gives the besieged is also lacking, for even with the siege actually raised, on this front there is no prospect of relief.

Of relieving forces giving accession of total combined force to the besieged—which a breach in the besieging line permits —there are none.

In general terms, the retirement of the Russian armies before what is now an enemy superior in every military character—numbers, cohesion, material—does not modify the siege condition as a whole, and cannot modify it until, or if there be, complete and secure cessation of hostilities upon this side.

In general terms, again, the most significant effect of the Russian breakdown is the diminution of his wastage which it affords the enemy.

That is the really serious thing. The Allies have by now actually killed (if we count deaths from disease, etc.), four million of their opponents—and half of these are Germans. But the rate of loss both in the Austrian and in the German armies, in spite of the regularly increasing severity of the Italian, French and British artillery fire, has gone down steadily since Russia first began to give way eight or nine months ago. The diminution has been especially noticeable since the revolution of last March.

Now let us consider the other aspect of the situation already alluded to. Even such opportunities as the Eastern situation gives the enemy cannot be fully taken advantage of by him because of his failing strength. The phrase "failing strength" may be used loosely or conversationally to describe a condition approaching collapse. It is used thus, for instance, in the case of illness. It would, of course, be ridiculous to use it thus in the present matter, nor do I so use it. I use it in its strictest meaning. The strength of the Central Empires is declining and has been declining not only positively (that is true of all the belligerents) but relatively to his Western opponent for many months. They have already been compelled to put into the field lads of younger by a full year *and more* than those at present in the English, French or Italian armies; and they have been compelled to put them in earlier than they intended ; while their power of production, which is simply a function of man power like any other, has also declined *relatively* to that of Great Britain and her Allies.

Lost Opportunities

We have had most striking examples of the way in which the Central Empires lack the numbers requisite to make full use of their opportunities upon the east It will be remembered how, two months ago, with the shameful collapse of the Russian 7th army covering Tarnopol, the Germans and Austrians, together with a couple of Turkish divisions found themselves not only upon the flank of, but actually within striking distance of, the communications of the Russian 7th army. Yet they were unable to take advantage of so extraordinarily favourable a situation. I printed a sketch map in these columns at the time, in which one saw the enemy advance like a great curling wedge, not merely breaking the general Russian line, but getting right round behind the southern end of it. In spite of this Korniloff got his large forces away securely without disaster. I think it is true to say that there is no example in military history of a situation so advantageous bearing no fruit. We shall see the same phenomenon present wherever the Central Empires advance upon the East. They can advance pretty well where they please. They have but to choose the sector upon which they will strike, and they will there find themselves wholly superior in gun-power and in formation which is the root of everything ; but nowhere will they have the strength to attain a decision.

Now, why is this ? The answer to such a question leads me to the third consideration suggested by the present position of the war. The reason the enemy cannot now develop a sufficient power to obtain a decision on the East, and therefore to concentrate next wholly against the West, is that the task set him upon the West is out of all comparison with anything that is going on in the marches of Russia.

It is this—the overwhelming preponderance of the West—which must be steadily borne in mind, and which most thoroughly rectifies our judgment of the whole situation. Austria is compelled to put more than half—much more than half—her remaining forces against the admirably led and organised Italian army ; now at last fully provided with heavy artillery and with munitionment. Not only has she to put more than half her available resources there but, as we have seen very clearly in the last few days, even that proportion is hardly sufficient to maintain her purely defensive and desperate struggle. She is in process of suffering defeat. The German Empire has *more than two-thirds* of its whole active force drawn into the defence of the line in France and Belgium ; and even so it suffers repeatedly and continuously upon that line from the continued superiority of its opponents.

Even put thus the thing is striking enough. It is striking enough to remember that the whole weight of the Central Empires in mere numbers is on the West, where they are holding desperately and with difficulty ; but when we consider other factors than the mere numbers the thing is more striking still. What the disproportion is in enemy guns between East and West it is difficult to say, but it is a disproportion of something like three to one at the least ; probably far more. The disproportion in aerial machines—one of the great tests today of superiority—is startling. It is something like ten to one ; for not much more than ten machines that you would find upon the Eastern front the enemy must use over a hundred

upon the West; and when we add to this the disproportion in the amount of enemy shell delivered on the West and East respectively we have again an unknown ratio, but one which is certainly higher than five to one.

A general summary of the situation is, then, that though the Central Powers have proved their superiority upon the East, they have at the same time proved their inferiority against the older and better civilisation of the West and South of Europe, from which they themselves drew still their culture.

The war in its maturity has discovered what was perhaps to be expected from the very nature of Europe. That European civilisation which has ever spread eastward and northward from the Mediterranean has vindicated itself; and where the tradition of that civilisation has been most constant, there in the long run has military power proved greatest. It is a general conception which is clouded by a mass of detail, and which at first was obscured by the fact that the aggressor was prepared while his intended victims were not prepared. But the long process of the war now enables us to eliminate the first paradox whereby the Germans and their dependents seemed at first the military superiors of those who had for ages been their masters. The same long process of the war enables us to distinguish between the general cause and its detailed effects. Those effects we may call superior munitionment, colonial resources, sea power, better communications, etc., etc., but they all of them spring ultimately from the fact that that which was originally the civilisation of Europe will breed, even when it is surprised, better engineers, better gunners, better chemists, better colonists and a stricter political discipline than the cruder, more barbaric, thing which has attacked it.

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So very general and historical a thesis may sound fantastic and is certainly inapplicable to the daily story of the war. What *is* applicable to the daily story of the war and to the immediately practical need of public opinion in this country at the present state of affairs is, to keep in mind that largest immediate effect of the general truth—the fact that the fate of the enemy and of ourselves will never be decided in the marshes and forests of the east, but must be decided somewhere between the Adriatic and the North Sea.

The reader hears of this and that town occupied by the advancing enemy in the East. Yesterday Czernovitz, to-day Riga; but it is alway upon the East that he hears of these things, and he tends to forget that the apparent immobility in the West means the retention of the great mass of the enemy forces upon one difficult, rapidly wearing and ultimately hopeless defensive. In spite of the fact that he has the great majority of his men drawn in westward to stay the British, French and Italian tide, and of his material an overwhelming proportion, he yet suffers on the West repeated and continuous local defeat. The enemy is, everywhere upon the West, a bar against which the Allied Powers are acting as a hammer. None of their blows has as yet proved decisive, but the effect of those blows is cumulative, and they are always delivered at the time and place decided upon, not by the receiver, but by the giver.

It is now nearly a year and a quarter since the enemy's last power of offensive upon the West died away. He will not recover it. He stands there awaiting fate, and nothing can deliver him from that fate but some political weakness on our side, of which, happily, there is as yet no sign.

We all know by this time what such a political weakness would mean. We are all armed in spirit against it. To lose the opportunity for final victory, from fatigue or from a misapprehension of the true situation, would mean that the power, the desire and the practice to make war as Prussia has chosen to make war would remain intact. It would mean uninterrupted armament, peaceful civilisation completely at the mercy of any sudden aggression, and the acceptation of those novel methods by poison, by the bombardment of helpless civilian towns from the air, by promiscuous murder at sea, which menace all human security—and in particular the foundations of this country. With Prussia defeated those precedents will not be established. With Prussia undefeated and negotiating for peace, those precedents become the law of future war. They would be mortal in particular to England.

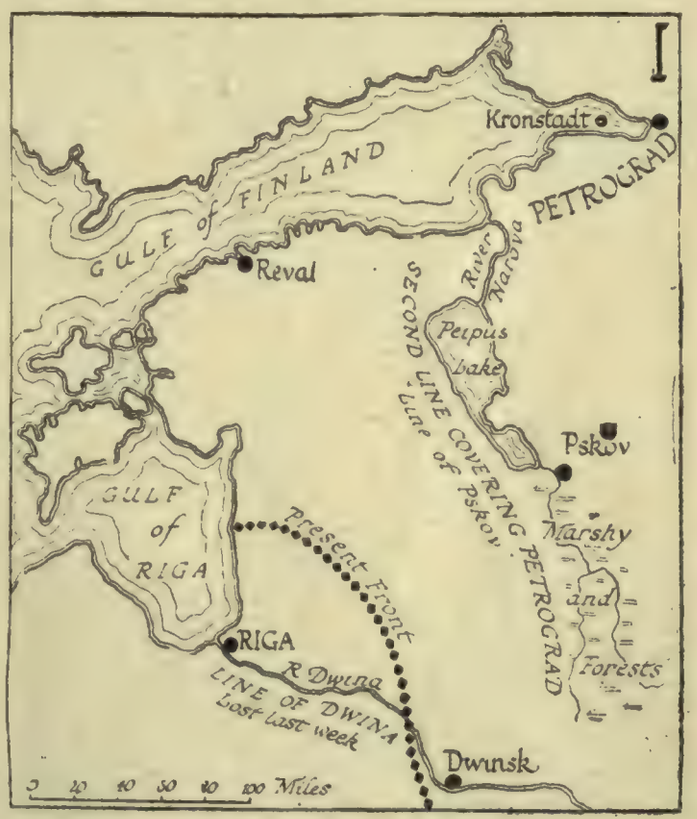
OCCUPATION OF RIGA

In discussing any military problem upon the Eastern front at the present moment we are working without one, and that the most essential, of military factors. We do not know the value in cohesion of the Russian armies. We know that that value has lowered, but we do not know in what degree it has lowered. An army is properly defined as a body of men organised for military action. In that word "organised" lies the essential character of an army, by which alone its mere numerical strength, its munitionment, its power in weapons is informed. Losing organisation altogether an army is no longer an army, though it still has the weapons, the munitionment and even the numbers that it had before; a great defeat—or "decision"—means nothing more than the destruction of organisation. The mob of men who fled at sunset from Waterloo, for instance, were numerically not much inferior to the strong force which had just before attacked, hour after hour during the whole summer afternoon, the defensive line of Wellington. They still had muskets, cannon, powder, and shot, mounts and sabres—but they were no longer an army, because their cohesion had wholly disappeared.

In the case of a defensive line this essential factor of cohesion or organisation has another aspect, which is that disaster does not depend upon a *general* dissipation of cohesion, but will follow even upon a *local* one.

Let there be a portion only of the line which is unreliable, and the whole line goes.

It is notorious that in the present condition of the Russian forces, sectors of this kind exist. Further, the enemy is accurately informed with regard to the comparative discipline of the various sectors in front of him, and can choose the most demoralised for his point of attack. On the top of that, we have the facts that this modern war of trenches depends, more than ever did warfare before—though it has always so depended—upon supplies and organisation behind the fighting line, and that the bodies behind the fighting line are, in the case of the Russian armies, in a worse case than the front itself.



I say, it is useless to debate strictly military problems, to compare the defensive capabilities of various lines, to judge the movement of forces upon the East, in such a state of affairs. For discussion of this sort, the discussion of such problems as arise on the geographical side of military history, presupposes an army fully organised. When the army is not fully organised, when it is in process of alternative disintegration and rally, the problems are insoluble. It is as though one were discussing a problem in chess when one of the players was subject to fits. You cannot say white is in such and such a position, and has such and such an advantage over black, because you cannot tell when or how long, between the next move and the end of the game, white will be in the possession of his senses.

We have, however, in spite of this vitally important unknown, certain known things to go upon. Riga, or rather the line of the Dwina, lies apparently upon the map as the main defence covering of the modern capital, Petrograd; but the reader will remark between the Gulf of Riga and the Dwina line, with the capital three hundred miles behind, the long belt of lake (Lake Peipus), completed by the river, which is called Narova, towards the sea and a marshy belt inland. This is the so-called "Pskov line." It is clear that a mere advance by land would here encounter very heavy difficulties, if any sort of opposition can be arranged. The season is late; in some six weeks the district of forest

and marsh—apart from the lake—becomes exceedingly difficult of passage. For a distance greater than the old Dwina line, a broad river, a large and long lake, and then a tangle of forest, marsh and shallow lakes bar the access to what was long the modern capital of Russia—is the chief centre of anarchist and pacifist effort to-day.

If we had only to consider an advance by land, we might, I think, decide that a late autumn march upon Petrograd is impossible in the face of any measure of opposition, worth calling opposition, but this advance by land is not the only opportunity offered to the enemy. There is still the sea, still open for months; and of the present Russian capabilities of defence by the sea we know nothing.

If the Gulf of Finland cannot be defended, and if Kronstadt itself is now a sham, then Petrograd would certainly be at the mercy of the enemy, even with his restricted forces, and even though the great water-line of the Pskov or Peipus Lake, continued by the Narova river, stand firm.

More than that cannot be said. It has been suggested in the Press that the loss of the Dwina line was due, not to any bad breakdown in the moral of the defence, but to "the enemy's superiority in artillery." The phrase is meaningless. The Russians have been supplied with artillery superior to that which they possessed at the moment when, two years ago, they checked the advance of the enemy upon the line of the Dwina. A great mass of new and heavy guns has been further supplied, with a corresponding mass of munitionment, and if gun-power were lacking at the critical point, it could only have been due to a political breakdown behind the lines. In other words, the loss of the Dwina line and of Riga is due to exactly the same political weakness as caused the loss of the lines in Galicia and the German-Austrian advance to Tarnopol and to Czernovitz, nor can the situation be restored in any other fashion than by a political restoration of discipline. Until such a restoration is effected the defeat of the Allies upon this front will continue uninterrupted, and limited only by the enemy's now regularly diminishing numerical power to take advantage of his opportunities.

The Italian Front

The Italian front of the Isonzo continues to be the chief point of interest in the West.

Upon the southern end of that line the enemy has made good. The great massive of the Hermada has held, as it held last May. It is the critical piece of the defensive covering Trieste. It has neither been carried nor turned. At the moment of writing it is not threatened any more than it was since the beginning of the new Italian defensive.

But on the north things are otherwise. The Northern front was really broken when our Allies carried the line of

heights north of the Kuk summit, and the symbol of that considerable event was the turning of the Monte Santo by the Italian armies, producing for a moment a war of movement upon the Bainsizza plateau and the occupation of the summit of the Monte Santo. There still remains in this region one capital point in the hands of the enemy, the mountain of Saint Gabriel, which is as it were the twin of the Monte Santo, standing to the south of it, beyond a "col," and overlooking all the Italian positions south and west. If the Saint Gabriel goes, the Saint Daniel hill next to it will go too, and the whole line of the heights will be lost to Austria-Hungary.

The accounts are confused, but it would seem that the summit of the Saint Gabriel mountain was reached by the Italians early on Friday of last week, the 7th, and lost again the same day to a strong counter-attack. It is not, so far as the despatches reaching us in London by Monday go, yet securely in Italian hands; but our Allies are working round it by the north, and the interest of the situation lies in the answer to the question whether the Italians can so far penetrate down the Chiapovano valley as to turn the position of the Saint Gabriel height. We have no indications of the precise distance to which our Allies have penetrated down this ravine, but we can say, roughly, that the Saint Gabriel hill is now in something of the position that the Monte Santo was at the end of the May offensive. It is not surrounded by any means. There is not even a half-circle drawn by the offensive round it from the west. It is threatened, and that is all. On the other hand, the Italians are not held here by a solid line, as they were after they captured the Vodice four months ago. They are still exercising strong pressure and they are still compelling movement, and the chance of the occupation of the Saint Gabriel summit is considerably greater than was the chance of the occupation of the Monte Santo in the early summer.

There is, of course, in all this an element which we cannot weigh because we have not the facts yet before us, and that is the element of the enemy's moral at this point, to which one might add the element of his mere numbers. He was badly defeated on the line of heights above the Isonzo a fortnight ago. He has lost, altogether, over thirty thousand prisoners; the pressure against him continues; the weight of artillery is now, at last, heavily in favour of the Italians, and their air work is altogether superior to that of their opponents. But whether the blow will be fully driven home or not still depends upon what the enemy can put in line against them upon this Julian front, and of that we do not know nearly enough to speak.

H. BELLOC

A second edition of *Blessed are the Dead*, an anthology compiled by Mr. A. E. Manning Foster to bring comfort to mourners, is now issued by Messrs. Cope and Fenwick (3s. net). The idea is an admirable one, and although the selection, like all such selections, is very open to criticism, on the whole the compiler has done well. In so far as words can bring relief in the black hours of bereavement, these written thoughts by men and women of all ages and kindreds will succeed.

There is much amusement in *The Pacifists* at the St. James's Theatre, the farce which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written in the form of a parable. The local butcher is the Hun who by force would conquer Market Pewbury, including Susannah Peebody, the virtuous wife of Mr. Pacifist Peebody. It came as a shock to find Miss Ellis Jeffreys as cockney lower-middle class uncertain of her aitches and not altogether sure whether she prefers being insulted by muscle and strength or defended by weakness and argument. But it is an amusing evening's entertainment, though the parable scarcely gets across the footlights.

The Whitehead Aircraft Aerodrome, near Richmond, but in the midst of country scenery, is one of the great centres of war activity; from small beginnings the output has increased until, at the present time, Whitehead Aircraft has a huge list of machines to its credit, and every week sees that list increased. Its aerodrome is one of the largest in the country, and yet its capacities are fully taxed in the testing of new "Whitehead" machines, while the factory from which these machines emerge is also one of the largest yet devised for the work. Mr Whitehead's establishment is, in every respect, an ideal factory its welfare schemes have been enthusiastically worked out.

A Journal from a Legation

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

This is the story of the triumphal procession of the German Army through Brussels in August, 1914, of which Mr. Gibson was a spectator.

BRUSSELS, *August 20th*, 1914.—To-day has been one full of experience and the end is not yet. There was a great stir in the streets and crowds of people and weary looking soldiers. At the Palace Hotel I found the usual collection of diplomats and some other people whom I knew, and from the crowd I elicited the fact that there had been some sort of a rout of Belgian forces near Louvain and the soldiers were falling back. That was about all they knew. I started back to the upper town in the hope of finding some news at the Porte de Namur. On the way up the hill I was stopped by half a dozen groups of Gardes Civiques and soldiers who asked me to take them to Ghent. They were so excited and in such a hurry that they could hardly be made to realise that the car was not liable to seizure. I took advantage of the opportunity to get a little first hand news and learned that they had been driven back all along the line and were ordered to retreat to Ghent by any means they could find. There were no trains available—nobody seemed to know why. The last group that I talked with said that the vanguard of the German cavalry was only about fifteen miles out of town and would be in this morning. They were all tremenduously excited, and did not dally by the wayside to chat about the situation with me. I can't say that I blame them, particularly in view of what I have seen since.

At the Porte de Namur I found that the Garde Civique in Brussels had been ordered to disband and that the plan for the defence of the city had been completely abandoned. It was the wise thing to do, for there was no hope of defending the town with the small force of Gardes at the disposal of the military governor. It would have been quite futile and would have entailed a big loss of innocent civilian lives. The governor wanted to do it purely as a matter of honour, but he would have paid for it heavily and could not have accomplished anything beyond delaying the Germans for an hour or two. The Gardes Civique were furious, however, at the idea of not being able to make a stand. There was a demonstration, but the cooler heads prevailed and the men withdrew to their homes

The Triumphal March

I was out by seven this morning and looked about for news before coming to the Legation. I found that the Germans were steadily advancing and that the vanguard was about seven kilometres out of the city. They expected to begin the triumphal march about eleven. The Garde Civique had disappeared from the streets and there were very few police to be found. The shops were closed, shutters down on all houses, and posters everywhere with the proclamation of the Burgomaster urging the people to refrain from hostile acts. It was an abandoned and discouraged looking city. On the boulevards there were long lines of high carts bringing in the peasants from the surrounding country. They are great high-wheeled affairs, each drawn by a big Belgian draught horse. Each cart was piled high with such belongings as could be brought away in the rush. On top of the belongings were piled children and the old women, all of whom had contrived to save their umbrellas and their gleaming jet black bonnets piled with finery. Those who could not find places in the carts walked alongside, some of them even carrying other things that could not be put on the carts. It was the most depressing sight so far. Lots of them were crying; all looked sad and broken. Every one of them was probably without enough money for a week's living. Even those who have money in the banks cannot get it out at this time. They have no place to go here and have a bad prospect even if this part of the campaign is finished quickly and they are soon able to return to their homes. Their crops are rotting in the ground and many of their homes are already in ruins That is the hard side of the war—lots harder than the men who go out and have at least a fighting chance for their lives.

When I got down to the Legation I found that the telegraph and telephone communication had been cut off. The train service is abandoned and we are completely isolated from the outside world. I did not think it would come so soon and only hoped that before we were cut off the news was allowed to get out that there would be no fighting in the city.

I had a lot of errands to do during the morning and kept both motors busy. I found time to get up signs on my door and that of M. de Leval, warning all comers that both places were inviolate. That was in anticipation of quartering of troops on private citizens—which has not been done.

We got word that Villalobar (the Spanish Minister), had some news, so I went over to see him. He had heard from the Burgomaster as to the plans for the entry of the troops and wanted to pass it along to us. The commanding general, von Jarotzky, was already at the edge of the city on the Boulevard Militaire and was expecting to start into town at one o'clock. He was to march down the Chaussee de Louvain, the Boulevards, and out the other side of the city, where his men were to be encamped for the present. Other forces, comparatively small, were to occupy the railway stations and the Grande Place. At the Hotel de Ville he was to establish the headquarters of the Staff and administer the city government through the regularly constituted authorities. It was all worked out to a nicety, even to the exact measures for policing the line of march.

As I was about to start to see the triumphal entry, the Spanish Minister came along with his flag flying from his motor and bade us go with him. We made off down the Boulevard and drew up at the Italian Legation—two motors full of us; the whole staff of the Spanish Legation and ourselves. The Italian Minister bade us in to watch the show—which we had intended he should do.

This did not work out well, so M. de Leval and I started off down the street together. The first of the Germans appeared as we stepped out the front door and we saw that they were not coming over the route that had been originally planned; instead they were heading down the hill into the lower town. They proved to be the troops that were to occupy the Grande Place and guard the headquarters of the staff at the Hotel de Ville. We cut across through side streets and came upon them as they were passing Ste. Gedule. There was a sullen and depressed crowd lining the streets, and not a sound was to be heard. It would have been better had the crowd been kept off the streets, but they behaved wonderfully well.

A large part of the reason for bringing the German troops through here was evidently to impress the populace with their force and discipline. It was a wonderful sight, and one which I never expect to see equalled as long as I live. They poured down the hill in a steady stream without a pause or a break; not an order was shouted nor a word exchanged among the officers and men. All the orders and signals were given by whistles. The silence was a large element of the impressiveness.

These troops had evidently been kept fresh for this march, and I should not be at all surprised if it should prove that they had not seen any fighting. If they have suffered any loss they have closed up their ranks with wonderful precision and show none of the signs of demoralisation. They had clearly been at great pains to brush up and give the appearance of freshness and strength. Nearly all the men were freshly shaven and their uniforms had been brushed and made as natty and presentable as possible. They swaggered along with a palpable effort to show that they were entirely at home and that they owned the place: The officers looked over the heads of the crowd in their best supercilious manner, and the men did their best to imitate their superiors.

First came a lot of Lancers—a couple of regiments, I should think; then there was a lot of artillery, rapid fire guns and field pieces. Then more cavalry and a full regiment of infantry. When the last contingent of cavalry came along they burst into song and kept it up steadily. There was a decidedly triumphant note, and the men looked meaningly at the crowd as much as to say: "Now do you realise what your little army went up against when it tried to block us?" It seemed to me pretty rough to rub it in on them by singing songs of triumph as they rode into an undefended city. If they had been attacked and had succeeded in driving the invader back into his own capital it would be understandable, but it seemed to me rather unnecessary to humiliate these people after trampling on their poor country and slaughtering half their army. It was more than De Leval could stand, so I walked home with him to the Legation.

When we got back to the Legation I decided that I ought to see all that I could, so Blount and I went back in his car. First we worked our way through to the lower town and got a look at the Grande Place. There was a little more than two full battalions resting there with their field pieces parked at the lower end of the square. Small squads were being walked around doing the goose step for the delectation of the *bons Bruxellois*, who were kept a block away up the side streets leading to the square. The men had their arms stacked

in the centre of the square and were resting hard—all but those who were supplying the spectacle.

From there we went down to Luna Park, an amusement place on the edge of the city. The stream was pouring by there just as steadily as it had earlier in the afternoon. We watched the passing of great quantities of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, hussars, lancers, cyclists, ambulance attendants, forage men, and goodness only knows what else.

I have never seen so much system and such equipment. The machine is certainly wonderful, and no matter what is the final issue of the war nobody can deny that so far as that part of the preparation went the Germans were hard to beat. The most insignificant details were prepared for, and all eventualities met with promptness. The horses were shod for a campaign in the country, and naturally there was a lot of slipping on the smooth cobble pavements. The instant a horse went down there was a man ready with a coarse cloth to put under his head and another to go under his fore feet so that he would have some grip when he tried to get up and would not hurt himself slipping and pawing at the cobbles. Each time a horse went down all hands rushed to the rescue so effectively that he was on his feet again in no time, and the procession was barely arrested. The men's kits were wonderfully complete and contained all sorts of things that I had never seen or heard of, so I turned for explanation to Davis (the late Richard Harding Davis), who had come along to where we were watching. He was lost in admiration for the equipment and discipline and could hardly find words adequately to express himself. He said he had been through pretty much every campaign for the last twenty years and thought he knew the last word in all sorts of equipment, but that this had him staggered. I asked him what a lot of things were for and he frankly admitted that he was as much in the dark as I was.

Wonderful Equipment

A great many of the officers wore upon their chests great electric searchlights attached to batteries in their saddle bags. These are useful when on the march at night and serve to read sign-posts and study maps, etc.

The supply trains were right with the main body of the troops, and were also carefully gotten up for purposes of display. The kitchens were on wheels and each was drawn by four horses. The stoves were lighted and smoke was pouring from the chimneys. The horses were in fine shape and in huge numbers.

After watching them for a while we moved back up to the Boulevard, where we found the Minister with the ladies of the family who had been brought out to watch the passing show. We had feared to bring them out at the beginning lest there might be riots or even worse precipitated by the foolhardy action of some individual; fortunately, there was nothing of the sort, and while the reception given the troops was deadly sullen they were offered no affronts that we could see. The entry was effected quietly, and perfect order has prevailed ever since.

From there we drove out to the country, and watched the steady stream nearer its source, still pouring in, company after company, regiment after regiment, with apparently no end in sight. We watched until after seven and decided that the rest would have to get in without our assistance. On the way back a German monoplane flew over the city and, turning near the Hotel de Ville, dropped something that spit fire and sparks. Everybody in the neighbourhood let out a yell and rushed for cover in the firm belief that it was another bomb such as was dropped in Namur. It dropped, spitting fire until fairly near the spire of the Hotel de Ville, when it burst into ten or a dozen lights like a Roman Candle—evidently a signal to the troops still outside the city—perhaps to tell them that the occupation had been peacefully accomplished.

When I got back to the Legation I found that the Minister after waiting for me, had gone with Villalobar to call on the Burgomaster and the German General. They found the old gentleman in command at the city hall, carrying on the government through the Burgomaster, who has settled down with resignation to his task. He is tremendously down in the mouth at having to give up his beautiful Grande Place to a foreign conqueror, but he has the good sense to see that he can do more good for his country by staying there and trying to maintain order than by getting out with a *beau geste*.

The first thing the General did was to excuse himself and go to take a bath and get a shave, whereupon he reappeared and announced his readiness to proceed to the discussion of business. The two Ministers got him to agree to permit them to send out telegrams to their governments either clear or in cipher, and attended to one or two other things.

The General said that he had no intention of occupying the town permanently or of quartering soldiers or otherwise bothering the inhabitants. He was sent there to keep open a way so that troops could be poured through toward the French frontier. They expect to be several days marching troops through, and during that time they will remain in nominal control of the city. Judging from this there must be a huge army of them coming. We shall perhaps see some of them after the big engagement which is bound to take place as soon as they get nearer the French frontier.

Brussels has not been occupied by a foreign army since Napoleon's time, and that was before it was the capital of a real country. It has been forty-four years since the capital of a European Power has had hostile troops marching in triumph through its streets, and the humiliation has been terrible. The Belgians have always had a tremendous city patriotism, and have taken more pride in their municipal achievements than any people on earth, and it must hurt them more than it could possibly hurt any other people. The Burgomaster when he went out to meet General von Jarotzky, declined to take his hand. He courteously explained that there was no personal affront intended, but that under the circumstances he could hardly bring himself to offer even such a purely perfunctory manifestation of friendship. The old General, who must be a good deal of a man, quietly replied that he entirely understood and that under similar circumstances he would probably do the same. The two men are on exceedingly workable terms, but I don't believe they will exchange photographs after the war is over. Poor Max was going to spend the night at the Hotel de Ville. Most of his assistants cleared out for the night, but he could not bring himself to leave the beautiful old building entirely in control of the enemy. He curled up and slept on the couch in his office just for the feeling it gave him that he was maintaining some sort of hold on the old place.

The Minister arranged to have his telegrams accepted and transmitted without loss of time. We wrote out our message and sent it off right after dinner, but Gustave brought it back, saying that the telegraph office was closed and that he could find no one to whom he could hand his bundle of messages. Evidently the orders for the reopening of the place did not get around in time for our purposes. We shall try again the first thing in the morning and hope that some of the newspaper men will have succeeded in getting their stuff out in some other way. They were around in force just after dinner and wild to get an O.K. on their stuff so that it could be sent. The General has said that he wanted the Minister's O.K. on the men themselves, and that he himself would approve their messages after having them carefully read to him. He gave them an interview on alleged German atrocities and will probably let them send through their stories if they play that up properly.

After dinner I started out on my usual expedition in search of news. I found the Foreign Office closed and learned upon inquiry that the few remaining men who had not gone to Antwerp were at home and would not be around again for the present; thus we have no dealings through the Foreign Office but must do the best we can with the military authorities. I went down to the Palace Hotel on the chance of picking up a little news, but did not have much luck. The restaurant was half filled with German officers who were dining with great gusto. The Belgians in the café were gathered just as far away as possible, and it was noticeable that instead of the usual row of conversation there was a heavy silence brooding over the whole place.

August 21, 1914.—So far as we can learn we are still as compeletely cut off from the outside world as we were yesterday. The General promised the Minister that there would be no difficulty in sending his telegrams either clear or in cipher, but when we came to sending them off it was quite another story.

The first thing this morning I made an attempt to hand them in but found all the telegraph offices closed. At ten o'clock I went down to the Hotel de Ville to see the General, who has taken over the duties of Military Governor, and see what was the matter. He was away somewhere and so was the Burgomaster, so I contented myself with seeing one of the Echevins whom I had met a number of times. He could not do anything about it on his own responsibility, but made a careful memorandum and said that he would take it up with the General through the Mayor when they both got back. I also asked for *laisser-passers* for everybody in the shop, and he promised to attend to that. By lunch time we had received no answer from General von Jarotzky, so I got in the motor with my pocket full of telegrams and went down to the Hotel de Ville once more. It is a depressing sight. The Grande Place, which is usually filled with flower vendors and a mass of people coming and going, was almost empty. At the lower end there are parked a number of small guns. In the centre some camp kitchens with smoke rising from the chimneys.

(*To be continued*)

Italy and Southern Albania

By Lewis R. Freeman

On Italy's New Road

BETWEEN the delays incident to the torpedoing of a connecting steamer off Corfu, a wait in the Gulf of Corinth during the several days necessary to establish the fact that some refuse dumped by a neutral boat—contrary to the new rules of navigation of the Corinth Canal—had not contained cans of high explosive, an unexplained break in the service of the Greek railways, and a week's hold-up in a pastoral village on the slopes of Mount Olympus, because my promised permit to pass the Neutral Zone in Thessaly had failed to arrive from General Sarrail's Headquarters, my journey from Italy to Salonika had taken the best part of a month, which was a good deal more time than I felt able to dispose for the return. The almost equally uncertain sea route by Malta and Sicily appeared the only alternative until an American missionary in Salonika, who had been in Koritsa before the war, and knew the region well, suggested that it might be worth trying to get back by Albania and the Adriatic.

"There has been a sort of a cart road through from Northern Macedonia to Koritza, Ersek, Agyrocastro and Santa Quaranta for a number of years. The last time I was over it we were three weeks from Monastir to Vallona, the last third of the journey—from Teppelina to the coast—being made with a pack train; but I understand that the Italians have been working for some time on a motor road that will enable them to establish through motor lorry service between the modern port they have created at Santa Quaranta and their military bases in Macedonia. It will be well worth your while enquiring into, for the region is not only one of the most beautiful and interesting in all the Balkans, but also one of the least known.

"The political status of the region through which the road runs is one of the most peculiarly complicated in the Balkans. It was delimited as a portion of Albania in the treaty concluded at the end of the last Balkan wars, but the Greeks have never ceased to regard it as a part of Northern Epirus. Undoubtedly Greek ambitions to-day (if one can speak seriously of the ambitions of a country so generally discredited—in consequence of the policy of its Germanophile king—as Greece is at the present moment), extend to the possession of all the territory south of a line from the mouth of the Voyusa to some distance north of Koritsa. On the other hand, this region certainly falls within the boundaries which the *extremists* among the Yugo-Slavs mark for their own, though I am satisfied that the Serbian moderates will, and should, be satisfied with the generous stretch of the littoral to the north which all of the Allied Powers seem agreed must fall to their share to give their country adequate outlet to the sea.

"Again, we have the Albanian Nationalists who hope to keep the region as an integral part of the Albanian nation they count on founding after the war, and the Austrians and Bulgars who would, jointly and severally, seize anything they could lay hands on in the Balkans. The reasons given for the French patronage of the so-called Albanian republic founded at Koritsa are variously stated as the outgrowth, on the one hand, of a desire to further the aspirations of the Albanian Nationalists, and, on the other, of a wish to leave the way open for Serbian expansion in this direction. I am not clear on this point myself, though I am sure France is not impelled by any desire to secure territory for herself.

"Finally—and most important of all—we have the *fait accompli* of the Italian occupation of this part of Southern Albania, apparently under an implied if not expressed understanding with her Allies that she is to remain there more or less indefinitely. Just what Italy's actual status here is would be very difficult to say, and in my own mind there is some doubt as to whether or not it is clearly defined among the Allies. I find myself more and more inclining to the opinion that her remaining there—assuming a victorious decision in the war—will depend largely upon how she gets on with the Albanians themselves. Neither the Turks nor the Greeks have ever had any success in governing the Albanian (there were a number of him in Janina and that part of Epirus which Greece wrested from Turkey in 1912 and 1913), which is not in the least surprising considering that he constitutes one of the proudest and most independent races in Europe, and that it is a shame to utter the word 'justice' in the same breath with either 'Turk' or 'Greek.' If Italy will rule mildly but firmly, and above all fairly, she may succeed where these others have failed, and I feel sure that her remaining or not remaining indefinitely in Albania will hinge upon her success or failure in getting on with the Albanian. That, it seems to me, would be the most valuable thing for you to endeavour to get a line upon in case you are allowed to travel across or about Southern Albania. Try to see how the Italian is getting on with the Albanian."

* * * * *

The first definite reports I myself had regarding the condition of the new trans-Albanian road were rather discouraging. A French officer told me he had been nine days on the road, and had finally come into Florina in a motor lorry, which was the fourth conveyance he had employed on the journey. A British correspondent and an American Red Cross doctor had fared somewhat better, having made the journey from Santa Quaranta to Florina in seven and eight days respectively, and having only employed three cars each for the journey. All three, however, were agreed that the progress already made on the road was, considering the shortage of labour and material and the tremendous engineering difficulties, a stupendous achievement, and that it would effect an incalculable saving in time and risk in certain classes of transport—when completed. When this would be, none of them would hazard a guess.

Ancient Road-Making

When I was ready to leave Macedonia, however, and applied at Italian Headquarters for permission to go by Albania, the report was more encouraging. The road was by no means completed, they told me, but the permanent grades were now established throughout, and good headway was being made with the metalling and bridging. Much work that the Romans had done two thousand years ago had been taken advantage of, this being especially the case with several important bridges over deep chasms where detours would have been impossible and where the throwing across of modern bridges would have delayed the passage of traffic many months. There were places where it was necessary to run very slowly over newly-laid metalling or where the broadening of curves or grades was still going on; but in spite of all delays they were managing to get their mail lorries through Santa Quaranta in from two to four days right along, and with a fast car and good luck even better than that minimum might be made.

The journey of half way across Macedonia and all the way across Albania—all of the time in the mountains and at several points surmounting ranges over a mile high—in two days, or perhaps less than two days, sounded positively fantastic. But a year or two ago, if the condition of the country made it possible at all, which, on account of the incessant warfare, was seldom, that same journey often took anywhere from a fortnight to six weeks. But if the thought of making the trip in two days seemed fantastic, what about the trip as I actually did make it?

By good fortune an Italian staff officer was about to leave Macedonia on his way to Rome just at the time I was ready to depart, and a seat was offered me in the swift, powerful Fiat which had been placed at his disposal. There was a chance of catching a certain transport for Italy if the journey was made in record time, and the two drivers (both of whom had been over the road several times before), were told to do their best. This is what happened:

Leaving Florina at daybreak (by a coincidence just as a German aeroplane began dropping bombs upon that defenceless town in a raid which as I subsequently learned—killed thirty-five civilians and wounded twice that number), we had threaded the zigzags of the steep road to the Stara Neretsca Plateau before the military traffic had begun to move. The advantage we had gained at the start stood us in good stead all day, and from that time on our record-breaking schedule was well in hand. At 9 a.m. we stopped at Koritsa for coffee, while hard-driving on the completely finished road in the open valleys beyond brought us into Ersek with more than an hour

to spare for lunch. There were many miles of slow creeping over freshly-crushed rock between there and the whited ruins of Liascovik, and several precarious crossings over temporary bridges in the bottoms of the deep valleys that gash the bare rocky ranges of this region ; but even so there was time for coffee and a glass of vermouth with the Italian commander at the latter point, and a glimpse of the scars a vengeful Greek army had left upon the mosques and other Turkish buildings when they entered the town in the last Balkan war.

A long straight road with a surface like a billiard table in the valley of the Drinupoli, where the big Fiat rolled off mile after mile at a rate close to seventy miles an hour, made up for the delay incidental to running into the daily cloudburst in the lofty passes of the Aeropus range, and the perfect metalling and broad curves of the almost interminable zigzag of the still higher coastal range, made it possible to make up for the slow going through the mile-long caravans of foodstuffs the Italians were rushing through to the starving population of Janina, which they had just occupied. We caught our first glimpse of the cobalt floor of the Adriatic from the windy notch of a snowy pass at six o'clock, and an hour later—with time and to spare to wash off the accumulated dust of half the width of the Balkan Peninsula with a sea-bath before dinner, stepped out of our car on the sun-hot shingle of the beach of Santa Quaranta.

Our record of something like ten hours actual running time between Florina and Santa Quaranta, remarkable as it seemed at the moment, soon went into inglorious eclipse. An officer in the Italian transport service—a man who had been a famous racing driver before the war—in haste to reach Italy from Salonika, drove from the latter city to Santa Quaranta—from the Ægean to the Adriatic—between daybreak and dark of a long June day. He was sixteen hours on the road—all but three of which he was himself at the wheel—and in less than four hours of his arrival in Santa Quaranta, a swift destroyer had landed him at Brindisi, so that his time from Salonika to the shores of Italy was under twenty hours. I had received letters in Salonika which had taken five weeks to reach there from Rome.

A New Mail Route

The opening of the Santa Quaranta road to regular traffic has given a safe and speedy route to Italy, France and England for urgent mail, and it is not improbable it may be utilised to advantage in conveying troops to and from the Balkan theatre. Its value for these purposes, as well as for any other transport, where great speed and practically complete safety are desirable, will prove incalculable ; but the reports which have been circulated that it would ultimately become the main line of communications for the forces holding the Macedonia line is absurd in the extreme. Not a half-dozen roads, built though they were with all the skill of the old Romans (and the Santa Quaranta road has small odds to ask on that score), over 250 to 350 miles of mountains, would suffice to carry all that such a force as the one now maintained by the Allies in the Salonika area needs for its maintenance. So far as its main wants are concerned, the Salonika expedition is still on an " island " ; its principal communications must be by sea until the end.

Far from finding any obstacles put in the way of remaining for a while in Albania and seeing something of what was going on there, I found the Italian authorities ready and willing to grant me all facilities for going anywhere I pleased. " I have no objection whatever," said General Ferrero to me, " to your seeing what you please, and writing about anything you see. There is nothing here that we shall not be glad to have you see and write about. In fact, all I shall ask is that you will confine yourself to writing of things that you *do* see, and to refrain from writing of the things you *do not* see ; that is, to form no judgments on secondhand or hearsay evidence."

The General was as good as his word, and as a consequence there was hardly a mile of the newly-built roads of Southern Albania which I did not pass over by motor in the course of the month that followed, and not many of the main trails that I did not cover at least a portion of on foot or in the saddle. There was not a single city or large town which I did not visit, and scarcely an important village. All in all, I could not have asked for a better opportunity to carry out the parting injunction of my missionary friend in Salonika to " try to see how the Italian is getting on with the Albanian."

There is perhaps no other episode in the sombre history of the present great world war so irradiated with romance as that of the coming of the Italians to Albania Meridional. There is not a single stone-paved pass which to-day rings with the tread of the hob-nailed *Bersaglieri* or *Alpini* which did not echo to the clanking armour of the Roman Legionaries of a score or more of centuries ago ; not a valley which did not yield of its fruitfulness to the Roman colonies just as freely as it does to-day to maintain the descendants of those who sent out those colonies. For the Italian troops occupying this part of the Adriatic littoral have been able to draw much of their sustenance from the country, and those who have produced and sold them food and forage are largely descended from the colonists planted there by the first Roman Empire. These latter still call themselves *Rumene* ; they have steadfastly refused to mix and intermarry with others of the Balkan peoples, and, through centuries of Moslem rule, they have kept to the basic forms of Christian worship. The women of these Romanic villages wear the cross tatooed on their foreheads to this day. The language spoken by these people has so much in common with Latin that the least educated of Italian soldiers—even the Piedmontese peasant, whose native speech is the least Latin of all Italians—has no difficulty in making himself understood in the most primitive villages.

Latin Albanians

If the Italian has something of the feeling of one coming again to his own in meeting the *Rumene* of Albania, imagine to what depths he is stirred when he finds that the easiest grades which the precise instruments of his engineers indicate should be followed in surmounting a lofty mountain range coincide to the fraction of a degree with those run by the engineers of Augustus and Hadrian ; what must be his pride when he sees that the old Roman bridges—with the great stones of abutment and coping eroded smooth with the wind and rain of 2,000 years but otherwise intact—are deemed fit to bear the surging traffic of what must be one of the most sorely tried of all the great war roads ! how he is moved in spirit by all of this, how the soul of the ancient Roman awakes again in the modern one, may be judged from the words of an officer of engineers to whom I had expressed my amazement and admiration at the tremendous amount of labour which had been expended on the embanking of a sharp bend where the Santa Quaranta road zigzagged up the steep range behind Delvino.

" The explanation is very simple," he said. " Those huge stones at the bottom of the embankment were probably laid by the Phœnecians (Phœnece is the old name of Delvino), while there is no doubt that the next ten feet of courses were laid by the Romans. Well, that being so it would indeed be a shameful thing on my part if I failed to make the superstructure worthy of the foundation."

I have heard many French and British officers express their astonishment at what they termed the miracle of construction represented by the Santa Quaranta road. I think I have discovered the inspiration of that " miracle." It is only the old Roman " showing the way."

But it is not only the works of old Rome which stir a sentimental interest in Southern Albania in the breast of the Italian, for it was in this region also that those sturdy navigators, the Venetians, pushed farther from the sea than anywhere else. The great castle at Agroycastro, from the ramparts of which General Ferrero read the proclamation of Albanian Independence, was built by the Venetian, and so also were those at Teppelina, Santa Quaranta, Vallona, and many other points. But the Venetians left one legacy worth far more than crumbling ruins. Following an ancient custom of theirs every trans-Adriatic colonist was given a gold coin for every olive tree that he planted ; the consequence being that in the vicinity of Vallona alone the centuries-old veteran trees, that date from the Venetian occupation, may be numbered by the hundreds of thousands.

It is the sympathy engendered by the Italian's feeling that he is only coming to his own again in Southern Albania that has made his success in getting on with the native peoples so remarkable. With the *Rumene* the bond of blood made his task an easy one ; with the Mohamedan Albanian uniform justice and generosity have been at the roots of his success. For the first time in his history the Albanian has learned what fair play is, and, sturdy fighter that he is, he is too good a sport not to appreciate it. The Turk had destroyed the churches of the Christian Albanian, the Greek had destroyed the mosques of the Moslem ; the Italian, taking a page from the British colonial book, has pursued a resolute course of non-interference with either.

It is a remarkable anomaly that Southern Albania, in the midst of a military occupation and during the greatest of world wars, should be enjoying the completest spell of peace and prosperity it has ever experienced. This is due to the fact that the protection afforded him by Italian occupation has given the Albanian the first real incentive to work he has ever known. With internecine wars keeping the men busy, and with the Turkish tax-gatherer and raids of unfriendly neighbours always threatening to take all the women could raise in the fields, there was, naturally, nothing to encourage any more effort than was needed to raise enough to keep alive on.

The Italian has offered employment for everybody and a fair price for all products of the field. Those of the seasoned warriors who are possessed of a congenital mania to fight, have found ready employment in the bands which the Italians have formed to harry the Austrians in the infinitely picturesque guerilla warfare carried on along the Voyusa. The others—men, women and children—have their choice between work on the roads or labour in their fields. Not that work is compulsory at all, but only that the rewards for it are now so adequate and so certain that a sturdy people like the Albanian simply will not remain idle. It is estimated that the earnings of the peoples of Southern Albania last year were four times as great as ever before in their history. This increase is about equally divided between the money received for road work and that from the crops from the land. Not only were prices for crops far higher than ever before, but, in spite of the demand for labour on the roads, there was something like a twenty per cent. increase in the land under cultivation. This increase is expected to be doubled or trebled next year, when the effects of the agricultural propaganda being carried on through the Experiment Station which the Italians have established near Vallona for the benefit of the Albanian farmer begin to be felt.

One of the most important factors in the success that has attended the Italian occupation of Albania, has been the work of Lieut.-General Ferrero, who has now been in command at Vallona for over a year. Perhaps the highest compliment that I could pay General Ferrero would be to say that he impressed me as being of that fine type of soldier-administrator of which the British Empire has furnished so many splendid examples, and of whom Major-General Pershing, who did incalculably valuable work as Military Governor of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines, is perhaps the most notable American. Like that of all the great ones of his type, the success of General Ferrero is based on an abiding faith in the high purpose of his mission, firm but tempered justice, a keen imagination, and a ready sympathy for the people whose destinies he has been called on to direct.

Photographs in illustration of Mr. Freeman's description of Italy and work in Albania are printed on page 19.

The Husbandmen

By Centurion

THE Musketry Inspection Officer of a Home Command was sitting in his room at Headquarters turning over a file of that *feuilleton* literature with which the War Office thoughtfully beguiles the little leisure we have by providing us with material for light reading. Of the making of Army Council Instructions there is no end, and much learning of them hath made many a "brass hat" mad. The room in which the Officer sat was superbly appointed. It contained a deal table with an improvised penholder of corrugated brown paper, a pad of fawn coloured paper such as grocers use to wrap up Demerara sugar and the Stationery Department issues for writing inter-departmental "chits," a copy of the Army List, two uncomfortable chairs, and a telephone.

The scheme of mural decoration was the harvest of a dutiful eye. Over the mantelpiece was a diagram of the Lewis machine gun, resembling in its structural complication a naval architect's plan of a submarine. It was flanked by a list of landscape targets, a table of the number of men under training for drafts, a roll of Range superintendents, and the plan of a Solano target. These artistic efforts were all in black and white, but a touch of colour was afforded by a map of rifle and field firing ranges picked out in violet ink, and a large-scale Ordnance map showing the rifle ranges on a vast tableland which has been the training ground of troops ever since primitive man hammered out his arrowheads of flint and the Roman Legionary practised the throw of his javelin. On that Ordnance-map parallelograms of yellow marked the location of the classification ranges with their "danger areas," while similar geometrical designs in drab showed the field-firing ranges, each range within the parallelogram being marked in blocks.

It was the room of a man whose only distraction was his work and a tin of tobacco.

The Officer was turning over an A.C.I. as to the use of Drill Purpose and Emergency rifles, when the telephone rang at his elbow. He took down the receiver.

"Who are you?"

"Range-warden of No. 27, sir. I rang up to ask if I can change from G. range to A. and B."

"That's for the Musketry Officer. Ask him."

He put back the receiver and resettled himself to his work when the telephone rang again.

"Damn it!" said the Officer wearily, "I might as well be in R.E. Signals as a Staff-Officer third grade. Well, what is it? Who are you? John Leighfield of Littlecote Farm! I'm afraid it doesn't convey anything to me, Mr. Leighfield. Farm six hundred acres, do you? I congratulate you—I wish I did. Short of labour? Yes, so am I. Oh! I see. Well, you must apply to the O.C. of the nearest Depot. He'll supply you with men; there's a new Army Council instruction to that effect. What? suspend field-firing for fourteen days! It can't be done. There's a war on. Where are you situated? Lydiard Deverill? Wait a minute."

He put the receiver on the table and rose and studied the map. Then he returned to the telephone.

"We'll give you six days. Right oh! Good-bye."

He rang off. Then he returned to the map and stuck a small flag in one of the parallelograms.

* * * * * *

The sun was at its meridian and the foreheads of the toilers of the field, stooping among the bronze-coloured corn, glistened with sweat. The cornfield was bordered with a hedge wreathed with bryony like a vine, and the field itself was brilliant with a pageantry of purples, blues, reds, and golden tints, where knapweed, cornflowers, poppies, and yellow ox-eye gleamed among the yellow stalks. The grain drooped with a "swan's neck"—a sure sign that the wheat was ripe. Some days before, the farmer, having anxiously considered the heavens had surveryed his ten-acre field and sampled the ears of wheat, plucking a stalk here and there, and rubbing the grain between the palms of his hands like two millstones, to test its quality, for he feared it might be milky in the ear or stained by the recent rains. He had found the grain hard and firm; a day or two more and it would shed itself. The experiment was decisive, and without further hesitation he had given orders for the field to be "opened" by hand with the bagging-hook, to cut a track for the "binder."

The workers were stooping to their task, each holding the wheat back and away from him with his left hand while he "cut in" with his right. The man nearest the hedge, a sinewy labourer of middle-age, named Daniel Newth, having progressed a few yards and left the cut corn standing, now worked back again, and using his right foot as a lever, he rolled the corn into a sheaf. Plucking a few straws from the sheaf he knotted the ears together, and using them as a string he tied the sheaf round the "waist." Then he rose to his feet and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief decorated with large white spots.

"Time to eat our vittles, neighbours," he said, stretching his back. "And I could do with a drap in my innards—I'm mortal dry."

A number of heads rose from among the corn like hares popping out of their "form"; the women adjusted their sun-bonnets and shook their skirts; the men stretched their arms. Among the latter were three soldiers in regulation shirts, breeches and puttees, who, as they stood upright, performed, by way of easing their muscles, a variety of military exercises in which an Army Instructor would have recognised a satisfactory reproduction of the "Rest," "Bend," and "Stretch" positions. A moment later the head of a fourth soldier appeared in close juxtaposition to that of a girl in a lilac sun-bonnet. The owner of the sun-bonnet was flushed with a glow which may have been due to the heat of the sun, but may also have had a more emotional origin. A coil of auburn hair had slipped from under the flap of her bonnet and hung distractingly on the nape of her white neck, and as she rose she surreptitiously put it up.

The little party moved to the shade of an elm beside the hedge and sat down to their meal. One of the women produced a bottle of "small beer"—a cottage brew of nettle, clytes, dandelion, and other herbs, more cooling than invigorating, and poured it into a cup. The man who had spoken uncorked a large jar of yellow earthenware, and handed it to an old man at his side, who, holding it unsteadily with both hands, elevated it to a horizontal position and drank with earnest concentration. The other men watched him with a look of studied disinterestedness. He then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and passed the vessel to his neighbour, the jar circulating among the members of the group like a loving cup.

"It be a neighbourly way of drinking—like Holy Communion," said the old man, "but I could do with a half-pint mug. It don't get no head on it."

He was an old man of fourscore and upwards, and his years carried with them the prerogatives which age always commands in a rural community dominated by oral tradition. His knuckles were shiny and swollen with rheumatism, his arms brown as a kippered herring and mottled, and the skin on each side of his neck hung in loose folds—a chronology of age as unmistakable as the rings on a cow's horns. His blue eyes had a lustreless watery look, and when he laughed, which he did with difficulty, for his maxillary muscles had lost their flexibility, the wrinkles round his eyes were multiplied till they added another ten years to his face, his nose drooped towards his chin, and his nut-cracker jaws revealed, as they parted, a solitary tooth which hung at the entrance of his mouth like a stalactite in a cavern. But he was wise with the wisdom of his years, was learned in a homely meterology and in agrarian history, and could tell you the exact year in which the bagging-hook gave way to the binder and the scythe to the mowing machine as instruments of husbandry. He spoke a dialect which was pure Anglo-Saxon, enriched by the opulent vocabulary of the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, although he could neither read nor write. Also he had that dignity of manner which is the reward of a placid old age, and of a life spent in the calm unhurried tillage of the soil

For some minutes the party ate contemplatively and no one spoke, until the old man's eye alighted on the wooden leg of William Tuck, late of the Wiltshire Regiment, now discharged under the King's Regulations from His Majesty's Army as permanently disabled.

"A tidy piece of carpentry, that leg o' yourn, William Tuck," said the old man.

"It be that," replied William Tuck contemplating his anatomy with a feeling of distinction. "But it be strange at first, very strange it be. D'ye know, neighbours, when I gets a touch o' rheumatics in me thigh I can feel it below the knee in the leg as isn't theer."

They pondered this statement in silence, until the old man, fixing William Tuck with his eye, put a question.

"That's a ghostly leg to have, a ghostly leg it be. Say, young William, did they give that leg o'yourn Christian burial in France?"

"No! they've no time for the likes of that."

"Then take my word for it William Tuck," said the old man solemnly "that lonely leg o' yourn be a haunting ye. If thee doesn't write to Government asking for that mournful leg o' yourn to be buried with th' Sacraments of Holy Church, that leg'll haunt thee to thy dying day. Thee'll have to account for that leg at Judgment Day to thy Creator, seeing as He made thee in his own Image."

At this the whole party stared at William Tuck as though shocked by his callous want of natural feeling towards the departed member, and conscious of their scrutiny he attempted to divert the conversation. "I done my bit anyhow," he said, with some irrelevance, "which is more than Jacob Fox hev done," he added as he caught the eye of that delinquent fixed upon him with a look of horrified fascination.

"Shame on ye, William Tuck," said the old man magisterially. "How can ye cast stones at that poor natural. Jacob Fox, tell the folk what the medical gentleman said to 'ee. Speak the truth, young feller, and shame the devil."

Jacob, an anæmic-looking youth who had a way of moving his hands uncertainly as though they did not belong to him, now finding himself the centre of attention, blushed with nervous trepidation. He had a prominent Adam's apple in his long neck which resembled the "bubble" in the clinometer of a field gun in being a kind of index of his equilibrium, so that whenever he was about to speak in company it could be seen to wobble agitatedly through his skin. When, after some ineffectual attempts of its owner to swallow it, it returned to the horizontal, Jacob found speech.

"I went into a room—a girt room as big as Farmer Leighfield's barn, and I zeed a lot of young fellers there all standing naked wi'out so much as a fig-leaf between 'em, and I thought as it was the Judgment Day. And there was a officer gentleman as was a pinching 'em and feeling 'em as though they were fat ewes in a pen on market day and 'e a gwine to buy 'em. And a soldier called out my name and I says 'Here, begging your pardon, sir,' and the officer gentleman says 'Jump that form!' and I jumps 'en. Then he says 'Hop on your right foot,' and I hops. Then he says 'Open your mouth', and I opens it. And he looks at my teeth and I says 'I be twenty-two, please sir,' seeing as I thought he was counting my years of wisdom in my mouth like a hoss. And he looks at me with eyes like a sparrer-hawk's and laughs, and then he holds a thing like a cider-funnel to my chest and says 'Say ah,' and I says 'Ah-h' so be as if we were in church, and he listens with his head on one side to the works of Nature in my innards as though I were a watch and he wanted to see if I was still a-going. I felt mortal afeard. I do b'lieve, neighbours," added Jacob Fox looking round with homeless eyes "as that man could read a body's unlawful thoughts like the Almighty—so I tried to think of the Lord's Prayer whereby he might not catch me in carnal meditations."

"A pious thing to do and prudent, Jacob," said the old man approvingly, "though I never could mind anything but the 'Churching of Women' when I tries to repeat them holy things."

"And when I'd got to 'Thy Kingdom come' he took away his weapon and began to tap all the bones in my chest, one after t'other, same as if he was a bum-bailiff taking a hinventory, to see if they were all there. And I says 'Begging your pardon, sir, I might not have the lawful number, seeing as I was born two months afore I was expected in the world.'"

"Aye, that you was, Jacob Fox, I do well remember it and a mortal tribulation you was to your poor mother. It was nigh six months afore she wur churched."

"And the medical gentleman says, 'What's that, my man?'—sharp, like that—and I says, 'Yes, sir, my mother and the neighbours do say that that was the reason why I get the falling sickness and am so afflicted in my intellects.' And then he looks at me hard and questions me, 'Cross your legs' he says, and I crossed 'em, and he fetched me a clout on the knee-cap. Yes, that ah did. Lordy, the liberties that man did take with my person, neighbours, ye would never believe. And at last he writes something on a piece of paper and the soldjer with the stripes says 'We shan't want you, my man,' and he gives me a paper."

"And was that all he said, Jacob Fox?

"Yes, it were. But I did hear him say as I was a wonderful chap," Jacob added proudly. "He said as I was the most half-wittedest fellow as ever he'd zeed."

"Aye! that you be," said the patriarch looking round for approval as though this were a compliment paid to the whole parish. "Yes, we do all know as you be wonderfully half-witted."

At this they all stared at Jacob Fox with a kind of communal pride, whereat Jacob blushed confusedly, and, astonished at having held the centre of the stage so long, retired hurriedly into the wings, taking refuge behind the broad back of Daniel Newth, the patriarch's son, a hale youth of about fifty-five, who in his father's opinion was still merely adolescent.

"It do mind me of Scriptures," said the old man reflectively, "this recruiting do. One shall be taken and t'other shall be left. It do all seem like the Last Day, it do. It were never like this before. I mind how they'd 'list fellers in the old days—the recruiting sergeant 'ud come round with his cap full o' ribbons and talk pleasant like about the wonderful life a soldjer 'd hev in foreign parts. Lawk-a-massey! how that feller could talk—like a parson—aw could make ye feel as proud as Lucifer telling ye how His Majesty had taken a partic'ler fancy to ye as a likely young feller to stand before kings and golden thrones. He got hold of poor Jarge Kibblewhite that way and giv 'en three ribbons of many colours like Joseph's coat—poor Jarge as was killed at the battle of Alma. That recruiting sergeant used to come round at hiring-fair, Lady Day and Michaelmas he come round, and if he'd see a likely-looking young carter with the whipcord plaited round his hat he'd go up to 'en and charm the soul out of 'en like witchcraft."

"D'you remember the Crimea?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Ah, that I do young feller. I remember a mint o' things afore you was conceived in your mother's womb. I be an old man, the oldest man in the parish, bain't I, neighbours?"

"Yes, grandfer, that you be. You be a terribly ancient old man."

"Yes, I be. I've a buried three wives. And I've never once been on the parish. Yes, I do mind the Crimeer. There was thirteen men went from this parish and all on 'em passed save one. It was just after our Tontine club had its 'break-up,' and we walking two and two with red staves to the 'Goat and Compasses.' All of 'em was in the Wiltshires except Jude Teagle as joined the Holy Boys, the same regiment as sold their Prayer-Books for playing cards, which was a sinful thing to do. It was a terrible big battle—the battle of Alma. I do mind as we had a song at harvest home that year after we'd carried the last load.

'There's old Jacky Rooshian
And a million o' men.
And there's poor John Bull
Wi' dree score and ten....'

I do forget the rest. They shot down our men like sparrers till we scaled the hill, and then they run like flocks o sheep away from 'em—they do say as it's the same now—and Old Boney, who was their head man, as was brought up to see 'em drive us into the sea, says, 'Men, we're beaten.' And beaten they was."

"Why didn't you do your bit along with them?" said one

of the soldiers mischievously. "You must have been a tidy young feller," he added, as he gazed with a wink of his eye at the bony figure of the ancient man gnarled, like an old oak.

"Young feller," said the old man solemnly, "I was a married man with dree childer, and the quartern loaf cost a shillin' and more. How'd I find yittles for 'em? There warn't no separation allowances in those days, there warn't, and no soldiers' wives living on the fat of the land an love-childer a-getting it too same as if they was born in lawful wedlock. No that there warn't. But I hev attested now and be ready to come up when called upon if the King be so minded."

At this all four soldiers laughed incredulously.

"It be true, I'll take a gospel oath on it," said the old man's son. "It was when they had bills stuck up on the school by Lord Derby, calling on His Majesty's subjects to attest like men. And afore we knowed what he was gwine to do, feyther goes up to squire and says 'I be come to attest, sir, and do my bit against those ungodly men.' And squire says 'You're too old, Jarge, you're an old ancient man.' And feyther comes home and sits in chimbly and never a word says 'e to any on us. And he won't touch bite or sup, and sits there a-fretting and won't speak to anyone, as though he were turned into a pillar of salt. And we calls in the Doctor as examined him and couldn't find nothing wrong with un, and he says 'E's got summat on his mind.' And at last he gets it out on en, and feyther tells en as squire says he be too old and the grasshopper's a burden and desire do fail—and feyther says as he'll never go out of the house again except veet voremost, and it ain't no good hoeing and hedge-cutting for squire, for if he be too old for a soldjer 'e be too old for labour at a shillin' a day, and 'e don't want no charity. And squire, when he heerd it, sent for feyther and—you tell 'em what squire said, feyther."

The old man wiped his forehead with trembling hands. "'E said to me, 'e said, 'Jarge, I made a mistake, I did. We'll put you in group one hundred and dirty dree—to be called up if so be required.' And he give I two shillin' and ninepence and said 'Its the King's money, Jarge, and I congratulate you. You're a credit to the parish and an hexample to the younger men.'"

"Aye, that you be, grandfer," chorussed his fellow-parishioners.

"Well done, old sport," said the soldier who had interrogated him, "we'd sooner have you in the battalion than any of those cold-footed conscientious objectors any day, Lord love me, we would."

"We would that," said another. "We'll make you our mascot."

"Mascot," said the old man, "what be that?"

"Pride o' the reg'ment," replied the soldier laconically. "We've got a bull-dog. I guess you're one of the same breed."

The old man ignored the compliment. "This war be a deep and fearful thing, neighbours," he said solemnly. "When I did last hear parson read the Commination Service I did think of that there Kayser at the Last Day, when the sea gives up its dead, and all the drownded babes and sucklings and the women with child and the poor chaps that hev died in torment a-calling on their mothers do rise up and point the finger of accusation at 'en and do say 'Thou art the man.' I tell ye it do make my old bones like water when I think of the wrath of the Almighty and what he hev in store for that misbegotten man."

"True, most true, and well-spoken, Jarge. It were better a mill-stone were hung round that man's neck, it were—but 'tis time to put these sheaves up, sonnies."

They rose to their feet.

"Now, my lads," said Daniel Newth tutorially to the four soldiers, "you just bide a bit and zee how I does it."

He took two sheaves and embracing one maternally in each arm he stood them upright upon the soil so as to get the butts about a yard apart. He then sloped them towards one another so that they made an isosceles triangle with the ground. This done he took a second couple and placed them against the first, but not quite parallel, so that they stood at an angle to it, stacked together like four rifles. "It makes 'em stand easier" he explained "and packs the ears better." This done the shock was complete.

"Now my lads, ye zees as I've a placed 'em in fours, That's so as they'll get more air and dry quicker, though the sheaf to the north won't get much sun. Some folks shocks em lengthways in sixes with the ridge running north and south. Well, that's to get the best of the sun on 'em and to make 'em stand against the wind better. But they don't dry so well that way."

"Its like filling sand-bags and consolidating" said one of the soldiers reflectively. "You wouldn't think it, mister, but there's a lot of science in building a parapet. You've got to fill yer sandbags only three parts full, beat 'em with yer entrenching-tool, and then slope 'em so as they are well and truly laid."

"Aye, aye, it be the same with thatching. It be wonderful what a lot of science there is in the works of man's hand. There's a right way and a wrong with everything."

As they talked, a burring sound as of a gigantic insect was heard behind them and two horses appeared driven by a girl in a "smock" and breeches who sat gracefully in the tiny saddle of a low iron vehicle. Below the axle was a row of sharp steel knives like a shark's teeth, and at the side of it "sails" of painted wood revolved like the arms of a windmill with the progress of the machine and, revolving, pressed the corn on the near side of the driver against the knives and then carried the cut grain over the driving wheel by means of an endless web of canvas. A curved arm, threaded with twine like the needle of a sewing machine, encircled the bundle of grain, tied it, cut the twine-band, and the sheaf was then thrown off the machine.

The chariot passed on leaving a swathe of sheaves of yellow corn entwined with a garland of lilac scabious, pink and white convolvulus, scarlet pimpernel, poppies, and all the hectic flowers of the cornfield. A hare bolted from her sanctuary in the diminishing wheat and was pursued with shouts of "Kamerad" by the soldiers till she made her escape through the yarrow in the hedge.

They returned breathless from the pursuit, and as the machine which was steadily reducing the rectangle of the standing corn to smaller and smaller dimensions returned, they gazed on it, their attention divided between its human-like gesticulations and the girl who drove it.

"Tanks ain't in it with that old windmill" said one of them. "It'll begin to talk next, like a blooming gramophone."

"Its a binder," said the old man. "they came in in ninety-two. They be mortal clever things and can do everything but talk. But they don't bind as tidy as a man do—they don't keep the butts together."

"There ain't no flies on that girl," said another soldier as he watched this new Persephone gathering the flowers of the field with the finger-beam of her docile chariot.

"I don't hold with 'em" said the old man dubiously. "I don't mind wenches 'a binding sheaves—its like holding a little maid against a woman's bosom and tying her pinafore behind her—and women can do it tidy. But this driving of hosses—it's men's work. The world's getting topsy-turvy with maids a'doing the work of men. It's against Nature. Male and Female created He them, I say."

The day wore on to its close, the shadows of the elm deepened, and the sun began to sink like a ball of fire over the downs. A light breeze flickered among the stalks of uncut corn and brushed the surface with an invisible caress so that a ripple passed over the drooping ears of grain.

"Time to be getting home-along," said Daniel Newth.

The toilers rose and straightened themselves. There was an unmistakable sound of amorous salutation behind one of the shocks of corn and the girl in the lilac sunbonnet emerged readjusting the strings, her face a deep crimson. She was followed by a soldier wearing a look of studied unconsciousness. His comrades gazed at the pair with a mortifying conviction of lost opportunities.

"They do say as kissing goes by favouring," said the old man reflectively.

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Five days later the Musketry Inspecting Officer, sitting in his room at the Headquarters of the Command, was interrupted by a ring on the telephone. He took down the receiver.

"Hello! What? Harvesting finished, did you say? Right oh! We'll close the field-firing range again." And he rose and removed a flag from the map.

The official Air Services Exhibition, first opened in London and organised by Lady Drogheda, has done good work in collecting for the Flying Services' hospitals and Field Marshal Viscount French's War Charities. It was opened at Birmingham by Sir David Henderson, at Coventry by Sir Arthur du Cros, at Liverpool by Lord Derby, at Manchester by Commander Paine, and at Glasgow by the Duke of Atholl, a week being given to each centre. An idea of its popularity may be gained from the fact that although the charge for admission is only sixpence, over £3,000 has already been cleared for the charities which the exhibition assists. The exhibits comprise Zeppelin engines and other relics, war trophies, types of German aeroplanes, aerial photographs, and such historic relics as the aeroplane flown by the late Lieutenant Warneford. It is an interesting and instructive collection of articles pertaining to naval and military aviation, and has become virtually a permanent institution, to which all that is interesting and at the same time capable of complying with the restrictions of the censorship eventually finds its way. Lady Drogheda, the organiser of the exhibition, is to be congratulated on the results of her work.

Fishing Notes

By J. C. Squire

PENBOLLOW, in Cornwall, I seemed to remember, was a good place for fishing. One could go out for a day and count on getting at most a dozen and a half and, if one struck a good patch, a hundredweight. Fishing with lines is no tax on the intellect, and before sitting down to Henry James's two posthumous novels—much as I hope to enjoy them—I felt that my brain might well lie fallow for a week. This it has done.

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At Penbollow, it is notorious, fish of all sorts abound. There is a wide open bay; there is a tidal river with a bar; there are plenty of rocks and large stretches of sand; there are flat shallows in shore and deep waters farther out. Every fish in the Calendar is provided for; you have only to make your choice of victims. There are pollack, with their beautiful brown-black backs and pale bellies. There are bass, and whiting, and dabs and flounders, all sorts of flatfish. There are mackerel, swordlike and swift, their backs striped with dark blue and rich green, their sides gleaming like silver. There are gurnards, red as Turner's sunsets, and strange uneatable spiny fish of even more gorgeous hues. There are congers whose room is more pleasant than their company, and dogfish with mouths like sharks' mouths and skins like sandpaper—now a popular article of food, but not under the familiar name. All these are to be got by the simple process of dropping a hook overboard and pulling it in when it twitches or tugs. No fatigue of trudging through marshes, looking for a convenient place for a cast, straining one's eyes for a rise and playing about with fancy flies with even fancier names. Sea-fishing is really restful, really a sport, and in a place like Penbollow, one can make certain of a good catch. The one thing to fear, according to the guide-book, is a swarm of chad which may infest the place and snap at one's bait before the other fish can get a look in. I remember those greedy, grasping, flat-sided little twisters. I hope I shan't strike a crowd of chad.

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Day 1.—Pollack said to be plentiful inside Devil's Rock. Row out alone after lunch with one line. Rubber worm. Why on earth any fish should want to eat a rubber worm I cannot imagine: but that is their business. 3 p.m., drop anchor. 4 p.m., they don't seem very active. 6 p.m., they always bite better in the evening. 8 p.m., getting dark. Might as well go home. Wish I could have caught a pollack. But there is plenty of time.

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Day 2.—One might as well make a day of it. So a bag of food and a flask. A fresh breeze, but not too rough: just the day for a sail, whiffing for mackerel. A sailing boat therefore. One companion. Two lines. Spinners and mackerel bait. These beasts are cannibals. You can tell from their faces that they are at once the stupidest and the most voracious of fish. That large vacuous eye, that long curved trap of a mouth. They will go for anything that shines: artificial minnows, spinners, reels of cotton. Many a mackerel has died with a silver spoon in its mouth. But they like their brethren best. 11 a.m., Lord knows what one will do with this great pile of fish when one brings it in. Cannot possibly post it home: they don't like mackerel. Suppose we shall have to give it to those fishermen on the quay: they will know where to sell it. 4 p.m. Let's go across a little farther out. 5 p.m. Let's go across a little farther in. 7 p.m. It doesn't matter: the week's young yet. But I wish I could have caught a mackerel.

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Day 3.—Morning. First two hours of outgoing neap tide, *the* time for bass. Bass, very appropriately, to be caught on Bar, only at certain hours. Small boat. Hire three rods; one to hold and two to stick out with their butts under seats. Long fat struggling worms. Bald man over there in brown boat said to be a great expert. He doesn't seem to be doing anything this morning. That is a consolation. Afternoon. Said to be first-class whiting ground three miles down coast. Dead calm. Shall have to row. 4 p.m. Here at last. 6 p.m. These brutes never seem to want anything to eat. 7 p.m. No go. Perhaps water is too cloudy and they can't see bait. Perhaps it is too clear and they can see me. 8 p.m. This wretched tide looks like carrying me to America, in which case I shall break Admiralty regulations about three mile limit. 10.30 p.m. Man looked rather sick at being kept up. Wish I could have caught a whiting.

Day 4.—Thinking this was getting rather serious I decided yesterday to take desperate measures. Arranged, therefore, to be called at 5.15 this morning and proceed to sea in Bob Tims's boat, he having guaranteed supply of fish if only one will try for them when their appetites have been whetted by nocturnal fast—if that is what accounts for it. 5.30, Arrive at jetty. Sky, sea and coast uniform dark grey. Silence over all. Fleet of small boats sleeping peacefully in little harbour. Utter calm. But did not get out of bed to brood on utter calm, and am irritated by absence of Bob. 6 a.m., Still not a human being in sight. Rose flushed break in middle sky: east still dark: pipe but no matches: *de profundis clamavi*. 6.15, Suddenly through hole in eastern clouds golden sun bursts. Coast melts in golden haze; golden pathway across waves; wonderful hues where ripples break on beach; damn the sun; damn the morning glory; damn Bob; damn myself for a fool. 7.15, Bob arrives saying he thought I did not mean to come. He has no matches, being a non-smoker and probably a Dissenter. 7.30, Brisk wind off shore. No, that was much too solid for a bite; it is probably a crab-pot. Yes, it is a crab-pot. 8 o'clock, Three miles from land. Doldrums. Bob will have to row the tub home. Serve him right, the scoundrel. 9.30, I have at least got up an appetite for breakfast. Fish for breakfast; this seems rather pointed. 10.15, Half-an-hour's rest in smoking room. Picked up yet another man. Hope he is not a German spy. Perhaps if four of us join forces we may have better luck. Agreed best plan to go to still better whiting ground three miles up coast. Discussion as to scarcity. New man says ridiculously that other fish have been driven away by dogfish. If so why do we not catch dogfish? Wish I could catch dogfish. Dark man argues, more reasonably, that pilchards have unaccountably not arrived this year. Other fish like them. Perhaps they've gone up Bristol Channel by mistake. Or been swept up by mine-sweepers. Wish I could catch a pilchard. 8 p.m., Never mind: one does get some good from this out-of-door life But I wish I could have caught, say, a chad or two.

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Day 5.—Weather again beautiful. Getting sick of sun and blue sky. Everybody knows fish don't like it. Determined to do something to-day, though. What with the old sportsman and his son we are now six. Huge galley the only thing for it. Morning: Whiffed for mackerel. No mackerel about. Tried rocks for pollack. Getting conviction that reputation of this place for pollack is exaggerated. Afternoon: Span fruitlessly on way to whiting grounds. Also on way back. Now universal opinion that if we try for plaice, about sunset, just off the beach, we are absolutely bound to catch some. Anchor, therefore, and drop whole ten lines over. Boat long enough for twenty. Let them right down for plaice. Plaice lie flat on the sand. Very happy arrangement, therefore, having eyes on top of their heads. Avoids discomfort of lying on backs. Good God! A nibble! Haul up. Worm gone. Down again. Three lines up at once All worms gone. No, not plaice. We have struck a colony of crabs. Better go home. Wish I could catch a crab. Wish I could catch a starfish.

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Day 6.—Impossible to do anything. Weather simply foul. Perhaps just as well. Luck obviously out. Nobody else here has caught anything. That's a good thing, anyhow. Raining, blowing, almost freezing. Wish I could catch a cold.

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The diary is a favourite form with professional humorists, who find its compressed expression a good medium for carrying off their exaggerations and lies. I am not a humorist; still less am I a liar; and I present the above to psychologists, piscatorial hydrographers, and writers of guide books as a narrative, literally and verbally true, of my outer experiences and mental life during a week of that ludicrously overrated occupation—if it be an occupation, but I certainly will not call it a sport—known as sea-fishing.

The Perils of Restriction

By Arthur Kitson

This article by Mr. Arthur Kitson, whose writings on commerce and finance are well known, deals with a complicated and highly controversial question. We welcome correspondence and criticism for the subject is of the first importance.

THE editorial comments on Mr. Dudley Docker's recent article regarding restriction of output; which appeared in LAND & WATER, (September 6th) were timely and wise. For thirty years or more warnings have been sounded by leading statesmen and economists as to the disastrous results which must ultimately ensue from the continuance of this suicidal policy which has long been a recognised part of Trades Unionism. It is, however, a mistake to lay the blame entirely upon the shoulders of organised labour. Trades Unionism is not the real author of this species of national folly. Its parents are finance and monopoly, and its adoption by Trades Unionism was literally forced upon labour as a measure of self-defence, as explained by me in the article entitled "Labour, Capital, and the State," in LAND & WATER last October.

Broadly speaking, output is limited by the effective demand for commodities, and demand is limited by the amount of purchasing power (money and credit) in the hands of those whose wants create the demand. Legal tender laws have, however, artificially restricted purchasing power far below the natural requirements of the trade and industry necessary for maintaining forty millions of people in a rationally progressive and economically healthy condition. This restriction has been brought about by the establishment of the gold standard and basis system which have no intelligible or coherent relationship to the currency needs of commerce. Let any one honestly and impartially seek a solution of the problem of poverty and enforced idleness by asking himself how it is that with an abundance of all the prime factors of production—land and labour—wealth is and has been so comparatively scarce whilst poverty and semi-starvation have been the lot of the vast bulk of the world's inhabitants for the whole of the period of modern industrialism? A careful investigation will inevitably lead to the conclusion that one of the main causes—if not the chief cause—has been an utter insufficiency of the medium of exchange in the hands of the producing classes. The greed of employers in the past led them to starve the main factor of production by the suicidal policy of low wages, which naturally restricted the demand for goods—since Labour is the great consuming class and essential for maintaining good markets.

Curiously enough, whilst employers have always realised the folly of starving the land and neglecting to maintain their plant, machinery, tools and equipment in a thorough state of efficiency, they have often failed to see that the impoverishment of labour is equally injurious to the maintenance of trade prosperity. Consequently, labour was compelled to organise and restrict each man's output in order to provide employment for all. Hence both employers and employed were caught in a vicious circle which was not entirely their own creation, and in pursuing their own class interests, they were defeating themselves and each other!

By cutting down wages, employers were lessening the demand for their own goods, and by restricting the rate of production, the employed were curtailing the volume of wealth available for distribution. But behind the scenes, limiting the means of trade and production, the sinister figure of cosmopolitan finance has been constantly operating, controlling both Labour and Capital, manipulating prices and economic conditions and alternating periods of industrial prosperity with those of industrial depression! No better exposure of the influence of gold in restricting output has ever been made than by Sir Edward Holden in his address on the "Depreciation of Securities in relation to Gold," before the Liverpool Bankers' Institute in 1907, just after the American currency panic. In his address Sir Edward frankly asserted that *gold controls the trade of the world*.

"Hand in hand with restriction of output goes restriction of the currency," writes LAND & WATER. This should be regarded as an economic axiom. Everybody would admit that restriction of output in the engineering world would accompany restriction of tools, machinery and plant. Surely restriction of the mechanism of exchange must similarly cause restriction of trade, and therefore restriction of output generally.

Much is being written and spoken just now regarding the dangers of currency inflation and the consequent high prices resulting. It is said that the present industrial unrest is partly attributable to this cause, and various remedies have already been suggested by one or two well known financial experts. I should like, however, to point out the dangers of these prescriptions, and to warn the public to be on its guard against remedies which may prove infinitely worse than the disease. I shall endeavour to deal with this question in as elementary a way as is necessary to enable an easy comprehension of a complicated problem.

Price Level of Commodities

What is ordinarily known as the *price level* of commodities is brought about by the action of two forces: (*a*) the marketable supply of commodities, (*b*) the demand for them which is expressed by offers of money (namely, legal tender and credit) by way of purchase. This level will change under any of the following conditions:

(1) If the supply of goods sensibly declines whilst the demand for them either increases or remains the same, prices will advance.
(2) If the supply of goods increases whilst the demand either decreases or remains as before, prices will fall.
(3) If the money demand for goods increases whilst the supply remains constant, prices will advance.
(4) If the money demand decreases, the supply remaining constant, prices will decline.

The first and third conditions produce inflation and high prices, the second and fourth mean contraction and falling prices. So long as the supply of goods and the money demand remain constant or vary together in the same direction and proportion, the price level will not be affected. Now apply these well known truths to present conditions. The war has changed normal peace trade conditions completely, so that the bulk of the populations in all belligerent countries as well as in several neutral countries have been withdrawn from the production of the munitions of life to furnishing the munitions of death and destruction. If we take the total work done, including the fighting services—those connected with the armies and navies—as well as the output of all products including munitions of war, the world's turnover in goods and services which have had to be financed (or at least the goods and services of that part of the world occupied by the present belligerents) is undoubtedly very much greater than at any time prior to the war.

This increase of service including trade and production has necessitated an increase in currency facilities. It takes just as much of the mechanism of exchange to produce and distribute a given quantity of the munitions of war as it does the same amount of necessary commodities for sustaining and developing individual, social and national life. And armies though engaged in the work of destruction, must be financed in the same way as the armies of wealth-production. But the economic results of the two are vastly different.

After producing hundreds of millions of pounds' worth of war munitions, our armies necessarily proceed to destroy them in the task of fighting and conquering the enemy. The result is that whilst the currency we have had to create and which is represented by these millions of products remains in circulation, the products are destroyed. Although the total turnover, including services has increased, the quantity of life-giving products has decreased, so that we have the first condition before mentioned which necessarily leads to higher prices—namely, a decline in the supply of real wealth with an increase in the demand. And under our present economic system it would be quite impossible to avoid this result. If instead of making guns, shells, submarines, aeroplanes, etc., for destructive purposes, we were building up towns, constructing new railways, new canals, in short increasing the national wealth, all this additional currency would be represented by tangible wealth, and the supply of desirable goods would have kept pace at least with the increased demand, and hence we should not have witnessed any considerable increase in prices—if at all.

What are the remedies—if any? First examine those proposed. One popular writer urges the Government to increase taxation very considerably and compel the people to stint themselves. But to what extent? To pay the whole costs of the war during its progress out of taxation, the Government would have to put a tax of 20 shillings in the pound on all incomes for the rest of the war. Which is absurd.

Another proposal is to reduce the currency by cancelling a proportion of the Treasury notes and by destroying a proportional volume of bank credit, which affects prices just as legal tender does. Now whilst this would undoubtedly reduce the effective demand for goods it would also curtail the

facilities needed for maintaining the present rate of production. This would mean reducing the army supplies of munitions, etc., which would probably result in our losing the war. This proposal is similarly absurd.

Is there no remedy for inflation and high prices? Under the world's present abnormal conditions, I see no possible remedy short of absolute communism and the rationing of every man, woman and child within the United Kingdom in regard to every marketable commodity. Outside of this, inflation is inevitable. As an illustration, let us suppose a besieged town cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. Knowing the impossibility of increasing the food supplies, dealers and merchants would immediately raise their prices, and as the food became scarcer, prices would continue to advance according to the first condition before mentioned. The disproportion between supply and demand would be increasing daily. So long as the conditions of trade were allowed to remain "free" as in ordinary peace times, nothing could prevent this upward movement of prices, which would be due to inflation owing to the decrease in the supply of goods, whilst the money demand remained as before.

Another plan, however, and one which would probably be adopted under the conditions stated, would be for the Mayor and Corporation of the town to commandeer all the food and essentials, giving money or receipts for such goods to those from whom they were taken, and then rationing the entire population. In this way and in this way only inflation might be prevented.

The suggested remedy of contracting the currency, however, deserves special attention, because this is a plan that will most probably be attempted after the war in response to the demand for lower prices. It is a measure that has been put in practice in nearly all countries after war, especially a war like the present in which paper money has had to be extensively employed to the exclusion of one or both of the precious metals. *And such contraction of the currency has always resulted in industrial depression, wholesale bankruptcy and social misery in a more or less acute form for years!*

Reducing Legal Tender

Consider what it means. By reducing the volume of legal tender, the bankers have to reduce their loans and overdrafts to clients who are called upon to pay. As most of these have probably invested their borrowings in tools, machines, factories and productive implements, they are compelled to close down their works and offices and call upon their clients to pay up. These in turn having put their money into goods, are forced to sell at any prices in order to save themselves from bankruptcy. But these retailers and jobbers find the demand for goods has fallen because there is less money for the public to buy with. Moreover, as factories and works are closing down through having to repay loans and overdrafts necessary to carry on, the great consuming public —the working classes—cease buying except the barest necessities. Finding themselves unable to realise in time, shopkeepers, dealers and others become bankrupt, and bankrupt stock sales occur all over the country. The manufacturers follow suit. Their clients having failed them they are themselves unable to repay the banks and are compelled to go into liquidation. *In short, restriction of the currency is always followed by the industrial and commercial ruin of thousands, with armies of unemployed and starving women and children.*

There is also another important side to this question. The Government has been borrowing enormous sums to carry on the war, *which is the chief cause of the present inflation.* Our National War Debt will exceed £6,000,000,000. Now what kind of pounds are these which have been lent to the country in its terrible crisis? They are certainly not golden pounds since the gold of the whole world would fail to equal this colossal amount. Neither are they Treasury note pounds, since these only amount to 1½ per cent. of this sum. These subscribed pounds are merely bank-cheque-pounds and have no material existence. They are book entries in the books of the banks and represent the credits of firms and individuals, and are backed by the wealth of the subscribers. Now these pounds are "cheap" pounds, that is, they are worth in relation to all commodities about one-half of the golden sovereign prior to the war. The farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic and the labourer, only have to give one-half or even less of their own goods and services to buy a pound to-day that they had to give prior to the war. So that when a man has to pay, say £10 of taxes to-day, he can do so with the same or fewer goods and services with which he could pay only £5 of taxes in 1913.

This huge National Debt—the greatest ever incurred by any nation since the world began—must be repaid in principal and interest by the British taxpayers. The interest charges alone will exceed £300,000,000 each and every year. This is nearly twice the total taxes paid prior to the war. But it is not all. In addition we must pay the expenses of the Government, and pensions to the wounded and disabled, and to the widows and orphans of the gallant dead, as well as the regular Old Age Pensions, etc. Taxation will require at least £600,000,000 per annum, which will be a very heavy burden for our trade and industries to carry. But heavy as this will be, imagine what it will mean if short-sighted and unthinking statesmen and financial experts were to induce the Government to revert to the so-called "good, sound, honest gold currency!" *Such a measure would enslave the producing classes for generations. For it would mean doubling the national debt, doubling the rate of interest, and consequently doubling taxation!*

The Pound Sterling

"How will this happen?" may be asked. How can a debt of £6,000,000,000 be suddenly converted into a debt of £12,000,000,000? *The answer is by doubling the value of the pound!* If a gold currency is re-introduced resulting in a great reduction of legal tender and bank credit, the purchasing power of the pound sterling will be restored to what it was before the war, and although all debts will be *nominally* the same, actually—that is in labour products and service generally, which are the only things 99 per cent. of the population have with which to buy money and to pay their debts—*all debts will be doubled. So that the taxpayers will have to pay the cost of the war—tremendous as it is under ordinary conditions—twice over, and twice the interest charges in terms of their own products.* This will mean that whilst the value of all debts will be doubled, and the burden of paying them similarly increased, the great investors in the War Loans will double their wealth with a mere stroke of the pen, besides receiving over 10 per cent. in the meantime on their actual and original investments!

The device of altering the value of the money standard is an old one that has been practised by the great cosmopolitan financiers for the past century or more. It can be done so insidiously that the public are unaware of the fact until the burden begins to be of crushing severity. The trick was played on the Americans after their Civil war. President Lincoln's Goverment issued a great quantity of paper money known as "greenbacks" which circulated throughout the Northern States and enabled the Government to win the war. Naturally this money was cheap in relation to commodities generally. The Government also issued Bonds in return for money that was subscribed and which was of a similar character, namely cheap money. When the war had been concluded and the nation was engaged in building up its industries after the losses that the war had entailed, the financiers induced Congress to increase the purchasing power of money by destroying a vast number of the "greenbacks" and to agree to pay the bonds in a money of three or four times the value of that which was loaned. The result was that the American people were forced to pay the cost of their war three or four times over in addition to the interest charges which averaged 20 per cent. per annum on the *actual amounts loaned*, in order to satisfy the rapacious appetites of the money-lending classes. And as an American Senator once said to me, "Our producing classes had to go through hell in order to satisfy the outrageous demands of these financial vultures."

In order that we may see this proposal for contracting the currency in its true perspective (which by the way is mentioned by a writer in the last *Quarterly Review* as a natural and inevitable event which will logically follow the declaration of peace) let us imagine what would happen if any statesman or influential body of citizens were to propose a measure during ordinary peace times for deliberately inflating the currency for the purpose of enabling the nation and the debtor classes to pay off their debts! Imagine what would be the result of such a proposal! The Financial and Creditor classes would rise in a body and flood the Press with letters and articles denouncing such a scheme as barefaced robbery! Deputations would wait upon the Government and demand immediate repudiation of such a proposal. And if the scheme seemed likely to be put in practice, the country would be thrown into a fierce political controversy.

The danger I have pointed out is of course attributable largely to the financial ignorance of the average man and particularly the average Member of Parliament, who is likely to propose as a means of lowering prices on behalf of the working classes, the very measure which will involve not only the working classes but the whole of the middle classes in irretrievable ruin! The subject at the present time is of the utmost national importance.

NOTE.—The articles on Trade and Finance written by Mr. Arthur Kitson for LAND & WATER during the past two years have been published in book form under the title "Trade Fallacies," published by Messrs. P. S. King and Sons, price 5s.

Novels of the Autumn

THE autumn publishing season has begun, and every day witnesses the output of new books. At first the influence of the war on fiction was slight, it provided episodes but scarcely coloured thought. That stage has passed, and it is almost impossible to take up a new book that matters without feeling that the last three years have left an irradicable impress upon literature, though even now it is not as deep as it will be during the next ten or twenty years.

* * * * *

It is a little difficult to analyse the undeniable charm which pervades all the work of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, but one is inclined to attribute it to a gift of perennial youth which the gods have bestowed upon her pen. Close on a quarter of a century has passed since the present writer first reviewed one of her novels—and it was not her first by any means—and he finds himself under the same spell when reading her latest book, just published by Messrs. Methuen (*Anne Lulworth*, 5s. net), which hinges upon recent events. Mrs. Sidgwick touches age with kindly reverence; for middle age she reserves her undoubted power of irony, but her heart is with the young on the threshold of life. It was so in the old years; it is so to-day. All her sympathies are with youth; she knows its troubles and its ambitions; she comprehends its perplexities, and if so straightforward a story-teller can be said to have a message, it is to the young: "Be honest with yourselves, run straight, be strong and the world shall yield to you." This story is just a slight love-story of people of no particular consequence except that they are the people that constitute England to-day, and who are fighting her battles for freedom, both on blood-stained fields abroad and in silent endurance at home. The scene changes from suburban Putney to glorious Cornwall; although it is not difficult to realise with which environment Mrs. Sidgwick is the more enamoured, she is quite honest, as witness this one sentence: "The more I see of country life, the more I value the peace and seclusion of London." Had the reviewer the naming of the book, he would have called it *Phœbe Finds Herself;* for the way in which a snubbed girl of nineteen emancipates herself from the domineering rule of a vulgar stepmother, and breaks off her engagement with an "impossible" C.O. simply through love for a healthy boy in khaki, is the most delightful episode in the novel.

* * * * *

Here is a curious fact. It would probably be difficult to find two living novelists more dissimilar than Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. H. G. Wells, or two books more widely apart than *Anne Lulworth* and *The Soul of a Bishop*, and yet underlying both is the same identical spirit. Which spirit is, that the future is to the young, and that the war has proved the future of England to be safe, in that the youth of England was never stronger, healthier, or more true to itself than in this hour. This brings gladness to all, but perhaps more especially to those with whom life must be largely retrospect, in that they know they are leaving their country in good hands, in better hands probably than those which guided its destinies in the generation or two that preceded 1914.

* * * * *

The junior officer of to-day has never been better portrayed than by Stephen McKenna in *Ninety-Six Hours Leave* (Methuen, 6s.), which tells how "the Kitten," on landing at Victoria with three friends, was tempted to impersonate an Italian prince, and succumbed to the temptation, with the result that the ninety-six hours were very crowded indeed—especially when the real prince turned up. Mr. McKenna knows the junior officer very well, and, as one would expect of such a novelist, he manages to make the reader know the junior officer very well too, in which achievement he contrives one of the most delightful comedies that has been written since Mr. Hichens wrote *The Londoners*. The story is engrossing, with sparkles of wit on every page, and the reality of the characters is such that one bids them good-bye at the end of the ninety-six hours, with regret. All who have read *Sonia* are practically certain to get this book, and, for those who have not, we recommend them to make acquaintance with Mr. McKenna's work by way of "Kitten" and Patricia, the lady who was really responsible for the whole adventure.

* * * * *

The methods with which Germany sought to Prussianise Alsace form the main theme of *Hearts of Alsace*, by M. Betham-Edwards (Smith Elder, 6s. net.). It is not the story of the book that counts so much as the scene in which the story is set. The author knows Mulhouse and the ways of the Alsatians, and she tells a simple story of life in a provincial town, the disappointment of a French Alsatian father at his daughter's determination to marry one of the conquerors forming the main incident, or rather motive, of the story itself. That story is a small thing, but what is so poignant and real in the book is the way in which these people, oppressed by their conquerors, retain their love for the Republic of which, in old time, Mulhouse elected to become a part. Certain ways of the German in peace are made plain; it ought to be better known that, long before this present war, the French language was forbidden to Alsatians, French pastors and priests were driven out and replaced by Germans, and every attempt was made to destroy the identity of Alsace with France. There is in the book a delightful picture of a German official: "Though very likely an honest man, a good husband and father, false codes of honour, exaggerated self-love and burgled authority, had vitiated, rather disproportioned him; he was out of place, an anomaly." And when he went to interview French Alsatians, he carried a big gold watch, the loot of an uncle in '70.

* * * * *

The Way of the Air (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net)—who to-day can resist a book with such a title as that? We are all anxious to read all we can of the element in which so many wonderful things have been done and in which, so many wise people tell us, the war is going to be won and lost. The author of the book, Edgar C. Middleton, has collected in it many fugitive sketches and articles he has written for the papers under the pen-name of "An Air Pilot," and has grouped them under three headings, "The Service Airman in the Making," "On Active Service," and "Other Craft and the Future." He knows what he is writing about and, generally speaking, conveys his knowledge in an interesting manner.

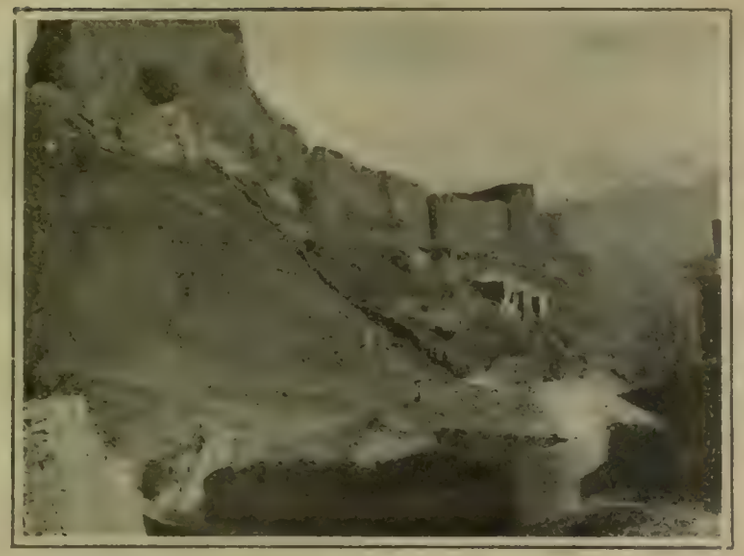
* * * * *

Whether he is back in the middle ages, recounting the adventures of Beltane the Smith, or merely back a few years, telling of the "amateur gentleman," or up in this present age, telling of Geoffrey Ravenslee in "little old New York," Mr. Jeffery Farnol is always concerned with the perfect man in quest of the perfect woman; always, too, the quest ends happily, for to this type of story no other ending is possible. *The Definite Object*, Mr. Farnol's latest book (Sampson, Low and Co., 6s.), differs no whit from its predecessors in these respects. Mr. Geoffrey Ravenslee, American millionaire, is the perfect man in search of an object to make life worth living. He sets out for Mulligan's, a tenement building—and there the object is waiting. It is, of course, the perfect woman, and though Mr. Geoffrey Ravenslee is what he is, there are just the right amount of obstacles in the way to show the stuff of which he is made.

* * * * *

It is magnificent, but it is not life; it is, as the author through one of his characters admits, a chapter out of the history of "the beautiful city of Perhaps." Yet it is not melodramatic, for Mr. Farnol does not deal in melodrama but in high romance. Geoffrey and Hermione are merely the prince and princess of the fairy tale brought up to date, and the Dickensian host of minor characters who surround them, and help to make their story, give them such an air of reality that all who know their Farnol will welcome this new work from his pen, partly because he has, in a large measure, the saving grace of humour, and partly because it is in the nature of man and woman to delight in tales of high ideals realised. Mr. Farnol does not bother about realism, or attempt to solve social problems; he tells a good story, and tells it well, and in this his latest work there is good proof of that statement.

The Italian Occupation of Southern Albania



An Old Venetian Castle

Lieut.-General Ferrero, Italian Commander in Southern Albania

An Old Venetian Aqueduct

Altanian Soldiers enlisted by Italy

An Italian Experimental Farm with Old Olive Trees

Albanian Irregulars, under Italian Officers

Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to Passe-Partout, LAND & WATER, 5, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2. Any other information will be given on request.

A Clever Novelty

Most women find that the new paper money necessitates its own special receptacle, carrying it in a case apart from the remainder of their money.

Realising the frequent inconvenience of this, one of the most up-to-date firms of London have devised a new purse to take change and paper money in one. This is the most convenient affair in the world. At the front it is the ordinary compartment purse capable of holding both copper and silver. At the back—quite distinct from the purse part—is a compact note case, ready to take any number of notes.

Then the purse is slipped inside a bag or carried in the hand holding neatly and safely its full quota of money. Both note case and purse fasten with very firm clips so that the whole thing is perfectly secure, while apart from its utility, the purse complete is a particularly nice looking affair.

It is in dark blue and dark green morocco, and though not specially cheap—as indeed no good leather is now-a-days—is nevertheless a most covetable possession.

A Slip-on Tea Gown

The inner spirit of the times has been gauged with one of the most delightful slip-on tea gowns seen for many a long day. A great many tea-gowns claim to be slip-on without much right to the title, there being generally a fastening or two concealed somewhere. This tea-gown, however, merits the description if ever a tea gown did. There is not a vestige of a hook, button, or any other fastening anywhere. It just slips over the head—that is all.

The comfort of such an easy garment as this no words can gainsay, especially after a long day's work or something equally strenuous of that sort. Hardly a second suffices to get into it, and once donned it is a most becoming attractive garment, destined to show off its wearer to all advantage. Made in either velvet or crêpe-de-Chine, there is a large sailor collar at the back, while some long loose ninon sleeves lend a particular note of charm.

This fascinating model is being made in a very big range of colours so that everyone's own special fancy has a very good chance of being consulted. What is more it has a particularly happy knack of suiting all figures, no matter under what dimensions these may rank themselves.

The shop concerned is also doing remarkably clever things with jumper coat models, these being more than usually worth investigating and out of the usual run of things.

The Art of Substitution

Before the war many people wanting something in the way of a bettermost boot had it made of patent calf with the upper part of antelope. And particularly attractive it looked as all will agree. Many months of war, however, have made patent calf and antelope practically unobtainable, and any that there is still available most untowardly dear.

A firm with a great West-end reputation have countered both difficulties by making some delightful boots and shoes of patent glacé with cloth tops, and the result to all intents and purposes is very much the same. Some folk, indeed, may almost count it as an improvement, and the footwear undoubtedly is not only specially comfortable to wear, but as far as the cloth upper part is concerned infinitely easier to clean. Antelope never was a facile matter as far as this was concerned, but with cloth all that is necessary is to give it a good brush, and from time to time, at rare intervals, remove any spots there are with benzine. As regards patent glacé, even people who could never endure ordinary patent can wear this with utmost ease throughout the length of the day. Thus at last they can ensure the smart looking footwear of their desires.

The same firm is also showing some patent glacé boots and shoes with braided tops, and quite unusually effective while their brown walking shoes for country wear are some of the best at the price to be met with anywhere. It is indeed a place to know of, the quality given here being so exceptionally good as to create something of a record.

Of Wonderful Value

A special offer now being made regarding a Zenana dressing-gown deserves remarkably close attention. Zenana dressing-gowns are at no time particularly cheap things to buy, but during the war their cost has reached a very unwelcome height. At the same time nothing makes a more charming or cosier winter dressing-gown, and anybody once possessing them has the pleasant consciousness that they will outlast countless others of inferior type.

All this throws added lustre on the dressing-gown this notice immediately concerns. In the first place it is an unusually pretty model. A Zenana gown, in itself is something of a decorative affair, but in this case a pretty fancy has been allowed fullest play. There is a large ninon collar edged with swansdown, and very quaint original cuffs of the same finished with a couple of straps. Following the usual custom of such things these dressing-gowns are specially warm, being lined throughout with silk, an added item to an already formidable sum of total attractions.

The very special price of this Zenana gown is 98s. 6d. and it is available in practically all colourings. In the time to come it is practically certain such a gown cannot be offered for the money. It is one of those rare authenticated offers made from time to time and infinitely worth securing.

Cook's Farm Eggs

Eggs are now soaring to such a price that Cook's Farm Eggs are drawn still further into the limelight. For these, farm eggs though they are, are yet eggs with a difference. In the first place they are dried, in the second their price for a carton of twelve eggs is 1s. 7d.—though this it may be mentioned is subject to market fluctuations.

At any rate, whether the coming days from the time of writing witness an increase or not, the comparison in price with eggs in their shells is a wholly favourable one. Thus here readily at hand is a real food economy. From personal experience Cook's Farm Eggs can be recommended for *scrambled* eggs, omelettes, bread and butter puddings, and things of that kind—they have all been tried and proved to be good. Custard again is a thing that shapes well under their auspices.

These dried eggs have the bright golden colour the yoke of an egg always has, and are reliable and dependable in every way. By this time they have become fairly well-known—the need for something of the kind being so great that this in itself has acted as their harbinger. In certain places, however, their name does not yet seem to have made its way, and here it is certainly welcome.

Keeping Knives Clean

Nothing is more distasteful than an ill-cleaned table knife, yet to keep these necessary implements up to the mark is a matter of no little labour. The "Soezee" Knife Cleaner is a little contrivance which banishes half the difficulties away and makes knife cleaning, if not exactly a pleasure, at least far removed from a burden.

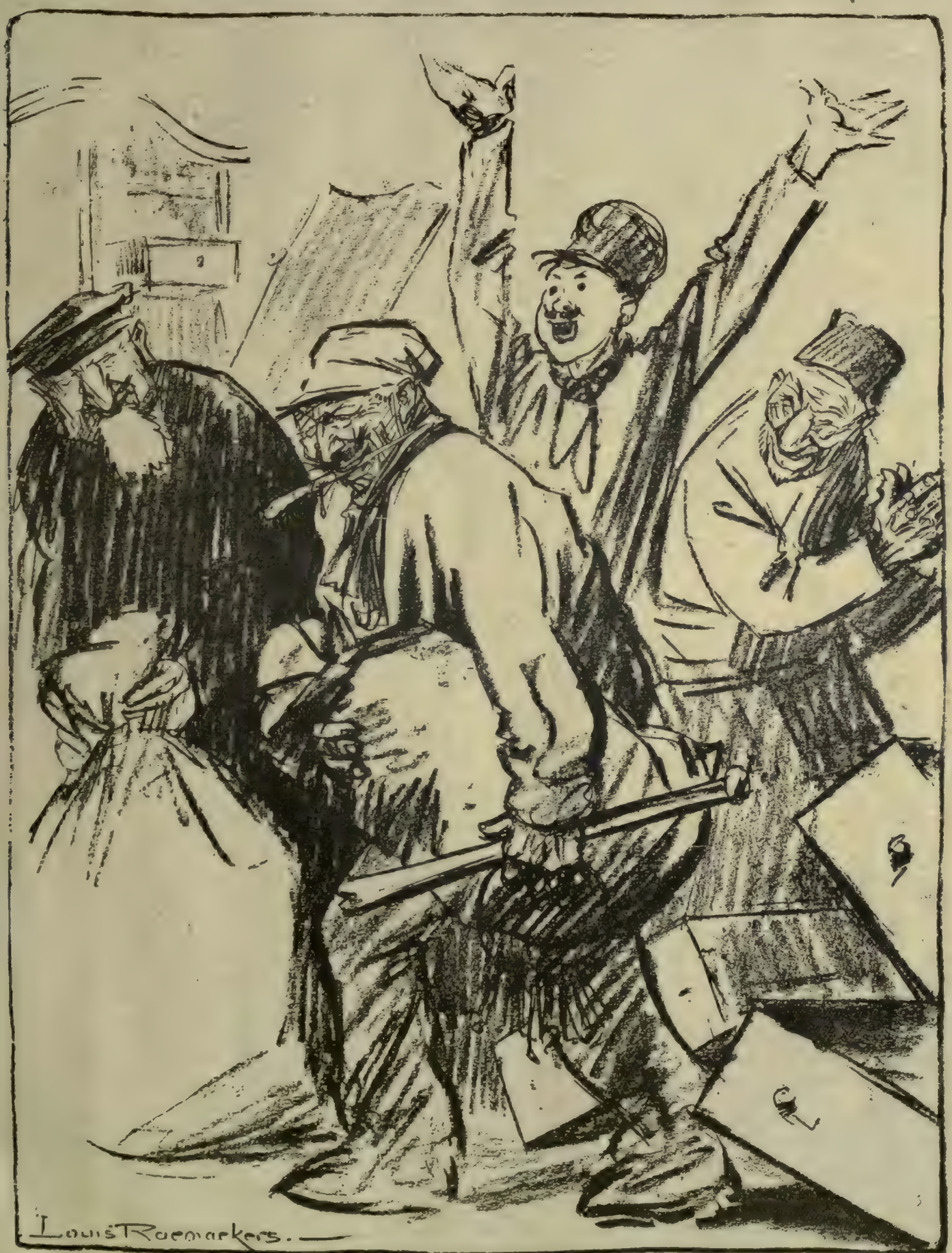
The "Soezee," as its name suggestively implies, is the simplest thing in the world to use. It is indeed much like a polishing pad, and that in fact is what in reality it is. With this knife-cleaner no powder is needed, any requisite being contained inside it. The knives to be cleaned must be washed first, but once this is done a rub or two with this contrivance removes any stains there are.

For absolute labour saving of course stainless knives have it all their own way, nothing competing with them in their own particular sphere. At the same time it is not everyone who possesses cutlery of this kind, and those owning knives of the older type will find this knife-cleaner quite a useful accessory. Its modest price being but a shilling it can hardly be viewed in the light of extravagance.

PASSE-PARTOUT

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2889 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE



The Papal Peace Proposal

Austria: Hurrah! We have only to leave the countries we have already ransacked

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917

CONTENTS

BELGIUM

UNTIL recently it was obvious that in the talks of peace, which the fertile but corrupted brain of Germany's former Foreign Minister, Herr von Kuhlmann, was busily disseminating the future position of Belgium was either ignored or kept in the background. There has now been an apparent change of policy and vague hints of a possible evacuation of Belgium are uttered, but care is taken that they shall have no official authority behind them. The suggestion is made that the time is approaching when Germany will be willing to discuss with France in a compromising spirit the question of Alsace-Lorraine. The idea, of course, is that it might be worth while for Germany, now that it recognises defeat to be inevitable, to buy off France by surrendering her annexed Provinces provided it can keep a firm grip on Belgium. Should this purpose be achieved, it would mean a German victory. France thoroughly realises this; were it not for the innate contempt which Germans of the Kuhlmann type entertain for everything French, such an insulting proposition could never be put forward. The future of Belgium is a determining factor in the enduring peace of Europe; the reason for it is explained most lucidly in an article on another page written by that distinguished Belgian Socialist M. de Brouckére. But after reading this article, it is well to comprehend thoroughly the views entertained in Germany towards Belgium by the leading men of all classes, which we are enabled to publish to-day in the translation of the article from the pen of the eminent Dutch publicist, Professor van Hamel, which appeared in *de Amsterdamner* last month.

Professor van Hamel, it must be remembered, is merely writing for his own countrymen; were Holland to be surrounded by Germany and German-controlled territory, it could only be a matter of time for her to be compelled to surrender that individual national existence for which she has fought bravely and unselfishly in the past centuries, and to be merged into the German Confederacy, keeping to herself about as much independence as is permitted to Saxe Weimar or Mecklenburg or any other second-class German State. This is entirely foreign to the Dutch spirit; let the Kaiser endeavour to cast his shoe over Holland, and he will find himself faced with the same problem which proved too hard for Alva to solve in the sixteenth century. This truth is recognised to a large extent in Germany, and they anticipate the absorption of Holland by a natural process of envelopment. Teuton publicists cannot conceive that any small State should have the desire or the right to lead a separate existence. Regard the brazen statement of the German Christian Social Party: "A Germanic kingdom of Flanders with a true German Prince at its head should be called into existence. It should, *without annexation*, form part of the German Empire." The italics are ours. In the same way, and at a not too distant date, were this thing to happen to Belgium, Holland *without annexation* would form part of the German Empire, under a true German Prince.

M. de Brouckére explains why a German-controlled Belgium is "a moral and material impossibility." "The Western nations have never known repose when Belgium has been in a state of subjection. *Her freedom is essential to the peace of Europe.*" Who will dispute this verity? Germany accepts it, even as she recognises that firm peace in Europe is death to Pan-Germanic ambitions and to the hopes and schemes of Prussian militarism. To say that the Allies are fighting for peace, is not rhetoric; it is a cold cast-iron fact. The Germans prove this. The National Liberal leader, the late Herr Bassermann, declared less than a year ago: "For Germany's security it is indispensable that we have our hand on Belgium. If we do not succeed in holding the Flemish coast, England has won the war." The German Navy League has declared, "the key of Germany's future is on the Flemish coast. Germany's domination over Belgium is a necessity." Only last week Count Reventlow reaffirmed this opinion, stating that by the renunciation of Belgium the ruin of the German Empire would be sealed; England would win the war. And the reason for these opinions is made as clear as the sun at noonday in this one sentence which appeared in the last will and testament of the German Governor-General of Belgium, von Bissing: "Keep Belgium as a conquered province *for the sake of the next war which is sure to come.*"

Germany is fighting for "the next war which is sure to come." The Allies are fighting for a lasting peace—to prevent the next war which Britain has declared, through the mouth of her Prime Minister, shall never come. These are the two truths which cannot be too often repeated or too forcibly driven home; they are not mere statements in the air; they are based on the incontrovertible evidence of past events. When has German security ever been threatened by England through Belgian independence? The mere assumption is ludicrous to English minds. We have always recognised that the freedom of Belgium is the strongest rampart of Western tranquillity, even as we have regarded the freedom of Serbia as a bastion against Pan-Germanic aggression in the East. M. de Brouckére, himself an International Socialist, will have no dealings with German Socialists until "the military domination of Prussia is completely and finally destroyed"—to quote Mr. Asquith's words—because he recognises they are merely the tools and emissaries of the Kaiser. "What would it profit us," he asks, "to prevail upon the German Emperor to withdraw if he retained the power to return. Are we to go to sleep each night with the fear of being awakened by the hoofs of the horses of Uhlans ringing on the cobbles of our streets?" This Belgian view of the future has not been sufficiently emphasised in the past. We cannot help feeling that the political position of the Allies would be considerably strengthened if the leaders of Belgium were admitted to their Councils and their opinions more widely published. It has long been the habit of the Great Powers to enter into negotiations with each other, irrespective of the small States, no matter how deeply the vital interests of the latter might be involved. This has been one of the weaknesses of European diplomacy, a weakness which Germany, with her unscrupulous cunning, has ever exploited to the uttermost. Considering the splendid part Belgium has played throughout the war, it would considerably strengthen the political position of the Allies if greater publicity were given to the opinions of her statesmen and of her Labour Organisations on the future of their native land and the interests which are involved in rendering Belgian independence secure in the future. An inconclusive and negotiated peace is the peril to be avoided. Mr. Belloc, in his "Chapter of Unwritten History" to-day, makes manifest all that is involved in that peril.

A Chapter of Unwritten History

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE has been no movement of importance upon any front this week, and perhaps the chief item of purely military news is the welcome publication, after too long a delay, of the French official figures of German losses, drawn up in the course of the summer. The truth with regard to the statistical position of the enemy has, of course, been perfectly well known for a long time past and has been repeatedly described in these columns, but official pronouncement has a weight which no private student can claim, however excellent the sources of his information.

Those who have followed the statistics printed in LAND & WATER will see that the official French statistics communicated to the English Press last Friday are identical in their conclusions with those given here, save that the French estimate of totally mobilised German numbers is slightly inferior to that which has been arrived at in this journal. We have always taken the yield of the younger German classes to be 500,000. The French official estimate puts it at only 450,000. With this exception the conclusions arrived at are the same, showing a balance at the present moment (excluding class 1920), of 5½ million men upon the lists of the German army, of whom about 3¼ million form the organised divisions in the field.

In the absence of active operations affording material comment, perhaps my readers will allow me to present them with a piece of fiction.

I received this week from a correspondent, the quotation from a newspaper which represents the Pacifists in the United States and called *The New Republic*:

> As long as allied Generals and statesmen insist on the need of a military decision they postpone, or perhaps prevent, the victory which still lies within their grasp

This is writing of a sort we are already painfully familiar with from the pens of certain intellectuals on our own side of the Atlantic—the cry for a negotiated peace and for a distinction between a wicked "Kaiser" and his excellent and friendly subjects, who only obey the orders of their superiors with shame and reluctance and whom it is our mission to set free.

We are happily also even more familiar with the plain truth that there is no necessity for such a surrender, and that the armies are sufficient to their task, and that the only peril of shame can come from such weakness in civilians. What I have done in the sketch that follows is to imagine a future historian setting down the negotiation, and the consequence of such a shameful peace.

My conclusions as to what that surrender would mean, will seem to some perhaps exaggerated. I believe them to be in the main true, especially as regards this country.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE abrupt decline of European civilisation, which falls like a catastrophe upon the early twentieth century, is the most obvious thing in history. It is the cardinal point of every elementary textbook and the universal commonplace even of those who have least knowledge of the past.

In its main general lines, the popular conception of this great event is the true one. After a period of increasing instability in the European States, and just at the close of their most brilliant material development, two of them in confederacy suddenly forced war upon their neighbours. That war was of unprecedented magnitude. It reached an inconclusive end. Immediately—or almost immediately—after it, there is a collapse, in which all that men did and thought, the arts, the sciences, letters, fell into an abyss. Nothing recovered. We come upon a confused period, the very few cited dates of which are uncertain and the length of which, though it is known to extend over many centuries, is variously estimated by even the best scholars. We rise at last again into that new period of high civilisation, which we at present enjoy, corresponding, after so great a lapse of time, to the old one which fell.

Those who tell this main fact of history even in its briefest form to our school-children, and all who allude to it even in the simplest of popular works, rightly insist upon the mark of *rapidity* which stamped it. The other great changes which set terms to historical development cover, some of them, several generations. The most swift and fundamental—the Reformation, for instance—covered not less than the long lifetime of a man. But this, the greatest change of all, was the affair of quite a few years.

During the first quarter of the twentieth century, both the precision and the scale of human effort in Europe were at their highest. There had been a heavy decline in taste, if you will, but everything remaining to us proves not the decline but the actual increase of material power. The buildings are larger, the communications more rapid, the whole economic effort more intense and, apparently, better founded than ever it had been before. The war and its futile ending follow.

Then there comes—in the second and third quarter of the century—that curious blank interval, of which we can make nothing: of which no permanent monument survives in any form, however ruined, and of which the very meagre accounts are so contradictory, and, in places, so incredible, that they cannot be used as a foundation for historical statement. When we emerge from this blank towards the year 2,000 everything is changed.

For a hundred documents belonging to the early nineteen hundreds, we have now perhaps one. The style has grown difficult and impoverished. Humanity has turned a sharp corner, as it were, and lost sight of its own past. There begins with the twenty-first century that long period of twilight or darkness of which, as I have said, one cannot even properly determine the leading dates. A ruined society, enormously diminished in numbers and reduced to the simplest form, drags itself doubtfully through the ages. The vocabulary has dwindled away to a few hundred words: forests re-arise; the old marshes are flooded again. Piracy reappears upon the sea: and, at the same time, more than one novel barbaric institution, the working of which we can hardly understand to-day, rises to support the lessened world.

So much, I say, is the commonest of common knowledge.

But if the modern student will go a little deeper and will ask himself, *Why* so enormous a result was produced and that so rapidly? And then *How* it took place? He will find both those questions most imperfectly answered. I should be inclined to say, for my own part, that he will find them answered not at all, but shirked, or regarded as insoluble. Yet they are the only questions of real interest which a serious student of history can ask himself about any event, great or small. *Why* did it happen? *How* did it happen?

It is worth remarking that the same difficulty in a lesser degree has been found attaching to other examinations of history. In the long past it is a complaint we continually find amongst those who study the advent of the Christian Church, or the Rise of Mohammedanism, or the great change called the Reformation, that though one could see what had happened and could set down in order the steps of its progress, the explanation of it—the *how* and the *why*—were the great questions of all never properly solved.

Now, I do not propose to solve those questions completely in the case of this, the greatest of all such problems. But recent research and the two great new monographs which have appeared in the last five years do give us at least some idea of the process, and especially of the rapidity, with which the thing worked.

Briefly, the catastrophic nature of the result was due to a change in the character of the war, which change marked its fourth year. The great war came in that fourth year, from the late summer of 1917 onwards, to be looked at by the various belligerents, but particularly by those of what we now call the Western Alliance,* in a fashion quite different from that in which the original members of that Alliance had first conceived it.

That is the root of the whole affair—and yet that is the point most difficult for us to-day to understand

All men tend to *read history backwards* and to forget that what are to us known facts were to the men we are historically examining, an unknown future.

We can hardly conceive to-day how it was possible for men who had set out with one clear objective of overwhelming importance, to change their minds so rapidly. We are bewildered when we find the very same public speakers and writers maintaining in 1918 almost the opposite of what they had maintained not four short years before. We are astonished that what are, to us, the obvious and simple

* The common phrase used in our textbooks "Western Alliance" is not found among contemporary writers. The original belligerents are usually named by those the Central Powers on the one hand and the Allies, or the "Entente Powers" on the other; with the adhesion of the Turks and the Bulgarians to the one part, of the Italians and, later, the Americans to the other, and with the changed attitude of what had been the Russian Empire, no convenient term was framed by belligerents for those who still maintained the struggle, but our modern phrase "the Western Alliance" is at once accurate and comprehensive.

results of a false Policy should not have been perceived by the men of the time. Every schoolmaster has had to answer over and over again the question "*Why* did the Western Alliance not fight until it had destroyed the enemy?" It seems to us clear that victory was a necessity to their very life, that in a struggle of this sort only definite victory in the field could ensure peace and even survival, that we are bewildered by its absence. Those who have gone a little further into the matter are almost equally puzzled by the fact that the inconclusive peace which was the root of all that followed was parleyed for just at the moment when victory was at last within the grasp of the Allies. But the fact is, I repeat, that here, as in every other parallel, though minor, historical discussion we forget the mental attitude of contemporaries.

Three normal years are not the measure of time by which to judge the mental revolutions which took place in those three years of furnace, and the future, even the immediately future consequences of their action, which are to us so plainly inevitable, were as wholly hidden from them as is our future from us.

But let me begin at the beginning.

With the outbreak of the great war the position is perfectly simple. You have among the various European States one, Prussia, which is not heard of in the long history of Europe till quite the close of that history. When we first hear of it it seems to us to play at first a somewhat insignificant part, and only quite towards the end a curious and inexplicably enlarged one.

During all the majestic process of European development with which we are so familiar, the name of Prussia is unknown. The rise of the great European States upon the gradual dissolution of the Roman Empire, their connection in common morals and religion, their marvellous achievements in the arts, the splendid blossoming of the vernacular languages and their magnificent literature—with all this Prussia had nothing to do, for Prussia did not exist.

A Poisonous Irritant

We do not hear the name (in what remains to us) until the eighteenth century, and even then it is no more than a sort of small poisonous irritant in the body of Europe. It produces no literature, no art, no science. We are familiar with the praises bestowed upon it here and there as a military organisation, but even that is broken in what may be called the Augustan age of Europe, when the triumph of the French Revolution seemed to have achieved a permanent, settled, and superior form of civilisation to all the European peoples.

Then, suddenly, in the lifetime of a man, we find that organisation suddenly rising to predominance. It becomes the master of the German tribes, inspires them in what is to us an inexplicable belief in some fancied superiority of their own. We have extravagant allusions to German music and to German philosophy—German everything—which are to us to-day unintelligible. We have the much more solid facts of the three nineteenth century wars, which end by the establishment of that ephemeral and unreal thing called for a generation "the German Empire," and meaning, of course, the Prussian establishment of the northern Germans.

We see this novel and artificial thing rapidly drawing into its orbit the whole of Central Europe, and then quite suddenly and unexpectedly, like a whirlwind, it looses the great war.

The men of the time—I mean the men of the moment in which the great war broke out—were perfectly clear upon either side of its nature and of its objects. Of that there can be no possible doubt. There is no phenomenon in history so clear cut or so simple.

This novel and, as it was to prove, ephemeral power, which is no more than Prussia writ large, proposes to impose itself by conquest as the chief of all Europe.

We may ridicule, as all our historians do ridicule, such a pretension. It seems monstrous in its proportion between means and end. It was monstrous. It was based upon a foolish and even vulgar illusion. But of the strength of that illusion there is no doubt at all.

Not only the leaders of this new German Empire, with its Allies, but the whole mass of its people—all those who wrote for it, all those who boasted of it, all those who framed its policy—maintained without qualification at once the possibility and the necessity of a war with conquest. The only question apparently debated was the moment best fitted for the inception of such a war. The curious have unearthed here and there a protest or a misgiving among some of those who were subject to the directing force of the new power. But those protests or those misgivings, so far as contemporaries were concerned, were quite insignificant. They passed unnoticed in the mass of affirmation which was the note of the whole time. We shall not understand that time at all, nor be just, as we must be just, even to those who provoked so decisive a calamity unless we appreciate their point of view and note that it was universal among them. What is clearly in the general light of history, a vulgar and uninstructed pride, was, in the eyes of those who suffered from that folly, a simple truth.

They thought that the new State, being far more than the mere equal of its neighbours, was unduly circumscribed, that its strength merited and could obtain far more than the general arrangement of Europe had granted it. They were completely confident of success in any enterprise against no matter what combination the older States might erect for their own defence, and, when the war was launched by the Prussian Government, it was launched without any shadow of doubt in the minds of the aggressors that their aggression would be justified by success.

Steps Toward War

Here the modern student will question our conclusions. He will say that it was not possible for any people living within the community of so active and independent a congeries of States to misunderstand the position so completely. The simple fact is that they did so misunderstand it. In the same way one might have insisted that the Papacy of the sixteenth century could not conceivably have misunderstood the situation of Europe when the Reformation broke out. It is a matter of plain historical fact that the Papacy, with all its opportunities for information, did so misunderstand it. If proof were wanted it would be amply afforded by one detail of general policy undertaken by the new power. I mean their building of a great fleet to challenge the naval superiority of Great Britain. That act which—even if we knew of no other—would determine for us the monstrous miscalculation under which they suffered, is conclusive.

But apart from that you have a most illuminating series of incidents the few years before the war. The Prussian Government had upon four separate occasions challenged the power of defence of those whom it threatened, and upon each occasion those whom it threatened had given way.

Such yielding was unwise, but it had taken place; and we shall quite misunderstand history if we do not appreciate what the effect of these surrenders was upon the Prussian and consequently upon the German mind. We represent them today in history as some motion before the storm: mere indications of what was to come. But they were more than this to contemporaries. *We* see them crowded into a few brief years which are, for us, the preparation only of the great calamity. *They* read each of them in turn as a successful effort to ward off that calamity by compromise.

The English and the French had permitted Prussia and her Allies to challenge the Russian Empire in the Balkans by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The French had allowed a direct interference with their domestic affairs, and twice on a threat of war from the Germans had given way. First in 1894, when the elaborate system of espionage established by the German Embassy in Paris was exposed, and afterwards when M. Delcassé, seven years afterwards, resigned at the dictation of this Foreign Power.

Great Britain, it may be said, had not gone so far in compromise, nor yielded so conspicuously to the increasing insolence of the new claims. It is true that Great Britain had not suffered any humiliation so direct as had been suffered by the Governments of the Russian Empire and of the French Republic, but Great Britain herself had attempted more than once to parry the threat of force by accommodation. Missions had been sent to propose some proportion between the two fleets and those missions had been undertaken on the initiative not of the threatening power, but of the power threatened. Up to the last moment those who had the most experience of British policy and who were in the best traditions of the past still hesitated to admit the issue. Even after the ultimatum was issued to France, it was hoped that war might be avoided, and almost the last acts of British statesmen before war actually broke out, were acts temporising with the force that was upon them.

In the summer of 1914 itself, we have upon the one side of the great quarrel a perfectly clear situation. The subjects and the Allies of Prussia were determined upon war. They determined upon a war which they were certain would be victorious and brief. They were determined upon a war for which they could choose their own moment and for which they had chosen their own moment. They made in the eye of all Europe a great levy upon the national wealth of the German Empire long before the first blow was struck, and they openly called that levy a preparation for war. They abnormally increased their already gigantic military forces, and their press, the speeches of their public men, all the

pronouncements of their historians and of their universities—the whole of their national life—showed that such a war was at hand.

The moment chosen for striking the blow was that obviously the best suited to the aggressors. It was the moment after the harvest of 1914 and, as we shall see in a moment, the method of that aggression presupposes its being planned for a particular hour and in a particular fashion.

On the other side, the situation is equally plain. Those States of Europe against which the aggression was designed, notably the French and the Russian, were not only upon the defensive, but in a sort of bewildered expectation, which clearly failed to grasp the magnitude of the peril.

The congeries of forces against which the superior force of Prussia was about to strike were not co-ordinated. The Government of Great Britain had been at great pains to avoid anything like an alliance or anything like set terms, and even within the country most menaced, which was that of France, domestic discussions of an acute kind were permitted to confuse the public appreciation of what was toward.

Misleading Views

If we ask ourselves the reason for this confused and unprepared situation upon the side of what became the defensive Alliance against Germany, we can arrive, though with some difficulty, at an answer. The nations to be united against the Prussian aggression were very disparate. Of the Russian Empire, its simplicity of political texture, its complexity of race, of religion, and provincial traditions, the West knew hardly anything. It would astonish a general modern reader I think, to come across in detailed study, as the professional historian must, the thousand indications of this ignorance. We have it on record, for instance, in a contemporary biography, that the master of a famous College in an English University, a very learned scholar, a man of good European position, was ignorant that the Russian authors wrote their books in the Russian language, believing French to be their ordinary medium! We have it also upon record that a public man of eminence and not unlearned in history, whose whole career had been spent in parliamentary discussions with the chancelleries of Europe, conceived of Poland as a nation provincial to Russia, and was ignorant of the Polish elements in the German Empire.

All this may seem fantastic to us to-day, and so in a sense it is. But to the Europe of 1914 things were so, and of Eastern Europe (save where it touched on the Mediterranean), of the Slavonic civilisation and of what was meant by the general term "Russia" as a whole, even the educated West was profoundly ignorant.

Again, those who were to be the chief champions in the fight—the French and the English—though closely linked, of course, in history and, indeed, enjoying a common origin and institutions and culture, had been for centuries natural opponents one of the other upon the European field. Each still lived to some degree in the old traditions of the time when the French Monarchy and the English aristocratic commercial polity were the only two considerable forces dividing the European field between them. And in the hundred years preceding the great war, these two neighbouring nations had grown to know, not more, but less the one of the other. The knowledge of French literature which had been, during the eighteenth century, part of English cultivation, had largely died out among the educated classes of the nineteenth. While the conception formed of England in the French mind, during the latter part at least of the nineteenth century, was one quite different from the reality—a sort of simplified picture of what the middle-class alone in England may have been in the days of the Reform Bill and of the Early Victorians. There was no sympathy between the two in any detail of domestic or political life. Parliament was the great traditional and national institution of the one. In the other it was an exceedingly unpopular usurping oligarchy. The immense religious quarrels of the French were incomprehensible to the English. Nor is anything commoner in the domestic documents of the times than the expression by Englishmen of astonishment that the Frenchman should betray extreme emotions in matters of theology, or upon the part of the French that the English should seem so indifferent to their debates of religion.

In other words, the union between all three parties of what was to become tri-partite resistance to the Prussian challenge were elements distant in various degrees one from the other and morally separated the one from the other.

In this separation it would be foolish to omit the immense effect of distance and physical isolation as between Russia and the West of Europe, of language, interests and the conflict of commercial and colonial policy as between the two Western Allies.

In a word, the character of the resistance which Prussia was about to encounter was everywhere marked simply by the conception of defence. The Alliance against Prussia was brought into being solely because Prussia was about to challenge. It was cemented only by the action of Prussia. And it is true to say that even during the first year of the great war, or at any rate during the great part of that year, the moral cementing of the Alliance against Prussia took place slowly and was in a great measure effected by Prussia herself.

The novel, startling, and terrifying atrocities of which that Power proved guilty did more to consolidate the resistance against her and the alliance of its various parts than anything proper to those parts themselves.

We say then, that when the great war was launched, there was a clean-cut division between those who were to be the belligerents. On the one side the Central Powers, organised by, and dependent upon, Prussia alone, with one word of command running from the Lower Danube to the Baltic and from Metz to the frontiers of Roumania, set out for a brief war of conquest, in their eyes inevitably successful (for every calculation was in their favour) and necessarily resulting in their capture of the Near East, their domination over the smaller Slav States and the reduction of the French to a secondary position in Europe. Upon the other side stood, at the outbreak of war, three disparate powers—France, Russia and Great Britain (the latter of which was not a certain factor in the Alliance until mobilisation had already begun upon the Continent) and the purposes of that tri-partite agreement between the three such different partners was the comprehension of the conclusion to which the Central Powers aspired, and the preservation of European tradition and national independence.

Attitude of Defence

This attitude of necessary but imperfect defence was as clear and as universally admitted as was the attitude of conquest upon the other side. It is rare indeed in history to find any great conflict so simple in its issues. Even in the case of this one, afterthought led to attempts at confusing the issues, and even to a forgetfulness of those issues, as we shall presently see.

It began to be said, for instance, upon the side of the Central Powers, that though they indeed had launched the war, yet morally the guilt of it lay on their opponents for having cramped the expansion and legitimate ambitions of the Germans. It began to be circulated later in the campaign by the friends of the Germans in the allied countries, and by interests neutral in their sympathies and desiring only peace, that the whole tragedy was the result of some obscure misunderstanding which they made no attempt to define. But these confusions of the issue are negligible to the historian, and, indeed, take very little place in any historical discussion, because they are manifestly unreal.

The refusal of all negotiation, the terms of the original note to the Serbian Government, the universal popularity and acclamation of the war among the populace of the Central Powers, the hesitation, tardiness and unpreparedness of the Alliance constructed against them, all tell the same tale.

Under these circumstances the tone of thought and the public expression of it to be discovered at the beginning of the campaign in France, in England, and throughout the Russian Empire, was various, while through the German-speaking part of the Central Powers it was homogeneous and fixed. In Great Britain the mass of men had not thought themselves near war at all. It came as a terrible and most imperfectly comprehensive surprise. The effort of the nation was therefore limited at the very first, but the energy developed rose in a very rapidly steepening curve even during the early period, when reliance was placed upon merely voluntary action in every department of the national life. Further, it was but natural that men should be slow to see things as they were. It was equally natural to the academic or teaching classes, for they had been trained in the Universities not only to a profound admiration of Prussian Germany but to think that they were themselves part of an imaginary and noble "Germanic race," the origin of all good things in Europe; such was the curious pedantry of the time.

In France the intensity of domestic discussion, especially the passionate interest taken in that country in religious divisions, and further the power of a small but very well organised group of Socialists with international theories to defend, somewhat divided opinion; although the mass of the nation was firmly and determinedly fixed upon victory against a detested enemy.

The numerous races and creeds united under the autocratic crown of Russia regarded the war at its outbreak with every variety of emotion. The great Jewish community, numbering many millions, mainly German in speech and naturally sympathising with German culture, were at one extreme.

The orthodox Slavs, especially those of the wealthier classes who had come into contact with and had nourished an old antagonism against the Germans, were at the other. The Poles considered only their chances of freedom in the result from the misgovernment both of their German and Russian oppressors who had destroyed their independence.

The Baltic towns were largely German in tradition and government. The Finns stood apart.

In a word the Alliance was disparate not only in its national traditions but in the texture of opinion with regard to the war.

In the West this state of affairs very rapidly changed. Immediately upon the outbreak of war the Germans committed what was then in the eyes of all European tradition and morality a sacrilege. They violated neutral territory. There immediately followed unheard of and abominable massacres of civilians, and the public proclamation by the Germans that this vast expansion of methods already introduced by them in 1870 was to be regarded as their normal method of war

Western Solidarity

That disunion of tone, of which I have spoken, changed at once in the West to a complete solidarity of opinion. With the exception of a handful of individuals, some of whom were manifestly mad and one or two clearly the agents of the Central Powers, the whole mass of the British and French populations became determined not only upon the complete military defeat of their enemy, but upon his thorough chastisement, disarmament and reduction to impotence. Public men proclaimed this end as the necessary and, as it were, the obvious objective of what we call to-day the Western Alliance. It was a thing no more to be discussed than the necessity of putting out a fire or of arresting a murderer. It was perceived as clearly as we perceive it to-day in the light of history, but of course with less detachment and under the spur of fierce patriotic passions, which we do not share, that the life of Europe itself was at stake.

The great victory of the Marne, the classic example of strategy in the warfare of the old world, was won at the beginning of this process. The Central Powers, reduced to the defensive on the West, had clearly lost their chance of conquest, and their doom to complete and decisive military defeat was taken to be only a question of time. The virtue required for its achievement was nothing more than the virtue of perseverance.

This conception was, as we now know, perfectly sound, both in strategy and in politics.

The time required for the process of victory was not known. But that it was limited and that the process itself was inevitable was clear.

The enormous latent resources of Great Britain were developed with astonishing activity. Within a year Italy had joined the Western Alliance; and if the hopes of rapid termination were somewhat exaggerated, the main truth that time was the necessary factor working for the West against the Central Powers was clearer than ever.

For two years, and, indeed, for nearly three (a period that seems to us astonishingly short, but which bore a different aspect to those undergoing the strain) the mood I have described remained unchanged. The blows delivered were continuous and increasing both in vigour and effect, and the process of slow victory uninterrupted.

Upon the East it was otherwise. The Eastern front was not industrialised, and some historians of authority maintain that the political as well as the material factors at work there made for the success of the Central Powers. At any rate upon the East that success appeared. Lack of munitionment compelled the extensive but well-conducted retreat of the Russian armies. The German and Austrian forces occupied the whole of Poland. Bulgaria joined them and the Balkans fell into their power. They supported their Turkish ally meanwhile with a considerable measure of success.

But the fate of the war manifestly depended not upon any event in this ill developed eastern region but in the fate of armies in the heart of European civilisation, where the defensive line of the Central Powers was held anxiously and with increasing difficulty from the Adriatic to the North Sea.

It was in the fourth year of the war that there took place that development in opinion which has been so little understood by historians, and which is yet the key to all that followed.

I would insist upon it particularly, for I believe that the comprehension of its causes makes clear what has hitherto been inexplicable and blind in the history of our race.

A small minority at first, but an appreciable one, formed of very different elements, began to regard the whole struggle in a novel and what is to us at first sight, an incomprehensible fashion. This minority took as its postulate, consciously or unconsciously held, the impossibility of a decision. Not a few men whose names have long been forgotten, but who were famous at that moment with a curiously ephemeral fame of popular leaders, men who had for three full years seen the problem clearly and defined it with accuracy, changed their tone, discussed the nature of an approaching peace by negotiation, argued the necessity of arriving at it, and took for granted in all they said—most of them sincerely—the existence at the conclusion of the war, not of a humbled and defeated opponent, but of an opponent still strong, still their equal—yet innocuous! What was really extraordinary under the circumstances (but the folly of judgment upon the future is the most frequently repeated of historical phenomena) they seemed to regard such an arrangement as final and satisfactory.

Let me put briefly before the reader the causes of so singular a conversion. For though it had taken place only in the minds of a few it struck root and spread.

There was, in the first place, the interest of finance. A short war, followed by the compulsion of the defeated party to repair economic damage would indeed have ruined one group of European financiers but would, if anything, have enriched the other. Such a war would, again, have left the lenders to the victorious party secure of their repayment and interest without any very prolonged prospect of crushing taxation. A secure peace once established the production of wealth would have caught up the debt involved by the destruction of so much during the fighting, and it is even probable that a great expansion of economic energy would have followed—as it followed upon the Napoleonic wars a hundred years before.

But after the three years of war it was clear that the power to repay voluntary advances made by the wealthier classes was reaching its term, and that nothing but prolonged and very heavy taxation of accumulated wealth would be necessary to achieve the end.

Now the financial interests of that moment in Western Europe were largely cosmopolitan and largely indifferent to national feeling—still more indifferent to the European traditions which had inspired the defence against, and after the defence the approaching victory over, the Central Powers.

That was the first and main cause of this new spirit—a most powerful one. Though the individuals concerned were few they enjoyed a great command over the Press and over certain sections of the politicans, and that their action was secret was an immensely strong asset in their favour.

Policy of Silence

Next there must be noted as a cause the necessary silence adopted by all the commanders with regard to the progress of operations. The perfected system of espionage in a degree quite unknown in earlier wars, the essential value of surprise, the very ease with which news could be rapidly communicated compared with the conditions existing before the scientific discoveries of the 19th century, made this policy of silence necessary. But it undoubtedly had, with all its obvious advantages, one great defect, which was to destroy, or to delay those vivid impressions upon which the military spirit of a people is supported under the strain of a great conflict.

Next we must allow as a cause that permanent division between technical and instructed military opinion and the vague miscalculations and ignorance of the civilian population upon military affairs. To the soldiers of the higher commands nothing was clearer than the rate of attrition and the fact that attrition would decide the campaign. To the civilians this truth was never clear, and we must perhaps blame in some degree the Governments concerned for failing to emphasise it and to publish frequently the statistics which would have made it familiar even to the popular eye. It was natural, indeed, that the Central Powers, in their increasing anxiety as the end approached, should have concealed such figures and should have tampered with their official lists, but there was not such necessity for the Western Alliance. The fault was one of mere routine and negligence. It was easier not to undertake the work necessary for such a propaganda and it was not undertaken.

Lastly we have that universal factor in history, the human conception that the future will resemble the past. Its result is to us to-day the most astonishing of the many astonishing

features in an attitude which so many have found inexplicable. Men of the highest cultivation and of considerable influence through their writings, actually believed that a conflict of this kind, ended by the salvation of the Central Powers and their remaining strong and organised for war, would have for its fruit the old conditions of European peace!

I have said that this change of opinion was confined to a small minority. The armies were quite ignorant of it, and acted as though it did not exist. The great mass of the people remained with a sound instinct, as determined as they had been throughout the whole previous forty months of the struggle. But the seed was sown, and especially among the articulate minority among the warring nations it bore fruit and spread.

I am here at a point where a tracing of historical causes is at fault. Why the Governments concerned allowed it to spread. The exact channels by which its activity was conveyed; the form of its final success—all these are impossible to trace. All we know is that during the winter period (months of exceptional strain compared with the warmer months and of necessarily diminished activity in warfare) what had been the confined error of a few—though these few were powerful—grew into a very considerable body of opinion.

Here again we cannot say, any more than we can say in the case of any other great movement of humanity, how large was the body which, at the end of the movement, had this spirit. It is probable that it remained the spirit only of a minority, though of a large minority, even when it finally achieved its purpose.

The Peace of Berne

Whatever the causes developing this false opinion may have been, it achieved a strength sufficient to impose at first a public parley, next a partial truce upon certain portions of the various fronts, next a formal interruption of hostilities, and lastly that monument of vanity, which every succeeding generation has always cited as the type of an empty document—the Peace of Berne.

We all know the terms of that document if only because it is the butt of everyone who contrasts reality with fine phrases. One may truthfully say that this tremendous epoch in the story of our race contains two classical points. First, the military point of the Marne, to which I have already alluded, the second the philosophical or political point of the Peace of Berne.

If paper declaration could do what alone conviction and action can accomplish, the Peace of Berne would have been the foundation of a new and completely happy era. If unpunished crime could disappear without consequence, and if the prime laws of human morals were other than they are, this instrument might have been cited (as nearly all its contemporaries would at first cite it) for the great creative act of European history, inaugurating a new world.

Its first principle, stated immediately after the preamble, was universal disarmament: Its next the universal liberty of Government established upon the popular will. Frontiers, no matter how complex or geographically impossible, were to be established after a most elaborate consultation of resident populations, not only by numbers, but by interests and classes as well and occupations as well.

Indeed, we note with curiosity the thoroughness of the intellectual work put into this piece of composition, and we half admire the industry which must have gone to the defining even of the least among its innumerable details!

Nothing was lacking. The freely elected conventions that were to settle every problem from the fundamental one of proletariat discontent to the no less fundamental religious debates which had divided Europe, was weighed and the scheme of its settlement announced.

It failed more thoroughly and, if we may use the word in so awful a connection, more comically than any one of the thousand similar, though lesser, experiments which history can show, and the reason of this necessary failure should have been clear enough, one would think, even to the intellectuals who were responsible for its actual wording. There was no one to carry it out.

The great war had established precedents of murderous offence by sea and land, the authors of which had suffered no punishment. It had taught in its conclusion one of those practical moral lessons which have a real power over the mind of men very different from the presumed power of documents—the moral lesson that high material organisation, preparedness and a determination to achieve had proved, in trial by battle, the sole guarantees of success in human effort, no matter how vile their users.

It had left Europe convinced by practical example that no sanctity would stand against a properly prepared material force.

A recluse of the time, bitterly opposed to this impotent conclusion, wrote to a friend in a letter which has come down to us, an inverted religious phrase, which sums up the disillusion of that moment. "There is no God to judge the nations." Every conflicting interest in Europe, from those of possessors and non-possessors to those of clerical and anti-clerical, every conflicting necessity of race, opinion, philosophy and tradition had learned to depend upon that very factor which had been eliminated by the empty words written down in the reception room of the Swiss Parliament House.

Arms in some form or another became the only appeal. An armament of one form or another became the universal test and the universal effort.

Manifestly in such a chaos (the inexorable result of a moral falsehood), the old civilisation was doomed.

At first—for a very few months—men lived under the illusion that the compact could be kept. Then within two years began the re-armament (first of the *smaller* States) under a disguised form. In the attempt at combined action against these, the intimation was difficult to frame, the process slow and the wholly artificial alliance of those who were yet strong was accompanied by a very real subterranean intrigue on the part of each for the support of these new small forces.

The crisis passed; but uneasiness remained.

The next few years were filled with alarms. At the first talk of differences, ports were closed, the elaborate and now fully developed system of passports was made even more stringent, an army of secret police, spies and counter spies in each country were set to work, the press was censored, and the magistrates instructed to strike terror. Worse than this, every such rumour destroyed, especially in nations dependent on import, the stability of the markets.

It was not long before the various designs for covering what was really a new armament came to the surface and were first tolerated, then denied, then accepted. Before those who had left the ranks of the great war were middle aged, fully organised competitive armaments upon such a scale as the past had never seen, were pulling yet lower the rapidly declining economic forces of the European States. Had the problem been confined to international rivalry, some sort of tragic solution might have come at last in the conquest of all by one, and in the survival of the victor as master of the European field. But even this was not permitted. Humanity had learned its lesson that force was the remedy, and that evil sufficiently armed could always survive, that the crusading spirit was an emotion that could be worn down, and that any appetite sufficiently strong could make a bid for power.

Much the greatest unresolved strain of the time had been the permanent quarrel in the industrial countries between the possessors and the dispossessed. Each armed. The armament was secret and imperfect, but it was equal upon either side.

Inevitable Ruin

There had remained from the great war this permanent impression upon the mind of the masses in the great towns; that they had been sent into a slaughter which had proved useless, that they had sacrificed all for nothing. Someone must be struck for so abominable a disappointment. A motive of that kind added to a necessary antagonism between wealth and poverty was the motive power of what followed.

The issue of the civil wars which were local, various, and turgid, we cannot follow upon any general scheme; so confused is the chaos and so dark was that very rapid material decline of which we have spoken. The first great famine (it is significant to note), the first famine in which so many died that the records are imperfect, took place not forty years after the signing of the Peace of Berne, and at a time when very many men still lived who had fought through the great war and suffered its final disappointment and the futility of its conclusion.

The first to be sacrificed in the turmoils which had filled those forty years were, as invariably happens, not the scoundrels but the blameless fools among those who had laboured for an illusory peace. Their fate was a mixture of resentment against deception and of another much stronger element, which is the anger of the populace against assumed superiority.

There is a curious little phrase, emanating we know not whence, but preserved to us after all these hundreds of years by the chance survival of a piece of lead (mixed with some alloy) which it is believed was used in those days in the art of what was called printing. The letters are those used in England, and experts ascribe it to the earlier days of the great conflict. It is evidently the title or foreword of some work, and the words run:

"THE WAR THAT WILL END WAR."

H. BELLOC.

A Journal from a Legation

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

On the day following the German occupation of Brussels, Mr. Gibson went for a walk through the town. He gives a different version of that wonderful German orderliness and resource of which we used to hear so much. Next week Mr. Gibson will tell of the "Last hours of Edith Cavell," one of the most pathetic stories of the war. Mr. Gibson was entrusted with Miss Cavell's defence.

BRUSSELS, August 21st, 1914.—The courtyard of the Hotel de Ville, where so many sovereigns have been received in state, was filled with horses and motors. The discarded uniforms of the Garde Civique were piled high on one side as if for a rummage sale. Beer bottles were everywhere. In the beautiful Gothic room hung with the battle flags of several centuries, there are a hundred beds—a dormitory for the officers who are not quartered at the neighbouring hotels.

The marvellous order and system which so compelled our admiration yesterday was not in evidence. There were a lot of sentries at the door and they took care to jab a bayonet into you and tell you that you could not enter; any sort of reply seemed to satisfy them, and you were allowed to go right up to the landing where the General had established himself in state at a couple of huge tables. Here confusion reigned supreme. There were staff officers in abundance, but none of them seemed to have the slightest authority, and the old man had them all so completely cowed that they did not dare express an opinion or ask for a decision. The General himself is a little tubby man who looks as though he might be about fifty-five; his face is red as fire when it is not purple, and the way he rages about is enough to make Olympus tremble. The crowd of frightened people who came to the Hotel de Ville for *laisser-passers* and other papers all found their way straight to his office; no one was on hand to sort them out and distribute them among the various bureaus of the civil administration. Even the staff officers did very little to spare their chief and head off the crowd. They would come right up to him at his table and shove a *pièce d'identité* under his nose with a tremulous request for a visé; he would turn upon them and growl, "*Bas bossible; keine Zeit; laissez mois dranquille, nom de D. . .!*" He switched languages with wonderful facility, and his cuss words were equally effective in any language that he tried. Just as with us, every one wanted something quite out of the question and then insisted on arguing about the answer that they got. A man would come up to the General and say that he wanted to get a pass to go to Namur. The General would say impatiently that it was quite impossible, that German troops were operating over all that territory and that no one could be allowed to pass for several days. Then Mr. Man would say that that was no doubt true but that *he* must go because he had a wife or a family or a business or something else that he wanted to get to. As he talked the General would be getting redder and redder, and when about to explode he would spring to his feet and advance upon his tormentor waving his arms and roaring at him to get the [illegible] out of there. Not satisfied with that, he invariably availed himself of the opportunity of being on his feet to chase all the assembled crowd down the stairs and to scream at all the officers in attendance for having allowed all this crowd to gather. Then he would sit down and go through the same performance from the beginning. I was there off and on for more than two hours, and I know that in that time he did not do four minutes' continuous uninterrupted work. Had it not been for the poor frightened people and the general seriousness of the situation it would have been screamingly funny and worth staying indefinitely to see.

I had my share of the trouble. I explained my errand to an aide-de-camp and asked him to see that proper instructions were given for the sending of the telegrams. He took them and went away. Then after a few minutes he came gravely back, clicked his heels, and announced that there was no telegraph communication with the outside world, and that he did not know when it would be re-established. I asked him to go back to the General, who in the meantime had retreated to the Gothic room and had locked himself in with a group of officers. My friend came back again, rather red in the face, and said he had authority to stamp my telegrams and let them go. He put the rubber stamp on them and said I could take them. I said that was all very well, but where could I take them since the telegraph offices were closed. He went off again and came back with the word that the office in the central bureau was working for official messages. I got into the motor with the Italian Secretary, who had a similar task, and together we went to the central bureau. It was nailed up tight and the German sentries on guard at the door swore to us by their *Ehrenwort* that there was absolutely nothing doing.

An Infuriated General

Back we went to the Hotel de Ville. Our friend the A.D.C. had disappeared, but we got hold of another and asked him to inform himself. He went away and we spent a few minutes watching the General blow up everybody in sight; when the A.D.C. came back he smilingly announced that there was no way of getting the messages out on the wire; that the best thing we could do would be to send a courier to Holland and telegraph from there. I told him to go back and get another answer. When he came back next time he had the glad news that the office had really been established in the Post Office and that orders had been sent over there to have our cables received and sent at once. Away we went again, only to find that the latest bulletin was just as good as the others; the Post Office was closed up just as tight as the other office, and the sentries turned us away with a weary explanation that there was not a living soul inside, as though they had explained it a thousand times since they had been on duty.

By this time the wild goose chasing was getting a little bit monotonous, and when we got back to the headquarters I announced with some emphasis to the first A.D.C. that I could reach that I did not care to do any more of it; that I wanted him to get me the right information and do it right away, so that I should not have to go back to my chief and report any more futile errands. He went away in some trepidation and was gone some time. Presently the General came out himself, seething in his best manner.

"*A qui tout ce tas de depeches?*" roars he.

"*A moi,*" says I, knowing the language.

He then announced in a voice of thunder that they were all wrong, and that he was having them rewritten; before I could summon enough breath to shout him down and protest, he had gone into another room and slammed the door. I rushed back to my trusty A.D.C. and told him to get me those telegrams right away; he came back with word that they would be sent after correction. I said that under no circumstances could they send out a word over the signature of the American Minister without his having written it himself. He came back and said he could not get the cables. I started to walk into the office myself to get them, only to bump into the General coming out with the messages in his hand. He threw them down on a table and began telling a young officer what corrections to make on the telegraph form itself. I protested vigorously against any such proceeding, telling him that we should be glad to have his views as to any errors in our message, but that he could not touch a letter in any official message. At this stage of the game he was summoned to the office of the Burgomaster and rushed off with a string of oaths that would have made an Arizona cow-puncher take off his hat. The young officer started calmly interlining the message, so I reached over and took it away from him with the statement that I would report to my chief what had happened. He was all aflutter and asked that I remain as the General would not be long. I could not see any use in waiting longer, however, and made as dignified a retreat as possible under the circumstances. There were a number of cables in the handful I had carried around that were being sent in the interest of the German Government and of German subjects, and I took good care to tell the young man that while we were glad to do anything reasonable for them or for their people, we had stood for a good deal more than they had a right to expect, and that these cables would stay on my desk until such time as they got ready to make a proper arrangement for our communications. Now we shall settle down and see what happens next.

During the afternoon a lot of correspondents came in and gave an amusing account of what the General had done for them. He had received them cordially and had given them a very pleasing interview, making an extended statement about the alleged German atrocities. Could they send their messages through to their papers? Certainly! Of course, the General would have to read the stories, and approve the subject matter? Naturally!!! The men sat down in great enthusiasm and wrote out their stories, giving full credit to the German army for the orderly way they got it, the excellence of their appearance and behaviour, and the calm that

prevailed in the city. They took these messages back and let the old chap read them. He ploughed his way carefully through them and expressed his great satisfaction at the friendly expressions of approval. He put his O.K. on them and handed them back with the remark that they might send them. The boys ventured to inquire how? "Oh," said the General, "you can either send a courier with them to Holland or to Germany and have them telegraphed from there." Whereupon he rose and, bowing graciously, left the bunch so flabbergasted that they did not wake up until he was gone. He was most amiable and smiling, and got away with it.

Official Pillage Begins

The General commanding the forces now coming through von Arnim—got out a proclamation to-day, which was posted in the streets, warning the inhabitants that they would be called upon for supplies and might have troops quartered upon them, and that if they ventured upon hostile acts they would suffer severely.

The strongest thing so far was the series of demands made upon the city and province. The city of Brussels has been given three days to hand over 50-million francs in coin or bills. The Germans also demand a tremendous supply of food to be furnished during the next three days; if the city fails to deliver any part of it it must pay in coin at a rate equal to twice the market value of the supplies. The province of Brabant must hand over by the first of next month 450 millions of francs—90 million dollars. When you consider that the total war indemnity imposed by Germany upon France in 1870 was only five milliards, the enormity of this appears. Upon one little province of a tiny country they are imposing a tax equal to one tenth that imposed on the whole of France. How on earth they are ever to arrange to pay it I cannot possibly see. I do not know what is to happen if they fail to make good, but I have no doubt that it will be something pretty dreadful.

This afternoon the Germans went into the Ministry of War and the Foreign Office and searched through the archives: it must have been an entirely futile proceeding, for all papers of any interest were removed to Antwerp when the Government left. I can imagine nothing more deadly dull than browsing through the routine correspondence of the Belgian Ministries. The high officials who were still here were kept in the buildings to witness the search—a needless humiliation. There is talk now of a search of the British Legation, but we have heard nothing of it and expect that nothing of the sort will be done without asking our permission first.

Brussels, August 22nd, 1914.—Another day with much to do and no great results.

This morning at 7 o'clock General von Jarotzky arrived at the Legation and was all smiles. It appears that my action in making known my displeasure at his behaviour and that of his staff had a good effect. We have heard from several sources that he blew up everybody in sight yesterday afternoon when he came out from the Burgomaster's office and learned that I had departed in bad temper. He knows that nobody dares to oppose his acts or views, but just the same he gave them fits for not having made me stay and attend to my case. Be that as it may, he appeared with his chief of staff and sent up a message that brought the Minister down in his pyjamas and dressing-gown. He expressed great regret for the "misunderstanding" of yesterday evening and assured the Minister that there would be no further cause for complaint on our part. He had in his hand the telegram which we had sent him the evening before—the very same telegram which we had been trying to get off ever since the German occupation of the city; he had signed each page of the message and had affixed his stamp with an order that it be immediately transmitted. He explained to the Minister that the best thing to do was for him to take it in person to the office of the Director of the Bureau of Telegraphs, who had already received instructions on the subject.

The servants were thrown into a perfect panic by the arrival of the *Generaux*. It took some argument to convince them that the Germans would hardly need to send two generals to take them into custody.

About ten o'clock I was starting to go down to the telegraph office to send the messages when the Spanish Minister drove up in his big green car with the Spanish flag flying at the fore. We told him our story, whereupon he announced that he also had telegrams to send and that he would go with us. We drove in state to the telegraph office and found that the entrance which had been indicated to us was the alley through which the mail wagons drive in the good days when there are any. Before an admiring crowd we descended and made our way among Prussian troopers through the noisome alley to a small side door, where we were stopped by a sentry who stuck a bayonet in our general direction and said we could go no farther.

We went to the Burgomaster in his private office and placed our troubles before him. He understood the importance of the matter and sent for the General. He appeared in short order, clicked his heels, and inquired whether we had come in regard to the matter of telegrams. The old fox knew perfectly well that we had and was ready for us. We had come to the conclusion—which I had reached yesterday afternoon and held all by my lonesome—that the old man was jockeying.

We spent nearly two hours at the Hotel de Ville and got in a good deal of talk that will be of service to all sorts of people. When we got back we found the chancery full of people who were waiting for us to tell them just how they could send telegrams and letters and get passports and permits to pass through the lines in all possible directions. Before leaving I had dictated a bulletin which was posted in the hallway stating that there were no communications with the outside world by rail, telegraph, or post, and that no *laissez-passers* would be granted by the authorities.

First Rumours of Louvain

About four o'clock McCutcheon, Irwin and Cobb breezed in looking like a lot of tramps. They had sailed blissfully away to Louvain in a taxi which they had picked up in front of the hotel; when they got there they got out and started to walk about to see what was going on when, before they could realize what was happening, they found themselves in the midst of a Belgian retreat hard pressed by a German advance. They were caught between the two and escaped with their lives by flattening themselves up against the side of a house while the firing continued. When the row was over, they were left high and dry with no taxi—of course, it had been grabbed by the retreating troops—and with no papers to justify their presence in Louvain at such a time. They decided that the best thing to do was to go straight to the German headquarters and report. They were received well enough and told to lodge themselves as best they could and stay indoors until it was decided what was to be done with them. They were told that they might be kept prisoners here or even sent to Berlin, but that no harm would come to them if they behaved themselves. The order had gone out that if a single shot was fired at the German troops from the window of any house everybody in the house was to be immediately taken out and shot. Not wishing to risk any such unpleasant end, they rented all the front rooms of a house and spread themselves through all the rooms so that they could be sure that nobody did any slaughtering from their house. They were there for three days and were told to-day that they might take themselves hence. They came back to Brussels in the same clothes that they had worn for the past three days, unshaven and dirty as pigs

This evening when I went to see my old friend the General just before dinner he told me that he had had news of a great battle near Metz in which the French army had been cut off and practically destroyed with a loss of 45,000 prisoners. It sounds about as probable as some of the other yarns. In view of the fact that my friend had no telegraphic communication I was curious to know where he got his information, but my gentle queries did not bring forth any news on that point.

The Germans now expect to establish themselves for some time here in Brussels. They are going to occupy the various Governmental departments, and it is quite possible that for some time we shall have to deal exclusively with them. The Government to which we are accredited has faded away, and we are left here with a condition and not a theory. We shall have to deal with the condition, and I am not at all sure that the condition will not require some pretty active dealing with. Functionaries are to be brought from Berlin to administer the various departments, so that it is evidently expected that the occupation is not to be of a temporary character.

Later.—After writing the foregoing I went upstairs and listened to some of the tales of the four people who were tied up at Louvain.

They said it was really pretty dreadful. From their window they saw, every little while, a group of soldiers lead some poor frightened Belgian to a little café across the street; several officers were sitting at one of the tables on the sidewalk holding a sort of drumhead court martial. While they were examining the case a squad would be marched around behind the railroad station. A few minutes later the prisoner would be marched around by another way and in a few minutes there would be a volley and the troops would be marched back to their post; then, after a little while, a stretcher would be brought out with a body in civilian clothes, a cloth over the face. Some of the prisoners were women, and there were screams before the shots were fired. It must have been a dreadful ordeal to go through.

(*To be continued*)

Why Belgium must be Free

By L. de Brouckere

M. de Brouckere is the well known Belgian Socialist who came to London as a delegate to the recent International Labour Conference and is himself an ardent Internationalist. He explains in the most explicit terms why it is that not only the future of Belgium but the peace of Europe and the cause of democracy depend on the absolute military defeat of Germany

FROM the very beginning Belgium has been intimately associated with the international labour movement. It was from Brussels that, in 1847, Marx directed that cosmopolitan association of communists whose famous manifesto exercised so profound an influence upon the entire socialist movement. At a later period the "International Association of Workers" had no more fervent section than that of my little country, and none that was numerically stronger. It was at Brussels again that, in 1891, the two units of the army of labour that had come into existence separately at Paris two years earlier, effected union for common action. And when finally, at the Congress of Paris in 1900, the new International Association was definitely constituted in its present form, the capital of Belgium was unanimously selected as the seat of its secretarial department.

It occupied the whole upper storey of our great House of the People. It was in constant intimate daily communication with all our national organisations; and the event most eagerly looked forward to by all our militants was the periodical meeting of the Bureau which two or three times in the year brought into our midst, as loved and honoured guests, those who, in every country, were the most eminent representatives of the Labour movement.

It was no mere chance, no merely fortuitous circumstance that led to Brussels being chosen from so many other socialist and labour centres as the world-capital of the movement; on the contrary it was the very nature of the Belgian nation, as shaped by history. The country is a small one, but all roads run through it. All the peoples of the West meet in it, and often have come into collision there. They have been brought into contact one with another there both in commerce and in war, and there their civilisations have intermingled. If any one of the Great Powers holds Belgium it thereby secures a strategic position of such immense importance that the equilibrium is upset. The Western nations have never known repose when Belgium has been in a state of subjection. Her freedom is essential to the peace of Europe. She is a vital point in the organism of the civilised world. In no other corner of the world are the conditions of existence so closely knit up with the conditions of universal existence. In this sense we can truly say, without self-flattery, that Belgium lies at the heart of civilisation.

True International Socialism

In these circumstances it is easy to understand that the Belgians, and especially the Belgian Socialists, are profoundly internationalist. They have remained so despite betrayal. All the communications that they have succeeded in smuggling across the frontiers guarded by the enemy prove that they are still firmly convinced that there is no possible future for the Labour movement outside the international movement. This is a point worth insisting upon, for it gives added force to the categorical refusal of the Belgian section to countenance any common action with the German Imperial Social-Democracy, either at Stockholm or anywhere else.

I will here state our reasons. They are not all of a national kind, and will have interest beyond our own borders.

Our first reason for refusing to have any dealings with men like Scheidemann and Heinse and the accomplices of the Emperor is that we do not intend to have any dealings with the Emperor himself. We intend to destroy his power. And, with the help of our Allies, we shall not desist until we have destroyed it, whatever it may cost us to do it. "Even though might succeeds for a time in reducing our bodies to slavery, our souls will never submit," were the words of a recent manifesto issued on behalf of *all* the Belgian Labour Organisations. "We add this: whatever tortures may be inflicted upon us we desire peace only with the independence of our country and the triumph of justice."

Now, if there is one thing clearly manifest to those who take the trouble to think, it is that the triumph of justice is impossible in a Europe in which German Emperors should continue to exercise despotic power over a subject people. It is even more clearly manifest that in such conditions the independence of Belgium, the very existence of Belgium, is a moral and material impossibility.

I know my socialist friends—all my socialist friends, even those who profess the most extreme pacifism—too well to question for a single moment their desire to see Belgium liberated and indemnified. I know that if they discuss peace at Stockholm they will demand for my country every imaginable formal guarantee. The leaders of the English I.L.P. are as unanimous in their agreement on this point as the Russian Soviet. Let us suppose that their wishes are realised and that the treaty they would like to arrange with Scheidemann is ratified by the Emperor—surely a very generous supposition on my part! We should then have an assurance that no German garrisons would be imposed upon us, no lion's-share trade treaties, no indirect protectorate of any kind whatsoever, and that a sufficient money indemnity would be given us to make good all our material losses. All this would be set down upon sheets of paper bearing the seal of all the Powers. And what would be the good of that? Are we not satisfied already of the value of scraps of paper?

We had enough of them before the war. They had some value then, because we believed in them. We were able to live and to trade and slowly to build up our various undertakings, because we had confidence, or at least because the menace hanging over us appeared to be uncertain and remote.

Since then, however, the event has happened, and our eyes have been opened. The veil has been rent. On August 3rd, 1914, in the course of the afternoon, the German Minister at Brussels was still entreating our newspapers to reassure us in his name. He was pledging his word to us. "You may, perhaps, see your neighbour's house burning, but your roof shall be safe," he asserted. That very evening he was sending to our Government the insolent Ultimatum that everyone remembers. Next day the soldiers of William were murdering our women near the frontier. To-day, how many thousands of our fellow-countrymen have no roof at all?

Caprice of an Emperor

What would it profit us to prevail upon the Emperor to withdraw if he retained the power to return? Are we to go to sleep each night with the fear of being awakened by the hoofs of Uhlans' horses ringing on the cobbles of our streets? Who could endure such an existence? Who could assume responsibilities, work, prepare the future for his children if the caprice of the Emperor could again destroy in a day the fruit of the labour of a lifetime? There would be no alternative but for the stronger to go into exile, and for the rest to submit. We should be "free" as the freemen of the middle ages were free, who, plundered every year by their powerful neighbours, entreated the lord who dwelt nearest to them to accept them as his serfs in order that they might not perish under his violence. We too should be compelled to pay homage to the lord, to accept the protection of William and enter into his Zollverein or attach ourselves to his Empire in some other fashion. And as we are not disposed to do so, we have no alternative but to continue the war against him and against his Allies, however much they may prate about socialism.

Many of those who desire to go to Stockholm are actuated by a perfectly sincere desire to arrange to "draw the game"; to negotiate a peace in which there shall be neither victor nor vanquished, the only kind of peace which, in their opinion, can be just and lasting.

If they were right, Stockholm would, indeed, be abundantly justified. But of all illusory mirages this one of "drawing the game" with the German Emperor is the most absurdly impossible.

I have endeavoured to prove this from the case of Belgium. I ought not to have to labour the point to show that the Western Powers, living henceforward confronted by an Emperor with drawn sword, in a world where the war had broken all the ancient bonds and all the customs which contributed to maintain equilibrium and at all events to preserve a precarious peace, in a world, moreover, where a multitude of new problems furnished new occasions for conflict, would have no choice but to prepare for another war, devoting all their resources to it and concentrating all their thought upon it, militarising and finally Prussianising themselves in anticipation of a new and more appalling carnage, unless they were prepared to resign themselves in abject submission to the law of the strongest.

What is this war, but the final challenge flung by Prussianism to democracy? Read once more the manifesto

of the German Intellectuals. Imperial Germany there proclaims through the mouths of her finest thinkers her political and social superiority over all the rest of the world. And, in this alleged superiority she sees the product of her very Imperialism. That constitutes for her the foundation of her right. It is in the name of her imperialist superiority that she claims hegemony, and calls upon democracy to submit in order that mankind may rise to the level of German perfection. If the democracies refuse, Germany summons them to the arbitrament of the sword. German warfare is pedantic: it assumes the character of a demonstration. It is not enough for the weaker to acknowledge himself defeated: he must confess that he had been mistaken, that his constitutional principles did not permit him to assure himself of that security without which civilised existence is impossible. He has no option but to enter the school of the victor.

Since the United States joined the coalition, and since the revolution in Russia, the allied democracies make up a population nearly three times as large as that of the Central Powers, without reckoning their colonial populations, which give them important co-operation. Their wealth is infinitely greater than that of their adversaries, and their industry more potent. We have had three years in which to mobilise our resources. The sea is ours, despite the submarines. We possess marked numerical superiority on all the fronts, preponderance of artillery on nearly all the fronts, and the advantage in material of all kinds. If in these circumstances democracy were unable to triumph over the Emperor, it would be the most appalling confession on her part of impotence, incapacity and weakness. She would vanish from off the face of the earth like other unfit creatures eliminated in the struggle for existence. Never has the inevitable necessity of victory been imposed more imperatively. This is a case of victory or death.

A Moral Victory

Even if, despite the improbability of any such hypothesis, Germany, whose armies still occupy unbroken lines in hostile territory, renounced all ideas of indemnities and annexation, if she ceased to demand any of these economic or military "guarantees" of which her Chancellor talked last April, if she agreed to the admission of Poland into a nominally independent unity, and to the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, but still retained her Emperor with his present power unimpaired, I contend that this would be the most signal victory for German imperialism.

A moral victory, to begin with: for it would have been demonstrated that by virtue of its essential principle it was capable of withstanding forces three times superior to its own, and compelling them to accept a compromise.

An economic victory, in the next place: the most elementary acquaintance with things Russian would convince anyone that, reinforced by the prestige accruing from its victorious resistance to a coalition of the world, it would speedily impose German commerce upon Poland, and at any rate, all the western provinces of the former empire of the Tsars. It would recover and increase the hold it previously had upon the Balkans, and upon the Ottoman Empire. And it would realise, in the most favourable conditions, the ambitious projects indicated in the construction of the Berlin-Bagdad railway.

And, finally, a political victory, for, all the world over, political influence follows in the train of commercial conquest. Sooner or later the Middle-Europe Confederacy would be constituted, and the equilibrium of the world would be definitely destroyed.

Among the Stockholm party there are many people who recognise as we do the imperative necessity of breaking the power of German Imperialism, but who think that it may be awaited as the result of an internal revolution in Germany. They rely upon the German socialists and democrats. At the outset, it is well to agree about the meaning of words. Who are the democrats upon whose courage reliance is to be placed?

Are they the Deputies who a few weeks ago voted the "Motion of the Majority" in the Reichstag? The event has proved already how much their sincerity was worth, and what the concessions with which they are satisfied amounted to.

Are they the Socialists of the Majority? The Emperor has had no more zealous supporters. It is through their agency that he keeps the people in submission. Everyone remembers the manifesto in which they implored the people to remain submissive when it was manifesting some unrest.

Are they the Socialists of the Minority? Everyone acquainted with the facts recognises their excellent intention, rather after the fair though unfortunately it was. We raise our hat to their courage, and if Germany can be renewed from within it is assuredly their influence that will do it. But is not that precisely the argument which must persuade Western Socialists to refuse all compromise and all common action at Stockholm with the Majority Socialists? These are men with whom the sincere democrats of Germany have recognised it is impossible to act in concert, and with whom they have abruptly broken off relations. Are we, who are separated from the German Majority by many other points of disagreement and by many other offences of theirs, to go and resume relations which are repudiated by the Minority in Germany? Are we to go and recognise as representatives of German democracy men who are denounced in Germany as traitors to the cause? Are we to assume the task of rehabilitating them? Surely a singular way of assisting in the emancipation of German democracy!

It is important not to give way at this point, either to idle scepticism or to childish trustfulness. No one is justified in maintaining that Germany will for ever be incapable of realising her own democracy. There exist to-day no peoples marked out for servitude by a kind of irremediable predestination, just as there exist to-day no elect peoples. But, above all, no one is justified in regarding this process of democratisation as inevitable and imminent, and in basing his politics upon that dangerous hypothesis.

The Russian Revolution

It has been said that the Russian revolution made the German revolution imminent. Perhaps it would do so, if the Russian revolution were to triumph both at home and abroad. But, if the revolution is defeated, if its armies take to flight, if it is unable to avert anarchy or economic paralysis from the country, what then? After spending two months in Russia in close study of events, and after careful examination of the situation in Germany, I have no hesitation in saying that *up to the present the events in Russia have contributed to spoiling the chances of a revolution in the dominions of the Emperor William.*

It has been declared that, if we were to make peace with the Emperor to-day, democracy would triumph to-morrow. History teaches us, however, that it is not victorious Cæsar who is overthrown, but Cæsar vanquished. If the German people are to be detached from their Emperor, they must first be convinced that William, like Napoleon before him, has become the public enemy, and that the nation has not only nothing to gain, but everything to lose from linking its destiny with that of the tyrant.

Before concluding I must say a word about a last class of advocates of the Stockholm Conference; those who would go there, not with the object of paving the way for a peace by compromise, but for some other reason, as, for example, in order to arraign the German Majority Socialists, or to lay the case for the Western Allies before the Neutral Powers and Russia. Their intention is most laudable. But it is not by their intentions that political actions must be judged, but by the results to which they logically lead. Unless I am very much mistaken, the results from Stockholm would be deplorable.

Is the atmosphere of a Peace Conference very favourable to an arraignment? In opposition to our friends who desire to proceed with the Conference, there would be in Sweden the German and Central delegates, who have no intention of standing their trial, the Neutrals, who desire at all cost to prevent the prolongation of a war into which they are in danger of being drawn, and the Russians, who have declared most audibly that it was for the express purpose of effecting peace with despatch—and consequently, by compromise—that they were so insistent upon summoning the Conference. Moreover, in opposition to them would be an important section of Western delegates, who would represent, in numbers wholly disproportionate to their strength, the pacifist elements of France, England, Italy, America and other countries. What good could come of an arraignment of which the first effect was to group all these disparate elements into an artificial coalition?

At Stockholm, as at all Conferences of this kind, it would not be the speeches which would have any effect. The thing that matters is the temper created by the convocation itself, by the intentions proclaimed by the organisers, and by the adherence won to their projects. Now, whether we like it or not, the Conference has been announced as a Peace Conference, and it was held up before the peoples as the symbol of the approaching cessation of hostilities. To attend it is to give credence to the idea that that peace is possible, and to arouse dangerous hopes which would be disappointed.

Look at Russia. I know nothing is farther from the thoughts of the Soviet than a separate peace, than fraternisation on the battle front, than abandoning positions before the enemy. Nevertheless the Russian soldiers who fought like lions under the old regime and whose valour is above

suspicion, are now comporting themselves in a manner which is a sore grief to all true friends of the revolution. Can we be surprised at it? Can we fail to see that by convincing them that a just peace favourable to the interests of revolutionary Russia could be concluded to-morrow at Stockholm, we took away from them all reason for fighting to-day? Why should they allow themselves to be killed when the triumph of their cause is to be secured by other means than by the sword?

Yes; the Socialists and the workers of the West have great duties in respect of revolutionary Russia. But those duties do not consist in ministering to the childish illusions of a people that has hardly yet attained emancipation and has never had any opportunity of acquiring the least political experience. They consist in talking sense to it. The Western democracies have yet another duty: the duty of not creating in their own countries, by flattering illusions which the Russian example has proved to be so dangerous, a military situation similar to that from which our Allies are suffering.

I only see one way in which Socialism can resume international relations with dignity. The seat of our organisation was at Brussels, in that House of the People which to-day is guarded by German bayonets. Our International Association is under the heel of the Kaiser, as Belgium herself is under his heel. Is it prepared to accept the situation and, having been kicked out of its own house, is it simply going to sit somewhere else?

Let it first of all drive out the invader and repudiate as traitors to its cause all those who, like the German Majority Socialists, have become accomplices of the criminal and accessories to the crime. The deliverance of Brussels will be a symbol of the deliverance of the International Association itself. It is at Brussels, and at nowhere else than Brussels, that its first Congress ought to meet.

Germany's Purpose towards Belgium

Mr. Asquith in the course of the debate on the Reichstag Resolution in the House of Commons on Thursday July 26th, asked this pertinent question:

Is Germany prepared not only to evacuate Belgium, not only to make full reparation for the colossal mischief and damage which have accompanied her devastating occupation of the country, and her practical enslavement, so far as she can carry it out, of large portions of the population—is she prepared not only to do that—this is a very plain question, which admits of a very simple answer—but to restore to Belgium not the pretence of liberty, but complete and unfettered and absolute independence? I should like to know the German Chancellor's answer to that question, not the answer of the Reichstag. I ask the Chancellor that, I ask him now as far as I may. It is a very simple question.

Naturally the German Chancellor did not reply. But last month Professor van Hamel contributed to *de Amsterdammer* an article setting forth German views on the future of Belgium which have been publicly expressed during the last twelve months or so. The following is an exact translation of Professor van Hamel's article; it affords convincing proof of Germany's intentions. Those intentions will never be altered until, in Mr. Asquith's words, "the military domination of Prussia is completely and finally destroyed."

* * * * * * * * *

NO straight answer to Mr. Asquith's question has been given and none will be given because no German can persuade himself to speak openly on this question, which is the heart and root of all questions raised by the war not only for belligerents but also for neutrals like ourselves. We can, however, supply the answer: *Nobody in Germany from Scheidemann upwards through Michaelis to Hindenburg has the remotest intention to reply in the affirmative.*

Many good people appear to be under the impression that a serious desire to retain Belgium does not exist in high placed circles and Government circles in Germany. They think this is one of the many points capable of being negotiated. To them may be pointed out that the whole of Germany from the Socialist to the hottest Militarist, and from the steel manufacturers to the clergy, holds the view which the Foreign Political Editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, Prof. Otto Hoetch, has formulated in the issue of that paper of December 28th, 1916, thus:

> Belgium will either be a vassal state of England or we have to see that we obtain the substantial guarantees which our Government has asked for. Our demands on Belgium for military as well as for industrial purposes are absolute. For the sake of the base of our power we cannot accept any substitute. This cannot be a matter of give and take or negotiation.

The Berliner *Lokal Anzeiger* last week said:

> Asquith is sufficiently worldly wise to understand that with the exception of a few fantastic people, nobody in our country intends to deliver Belgium up to England and France again.

Every other representation is misleading. Every effort to represent Germany as wanting less and being less convinced and less tenacious is wrong. Even if one can occasionally quote the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which in these matters is of no significance, the equivocal utterance of some German authority or the apparently different assurance of a few Socialists—one thing is certain: the pertinent question, whether Belgium will again be allowed by the Germans to be a free country is nowhere in Germany answered unconditionally in the affirmative.

We do not want to be believed on our personal word. We will allow our countrymen to hear a number of German voices, in order that they may form their own judgment in this important question. They will then realise that the German aspiration to continue to dominate after the war the Belgians as creatures of the German Empire and to establish permanent military, economical and political ties between Germany and Belgium contains a fatal warning to Holland which cannot be more clearly put than was done in the *Deutsche Himmen* of December, 1916, by the recently deceased leader of the National Liberal party, Herr Bassermann:

> If Holland becomes enclosed between Germany on one side and a Belgium under German influence on the other side it must and will come over to and ally with Germany. If England succeeds in re-establishing Belgium as an independent state, British influence and antipathy against Germany will increase in Holland. If on the other hand we have a military hold on Belgium, we are able to protect Holland against a German invasion. Therefore also with regard to Holland we are unconditionally obliged to lay our hand militarily economically and politically on Belgium. Much German blood has been shed in Flanders. May it be given to us not to annex Belgium but to hold it well in hand.

That Conservatives and Militarists in Germany have always considered the possession of Belgium as indispensable for Germany's future is obvious. Von Bissing, the deceased Governor-General of Belgium, left this legacy to his countrymen in his will which has been published in the press expressed in the following words: "Keep Belgium as a conquered province for the sake of the next war which is sure to come." Since recently the German Government allows discussion of war aims, so that it is possible on this side of the frontier to hear German views, the line of thought prevailing at present in Germany becomes quite clear. Nowhere has it been made more plain than in the memorandum which the German Navy League presented (June 17th, 1916) to the Federal Council and Chancellor:

> The key of Germany's future is on the Flemish coast. Had we possessed and fortified this before the war, England would never have dared come to France's assistance. Germany's domination over Belgium is a necessity. A return to Belgium's previous independence would be for us a defeat after a hard struggle. Also in an economical sense Belgium is an indispensable link in the chain of Germany's oversea trade. Only an Antwerp politically and economically subjected to Germany—in connection with which Flushing may perhaps fill the same part as Cuxhaven with respect to Hamburg—can give us satisfaction.

Similar language was held by the six big Leagues (the League of Landed Property-Owners, Peasants League, Christian Peasants Union, Central League of German Manufacturers, Manufacturers Union and the Imperial Middle Class League) in their famous manifesto of May 20th, 1915:

> It is necessary with a view to securing our sea-power and our future that Belgium be subjected militarily and by tariff policy, as well as by monetary and postal system, to the laws of the German Empire. Its railways and waterways must be merged into our system of communications.

And the "Independent Committee for a German Peace" in its organ, *Toesland*, of New Year's Day, 1917, remarked:

> There are only two alternatives: either Belgium remains under German hegemony or it becomes a weapon against us in the hands of our enemies. This cannot be settled by a treaty as between two States. Establish a German paramount administration with a strict division of the Germanic and Latin parts, assist the Flemish to obtain what they are entitled to in regard to education, administration of justice, government and parliamentary representation, and the rapprochement will become greater and greater.

The "Pan-Germanic League" published on December 9th,

1916, as an "explanation of the war aims of Germany."

> Against England we have to keep our hand on Belgium and the Channel coast. For the safety of our Western frontier it is indispensable to so organize the Government of Belgium that, after separating for administrative purposes the Walloon and Flemish parts, the inhabitants have no influence on the political fate of the country; and the possessions and undertakings of the Walloon notables pass into German hands.

Firmly planted remains the opinion as put forward among others by Prince Salm Horstmar, member of the Prussian House of Lords, in *Der Tag* of July 29th, 1916:

> We shall have lost the war if we do not bring home as prize of victory the domination of the Flemish coast.

It should be noted, however, that it is not only in those German circles which we call reactionary and whose great influence should not be lost sight of, that these views prevail. Among the groups of other political creeds exactly the same opinions are held. Good burghers of the city of Frankfort on the Oder jointly addressed a petition to the German Chancellor of the following tenor:

> Belgium has resigned its title to an independent State. We want it. We want its mineral wealth and industrial undertakings in order to increase our economic power. The form of our possession is indifferent to us. Annexation is unnecessary. We want a Flemish State within our black and white and red frontier posts.

From places in other parts of Germany such as Catholic Freiburg in Breisgau exactly similar petitions have been sent: "Let Belgium come under German leadership." The popular Political Parties have uttered similar language. The Christian Social Party already in March, 1916, passed a resolution containing the following words:

> It is necessary that no Belgium which can serve as a Franco-British marching ground remains. A Germanic kingdom of Flanders with a true German prince at its head should be called into existence. It should without annexation form part of the German Empire; and while retaining its language and internal administration, its means of communication, army and naval ports should be under German supremacy.

As regards the Centre party, the *Koelnische Volks Zeitung* in October, 1916, devoted several articles to the Belgian question, one extract of which reads as follows:

> Considerations of our defence and security guide us. Belgium will remain a rich country; we can let it continue to seek its own economic advantages if only we take permanent care that Belgian economic life does not become a weapon against us. Antwerp is of special importance. In the future it should even more than in the past become the sea gate for German production, especially for the Rhenish-Westphalian industry. But in order to rule Antwerp's future we must have it in our hands, precisely like Hamburg and Bremen, militarily and economically. And without Ostend and Zeebrugge we are not masters of Antwerp.

The National Liberal leader, the late Herr Bassermann, wrote in the *Deutsche Stimmen* of December 25th, 1916:

> For Germany's security it is indispensable that we have our hand on Belgium. If we do not succeed in holding the Flemish coast, England has won the war. Only by keeping these points d'appui we can enforce peace. To retain Flanders for the Germanic race is the question. Antwerp must remain a German port.

The views of his party are also expressed by Lanick in *Klarheit uber Kriegsziele*:

> Luxemburg and Belgium should unconditionally be brought within the German boundary system. Belgium on our Western frontier will have to fill the same part as the fortress line in Alsace-Lorraine. It must be open for us as a strategic marching ground, and we must have its natural means of defence in our possession. We require tangible guarantees. We must direct the Belgian railway systems and occupy the principal fortresses. It is obvious that Belgium should also economically and in its foreign policy be dependent upon Germany. However, annexation is not desirable.

As regards the advanced Radicals the following quotation from a loudly applauded speech made by the Reichstag Deputy, Herr Wiemer in the party meeting in Greater Berlin on January 3rd, 1917, may be taken as typical:

> We do not want to annex Belgium, no party desires this. But what the Chancellor said in the Reichstag on December 9th, 1915, with approval of all parties remains unaltered: we must protect ourselves militarily, politically and economically against England and France having in Belgium a jumping-off ground on Germany."

The well-known Reichstag Deputy Herr Muller-Meiningen said in the General Meeting of the Liberal League at Frei-Munchen in January, 1917:

> The neutral press accepts as a *communis opinio* that Belgium can rely upon being restored and indemnified by Germany. This, however, is not in accordance with the official declaration of August 4th, 1914. The future relationship between the German Empire and Belgium must be settled by the arbitrament of arms. In Belgium either France or Germany (even without annexation) will exercise hegemony.

From the above quotations it becomes apparent how the formula "no annexations" has been combined with hegemony. On May 3rd, 1917, the Reichstag Committee discussed the Belgium question. A Radical Deputy then said in agreement with Dr. Helferich, the Vice-Chancellor:

> There is no longer any question of annexation. Even a semi-sovereign Belgium would lead to continual protest movements. But restoration of the old situation would also carry the greatest dangers with it. Belgium then would only be an appendix of the Entente. The only way by which to attain our object is to separate politically Flemish and Walloons. The Flemish are, as the most advanced guard of the Germanic world, tied to us in life and death. We have to take care that now before peace is concluded as much as possible of Flanders is tied to Germany. Within half a year the Belgian State should be split in two and Flanders should immediately be closely connected economically with Germany. The Young-Flemish desire a Flanders kingdom in close relationship with the German Empire.

Now for the Socialists! Too much importance is attached abroad to a few manifestations of the Party and especially to Scheidemann. Scheidemann is not by any means as positively in favour of Belgian independence as many think. There are optimists among our countrymen who have been surprised when in answer to their question: "So you wish Belgium to be free," he has answered, "Yes, certainly, but under certain conditions." But in the German Socialist party many much clearer expressions have been heard.

Against Scheidemann's speech of October 11th, 1916, about "Peace by international agreement," Leimpeters wrote in the Socialist organ *Die Glocke*:

> I have ample opportunity to mix with adherents of our party in mines and factories. Nearly all without exception are annexationists. Even many who side with Liebknecht and support the minority, will surrender neither Belgium nor other territory. If a vote were taken in our Party certainly 90 per cent. would be for annexation.

Paul Lensch, a Socialist Deputy of the Reichstag, wrote in the *Dusseldorfer General Anzeiger*:

> There is no difference of opinion among the German people that Belgium should not be annexed; but they are also agreed the necessity of demanding so-called guarantees for the future

Herr Konrad Hanisch wrote in the *Vorwarts*:

> It seems as if the leaders with their manifestations in favour of peace do not represent the rank and file of the party. As regards, for instance, the much discussed "annexation;" I, for my person do not make a secret of my conviction that the interest of the German people and labouring classes demand a great extension of our Eastern frontier, and also real guarantees to prevent Belgium from remaining the gateway through which England can invade Central Europe, taking into account the interests of the Belgian people.

In the December, 1916, issue of the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* Herr Max Khippel wrote:

> A clear programme to protect us against Belgium (dismantling the fortresses, control of foreign policy, mutual means of communication, economic rapprochement or amalgamation) has still to be worked out. Unfortunately the press of our party avoids this question, and only conducts the windmill fight against the annexation nonsense.

These are perhaps an excessive number of quotations, but we wished this time to give a faithful and lively picture of what it is necessary to understand about the intentions *generally* held in Germany with regard to Belgium. Is the answer explicit or not? And may we not say with Lanick from whose *Klarheit uber die Kriegsziele* (1917) further matter on this subject could be quoted: "Germany desires on the Channel a Western Mark or Dependency under German protection, not an independent Belgium." To satisfy this aspiration, Bethmann Hollweg pledged his word in the Reichstag on December 9th, 1915, and Michaelis repeated it when speaking of *grenz vicherungen* (frontier security) in his recent speech.

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NOTE BY EDITOR: Since this article was published in Amsterdam, other impressions of opinion on the future of Belgium have appeared in the German Press. The most remarkable was the following from the pen of Count Reventlow, which was published in the leading article of the Pan-Germanic organ, the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, only last Sunday:

> If it is true that the German Government has decided on the renunciation of Belgium, the ruin of the German Empire would be sealed, and the English would be right when they said that the Germans would win battles but that England would win the war. In the solution of the Belgian question lies, indeed, the future of the German Empire. For the present nothing more certain is known, but it is necessary to draw attention to the fact that rumours of such a German renunciation have been increasing of late. Such a peace would be a bankrupt peace.

Life and Letters

Henry James's Last Works

By J. C. Squire

WHATEVER may be said about the later developments of his artistic habits, the powers of Henry James's mind were unimpaired when, over seventy, he died. His posthumous works therefore—there are two novels and a new volume of his reminiscences—unlike most things of the sort. They are not rejected scraps, and they are not the diversions of an old hand who has left the time of great effort behind him but who cannot keep away from the pen. The two novels, *The Ivory Tower* and *The Sense of the Past* have now been published by Messrs. Collins (6s. net each), and no one who is addicted to James can afford to neglect them. They are not, and one at least of them could not have been, among his masterpieces; but they are the real thing and not a senile reflection of it. And if they are unfinished, the deficiency is more than compensated for by the inclusion, in each volume, of the very elaborate dictated notes with which it was his habit to assist himself when writing a novel.

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All James's later works were dictated. He dictated not merely his notes, but successive drafts of the books themselves, each draft being an amplification spoken from the typescript of the preceding one. This practice was bound to affect the method of his presentation. It accentuated his natural tendencies of discursiveness. "Of course," he admits to his amanuensis "I am afraid of twists, I mean of their multiplying on my hands to the effect of too much lengthening and enlarging and sprawling." But the twist at the moment occurring to him was surely, he thought, essential. It assisted, perhaps, his drift away from the careful description of appearances, of physical gestures and of scenes, of which the earlier James was so great a master. And, no doubt, it also made more voluminous the folds of his "sprawling," parenthetical, profusely be-commaed sentences. These, it is quite notorious, got more and more extraordinary as he got older. There are many in the two books now published which will entertain those who get an easy pleasure out of James's serpentine phaseology, with the conclusion: "Do you expect us to read a man who writes like that?" Here is one from the new and variegated collection of syntactical blooms:

> She was happy—this our young woman perfectly perceived, to her own very great increase of interest; so happy that, as had been repeatedly noticeable before, she multiplied herself through the very agitation of it, appearing to be, for particular things they had to say to her, particular conversational grabs and snatches, all of the most violent, they kept attempting and mostly achieving, at the service of everyone at once, and thereby as obliging, as humane a beauty, after the fashion of the old term, as could have charmed the sight.

There are some such, I candidly confess, of which I have got the general sense, but no more. But one must not mind that occasionally. And one must give him his idiom. When he makes a dying American millionaire say, "You utterly loathe and abhor the bustle! That's what I blissfully want of you," he fails in superficial verisimilitude. But, after all, dialogue in novels always bears marks of the novelist's style; James's misfortune or fortune was that his little turns of speech were more unusual than most. And the wrongness is only superficial. The sentiments underlying the words are the principal thing; and it was in discovering them that he was a true, a great, realist.

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His realism, in his later books, and conspicuously in these two, is concerned only with a restricted and very exacting field of observation. He avoids strong passions, strong affections, melodramatic situations. His people do not stamp or scowl or lie awake: discomfort, in these books, does not approach agony nor pleasure delight. His business is with the fine features of character, the little unspoken thoughts that underlie (and usually greatly differ from) the things we say, and the precise nature of the relations of people with each other and with their social surroundings. Concentrated on subtleties of perception and attitude he certainly became one-sided. In these two books one is certainly looking at human beings and seeing many things about them more clearly than ever before; but they are seen as it were through tinted plate glass which shuts out sound; they have something of the near and clear yet remote and phantasmal appearance of creatures in an aquarium. The sea breezes here do not ruffle the hair; the sunshine, though bright, is scarcely warm. It is easy, however, to say what he did not do; the important thing is what he did do, and what he did with tremendous pains and tremendous success. The pains were certainly well conceived in Mr. Wells's reference to him as resembling a hippopotamus picking up a pea. But he wasn't a hippopotamus and it wasn't a pea. It was a very large section of the ordinary—not the extraordinary—mental life of men and women. His resourcefulness in inventing situations which should display their reactions upon each other and to circumstance, the way in which their conduct is affected by temperament, by taste, by convenience, by ideals, by tradition, was unique. In these two novels—which cannot be, properly speaking, reviewed in this space—it is twice more illustrated. In *The Ivory Tower* he returns to America and England, the difference in outlook, manners, customs, often so intangible and impalpable, that nevertheless make his hero, arriving in America, say "no thing of one's former experience serves, and one doesn't know anything about anything." This novel, if finished, would have been a fine one; every page is intensely interesting, and a large number of characters very clearly seen and exhibited. In *The Sense of the Past*—which I do not think could have been a success, though it has beautiful passages—he throws his hero back, and makes us almost believe in the journey, into the life of his ancestors of 1820, still aware that he is really a man of 1910, but keeping the fact dark. By this, shall one say improbable, transference he does what he wants to do: exhibits just those differences, crude, subtle, or very subtle, between our modern conventions and ways of thought and those of our grandparents which engaged his curiosity. The increasing "malaise," both of Ralph Pendril and of those among whom he is thrown, is marvellously conceived. He is, one feels, telling the exact truth all the time. He had, as an observer, the real scientific spirit; though not, thank God, as an expositor the scientific method. But unlike some scientific observers he did not regard all his moral and psychological "tacts" as of equal value. His standards of honourable living are always in the background: his implied judgments never in doubt.

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The notes, consecutive, and filling many pages given at the end of these two novels, are such autobiographical fragments as we would give anything for from many great writers. They are virtually gramophone records of a great artist's talk about the work he had in hand: but they were not spoken, self-consciously and with an assumption of the oracle, or at least the public figure, into the gramophone. He has conceived his principal characters and set them on a stage. He talks and talks about them and their relations with each other. Each time as he wishes to illuminate some trait or give the story some twist, we see his forehead knitting while his invention, his always fertile invention, produces the necessary encounter, past episode, new subsidiary character, or what not. Sometimes he dismisses the difficulty with "That will be easy when we come to it"; sometimes he postpones it with the reflection that a notion will come some time if he thinks about it long enough. He refers now and then to a past work. The delicate gruesomeness of *The Sense of the Past* is to resemble in its growth that of *The Turn of the Screw*. And sometimes, he breaks into delight and enthusiasm over the "magnificent," the "tremendous" possibilities opened up by something, some "admirable twist," which has just occurred to him. He exhorts himself repeatedly to face his problem, to "get it right"; and in one place he openly strikes a development which is too complicated to handle. It is in *The Sense of the Past*. The man of 1910 has changed places with the man of 1820. He is describing the man of 1910 living in the Past: shall he also, he asks ("will he also," the reader inevitably asks) concurrently describe the life that the projected man of 1820 leads in the modern surroundings from which Ralph Pendrel has escaped? No: the complication would be "an impossible one, an unspeakable tangle." It is consoling to find that there were some things that baffled even his curiosity and ingenuity: things not merely that he could not do, but that he would not attempt. As it was he was perhaps attempting too much: and I should certainly recommend all but the hardened to take *The Ivory Tower* before the other book.

The Future of India

By F. A. de V. Robertson

The writer of this article has a very wide experience of India in several non-official capacities. When the war began, he was called out as an officer of the Indian Army Reserve and was present at the second battle of Ypres and Festubert. He has since been invalided out of the Army.

THREE recent events ought to turn the attention of all Imperialists to the question of reforming the constitution of India. They are the approaching visit to Delhi of Mr. Montagu, Secretary for Indian Affairs, the speech delivered by Lord Islington early last month at the Oxford Summer Meeting, and the publication by the Aga Khan of the "political testament" of the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale.

The four names mentioned are all significant. Mr. Montagu was Under Secretary for India under Lord Morley, who carried a far reaching scheme of Indian reform. Lord Islington was Chairman of the recent Royal Commission which investigated the conditions of the Indian Public Services, and is now Under Secretary for India. Gopal Krishna Gokhale, a Mahratta Brahman, was the ablest and the most respected advocate of progressive Home Rule for India; while the Aga Khan, who professes himself in hearty agreement with Mr. Gokhale's scheme, is the political leader of Indian Mussulmans.

Two reasons readily occur to the public mind for granting Indians a greater share in the governing of their country: (*a*) India's loyalty during the war, and (*b*) the acknowledged fact that this is a war of democracy, and that under its impulse it is the right and the duty of Englishmen to advance the democratic principle throughout their Empire. Each reason requires some examination, for the circumstances of India are not universally known in this country, and they differ considerably from the circumstances in other parts of the Empire. India's loyalty has been manifested in two ways. Her army has fought gallantly in three continents, generously supported by the Native States; while in British India German plotters have failed to create a disturbance and Indian politicians have rallied to the support of the Government.

The Military Races

The valour of the army, however, is only an indirect reason for instituting political reforms. The races from which the soldiers are recruited have slight connection with the educated politicians of Bengal, Madras and the Deccan, nor have Indian soldiers any cause to love Indian politicians. For years past the latter have clamoured for increased military economy, and we know now whither military economy has led us. At the outbreak of war the Indian sepoy's pay was a miserable pittance, and it has only recently been raised. No scheme of political reform has yet been advanced by which the martial races would gain either power or profit, and it has remained for the present Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, to nominate a retired Indian officer to his Legislative Council. On the other hand the rally of Liberal and Radical politicians round the flag arouses gratitude and gives a sense of security for the future. In short, as there has been no rebellion in India during this war we may feel reasonably certain that there will not be another, so the British *Raj* runs no great risk if the Government indulges in political experiments. The only risk is that injudicious reforms may do harm to the majority of the Indian people.

As for advancing the democratic principle in India, the reformer must ask himself *quo vadis* and look carefully to see if each projected reform will take him nearer the desired end. Confusion of ideas may easily result in the reformer defeating his own purpose. The inhabitants of India are divided among themselves by race, language and religion, and the Hindus are further divided into hereditary castes. But for present purposes it is enough to bear in mind the division into literates and illiterates. The former number a few hundred thousand, mostly lawyers and clerks; the latter number over 300 million agriculturists. There are, of course, others besides lawyers and clerks who are literate, either in their own vernacular or even in English. Nearly all the ruling Princes and the richer landlords of British India, the subordinate officials, the native bankers and merchants, the Indian officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army, all are literate at least in the vernacular, while in Madras most of the domestic servants can read and write English. But their interests are not identical with those of the English educated party which demands political reform.

The ruling Princes are not British subjects, and are not directly concerned. The landlords vary in their opinions, but on the whole incline to favour caution rather than speed in altering the constitution. It is safe to say that were any system established of open voting by all literates, the class which chiefly consists of lawyers and clerks would sweep the polls. But, as is shown below, it is not likely that such a system will be introduced. It is inconceivable that the illiterate can receive the franchise, and it remains to be seen if they will benefit by the bestowal of a wider franchise on the literates. The question of caste also affects the matter, as it affects all Hindu questions. Castes are based upon hereditary occupations, and the literate class for the most part come from castes whose occupations are sedentary—Brahmans, Kayasthas, etc. In relation to British officials the Hindu literates are Liberals or Radicals; in relation to the mass of the Indian peasantry they are an hereditary oligarchy.

Reform Schemes

But perhaps it is not necessary that reform schemes should be labelled democratic, despite the *entente* between the party which Mr. Gokhale led and the party to which Lord Morley and Mr. Montagu belong. Let us briefly examine the scheme put forward by Lord Islington (who declared that he spoke only for himself) and Mr. Gokhale. They are very similar in many points. Both favour a large extension of provincial autonomy, and there are few with long experience of India who will quarrel with this principle. India is too vast and varied to be satisfactorily ruled in detail by one central Government. A federal model was indeed contemplated by Lord Hardinge's Government in the despatch of 1911 which proposed the substitution of Delhi for Calcutta as the capital of India. One of the best reasons for the change of capital was that the Government, which in reality ruled all provinces, was apt to be influenced by the opinions of the province of Bengal, when it resided at Calcutta, while Madras and Burma complained of neglect. The provinces of India differ from each other as do the countries of Europe. The present writer has worked in five of the provinces and can vouch that each transfer seemed like a move to a new country—as indeed it was. In fact it is a question whether the provinces should not be further sub-divided, Oudh separated from Agra, Orissa and Chota Nagpur from Bihar, and Malabar, Canara and the Telugu country from Madras. But this by the way.

Into all the details of provincial autonomy as proposed by Lord Islington and Mr. Gokhale it is not necessary to enter here. The most radical change proposed is Mr. Gokhale's wish that not less than four-fifths of a provincial Council should be elected. This would at first throw great power into the hands of the literate class of Indians. Mr. Gokhale would reserve two safety checks in the Government's veto and in the official majority in the Governor-General's Legislative Assembly. These hardly seem adequate, as either could only be used sparingly. There is already a majority of non-official members in each Provincial Legislative Council, and it is obvious that any reform framed to satisfy the demands of educated Indians must increase that majority. But so large an elected majority as four-fifths would be unwise. England cannot yet resign the greater part of her responsibility for the welfare of India.

Moreover, the educated Hindus will not have things all their own way. The principle of community representation has come to stay in India, thanks chiefly to the Aga Khan. Mohammedans will everywhere elect their own representatives, and may secure a majority in the Punjab. The important communities of British planters, merchants and tradesmen must have a voice in proportion to their importance. Wealthy *zamindars* (squires) will be a notable factor, especially in Oudh, and any scheme which ignored their great stake in the country would be defective. In Madras the quick-witted Pariahs and Native Christians (they are often but not invariably identical) ought soon to be able to make their influence felt; and finally as primary education spreads, the peasants will be able to elect their own members to the Council board.

Both Lord Islington and Mr. Gokhale desire a development of Local Self-Government in municipalities and district boards. This was the sphere in which the British people learnt to rule themselves, and by this medium it was hoped that the Indians would learn the same lesson. Considerable opportunities have been offered for some time past, but on the whole the results have been disappointing. Again we must hope for an improvement in time.

Both reformers also desire an extension, or rather a revival, of the powers of Punchayats, or village councils. This must be heartily approved. The Punchayats are truly native

institutions, not western innovations, and it is a pity that they ever lost their former importance. But when Mr. Gokhale wishes to associate with the Collector or Deputy Commissioner a small district council "the functions of the councils being advisory to begin with," a very strong opposition must be expected. The work of the executive branch of the Indian Civil Service is twofold, work at the secretariats and work in the districts. The secretariats are the "bureaucracy" about which many hard things have been justly said. But the district administration by Collectors and Deputy Commissioners is one of the finest things ever done by men of British blood. Personal rule is what the Indian peasant expects and understands. When it is exercised by a strong, incorruptible, able man who will hold the scales even between rival sects, the *rayat* is happy. All these virtues belong to the average British head of a district, whom the *rayat* affectionately hails as his *ma-bap* (his father and his mother). Half the real woes of India are due to interference with the chief magistrates of the districts by the secretariats. Why men who have worked in a district should so change their spots when appointed to a secretariat is hard to explain. Yet so it is.

On the whole there is no reason to fear that the reforms which are coming will be framed in a rash or a party spirit. It falls to Mr. Montagu to put the final touch to them, but Mr. Chamberlain, before his resignation, stated officially that he had received proposals for reform from the Indian Government. The present head of that Government, Lord Chelmsford, has won a reputation for sturdy common sense and devotion to the interests of India.

In conclusion, a few words may be said about the grant of army commissions to Indians. Mr. Gokhale advocated it, and Mr. Montagu has announced the concession. This has been followed by the gazetting of nine officers of the Native Indian Land Forces to commissions in the Indian Army. There are three directions which reform might have taken in this matter:—(1) gazetting gentlemen who have passed through the Imperial Cadet Corps at Dehra Dun; (2) promoting *Rissaldars* and *Subadars* to second lieutenants; (3) permitting open competition among Indians for commissions. The first is a boon to the princes and nobles of India; the second would concern the yeoman class of the martial races; the third would be a concession to the educated classes. The authorities have rightly chosen the first alternative.

To provide careers for the relations of the ruling princes and of the landlord nobles of British India, is a large problem which has hitherto been faced by no one except Lord Curzon. He instituted the Imperial Cadet Corps at which young princes and nobles receive an excellent all-round education and military training. Incidentally, the cadets wear the most beautiful of all uniforms in the British Empire, and they form one of the Bodyguards of the King-Emperor. A selected few of the cadets have been commissioned and appear in the Indian Army List as the "Native Indian Land Forces," a body of officers without troops. They have mostly been employed on the staffs of Generals or in command of Imperial Service Troops, which are maintained by the Native States. It is a pity that it has been considered necessary to give these officers new commissions, instead of posting them direct to regiments, but presumably the step was necessary. For the future it may be hoped that the Native Indian Land Forces will disappear from the Army List and that the selected cadets from Dehra Dun will be gazetted direct to the Indian Army. Likewise it may be hoped that the number of commissions granted will be materially increased.

At times the suggestion has been made that the Indian officers of the regiments, the *Rissalders* and *Subadars*, who hold commissions, but whose position is analogous to warrant officers in British service, should be promoted to British rank. They are splendid men, brave, loyal and capable, and the writer knows by experience that their work on active service has been invaluable. But such promotions would rarely be wise. The Indian officers have mostly come through the ranks. Their religion would forbid them taking part in Mess life, and they would hanker for the society of their fellows. Moreover, they are content with their present status and do not desire increased responsibility.

As for open competition, that is at present impossible. Recruitment takes place among specified martial races, and the army is organised in class platoons or class battalions. Platoon commanders are always of the same class as their men. Creed and caste are deliberately invoked to stimulate the martial spirit. The men will follow a British officer, and they will follow a Rajah—your Indian loves a lord—but they would not follow an Indian of a non-martial race. It is inconceivable that a Bengali Brahman should command a company of Pathans.

Command of Indian troops is a matter of personal influence, and it must not be forgotten that the most important factor in an Indian's life is his creed or his caste.

Novels of the Autumn

YEARS ago this reviewer was a temporary inmate of a hospital in a Western city of America. Among his fellow-patients was a man from Arkansas, of a considerable power of verbal expression. His favourite expletive was "Jesus H. Christ." But the Arkansas man was of no use with his pen, and having letters to write home, the reviewer constituted himself his amanuensis. In remuneration he only asked the American to cease using the Sacred Name. "Name?" exclaimed the son of Arkansas; "Jesus H. Christ! What name?" The reviewer discovered he was in the presence of a human being totally ignorant of the Gospel story, to whom the Sacred Name was merely a mellifluous ejaculation. It seems to have been much the same with Mr. Wells. Until two or three years ago God appears to have represented to him nothing but a monosyllabic cuss-word. Then someone must have explained that behind the word was a Personality, a Living Power. This has so "intrigued" him ("intrigued" we believe to be *le mot juste*) that he cannot write enough on the subject. We have had *God the Invisible King* by Wells the Incomprehensible Creature, and now we are given *The Soul of a Bishop* (Cassells, 5s. net), which might almost be called *The Mind of a Novelist*, for it yields curious insights into the innermost thought of the author. Among other things we discover that Mr. Wells belongs to that not inconsiderable class of the community which judges the social status of the individual by the size of the house lived in, forgetting, as do all those who subscribe to this suburban snobbery, the well-known couplet of Dick Lovelace:

> Stone walls do not a household make
> Nor cubic feet a home.

The younger daughters of the Bishop of Princhester certainly scored; for when he, having jettisoned apron and shovel hat, retired to Pembury Road, they were sent to Notting Hill High School, which is perhaps the oldest and certainly one of the best public schools for girls in the country.

* * * * *

If the only thing in Mr. Wells's new book was his jejune and flatfooted discussions of the Deity, it might well be passed over, for these things irritate a few and bore many; and even those who take pleasure in them, do it for some secondary reason. For instance, it is amusing to find the eagerness with which certain reviewers of a different faith are using Mr. Wells's latest as a new stick with which to hammer the Church of England. But with *The Soul of the Bishop*, as with others of Mr. Wells's recent works, a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. It was certainly so both with *Mr. Britling* and *The Invisible King*. The leaven in this case is a "precious fluid," "the most golden of liquids," a sort of Great Easton syrop which sends "a joyous tingling throughout the body" and promotes visions. Mr. Wells benefits more from it than the Bishop, and his readers benefit the most. Once the Great Easton syrop works—it is a familiar formula—we have the old Wells, the imaginative writer, the poet, who throws reality to the winds, sacrifices verisimilitude, and who, through vivid imagery and a fine art of word painting, conveys an impression which is outside the scope of ordinary language. His success is splendid. We may not like the Bishop of Princhester, we may regard him as weak, unbalanced, half-educated, but once the tingling begins and the vision opens, we see him struggling in an apocalyptic fit, honestly and sincerely endeavouring to realise the truth he believes to lie within him. While the drug is in operation the Bishop is no mean modern Hamlet, as feeble as mortal man must always be, bowed down beneath "the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world." Mr. Wells, the theologian, moves us to mockery, but for Mr. Wells, the imaginative writer, we have a most wholehearted admiration. Weak and ineffectual as *The Soul of the Bishop*, regarded as a whole, must be pronounced, we believe it contains certain passages that will in time rank among the masterpieces of this prolific writer.

* * * * *

Wanted a Tortoiseshell, by Peter Blundell (John Lane, 5s. net) is a comedy of the Straits Settlements, of the type which this author has made peculiarly his own, but there is missing from it the usual Eurasian, whose place in this case is taken by a fat and particularly offensive Swedish gentleman. The plot of the story is mainly developed on the difficulty of obtaining a tortoiseshell tom cat—a real tortoiseshell, and a worthy successor to the cats venerated in ancient Egypt. Cats chased, cats dyed, cats stolen and cats recovered, give plenty of scope for action, of which the author takes full advantage. The local colour is as convincing as ever, the disreputable Scot, McQuat, is as disturbing as ever, and the story as a whole is as joyous a production as its predecessors; a book with which to forget about events for an hour or two and be genuinely amused.

* * * * *

Smugglers, lost heirs, and a distinct flavour of the early nineteenth century, are the principal characteristics of *The Weird o' the Pool*, by Alexander Stuart (John Murray, 5s. net), though there are gipsy women with the power of foretelling the future, a villain or two of the very deepest dye, and the inevitable love interest of such a story, as well. The plot is a complicated one, of the kind that Wilkie Collins would have delighted in, and the saving grace of humour, which the author possesses to a very large degree, redeems the book from the commonplace and adds point to what is, as a matter of fact, a very good story. Jimmy Bogle, reputed half-witted, but in reality as brainy as the very clever villain himself, cracks jokes in north-country dialect from time to time, and the jokes are good, having in them a savour of that hard-headed appraisement of life which is characteristic of the north-countryman. A good knowledge of woodland things and ways, and the gift of terse, vivid description, stamp the work, and certain verses, attributed to Jimmy Bogle—who could both scare crows and "make pottery," as he called poetry—help to enliven it. We hope to see more of Mr. Stuart's work, for this, presumably a first novel, is one of more than usual promise.

* * * * *

It is fairly safe to say that when an American sets out to do a thing, he does it pretty thoroughly, and *Wings of Danger* a romance by Arthur A. Nelson (McBride, Nast, 6s.), is a good instance of this. The author has taken the Haggard type of Central African plot, and packed it so full of incident that there is a thrill to every page; not much fine writing, for there is no room for it, but fights galore, and a yarn of a party of Norsemen who, in old time, came exploring and settled in the unknown wilds, there to be found by adventurers who brought with them a machine gun or two, and other scientific implements which, of course, gave them a decided advantage over their hosts in the wilderness. A certain immaturity of construction is evident here and there—it is as if the author had changed his mind while writing, for he does not make the most of some of his incidents, but lets others overshadow them, so that in one or two cases the reader is irritated by blind trails. But it is safe to say that, if this book is handed to the average school-boy, it will be difficult to get the boy to bed at the proper time, until he has finished it. It is, of course, sheer melodrama, and very impossible, if one stops to think; but, in spite of its defects, it is so engagingly written that one does not stop to think until the drama of the red king and his mysterious city is fully played out. In that fact is recommendation enough.

* * * * *

The Brown Brethern, Patrick MacGill's latest book (Herbert Jenkins, 6s. net), concerns certain men in khaki—three privates and a sergeant of the London Irish, to be precise—who went through certain parts of the big defensive that preceded the big offensive of the Somme. The author writes of Vimy, of Souchez, of life behind the lines, and he weaves into this record of war a little love story between one of the London Irish and a French "Fifi," a romance with a happy ending, in spite of the war. But the book lacks the power of Mr. MacGill's earlier studies of battle; it is as monotonous as the trenches themselves, and not always convincing. We have read about these three soldiers and the sergeant so many times, and many of us know the real words of the trench songs which Mr. MacGill has bowdlerised so carefully. It is an average war story, but its author can and ought to do better work.

Women's Work on the Land

These photographs of women working on the farm, in the forest and in the quarry were taken on the Derbyshire property of the Buxton Lime Firms Company, whose Managing Director, Mr. Thomas Ryan, has taken a very active and practical part in the utilisation of women's labour on the land

Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to Passe-Partout, LAND & WATER, *5, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2. Any other information will be given on request.*

The Interoven Stove

There is not a moment to lose if we would tackle with any show of success the all-important matter of coal. From every point of view—patriotic as well as personal—economy must be practised where coal is in question. Everyone can help towards this end by burning less coal or burning it more carefully, but restrictions are never particularly pleasant things to practise, inevitable though sometimes they are.

The really ideal thing is to burn less coal and yet suffer not one whit in comfort, and this the Interoven allows everybody to do. It is the cleverest convertible stove ever invented. Though it can look precisely like an up-to-date type of sitting-room fireplace, it can be converted without the least effort into a splendid little cooking range. Then, once the needful cooking has been done, back it all goes into its right position and there is the sitting-room grate once more. Another point worth noting is that water can be heated by this stove once it is connected with the supply.

One fire thus can do for everything, hot water, cooking and heating, and one good-sized scuttle a day should keep the whole thing going. The saving in coal thus is a clear enough matter from the outset, and there is, of course, an equally obvious saving of labour. People who are living more simply and with less servants are giving the Interoven stove the warmest welcome, and Mr. Frank Pascall, the inventor, is having a continuous stream of enquiries about it. These he is always pleased to answer, having printed leaflets illustrating his brilliant contrivance very concisely.

From every point of view these particulars are well worth scanning, for the "Interoven" marks the way we all should go on the domestic road of labour-saving and economy.

Some Delightful Scarves

Very long soft wool scarves are charming everybody who sees them at a certain clever shop. Many things mark them as out of the ordinary run of such articles, but in spite of this their price—unlike most things—has not been advanced.

In the first place, their length commends them to the fastidious, being 2½ yards. This means that they can be worn in a great many different graceful ways, some people wearing them like a Scotch plaid, others arranging them at the back into a sort of little hood, while others just twist them round the neck in the old but well-approved way. Then their softness and becomingness is remarkable, and not to be met with in any but the more superior kinds.

Yet another allurement is the available colourings, these being varied and mostly irresistible. There is a lovely shade of harebell blue, cherry, biscuit, orange and many other colourings, as well as white, while a scarf of this type can indeed be dyed any colour to special order, an adequate amount of time being allowed. They are British made and dyed.

Without doubt these scarves for country wear rival furs, being quite equally warm and often more suitable. To war workers also, they specially appeal. It is good news to hear that Tam o'Shanter caps of the same fabric are being made on purpose to match. Delightful the whole set looks.

British Velour Hats

British industries have received a great fillip with some British velour hats. For some time it was thought to be almost an impossibility to rival the great Austrian industry of velour hat-making here, the Austrians having so monopolised this type of thing that competition prior to the war never seemed worth while. *Nous avons changé tout cela,* in company with many other things; and a certain English firm to-day is able to turn out British-made velours which well and truly fill the bill. They are to be congratulated on their pertinacity and enterprise, for great pertinacity in order to get the necessary machinery was needed, besides infinite patience and care in the preliminaries of the art. These British velour hats are quite the most delightful things of their kind, they are light, soft, silky-looking and are being made in a host of delicate pastel colours, as well as in black, brown and the more "useful" shades.

For travelling they are nowhere short of perfection, squashing into the smallest space, and yet always going back into shape again when redeemed from bondage. Apart from the great number of colours kept in stock, any special shade can be had to order at a slightly increased cost, time for the order's execution being, of course, given.

A New Duster

The "Dazzler" polishing duster takes perhaps a little getting used to, but once this has been accomplished, it becomes a trusted ally. The use does not lie in the method of its wielding—for this is simplicity itself—but simply on account of its unusual construction. For it is in a particular kind of paper and is a two-fold affair, one part being white and the other black.

In use it is just like an ordinary duster, the right method being to rub with the white lightly first and then hard with the black. This not only cleans furniture, windows, linoleum, grates and china very effectually, but it is capital for glass. For the glass of lamps indeed it is the most efficacious thing heard of—quite doubling the light given.

As a time and labour saver, therefore, the "Dazzler" duster is all that can be desired. Another feature, speaking for itself, is that they need no washing. When they are used up they are just thrown away, and nice clean fresh ones instituted in their stead. How long they last depends, of course, on what is done with them, but in the ordinary way they can be used a certain number of times.

Personal use has proved that they clean very well, seeming to gather up and attract the dirt, while the price is 6½d. for half a dozen.

The Lure of Tortoise-shell

A clever firm with their usual happy knack of doing precisely the right thing, have brought out all manner of attractive articles in tortoise-shell. It seems indeed as if they had set out to show the utmost that can be done in this particular way, one thing leading to another until the whole musters in brilliant array.

Blotters and other writing table paraphernalia, toilet things, manicure cases, manicure pads, scent bottles with tortoise-shell tops (most bewitching affairs) trinket boxes and all manner of similar things are here, and quite delightful they are in their tortoise-shell guise. Another pleasing thing is that they are very diversified in tendency, some are quite small inexpensive affairs, others more important and consequently more costly, but one and all delight the eye besides charming the imagination.

For tortoise-shell, in very truth, is one of the most beautiful things we have, and not used, many good judges opine, nearly enough. Those wanting to make something in the way of an original wedding present, or any other offering, will find their every need met here. Either they can pick up a fascinating piece of shell set in silver gilt and the deftest thing in inexpensive trinket boxes, or they can buy an entire outfit for toilet or writing table, finding each separate article a triumph in itself as well as part of a wonderfully constructed whole. One way in which tortoise-shell challenges silver is the fact that it does not need such interminable cleaning, an occasional rub with a soft chamois leather being all that is required.

PASSE PARTOUT.

An important War Bazaar is to be held at the Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, on October 24th and 25th, to increase the much-needed funds for the General Hospitals which are daily nursing back to health many poor patients as well as our gallant wounded. The event is being organised by the Presidents and Lady Presidents of certain districts of "The League of Mercy," the proposal having received the approval of the Grand President Brigadier-General Lord Athlone. All information about this bazaar can be had of the "League of Mercy" Offices, 29, Southampton Street, Strand, or the Hon. Organising Secretaries, Mr. and Miss Andrews, 5, Belsize Park, Hampstead.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2890 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

Edith Cavell

William : "Now you can bring in the American protest"

[We reproduce Raemaekers' historical cartoon, in connection with "The Last Hours of Edith Cavell," told in this issue by Mr. Hugh Gibson.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1917

CONTENTS

THE KAISER'S HYPOCRISY

THE German answer to the Papal Peace Note is sugar-coated insult. The Pope gave as his reason for issuing the Note last month that the time had come for "concrete and practical proposals." The most concrete of the proposals put forward by His Holiness, so far as Germany was concerned, was "the complete evacuation of Belgium, with a guarantee of her full political, military, and economic independence towards all Powers whatsoever; likewise the evacuation of French territory." Not a word is written in reference to either of these matters in the German answer; they are absolutely ignored as though it were mere impertinence on the part of the Pope to have alluded to them. Instead, the Papal Chair is treated to a fulsome eulogy of the Kaiser—"the ruthless master of the German people," to quote President Wilson's words—as the supreme evangel of peace, ever since he ascended the throne nine and twenty years ago. It almost seems as though Heaven had put the brand of Cain upon the German Emperor. That mark, it will be remembered, was set upon the first murderer that he might live, and not be slain in punishment for his crime. So it is with Wilhelm. Through all history he shall live as the prototype of the most unblushing liar who has ever occupied high place in the affairs of the world. He has boasted to equal the brutality of Attila and has not fallen far short of the original; he has shown a callousness to human suffering which places him beside Nero, a name still execrated; but when it comes to deliberate falsehood—foolish falsehood in that it deceives no one but himself and his puppet people—he stands alone upon a bad pre-eminence which no man shall hereafter contest with him. This document, from first to last, reeks of falsehood, and is possibly the most grossly impertinent missive which has hitherto ever found place in the archives of the Vatican.

The Allies welcome it. They understand there is not the slightest intention on the part of the Kaiser or his advisers to let go of Belgium or the occupied districts of France until they are compelled to do so by superior might. All the talk that appeared in German newspapers ten days ago was wind. The military and economic domination of Belgium is the fixed policy of the masters of Germany, and it is a policy that is still applauded and supported by the German people. Last week it was pointed out here that Germany is fighting for *the next war which is sure to come.* This truth now finds confirmation in a book recently published in Berlin entitled *Deductions from the World War.* The writer is a General von Freytag Loringhoven, who was Q.M.G. on the German General Staff when Falkenhayn was Chief of it. In this book, (for particulars of which we are indebted to the *Times*), the German General shows how for one reason and another, chiefly because of sea-power, victory for Germany in the present war is impossible. It is, therefore, advisable that it should be terminated as soon as possible, when it will become possible "to work with the object of securing to Germany greater freedom for violent and decisive blows in one direction." Freytag declares that the military demands presented to the Reichstag before the war were "a feeble minimum measure of the desirable"; and that in course of the war "German armaments have been seen to be inadequate." These mistakes must naturally not be committed in the future. Whether we like the prospect or not, we have to face the fact that already there exists in Germany a powerful and influential clique whose thoughts are occupied not with the present, but the future; and this future has no concern with peace, but with war on a vaster and more ruthless scale which shall achieve for Germany that victory which is now recognised by all those, who are in a position to form a judgment, to be impossible in the present struggle.

This fact having been established out of the mouths of the Germans, what significance are we to attach to these words in the German answer: "The Imperial Government welcomes with special sympathy the leading idea of the peace appeal, in which His Holiness expresses his conviction that in the future the material power of arms must be superseded by the moral power of right." The meaning to be placed on them is that, while other Powers are to conform in practice to this restriction of armaments, the present rulers of Germany will regard themselves free to pile up armaments seeing that they have introduced the inevitable saving clause that their act must be "compatible with the vital interests of the German Empire and people." Again and again have they justified the most unjustifiable actions by pleading they were necessary for German interests. It is obvious they are determined to maintain this plea. The point which we desire to make quite clear is that this Peace answer, read in connection with public utterances which are now appearing or have recently been published in Germany, proves conclusively that Germany's one aim at the present time is a negotiated peace which will leave her free to work in her own way for *the next war which is sure to come.*

The Allies are determined that this war shall not come. With the replies of Germany and Austria fresh in the public mind, it is well to repeat what the President of the United States wrote in his answer to the Pope:

> The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible Government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honour; which chose its own time for the war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier either of law or of mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood, not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children also, and of the helpless poor; and now stands baulked, but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world.

Since this was written, we have been given undeniable evidence of the falsehood and treachery of the German Diplomatic Service in neutral countries. No one, we presume, would take the trouble to argue that such practices could have prevailed unless they were countenanced by the Imperial German Government and approved by the Emperor.

Read the story published by us to-day of the murdered English woman, Edith Cavell, written down by Mr. Hugh Gibson, of the American Legation in Brussels, not from memory, but when the events were new. We are shown here, in the most vivid light, the type of German mind we are fighting to destroy. There can be no enduring peace for mankind if that attitude towards life is permitted to survive this war. Who is to be the conqueror? Which ideal is to win? "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, who had done no violence neither was any deceit in his mouth," or this other—a man for whom deceit is as a garment; whose joy is violence, and who recks nothing of the sorrows or grief he creates? There can be but one answer; that answer is being delivered in the most pertinent manner by our gallant troops in Flanders and France. "Victory is assured," said General Smuts, the other day; and after victory there must be punishment which shall purge civilisation of this horrible orgy of deceit and violence.

The War

The Battle of the Menin Road

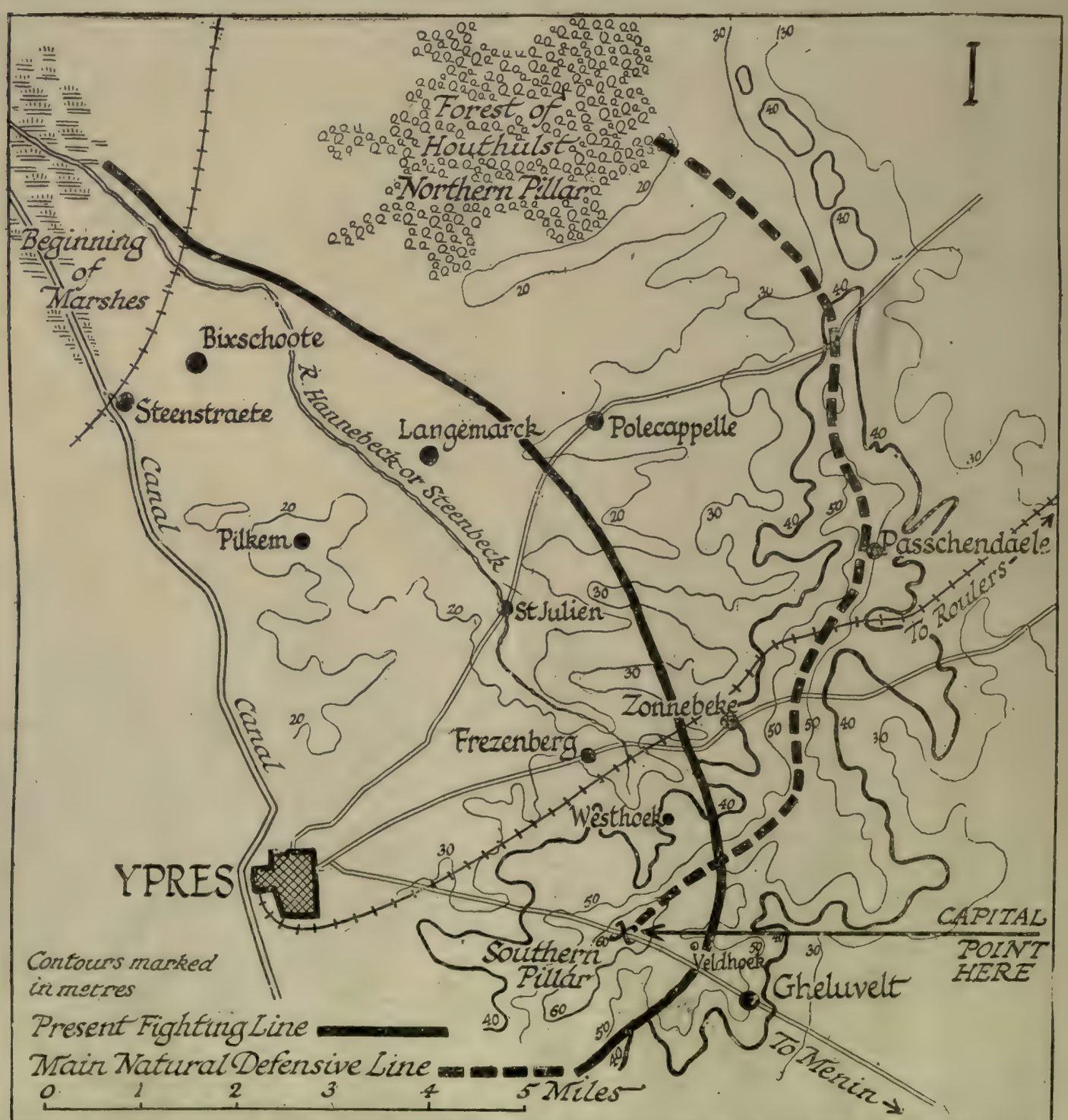
By Hilaire Belloc

TO appreciate the importance of last Thursday's action it is necessary to return to that analysis of the Passchendaele Ridge which was printed in these columns in the issue of August 23rd, and Map I which I here reproduce from that issue.

It is there pointed out that the defensive position upon which the enemy relies since he lost his commanding observation posts immediately east and south-east of Ypres in the earlier British victories of this summer, is the Passchandaele Ridge.

It is further pointed out that this position (a long crescent following the gradual declining series of low heights which form a hollow curve looking westward towards Ypres) reposes upon two pillars, as it were, which are the northern and the southern ends of it. The northern pillar is that big forest of Houthouest, which is a perfectly secure area and which cannot be cleared by direct attack. The *southern* pillar on the Menin-Ypres road in front of Gheluvelt, though very strong, is more vulnerable, and has therefore been at once the main objective of the Allies in their recent six weeks of preparation, and the point which the enemy was most determined to maintain. It is here that he has attacked again and again in the last five weeks, particularly in his efforts to recapture the whole of Inverness Wood (the Herenthage) which lies across the main road and was his chief mainstay.

That southern pillar consists in the high ground upon the Ypres-Menin road, just west by north of Gheluvelt. The height is indeed insignificant. The highest point at X (on Map I) just beyond the bend in the high road, which the British soldiers call "Clapham Junction," overlooks the ruins of Gheluvelt by no more than 30 feet, and the plains of Flanders beyond by no more than 60 to 70 feet. It is none the less the chief observation post of the whole country side and it has features of peculiar value to the defensive



The Passchendaele Ridge position showing how the recent advance has captured its Southern Pillar

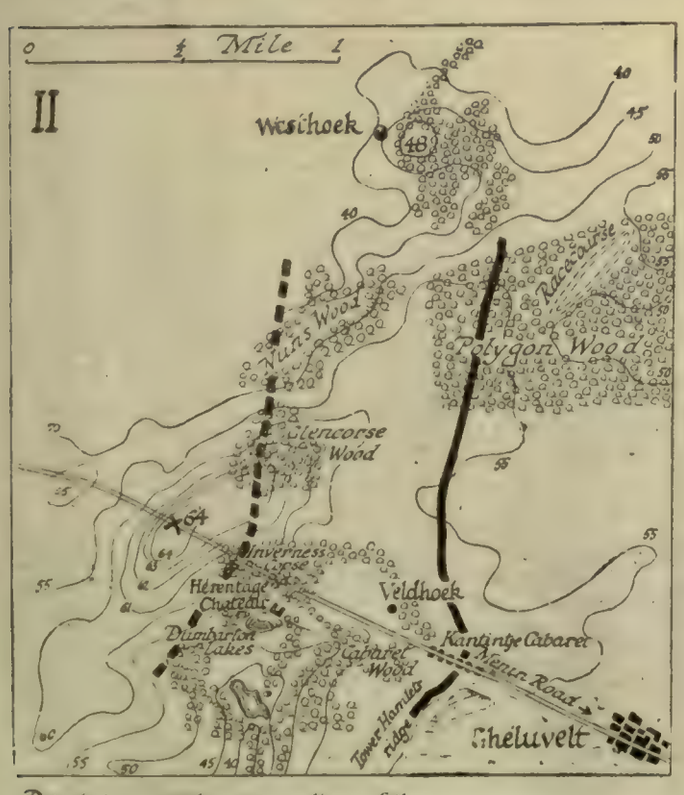
It is wooded and marshy. The artificial water of what was once the Herenthage chateau has spread under the shell fire (and probably also through the artificial work of the enemy) into big sheets of shallow mud and water, which the army has called the "Dumbarton Lakes," and the clay soil of the woods has been puddled into an impossible sort of putty. This mere surface difficulty applies to all this region, far to the north and far to the south, but when it is coupled with the obstacle of wood, the complexity of local contours and the marshy ponds formed by the artificial water of the Herenthage chateau, it forms the strongest defensive part by far upon the line.

Everything that was done to the north and to the south of this point upon the Menin-Ypres road was done in order to make the capture of the southern portion certain, and that capture was completely effected. It was the work of troops from the North of England, among whom are quoted particularly the Durham men, and was concluded in the four hours between the dawn and the mid-morning of Thursday last, September 20th.

The weather was, as usual, adverse; after a period of dry air and fairly good visibility (but high wind) came rain in the night before the attack, beginning at about nine o'clock in the evening. But the rain lifted before dawn, and though the going was very muddy and difficult the plan was fulfilled in all its details and with perfect success. All the southern pillar of the German line fell into the hands of the advancing British; every objective upon which they had fixed was held, the ruins of Velsthoek were held and the straggling hamlet along the road marked by the rubbish of the Kntintje inn was reached. This lump of high land terminates in a 55 ft. contour which makes a fairly clearly defined though slight escarpment upon the eastern extremity of the woods and overlooking the ruins of Gheluvelt. This ridge the British troops have christened "Tower Hamlets." Once that eastern escarpment of the low height was in British hands the southern pillar of the ultimate Passchendaele position was won.

It is no wonder that the most violent efforts were made to recover the lost ground in this region. Of those efforts we have had from various correspondents detailed accounts.

The late afternoon of the day was full of these counter-attacks, as was the whole of Friday, the 21st, and the chief of them would seem to have been that directed against the heart of the captured position—that is along the Menin road—by the 16th Bavarian Division. But the counter-attacks were so well nourished and succeeded each other so rapidly far to the north and south of this decisive point that we are not certain whether the attempt of the 16th Bavarian Division was really the chief effort or no. In any case the destruction of this counter-attack, like that of so many others, was very largely caused by the superiority enjoyed by the British in the air. The massing of troops for the counter-attack was stopped; they were bombed from the air while they were still in column and were already shaken before they came under the field artillery and rifle fire of their opponents.



Detailed map showing contours of the Southern Pillar carried by British on 20th September 1917.

Approximate new line after the victory as detailed by British Correspondents ——

It is remarked by the correspondents that the counter-attacks of the enemy were necessarily delayed by the withdrawal of his re-action troops (as of his guns) further behind the front line than was the case in the past, and this in its turn is due to the increasing superiority of the British artillery. It is an obvious method to meet an increasing superiority of bombardment by holding your front line as thinly as possible, but everything in tactics, as in engineering, is a compromise of forces, and what you gain in the sparing of men immediately under the worst strain, you lose in the ability for prompt re-action. So far as the accounts afforded us go not one of the counter-attacks along all the eight miles achieved its object, and certainly those directed against the principal point upon the Menin road were thoroughly broken and proved futile.

If we consider the larger aspects of the affair, and ask ourselves what it means for the future, we note first and particularly, that point with which I began, that the southern pillar of the main ultimate defensive position, the Passchendaele Ridge, is gone. That position is now threatened in flank: It is not practically overlooked. The whole ridge, as will be seen by turning to Map I, continues for more than five miles upon the 50 metre contour, and even the highest points of the group of woods and hummocks seized by the British last Thursday, do not dominate its general line by as much as 30 feet. But the point is that the fixed area upon which the southern end of this defensive position reposed has been lost to the enemy. Any considerable further progress down towards the plain at this southern end—as, for instance, the occupation of the ruins of Gheluvelt and the lower ground beyond, turns the whole ridge. It was with this object that the attack was launched, and that object, the foundation of the future success itself, achieved. Apart from this general consideration of ground we must consider another aspect of the action, which is the proof it affords that the last tactical device adopted by the defensive has been mastered. Isolated concrete armaments of machine gun positions—what are called by the British army "pill boxes" and by the Germans, from the initials of their description in German, the *mabu's*—have gone down before new methods designed against them.

What those methods are we must not know, but it is clear that they have proved once more the universal truth running through all warfare that the mere defensive, however ingenious or novel, is a prelude to defeat. The offensive will always ultimately have the better of it if it is indefinitely prolonged. In this war it is a matter of days or weeks to discover the new offensive device which destroys the value of the new defensive device. In earlier wars it has been a matter of months or years. But the rule is always the same, and will necessarily always be the same. *He that is permanently and necessarily upon the defensive is defeated.* In other words, the defensive in war means nothing save time for preparation of a further offensive or, if a further offensive be impossible, the gaining of time for some political transaction.

The just use of defensive devices with this object is half the story of successful war; but the defensive art without any prospect of comparative accession of force, political or military, is the acknowledgment of defeat. *That statement is an absolute in all military history, admitting of no qualifications whatsoever.*

Now in the present circumstances the prolongation of the German defensive does not aim at a comparative accession of force. The Allied force has far more in reserve than the Central Empires. The German defensive is therefore clearly based upon some hope that political aid will come where military aid is no longer available. It is clearly based upon the gamble—a gamble unfortunately legitimate from time to time when a wave of depression runs over the Allied countries, or when one of their Governments weakly permits the advocacy of negotiation—that if the defence of the besieged is sufficiently prolonged, the determination of the besiegers to make good will fail: that the political structure behind the Allied armies will break down either by a quarrel between their component governing powers, or by the domestic and internal disintegration of their social forces. That is the chief danger before us. On the military side the problem is already solved, and this last action proves this theme in its own way more clearly even than did the preceding, though complete, successes of Vimy and of Messines.

With regard to the "Pill Boxes," we should do ill to regard them, even now that they are mastered, as anything new in principle and therefore baffling.

As the defensive grows weaker in men there invariably comes

some policy of isolated positions. It takes innumerable forms, according to the nature of the war—blockhouses, or guerilla posts, or what not. These new isolated concrete machine-gun positions are only a particular example of the general truth. There has never been a siege in history which at its close did not take the form of bastions still strongly held attempting to prevent the piercing of the increasingly weakly held curtain between them. There has never been a defeated defensive in history which in its last stages was not of its nature increasingly patchy. The advantage and disadvantage of such methods are quite obvious. The advantage is the power to hold, or to attempt to hold, the outer shell of the defensive zone with less men. The disadvantage is the lack of continuity in the defensive line. The pill boxes are not some wonderful new idea which gives a longer lease of life to the enemy than was expected. There is nothing unexpected or of genius in the construction of very thick low concrete protection for isolated machine-gun positions and the substitution of these for continuous trenches which can no longer be held or even kept in being under the perpetually increasing fire power of the British siege artillery. The only question put by this last method of the defensive was whether the lack of continuity in the defence which it presupposed would be compensated for by the strength of the isolated posts? That is the question which all siege devices present. The question has been solved in this case almost immediately in favour of the offensive, and we may confidently expect that the future will show what fruits the answer to that question gives us.

You cannot have your cake and eat it too. The moment you begin to rely upon small isolated posts you postpone in some degree your timing of counter-attack. You interfere with your power of lateral movement, and you create a front line which is more brittle than the old. Perhaps also, if we are to judge by reports, you lower your power of inflicting loss upon the attacking troops.

The Line of the Dvina

With regard to the line of the Dvina, what we have to say is unfortunately only too simple. It is lost.

The town of Dvinsk, or Dunaborg, is at the enemy's disposal, whenever he chooses to occupy it, and the whole of the defensive system of which the river Dvina was successfully made the nucleus during the past two terrible years of strain has gone to pieces.

Whenever you have an obstacle in warfare you hold beyond that obstacle (if you have any hope of ultimate success)what are called "bridgeheads," that is positions on the enemy's side beyond the obstacle the possession of which will allow you, when the time comes to advance, to cover the passages of the obstacle in your own favour. The Russians, in making the Dvina their defensive line in the north, held a continuous belt of bridgeheads from the gulf of Riga right upstream to the lake region in front of Dvinsk.

The Germans, during the whole of the last two years, and especially at the beginning of that period, made every effort to reduce this bridgehead belt. So long as the Russian political system and its army were intact they failed. In their efforts of the last few weeks they have completely succeeded. First they carried the bridgeheads immediately above Riga, turned the position of that town and occupied it.

Now in the past week they have driven in the bridgehead still further upstream, occupying Jacobstadt, and reaching the river as high up as Liwenhof. The line of the Dvina is gone.

The Russian Revolution and the French Revolution.

IN the course of the present war, historical parallels have constantly presented themselves to the public mind. Where they have been very general and very distant, they have been, if applied with caution, and with due elimination of detail, serviceable.

For instance, the parallel between the present struggle and the second Punic war, though there are vast differences in scale, both of time and space, and in object, has furnished one great invaluable lesson, the lesson of tenacity. In the one case, as in the other, the party ultimately doomed to defeat enjoyed every preliminary success, invaded the territory of its opponent thoroughly, and only failed at last through the superior will and tenacity of the apparently conquered party.

There have been certain other historical parallels which have proved valuable, for instance, the parallels between (or the identity between) the Prussian neglect of international morals under Frederick the Great, with his invasion of Silesia, and the Prussian neglect of international morals to-day with its invasion of Belgium.

The parallels of the past, of blockade by sea, have also invariably held.

But there have been many more parallels drawn from the past which have been misleading, and more than misleading, highly dangerous from the fact that the secure and known history of the past has made men forecast the immediate future with a sort of certitude, as though they were following a map.

The worst of these, uundoubtedly, has been the parallel from old wars of movement. It has misled the best brains and the most practised students of war in Europe. This was especially the case in the autumn of 1914. Then the new trench warfare unexpectedly developed upon its present enormous scale in the West.

There have been other of these false parallels, of which one of the most striking was the supposed parallel between the German invasion of Poland and the precedent of 1812. But the most dangerous at the present is undoubtedly the parallel between the Russian Revolution and the French creative movement of a hundred and thirty years ago, which transformed Europe. If we allow that parallel to dominate our thought, we shall lose the war. It is misleading in the highest degree, and it misleads us precisely in those points where we most require discipline, tenacity and vision and makes us hope that of the Russian as the French, there will come in wisdom.

Let us first observe the superficial points of resemblance.

Both movements are an attack upon, and the successful oversetting of, a political monarchical machine. Both have for their motive power the discontent of a whole population, largely an economic discontent, and both use the same phrases with regard to political opinion, though the second is merely a copy of the first in this respect In both movements there is an appeal to ideals floating in the general mind of Europe, and as yet, undeveloped. It is fair to add that both movements, regarded apart from their military aspect, have more in common than the opponents of the present Russian Government upheaval might be willing to grant.

But it is the military aspect which practically determines, because it is for us a matter of life and death, and when we come to that military aspect, the differences are fundamental.

To begin at the beginning. The French Revolution was undoubtedly in its origin, and even at its height, the movement of a whole people generally united and homogeneous. This truth has been defined by foreign observers and students as a whole, and by many native historians as well. It is true that the direction of the French Revolution was in the hands of a minority. It is true that the orderly process of direct and universal voting by plebiscite or referendum did not control it, But it is equally true that the nation as a whole had been thoroughly permeated before the revolution broke out with the ideals which that revolution set out to realise, and it is worthy of remark that, with the exception of western and highly localised rebellion in Vendée and Brittany every reaction against the revolution was effected in the name of the revolution and was an honest attempt to realise its creed. The Girondins would have defined themselves as the heirs and better representatives of the revolutionary creed than the Mountain. The Cæsaristic conclusion of the whole affair was thoroughly alive with its general tendencies, and the poet who called Napoleon Robespierre on horseback was talking sense

Now the Russian Revolution has not such a united nation

to deal with, nor a clear national ideal supporting it. Its direction is in the hands of men whose ideals are essentially cosmopolitan, many of whom are not Russians at all, but have in the past proved their detestation of the Russian character and regarded themselves as the victims of that character. The material with which it deals is not one nation at all. The Russian Empire which it has overset was not one organised people, but an autocracy which united under its control elements the most diverse in speech, origin, social tradition and religion. The Finns are not Russians at all. South Russia has elements which we cannot judge in the west, but which are certainly separatist. The Cossacks are an element apart. The Poles were a distinct and separate entity, and the outlying territories to the south and to the east in the Caucasus and beyond, and in Asia, were no part at all of one united nation. The Jewish element, very powerful, very numerous, and in the main German-speaking, were something utterly distinct from, and usually hostile to those whom they now largely inspire and claim to order.

One Heart, One Brain

Again, France had in the revolution one heart and brain for its whole organism, which was Paris. Russia has no such centre. The town which claims to govern is the least national of all Russian towns. Paris is the most national of all the French towns. Some sort of parallel might be afforded by Moscow if Moscow had been the seat of the movement and the traditions of Moscow and the local native leaders of Moscow its inspiration. Petrograd can lay no such claim. On the contrary, its position is the very antithesis morally, geographically and politically, of a national capital. It is an extreme frontier town, gathering within it and intensifying every anti-national mood and itself the artificial creation—and the recent creation—of bureaucracy.

Again, the French Revolution set out with a definite object with a creed and documents supporting that claim. Its whole action was positive. You hate it or you love it, as you hate or you love an organised religion. In the Russian movement there is nothing of this. There is a chaos of conflicting negations. There is nothing upon which you can put your finger and say, "This is that clear doctrine for which these men have risen and for which they are willing to die."

But undoubtedly the sharpest contrast of all, and certainly the one which most practically concerns ourselves, is the military contrast, and here you have a contrast of north against south, of plus against minus.

The French Revolution was launched *before* the outbreak of war. The war which followed upon it was a war, the flaming motive of which was military success. The appeal was made to a military nation to resist an invader who had insolently proposed to dictate domestic policy. The whole revolution naturally turned into a war of propaganda and of conquest, and the very nature of the whole thing was bound to become military from the moment that, in Danton's prophecy, "the first bugles should sound."

The Russian Revolution broke out as a consequence of defeat. Its extremists were the opponents of war, and particularly of a war of national defence. It was bred in the distaste of, or the hatred for, the profession of arms, its intensity was marked progressively by the denunciation of the military spirit.

In France the chief architect of the revolution was Carnot, a professional soldier whose interest, let alone whose stoical ideals, were those of a soldier. Read the movements of the man before Wattignies, and see how the mere intellectual interest of tactics absorbed him. Note how the songs and the legends of the French Revolution are the songs and the legends of arms; and mark the passion for military order which precisely coincides with the most violent strain of 1794.

The Reign of Terror was essentially martial law. And if you consult the motives of its cruelty, and read in detail the indictments under which its victims suffered, you will find the overwhelming mass of them to be indictments against military treason or military slackness. Even apart from this military character of the Gallic race and of its chief modern effort you have the clear reasoning, the intellectual power which grasped from the earliest moment of the effort what should be for all of us to-day its chief lesson: *that a political ideal once challenged to battle by an opponent can only be realised by decisive victory in the field.*

The Russian Revolution does not show this character but its exact opposite. Its extremists are men who cry for peace, who tell us that the punishment of aggression is immoral, and who believe or say that an undefeated enemy who has already half crushed the army organisation will, if he is now propitiated, leave them for the future in peace.

The characteristic phrase of the French Revolution, rhetorical and borrowed from antiquity was this: "The Republic does not negotiate with an enemy upon the national soil." Of such a characteristic phrase the Russian Revolution gives us no echo. There is no defining principle capable of producing such an historical sentence. The nearest thing to it is the reproduction of a false and silly sentence, framed in Berlin, "No annexations and no indemnities." In other words, no victory.

It is a phrase not only of German origin, but accurately repeated for the most part by men whose own language in Petrograd is German. It is as though when Verdun had fallen in 1792 Danton had said: "No act of wicked violence against our friends the Emigrés and Brunswick." What he did say (and all France echoed him) was something very different. He said: "What we need is Daring and more Daring and ceaseless Daring." We have had no such signal from the east to-day, and we may wait long for it.

A less general examination will show another characteristic difference between the two movements, which is, after all, but the natural consequence of their profound spiritual diversity.

The French movement was wholly directed by men who were the very concentration of the French people; their essence as it were: that professional middle-class of the eighteenth century which has been reproached for the spirit of the Jacobins, whose limited views upon liberty and property have been the jest of their opponents, whose culture has been thought too narrow—but who changed the world.

Every one of the leading men in the French Revolution is the man trained in the traditions of the French University and in the spirit of the French bourgeoisie. It was the lawyers, the officers of the learned arms, sappers and gunners, the young poets and the young scholars, the local magnates of the towns, who made the thing, who directed it, and who conquered Europe. The modern European society which they erected has been made in their image, it has failed where they lacked breadth and magnificence, it has succeeded where the strong virtues of their class were needed. They were the spokesmen and the captains of the whole affair. Napoleon himself was of them. Rousseau had been of them. Robespierre, Carnot, St. Just, Danton, the mad Marat—every name you can choose was of them.

There is nothing corresponding to this at all in the Russian movement. Whether such a class exists in Russia may be doubted. That it has come to control the revolution, if it does exist, can certainly be denied.

Now it is unfortunately probable that without some such homogeneous class direction a movement of this kind can neither progress nor succeed.

Lastly, you have the simple truth that the nation of France at the French Revolution, through the volunteers and through the less articulate action of the peasants, joined the general scheme. It was fairly articulate, it was upon the whole united, it went forward towards a common end, and that end you may see around you in Western Europe to-day. *But of what the mass of the Russian peasantry may think or wish to do to-day we hear nothing.* The revolution in France took arms and conquered *after* the national federation. Of such national federation, nay, of so much as a national convention, we have heard nothing in Russia but promises—though six months have passed. We simply do not know what the nation, that interior Russian mass lying centrally among so many other different peoples, the Muscovy peasantry which is properly described as Russian, thinks or feels upon the whole affair. It has not spoken, and as yet no steps have been taken by which it may be permitted to speak.

H. BELLOC.

It is too often regarded in this country that inasmuch as Germany has introduced the ration ticket system, everything works smoothly in that country under the Food Controller. But this extract from the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin which appeared only last week, gives a very different view:

"Everyone in Berlin buys on the sly what he can—noble, post-office official, shopgirl, merchant, workman, and officer. The usually moral man sees and hears with remarkable light-mindedness the humorous tales regarding the persistent manner in which all classes ignore the law—as, for example, the wild prices which workmen, themselves receiving the wildest wages, pay in Spandau for illegally imported food, etc. Even if one were to let loose that dangerous expedient—general information against everyone—where can we find the prisons to hold the millions who will be convicted? Under such circumstances someone will always ask if it is not better to do away with this entire system of penalty and compulsion, which is directed, not against the minority, but against the majority. A return to free trading without conditions or limitations has been many times demanded. That is impossible. The simplest expedient of going back to the peace basis when the industrial situation is so thoroughly abnormal would have the most dangerous consequences. Whether a vital change in our war industrial organisation is either possible or advisable in the present state of high war tension is a question which can only be decided by a conference of experts. It must also be remembered that when peace negotiations or an armistice begin it will be impossible to change matters even then."

General Pershing: The Man and His Work

By Lewis R. Freeman

DURING a recent sojourn in France I heard, in the course of a single day, two very illuminative comments on the officers of the newly arrived American Expeditionary Force. The first was by a young French Staff Officer whom I met while on a visit to the Champagne front.

"We like your officers immensely," he said, "they are so quick-witted and so energetic, and yet so easy to get along with. But do you know they have been of a great surprise to us in that they are not in the least 'American'; they are always asking us what *we* think of things, not telling us what *they* think."

"But isn't that just as it should be," I said, "considering that you have had three years of experience of modern warfare and they haven't had any at all?

"Of course it's as it should be," he replied; "but—well, to be frank, it isn't quite what we expected. You Americans have such a manner of working out ways of your own to do things that—well, naturally, we rather expected to hear more of how you were going to do it."

Returning to Paris that afternoon, I dined in the evening with an American friend who was in France on a special diplomatic mission, and it was while discussing the complicated task of the Staff of the American Expeditionary Force in France that he said:

"It isn't only a military liaison with the Allied armies that has to be effected, but also a sort of a social liaison with the Allied peoples—the French and the English. This being so, we may count ourselves fortunate that the job is up to our old Regular Army Officers. Our little Regular Army—with the Navy, of course—was, up to the time of our entry into the war, about the only really national thing we had. Just about everything else was coloured with sectionalism, provincialism; and for that reason I have always held that our Regular Army Officers were not necessarily the most typical, but certainly the most characteristically 'American' citizens of the country. And this is especially true of those officers who saw service in the Philippines, for their Americanism has been strengthened by a 'national perspective' that can only be acquired by a considerable residence outside one's country, by 'standing off' so to speak, and viewing it objectively."

"General Pershing," he concluded, "is one of the most—indeed, perhaps *the* most—'American' American I know; and, because in the first year of his work over here, he is 'establishing contact' in so many senses besides the military, I cannot conceive of a man whom it would be more desirable that our Allies should judge us by, or through whom they should learn of the spirit we bring to our task and of the spirit in which we hope to carry it through."

Because the average European's idea of the American is of a sort of a cross between a Cook's tourist and a patent medicine salesman, one can hardly blame him for having had some misgivings how things would go when he had this bumptious hybrid beside him as an Ally. As the remarks of the young French Officer I have quoted would indicate, there has been "a great surprise" that in the place of this popularly conceived American, there has appeared a modest but apparently competent individual, who shows an astonishing readiness to defer to the experience of others, and an equally astonishing reluctance to try to make others defer to his. What is happening is that England and France are just beginning to make the acquaintance of a, to them, new type of American, a type which, one may venture to hope, will become sufficiently familiar to them in the months to come to give it at least a sporting chance of supplanting the "Cook's-tourist-patent-medicine-salesman" type in the popular imagination.

With my diplomatic friend I have quoted, I, who am myself an American, feel that America is indeed fortunate that our Regular Army Officer, of whom General Pershing is so distinguished, yet so thoroughly representative, should be the principal medium through which our first forerunning "national liaison" with our European Allies is effected.

* * * * *

I have heard and read many descriptions and characterisations of Major General John J. Pershing, but I think none that ever impressed me as being quite so succinctly comprehensive in indicating the traits that make the man's record what it is as the words of a Moro chief of the island of Jolo, who had met the then Military Governor of Mindanao both on the battlefield and at the council table. "Defeat on the one side had won his respect, justice on the other his gratitude, and at the moment I encountered him he had come to the office of the acting Governor of Jolo to give information regarding a threatened rising among the Moros. When I told him that I had recently seen General Pershing in Zamboanga, he nodded his head vigorously, showed his betel-nut stained teeth in an affectionate grin and remarked, "Pershin' he lick you, but he no lie to you." That was all he said, but I have recently read magazine articles (of more pages than that old bare-footed chief used words) which failed to reveal so well what were the mainsprings of General Pershing's success at tasks which had proved too much for other men. He never made a promise which he could not and would not keep, and if fair dealing did not accomplish the desired result he effected it by fair fighting. Truth and a good licking go farther with the primitive savage than with his civilised brother, and the outstanding success that has crowned American effort to rule the high-spirited non-Christian races of the Southern Philippines is traceable largely to the rare judgment with which the one supplemented the other during the Pershing regime

Up to the time of his entry into the Philippine field, where his most distinguished work to date has been accomplished, Pershing's career had not a great deal to differentiate it from any other American Regular Army Officer of similar rank. He graduated from West Point in 1886, and almost immediately rode with the 10th Cavalry in Crook's campaign against the Apaches in Arizona and Mexico, a somewhat similar operation to the one against Villa in which he was destined to have the chief command thirty years later. In 1890 he took part in the campaign against "Sitting Bull," in the "Bad Lands" of Dakota, doing notable work at the head of a band of loyal Sioux Scouts.

The next eight years were "routine," but in 1898 there began for Pershing a period of military activity which has had but the briefest breaks down to the present. He fought and gained mention for bravery at San Juan and El Caney in the operations culminating in the fall of Santiago de Cuba, and after the Philippines were ceded by Spain to the United States, he was sent with his regiment to take part in the infinitely difficult series of campaigns for their final pacification. It was the sheer brilliancy of his work against the fanatical Moros of the big southern island of Mindanao which was responsible several years later for his unparalleled promotion, over the heads of 862 officers who normally would have had precedence of him—from Captain to Brigadier-General. The truth was that there was work waiting for Pershing, but before taking it up it was imperative that he be elevated to a higher rank, because departmental red-tape made it impossible for President Roosevelt to promote him to Major or Colonel, he, with characteristic disregard of precedent, made him a General.

The work which awaited Pershing was to complete the pacification of Mindanao and to initiate a suitable form of government for that turbulent island, a task at which the several distinguished Generals who preceded him had had but indifferent success. How the miracle was wrought is too long a story to tell here. Fair-dealing and fair-fighting, as I have said, went hand in hand, and no penalty went uninflicted, no promised reward unfulfilled.

Concurrently with the military campaign a comprehensive programme for improving the health and economic welfare of the pacified population was carried on. Roads were built, agricultural stations established, and schools—both elementary and for simple industrial training—started. The deadly foe of one day became the peaceful coconut-planter or basket-weaver of the next. General Pershing's great task was practically completed by the time he was recalled to America shortly before the outbreak of the present war.

The task set General Pershing in sending him into Mexico after the elusive Pancho Villa last year might well be compared to sending a man into a cage of hyenas with orders to bring out one of them without interfering with the others. That Pershing succeeded in doing this without bringing America into actual war with Carranza (and thus playing the German game) is by many rated as the most superlatively finessed achievement of its kind in American military history, one which made his choice to command the American Expeditionary Force in France inevitable.

* * * * *

If one thing more than another impressed me in the all-too-brief chat I had with General Pershing in Paris a fortnight ago, it was the grim earnestness with which he is putting his shoulder to his latest and greatest task; that, and an almost reverent admiration for the armies that had stood the first shock, the men who had blazed the way before him.

The Last Hours of Edith Cavell

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

Another Chapter from

A Journal from a Legation

Owing to the temporary illness of Mr. Whitlock, American Minister in Brussels, who was in charge of British interests in Belgium, it fell to the duty of Mr. Hugh Gibson to undertake to save the life of Miss Edith Cavell, who, as this narrative shows, had been denied justice by the German Military Court. The facts were written down at the time, and Raemaekers' famous cartoon, published on the occasion and reproduced by us to-day, is another record. It is not to be assumed that because at the last moment the German authorities in Brussels refused to apply personally to the Kaiser for a reprieve, that the Kaiser was not in sympathy with the crime. He has never repudiated it; he has defended it.

ON AUGUST 5, 1915, Miss Edith Cavell, an English woman, directress of a large nursing home at Brussels, was quietly arrested by the German authorities and confined in the prison of St.-Gilles on the charge that she had aided stragglers from the Allied armies to escape across the frontier from Belgium to Holland, furnishing them with money, clothing and information concerning the route to be followed. It was some time before the news of Miss Cavell's arrest was received by the American Legation, which was entrusted with the protection of British interests in the occupied portion of Belgium. On August 31st the Minister at Brussels received a communication from the Ambassador in London transmitting a note from the Foreign Office stating that Miss Cavell was reported to have been arrested and asking that steps be taken to render her assistance. Mr. Whitlock immediately addressed a note to the German authorities asking whether there was any truth in the report of Miss Cavell's arrest, and requesting authorization for Maître Gaston de Leval, the Legal Counsellor of the Legation, to consult with Miss Cavell and, if desirable, entrust some one with her defence.

No reply was received to this communication, and on September 10th the Legation addressed a further note to Baron von der Lancken, Chief of the Political Department, calling his attention to the matter and asking that Baron von der Lancken enable the Legation to take such steps as might be necessary for Miss Cavell's defence. On September 12th a reply was received from Baron von der Lancken in which it was stated that Miss Cavell had been arrested on August 5th and was still in the military prison of St.-Gilles. The note continued:

> She has herself admitted that she concealed in her house French and English soldiers, as well as Belgians of military age, all desirous of proceeding to the front. She has also admitted having furnished these soldiers with the money necessary for their journey to France, and having facilitated their departure from Belgium by providing them with guides, who enabled them to cross the Dutch frontier secretly.
>
> Miss Cavell's defence is in the hands of the advocate Braun, who, I may add, is already in touch with the competent German authorities.
>
> In view of the fact that the Department of the Governor-General as a matter of principle does not allow accused persons to have any interviews whatever, I much regret my inability to procure for M. de Leval permission to visit Miss Cavell as long as she is in solitary confinement.

International Law

Under the provisions of international law the American Minister could take no action while the case was before the courts. It is an elementary rule that the forms of a trial must be gone through without interference from any source. If, when the sentence has been rendered it appears that there has been a denial of justice, the case may be taken up diplomatically with a view to securing real justice. Thus, in the early stages of the case the American Minister was helpless to interfere. All that he could do while the case was before the courts was to watch the procedure carefully and be prepared with a full knowledge of the facts to see that a fair trial was granted.

Maître de Leval communicated with M. Braun, who said that he had been prevented from pleading before the court on behalf of Miss Cavell, but had asked his friend and colleague, M. Kirschen, to take up the case. Maître de Leval then communicated with M. Kirschen, and learned from him that lawyers defending prisoners before German military courts were not allowed to see their clients before the trial and were shown none of the documents of the prosecution. It was thus manifestly impossible to prepare any defence save in the presence of the court and during the progress of the trial. Maître de Leval, who from the beginning to the end of the case showed a most serious and chivalrous concern for the welfare of the accused, then told M. Kirschen that he would endeavour to be present at the trial in order to watch the case. M. Kirschen dissuaded him from attending the trial on the ground that it would only serve to harm Miss Cavell rather than help her; that the judges would resent the presence of a representative of the American Legation. Although it seems unbelievable that any man of judicial mind would resent the presence of another bent solely on watching the course of justice, M. Kirschen's advice was confirmed by other Belgian lawyers who had defended prisoners before the German military courts, and spoke with the authority of experience. M. Kirschen promised, however, to keep Maître de Leval fully posted as to all the developments of the case and the facts brought out in the course of the trial.

The trial began on Thursday, October 7th, and ended the following day.

On Sunday afternoon the Legation learned from persons who had been present at the trial some of the facts

The Case Against Miss Cavell

It seems that Miss Cavell was prosecuted for having helped English and French soldiers, as well as Belgian young men, to cross the frontier into Holland in order that they might get over to England. She had made a signed statement admitting the truth of these charges and had further made public acknowledgment in court. She frankly admitted that not only had she helped the soldiers to cross the frontier, but that some of them had written her from England thanking her for her assistance. This last admission made the case more serious for her, because if it had been proven only that she had helped men to cross the frontier into Holland she could only have been sentenced for a violation of the passport regulations, and not for the "crime" of assisting soldiers to reach a country at war with Germany.

Miss Cavell was tried under paragraph 58 of the German Military Code, which says:

> Any person who, with the intention of aiding the hostile power or causing harm to German or allied troops, is guilty of one of the crimes of Paragraph 90 of the German Penal Code, will be sentenced to death for treason.

The "crime" referred to by paragraph 90 was that of "conducting soldiers to the enemy" (namely, *dem Feinde Mannschaften zuführt.*)

It is manifest that this was a strained reading of the provisions of military law; *that a false interpretation was wilfully put upon these provisions in order to secure a conviction.* The law was obviously framed to cover the cases of those who assist stragglers or soldiers who have become lost to get back to their own lines and join their units. It is doubtful whether framers of the military law had foreseen anything so indirect and unprecedented as that of helping soldiers cross the frontier into a neutral country in the hope that they might subsequently find their way back to their own army. Miss Cavell assisted these soldiers to escape into a neutral country which was bound, if possible, to apprehend and intern them. If these soldiers succeeded in outwitting the watch authorities and making their way to England, their success would not, to any fair-minded person, increase the offence committed by Miss Cavell.

Her Courage in Court

Miss Cavell's conduct before the Court was marked by the greatest frankness and courage. She stated that she had assisted these men to escape into Holland because she thought that if she had not done so they would have been seized and shot by the Germans; that she felt that she had only done her duty in helping to save their lives.

The Military Prosecutor replied that while this argument might be made concerning English soldiers, it could not apply to Belgians who were free to remain in the country without danger. The subsequent behaviour of the German authorities to the Belgian young men who remained in the country does not lend any considerable weight to the remarks of the Public Prosecutor.

In concluding his plea, the Public Prosecutor asked that the

court pass the sentence of death upon Miss Cavell and eight other prisoners among the thirty-five brought to trial.

Upon ascertaining these facts Maître de Leval called at the Political Department and asked that, the trial having taken place, permission be granted him to see Miss Cavell in person as there could be no further objection to consultation. Herr Conrad, an official of the Political Department, who received Maître de Leval, stated that he would make enquiry of the court and communicate with him later.

The foregoing are the developments up to Sunday night, October 10th. Subsequent developments are shown by the following extracts from a journal made at the time.

Extracts from My Journal

Brussels, October 12th, 1915.—When I came in yesterday morning I found information which seemed to confirm previous reports, that Miss Cavell's trial had been concluded on Saturday afternoon and that the prosecution had asked that the death sentence be imposed. Monsieur de Leval promptly called up the Political Department on the telephone and talked to Conrad, repeating our previous requests that he be authorised to see Miss Cavell in prison. He also asked that Mr. Gahan, the English chaplain, be permitted to visit her. Conrad replied that it had been decided that Mr. Gahan could not see her, but that she could see any of the three Protestant clergymen (Germans) attached to the prison ; that de Leval could not see her until the judgment was pronounced and signed. He said that as yet no sentence had been pronounced and that there would probably be a delay of a day or two before a decision was reached. He stated that even if the judgment of the Court had been given it would have no effect until it had been confirmed by the Governor, who was absent from Brussels and would not return for two or possibly three days. We asked Conrad to inform the Legation immediately upon the confirmation of the sentence in order that steps might be taken to secure a pardon if the judgment really proved to be one of capital punishment. Conrad said that he had no information to the effect that the Court had acceded to the request for the death sentence, but promised to keep us informed.

Germans' Lying Promise

Despite the promise of the German authorities to keep us fully posted, we were nervous and apprehensive ; and remained at the Legation all day, making repeated enquiry by telephone to learn whether a decision had been reached. On each of these occasions the Political Department renewed the assurance that we would be informed as soon as there was any news. In order to be prepared for every eventuality, we drew up a petition for clemency addressed to the Governor-General, and a covering note addressed to Baron von der Lancken in order that they might be presented without loss of time in case of urgent need.

A number of people had been arrested and tried for the offence of helping men to cross the frontier to Holland, but the death sentence had never been inflicted. The usual thing was to give a sentence of imprisonment in Germany. The officials at the Political Department professed to be sceptical as to the reported intention of the Court to inflict the death sentence, and led us to think that nothing of the sort need be apprehended.

None the less we were haunted by a feeling of impending horror that we could not shake off. I had planned to ride in the afternoon, but when my horse was brought around I had it sent away and stayed near the telephone. Late in the afternoon Leval succeeded in geting into communication with a lawyer interested in one of the accused. He said that the German Kommandantur had informed him that judgment would be passed the next morning, Tuesday. He was worried as to what was in store for the prisoners and said he feared the Court would be very severe.

At 6.20 I had Topping (clerk of the Legation) telephone Conrad again. Once more we had the most definite assurances that nothing had happened, and a somewhat weary renewal of the promise that we should have immediate information when sentence was pronounced.*

At 8.30 I had just gone home when Leval came for me in my car, saying that he had come to report that Miss Cavell was to be shot in the course of the night. We could hardly credit this ; but as our informant was so positive and insisted so earnestly, we set off to see what could be done.

Leval had already seen the Minister, who was ill in bed, and brought me his instructions to find von der Lancken, present the appeal for clemency and press for a favourable decision. In order to add weight to our representations I was to seek out the Spanish Minister to get him to go with us and join in our appeal. I found him dining at Baron Lambert's, and on explaining the case to him he willingly agreed to come.

How Lancken Spent the Evening

When we get to the Political Department we found that Baron von der Lancken and all the members of his staff had gone out to spend the evening at one of the disreputable little theatres that have sprung up here for the entertainment of the Germans. At first I was unable to find where he had gone, as the orderly on duty evidently had orders not to tell, but by dint of some blustering and impressing on him the fact that Lancken would have cause to regret not having seen us, he agreed to have him notified. I put the orderly into the motor and sent him off. The Marquis de Villalobar, Leval and I settled down to wait, and we waited long, for Lancken, evidently knowing the purpose of our visit, declined to budge until the end of an act that seemed to appeal to him particularly. He came in about 10.30, followed shortly by Count Harrach and Baron von Falkenhausen, members of his staff.

I briefly explained the situation as we understood it and presented the note from the Minister transmitting the appeal for clemency. Lancken read the note aloud in our presence, showing no feeling aside from cynical annoyance at something —probably our having discovered the intentions of the German authorities.

When he had finished reading the note Lancken said that he knew nothing of the case, but was sure in any event that no sentence would be executed so soon as we had said. He manifested some surprise, not to say annoyance, that we should give credence to any report in regard to the case which did not come from his Department, that being the only official channel. Leval and I insisted, however, that we had reason to believe our reports were correct and urged him to make inquiries. He then tried to find out the exact source of our information, and became painfully insistent. I did not propose however, to enlighten him on this point and said that I did not feel at liberty to divulge our source of information.

Lancken then became persuasive—said that it was most improbable that any sentence had been pronounced ; that even if it had, it could not be put into effect within so short a time, and that in any event all Government Offices were closed and that it was impossible for him to take any action before morning. He suggested that we all go home "reasonably," sleep quietly and come back in the morning to talk about the case. It was very clear that if the facts were as we believed them to be, the next morning would be too late ; and we pressed for immediate inquiry. I had to be rather insistent on this point, and de Leval, in his anxiety, became so emphatic that I feared he might bring down the wrath of the Germans on his own head and tried to quiet him. There was something splendid about the way Leval, a Belgian subject with nothing to gain and everything to lose, stood up for what he believed to be right and chivalrous, regardless of consequences.

Finally, Lancken agreed to enquire as to the facts, telephoned from his office to the presiding judge of the court-martial, and returned in a short time to say that sentence had indeed been passed, and that Miss Cavell was to be shot during the night.

Plea for Clemency

We then presented with all the earnestness at our command the plea for clemency.

We pointed out to Lancken that Miss Cavell's offences were a matter of the past ; that she herself had been in prison for some weeks, thus effectually ending her power for harm ; that there was nothing to be gained by shooting her, and on the contrary this would do Germany much more harm than good and England much more good than harm. We pointed out to him that the whole case was a very bad one from Germany's point of view ; that the sentence of death had heretofore been imposed only for cases of espionage and that Miss Cavell was not even accused by the German authorities of anything so serious. *We reminded him that Miss Cavell as directress of a large nursing home had since the beginning of the war cared for large numbers of German soldiers in a way that should make her life sacred to them.* I further called his attention to the manifest failure of the Political Department to comply with its repeated promises to keep us informed as to the progress of the trial and the passing of the sentence. The deliberate policy of subterfuge and prevarication by which they had sought to deceive us as to the progress of the case was so raw as to require little comment. We all pointed out to Lancken the horror of shooting a woman, no matter what her offence ; and endeavoured to impress upon him the frightful effect that such an execution would

*This was just one hour and twenty minutes after the sentence had actually been pronounced. There is no need for comment.

have throughout the civilized world. With an ill-concealed sneer he replied that on the contrary he was confident that the effect would be excellent.

When everything else had failed we asked Lancken to look at the case from the point of view solely of German interests, assuring him that the execution of Miss Cavell would do Germany infinite harm. We reminded him of the burning of Louvain and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and told him that this murder would stir all civilized countries with horror and disgust. Count Harrach broke in at this with the rather irrelevant remark that he would rather see Miss Cavell shot than have harm come to the humblest German soldier, and his only regret was that they had not "three or four English old women to shoot."

Appeals to Kaiser Refused

The Spanish Minister and I tried to prevail upon Lancken to call Great Headquarters at Charleville on the telephone and have the case laid before the Emperor for his decision. Lancken stiffened perceptibly at this suggestion and refused, frankly—saying that he could not do anything of the sort. Turning to Villalobar, he said, "I can't do that sort of thing. I am not a friend of my sovereign as you are of yours," to which a rejoinder was made that in order to be a good friend one must be loyal and ready to incur displeasure in case of need. However, our arguments along this line came to nothing, but Lancken finally came to the point of saying that the Military Governor of Brussels was the supreme authority (*Gerichtsherr*) in matters of this sort and that even the Governor-General had no power to intervene. After further argument he agreed to get General von Sauberschweig, the Military Governor, out of bed to learn whether he had already ratified the sentence and whether there was any chance for clemency.

Lancken was gone about half an hour, during which time the three of us laboured with Harrach and Falkenhausen, without, I am sorry to say, the slightest success. When Lancken returned he reported that the Military Governor said that he had acted in this case only after mature deliberation; that the circumstances of Miss Cavell's offence were of such character that he considered infliction of the death penalty imperative. Lancken further explained that under the provisions of the German Military Law the Gerichtsherr had discretionary power to accept or to refuse an appeal for clemency; that in this case the Governor regretted that he must decline to accept the appeal for clemency or any representations in regard to the matter.

We then brought up again the question of having the Emperor called on the telephone, but Lancken replied very definitely that the matter had gone too far; that the sentence had been ratified by the Military Governor, and that when matters had gone that far "even the Emperor himself could not intervene."*

He then asked me to take back the note I had presented to him. I at first demurred, pointing out that this was not an appeal for clemency, but merely a note to him transmitting a note to the Governor which was itself to be considered the appeal for clemency. I pointed out that this was especially stated in the Minister's note to him, and tried to prevail upon him to keep it. He was very insistent, however, and inasmuch as he had already read the note aloud to us and we knew that he was aware of its contents, it seemed that there was nothing to be gained by refusing to accept the note, and I accordingly took it back.

The Last Hopeless Plea

Despite Lancken's very positive statements as to the futility of our errand, we continued to appeal to every sentiment to secure delay and time for reconsideration of the case. The Spanish Minister led Lancken aside and said some things to him that he would have hesitated to say in the presence of Harrach, Falkenhausen and Leval. Lancken squirmed and blustered by turns, but stuck to his refusal. While this conversation was going on, I went after Harrach and Falkenhausen again. This time, throwing modesty to the winds, I reminded him of some of the things we had done for German interests at the outbreak of the war; how we had repatriated thousands of German subjects and cared for their interests; how during the siege of Antwerp I had repeatedly crossed the lines during actual fighting at the request of Field Marshal von der Goltz to look after German interests; how all this service had been rendered gladly and without thought of reward; that since the beginning of the war we had never asked a favour of the German authorities, and it seemed incredible that they should now decline to grant us even a day's delay to discuss the case of a poor woman who was, by her imprisonment, prevented from doing further harm, and *whose execution in the middle of the night at the conclusion of a course of trickery and deception was nothing short of an affront to civilisation.* Even when I was ready to abandon all hope, Leval was unable to believe that the German authorities would persist in their decision, and appealed most touchingly and feelingly to the sense of pity for which we looked in vain.

Our efforts were perfectly useless, however, as the three men with whom we had to deal were so completely callous and indifferent that they were in no way moved by anything that we could say.

We did not stop until after midnight, when it was only too clear that there was no hope.

It was a bitter business leaving the place feeling that we had failed and that the little woman was to be led out before a firing squad within a few hours. But it was worse to go back to the Legation to the little group of English women who were waiting in my office to learn the result of our visit. They had been there for nearly four hours, while Mrs. Whitlock and Miss Larner sat with them and tried to sustain them through the hours of waiting. There were Mrs. Gahan, wife of the English chaplain, Miss B. and several nurses from Miss Cavell's school. One was a little wisp of a thing who had been mothered by Miss Cavell, and was nearly beside herself with grief. There was no way of breaking the news to them gently, for they could read the answer in our faces when we came in. All we could do was to give them each a stiff drink of sherry and send them home. Leval was as white as death, and I took him back to his house. I had a splitting headache myself and could not face the idea of going to bed. I went home and read for awhile, but that was no good, so I went out and walked the streets, much to the annoyance of German patrols. I rang the bells of several houses in a desperate desire to talk to somebody, but could not find a soul—only sleepy and disgruntled servants. It was a night I should not like to go through again, but it wore through somehow and I braced up with a cold bath and went to the Legation for the day's work.

Miss Cavell's Brave Death

The day brought forth another loathsome fact in connection with the case. *It seems the sentence on Miss Cavell was not pronounced in open court.* Her executioners, apparently in the hope of concealing their intentions from us, went into her cell and there, behind locked doors, pronounced sentence upon her. It is all of a piece with the other things they have done.

Last night Mr. Gahan got a pass and was admitted to see Miss Cavell shortly before she was taken out and shot. He said she was calm and prepared, and faced the ordeal without a tremor. She was a tiny thing that looked as though she could be blown away with a breath, but had a great spirit. She told Mr. Gahan that soldiers had come to her and asked to be helped to the frontier; that knowing the risks they ran and the risks she took she had helped them. She said she had nothing to regret, no complaint to make; and that if she had it all to do over again she would change nothing.

They partook together of the Holy Communion, and she who had so little need for preparation was prepared for death. She was free from resentment and said:

"*I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.*"

She was taken out and shot before day-break.

She was denied the support of her own clergyman at the end; but a German military chaplain stayed with her and gave her burial within the precincts of the prison. He did not conceal his admiration and said; "She was courageous to the end. She professed her Christian faith and said that she was glad to die for her country. She died like a hero."

*Although accepted at the time as true this statement was later found to be entirely false and is understood to have displeased the Emperor. The Emperor could have stopped the execution at any moment.

The Stars

By Eden Phillpotts

Did each white star that shines upon the clear
Of Night's untroubled forehead, like a gem
Glittering within her far-flung diadem,
Melt to the lustre of a fallen tear
Through all high heaven, enough would not be shed
To dedicate one drop to each man dead.

More tears than there are stars have yet to fall;
More hearts than there are stars have yet to break
For sacred Liberty's immortal sake,
At Freedom's high and universal call.
Oh, seed of heroes, watered with our tears,
Thine the sure harvest of these bitter years.

The Two Presidents: Poincaré and Painlevé

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

THE situation in France is anything but clear, even to Frenchmen used to the intricacies of French politics. I sometimes wonder how English people understand as well as they do, the swing of the political pendulum in my country. Perhaps under the present circumstances it may interest them to take a peep behind the scenes at the complex mechanism of our constitutional machine.

First let me remind my readers of the important part played by the President of the Republic during a Ministerial crisis, in time of peace as well as in war. The President is not, as many imagine, a mere decorative figure placed at the head of the State to register the decisions of Ministers or of Parliament. His duty is not only to agree to what they decide; and to put his signature to the most important measures, laws and decrees, though, of course, this secondary part of his functions takes up a great deal of his time. But, before everything, the President embodies the permanency of the Executive Power. He it is who really has his hand on the helm of the good ship he has to steer through calm as well as through stormy political weather.

When a Ministry resigns, he remains in power. The ex-Ministers simply carry on the every day business till their successors are appointed, but meanwhile, Parliament is only represented in the Executive by the President of the Republic.

He it is who has to send for the politician whom he is going to entrust with the task of forming the new Ministry.

It is true that the Head of the State always consults the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, and generally takes action after having come to an understanding with them. But there is nothing to prevent his making up his own mind and taking a decision contrary to the advice offered by the Presidents of the two Legislative Assemblies.

This formality over, the President of the Republic then summons to the Elysée the politician who for various reasons seems most likely to be acceptable to the majority of the two Chambers. He is not, however, invariably able to gauge correctly the sentiments of Parliament. Only a few months before the war, M. Poincaré asked M. Ribot to take the reins of Government, with the result that three days after he had accepted the task, he was roughly dismissed by the Chamber of Deputies at the very first sitting. Of course such a thing would be impossible in England on account of the Party system. In French politics, however, parliamentary majorities are not made up of parties but of group combinations. It is therefore perfectly possible that a majority should suddenly withdraw its confidence in a Prime Minister and still, after a very slight shuffling of groups, be prepared to accept as his successor another star of the same political colour. Under these circumstances the task of the President of the Republic requires tact, perfect knowledge of currents and sub-currents, as well as great strength of character in crises.

Forming a Cabinet

An example of this occurred only the other day when M. Poincaré called upon M. Ribot to form a Cabinet, and the latter felt himself obliged to decline the honour, not because the Socialists refused to join hands with him, but because M. Painlevé declined to enter a Ministry which did not contain representatives of the Socialist Party. M. Poincaré then turned to M. Painlevé, who agreed to try his luck with the help of the Socialists, but he too failed to achieve his object and proffered his resignation. But the President of the Republic, who evidently did not think the moment propitious for a Socialist government, insisted on M. Painlevé continuing his negotiations without the help of the Socialists. The consequence was the formation of a Ministry very similar to that in which he had refused to serve under M. Ribot. And to-day the Painlevé-Ribot Ministry—for M. Ribot remained in it as Minister of Foreign Affairs—reminds one of the situation created two years ago when a Briand-Viviani Cabinet succeeded a Viviani-Briand Ministry.

In short, as long as the French Parliament remains a congregation of small groups, the formation of a Ministry is more a question of persons than of principle. It is therefore easy to understand that the President of the Republic—who is the maker of the Cabinet—plays through the Président du Conseil (who is known in England, as Prime Minister) a most active part in all political evolutions, not only as the executor of the will of the Parliament, but also as the powerful instigator of all political changes.

When a Ministry has received the approbation of the two Chambers, the rôle of the President of the Republic is far from ended. He it is who presides at the sittings of the Cabinet—that is at all the important sittings. Now and then Ministers may meet to discuss under the Chairmanship of the Président du Conseil questions of secondary import. But whenever there is to be what we might call a Grand Council, where vital decisions are to be taken, the members of the Cabinet assemble at the Elysée under the presidency of M. Poincaré. On these occasions he does not sit at the head of the long green table, facing the Président du Conseil, simply to hear what the Ministers have to say. He takes on the contrary his full share in the discussion, sums up the delicate points and plays very much more the part of an English Prime Minister than the Président du Conseil himself, (who in English newspapers is always referred to as the Prime Minister). Without making a further study of the powers which the constitution confers upon the Head of the State, I have said enough to show that he possesses the means of making his influence felt in all decisions taken by the Prime Minister whom he has himself chosen.

Definite Limitations

There are however very definite limitations to his powers, especially when the President happens to be a man of such high moral standing as Poincaré. It has been my privilege to have long private talks with him on matters relating to Home and Foreign Affairs, and that up to a few months before the outbreak of war. What struck me most in these conversations was the extraordinarily impartial attitude of a man who possessed, as no other, profound knowledge of all political subjects. Here and there it was easy to see, when he analysed the situation, where his personal preferences would have led him had he been an ordinary citizen. For the chief among M. Poincaré's great qualities are his perfect frankness, his innate honesty, and his sound judgment which enables him to see things exactly as they are. But he is not a mere Member of Parliament, free to follow whatever course he deems wisest, even when the interests of his country are at stake. He is before everything the elect of Parliament and the faithful servant of the French Constitution as it is, not as it might be. Though his quick legal mind realizes to an iota all the imperfections inseparable from any human system, the President of the Republic has not, as his real duty, to modify the laws of France, but to see that they are carried out to the best advantage. He is in fact the guardian of the Constitution, though he possesses the power to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, with the consent of the Senate, and appeal to the people if in a moment of great emergency he disagrees with Parliament on an issue vital to the country. Such a situation has, however, only once occurred in the history of the third Republic, and it was fatal to Marshal McMahon who then occupied the Presidential Chair.

I cannot conceive the possibility of M. Poincaré's taking any revolutionary step of that nature, and I am convinced that he would rather sacrifice his life than do violence—not to the letter—but even to the spirit of the law. Whether this extreme respect for the constitution is a good characteristic in a war-time President, must be left to the judgment of the future.

M. Poincaré's recent reference to the Almereyda scandal is an admirable illustration of the restrictions imposed upon his office. As long as a Président du Conseil is in power, he and his colleagues alone are responsible for the government of the country. The President of the Republic can therefore only express publicly in a vague and general way his personal desires and opinions regarding the policy of the Ministry.

M. Ribot trusted M. Malvy, who was answerable for the too lenient attitude of the police towards Almereyda and his associates. Under pressure of public opinion, M. Ribot was obliged to part company with his Minister of the Interior, and that long delayed separation finally brought about the fall of M. Ribot's government. This gave M. Poincaré his constitutional opportunity of stating what the policy of the next government should be in the interests of the nation. It is quite evident that M. Ribot, when he accepted the task of reforming a Cabinet, and after him M. Painlevé, had to satisfy the President of the Republic that the line of conduct to be adopted by the new Minister of the Interior should be very different from the course followed by the late one. We can rest assured that M. Poincaré is as strongly anti-German and as determined an adversary of the secret German agents still lingering in France, as M. Léon Daudet or M. Clémenceau. But his official character does not permit him to proclaim his opinions, or to enforce them, otherwise than within the rather narrow limits of his constitutional functions.

It is thereafter the turn of the Président du Conseil, whose duty it is to put into execution the general policy upon which

he and the President of the Republic are agreed, and to submit it for the approbation of Parliament.

M. Painlevé has already passed the ordeal of his first meeting with the Chamber of Deputies. His success on this occasion was moderate, for reasons which are not perhaps evident to outsiders. To begin with M. Painlevé is not an orator either by talent or by training. He is before everything a mathematician, illustrious in the estimation of that handful of specialists who know something about high mathematics. In other words he is a Professor, a distinguished member of the *Académie des Sciences*, and nothing in his manner or gesture savours of the popular speaker. His delivery is hesitating, abrupt, uninspired, and gives one the impression of a school-boy painfully reciting a lesson. I knew him once, on the occasion of a great official ceremony at the Sorbonne, lose the thread of his argument, and after a few minutes of embarrassing silence, sit down without finishing his discourse—which was, however, concluded with great tact and eloquence by that practised orator M. Barthou. With such a disadvantage one cannot help marvelling that M. Painlevé even succeeded in securing election as a deputy. But what is more marvellous still, is his actual attainment. In a few years he has, in spite of his lack of the gift of oratory, forced recognition of his remarkable intellectual qualities from the most critical assembly of speech-makers in the world.

This achievement is in itself a good omen. We have for many generations suffered from the fatal habit of empty parliamentary oratory. Words, words, words, and as few deeds as possible, has been the motto of the average French politician intent on escaping real responsibility. As a nation we are alas! much more sensitive than the British, or the Americans, to the persuasive power of sonorous and harmonious phrases. Briand, Ribot, Viviani, in fact all, or nearly all of our recent statesmen, have been worthy disciples of Gambetta. And this passion for making brilliant speeches and for listening to them is certainly *one* of the characteristics of our Republican regime. Can it be that M. Painlevé's accession to power will inaugurate an era of realization instead of illusory promises and predictions?

The profound distrust of politicians which at the present critical time exists in most democracies, is principally, if not entirely, due to this policy of as much talk and as little action as possible. For the first time since the beginning of the war, the French people have a leader who, as he cannot talk, must either act or go. We can be certain, however, that M. Painlevé's intention in assuming the Premiership is to accomplish what his predecessors have failed to do.

The French nation looks to him to purge our country from the German peril within as well as without. He comes at the psychological moment, when the Government of the United States has proved to the world that a democracy, when well organised, can take even better than a despot all measures necessary to expose and to punish the crime of treachery, however securely the criminal may be entrenched behind international and financial interests.

I have no shadow of doubt that if M. Painlevé carries out fearlessly the policy, outlined the other day at Verdun by M. Poincaré, he will have behind him the solid mass of the nation. There is, moreover, no time to lose if the wholehearted confidence of the French people in their political leaders is to be restored. While the war lasts nothing, not even the disquieting revelations concerning the *Bonnet Rouge*, should be allowed to endanger the "Sacred Union" of all parties in the State. Even if the Socialist party has for selfish reasons, adopted a sulking attitude towards M. Painlevé's Ministry, public opinion is not likely to tolerate any open rupture that might weaken the united front which the whole French nation must oppose, first to the armies, and secondly to the spies and diplomatists, in the service of the Central Empires.

The Perils of Restriction

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR,—The difficulty about Mr. Arthur Kitson's plea in last week's LAND & WATER for our not attempting to deflate the inflated currency after the war, is that the plea runs counter to both current economic theory (or a good deal of it) and the big financiers' interests. It is rather a powerful combination for him to be against.

Nevertheless, this fact of itself need not hinder his contentions from containing very urgent truth. The points upon which it seems to be important that public interest should be awakened may perhaps be comprised under two heads: (*a*) the fact that to leave the currency as it is, after the war, helps the borrower, while to try to restrict it helps the lender; and (*b*) the double fact that, given time, our dislocated currency should right itself, and that interfering cannot hasten the process, it can only determine who shall suffer during the process. The whole question seems to be, whether will it be best for the nation to make it easy for those who have borrowed in the last few years or profitable for those who have lent?

This may perhaps not be the real question. And even if it is, to formulate the question is, of course, not to answer it. But at the very worst, it will be something if the formulating of it in this way enables someone else to see and say what is wrong with it. Meanwhile, I go on to give the elementary and simple reason for formulating it in this way.

To inflate the currency is to raise prices. Increase the amount of money and, *ceteris paribus*, you decrease its power of purchasing. Like other things, when it is abundant it is held cheap and you get less for it. The pound or the shilling does not go so far as it did. If, at the very time when the currency is inflated, supplies themselves are getting scarce, prices go so much the higher. And this, of course, is the situation at present.

Legal tender has been made abundant, therefore cheap. The necessaries of life have become scarcer than usual, and so more precious. In consequence, it takes a great deal of the first to balance a given amount of the second.

There are clearly two ways in which the system can adjust itself again. The currency can be made more scarce. If money is more scarce a given quantity of it will buy more. Or the necessaries of life may be made more abundant. If goods are more abundant, there will be more to be had for a given amount of money, whatever sort of money it may be. The former is the artificial, the latter the natural way of readjustment; in the sense that in the former instance we interfere with the currency (burn pound-notes and the like) while in the latter we both leave the currency alone and leave the necessaries of life to find their own way back into the market again when the many hands now engaged in war return to their normal productive occupations.

It makes no difference *in the end* which way is put into practice. If we succeed in restricting the currency, then, as production begins again we shall tend (at whatever cost in anxiety and trouble and loss) to have the old normal prices again. If we retain our present inflation we shall continue to have what we call abnormal prices, but we shall tend also to have abnormal wages, abnormal interest on money lent, higher incomes all round. And plainly, the question is not what we have to pay for goods, but the relation between what we must pay for them and what we possess to pay them with.

Since the end is the same, then, the whole question is as to the most desirable path whereby to reach it. On this, Mr. Kitson's argument seems conclusive. Restriction means that people with money out, in tools, machines, factories or whatever else, are compelled to realise. They cannot now have *so much* out. Those who have bought goods from them to retail are compelled in consequence to pay up, so they too must realise, and that at a loss, because the buying public have not the money—"in short, restriction of the currency is always followed by the industrial and commercial ruin of thousands."

At the same time, further discussion is to be wished for of the point that the people benefited by the cheap money are a greater part of the nation than those hurt by it. The argument about the National Debt seems at first sight to clinch the matter irrefutably. To restrict the currency is to raise the value of the pound. If we want, then, to escape all avoidable burdens, we should surely pay off that huge debt (whatever be the power of the cosmopolitan financiers to whom we owe it) with our money as it is; and not first double the value of our pound and *then* pay out the thousands of millions which we owe. The argument seems conclusive. But we cannot surely forget the numbers of people whose small incomes will be partly supplied from the three hundred millions of yearly interest which the nation has to pay on that debt. All whose income comes wholly from this source must be reckoned among those benefited by restriction. All whose income comes in any proportion from that source, must in that proportion be reckoned in the same class. And there are many other similar points—old-age pensions, people with annuities and so on.

Nevertheless, the main line of the argument seems clear. The main thing is to produce, and get the goods there again. The mere certificate for giving the individual a claim on the goods of the nation, which is all that money is, seems to be of its very nature a secondary affair. The natural course seems to be to let it alone, and keep our eye on the main task.

The University, Glasgow. J. W. SCOTT.

Life and Letters

Marching on Tanga

By J. C. Squire

ACCURATE histories of the operations will no doubt be written, and there have been and will be produced very vivid journalistic descriptions of trench life and trench fighting: but it is not likely that we shall get from the Western Front—at any rate until the war is far behind us—a book with any permanent value as "pure literature." The whole thing is too filthily ugly and monotonous in that expanse of mud, devastation and scientific slaughter, and it is of pathetic significance that the few good poems that have come from the trenches have almost all been poems of escape, snatches at stray beauties still remembered or within reach; the stars on a fine night; flowers in a ruined garden or on a parapet; memories of placid things at home. Moreover, even with circumstances at their best, good artists are few, and it is a chance whether those that exist happen to find themselves in places where they are moved to write about the things actually around them. I remember that Rupert Brooke, just before he went to Gallipoli, told me how clearly he retained the picture of the nocturnal flight from Antwerp, the confused stream of refugees along the road, the great sky lit up by the flames of burning buildings. He said he should write about it, and one wondered, a month or two later, what he would make of the Greek sea, the islands, and the battles in that parched and mountainous peninsula. Another young poet, J. E. Flecker, had he lived and been a soldier in an African or an Asiatic theatre, might also have given us an account that was something more than an account. But the first war narrative by a soldier which as literature can compare with the best contemporary imaginative work, is Captain F. Brett-Young's *Marching on Tanga* (Collins, 6s. net.). Captain Brett-Young (who is otherwise known as a poet and novelist) served as a doctor attached first to the 2nd Rhodesian Regiment, then to an Indian ambulance unit. He took part in the operations in the summer of 1916, when General Smuts drove the Germans from the foothills of Kilimanjaro down the Tanga railway. The author, having reached German Bridge, on the Pangani, then went with his brigade southwards along the trolley-line to Handeni, and beyond it towards the Central Railway. He finished up with fever and began this book in hospital. The manuscript was twice torpedoed, and once had to be completely rewritten. The reader can only be thankful that the author had an extraordinarily rare combination of qualities: the genius to write the book, and the patient industry to write the same book a second time. Most of us, if I may say so, would have seen the book damned first.

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Captain Brett-Young supplies a good map, and a comprehensible account of the operations—from which it is possible to gather that medical arrangements might have been made with more forethought, that Smuts's generalship was sound, and that the personality of Smuts was largely responsible for the splendid spirit of the troops. Probably we should have been told more if no censors existed. But in any case, Captain Brett-Young's main business is only with the things which came under his observation, including his own state of mind and heart. He was often close to the fighting and sometimes in the thick of it; but in that campaign, actual fighting was intermittent, and the most formidable and constant presence in the book is African Nature, a far more terrible enemy than the Germans. The keynote of the whole book is struck in the first chapter. He strays a short distance into the forest from the station of Taveta, and there, in a clearing between pestilential creeks, he comes upon a company of emaciated black women dancing to exhaustion, whilst an old man and two boys beat tom-toms to drive away the devils of fever. The horror and strangeness of that country, the cruelty of its wild life, the reek of its forests, the awful drought of its deserts, are one of the main themes of the book, though they are never paraded. And another is its tremendous grandeur. Stepping out of that fever-laden forest of Taveta, he finds that the mist has lifted and there

> Out of the mist range after range materialised, until, through those dissolving veils there loomed a shape far mightier than any which my brain could have conceived: Kilimanjaro, the greatest mountain of all Africa. Now that the sun had quite gone from our lonely sight, the glaciers on the fluted crater of Kibo shone with an amazing whiteness, while the snows of the sister peak, Mawenzi, were cold in shade.
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> The magnitude of these lovely shapes was overwhelming, for they do not rise, as do the other African peaks, from the base of a mountainous table-land, but from the edge of a low plain, not two thousand feet above the sea-level. Since then I have seen the great mountain in many guises: as a dim ghost dominating the lower waters of the Pangani; as a filmy cone, imponderable as though it were carven out of icy vapours, gleaming upon hot plains a hundred miles away; as the shadow which rises from the level skylines of the great game reserve; but never did it seem so wonderful as on that night when it was first revealed to me, walking from the Lumi forest to Taveta. There was indeed something ceremonious in its unveiling, and the memory of that vast immanence coloured all the evening of our departure.

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You feel that great mountain, and others not so great, towering all the time behind the narrative. There are details enough; many unforgettable pictures of men and places, and delicate sketches of small wild things, hornbills and rain birds, acacia trees, dragonflies, orange tip butterflies. But his dominant impression throughout that campaign was that of the immensity of wild Africa and the smallness of the men who were crawling after each other through its swamps and over its sandy wastes, the enormous ferocity of nature in an untameable land, the transitoriness of man's journeys and fights in that wilderness, where in a year or two the deep tracks will have been overgrown by bush, the bleached bones of men and beasts, all the rubble of passing armies, drifted over by sand and put out of sight for ever. Beauty, Mutability, and Fate still dominated him even in his most desperate time when, with a little party of wounded men, having been foodless for thirty hours, he was surrounded by German-commanded savages who searched and searched for them within earshot whilst they crept or ran through the undergrowth, deliberately tangling their footprints and longing for the dark. He thought even then of the beauty of the grasses, and the evening light in that solitude, and then his mind flew back to the extremest contrast, a Devon summer afternoon "in a garden ravished with the spicy odour of pinks. A strange business this . . . a strange business, that I, torn and bleeding, should be running for my life through the heart of Africa, through dense thorn which had never been shadowed by man's figure or penetrated by his violence since the beginning of the world; while, at home, perhaps, she whom I loved most dearly was sitting in that summer garden among so many peaceful scents and knowing nothing . . . knowing nothing. It seemed incredible that this could be at all." Then when night fell, and his parched and bleeding charges curled up in a nullah to take an hour of broken sleep, he watched the Southern Cross swing over the sky and wondered again "at the strangeness of fate which had cast me upon this strange land," perhaps to feed the hyenas, and thought that he had rather die "in a country where the works of man bore witness of his unconquerable courage; where I might see on every side tokens of the great anonymous dead in whose footsteps I was following, and so take courage . . . . For that which makes a place terrible or kindly is the life of men who have worked and suffered and loved and died in it. That was the way, I thought, in which a country got a soul; and this land had none."

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It makes the book quiet. The fighting breaks in and subsides again, as the machine guns rattled and died away in the green depths of those untrodden forests. Whatever hardships and excitements briefly come, they subside; and reflection pours back in a flood. Various men took it no doubt in various ways, and with varying degrees of consciousness. But the author is a poet, and was never far, even when most active, from the mood in which, at the first camp by the Pangani, he sat with his comrades by the fire, listened to the sap hissing, looked at the shadowy figures around him, and wondered what men they were whom fate had dumped together in so strange a spot. His writing has scarcely a flaw from beginning to end, and many pages are exquisite in phrasing and movement. This does not mean that, at intervals, he lays himself out to be purple for the sake of the thing. It merely means that he always rises to the occasion, and that when his emotions are more than ordinarily deep or the sights and sounds of those hills and forests peculiarly in command of his senses, he lifts naturally into passages of sustained beauty. He communicates his awe.

According to Plan

By Boyd Cable

"RATTY" TRAVERS dropped his load with a grunt of satisfaction, squatted down on the ground, and tilting back his shrapnel helmet mopped a streaming brow. As the line in which he had moved dropped to cover, another line rose out of the ground ahead of them and commenced to push forward. Some distance beyond a wave of kilted Highlanders pressed on at a steady walk up to within about fifty paces of the string of flickering, jumping white patches that marked the edge of the "artillery barrage." The machine gun company being in support had a good view of the lines attacking ahead of them.

"Them Jocks is goin' along nicely," said the man who had dropped beside Ratty Travers. Ratty grunted scornfully. "Beautiful," he said. "An' we're doin' wonderful well ourselves. I never remember gettin' over the No Man's Land so easy, or seein' a trench took so quick an' simple in my life as this one we're in; or seein' a 'tillery barrage move so nice an' even and steady to time."

"You've seed a lot Ratty," said his companion. "But you ain't seed everything."

"That's true," said Ratty. "I've never seen a lot o' grown men playin' let's-pretend like a lot of school kids. Just look at that fool wi' the big drum, Johnny."

Johnny looked and had to laugh. The man with the big drum was doubling off from the kilted line, and strung out to either side of him there raced a scattered line of men armed with sticks and biscuit-tins and tin cans. Ratty and his companions were clothed in full fighting kit and equipment, and bore boxes of very real ammunition. In the "trenches" ahead of them, or moving over the open, were other men similarly equipped; rolling back to them came a clash and clatter, a dull prolonged *boom-boom-boom*. In every detail, so far as the men were concerned, an attack was in full swing; but there was no yell and crash of falling shells, no piping whistle and sharp crack of bullets, no deafening, shaking thunder of artillery (except that steady *boom-boom*), no shell-scorched strip of battered ground. The warm sun shone on trim green fields, on long twisting lines of flags and tapes strung on sticks, on ranks of perspiring men in khaki with rifles and bombs and machine-guns and ammunition and stretchers and all the other accoutrements of battle. There were no signs of death or wounds, none of the horror of war, because this was merely a "practice attack," a full-dress rehearsal of the real thing, full ten miles behind the front. The trenches were marked out by flags and tapes, the artillery barrage was a line of men hammering biscuit-tins and a big drum, and waving fluttering white flags. The kilts came to a halt fifty paces short of them, and a moment later, the "barrage" sprinted off ahead one or two score yards, halted, and fell to banging and battering tins and drum and waving flags, while the kilts solemnly moved on after them, to halt again at their measured distance until the next "lift" of the "barrage." It looked sheer child's play, a silly elaborate game; and yet there was no sign of laughter or play about the men taking part in it—except on the part of Ratty Travers.

Ratty was openly scornful. "Ready there," said a sergeant rising and pocketing the notebook he had been studying. "We've only five minutes in this trench. And remember you move half right when you leave here, an' the next line o' flags is the sunk road wi' six machine-gun emplacements along the edge."

Ratty chuckled sardonically. "I 'ope that in the real thing them machine-guns won't 'ave nothing to say to us movin' half-right across their front," he said.

"They've been straffed out wi' the guns," said Johnny simply, "an' the Jocks 'as mopped up any that's left. We was told that yesterday."

"I daresay," retorted Ratty. "An' I hopes the Huns 'ave been careful instructed in the same. It 'ud be a pity if they went an' did anything to spoil all the plans. But they wouldn't do that. Oh, no, of course, not."

He had a good deal more to say in the same strain—with especially biting criticism on the "artillery barrage" and the red-faced big drummer who played lead in it—during the rest of the practice and at the end of it when they lay in their "final objective" and rested, smoking and cooling off with the top buttons of tunics undone, while the officers gathered round the C.O. and listened to criticism and made notes in their books.

"I'll admit," he said, "they might plan out the trenches here the same as the one's we're to attack from. It's this rot o' fayin' out the Fritz trenches gets me. An' this attack—it's about as like a real attack as my gasper's like a machine-gun. Huh! Wi' one bloke clockin' you on a stop-watch, an' another countin' the paces between the trenches—Boche trenches a mile behind their front line mind you—an' another whackin' a big drum like a kid in a nursery. An' all this 'Go steady here, this is a sharp rise,' or 'hurry this bit 'cos most likely it'll be open to enfiladin' machine-gun fire,' or 'this here's the sunk road wi' six machine-gun emplacements—huh! Plunky rot, I calls it."

The others heard him in silence or with mild chaffing replies. Ratty was new to this planned-attack game, of course, but since he had been out and taken his whack of the early days he was entitled to a certain amount of excusing.

Johnny summed it up for them. "We've moved a bit since the Noove Chapelle days, you know," he said. "You didn't have no little lot like this then, did you?" jerking his head at the bristling line of their machine-guns. "An' you didn't have creepin' barrages, an' more shells than you could fire, eh? Used to lose seventy an' eighty per cent. o' the battalion's strength goin' over the bags them days, didn't you? Well, we've changed that a bit, thank Gawd. You'll see the differ presently."

Later on Ratty had to admit a considerable "differ" and a great improvement on old ways. He and his company moved up towards the front leisurely and certainly, without haste and without confusion, having the orders detailed overnight for the next day's march, finding meals cooked and served regularly, travelling by roads obviously known and "detailed" for them, coming at night to camp or billet places left vacant for them immediately before, finding everything planned and prepared, foreseen and provided for. But, although he admitted all this, he stuck to his belief that beyond the front line this carefully planned moving must cease abruptly. "It'll be the same plunky old scramble an' scrap I'll bet," he said. We'll see then if all the Fritz trenches is just where we've fixed 'em, an' if we runs to a regular time-table and follows the laid-down route an' first-turn-to-the-right-an'-mind-the-step-performance we've been practisin."

But it was as they approached the fighting zone and finally when they found themselves installed in a support trench on the morning of the Push that Ratty came to understand the full difference between old battles and this new style. For days on end he heard such gun-fire as he had never dreamed of, heard it continue without ceasing or slackening day and night. By day he saw the distant German ground veiled in a drifting fog-bank of smoke, saw it by night starred with winking and splashing gusts of flame from our high-explosives. He walked or lay on a ground that quivered and trembled under the unceasing shock of our guns' discharges, and covered his eyes at night to shut out the flashing lights that pulsed and throbbed constantly across the sky. The last march up that had brought them into the trenches had passed through guns and guns and yet again guns, first the huge monsters lurking hidden well back and only a little in advance of the great piles of shells and long roofed sidings crammed with more shells; then further on past other monsters only less in comparison with those they had seen before, on again past whole batteries of 60-pounders and six-inch tucked away in corners of woods or amongst broken houses, and finally up through the field guns packed close in every corner that would more or less hide a battery, or brazenly lined up in the open. They tramped down the long street of a ruined village—a street that was no more than a cleared strip of cobble-stones bordered down its length on both sides by the piled or scattered heaps of rubble and brick that had once been rows of houses—with a mad chorus of guns roaring and cracking and banging in numberless scores about them, passed over the open behind the trenches to find more guns ranged battery after battery, and all with sheeting walls of flame jumping and flashing along their fronts. They found and settled into their trench with this unbroken roar of fire bellowing in their ears, a roar so loud and long that it seemed impossible to increase it. But when their watches told them it was an hour to the moment they had been warned was the "zero hour," the fixed moment of the attack, the sound of the gun-fire swelled suddenly and rose to a pitch of fury that eclipsed all that had gone before. The men crouched in their trench listening in awed silence, and as the zero hour approached Ratty clambered and stood where he could look over the edge towards the German lines. A sergeant shouted at him angrily to get down, and hadn't he heard the order to keep under cover. Ratty dropped back beside the others. "Lumme," he said disgustedly, "I dunno wot this bloomin' war's comin' to. Orders, orders, orders! You

mustn't get plunky well killed nowadays, unless you 'as orders to."

"There they go," said Johnny suddenly, and all strained their ears for the sound of rattling rifle fire that came faintly through the roll of the guns. "An' here they come," said Ratty quickly, and all crouched low and listened to the rising roar of a heavy shell approaching, the heavy *cr-r-rump* of its fall. A message passed along, "Ready there. Move in five minutes." And at five minutes to the tick, they rose and began to pass along the trench.

"Know where we are, Ratty?" asked Johnny. Ratty looked about him. "How should I know," he shouted back, "I was never 'ere before."

"You oughter," returned Johnny. "This is the line we started from back in practice attack—the one that was taped out along by the stream."

"I'm a fat lot better for knowin' it too," said Ratty sarcastically, and trudged on. They passed slowly forward and along branching trenches until they came at last to the front line, from which, after a short rest, they climbed and hoisted their machine guns out into the open. From here for the first time they could see something of the battle-ground; but could see nothing of the battle except a drifting haze of smoke, and, just disappearing into it, a shadowy line of figures. The thunder of the guns continued, and out in front they could hear now the crackle of rifle fire, the sharp detonations of grenades. There were far fewer shells falling about the old "neutral ground," than Ratty had expected, and even comparatively few bullets piping over and past them. They reached the tumbled wreckage of shell holes and splintered planks that marked what had been the front German line, clambered through this, and pushed on stumbling and climbing in and out the shell-holes that riddled the ground. "Where's the Buffs that's supposed to be in front o' us," shouted Ratty, and ducked hastily into a deep shell-hole at the warning screech of an approaching shell. It crashed down somewhere near and a shower of dirt and earth rained down on him. He climbed out. "Should be ahead about a—here's some o' them now wi' prisoners," said Johnny. They had a hurried glimpse of a huddled group of men in grey with their hands well up over their heads, running, stumbling, half falling and recovering, but always keeping hands hoisted well up. There may have been a full thirty of them, and they were being shepherded back by no more than three or four men with bayonets gleaming on their rifles. They disappeared into the haze, and the machine gunners dropped down into a shallow twisting depression and pressed on along it.

"This is the communication trench that used to be taped out along the edge o' that cornfield in practice attack," said Johnny, when they halted a moment. "Trench," said Ratty, glancing along it "Strewth!" The trench was gone, was no more than a wide shallow depression, a tumbled gutter a foot or two below the level of the ground; and even the gutter in places was lost in a patch of broken earth heaps and craters. It was best traced by the dead that lay in it, by the litter of steel helmets, rifles, bombs, gas-masks, bayonets, water-bottles, arms and equipment of every kind strewed along it.

By now Ratty had lost all sense of direction or location, but Johnny at his elbow was always able to keep him informed. Ratty at first refused to accept his statements, but was convinced against all argument. "We should pass three trees along this trench somewhere soon," Johnny would say, and presently, sure enough, they came to one stump six foot high and two splintered butts just showing above the earth. They reached a wide depression, and Johnny pointed and shouted, "The sunk road," and looking round, pointed again to some whitish grey masses broken, overturned, almost buried in the tumbled earth, the remains of concrete machine gun emplacements Ratty remembered had been marked somewhere back there on the practice ground by six marked boards. "Six," shouted Johnny, and grinned triumphantly at the doubter.

The last of Ratty's doubts as to the correctness of battle plans, even of the German lines, vanished when they came to a bare stretch of ground which Johnny reminded him was where they had been warned they would most likely come under enfilading machine gun fire. They halted on the edge of this patch to get their wind, and watched some stretcher-bearers struggling to cross and a party of men digging furiously to make a line of linked up shell-holes, while the ground about them jumped and splashed under the hailing of bullets.

"Enfiladin' fire," said Ratty, "Should think it was too. Why the 'ell don't they silence the guns doin' it?"

"Supposed to be in a clump o' wood over there," said Johnny, "And it ain't due to be took for an hour yet."

The word passed along, and they rose and began to cross the open ground amongst the raining bullets. "There's our objective," shouted Johnny as they ran. "That rise—come into action there." Ratty stared aghast at the rise, and at the spouting columns of smoke and dirt that leaped from it under a steady fall of heavy shells. "That," he screeched back, "Gorstrewth. Goodbye us then." But he ran on as well as he could under the weight of the gun on his shoulder. They were both well out to the left of their advancing line and Ratty was instinctively flinching from the direct route into those gusts of flame and smoke. "Keep up," yelled Johnny. "Remember the trench. You'll miss the end of it." Ratty recalled vaguely the line of flags and tape that had wriggled over the practice ground to the last position where they had halted each day and brought their guns into mimic action. He slanted right and presently stumbled thankfully into the broken trench, and pushed along it up the rise. At the top he found himself looking over a gentle slope, the foot of which was veiled in an eddying mist of smoke. A heavy shell burst with a terrifying crash and sent him reeling from shock. He sat down with a bump, shaken and for the moment dazed, but came to himself with Johnny's voice bawling in his ear, "Come on man, come on. Hurt? Quick then—yer gun." He staggered up and towards an officer whom he could see waving frantically at him and opening and shutting his mouth in shouts that were lost in the uproar. He thrust forward and into a shell hole beside Johnny and the rest of the gun detachment. His sergeant jumped down beside them shouting and pointing out into the smoke wreaths. "See the wood . . . six hundred . . . lay on the ground-line—they're counter-attack———." He stopped abruptly and fell sliding in a tumbled heap down into the crater on top of the gun. The officer ran back to them mouthing unheard angry shouts again. Ratty was getting angry himself. How could a man get into action with a fellow falling all over his gun like that? They dragged the sergeant's twitching body clear. Ratty felt a pang of regret for his anger. He'd been a good chap, the sergeant. But anger swallowed him again as he dragged his gun clear. It was drenched with blood. "Nice bizness," he said savagely, "if my breech action's clogged up." A loaded belt slipped into place and he brought the gun into action with a savage jerk on the loading lever, looked over his sights, and layed them on the edge of the wood he could just dimly see through the smoke. He could see nothing to fire at—cursed smoke was so thick—but the others were firing hard—must be something there. He pressed his thumbs on the lever and his gun began to spurt a stream of fire and lead, the belt racing and clicking through, the breech clacking smoothly, the handles jarring sharply in his fingers.

The hillock was still under heavy shell-fire. They'd been warned in practice attack there would probably be shell-fire, and here it was, shrieking, crashing, tearing the wrecked ground to fresh shapes of wreckage, spouting in fountains of black smoke and earth, whistling and hurtling in jagged fragments, hitting solidly and bursting in whirlwinds of flame and smoke. Ratty had no time to think of the shells. He strained his eyes over the sights on the foot of the dimly seen trees, held his gun steady and spitting its jets of flame and lead, until word came to him somehow or from somewhere to cease firing. The attack had been wiped out, he heard said. He straightened his bent shoulders and discovered with immense surprise that one shoulder hurt, that his jacket was soaked with blood.

"Nothing more than a good Blighty one," said the bearer who tied him up. "Keep you home two-three months mebbe."

"Good enough," said Ratty, "I'll be back in time to see the finish," and lit a cigarette contentedly.

Back in the Aid Post later he heard from one of the Jocks who had been down there in the smoke somewhere between the machine guns and the wood, that the front line was already well consolidated. He heard too that the German counter-attack had been cut to pieces, and that the open ground before our new line front was piled with their dead. "You fellies was just late enough wi' your machine-guns," said the Highlander. "In anither three-fower meenits they'd a been right on top o' us."

"Late be blowed," said Ratty. "We was on the right spot exackly at the programme time o' the plan. Whole plunky attack went like clockwork, far's our bit o' the plans went."

But it was two days later and snug in bed in a London hospital, when he had read the dispatches describing the battle, that he had his last word on "planned attacks."

"Lumme," he said to the next bed, "I likes this despatch of ole 'Indenburg's. Good mile an' a half we pushed 'em back, an', held all the ground, an' took 6,000 prisoners; an', says 'Indenburg, 'the British attack was completely repulsed . . . only a few crater positions were abandoned by us according to plan.'"

He dropped the paper and grinned. "Accordin' to plan," he said. "Yes, it was accordin' to plan right enough. But 'e forgot to say it was accordin' to the plan that was made by 'Aig an' us."

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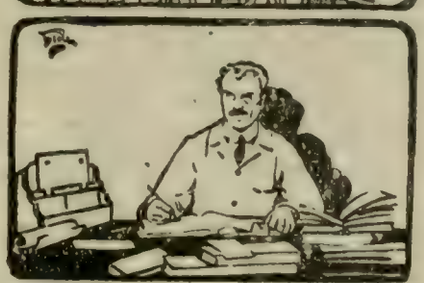

The Pictures show disabled men at work in the shops. Come and see them at work it will do you good.

The British Firing Line

By Charles Marriott

CONSISTENCY is a great virtue, in art as well as in life, and Lieutenant E. Handley-Read, a selection of whose water-colours of "The British Firing Line" has just been published by the Leicester Galleries, is consistent both in his outlook and in his artistic methods. His outlook is best described in his own words.

> The mournful landscape of the Somme battlefields, scored and intersected by miles of trenches, covered, in addition, with the results of other human endeavour in the alternating processes of construction and destruction fills the mind to overflowing with thoughts too deep and too varied to set down in a Foreword to a few pictures.

To say that some of these deep and varied thoughts have overflowed into the pictures themselves is to indicate the personal character of this record of what the artist himself aptly calls "a landscape painter's war." Not that the personal character prejudices the truth of the record. On the contrary; for it is one of the apparent paradoxes of art that a man is never so likely to give a truthful impression of anything seen as when he allows full play to mood and temperament. The untrustworthy witness is the man who sets out to be a detached observer. He is so keen on keeping himself out of it that the effort affects the impression. The subjects of Lieutenant Handley-Read's drawings are varied enough, but they are all seen and set down in the same full-hearted conception of a martyred countryside; and in looking at them one makes the same unconscious allowance as one makes for the emotions of a sincere speaker.

As to the method, the astonishing thing is that the artist was not better known before the war. Obviously he came to it fully equipped with something that might be compared to a clear, simple and fluent style in writing. The method is varied to suit the individual scene or subject, but it is the same style all through; broad and free in statement, descriptive rather than expressive in character, and sympathetic to the actual materials employed. No doubt the war, and the exacting conditions of work, had a clarifying and confirming effect upon the style of the artist; but nothing could look less like an unsuspected ability called out by the interest of the occasion. Consequently there is no effect of time lost and accuracy compromised by technical difficulties. Everything is set down with unworried ease and fluency, with detail enough but no dwelling on unessentials, and a quite remarkable tact in arrangement—from both the pictorial and the topographical points of view.

It is this double consistency, of outlook and style, that distinguishes the work of Mr. Handley-Read from other good drawings of the war. Nobody else has done anything that gives quite the same impression of a connected series. Generally the interest of the moment, actual or technical, has arrested the attention of the artist from time to time, so that you get a collection of individual drawings good in themselves but without any background of mood or similarity of treatment to relate them. But here you have a series that seems to have been designed and carried out with a single motive, and publication in the present form was almost imperative.

Apart from that, the drawings illustrate the war from a particular angle, or on a particular plane. There never was a war or any other sequence of events that has been "covered" on so many different planes—mental as well as material. We have had careful topographical studies of wide fields of operations, from the ground and from the air, comments on the vast mechanical forces employed or on the phenomena of explosions, notes on the human side of the close-packed life of trenches, and so on. Leaving out individual differences of style, artists have concentrated on many different aspects of the war as if, in addition to being artists they were tacticians, geographers, engineers, chemists or novelists as the case might be. Mr. Handley-Read gives us war from the landscape painter's point of view; or, more precisely, from the point of view of the landscape. The emotional background to which all his pictures are finally related is that of the sufferings of Nature.

> An impression, however, is left outstanding—at first passed over in the great chaos. It is born of the tortured trees twisted into unnatural shapes, splintered at their bases, uprooted and bent or stretching gaunt arms to the sky. Here is a veteran of the forest battered and torn, there a slender and graceful trunk with a few twigs as yet only bullet-clipped. Sturdy willows are seen hurled, root upwards, into a shell hole. Such sights fix themselves ineffaceably in the mind. Everywhere the murdered trees haunt the vision.

Beyond showing, as do also the notes to individual drawings, that Mr. Handley-Read is as eloquent with the pen as with the pencil, the above passage leaves no doubt as to the real motive of his work. Incidentally he has made many drawings of towns and villages, but it is as part of the landscape rather than as examples of architecture that they have appealed to him. Even the topographical accuracy which excites the admiration of fighting men is really incidental; and this brings home the valuable truth that an artist is never so likely to be true to life as when he is moved by some general idea behind the facts of life. The fallacy of conscious "realism" is to suppose you can find truth in a moral and emotional vacuum. It is because Mr. Handley-Read has been so possessed by the "murdered trees" that he has been accurate in his delineation of ruined buildings and in his implied suggestion of all the other aspects of the war. Truth to feeling always results in truth to the facts—even if the facts are not stated; and working faithfully on one plane Lieut. Handley-Read has been, almost without knowing it, faithful on all the others.

Even the remarkable absence of the human element from his drawings is due, not to negative indifference to the human side of the war, but to positive concentration upon the landscape side of it. There never was an event, or series of events, of which it could be said with more point: "You cannot both be in the procession and look out of the window." And even if you are not actually "in the procession" you cannot see the landscape and the fighting at the same time. The weakness of most war pictures done at home, even by men familiar with war, when they deliberately set out to give a full impression of it, is that they do try to combine the fighting and the landscape. In some wars this may have been possible, and even in some incidents of the present war; but then the fighting did not look in the least like fighting but only like a lumbering trot across broken ground, not more significant of battle than the straggling across the course at the end of a race—as may be seen in that astonishing Canadian official photograph of "The Taking of Vimy Ridge." So that the drawings by Lieutenant Handley-Read must not be looked upon as studies of the background with the fighting left out. The fighting was not there, or at least not visible, though possibly going on between the foreground and the middle distance. As the artist says: "Never has there been such a secretive war. A man may travel to his fire trench, and never appear above ground. He may be in the same neighbourhood for weeks, and see nothing of it beyond the glimpse that his loophole or periscope affords. He may be surrounded with hurrying life, troops massing for an attack, relieving trenches, carrying up supplies, but he will see nothing but his own immediate surroundings, and a glimpse of the still more deserted stretch of 'dead land' between his own and the enemy's trenches."

"Ruin, emptiness, heart-breaking dreariness" are the keynotes of the drawings. But, being true to feeling, they do not imply that all is over with the landscape. They show the wounds in the bosom of Nature, and the ruin of the works of man that are nearest to that bosom, but they do not fail to suggest the tenacity of life in trees and the breath of life that moves in the atmosphere. It is astonishing, indeed, how much of season and weather the artist has conveyed while seeming only to mark the destructive effects of war. Therefore the drawings are not depressing; they retain the assurance that life goes on, in the landscape as in the human spirit. None of the drawings happens to deal with one of the worst brutalities of the enemy; the wanton destruction of orchard trees; but in this connection I lately read something so perfectly in sympathy with the artist's ideas about Nature that it will not be out of place to speak of it here. It was that in every English village the women and children should plant two saplings of apple, pear, plum or cherry, one to be transplanted in France or Flanders when opportunity shall offer, the other to be reared at home. By this means not only will the orchards of France and Flanders be renewed, but there will be established between the Allies a sisterhood of fruit-bearing trees. The scheme, for it has already passed beyond a suggestion, seems to me as practical as it is beautiful.

With all his consistent grasp of the particular aspect of the war that he has been moved to illustrate, and all his incidental accuracy, it is finally the emotional interest of landscape that the artist brings home to us. For the future his drawings will preserve the mood as well as the look of the British Firing Line in its present condition. It only remains to add that his publishers and printers have done all that skill can do to preserve the quality of the original drawings in reproduction.

Copies of Lieutenant E. Handley-Read's Portfolio, price £5 5s, are to be obtained from "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

The British Firing Line

By Lieut. E. Handley-Read

Chocolat Menier Corner

By Lieut. E. Handley-Read

La Bassée Canal

We reproduce two drawings from the British Firing Line Portfolio by Lieut. E. Handley-Read. The Portfo io contains twelve engravings in colour, with an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and is published by Geo ge Pulman and Sons, Ltd., for the Leicester Galleries. A limited number of copies of this Portfolio may be obtained, £5 5s. each, on application to the publishers, or "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

Recent Volumes of Note

"MY daughter Christine, who wrote me these letters, died in a hospital in Stuttgart on the morning of August 8th 1914 . . ." So Mrs. Cholmondeley begins the introduction which she has written to *Christine* (Macmillan 6s. net), a book, or rather a collection of letters, of little more than 250 pages, but at the same time one of the most vital and intense condemnations of Germany that has been or will be produced. One can hardly doubt the genuineness of these letters; Christine arrived in Germany in May of the year of fate; she wrote to the being she loved best, wrote her impressions of the life she had to live while perfecting her great gift of violin playing, and into her descriptions of her own life come comments on Germany and German ways, unstudied comments, made before the war showed to the world what Germany really is, and doubly valuable in that, being the impressions of a girl, recorded in normal, peaceful times, they form convincing evidence of German blood-guiltiness. Here are extracts:

> They've been working for years for the moment when they can safely attack It has been the Kaiser's one idea.
>
> Russia and France will not interfere with so just a punishment. Said by a German Professor with reference to the Austrian demands on Serbia in July of 1914.
>
> The talk of the war has been going on (in Germany) growing in clamour . . . ever since the present Kaiser succeeded to the throne.
>
> To-day they were saying at breakfast that, if a crime is big enough, it leaves off being a crime, for then it is a success, and success is alway a virtue—that is, I gather, if it is a German success; if it is a French one, it is an outrage.
>
> We (a German professor speaking) are polite only by the force of fear. Consequently—for all men must have their relaxations—whenever we meet the weak, the beneath us, the momentarily helpless, we are brutal. It is an immense relief to be for a moment natural. Every German welcomes even the smallest opportunity.
>
> I always, you see, think of Germany as the grabber, the attacker.

One is tempted to quote and to go on quoting these damning parentheses in the letters of a daughter to her mother. Better propaganda work than the publication of the book could not be done, and Mrs Cholmondeley deserves thanks for having given her daughter's letters to be read, let us hope, wherever the English tongue is spoken.

* * * * *

The Great War in 1916 is the title of the new edition de luxe of Raemaekers' cartoons, which has just been issued by the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street (£6 6s.). It contains 60 cartoons which constitute a vivid record of the progress of the war during 1916. Raemaekers' genius seems to strengthen with time; it is remarkable how seldom he repeats himself. No living cartoonist is more active minded than he, more quick to respond to a new impression. Mr. Perry Robinson in the Appreciation which he contributes as a preface to this sumptuous volume writes: "The greatness of Raemaekers rests on the fact that he combines all qualities, fervour for the right and a burning indignation against wrong, imagination and artistic power, and, not least, an insight and critical instinct which would have made him a brilliant writer if he had not been an artist." This last quality has never been more notable than in his most recent work dealing with the war from the American point of view.

* * * * *

This volume, although it represents only a part of Raemaekers' work during 1916, contains some of his most famous cartoons, notably, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince standing on the pile of German dead looking towards Verdun, with the legend, "Father, we must have a higher pile to see Verdun"; the scene of Christ cleansing the Temple, and the famous double cartoon of Berlin, August, 1914 (on the declaration of war), and Berlin, December, 1916 (on the first suggestion of peace). This double cartoon is remarkable in that Death appears in each scene—in 1914 as a mocking clown egging on the drunken crowd, and in 1916 as a prosperous fur-coated figure, smoking a big cigar, the only contented being in the miserable group. Not since the Dance of Death has any cartoonist made such great play with the grisly skeleton; twice he is introduced in the company of the Crown Prince; once the latter is throwing dice with him, the Kaiser looking on, and in the second after the Verdun defeat. Death decorates the grinning degenerate with the "Order of Butchery, with the Knives"—a necklet of skulls. Had the heir of the Hohenzollerns been three times the man he is, his reputation could never have survived Raemaekers deadly pencil. As it is, he will go down to history in his true colours, thanks to the Dutch cartoonist's unerring draughtmanship.

* * * * *

The Kaiser is a favourite figure, but Raemaekers always allows him a certain dignity, even in that most amusing picture, William Robert Macaire's answer to President Wilson: "Well, Sir, if you insist we will try and behave like gentlemen." (Cartoon 13.) Another cartoon in which Wilhelm urges "Tino" to stab General Sarrail in the back, is said to have caused intense indignation at Potsdam; we can well believe it. If, as everyone hopes and believes, as a result of the war, the Hohenzollern breed will be cleared out of all positions and places where they can work harm, it will be in no small measure due to the presentation of this pestilential family, as they really are in life, by Raemaekers' pencil. This volume is of course, an historical record; already, even now, looking back we begin to see the war in perspective. The Zeppelin practically disappears after 1916, while the Tank makes its first appearance that year (Cartoon 25). Then there are four terrible drawings depicting German Slavery. This volume also contains some beautiful work. *Le Vieux Poilu* is a wonderful character study of an old French soldier. There is the picture which the artist specially drew for St. Dunstan's, which, by the way, is one of the rare instances when Raemaekers has failed to catch quite the right spirit. But he was never better than in the noble tribute paid to "An American who gave his life for Humanity." The more we study this collection of cartoons, the more obvious it becomes that Raemaekers will be regarded by posterity as the greatest figure in the world of art which this terrible upheaval produced during its progress.

* * * * *

For constancy and determination to fight a war to a finish there is no closer parallel to the present struggle in modern times than the American Civil War. It is particularly appropriate that this oft-told tale should be told again just at this moment, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Rossiter, the author, and Messrs. Putman, the publishers, for *The Fight for the Republic* (12s. 6d. net.) This book is described as "a narrative of the more noteworthy events in the War of Secession, presenting the great contest in its dramatic aspects." There is no living writer better fitted to handle the subject than Dr. Johnson, who is not only an acknowledged authority but has a charming style. The story is told simply and to the point; the battles are explained by frequent maps and the reader is made to see quite clearly the underlying principles. The fight in truth was for the corporate life of the States rather than for the limitation of slavery, which happened to be the issue on which the greater question turned at first. But with the Proclamation of Emancipation it ceased to be a war for temporary peace, but a war for enduring peace and at the end of it we are told no American could henceforth say: "The United States *are* a confederation, but the United States *is* a Nation." This truth is being realised to-day. But for that terrible Civil War of over fifty years ago when the daily loss of life for a period of four years was 400, America would never have been able to have championed humanity as she is now doing. This fight for the Republic is a story as full of vital episodes and thrilling incidents as when it was in progress. It is a help to look back and see how a war must be sternly fought to an absolute finish if the principles that are in the balance are to survive.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2891 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

The Modern Falstaff

"When I said to His Imperial Majesty that instead of thanks and gratitude, the entire earth heaped hate and rage on his head, the All-Highest replied: 'I pay no attention whatever to that. His Majesty spoke these sunny words with a chivalrous, proud motion of his body, as if he would throw away from him all the hatefu'ness and meanness in the world."—Professor Max Brewer, of Munich, in an article in the *Dusseldorfer General-Anzeiger* describing the Kaiser at Headquarters.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917

CONTENTS

BOMBARDMENT OF LONDON

THE bombardment of London has been in progress at nights more or less regularly for ten days. Two or three rather obvious facts stand out saliently. The enormous size of London is one. The Germans can claim truthfully to have dropped bombs on the British metropolis, though these explosions may have been inaudible to one-half of the people of London. This is a fact to be emphasised, for probably even its own inhabitants have hardly realised before, except in the vaguest manner, what a vast area the name of that old Roman camp on a hillock above the Thames covers to-day. When a Briton, an Ally or a Neutral reads that London has been bombarded, he must not regard it as though this thing had occurred in the city or town with which he is most familiar, but know it has happened to a county or big district. Another salient fact is the efficiency of the local defences *under present circumstances*. Persistent attempts have been made by the enemy planes under peculiarly favourable climatic conditions to penetrate to the heart of London. They have been practically thwarted. Already Londoners, with that adaptiveness to unpleasant experiences and disregard of personal peril which is so distinctive of British character, are personifying the local batteries with whose reports they are growing familiar. There is Long Tom, with the loud voice and long arm, who makes a big noise but is comforting. Mother Jones talks with a regular scream, but no hen clucks her chickens under her wing with a stronger sense of protection than she. And so it goes on. When a bomb falls, it is over almost before one knows it has fallen. "That's that" is the usual remark if one is still there. The British Londoner has stood this bombardment with splendid composure and the more frequently it is renewed the less it perturbs him.

But from these two facts spring others. It is obviously impossible that the county of London can ever be adequately protected locally. There is only one effective system of defence. It is an old system: Drake practised it when Elizabeth was Queen; Nelson when George III. was on the throne. Carry the war into the enemy's country. It was the harbours of Spain and France in those days; it is the cities and towns of Germany to-day. There is nothing new in this so-called "policy of reprisals." England would not be England, had we not carried out this very policy in other centuries. In these recent aerial fights over London, there have been as gallant men, as splendid dare-devils engaged as ever fought under Nelson and Drake. Give them the necessary craft and loose them, and Germany will rue the nights her bombs fell on London. Meantime, the Germans declare (and we believe they are honestly of that opinion) that the only reason we do not invade their cities is that we are unable or frightened to. In Mr. Hugh Gibson's story of Louvain, related to-day, a small incident is recorded, illuminative of the Teuton character. A drunken German soldier insulted one of their party. A German officer was luckily with them; "*he waded into the soldier in a way that would have caused a mutiny in any other army.*" The German's one idea of strength is ruthless brutality. We need not go to anything like his extremes, but before he will cry off, he must be taught that his enemy has it in his power to be just as brutal and ruthless as any German if it so pleases him.

London will never be allowed to sleep quietly at nights until the invasion of Germany by air is an accomplished fact. When the accomplishment is carried into effect, is a purely military question. Meantime, it is well to push on as rapidly as possible with the building of aircraft. Like shipbuilding of old, this is mainly a private enterprise; wisely so, for it brings into play individual energy and daring. Behind these there must be money; it is the duty of good citizens to support most liberally all aircraft enterprises, which are rightly organised and conducted and have proved their capacity and efficiency for construction. We are building our aerial fleets in the same effective way as we constructed our wooden navies when British supremacy at sea was in the balance. Though we may have lagged behind and have failed to envisage the sky peril, the bombardment of London has been a salutary lesson. The pride of the country is touched and the nation is now determined that in so far as it lies in its power, the noise of the last few nights over London shall be a child's rat-a-tat-tat compared with the drum-fire that shall resound through the cities of Germany before the winter is over. The magnificent feats of our flying men in Flanders is sufficient evidence that this is no empty threat.

Another salient fact of the bombardment is that at last the general public have been awakened to the alien danger in our midst. It was a common sneer of Germans before the war that London was the cesspool of Europe. We have discovered in the last few days that there is a much too considerable amount of unpleasant truth in this contemptuous saying. A low type of Continental Jew has not merely on these nights attempted to invade, to the exclusion of the local British poor, all the underground shelters, but this unsavoury crowd has, like a blocked sewer, spread itself over the Home Districts, swamping villages twenty and thirty miles away and even further where cheap railway transport is available. It is already becoming a sanitary menace in country districts, and serious steps will have to be taken without any delay. It is not a question at the outset for the Government, the local authorities should tackle it to begin with; the London County Council setting the example. An L.C.C. Committee might be appointed at once to investigate the exodus and general behaviour of these mobs of unclean, undersized, ill-favoured folk during the last ten days, with a view to an attempt being made to head them back to the regions whence they came once the war is over. Always detested by the genuine Londoner, this detestation is developing into a stronger and more active feeling in many of the poorest districts, as the writer can declare out of personal experience. Not only have these aliens displayed miserable poltroonery—the men even worse than the women—but by their attitude and manner they have spread fear and promoted panic just when the genuine Londoner was doing his best to create confidence and composure. This alien danger will not cease with the war; these creatures breed rapidly, a fact that has been recently only too unpleasantly obvious, and they are introducing into the nation a strain of blood most undesirable, physically and morally. It is no exaggeration to say that until this bombardment scared these human rats from their East End haunts, not one educated person in ten realised their existence, let alone their numbers. It is all very well to allow the dogs to eat the crumbs that fall from the children's table, but when because of this kindness, the dogs multiply and begin to drive the children out of the home, drastic action must be taken. If the invasion of German aeroplanes leads to this alien question being at last dealt with in a thorough and serious manner, then we may feel with reason that there is a good side even to the bombardment of London.

The War

The Second Blow in Flanders

By Hilaire Belloc

BEFORE considering the details of the action fought during Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last upon the British front, it is well to establish again the nature of the present position. Though we can forecast nothing of its future it is of the highest interest because at any moment it may become critical for the enemy.

The position is this: The Central Empires and their Allies have, all told, some ten million men in uniform, and rather over six million of them organised as fighting forces in the field. The balance, with the exception of all the men in depot, do not, and will not form any part of the fighting force either now or in the future. Of these forces the German Empire provides, as it has provided for many months past, one-half and most of the men in hospital.

It has 239 divisions in the field. Exactly how many men a German division counts on the average at the present we cannot tell to within a few units, but it is something under 12,000. The number of battalions of infantry which is included in a present German division is rarely more than nine, though there are a sufficient number of exceptions and independent bodies to bring the total number of battalions to 2,334, which is the present number of German battalions. Of these 2,334 battalions, 1,369 are upon the West against the French and English.

As to the exact average strength of a German battalion at this moment we, again, are not informed with exact precision, but we know it within fairly close limits, and we can say without grave error on either side that some 700 bayonets upon the average is very near the mark. In other words, the phrase a "German battalion" signifies to-day about $\frac{1}{10}$ths the strength it signified during the first month of the war.

We then have about 950,000 German bayonets, but less than a million, upon the Western front. The mere statement of that number in connection with a line over 500 miles long and with the opponents it has to meet is sufficient to explain why the enemy now stands upon an increasingly anxious defensive. In material the handicap is still heavier—and the difference is increasing.

Now to this main aspect of the situation we must add a second—the enemy's anxiety upon the question of man-power for the future is also increasing. He happens for the moment to be passing through a temporary crisis which we must not exaggerate. He has nothing of class 1918 left in his depots, and he is only just beginning to bring into the field Class 1919, three-quarters of which have now had about four months training. This "bridge" between the two classes may provoke a momentary exceptional strain, but it cannot be permanent, and may be neglected. What is permanent and serious for the enemy is the fact that the rate of loss, as compared with his Western opponents—even excluding the Americans—is growing. It is probably not growing positively; but it is growing relatively to the corresponding loss upon the other side. The whole of the German class 1918 has passed through the fire this summer, while the corresponding French class has been in barracks the whole time, and is still in barracks, and not to be put into the field until later. Germany will already have lost many boys out of class 1919 through sickness, death, wounds and capture this autumn and winter before the French youths, a year their senior, come under fire at all. In other words, the German Empire, which was, only nine months ago, a year behind the French in men, is now a year and a quarter behind them. This comparison with the French shows nothing but the position against the most exhausted of the Western Allies. The position of the English and Italian recruitment is far more favourable.

Now, under these circumstances the enemy has been compelled to a strictly defensive policy. The thing is a necessary consequence of the general situation, and of what is properly called *politics apart* "the last phase of the war." It is no more than repetition to state it. It is obvious to every eye.

But a strictly defensive policy in the old days, when artillery was supplementary to infantry, meant something very different from what it means to-day, when artillery conquers and infantry occupies. Too much of our present conceptions of a defensive are based upon the old model, and we forget that a modern defensive line faced with the modern development and power of artillery, and of other mechanical and chemical contrivances which are but the extension of artillery, cannot stand fixed up to the breaking point as the old siege line did. It must give before it breaks, and it can postpone breaking point by making it self "elastic," it may save itself from breaking by perpetual limited methodical retirement. Continued successive and comparatively small retirements, step by step, where there is ample space to play with, and where no grave political or strategical consequences follow upon retreat, is a policy which may conceivably be maintained for a very long time. But upon the Western front, the space with which the enemy can "play" is very limited, and both political and strategic circumstances severely limit his power of retirement without disaster. On the political side his great asset is that he is fighting upon foreign, and especially upon French territory. He is perpetually harping upon this "asset," and he has at this stage in the fighting the right to do so. It makes the task of maintaining internal discipline possible, and at the same time it enables him to work hard at the game of persuading neutra and even belligerent fools that there is a stalemate. So much for the Political advantage which his retirement would destroy. He would similarly suffer on the Strategic side, for his position in the West covers, but only immediately covers, certain of his main sources of supply in iron and coal, and a strip of the Belgian coast, which though not essential to his submarine campaign and his use of mines, is very valuable to the same.

Hold on Materials

Now, to retire even with elasticity, that is, without allowing his line to be broken, upon the salient in front of Ypres, and to do so with any rapidity, is to render very shortly his hold upon the sea-coast, and his hold upon Lille and the coal and iron to the south, impossible. If he merely stood up to each successive blow, lost the crescent it was designed to occupy, and so, week by week or fortnight by fortnight, went backwards, he would certainly be compelled to a general retirement before the end of the year, with all the tremendous consequences at home, in neutral countries and among the Allies, in material power and in moral of his army which that retirement would mean.

Let us see what alternative he has before him to regular and cumulative retirement of this sort.

He can do one of two things. He can make the progress of superior opponents difficult by holding his first lines in strength and by gambling against their withstanding most of the successful shocks delivered against them. That was what he did last year upon the Somme. The danger of pressure from Russia was then still considerable, but he was far better off in men than he is now, and in spite of the very great expense of this method he gambled upon it.

The gamble was successful inasmuch as it enabled him to hold out unbroken to the winter of last year, when the weather stopped the active offensive, but it compelled him to a very earnest, though futile public bid for peace in December, followed in March by an inevitable retirement. This retirement from the great salient of Noyon was not strategically disadvantageous, though politically he regretted it. It straightened and shortened his line and made him sacrifice nothing of material or strategic importance.

In the fighting of this summer and autumn he might have continued this method. He did not do so because the British superiority in guns and munitionment of every kind is now not only so great, but so rapidly increasing that what was dangerously expensive on the Somme would have been disastrous in Flanders. He has been therefore compelled gradually to adopt a new method. It is a method of numerous isolated posts which hold the front line with a minimum of men; of artillery drawn behind the front lines much further than it used to be; in other words, deliberately sacrificing the front line to the blow the opponent launches, but trusting to the power of the counter-attack to restore the position, or at any rate check his enemy's advance. The gamble here is upon the proportion of losses such a method may involve. The counter-attack has always been and always will be, but to use it in this particular way for the recovery of a belt of territory sacrificed is novel and tentative. You lose in yielding to the first blow men, material and moral—above all moral; you gravely risk much greater losses if your counter-attack fails. The loss in material indeed is not very great. You do not lose guns as they were lost in the fighting of last year, but you lose men in quantities and your men lose heart.

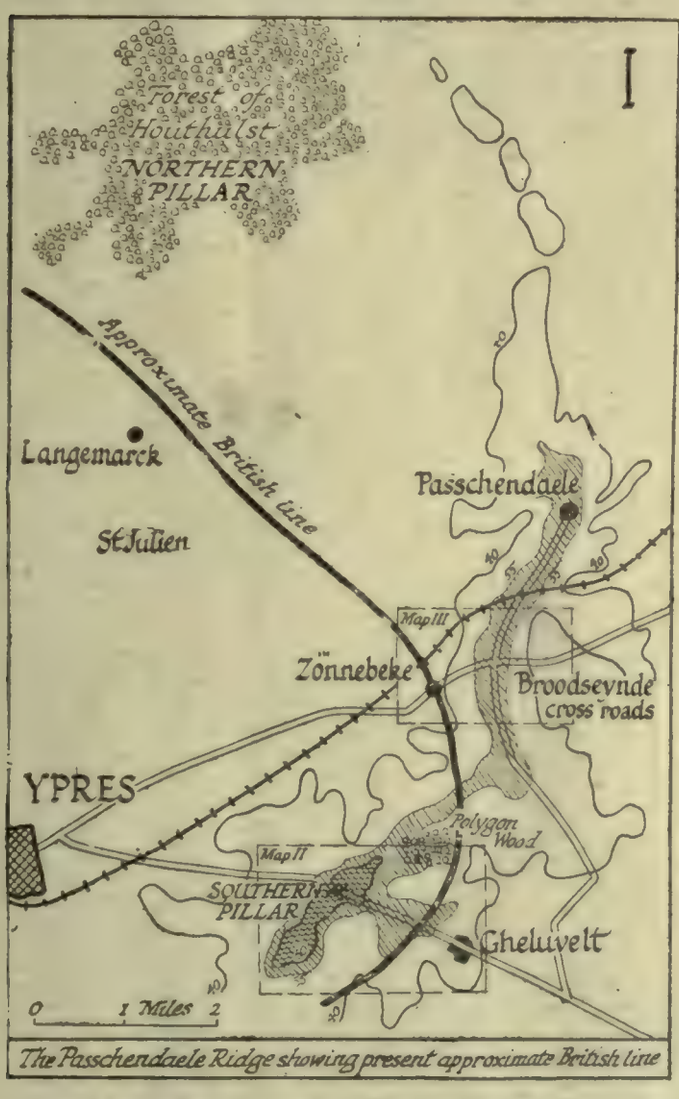
Still, it is the only way left. Comparatively rapid yielding

of ground means the loss before the end of the year of all the enemy is yet fighting for. Short of comparatively rapid yielding of ground you have to choose between holding the front line densely, with the certain expense in men and in guns, and the present method with a fair security for the material and a gamble between bearable loss and very heavy and ultimately unbearable loss, according to the success or failure of your counter-attacks. The enemy has chosen the latter alternative, and it is pretty well the only course now open to him. What we shall see is whether it will enable him to save the sea-coast and Lille, and whether it will bring his resources in men to the breaking point or no.

The Action

Of all this the action fought last week was an example.

Just before the British blow was delivered the enemy had attacked strongly north of the Menin Road as though to forestall what was coming, and had somewhat pressed back the British line at that point. But when the full strength of the blow fell this previous action of his proved useless. Five days had sufficed to prepare it—a very short interval, betraying the greatest activity in arranging the affair.



The Passchendaele Ridge showing present approximate British line

It was just after daybreak of Wednesday last, September 26th, that the new stroke was delivered by Sir Douglas Haig upon the gradually yielding defensive line of the enemy in Flanders.

Its capital point, as before, was the southern end of that crescent defensive position, the general name of which is the Passchendaele Ridge—that is, the southern pillar upon which the crescent reposes. Far more progress was made in mere space, in positions to the north where the advance carried Zonnebeke and established itself therefore upon the first slopes of the centre of the crescent. The vital point in all this, as in the actions major and minor of many past weeks, was still that southern pillar, the heart of which was cut out in the victory of the week before when the new defensive system was mastered by the new devices of the attack. It was against the British here that the enemy massed by far the greatest density of troops for his counter-attacks, and it is by the tenacity and success of the British pressure here that the whole action must be judged.

Familiar as my readers must be by this time with the details of this capital point, "the southern pillar" of the Passchendaele Ridge, I must beg leave to reproduce a map with sundry new features in it which may make the effect of last Wednesday's action more clear.

Before the main attack launched in the terrible weather of July 31st and August 1st last, the German defensive organisation in this region consisted of a triple line.

There was first of all the "pie-crust," the advanced strongly enforced line upon which much the most of the enemy's labour has been spent during the past two years. It followed the western slope of the low heights which form what I have called the southern pillar and ran in a semicircle from the neighbourhood of Hooge round through, and then outside the southern portion of, Sanctuary Wood.

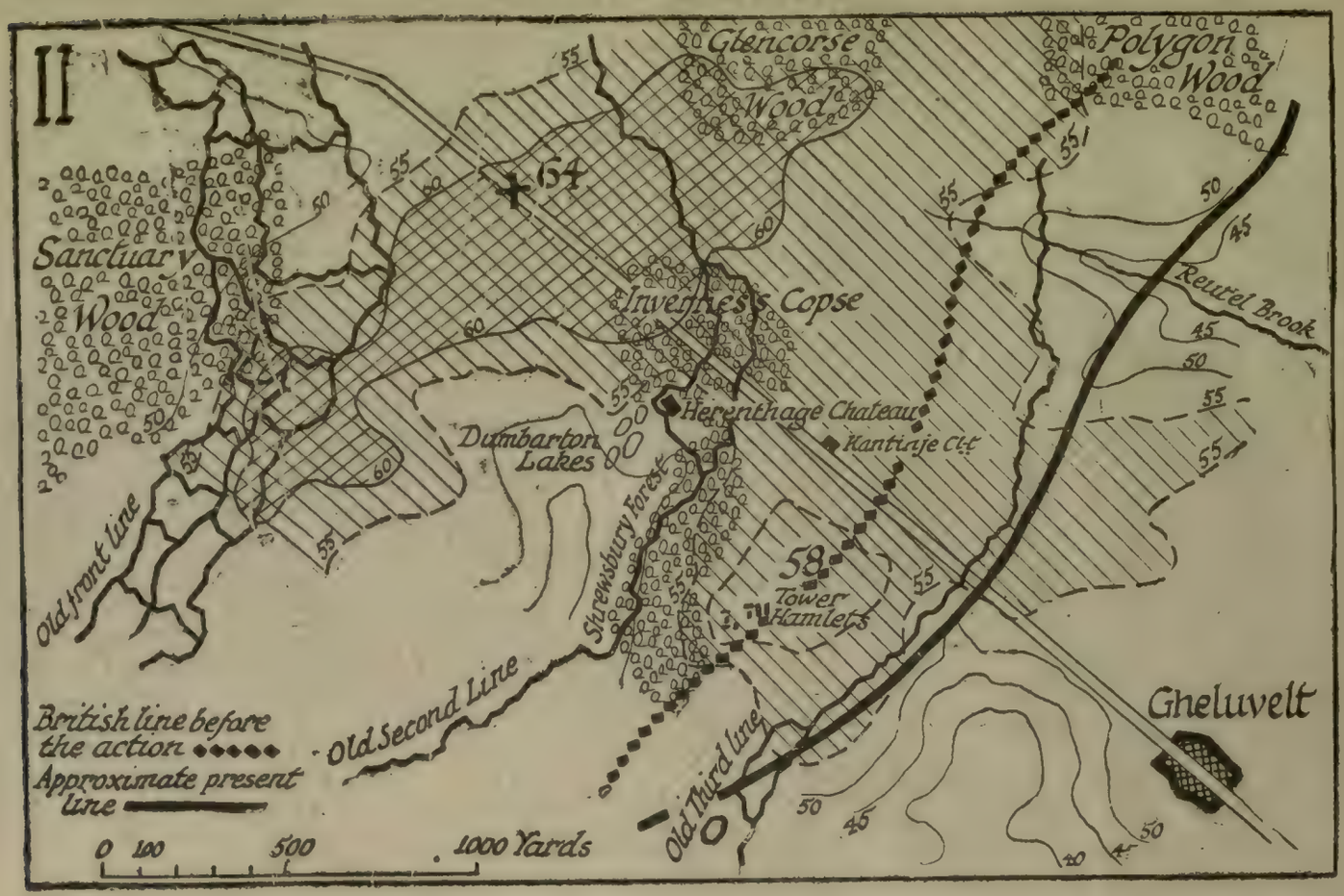
About a thousand yards behind this came the second line which in those days of continuous trenches upon the enemy's side was very strong, though not so elaborately organised as the front line; it covered Glencarse Wood, ran through Inverness Copse, used the ruins of Herenthage Chateau, and so curled round the wood which the British Army calls Shrewsbury Forest. The enemy had already abandoned the continuous trench system of defence here and was beginning to rely upon the new concrete isolated machine-gun points and the organisation of shell craters.

It was roughly upon this second line that the attack was held up during August and the earlier part of September, and it will be remembered what heavy fighting continued throughout all those weeks for the retention of the vital point upon the Menin Road, which is marked by Inverness Copse. The British forces yielded ground at one moment in this shattered wood, but never left the whole of it. The north-western corner was always held. Meanwhile, the new system of German defences held the greater part of the copse, Herenthage Chateau to the south of the road, with its sheets of marsh and water called "Dumbarton Lake," and the greater part of Glencarsse Wood to the north of the road. The successful action of last week carried the whole of this old second line. It occupied Inverness Copse in its entirety, passed Herenthage Chateau, passed the ruins of the Kantinje Inn, upon the fall of the road beyond Inverness Copse, entered the ruins of Veldhoek and reached and held the slight Tower Hamlets Ridge. In this position the British forces stood immediately in front of what used to be the old third line. This old third line was no longer, of course, a continuously held trench position, because, as we have been told, that system had been given up by the enemy. It none the less marked the string of defensive positions which the enemy had constructed and roughly corresponded to the line of resistance which had next to be carried. It ran, as will be seen upon the accompanying map, from the south of Polygon Wood, through Carlisle Farm, just east of Velhoek, crossed the Menin Road about 500 yards below or eastward of Kantinje Inn and then ran along or just above the 55 metre contour which marks the eastern slope or shallow escarpment of the Tower Hamlets Ridge. It was this chain of posts which was attacked at dawn of last Wednesday, the main weight of the attack being developed north of the road in front of Velhoek.

Details of the Action

In the first thrust the works on the eastern slope of the Tower Hamlets Ridge, on the extreme right of the attacking line were seized and held, and a strong counter-attack directed from Gheluvelt was defeated. To the north of the road the struggle lasted all day and was exceedingly severe, and the full result was not known in London until the morning despatch of the next day, Thursday the 27th, in which we were informed that the counter-attacks in this region had broken down and that all the British gains were held by the English, Scotch, Welsh and Australian troops concerned. This fighting between the Polygon Wood and the Menin Road was marked by many striking incidents, the chief of which was the isolation, some time before the main thrust was delivered, of two companies of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who held out until they were relieved by the advance of the Wednesday. In the course of Thursday night the enemy voluntarily gave up ground which he was trying to hold upon the little stream of the Reutelbeck, south-east of Carlisle farm, and thus admitted the defeat of his efforts. It was remarked that the enemy losses in these very heavily weighted, but happily unsuccessful attempts to recover the lost positions, were exceptionally severe.

Such was the story of the fighting which carried the last slopes of the "Southern Pillar" and brought the British forces to the outskirts of the ruins of Gheluvelt. Meanwhile, the battle extended up northwards for another five miles and scored considerable territorial results. Immediately to the north of the important obstacle Polygon Wood was carried by the Australians in its entirety, including the very difficult and strongly organised point of the Butte or mound in the N.E. corner just beyond the racecourse. The Australian



troops, reaching the open country to the east of the wood, were subjected to counter-attacks of great violence, the last of which was preparing as late as the morning of Friday the 28th, when it was caught under British artillery fire and broken up. None of these counter-attacks succeeded.

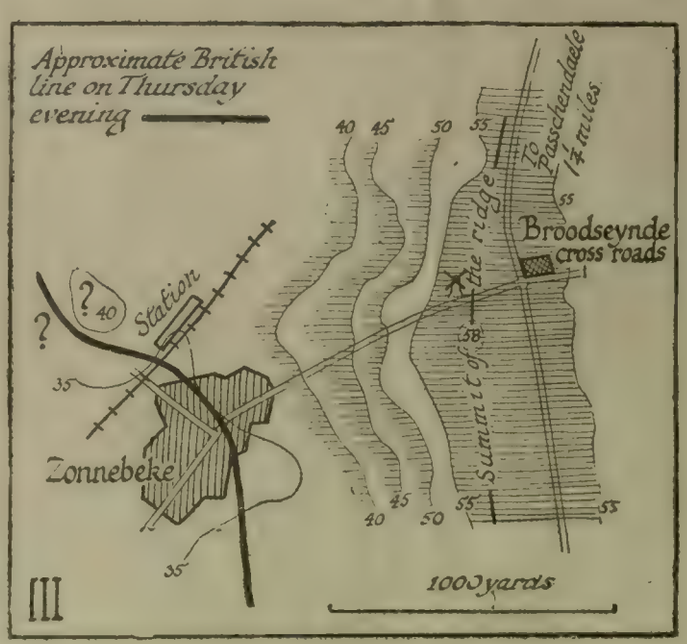
Further to the north again came the chief advance of the day, the capture of the ruins of Zonnebeke, and the establishment of the British line upon the first slopes of the Passchendaele Ridge proper. At this point, however, the German counter-attack somewhat thrust back the line, leaving the British troops on the evening of Thursday, the 27th, in possession of the ruins of the chateau, of the church and of the cemetery; but, according to the accounts received from the newspaper correspondents in the London Press of Friday morning, not carrying the ruins of the station which were still in German hands. North of Zonnebeke all the objectives were reached and held. The defensive here was in the hands of Saxon troops. The attack appears to have been delivered by British troops from London and from the Midlands. A violent artillery fire modified the line here for a moment, but it was restored by the Londoners before Thursday night.

The Present Line

The line through Zonnebeke would seem to run, at the moment of writing, so far as its position can be gathered from the Press correspondents of the London papers, somewhat as it is marked on the accompanying map.

It will be seen that Zonnebeke lies at the foot of the Passchendaele Ridge, which rises up immediately above it by a bank some fifty feet in height. The central point of the village is the place where the by-road from the station comes into the main road near the church. The main road thence goes in eastward up the bank to the summit of the Passchendaele Ridge, where there is a lump rather higher than the rest and near it the ruins of a windmill. Where the main road crosses the road to Passchendaele (which roughly follows the summit of the ridge) you have Broodseynde cross-roads with a couple of ruined cottages to mark it, and that point commands all the flat country beyond. All the plain of Flanders to Brabant lies almost uninterrupted to the view from this insignificant elevation at the foot of which the British forces now stand in the ruins of Zonnebeke. The Germans, so far as one can gather from the newspaper correspondents, still hold the station and probably the slightly higher ground (Hill 40) just beyond. The British hold the central point of Zonnebeke and the western half of the ruins. They are overlooked from the rising ground beyond the eastern half which the Germans retain.

The total number of prisoners counted after the action was somewhat over 1,600, but this is but a slight indication of the very heavy losses which the enemy on the unanimous testimony of our own observers and his examined prisoners suffered. The density of the counter-attacks which failed was particularly remarkable, and was responsible for the greater part of this loss. No less than four divisions, for instance, were identified first and last in the heavy work in the shallow Reutelbeck depression, between the Polygon Wood and the Menin Road; while the total number of divisions which have had to be withdrawn from action on the German side, from the attack



of last week to Thursday night last, would seem to be no less than ten. The French have remarked in particular how near the advance now is to outflanking the great Houthulst Wood, which is the northern pillar of the German defensive position. This is true, but that northern pillar will lose its local importance in any case when or if the main ridge is carried. If the enemy has to retire before winter on to the flats beyond, and if he is observed by his opponent from the heights of the Passchendaele Ridge—the last ridge in this part of Flanders—his retention of the Houthulst Forest will not, so far as one can see, have any further advantage for him. It will simply form a large awkward salient with no particular value attaching to it.

The Political Factor

In the opening of this article I spoke of the enemy's strategic and material position, including his position in man-power, and mentioned the effect of all this under the qualification of *politics apart*. But to that enormous qualification I must return.

The enemy's waning strength, the certitude of his defeat, the preponderance over him of his opponents—all these are what they have been described not only in these columns but by every competent authority for some time past. But such calculations take for granted the permanence of the political situation; it is precisely upon the break-up of that political situation that the enemy counts to-day in an especial manner.

He has counted upon it, of course, in general, and has worked towards it, ever since the Marne; but since the Russian Revolution, and especially since the effects of that Revolution, in the military collapse of Russia during the present summer, he is dependent upon the political factor for a measure of success such as last year he never hoped to attain, and the whole of his action, not excepting the campaign by sea, turns upon political calculations.

Let us tabulate these to see them more clearly.

(1) The enemy counts upon the divergence of aims between the various Western Allies and in this divergence of aims must be included the difference in national characters, traditions and experience.

(2) He counts upon the lassitude, ignorance and confusion of the civilian population as regards the war, apart from other domestic difficulties.

(3) He counts very much upon internal divisions, especially in highly industrialised countries and districts where the quarrel between the wage-earning workers and the Capitalist owners was already acute before Prussia and her Allies challenged Europe to war.

These are the three main divisions of his political calculation—and it is a formidable one, full of menace to our future. The Russian Revolution has given it a character it never had before, for the Russian Revolution has shown every one of these three points in a high light. It has shown how different were the national traditions and ideals of the East from those of the West. It has shown what enormous effect lassitude, ignorance or confusion can be upon the population at home, and it has shown what can be done by the enemy when he works upon domestic hatreds and divisions.

If we do not appreciate these three main engines which are calculated to counteract his desperate military situation, we shall not understand either why the enemy is still so confident or what good grounds of confidence he has. We shall fail, therefore, to master his policy.

(1) The divergence between the various Allies, even between the various Western Allies, is clear enough. It is first apparent in the matter of *aims*. The French, for instance, are fighting in an old quarrel of theirs and for the recovery of territory which had been taken by force, colonised by the enemy and erected by him into a formidable economic support of his military power. The English are fighting for moral and material things necessary to their existence; the respect of neutral territory in Europe, particularly of the North Sea Coast; the security of supply by sea, and the prevention of one Power's arising to mastery upon the Continent. The Italians upon their entry fought for strictly national aims; the retention of lands which were morally Italian, and the historic claim that the Adriatic should be Italian in control. The Americans, when they entered, entered because their sovereign rights had been directly challenged by the German claim to sink their neutral ships without warning and to murder American citizens at will.

These differences are quite clear and on the surface, but if we are wise we will consider other differences far more important, which are of national tradition, experience, temperament and even morals, which are too often glossed over in the natural desire to avoid friction.

It is a matter of life and death, for European civilisation at any rate, that the war should be won, and it will not be won unless we resolve these frictions or at any rate understand their quality. Even as I write, I find in a paper which has reached me from America, a Pacifist organ appealing to the academic classes of the Eastern States, and professing sympathy with Western Europe *The New Republic* an astonishing plea in favour of the German Empire remaining, not only strong after the war, but in full possession of Alsace Lorraine, with the exception of the district round Metz. I open an English paper and read of the debates in the French Parliament exactly as though it were an institution like the English Parliament, aristocratic in origin and deep-rooted in the popular tradition of France, instead of its being the recent and exceedingly unpopular experiment which it is in that country. It is a little as though a Frenchman were to write of the London County Council twenty years ago, in the days of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, as the political soul of London. I open a French paper and I note the Labour Party taken as the representative of the mass of the English wage earners, and the absurd Pacifists of that party as in some way representative of the English workmen.

These are but a few obvious examples of the differences between the various Allies. The fact that the right of reprisal is being debated in this country at all, is another example. The fact that one of the Allies has suffered invasion still another; the fact that London is frequently raided from the air, while Paris is nearly immune; the fact that the whole weight of the submarine campaign falls upon this country and is only indirectly felt in others; the fact that Great Britain is almost entirely industrialised, while France and Italy are largely agricultural States; the fact that Great Britain depends so largely upon direct taxation for financing the war, compared with the postponement by our Allies of this burden—these and one hundred other contrasting points will occur to the reader. The marvel is not that so general a congeries of nations mustering something like half the strength of the world against the other half, should display these differences, the marvel is rather that the Prussianised German, by his bestial actions, and proclaimed anarchy in morals, should have called such an Alliance into existence.

Civilian Feeling

(2) The lassitude, ignorance or confusion of the civil population includes, not only the natural weakness consequent upon three years of war, nor the ignorance in which one population may stand of the lightness of its losses, compared with those of an Ally, but also the inability of great bodies of men to grasp the lessons of the past. We repeat constantly (in all the Press which counts in this country) that this war is a war of life and death. It is not a rhetorical expression. It is an expression strictly true. Those who know upon what the greatness of England has been founded and what her position has now been for over 200 years in the story of the world, know that a negotiated peace is the beginning of a rapid decline for England as certainly as they know the laws of the physical universe. The mass of the population, especially in a Parliamentary country, is not only ignorant of such a past and of its causes, but has been, as a rule, misled with regard to them. Its instincts are none the less sound, but they are instincts alone, and if forces in favour of the enemy (or of a negotiated peace, which is the same thing) are allowed to play upon the popular ignorance, the consequences may be fatal. It is at this disarray of the popular feeling that the enemy aims. The petty bombardments of London certainly have no other object, and even the campaign against shipping by submarine and mine is now mainly directed with this object in view. None of the directors of German policy can by this time believe that the destruction of shipping will decide the war, however grievous its effect upon our comfort and sense of security. What they do believe is that its continuance may so affect civil opinion as to make a successful prosecution of the war ultimately impossible. In this category of lassitude and confusion one may properly put the enemy's dependence upon international and cosmopolitan finance. Not that this part is confused or ignorant. It is, on the contrary, very well informed, cunning and acute. But its impatience with the continuation of the war works along the same lines as all other forms of impatience and misconception and indifference upon the arms of Europe.

(3) Lastly, the enemy counts upon civil differences in domestic events within each country and particularly upon the difference between the possessors and the wage earners in the industrialised countries and districts. He has had here some measure of success. He counts upon a much greater measure. It is interesting to see by what methods he has himself checked though not destroyed similar tendencies within his own boundaries. Universal conscription without exemption or with exemptions in rotation is one of these methods, but the most powerful of all has been his policy of interfering as little as possible with the domestic habits of the people. I think it may be justly said that during the whole war there has not been in the Central Empires any restriction that was not imposed with the direct object of winning the war, and which was not so clearly connected with that object as to be apparent to all. The same cannot be said of ourselves.

This brief review of the political forces upon which the enemy depends for arriving at his object of a negotiated peace, is no more than a summary of their names. It pretends to no analysis of their causes or their working; still less to any constructive remedy for the evils they threaten. One can only

say in the presence of such a peril that it is the duty of everyone who sees what a negotiated peace would mean—and most educated men see it—to withstand by every means in their power the progress of lassitude and of disaffection, and to resolve by every means in their power the inevitable differences of temperament and tradition between the Allied peoples. The discussion of those points which interested us in the days of peace is futile to-day. Equally futile is mutual recrimination between conflicting interests, however sharp their conflict. The whole task and the only task is to win the war. *And winning the war means the imposition by force of arms upon the German people and their Allies, of the conditions imposed by European civilization*: not the persuasion of the German people to an acceptance of those conditions; that would be worthless. Nor a document merely registering those conditions that we know from repeated Prussian declarations and actions would be disregarded. The German never keeps his word. But Victory imposing these conditions, with the weight of guarantees held by the victors. Short of that, the war is lost and we are lost.

Ramadie

The victory in Mesopotamia achieved by Sir Stanley Maude last Friday and Saturday is of first class importance. The news has come in late and I can only deal with it very briefly this week.

It would seem, so far as we can judge from the first news alone, to have this character:

The enemy can attack by two roads, and with two lines of supply behind him. The first line of supply is the Valley of the Euphrates, nourished from Aleppo, which is the nodal point of all near Eastern strategics. He can also attack down the Tigris Valley, indirectly nourished from Aleppo, but only after a tedious journey across country from the Tigris and necessarily based to some extent upon his existing stores and magazines in the mountains of Armenia, where, before the Russian invasion, he had his principal concentration to meet the successful armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

He apparently intended to attack the British troops holding the area of Bagdad by both routes. He would strike from the north along the Tigris, whence he would get most of his men and a sufficient supply. He would strike from the east where his forces were probably less considerable, *but with an ample supply*, because there is no direct transport down the Euphrates from the railway, which reaches and crosses that river, whereas it does not reach the Tigris.

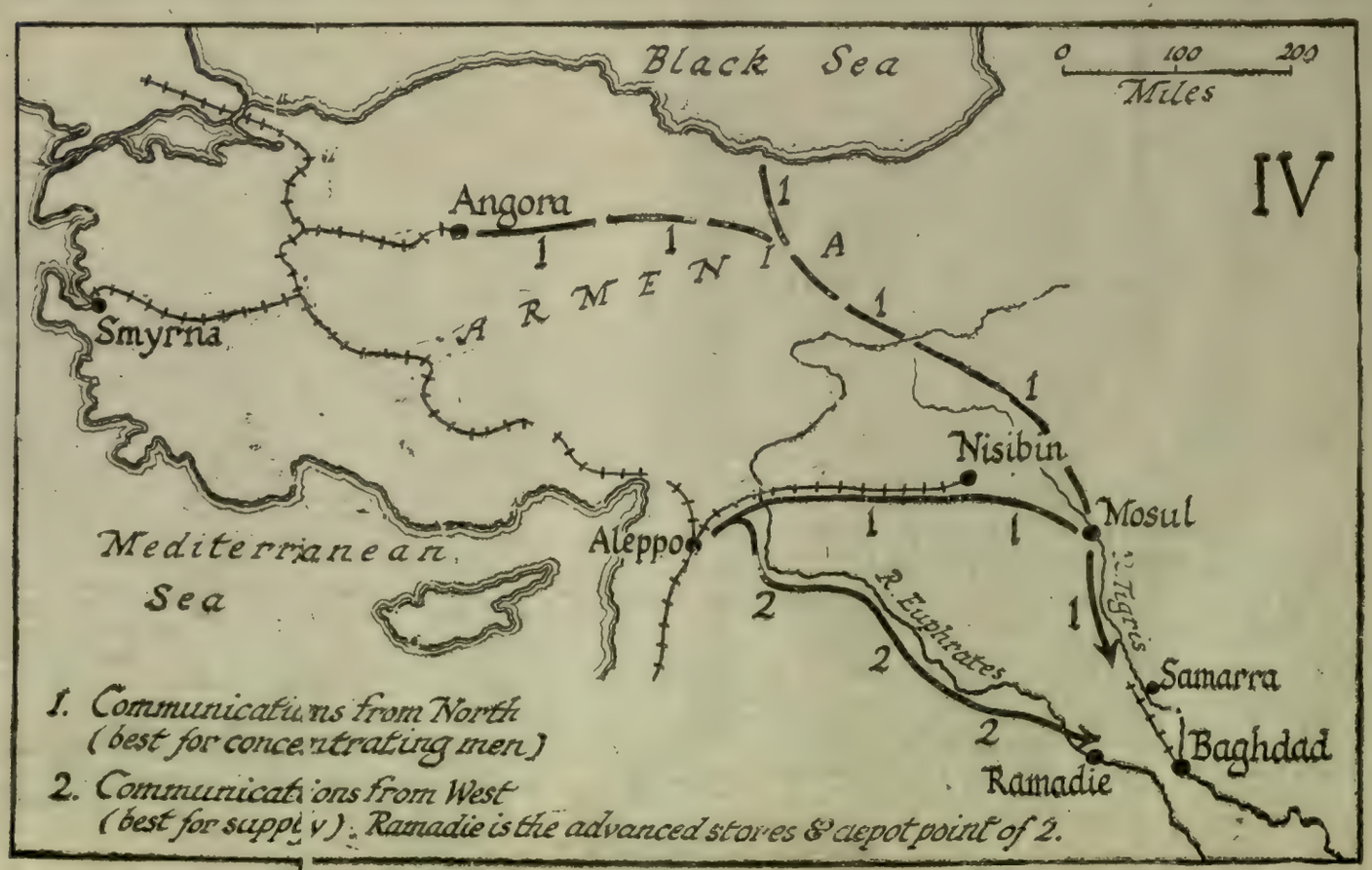
At any rate his plan appears to have been this double and converging attack. Sir Stanley Maude's victory of last Friday forestalled this plan by restoring on both sides the advanced base of the attack from the west along Euphrates. The Tigris and Euphrates rivers are at their nearest in the region of Bagdad. The road westward to Aleppo from Bagdad runs to a point called Feludja, some 35 miles from Bagdad. To the north of this road goes the telegraph line, to the south of it a railway.

Feludja is on the eastern or Bagdad side of the Euphrates. There is a large bridge of boats at Feludja crossing the broad, very rapid, and difficult stream. Beyond the stream the railway ceases and the telegraph and road run together, south of the river and between it and the big marshy stream of water called the Habbaniya mere. This shallow lake and marsh drain into the Euphrates by a water-course which comes in at the point of Ramadie—four miles to the east of this is Mushaid. At Ramadie the General commanding the main Turkish force, Ahmed Bey, and his staff, with a considerable garrison, were awaiting the moment to advance. At Mushaid was an advanced post. The great success which followed was obviously due to surprise, that one necessity of decision. The British Force reached the bluff which stands to the south of Mushaid, overlooking the river, on the evening of Thursday last, September 27th, and established contact with the enemy. It is clear from what follows that the enemy expected no such movement. The left of the British line attacked Ramadie from the south-east, and meanwhile the cavalry, having crossed the watercourse, established themselves on the road to the west of Ramadie. By some time on Friday, therefore, the main Turkish force lying at Mushaid, on the road behind it towards Ramadie, and at Ramadie itself, was completely encircled. The British contained it to the east, to the south and to the west. On the north ran the river.

During the night an attempt was made by the enemy's forces, thus trapped, to break out up the Euphrates by the road westward. The British cavalry was already there and stopped this attempt, and at nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday the encirclement was so apparent to the enemy that he was compelled to surrender, though under what conditions, whether of negotation or by the storming of his last defences we do not know at the moment of writing—the evening of Monday, October 1st. Sir Stanley Maude reports that the fighting of Friday was very severe, including, presumably, as it did, the carrying of the enemy's field works drawn to the south east of Ramadie, eastward of the water-course. We are informed in the despatch that much material and several thousand prisoners fell into British hands, as well as the Turkish general in command and his staff, but there is no enumeration as yet of these captures.

Those interested in military history will note the parallel between this brilliant piece of work and the manœuvre of Rivoli—allowing of course for the difference of scale.

H. BELLOC



American Influence in the Balkans

By Lewis R. Freeman

The influence which the returned American Emigrant exercises in the Balkans is explained in this article. With America a part of the Alliance, and taking part in European affairs, this influence may in time increase enormously.

IF the Kaiser were as surprised at America's entry into the war as was his royal brother-in-law King Constantine of Greece, there must indeed have been consternation in Potsdam last April. For the misguided Tino, whose prestige with his own people had been at its zenith in the four months following the discomfiture of the French in their attempted coup of the preceding September, the coming in of the United States marked a turning point, and from that time on things steadily declined until his abdication in June brought to an end one of the most disgraceful reigns in the whole miserable history of the Balkans.

That the Greek Royalists had built high hopes on some kind of help from America, there is every indication. I arrived in Greece at the end of last March, and before I had begun to unpack in my Athens hotel, an official from the Foreign Office called to say that he had been advised from Italy of my intended visit, and that, in pursuance with King Constantine's desire to keep the American public informed regarding the motives impelling him to the course he had followed in his relations with the Entente, His Majesty was prepared to grant me an interview at some mutually convenient time the following week.

As there was some doubt in my mind as to whether or not an interview would be of interest to any of the periodicals I represented, I suggested that no definite audience be arranged until I had time to cable for instructions. Before I had even secured permission from the Allied Military Control to send the cable, however, word was flashed through that America was throwing in her lot with the Entente, and scarcely had this information been published when my previous caller hurried over to see me again. He was one of the most surprised and indignant men I have ever met.

"We didn't expect *this* was going to happen when we arranged with His Majesty to see you," he whined angrily. "There were many things we wanted to make the Americans understand, much that we expected to have them do for us when they knew the real facts about the perfidy of Venizelos and his traitors; and — But what's the use? It's finished for good now."

A Rare Distinction

After telling me that there was no longer any reason for the interview with the King, he stamped out, with a parting sneer to the effect that, if America wasn't going to be of any help to Greece, there was at least the consolation that she had not it in her power to be of any more help to the Allies than she had been all along. To the Allied diplomats in Athens it had long been known how fully and irretrievably the Royalists were committed to Germany, but this was my first experience of it, and it was scarcely less staggering than enlightening. As a consequence, however, I gained the distinction of being the only journalist visiting Athens in the period of Constantine's "exaltation" following his "victory over the French," who did *not* have an interview with him.

Constantine, whom on the evening of my arrival I had seen driving through the streets and acknowledging the greetings of his misguided people with the jauntiest of salutes and the gayest of smiles, was one of the most dejected figures imaginable on the glad occasion of the Royal Te Deum in the Cathedral on Greek Independence Day, April 7th. His abnormally protuberant forehead was wrinkled in a sullen scowl throughout the whole imposingly beautiful ceremony, and not even the vociferous "Zitos!" (Vivas) set going by picked groups of his hirelings scattered through the crowds drew more than the most perfunctory nods from him or his equally crestfallen consort on the "triumphal" drive back to the palace.

At this time partisans of M. Venizelos were going about in fear of their very lives; and the only individual I came across who dared to give any outward expression of the renewed hope stirring inwardly as a consequence of the action of the United States was a man in an obscure street who had lashed the Stars and Stripes to the top of his barber's pole. Most of the passers-by doubtless thought that the two red, white and blue insignia were intimately related to each other, and it was probably lucky for the doughty barber that he displayed the Stars and Stripes somewhat "camouflaged." But when I pushed inside to ask him if it was a coincidence that the wrinkled bit of bunting was out on the same day that America's entry into the war arrived, he made no effort to hide his real sentiments.

"Bet yer life it ain't by chance," he said stoutly. "I cut hair on the ol' Bow'ry fer sev'n years 'fore I beat it back to this d——d hole. Nope, ain't a 'Merican cit'zen; but yu take it frum me I'm goin' tu be if they don't fire this hull big bunch o' cutthroats—King an' all—out o' Greece on the doubl'. I brot that flag all the way from lil' ol' Nuyork with me. To-day the first time I gets up the nerve tu put it out; but now it *is* out, by——, it'll stay ther' till they cum an' shoot it down. An' maybe they'll start more'n they're lookin' fer if they duz that."

As the high-handedness of Constantine's *agents provocateur* in Athens steadily declined from the moment of America's entry into the arena, I should not be surprised if that saucy bit of red, white and blue bunting were still flapping from its queer flag-pole when Venizelos returned in triumph to the Greek capital three months later.

Returned Emigrants

One meets many returned emigrants from America in all parts of Greece—as everywhere else in the Balkans—and it is an interesting fact that every one of those whom I encountered at this crucial epoch in Hellenic history was a most staunch Venizelist and intensely bitter against Constantine and the whole Royalist regime. A family who gave me shelter for a couple of days in a little village on the slopes of Mt. Olympus, in the course of my precarious journey by land from Old Greece to Salonika, furnished a fair example of the discriminating attitude adopted by even the most ignorant of these as a consequence of their "spell of freedom" across the water. Five brothers of this patriarchal establishment had spent from four to eight years apiece working in the mines and smelters of the Western States, and all of them had eventually returned to invest their "fortunes" in sheep and goats and to become "leading citizens" of the cliff-begirt little Olympian village of Leptacara.

The eldest brother had erected a small café and rest-house at the temporary terminus of the railway line, which he had named "Hotel Tacoma," in honour of a more pretentious hostelry in the last town he had worked at in Washington. He celebrated the arrival of the first "reel 'Mer'can" the village had ever known by "shouting the house" in true Western mining camp fashion. After everyone—shepherds, fishermen, section-hands, the station agent and two soldiers in Royalist uniform—had been provided with a glass of *mastic*, he proposed the toast to "Pretty soon 'Merica come fight for Greece." Then I stood a round to "Pretty soon come back Venizelos," which a second one of the returned brothers followed with "T'ell wi' Constantino!" The last toast was so popular that it would undoubtedly have been drunk repeatedly had not the end of the *mastic* put a period to the international amenities.

Grimly tragic was another occasion on which I heard a returned Græco-American curse his traitor king with what must have been not many removes from his dying breath. It was toward the middle of last June that I entered Janina on the heels of the Italian Army, to find the people of the loveliest of all Epirus cities in the last stages of starvation. The rich valleys above and below the town had produced food enough to feed its 20,000 inhabitants four or five times over, but the Royalists, in provisioning Athens against the punitive blockade of the Allies, had transported to the capital all the corn they could lay hands on. The inevitable sequel was one of the saddest of the war, and I must confess that I have been scarcely more stirred by the streams of wounded draining back from Verdun and the Somme than by the sight of the ghastly dead and dying—men, women and children—lying indiscriminately on the sun-hot cobbles of the streets of Janina and in the shade of its incomparable plane trees.

It was just at the edge of the public square that my car was brought up sharp to avoid running over a poor fellow who had collapsed in a heap while trying to wheel out of the way a push-barrow on which were stretched the emaciated corpses of a man and woman. He dragged himself to his knees by clawing up the smoking radiator of the big Fiat, and noting that my uniform was different from that of the Italian officer at my side—asked if I spoke English. When I jumped out, lifted him to his feet and told him that I was an American, he almost choked with excitement.

"I was contractor—Cheyenne, Wyoming—fr ten years,"

he gasped brokenly. "My broth'r there"—jerking his head toward the body of the man on the barrow—" was with me. Made plenty money. Came back here an' bought big farm. We—rich men here—plenty corn an' sheep—much land—all we want. This year good crop—fine prospect. Then Constantino send soldier—take all—cow, sheep, goat, corn—not pay nothing. Three months just little corn an' roots to eat. My mother die—then my wife—then my boy and girl. Yest'day 'Talian come—bring plenty bread, plenty rice. But we eat too much. Stomach no good. Last night my brother an' his wife—both die. I very sick—very weak. You tell 'Mericans—we—I—Oh, God damn Cons'tino—."

He slid down into a limp heap at my feet. We put him in the car and carried him to the little hospital the Italians had reopened in Ali Pasha's old fort, where, though we managed to get him attention ahead of the hundred or more similar cases that were waiting, they told us there was little hope of pulling him through.

Nothing could have thrown a better light on the circumscribed political outlook of the Balkan peoples than the fact that not only the inhabitants of the primitive villages, but also many of those who had spent a number of years in America or England, invariably seemed to take it for granted that the entry of the United States into the war would immediately be followed by the despatch of troops to help to attain whatever happened to loom in the mind of this or that individual as the most necessary end.

An Albanian I encountered in Koritsa, who had earned enough driving an express waggon in Brooklyn to return and set up a knick-knack shop in his native town, was convinced an American army should be landed at Valona for the purpose of pushing the Austrians out of all of Albania and setting up a National Government at Scutari. Similarly, a Macedonian Vlah, whom I chanced upon in the course of an evening walk in the hills above Florina, superintending the milking of the flock of sheep he had bought with money saved from the profits of his coffee-cart in Baltimore, felt that the first thing an American force should do would be to drive the Bulgars so far north that there could not be any repetition of such air raids as the one which wrecked his house and killed his best dog the previous week. A Serb, who did my washing at Scochivir, had no doubt that the American Balkan army should fight its way north from the Cerna Bend, while one that cut my hair at Banitsia was equally certain the Yankee advance had best be made up the Vardar. The reason for the "strategy" of each I understood when I discovered that the home of the first had been in Preleip and of the second in Ghevgelli.

The Bulgar

If the truth were known I think it might well turn out that, of all the Balkan peoples, the Bulgar was the one most impressed by the entry of America into the war. Of all Bulgarian overseas emigrants ten went to the United States to one to any other country, and in the exaggerated imaginations of these and their friends, America constituted just about all there was of importance in the whole outside world. The actual significance of President Wilson's action could not possibly have spread very rapidly in Bulgaria, and yet even by the middle of May there had been a noticeable increase in the number of Bulgars deserting to the British armies on the Struma and Vardar, an increase which the Intelligence Officers had traced directly to the entrance of America.

"It is a remarkable fact," a British officer engaged in interrogating prisoners said to me, "that of recent Bulgar deserters, fully fifteen per cent. have been in the United States at one time or another, and the number of the latter is on the increase. These ignore completely the technical fact that their country is not at war with the United States, and say simply that they do not want to fight against America, and that they laid down their arms just as soon as they had a chance."

The French, Serbs and Italians were also reporting increased Bulgar desertions at this time, and it was at a prison camp of the latter near the Cerna that I had the opportunity to talk with a genial cobbler who had once worked in Fall River, and who, with his shoe-making tools under his arm, had sauntered over from the Bulgar lines the week before. He had come home, he said, to fight Serbs, not Englishmen, Frenchmen and Italians. He had been trying to screw up his nerve to desert for some time, but hadn't got it to the sticking point until a friend—another returned Americansky—had picked up a paper dropped from an aeroplane saying that America had joined the Allies. Shortly afterwards, taking advantage of the confusion following the sniping of an officer, he slipped out of a sap and over to the wire in front of the Italian trenches without being missed. He was in hopes, he said, of being turned over to "the American Army," and being sent to a prison camp in the United States, adding naively that, while the Italians were very kind to their prisoners, he did not feel it was right to keep them there where it was so exposed to air raids.

"What air raids?" I asked. "Bulgar," he replied, adding that only two nights before bombs intended for the "dump" and hospital had struck right in the midst of the prison-camp, and that if he hadn't been in the big dug-out he would have been killed.

American Flags

In all Salonika at the time of my visit there were only three American flags, one belonging to the Consulate, one to the Standard Oil Company, and one to a Mission School about five miles out in the country. Naturally, the starry trio were in great demand for all international functions where it was desirable that honour should be done to all of the Allies, and there was usually a considerable waiting list for each of them. Still more in demand was the lone copy of the music of the "Star Spangled Banner," which they never did, I believe, succeed in expanding sufficiently to make it go all the way round a full band. "America," to the air of "God Save the King," was the commonest substitute; but I also heard "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and once—by the Serbian band, on an especially formal occasion—"My Home in Tenessee."

The Jewish tailors in Salonika began turning out some very fearful and wonderful substitutes for the "Stars and Stripes" before long, the cheapest of these being made by painting red the light blue stripes of the old Greek flag and stitching a starry rectangle—likely to be of any colour—in one (and not necessarily any particular) corner. As an "improvisation," however, I am confident that no American flag since the first patch-work original has been worthy of mention in the same breath with the amazing banner which was thrown to the breeze of Mount Athos on the occasion of my visit to one of the monasteries of that strange mediæval community.

As the first American to go to Mount Athos after the entry of the United States into the war, the kindly but simple Monks saw no absurdity in arranging another of just the same sort of "triumphal tours" with which they had been welcoming French and British Admirals and Generals. This included a Te Deum for my soul in the ancient church of a monastery, a reception by the House of Parliament, and a series of formal banquets in various parts of the Peninsula. There were Allied flags in abundance on all occasions, but it was not until the concluding feast at the rich and beautiful monastery of Lavra that the resourcefulness of the monks succeeded in supplying the much-lamented lack of an American flag.

The banner which greeted me at the little spray-wet quay and was carried at the head of the procession up the winding road to the monastery gate was a most imposing one, and I was especially struck with the bas-relief effect of the three or four snowy stars which peeped out between its ample folds. There was only one fault to find with it—it would persist in drooping and only wriggling snakily in the breeze that was snoring up from Gallipoli-way at a pace to set the other flags in the procession whipping to tatters. Why this was I did not understand until after it had been brought up to the banquet hall and spread proudly out—with a monk at each corner—for my inspection. Then it transpired that the red stripes had been stained with raspberry jam, the cerulean background of the stars with gooseberry jam, while the stars themselves were nothing more nor less than starfish, gathered at low tide, baked stiff in an oven, and whitewashed!

When the German Reichstag was opened yesterday week, its President, Dr. Kampf, delivered a vigorous speech attacking President Wilson for his letter to the Pope. "President Wilson," he said, "repeats the old assertions of the ambitions and intriguing attitude of our Emperor and our Government, which nevertheless, *as is known to us all*, maintained the peace of the world for forty-three years in spite of all provocations."

Dr. Kampf concluded his speech thus: "To the German people, for whom President Wilson feigns to cherish so much friendship and so great sympathy, he has flung into their faces the worst insults which have ever been inflicted on any people. We are speaking in the name of the whole people when we decline such interference. We repulse in the strongest manner the attempts to create dissension, because Germany is sufficiently capable of ordering her affairs herself, and, indeed, to order them in such a manner as corresponds with German needs and the character of the German people. At the fronts, whence a large number of our members have just returned, we have been able to admire the heroism of our incomparable soldiers, officers, and generals, who with iron stubbornness and unbroken spirit of attack have daily accomplished the superhuman for more than the past three years. We were able to observe the magnificent order accomplished by the German General Staff. We were amazed again and again at the magnificent accomplishments of our Chief Army Administration, who, even in battles of defence, is never found wanting." The phrase "even in battles of defence" is illuminative. The speech was received with applause.

A Journal from a Legation

By Hugh Gibson (First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels)

In this last chapter from "A Journal of a Legation," Mr. Hugh Gibson describes Louvain, when the burning, pillage, and massacre were actually in progress. The full story cannot be told until after the war, but enough is set down to establish that the horror of Louvain was deliberately planned by the German General Staff and approved by the Kaiser.

BRUSSELS August 27th, 1914.—There is bad news from Louvain. The reports agree that there was some sort of trouble in the square before the Hotel de Ville a day or two ago. Beyond that no two reports are alike. The Germans say that the son of the Burgomaster shot down some Staff Officers who were talking together at dusk before the Hotel de Ville. The only flaw in that story is that the Burgomaster has no son. Some Belgians say that two bodies of Germans who were drunk met in the dusk; that one body mistook the other for French and opened fire. Other reliable people tell with convincing detail that the trouble was planned and started by the Germans in cold blood. However that may be, the affair ended in the town being set on fire and civilians shot down in the streets as they tried to escape. According to the Germans themselves the town is being wiped out of existence. The Cathedral, the Library, the University, and other public buildings have either been destroyed or have suffered severely. People have been shot by hundreds and those not killed are being driven from the town. They are coming to Brussels by thousands and the end is not yet. This evening the wife of the Minister of Fine Arts came in with the news that her mother, a woman of eighty-four, had been driven from her home at the point of the bayonet and forced to walk with a stream of refugees all the way to Tervueren, a distance of about twelve miles, before she could be put on a tram to her daughter's house. Two old priests have staggered into the —— Legation more dead than alive after having been compelled to walk ahead of the German troops for miles as a sort of protecting screen. One of them is ill and it is said that he may die as a result of what he has gone through.

A Column of Grey Smoke

August 28th.—After lunch Blount and I decided to go out to Louvain to learn for ourselves just how much truth there is in the stories we have heard and see whether the American College is safe. We were going alone, but Pousette and Bulle, the Swedish and Mexican Chargés d'Affaires, were anxious to join us, so the four of us got away together and made good time as far as the first outpost this side of Louvain.

Here there was a small camp by a hospital, and the soldiers came out to examine our papers and warn us to go no further as there was fighting in the town. The road was black with frightened civilians carrying away small bundles from the ruins of their homes. Ahead was a great column of dull grey smoke which completely hid the city. We could hear the muffled sound of firing ahead. Down the little street which led to the town, we could see dozens of white flags which had been hung out of the windows in a childish hope of averting trouble.

We talked with the soldiers for some time in an effort to get some idea of what had really happened in the town. They seemed convinced that civilians had precipitated the whole business by firing upon the Staff of a General who was parleying with the Burgomaster in the square before the Hotel de Ville. They saw nothing themselves and believe what they are told. Different members of the detachment had different stories to tell, including one that civilians had a machine gun installed on top of the Cathedral and fired into the German troops, inflicting much damage. One of the men told us that his company had lost twenty-five men in the initial flurry. They were a depressed and nervous-looking crew, bitter against the civil population and cursing their ways with great earnestness. They were at some pains to impress upon us that all Belgians were *Schwein* and that the people of Louvain were the lowest known form of the animal.

After talking the situation over with the officer in command we decided to try getting around the town to the station by way of the ring of outer boulevards. We got through in good shape, being stopped a few times by soldiers and by little groups of frightened civilians who were cowering in the shelter of doorways listening to the noise of fighting in the town, the steady crackle of machine guns, and the occasional explosions.

They were pathetic in their confidence that the United States was coming to save them. In some way word has travelled all over Belgium that we have entered the war on the side of Belgium and they all seem to believe it. Nearly every group we talked to asked hopefully when our troops were coming, and when we answered that we were not involved they asked wistfully if we didn't think we should be forced to come in later. A little boy of about eight in a group that stopped us asked me whether we were English, and when I told him what we were he began jumping up and down clapping his hands and shouting:

Les Américains sont arrivés! Les Américains sont arrivés

His father told him to be quiet, but he was perfectly happy and clung to the side of the car as long as we stayed, his eyes shining with joy, convinced that things were going to be all right somehow.

About half way around the ring of boulevards we came to burning houses. The outer side of the boulevard was a hundred feet or so from the houses, so the motor was safe, but it was pretty hot, and the cinders were so thick that we had to put on our goggles. A lot of the houses were still burning, but most of them were nothing but blackened wall with smouldering timbers inside. Many of the front doors had been battered open in order to start the fires or to rout out the people who were in hiding.

Slaughtered Citizens

We came to a German ammunition wagon half upset against a tree where it had been hurled when the horses had turned to run away. The tongue was broken and wrenched out. Nearby were the two horses dead and swollen until their legs stood out straight. Then we began to see more ghastly sights—poor civilians lying where they had been shot down as they ran—men and women—one old patriarch lying on his back in the sun, his great white beard nearly hiding his swollen face. All sorts of wreckage scattered over the street, hats and wooden shoes, German helmets, swords and saddles, bottles and all sorts of bundles which had been dropped and abandoned when the trouble began. For three-quarters of a mile the boulevard looked as though it had been swept by a cyclone. The Porte de Tirlemont had evidently been the scene of particularly bloody business. The telegraph and trolley wires were down; dead men and horses all over the square, the houses still burning. The broad road we had travelled when we went to Tirlemont was covered with wreckage and dead bodies.

Some bedraggled German soldiers came out from under the gate and examined our passes. They were nervous and unhappy and shook their heads gloomily over the horrors through which they were passing. They said they had had hardly a minute's sleep for the past three nights. Their eyes were bloodshot and they were almost too tired to talk. Some of them were drunk—in the sodden stage when the effect begins to wear off. They told us we could proceed in safety as far as the station, where we would find the headquarters of the commanding officer. Here we could leave the motor and learn how far we could safely go. This crowd varied the wording a little by saying that the Belgians were all dogs and that these particular dogs were being driven out as they should be—that all that part of the town was being cleared of people—ordered to leave their homes and go to Brussels or some other town so that the destruction of Louvain could proceed systematically. We thought at the time that they were exaggerating what was being done, but were enlightened before we had gone much further.

We continued down the boulevard for a quarter of a mile or so till we came to the station. Sentries came out and looked through our passes again. We parked the motor with a number of German military cars in the square and set off on foot down the Rue de la Station, which we had admired so much when we had driven down its length just ten days before.

The houses on both sides were either partially destroyed or smouldering. Soldiers were systematically removing what was to be found in the way of valuables, food, and wine, and then setting fire to the furniture and hangings. It was all most businesslike. The houses are substantial stone buildings, and fire will not spread from one to another. Therefore the procedure was to batter down the door of each house, clean out what was to be saved, then pile furniture and hangings in the middle of the room, set them afire, and move on to the next house.

It was pretty hot, but we made our way down the street, showing our passes every hundred feet or so to soldiers installed in comfortable armchairs which they had dragged into

the gutter from looted houses, till we came to a little crossing about half-way to the Hotel de Ville. Here we were stopped by a small detachment of soldiers who told us that we could go no farther; that they were clearing civilians out of some houses a little farther down the street and that there was likely to be firing at any time.

The officer in command spoke to us civilly and told us to stick close to him so that we could know just what we ought to do at any time. He was in charge of the destruction of this part of the town and had things moving along smartly. His men were firing some houses near-by and he stood outside smoking a rank cigar and looking on gloomily.

We exchanged remarks with him in German for a few minutes, I limping along behind the more fluent Pousette and Bulle. Then I said something in an aside to Blount and the officer broke into the conversation in perfectly good English. He turned out to be a volunteer officer from Hamburg who had spent some thirty years in England and was completely at home in the language.

We then accomplished the formal introductions which are so necessary to Germans even at a time like this, and when we came to Bulle the officer burst into a rapid fire of questions which ended in his proclaiming in rapture:

"Why, I knew your father in Hamburg and went to school with your Uncle So-and-So!"

Reminiscence went on as though we were round a dining table at home; minute inquiry was made into the welfare and activities of the Bulle family from the cradle to the grave. On the strength of the respectability of Bulle's relatives we were then taken under the officer's wing and piloted by him through the rest of our visit.

Dynamite and Drunkenness

From where we stood we could see down the street through the smoke as far as the Hotel de Ville. It was still standing, but the Cathedral across the street was badly damaged and smoke was rising in clouds from its roof. The business houses beyond were not to be seen; the smoke was too dense to tell how many of them were gone.

Machine-guns were at work near by, and occasionally there was a loud explosion when the destructive work was helped with dynamite.

A number of the men about us were drunk and evidently had been in that state for some time. Our officer complained that they had had very little to eat for several days, but added glumly that there was plenty to drink.

A cart, heaped high with loot, driven by a fat Landsturmer and pulled by a tiny donkey, came creaking past us. One of our party pulled his kodak from his pocket and inquired of our guardian in English: "May I take a picture?"

His real intention evidently escaped the German who answered cordially:

"Certainly; go ahead. You will find some beautiful things over there on the corner in the house they are getting ready to burn."

We kept our faces under control, and he was too much occupied with his other troubles to notice that we did not avail of his kind permission to join in the pillage.

He was rabid against the Belgians and had an endless series of stories of atrocities they had committed—though he admitted that he had none of them at first hand. He took it as gospel, however, that they had fired upon the German troops in Louvain and laid themselves open to reprisals. To his thinking there is nothing bad enough for them, and his chief satisfaction seemed to consist in repeating to us over and over that he was going the limit. Orders had been issued to raze the town—"till not one stone was left on another," as he said.

Just to see what would happen I inquired about the provision of the Hague Conventions prescribing that no collective penalty can be imposed for lawless acts of individuals. He dismissed that to his own satisfaction by remarking that:

"All Belgians are dogs, and all would do these things unless they are taught what will happen to them."

Convincing logic!

With a hard glint in his eye he told us the purpose of his work; he came back to it over and over, but the burden of what he had to say was something like this:

"We shall make this place a desert. We shall wipe it out so that it will be hard to find where Louvain used to stand. For generations people will come here to see what we have done, and it will teach them to respect Germany and to think twice before they resist her. Not one stone on another, I tell you—*nie ein Stein au einander*!"

I agreed with him when he remarked that people would come here for generations to see what Germany had done—but he did not seem to follow my line of thought.

While we were talking about these things and the business of burning and looting was pursuing its orderly course, a rifle shot rang out near by. Instantly every soldier seized his rifle and stood waiting for an indication as to what would happen next. In a few seconds a group of soldiers rushed into a house about a hundred feet away. There was a sound of blows as though a door was being beaten in; then a few shots, and the soldiers came out wiping the perspiration from their faces.

"Snipers!" said our guide, shaking his fist at the house. "We have gone through that sort of thing for three days and it is enough to drive us mad, fighting is easy in comparison, for then you know what you are doing." Then, almost tearfully: "Here we are *so* helpless!"

While he was talking, another shot rang out, and then there was a regular fusillade, which lasted for fifteen seconds or so; then an explosion.

Bulle stood not upon the order of his going but ran for the station calling back: "I've had enough of this. Let's get out and go home."

Our friend the officer said Bulle was right, and that it would be the part of wisdom for us all to fall back to the station where we would be near the car in case anything happened. He started off at a good pace, and, as we were in no mood to argue, we went meekly along in his wake. We overtook Bulle engaged in an altercation with a very drunken soldier who wanted to see his papers and was insulting about it. Instead of taking the easy course and showing his papers, Bulle was opening a debate on the subject when we arrived and took a hand. Our officer waded into the soldier in a way that would have caused a mutiny in any other army, and the soldier, very drunk and sullen, retreated muttering, to his armchair on the curb. We then moved on to the station.

Outside the station was a crowd of several hundred people, mostly women and children, being herded on to trains by soldiers to be run out of the town. They seemed to be decently treated, but were naturally in a pitiable state of terror. Just inside the gates of the freight yard were a couple of women telling their troubles to a group of officers and soldiers. They had both lost their husbands in the street fighting, and were in a terrible state. The officers and men were gathered about them, evidently distressed by their trouble and trying to comfort them. They had put the older woman in an arm-chair and were giving her a little brandy in a tea cup. And the same men may have been the ones who killed the husbands. . . . .

We went on into the freight yards and were greeted by a number of officers with hopeful talk of a train coming from Brussels with food. We were given chairs and an orderly was despatched for a bottle of wine, so that a drink could be given to Bulle, who said that after what he had been through he would appreciate a glass of something comforting.

Teaching Respect for Germany

We settled down and listened to the stories of the past few days. It was a story of clearing out civilians from a large part of the town; a systematic routing out of men from cellars and garrets, wholesale shootings, the generous use of machine guns, and the free application of the torch—the whole story enough to make one see red. And for our guidance it was impressed on us that this would make people *respect* Germany, and think twice about resisting her.

Suddenly several shots rang out, apparently from some ruins across the street, and the whole place was instantly in an uproar. The lines of civilians were driven helter-skelter to cover—where, I don't know. The stands of arms in the freight yard were snatched up, and in less time than it takes to tell it, several hundred men were scattered behind any sort of shelter that offered, ready for the fray.

I took one quick look about and decided that the substantial freight station was the most attractive thing in sight. In no time I was inside, closely followed by my own crowd and a handful of soldiers. First we lay down upon the platform, and then, when we got our bearings, rolled over on to the track, among a lot of artillery horses that were tethered there.

Apparently a number of civilians, goaded to desperation by what they had seen, had banded together, knowing that they were as good as dead, and had determined to sell their lives as dearly as they could. They had gathered in the ruins of the houses fronting on the station and had opened up on us. There was a brisk interchange of shots, with an occasional tinkle of broken glass and a good deal of cursing by the soldiers who had taken refuge with us.

The artillery horses did not welcome us very cordially, and began to get restive in a way that made us debate whether we preferred staying up on the platform with a chance of being potted, or staying under cover and being ingloriously trampled to death. A joint debate on this important question kept us occupied for several minutes. We finally compromised

by fishing down a few boxes from the platform and erecting a barricade of sorts to protect us against stray kicks.

As we sat in the undignified position imposed on us by circumstances we exchanged frivolous remarks, not because we felt particularly gay, but because we had to do something to keep ourselves interested and to keep our courage up. Bulle resented this and raised his head to look at me reproachfully over the barricade and say: "Don't talk like that; it is nothing short of tempting Providence."

After a time, Blount and I decided to make a reconnaissance in force, and see how the car was getting on. We crawled along the floor to a place from which we could see out into the square. The soldiers were flat on their stomachs behind a low wall that extended around the small circular park in the centre of the square, and behind any odd shelter they could find. The car lay in the line of fire but had not been struck. We were sufficiently pessimistic to be convinced that it would go up in smoke before the row was over, and took a good look at our shoes to see whether they would last through a walk back to Brussels.

Our officer came out from behind his barricade and showed us where the attacking force was concealed—at least, he told us that they were there, and we were willing to take his word for it without going across the street to make a first hand investigation.

The German Version

He tried to impress us with the black sinfulness of people who would fire upon the German troops, and called our particular attention to the proof now offered us that civilians had started the row by firing on German troops. According to the German story, which was the only one we had heard, civilians had been hunted down like rats in garrets and cellars, and shot down in cold blood in the streets when they sought safety in flight. To my mind, it was not surprising that men driven to desperation by seeing their friends and neighbours murdered in cold blood should decide to sell their lives as dearly as they could and should do any possible harm to the enemy. Three days of the reign of terror that had been described to us was enough to account for anything, and the fact that civilians were firing now did not, in any sense, prove that they were guilty of starting the trouble. For all we could tell, they may have started it or they may not have—but firing by them three days after the row began was no proof to anyone with the slightest sense of the value of evidence. On the other hand, the story freely told us by the Germans as to their own behaviour is enough to create the darkest presumptions as to how the trouble started—and would seem to place the burden of proof on them rather than on the Belgians.

While we were talking about this there came another rattle of fire, and we scuttled back to our shelter among the horses. Every now and then a surly soldier with two huge revolvers came and looked over the ledge at us and growled out: *Wass machen Sie denn hier?* followed by some doubting remarks as to our right to be on the premises. As he was evidently very drunk and bad tempered, I was not at all sure that he would not decide on his own responsibility to take no chances, and put us out of our misery. After several visits, however, he evidently found something else more interesting, and came back no more to trouble us.

When the row began, a motor had been despatched toward Brussels to recall some troops that had left a few hours before; now and then our officer came in to tell us what he thought of their chances of getting back.

On one of these visits Blount remarked by way of airy persiflage that that drink of wine that had been sent for was a long time coming. Anything as subtle as that was lost on our friend, for he walked solemnly away, only to reappear in a few minutes with a bottle and several glasses which he set up on the edge of the platform and filled with excellent Burgundy. We stood up among the horses and drained a bumper of the stuff while the officer wandered back to his work. He had gone calmly out into the thick of things to rescue this bottle and took it as a matter of course that we should claim the drink that had been promised us.

Presently with a good deal of noise a fairly large force of troops came marching down the boulevard and took up positions around the station. Our officer returned, waving a smoking revolver, and told us to lie down as flat as we could among the horses and not to move unless they got restive. He said it looked as though an attempt would be made to take the station by storm and that there might be a brisk fight.

However, there were only a few scattering shots and then our friend came back and told us that we had better get out and start for home before things began again. He added, however, that we must have the permission of the commanding officer who was on the other side of the station, but offered to pilot us to the great man and help us get the permission. The way lay straight out into the square, in full view of the houses across the road, along the front of the station just behind the troops and into the railroad yard on the other side.

That station seemed about four miles long, and the officer was possessed of a desire to loiter by the way recounting anecdotes of his school days. He would walk along for a few steps and then pause to tell Bulle some long and rambling yarn about his uncle. Then the old chap would transfer his conversational fire to another member of the party, and we were obliged almost to pull him the length of the square.

The commanding officer was a pleasant-faced little man who stood in the shelter of a water tank and received us in a puzzled way as though he wondered what civilians were going in that neighbourhood anyway. Permission was readily granted for us to leave—with the ludicrous proviso that we did so "at our own risk." Then Bulle put everybody in good humour by inquiring innocently if there was any danger. Everybody burst into peals of laughter, and we were escorted to our car by the same slow moving officer, who insisted on exchanging cards with us and expressing the hope that we should meet again—which we could not honestly reciprocate. Then, after an hour and a half in the station, we got away amid a great waving of hands.

The boulevards were deserted save for the troops coming back into the town. New houses were burning that had been intact in the afternoon. After passing the Porte de Tirlemont we began to see people again—little groups that had come out into the streets through a craving for company and stood huddled together listening to the fighting in the lower part of the town. In harmony with the policy of terrorising the population the Germans have trained them to throw up their hands as soon as any one comes in sight in order to prove that they are unarmed and defenceless. And the way they do it, the abject fear that is evident, shows that failure to comply with the rule is not lightly punished.

Our worst experience of this was when in coming around a corner we came upon a little girl of about seven carrying a canary in a cage. As soon as she saw us she threw up her hands and cried out something we did not understand. Thinking that she wanted to stop us with a warning of some sort we put on the brakes and drew up beside her. Then she burst out crying with fear and we saw that she was in terror of her life. We called out to reassure her, but she turned and ran like a hunted animal.

It was hard to see the fear of others—townspeople, peasants, priests, and feeble old nuns who dropped their bundles and threw up their hands, their eyes starting with fear. The whole thing was a nightmare.

And so back to the Legation without further mishap to find everybody worrying about us.

Systematic Atrocities

The foregoing is an impression of one afternoon at Louvain taken from a journal written at the time. It was intended to pass on the question of responsibility for precipitating the orgy of murder and bestiality indulged in by the German Army from August 25th until the 30th, when orders were received from Berlin to stop the destruction and restore public order.

Many subsequent visits to Louvain and conversations with people who were there when the trouble began have only served to strengthen the impression that the whole affair was part of a cold blooded and calculated plan to terrorize the civilian population.

While we were there it was frankly stated that the town was being wiped out; and its destruction was being carried out under definite orders. When the German Government realized the horror and loathing in which the civilized world learned of the fate of Louvain the orders were cancelled and the story sent out that the German forces had tried to prevent the destruction, had fought the fire, and by good fortune had been able to save the Hotel de Ville. Never has a Government lied more brazenly. When we arrived the destruction of the town was being carried on in an orderly and systematic way that showed careful preparation. The only thing that saved the Hotel de Ville was the fact that the German troops had not progressed that far when the orders were countermanded from Berlin.

It was only when he learned how civilization regarded his crimes that the Emperor's heart began to bleed.

The true facts as to the destruction of Louvain will startle the world—hardened though it has become to surprise at German crimes. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to publish the details at this time without endangering the lives of people still in Belgium under German domination. But these people will speak for themselves when the Germans have been driven from Belgian soil and they are once more free to speak the truth.

Life and Letters

Sir Charles Dilke

By J. C. Squire

IN almost every chapter of Sir Charles Dilke's *Life* (by Stephen Gwynn and Gertrude M. Tuckwell, Murray, 2 vols. 36s. net), there is enough material for a *Quarterly* article. His experience of and judgments upon, foreign politics would in themselves make a valuable book. He was in politics for fifty years; was at one time a candidate for the Premiership; he knew and corresponded with what one may call the front benches of five continents, and touched every sphere of social life. His versatility was amazing. At Cambridge he was top of the Law Tripos, President of the Union, and, but for his doctor, would have rowed twice against Oxford. He read, it seems, a large part of the contents of the British Museum; he was asked to do Keats for the "English Men of Letters" series; he travelled, rowed, fenced and dined out almost all his life; and he found time to acquire on every subject of current politics an amount of information which was a storehouse for every individual and organisation that ever worked with him. But if it is quite impossible to review his biography because there is too much in it; from another point of view it is difficult to review it because there is too little. It is largely composed of his own memoirs: but one learns scarcely anything about the essential man from it.

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There is an interesting communication here from General Seely, who says that for a long time he could not make out what on earth Dilke was up to; and how at last he found that his only motive was an unselfish desire to help his more unfortunate fellow-men. It cannot but have been that; but the slowness with which General Seely appreciated it is the measure of Dilke's extraordinary reticence. How far his intimates got past this—how far, that is, he ever had an intimate—one cannot tell; but, dead as alive, the outside observer cannot really feel he knows him. All his life he was to some extent a sphinx, though an active and loquacious sphinx. In later years there was an added mystery; for he possessed, in the public eye, a special secret, whether it was the secret of his guilt or the secret of his innocence. But, apart from that, he did not disclose himself; and it is possible that he did not even know himself. You can only get at his soul by inference. And this much is certain—and the justice or injustice of his condemnation after the scandal is not relevant here—that no man ever put up a finer show after a knock-down blow. He did not sulk, or take to drink, or even, as he might pardonably have done, retire to the country and read; he faced the music and began a second political career, determining by sheer doggedness to induce his country to profit by a desire and ability to serve her which have seldom been united, in such a degree, in a single man. He succeeded so completely that, at the end of his life, the later Dilke had completely obscured the earlier Dilke in men's minds. That is not failure in the private man. And it is arguable that Dilke was not even a comparative failure as a politician. In these later years—his last two Parliaments saw him sitting, straight-backed, beautifully dressed, fortified with many blue-books, with the new Labour Party—he was directly and indirectly responsible for most important reforms, notably the Trade Boards Act. His advice behind the scenes was so freely sought and given that he may properly be regarded as an unofficial leader of the Labour movement. He did far more than he got recognition for; but he had lost the desire for leadership; and, having rehabilitated himself in the eyes of his countrymen, he was not anxious for recognition of any other kind. Influence—to be exercised in the public interest—was what he wanted and got. And it is at least arguable that he would have done little more had nothing gone wrong than he did as things were. For, in spite of his intellectual attainments, integrity and force of character, he had drawbacks which critics, for the moment, seem to have forgotten.

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It seems, in short, now to be commonly assumed that had it not been for the Crawford catastrophe, Dilke would have become leader of his party and Prime Minister. Gladstone expected him to be, and Chamberlain had agreed that he should be so on account of his superior authority in the House. Speculation on the point is of the "If Napoleon had won Waterloo" type: you may advance many reasons for whatever view you hold, but you cannot approach proof. But personally, not only do I think that Chamberlain—leaving other candidates out of the question—would have inevitably overtaken Dilke had the partnership lasted and prospered, but I cannot easily persuade myself that anything could have made a Prime Minister out of Dilke. He was a statesman: and he was exceedingly skilful as a mere politician who knew the best way in which to get things done. His knowledge was immense of many kinds. He was fitted for any ministerial post, and had he become, in later years, Foreign Secretary, Colonial Secretary, Secretary for India, Home Secretary, President of the L.G.B., President of the Board of Education, or President of the Board of Trade, he would have known more about any of these jobs than any other politician of his time. Everybody who knew him respected him: most people who met him liked him; his constituents, both in Chelsea and in the Forest of Dean, were enormously proud of him. A man to be Prime Minister may have far less knowledge, sense and disinterested patriotism than Dilke; but unless accident has given him the, as it were, automatic support of some strong "interest," local, commercial, social or religious, he must have the power of exciting or amusing, at any rate interesting, the electorate. Dilke's personality was not of the sort which captivates large masses of electors. Writing himself of a speech he made in his twenties, he says:

> It was a dreary speech; and, given the fact that my speaking was always monotonous, and that at this time I was trying specially to make speeches which no one could call empty noise, and was therefore specially and peculiarly heavy, there was something amusing to lovers of contrast in that between the stormy heartiness of my reception at most of these meetings, and the ineffably dry orations which I delivered to them—between cheers of joy when I rose and cheers of relief when I sat down.

This was a peculiar occasion, for the discussion over the Civil List had given Sir Charles a fleeting reputation as a Republican fire-eater and the audiences assembled in a state of excitement. As a rule, you got the "ineffably dry" speech without the cheers. In his last ten years his habits of discursiveness and droning had got so acute that he was impossible to follow. Whatever the subject—and it might be anything from Army organisation to the sweated chain-makers of Cradley Heath—he would stand up and pour out thousands of facts in a monotonous gruff boom, his words periodically becoming inaudible as he buried his head in his notes or turned round to pick up a profusely annotated Blue-Book from his seat. The Minister involved would stay; a few experts on the particular subject involved would compel themselves to attend, knowing that his matter was bound to be valuable if they could only get the hang of it.

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His character was universally respected; he was admired as a repository of information and wisdom, and a young member, of whatever party, who was congratulated by him upon a speech got a more genuine pleasure out of his praises than from any perfunctory compliments from the front benches. Nevertheless, nothing could stop his audiences from dwindling away or his voice from lulling the survivors to sleep. He knew that his voice was monotonous: that he could not help. But he had also an intellectual disability which made him treat every small fact as if it were of equal value to almost any other fact, and a pronounced temperamental disinclination to be "rhetorical." He was too reticent to show his personality: and he would not manufacture a sham personality for public exhibition. He hated importing feeling into his speeches, however strong might be the passion for justice or mercy behind them: he deliberately refused to make an easy appeal by frequent reference to "first principles" or cultivate those arts of expression whereby politics may be made enjoyable to bodies of men, or even those arts of arrangement whereby they may be made simple and comprehensible. He felt all these things to be humbug, and humbug was abhorrent to him: failing to observe that, since under our system speeches are an important part of a controversialist's career and of a minister's administration, it is the business of a man who would lead his countryman to pay some attention—unless he is a demagogue born—to the technique of "rhetoric." In private conversation Dilke is reported to have been one of the most interesting men of his age. But on the platform and in the House of Commons he was distinctly and undeniably dull. And it is possible that England would not have stood a Radical Prime Minister who sent her to sleep.

Port Said and a Tale of the Sea

By William McFee

Port Said, July, 1917.

OF course!" Just as my letter to you, complaining by the way of your silence, reached the bottom of the letter box in the Custom House Shed, your letter to me is delivered! However, I am so glad the mails come and go. Erratically, but they come and go. You know, of course, that we are not supposed to take our letters ashore? We are not.

Going ashore here, by the way, is quite a purgatory. First, you must have a boat, and endure the basilisk glare of a boatman whose legal fare is fourpence but whose first demand is for four shillings. He comes down to sixpence, by the way. You are then assaulted by various licensed brigands called guides, who foist themselves upon you on the quay and who, unless forcibly restrained, will conduct you all over the town at a break-neck speed, ordering all manner of Oriental goods which you don't want, and ending up by showing you a license from the Egyptian Government empowering them to charge you forty piastres an hour. Having whirled your umbrella round and round to rid yourself of these ambulatory pests, you are directed by an incredibly tall policeman in black boots, white uniform and scarlet fez, to enter the passport office.

The passport you must have already secured from the purser signed by the commander of your vessel. This is inspected, and held to the light and smelt by a gentleman of the country, who asks you various questions as to your identity. Finally he stamps it and permits you to pass. That is the first stage. You emerge into a long yard, with the Customs baggage-shed on your left and verandahed offices screened by a superb scarlet-flowered mimosa-tree on the right. Another policeman bars the way except into the shed where, if you have baggage, you must open it and declare all dutiable goods. You have only your umbrella and a wrist-bag, so you advance to a table at the far end where a British soldier in khaki sits in judgment upon you. You must show your pass again. You must give up your letters to be posted.

You are asked by an Egyptian assistant, if you have any weapons or firearms concealed about your person. If you reply, as I did once, "Yes, I have a twelve-inch gun in my pocket," you will be regarded severely by the soldier, whose brain has become nearly unhinged with poring over *Arabic without a Master in fifteen lessons*. However you pass the examination with credit and are permitted to emerge from the shed into the street. You are free! You can go wherever you please. Alas, after all this fuss, there's nowhere to go!

Moreover since it is July, you will find the sun very warm. You seek the shady side of Main Street. Here are the stores where you can buy, at enormously enhanced prices, anything from American tooth-paste and chewing-gum to Japanese silks and tea-sets. They are called Oriental stores, but the only Oriental thing about them is the salesman's habit of sitting at the door-way. But if you do not wish to spend money, Port Said, as I have said before, has no use for you. There are no sights save the beach. So you wander on, turning a corner and threading your way amongst the tables of the cafés until you reach the Eastern Exchange Hotel, popularly known as the Eastern, a vast structure of steel and glass arcading over the street.

The Eastern is the great clearing house of the gossip of East and West. Here congregate the merchant officers from London and the Orient. Here the waiters in white Egyptian costume with scarlet fez and sash serve drinks to men who have come from the ends of the ocean-highways. Here the skipper from Singapore meets an old shipmate from New Orleans or Buenos Aires and exchanges grievances and home news. An interesting place this arcade of the Eastern, with its white figures forever gliding to and fro with trays of drinks, its huge bower of palms and shrubs and creepers in enormous tubs, and its plaintive orchestra somewhere round the corner. Most interesting of all I think at night, when all the lights of the town are darkened down and one sits as in a dusky aisle of some artificial forest and looks out into the impenetrable gloom of the street. Extraordinary how the same groups congregate at the little tables night after night, month after month. A year and a half ago I can recall the same faces. The mortality is not very high among officers at a base.

It was here, too—and this is what I wanted to tell you—that I heard a tale, a badly-told laconic tale of the sea. I had met a shipmate, just in from Marseilles, and we sat talking for a long time. In fact I ought to have been in bed, for I was going on watch at two. Suddenly he sucked at his cigar and took it from his lips, leaning forward over the table:

"Did you hear about the *Abracadabra*?"

I nodded. "Submarine got between her and the setting sun and nearly knocked her to pieces with shell-fire before they could make out where the shots were coming from. Skipper got the D.S.O."

He shook his head. "Not that. I mean later."

I shook my head in turn. "What happened later?"

Well, he told me as I said, in an imperfect laconic fashion, for he is not an artist in words. One or two phrases he struck out, however, which I shall use as occasion serves. I like them. You see, he was there.

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The *Abracadabra* escaped on that first occasion with the loss of a dozen killed and as many wounded. It was a grim commentary on that little affair that they used a bucket-full, which is two and a half gallons, of friar's balsam, in two hours. But they gained on the submarine, and her commander received the D.S.O. While she was refitting my friend joined her as Second, and away they went to sea again. Ordinary trade to South America, for she was not a transport. Nor did the incident come under the head of war-news at all save that the ships were without lights. It was winter time, in the Atlantic, but not so far from land, and a fine but dark and moonless night. Just before daylight the *Abracadabra*, outward bound in ballast, was struck forward of the funnel by another vessel, loaded, on another course. Who was to blame, or how, I don't pretend to know. The point is that the *Abracadabra* was badly stove in at the bridge and began to make water. My friend, who was on watch, was joined by the Chief and Third down below. The telegraph, which had been whirled to full astern at the moment of impact and back to stop, was now pointing irresolutely to Stand By. Good enough, as they say in the West country; they were standing-by.

And now comes the astounding part of the tale. As my friend told me this part of it, the high lights of the arcade peering out of their green-painted petroleum-tin hoods showed me his face drawn into an expression of extraordinary anxiety. The waiters were piling chairs and only a few groups remained dotted about the grim corridor. A carriage with one twinkling lamp drove softly by, a cigar glowing just behind the driver. My friend leaned forward and thrust his harsh Celtic features towards mine. His eyes stared. I suppose I stared back at him, for what he said made one anxious. Anxious, not about oneself, but about one's beliefs, one's tacit acceptances, one's faith in the integrity, the ultimate integrity, of humanity.

For those three men stood by for the better part of an hour. The stokehold was empty, the steam was dropping, and there was considerable water in the bilges, but they stood-by watching the speaking-tube and the blind white face of the telegraph pointing irresolutely to Stand-By. And presently the strain of waiting grew oppressive, so that the chief, looking up towards the skylight said to my friend, "Mister, go up and see what's doing. It must be daylight now." And up he went, and came out on deck and found himself face to face with a problem of some complexity. For the deck of the ship was deserted, and far across the dark sparkle of the sea he saw the boats crawling towards a smear of smoke on the sky-line.

For a moment he was so dazed that he stood staring like a man half-stunned by a blow on the head. And then a species of sickness attacked him, a sickness which in my opinion was only partially physical, for as he put it, for a minute "he had no heart." And mind you, it wasn't danger that made him give way for a second to despair. It was something behind all that. It was as though a brutal foot had kicked away all the under-pinning of his faith in man and sent it crashing about his ears. It was incredible. Yet the tackle swinging idly from the davits, the empty chocks, the silence, were incontrovertible. For a moment, I say, he was as though he had been sand-bagged. And then, with a hoarse imprecation he flew to the top of the engine-room ladder, where the other two, listening apprehensively to certain mysterious noises in an otherwise silent ship, saw him waving his arms like a madman and crying out in a strained inarticulate wail, to come up, to come up quick . . . quick . . . never mind anything . . . . come on.

Of course they came, four or five steps at a time. They found my friend on deck, the palms of his hands and his breast pressed against the bulwarks looking at those distant boats as though he wanted to remember the picture through all eternity. He certainly won't forget it while he is alive. As for the others, they were so faint with the revelation that they had to sit down and close their eyes. Good God! You know, I gather that for a moment their feeling was this.

Why, if that is all we count for, what is the good of going back? And just then the *Abracadabra* gave a very gentle lurch forward.

This was a fortunate thing for them, for it aroused them to the fact that they had other problems beside the grand tragedy which had been engaging their souls. The ship was sinking. For a moment they were in "a state," as my friend put it. I think that is a very mild description of most of us under similar circumstances. The sudden reaction from agonised thought took the form of running round the decks opening the life-belt lockers, lifting pieces of wood, looking hastily at each other and dashing off again. And then they found the raft.

Let me explain. If you serve or travel on a French, Italian, Greek or Portuguese vessel, you will find an abundance of unsinkable flat rafts provided, fastened ready to float off from rails and shrouds as the ship founders. But on a British ship this would not do at all. The prevailing idea in a British ship seems to be that a few bottles of lime-juice and a minimum number of life-belts is all that is necessary in war-time to go all over the world. There seems to be a feeling that it is bad form to worry about life-saving apparatus. I don't offer any solution of the perplexity. There it is. There it was. The chief mate of the *Abracadabra* had managed to fashion some sort of clumsy top-heavy affair out of four oil-barrels and some old hatches lashed with rope. It had become an institution, a joke, a menace, a nuisance on deck. By some obscure miracle, during the battle with the submarine the previous voyage, this frowzy old makeshift escaped without a scratch. And now the three castaways remembered it and hurried to the fore deck where it lay. As soon as they saw it they realised that it would take a dozen men to move it. And at that moment the *Abracadabra* gave another gentle lunge forward. In perfect silence they got upon the raft and prepared to hold on.

Of course it is simple enough in theory. The ship sinks and leaves you clinging to the raft and you are saved. In practice however there are complications. A ship does not sink on an even keel. You cannot float off a modern steamer's fore-deck as from a billiard table. That fore-deck is encumbered with all sorts of things, winches, bollards, anchors, snatch-blocks, booms, guns, slings, tackle, hawsers, ring-bolts, ventilators, steam-pipes, ladders and so on. And consequently our three adventurers, as they sat on that frowsy old raft and looked the winter sun in the eye as he came shouldering up out of his bed of billowy morning vapour, regarded the immediate future with some misgiving.

The Chief, a big heavy elderly man, gnawed his moustache and looked as if he were trying to remember where he had put something. My friend told me he felt "all of a sudden fed-up with it all." I imagine he would be, but he had no time for meditation, for the *Abracadabra* began to do strange things. She rolled. She righted. Then she dipped her fore-deck ever so little. Her centre of gravity was changing at lightning speed all the time, like that of an intoxicated man. She was half-full. Suddenly a hatch burst open and flew into the air with a report like a six-inch gun. The Third let go of the raft, he was so startled. And as he grasped it again the deck swam from under them and the raft surged to starboard, bringing up with a thump against the bollards. Then the water, cascading over the descending bulwarks, sent them with a rush against the winches. It was here that the Third got his leg against a wheel-guard and had a parallel strip of skin taken clean from hip to ankle-bone.

Once, in the rapids that came pouring over them as the *Abracadabra* reeled in the agony of death, they had an anxious moment—one of the ropes of the raft caught on a ventilator cowl. Yet they could do nothing, for the raft was so tender it turned over and over if they moved. Blinded and buffeted they hung on until they felt an upward rush of water as the ship sank over her bridge deck, an upward rush that flung them here, and spun them there, and finally left them gasping in the easy swell of a fine morning in Mid-Atlantic. By some means they had hung on, and a trawler an hour later came upon them and fished them off that frowsy, idiotic, invaluable raft!

* * * * *

None of these three gentlemen will ever get within a mile of the D.S.O.; but do you know I really believe the consciousness of having stood-by will in the course of years gradually obliterate from their minds the appalling shadow which hung over them when they came up that morning and saw the boats had gone.

That will be better than any decoration; for, as my friend put it: "If it hadn't been for *that*, it was a joke, man!"

Old Maid

By Alec Waugh

"ARE any of the following gentlemen in the mess, please. Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Ferguson. . . ?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Sir, you are to hold yourself in readiness to proceed up the line, and to report to the adjutant at twelve and eight till further orders."

Mr. Ferguson, a very recently gazetted subaltern in the Machine Gun Corps, initialed the chit, and relapsed again into one of the many long wicker armchairs of the Base depot ante-room. He had been expecting to go up the line for several days; most of the fellows who had come over on draft with him had gone. He was not sorry. It was certainly pleasantly slack at the base, but it got boring after a bit. Yes, on the whole, he was jolly glad that he was moving. His preliminary training had taken a long time.

At twelve o'clock he duly reported himself at the Orderly Room.

"Oh, yes, you are Mr. Ferguson, aren't you?" said the assistant adjutant. "You've been posted to the 305th M.G. Company. Have your kit ready by six to-morrow, and a lorry will take you down to the station."

"What shall I do then?"

"Oh, that's all right. They'll see about that there," said the adjutant, with vague and complacent optimism.

For Military Administration is only a glorified game of "Old Maid," and the subject under discussion is the unlucky card, which each player in turn passes on to the next, heaving a sigh of thanksgiving as soon as he is relieved of all further responsibility. In this case Second-Lieutenant Ferguson was old maid; somehow he had to be got to the Headquarters of the 305th M.G. Company; but each branch was only concerned with the job of getting him off its hands as quickly, and with as little trouble to itself as possible.

Next day the game began in earnest.

From six in the morning to seven at night he was hurried from one spot to another. He seemed to be in a continual state of reporting to Majors with blue hat-bands.

"Ah, yes," they would say. "The 305th M.G. Company. That's the 131st Division. Well, you'd better go to Ambreville, and they'll put you right."

And so for thirteen hours he travelled in the slowest of slow trains without the least idea of his eventual destination.

From time to time Mr. Ferguson, observing the rules of the game he was playing, changed trains, but the essential characteristics remained unaltered. Wearily he and the train and the day dragged through thirteen stuffy hours. But at last he reached the railhead. It was now seven o'clock; and Mr. Ferguson had begun to hope that he was at last somewhere near the end of his journey. It was almost with elation that he reported himself to the R.T.O.

"The 305th M.G. Company, sir?" he queried with military severity.

And now the R.T.O. broke the rules of the game. Perhaps the result seemed to him a foregone conclusion. Perhaps he had played the game before so often that it had ceased to interest him. But, whatever his motives, his action was clear. Instead of passing on the card to his next door neighbour, he dropped it beneath the table, and made an end of the business.

With an air of genial benevolence, he despatched Mr. Ferguson to the Headquarters of his company, without worrying how he got there.

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson, you are at Rideau. It's about nine kilometres off."

"But how am I to get there?"

"Well, on ordinary nights you'd have to walk; but to-night the light-duty railway is running a carriage down there, and you can go back in that as far as Langeais, and then walk from there. It's quite simple. Any one will tell you the way. You're jolly lucky to have the railway."

And with a kindly smile the R.T.O. turned his attention to the next claimant.

Rather dubious about his good fortune, Mr. Ferguson returned to the railhead, and sought out a military policeman, who informed him that the train was due any minute.

"There's no time for me to get anything to eat, then?" asked the famished subaltern, who had existed the whole day on nothing more substantial than the small packet of sandwiches issued to him at the Base depot.

"Oh, no sir, there be no time for that. Train's due any minute, and it's the only train to-night. You can't afford

to miss it, sir. Let's see, sir, where be you going, sir? Rideau? Well, then, you'll have to change at Lillecourt."

"But the R.T.O. told me to change at Langeais."

"Oh no, sir, no. Lillecourt. It's much nearer. 'Ere Bill," he shouted to a perspiring orderly, "what be the nearest place for Rideau?"

"Oh ah, should think as 'ow Millemont were," replied Bill, without looking up from the floor-board he was scrubbing. "Or else Fleurville. One of the two, any'ow!"

Mr. Ferguson looked at the Sergeant hopelessly:

"Well, where am I to get out?"

"Can't say as 'ow it matters much, sir. They all be close enough away. I'm for Lillecourt myself. But each man to 'is own opinion."

And with this final expression of a philosophy of general toleration, the Sergeant left the gallant officer to sit on his valise, growing hungrier and hungrier every minute, as he watched the raindrops splash in the muddy puddles.

The train did not arrive till ten minutes past nine.

Manfully he shouldered his valise on to an open truck, and climbed in after it; cheered by the Sergeant who, having deceived and deserted him for upwards of two hours, arrived at the last moment in eager expectation of largesse, with the useful information that on the whole he had best get out at Maintenant-Les-Loges.

It is bad enough being old maid, even when the avoided card has got to find some eventual resting place, but when no one is responsible for its safe keeping, it is a game hardly worth playing.

* * * * *

After shivering for the space of some forty minutes in an open truck, Mr. Ferguson and his valise were deposited at Langeais. The valise he left in charge of a corporal in the R.E.'s, who assured him it would be quite safe in his hut (it took him two days to find it later on); and went in search of Rideau. There seemed little enough difficulty about that. Everyone appeared to know all about it. "Oh yes, it was just down the main road; less than two kilometres; twenty minutes' walk at the outside."

With hope burning high within him Mr. Ferguson set out. Soon he caught a glimpse through the gathered dusk of houses, and roofs and gables. There rose before him visions of food a bed, and rest.

But the real fun had only just begun. Rideau was one of the villages that the Germans had been driven from some months back, and there remained of it nothing but broken walls, and leaning arches. In the dark, it presented an appearance of complete and utter desolation. There were no signs of life. Mr. Ferguson had thought that, as soon as he reached Rideau, his odyssey would be completed. He now learnt that it had only just begun.

Of the 305th M.G. Company there were no signs. It was now eleven o'clock, and Mr. Ferguson was both tired and hungry. After twenty minutes' fruitless wandering amid the wreckage of Rideau, he at last saw a light glimmering beneath a particularly dilapidated outhouse. With hope reborn, he beat on the door and pushed it open.

It was the quarters of the regimental S.-M. of the—shire Regiment.

"I say, do you know where the 305th M.G. Company are?"

"No, sir."

"Well, look here: can I see any of your officers? They might know."

The S.-M. drew himself to his full height. He was an old regular and a guardsman. He was not used to being woken up in the middle of the night by every new army officer who chose to walk in. It was out of order.

"I'm sorry sir, it can't be done."

"But look here: I mean—can't I see the adjutant or someone?"

"It can't be done, sir, it can't be done," replied the S.M. firmly, and Mr. Ferguson, realising that he could gather nothing from this relic of reaction, turned dismally to the deserted street.

A little way further down he saw another light. Here he found a large crowd of gunners playing cards. "No, they didn't know nothing about no Machine Guns, but Bill at the cookhouse 'e might know summat; 'is brother was a machine gunner."

Not very hopefully now, Mr. Ferguson sought the cookhouse. "No," said Bill, "I don't know where they could be. My brother 'e's in the 323rd; but they're in England still. I dunno I'm sure, but the corporal of the gas guard might tell 'e; 'e do know more than I do about these things."

But the corporal of the gas guard was equally vague. He thought there were some machine guns somewhere in Rideau; but where they were he didn't know. Mr. Ferguson thanked him with frigid gratitude, and passed out to wander backwards and forwards, seeking a chimera. Once he met a mounted captain, who assured him that he would find Brigade Headquarters second on the right, and third to the left, and that they would be able to tell him there for certain. But it was not very helpful information, for in the dark it was impossible to tell the difference between a track, a disused tradesman's entrance, and a gap between two battered houses. So, after following innumerable blind alleys and tripping over countless wires, he was unable to discover the point from which he had started, so that "second on the right and third on the left" became as useful a guide as longitudinal bearings would be to a mariner without a compass.

But a limit is set to the longest pilgrimage. At last even the most weather-beaten Ulysses sees the white crags of his long-loved Ithaca. And so to the weary officer there came shortly after one o'clock the well-known pop-pop-pop of the Vickers gun. Eagerly he hurried in the direction of the sound. A few minutes' walk brought him to the emplacement, and the sentry indicated the Company Headquarters dugout that loomed a few yards up the road.

At last he would be able to get some food and a bed and sleep. He marched smartly into the dug-out. Recollecting quickly all he had been taught at his cadet battalion about reporting himself at his unit, he clicked his spurs and heels together, gave the regulation salute, and rapped out:

"Second-Lieutenant Ferguson, sir, reporting for duty."

The Captain looked at him, half in surprise, half in amusement.

"What company are you reporting to?" he said at last.

"The 305th Machine Gun Company, sir."

The Captain laughed.

"Say, old son, this is the wrong place. Your crowd have gone up north. We relieved them here last night!"

R.N.V.R.

By N. M. F. Corbett.

WHEN it is ended how shall I return
And gather up the ravelled threads again
Of my past life—content once more to earn
My daily bread in drudgery and pain?
I—that have been one of the fellowship
Of those who dare the dangers of the sea
And known the lift and swing of a big ship
Surging, full-powered, to action under me.

I—that have heard shells scream and seen men die
Laughing, as if the war were but a game;
And known the lust of battle; seen the sky
Filled, end to end, with whirling sheets of flame.
And felt my veins, long coursed by sluggish blood
Now thrilled and filled with wine and molten fire:
These have I known and I have found them good.
Can I to any lesser heights aspire?

I—that have seen Aurora's pallid spears
Defiantly shaken in the face of Heav'n
And felt that thrill of beauty, close to tears,
That flowers deep in the heart when, low at even,
Out of the Western sky of palest green
When all the sea is hushed and tremulous,
That first bright star gleams forth pure, pale, serene,
Touching the waves with silver—Hesperus.

I—that have seen God's fingers paint the dawn
In bars of rose and flame upon the East
And watched the night-mists as a veil withdrawn
Fretted with gold and pearl and amethyst.
I—that have seen the hill-high, smoking surge,
Burst at our bows in rainbow-tinted spray,
And heard the taut shrouds moaning like a dirge.
Can I go back to smoky towns and grey?

With dirty streets and sordid offices,
And stupid talk in trains with stupid men.
Oh, every rustle of the dusty trees
Will bring remembrance and regret and pain.
I'll think I hear the whisper as the bow
Shears deep into the phosphorescent sea
And, lifting, drips pale fire and green. Oh how
Can life be ever as before to me?

And will your kiss delight me as of old
Whose lips have felt the sea's salt, fierce caress,
Oh, shall I find your love-making grown cold
And wearisome your talk and tenderness?
And long and long for the grey, open sea
And the untainted wind upon my mouth.
To know again the infinite, deep peace
Healing my soul like cool rain after drouth.

Notable Books

TO review a story by Mr. Joseph Conrad is always difficult no matter how short it may be. It is packed so full of life; it is so provocative of discussion; you are not satisfied with what he tells you, no matter how detailed it may be; there is always something more you want to know. It is like meeting, by chance, an entertaining fellow in a lonely resthouse in some out-of-the-way corner of the East. You sit up all the night listening and talking; in the morning you go your separate ways, and the rest of the day you curse yourself for a fool for not raising this question, not asking for that further fact, or, perhaps, for having interrupted just as he was painting a vivid scene. These feelings are strongly roused in his newest book, *Youth* (Messrs. Dent and Sons, 5s. net). It contains three stories: the first has as its full headline, *Youth: A Narrative.* Those who know Lord Jim, will be peculiarly interested in this narrative because it is exactly the obverse of the main incident of that masterpiece. Jim, a well brought-up young Briton, deserts his ship and her living freight of pilgrims in a moment of temptation. Here a crew of Liverpool scallywags, with funny old things as officers, stick to a burning ship until she blows up, just to save her for the underwriters. Why? Mr. Conrad tries to explain. In reading the passage, remember it is not an Englishman who writes, but a son of Poland:

> What made them do it—what made them obey me when I, thinking consciously how fine it was, made them drop the bunt of the foresail twice to try and do it better? What? They had no professional reputation—no examples, no praise. It wasn't a sense of duty: they all knew well enough how to shirk, and laze and dodge when they had a mind to it—and mostly they had. Was it the two pounds ten a month that sent them there? They didn't think their pay half good enough. No; it was something in them, something inborn and subtle and everlasting. I don't say positively that the crew of a French or German merchantman wouldn't have done it, but I doubt whether it would have been done in the same way. There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an instinct—a disclosure of something secret—of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations.

It is rather a long passage to quote, but we make no apology, for this is a riddle that has ever perplexed workers in the wilds. What is this secret potency that keeps a Briton true to himself? It is pleasant to know that this strength is not of our own imagination—not mere self-conceit; that this racial driving power does, in truth, exist, otherwise it could not have presented itself to Mr. Conrad. Any observant person who lives any time in the outer parts of the Empire is aware of it. It expresses itself in all kinds of queer ways, and it was the knowledge of "this hidden something" that prevented such men before the war subscribing to the theory of racial decadence. They believed that only the occasion was wanted for "the hidden something" to shine forth and be revealed to all men. The war has justified this faith.

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Heart of Darkness, the second story, is a weird tale of the Upper Niger. Mr. Conrad's marvellous gift for creating atmosphere has never been used to greater effect. You feel the menacing vastness of the inert, slowbreathing mass of impenetrable jungle; you can smell the river mud; if you have had malaria, you will almost anticipate the shivers. The human, almost inhuman, beings that dwell there live for you. For the present reviewer this story will always have a curious personal interest. He was reading it when an air-raid was on, and just as out of the *Heart of Darkness*, out of the gloom of the jungle, a spear was thrust and the steersman fell dead at Marlow's feet, so out of the white invisibility of the moonlit sky, the same spear was being thrust, careless whom it pierced. It was as though London were in the savagery of Central Africa. This story is also notable for the following passage:

> No, I don't like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work—no man does—but I like what is in the work—the chance to find yourself. Your own reality—for yourself, not for others—what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show, and never can tell what it really means.

Has ever the value of work to the individual been more graphically or tersely described in the English language? It is so intensely true, although, unfortunately, it is a truth that is too often overlooked or ignored if it has not been mastered in youth, before artificialities and conventions obscure in men's minds the realities of life.

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Two distinct aspects of the Near East are given in *The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans*, by R. W. Seton-Watson, (Constable 10s. 6d. net) and *Home Life in the Balkans*, by Lucy M. J. Garnett (Methuen 10s. 6d. net.). The two are complementary, for, while Mr. Seton-Watson is concerned with a deeply interesting history—which he presents with as little bias as is possible in dealing with Balkan matters—Miss Garnett, in detailing the folk-lore and superstitions of the various Balkan races, affords insight to the varying customs of the people whose history Mr. Seton-Watson has so ably summarised. She gives the key to the characters of Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albanians, and from her study of the inner lives of the people it is possible to realise how truly Mr. Seton-Watson remarks that "in approaching Bulgarian history, and above all, the relations of Bulgaria and Serbia, it is well to remember that the two nations are to-day in very much the same stage of development as England and Scotland in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries." That this is well said is evident from even a cursory survey of Miss Garnett's work, which shows these people as superstitious children of nature, almost devoid of the civilisation of which the progress was suspended in Eastern Europe when Byzantium fell to the Turk.

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Mr. Seton-Watson's historical analysis, to which Miss Garnett's work affords such admirable illustration, is not only of value to the student of Near Eastern affairs, but also to all for whom the Balkan races and their future have the slightest interest; for the book clears up the muddle in which, for the average person, Balkan affairs are involved. It is, in all conscience, a weary enough tangle of wars and intrigues of which the author has to tell, but with admirable impartiality he goes down into the causes—mainly the selfish intrigues of the Great Powers—of Balkan discontents and feuds, sorts out the little wars between the various States, and, bringing his story up to the end of the second Balkan war in 1912, sets out the position in which the Hohenzollern dynasty found means to bring about the world's greatest war. The great value of this work—for it is undoubtedly of great value—is that it makes easily accessible a statement of deeds and aspirations alike of all the Balkan States, and incidentally also states the criminal selfishness of the European Powers which restricted these little nations at every turn. "The maintenance of Turkey had become the fetish of British statesmen," and, even more significant with regard to the Crimean war—"It was an irony of fate that the blackest of autocrats and reactionaries should have fought the battle of liberty against the Liberal Powers of the West," are sentences in this work worth remembering. And, again, "The Great Powers, in propping up the Sick Man upon his pillows and in blocking, whenever possible, the movement for the liberation of the Balkan Christians, had set themselves to fight the stars in their courses."

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An excellent bibliography concludes Mr. Seton-Watson's work, which clearly points the need for some measure of honesty and of at least an attempt at understanding of racial ambitions, and the rights of people rather than their governors in settling Balkan questions in future.

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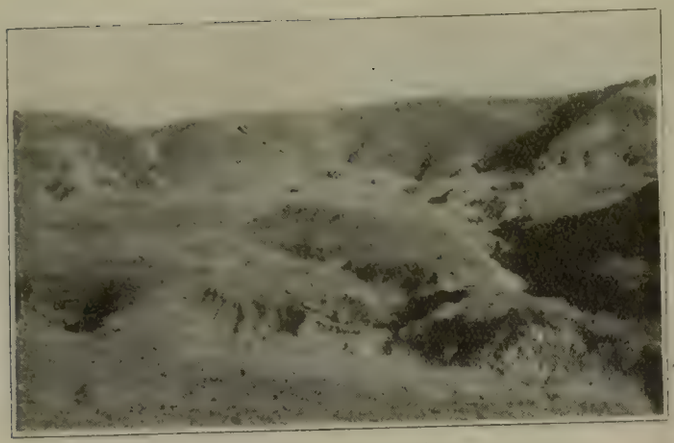
The Road to Loos, the picture which appears on the opposite page, is an excellent example of Captain Handley-Read's exceptional gifts. We see here the wreckage and waste of war. It is a pitiful picture, and the strength of it lies in that the spectator realises it to be absolutely true to life. This power of envisaging a scene is perhaps the main reason that makes Captain Handley-Read's work stand out so prominently. This truth has been recognised by the National War Museum which has bought a number of his drawings. But there is not a single picture in this five-guinea Portfolio which does not exemplify this exceptional quality.

By Captain E. Handley-Read

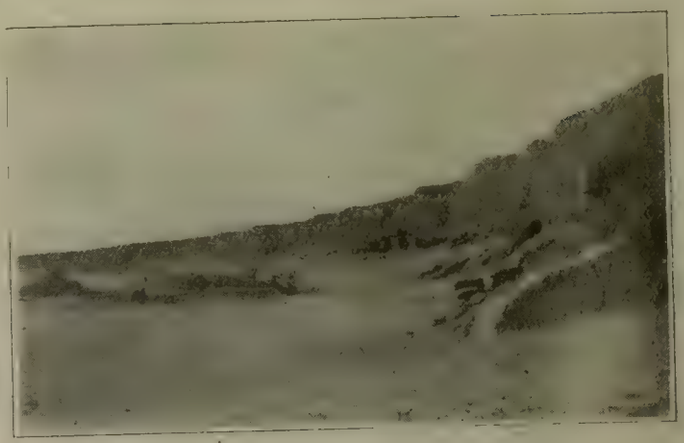
The British Firing Line: The Road to Loos

We reproduce another drawing from the British Firing Line Portfolio by Captain E. Handley-Read. The Portfolio contains twelve engravings in colour, with an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and is printed by George Pulman and Sons, for the Leicester Galleries. Copies of this Portfolio may be obtained, £5 5s. each, on application to The Publisher, "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

The Campaign in Palestine

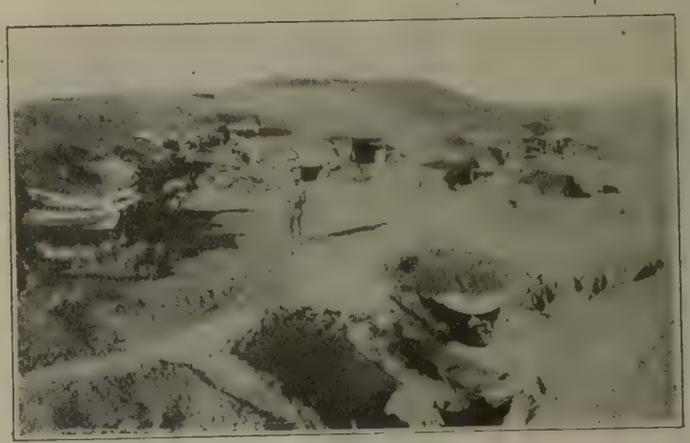


Our Front Line near Gaza



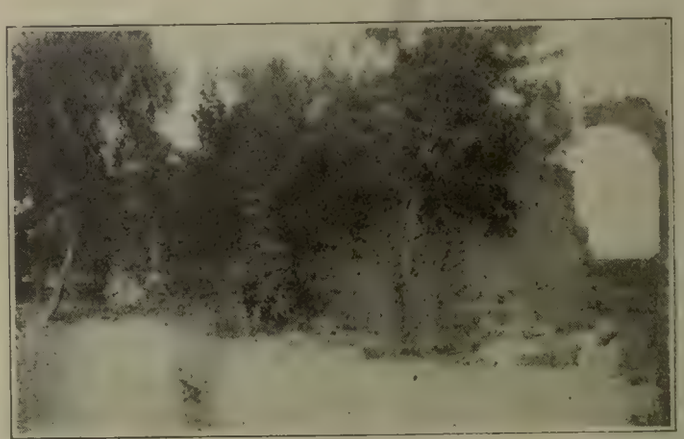
Wady Guzzeh in Dry Weather

A British Camp



Encampment in a Wady

Famous Mosaic Unearthed at Um-Jerdr



The Mayor of Gaza's former House

Camels Carrying Water

Bathing Drill

This series of photographs gives a vivid idea of the country in which our troops in Palestine are operating. During the rains the Wady (or watercourse) Guzzeh is a raging torrent. This part of Palestine is one of the high routes of the world's armies, and the country has not changed since the days of Joseph and the Pharaohs.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2892 [65TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

For Liberty and Justice

"The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government."—President Wilson in his reply to the Pope

LAND & WATER

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1917

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THE FARMER'S JOB

TO begin with, let it be said that the last word of this headline reads *jŏb* not *Jōb*, for to write of British agriculture always rather implies that the subject matter deals with a lineal descendant of the most patient man who ever lived. The speech which the Minister of Agriculture delivered before the Farmers' Protection Association at Darlington last week is the most statesmanlike utterance that has been made on the subject for many years. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Prothero had before his eyes not so much his immediate audience as the hosts of town-dwellers who are looking more and more to the local countryside for their food. He has made it clear that agriculture to-day—profitable agriculture that is to say—is a most scientific industry, and that the husbandry of our comparatively restricted area of ancient tillage is interdependent on the whole conduct of farming. To stimulate corn production, highly fed cattle are necessary; and ploughland is needed for an increased output of milk. These are two rudimentary illustrations of the nicely adjusted operations of agriculture. The keeper of flocks and the tiller of the ground are the two oldest and most jealous types of agriculture, but to-day if Cain slays Abel, if the husbandman wages war on the herdsman or *vice versa*, the whole country must suffer, for the operations of the two are correlated.

> Do people, I wonder, realise the extra cost of cutting corn which has been flattened by rain and twisted by wind? Do they recognise how much a man is out of pocket if he has to bring his men and horses into the field day by day, and send them home after waiting for hours because it is raining? Do they consider that, this year, after the corn has been gathered into sheaves, it has often been necessary to scatter the sheaves again, and even to untie the bundles in order to give it a chance of drying? Do they think of the quantities of seed that have been shaken out of the ear and lost, or the amount of corn that is damaged or sprouted?

Do they? Little it at all. But these few questions put by Mr. Prothero will bring home to the general public the difficulties that confront the farmer, especially in this present year when the broken weather of August and the first half of September are fresh in the memory. For tens of thousands the rain during those critical weeks meant spoiled holidays, they did not pause to remember it also implied ruined harvests, the loss in cash of thousands of pounds to farmers, and eventual loss to themselves through the increased cost of food. There was no real cause why they should think otherwise. Until a year or two ago a field of wheat ripening red-gold beneath the hot sun of late summer was merely a pretty sight to thousands of town-dwellers; it had no connection with the bread upon their tables. This year they might weeks later have re-visited the same fields and found the sheaves still lying there, black and rotting and the grain sprouting; this has happened more than once this century in exceptionally wet autumns. The sight formerly was for them an ugly one, but nothing more, for their flour-tubs were always full, fresh-baked loaves ever on their boards at a low price, since the granaries of the world poured their surplus into the country through our unmolested merchant fleets. But at last the townsmen are learning that English fields are in truth as necessary to their well-being as English factories, and they begin to comprehend that the farmer is as valuable a unit of national life as the manufacturer or banker. Presently they will learn that in some respects he is even more essential.

The Ministry of Agriculture has a difficult rôle to play. It has to offer every encouragement to the farming interests to augment production, but it is unable to fix prices which from a business point of view is the most essential detail of all. Mr. Prothero did right to dwell on this point in his speech, and we regret his remarks should have been made the occasion by certain political journals to foment jealousy and trouble between the Ministries of Agriculture and of Food. Fortunately the Heads of these two Departments are neither of them Party politicians, both practical men, who have escaped that form of neurasthenia which seems at times to paralyse the will power of those who have passed long years in the infected atmosphere of the Royal Palace of Westminster. The Ministry of Food had previously made concessions in the price of milk, and yesterday it did the same over meat. Neither Lord Rhondda nor any other reasonable being expects the whole burden to fall on the producer; the consumer is willing to bear his share of it.

Mr. Prothero is a believer in decentralisation; he is doing his utmost to push forward the work he has undertaken through local Committees to whom he paid a well-deserved tribute of gratitude. He has set before British agriculture a not impossible task; he asks them in 1918 to equal the corn production of 1872. Of course this is dependent on the weather, but if farmers will meet his wishes and put their backs into the job, there is no reason under fairly favourable circumstances why it should not be accomplished. Mr. Prothero, who has always been most outspoken on the question of food supplies, did well to remind us that peace will not bring plenty in its immediate train. When war ends,

> we shall be short both of money and of ships. In all probability, corn will be scarce; certainly it will be dear to buy and difficult to carry. The more corn, therefore, that we can grow in this country, the better able we shall be to feed our people, and the less we shall be forced to buy abroad, the more money we shall keep in these islands, the more ships we shall set free to bring over those raw materials of manufacture on which millions of townsmen depend.

This is a vital fact the consumer will do well to bear in mind. Germany still comforts herself publicly with the thought that England is to be compelled to sue for peace through the success of her submarines. Privately, those responsible for this campaign are aware that up to now it has been a failure, just as we here know it to be. But this failure can only be absolutely assured if the people of these islands continue to practice rigid economy. Waste or extravagance in living might even now do for the country what German naval "frightfulness" has failed to achieve. Each one of us has to regulate his consumption of the necessities of life as though we lived in "a beleaguered city," to quote Mr. Prothero's own comparison.

It were well to repeat the exhortation to farmers with which the Minister of Agriculture closed his speech at Darlington:

> The task which is set to farmers and labourers will test their grit to the utmost. They are on their trial before the eyes not only of this nation but of the Allies. Heavy odds are against them. They are handicapped by the want of skilled labour, by the shortage of fertilisers, feeding stuffs, horses and implements, by the interferences and uncertainties which follow in the train of a colossal war. But every added quarter of grain, every extra pound of meat, every additional quart of milk will help to turn the scale in the nation's favour. No greater responsibility has ever rested on the inhabitants of these islands than that which rests to-day on those who cultivate the soil.

This exhortation is admirable, but it would be foolishness to assume that the present food situation will only test the grit of the farmer and labourer. There is not an inhabitant of these islands, who has not a part to play in this mighty trial of strength. But Government ought to take immediate action to prevent the swarms of selfish and cowardly aliens from defeating the object in view. So long as these creatures have money they consider they have the right to buy and consume food freely. It is a serious danger.

The War

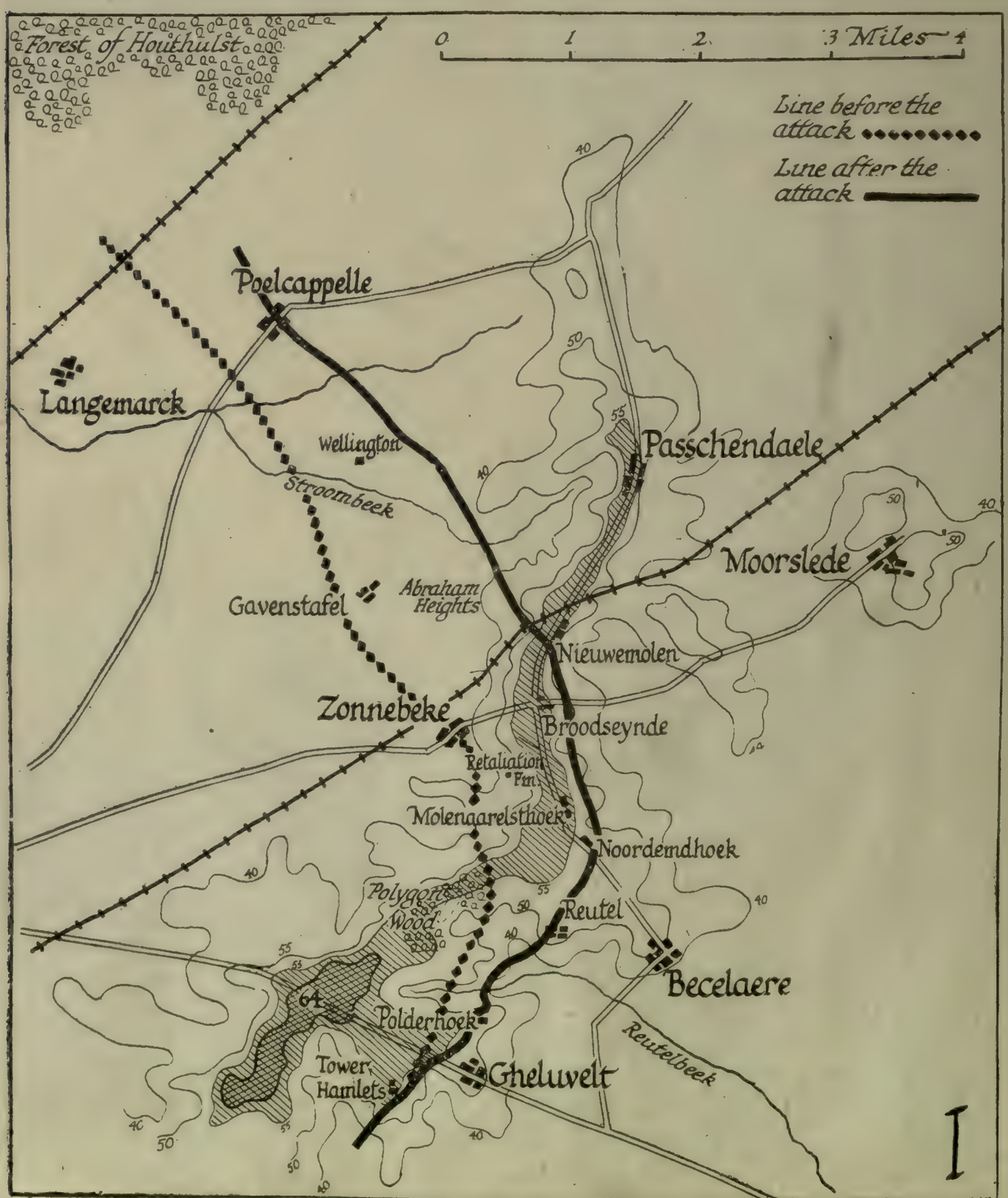
Haig's Third Blow

By Hilaire Belloc

ON Thursday last, October 4th, Sir Douglas Haig delivered the third of those successful blows, each with its strictly limited objectives, which are at once mastering the Passchendaele Ridges and wearing down the German forces opposed to them. Again we note the rapidity with which the preparation for the action was made. The first use of the new tactic was made upon September 26th. The interval between the first and the second blow was five days, and the interval between the second and the third seven. Such rapidity of preparation is a new thing in this war and is of very good augury for the future.

The line seized by the British forces at the end of the second blow, that delivered upon Wednesday, September 26th, and consolidated upon Thursday, September 27th, ran from well in front of Langemarck through the middle of the ruins of Zonnebeke, covered the Polygon Wood on the eastern boundaries of which the new British posts were established and further south crossed the Menin Road along the 55 metre contour, including the whole of the Tower Hamlets Ridge. That line, it will be remembered, corresponded roughly, at its southern end, to the old third German trench line, no longer held as a trench line, but organised in a string or rather chequer of blockhouses—organised waters and ruins.

As regards the Passchendaele Ridge, the seizing of which is the immediate object of these successive steps, what had already been accomplished was the complete capture of its southern pillar, the approach at Zonnebeke to a point about a thousand yards from the summit of the ridge (marked by



the Broodseynde cross roads), while between Passchendaele village itself and the British line at its nearest point there was a distance of rather more than 3,000 yards. This last action has changed the line as follows :

On the southern end, upon the Menin Road, the British line has got right down the further slope to the outskirts of the village of Gheluvelt. It has carried the whole of the bank in front of Zonnebeke, seized the ridge at the Broodseynde cross roads, and occupied the summit all along the Paaschendaele road to a point 1,000 yards up that road northwards and a little short of the passage of the Roulers Railway across the ridge near the hamlet of Nieuwemolen. Further north, the spur called the Abraham Heights by the British army, has been seized ; also the ruins of the hamlet of Gravenstafel and those of the village of Poelcappelle some two miles east of Langemarck. The general result is, first, the complete clearing of the southern pillar, the heights in front of Gheluvelt and the highest part of the ridge. The summits here were seized when the first blow was delivered a fortnight ago, and now the slopes on the far side are securely in British hands. In the centre the change is still more striking. There the Broodseynde Cross roads in the very centre of the ridge are held and passed, and from this point, though it is but 50 or 60 feet above the plain, one sees all Flanders. It is a clean view broken only by the isolated lump of Moorslede, which is of the same height as the Passchendaele Ridge and about two miles from its summit. The command of Broodseynde connotes direct observation of a sort which had not yet been seized since the present actions began, and which may be compared to that obtained when the Vimy Ridge was carried last spring. There now remains nothing save the northern edge of the ridge on which the ruins of Passchendaele are perched to be occupied. Meanwhile another feature in the advance which will not be missed is the serious increase of the salient now driven into the German positions. That salient cannot become much deeper without compelling the enemy to modify his line and that is, of course, the object of the whole movement. If or when British forces seize the whole ridge and the slopes upon the eastern side, the strong defensive position which the enemy has ultimately depended upon the whole of this autumn with the forest of Houthulst as its northern pillar and the heights of Gheluvelt as its southern one, will have gone. To what kind of retirement the enemy may later be compelled is a matter of conjecture save to those who have the advantage of seeing the photographs taken by aircraft behind the enemy's lines. The French Press has given us the mention of a new line which, it seems, is being prepared as far back as Roulers, but one has only to look at the map of Western Belgium as a whole to see the grave political and perhaps strategical importance of compelling a retirement here and to understand why the enemy has fought so very hard to maintain the heights, which he is gradually losing.

Importance of Lille

The great importance of Lille, both politically and strategically is now familiar to everyone. It is the necessary pivot upon which any further retirement to the south of that town must be conducted, and its long occupation has formed a political asset of the gravest sort. To the north Ostend and north of Ostend Zebrugge have a value to the enemy which only those can estimate who are acquainted with the maritime problem, which I do not pretend to understand. But it is universally granted that the possession of this strip of the Belgian coast is of special advantage to the enemy and a corresponding weakness to ourselves. Now if the salient in Flanders be much further advanced, if it is true that the line in the neighbourhood of Roulers is being prepared as the next defensive chain of positions, the position of Lille becomes difficult, and so does that of Ostend. We must not build too much upon a mere geographical consideration of this sort and, of course, the mere occupation of the ridge would not in itself provoke a retirement, it does not represent so pronounced a salient as all that. But even if the salient were pushed right on to the plain beyond, the war has taught us what extraordinary positions can be clung to by the modern defensive. On the older principles anyone would have said, for instance, that the breaking of the Austrian line on the mountain plateau north of Gorizia would have involved a general retirement to the south and perhaps even have uncovered Trieste. Under modern conditions nothing of the sort has happened. Half the plateau has been lost, but the line to the south stands as securely as though no such movement had taken place. What is perhaps of more importance is the very serious losses inflicted upon the enemy by this action. These losses were far graver than those of the two previous actions, and the cause of so exceptional a casualty list was the fact that the enemy was caught by the British advance in the act of preparing a great counter-attack.

Three German divisions had been concentrated during Wednesday night for a counter-attack to be delivered apparently a couple of hours after the moment for which the British advance was planned. There was here apparent the drawback to the new defensive tactic which the enemy has developed in the course of the late summer and autumn. The policy of holding the front line with as few men as possible, of depending upon isolated strong points, of organising the craters and abandoning the older trench system, saved both men and material whenever the immense superiority of the British artillery asserted itself. But it compelled the enemy to increase his depth and to mass both more slowly and further off for his counter-attacks. They lost by this in their power to surprise and correspondingly increased the power of their opponents to surprise, and such a surprise they suffered upon this Wednesday morning. Everyone of these three divisions or, at any rate, of their attacking troops crowded on the narrow front between the Reutelbeek and the neighbourhood of Zonnebeke was caught first by the British barrage and next by the advancing infantry. The German attack was planned for six o'clock. It was organised upon a two-mile front from near Zonnebeke to the southern limits of the Polygon Wood, and its three divisions were in their order from north to south the Fourth Guards Division, facing Zonnebeke ; south of this the 45th Reserve Division north of Polygon Wood, and (apparently) opposite Polygon Wood the 16th Division. The enemy put over a barrage at half-past 5 preparatory to his attack. The British barrage opened shortly after, completely disarranged his plans and the British troops were right in the midst of his concentration before the surprise was fully appreciated.

Details of the Attack

The British advance was so far as one can judge from the correspondents in the following order :

On the extreme left, north of Langemarck, Irish troops, Fusiliers, worked forward along the railway embankment through very bad marshy ground ; next to them on their right were troops from the Midlands, who also had difficulty with the ground, but none the less took and held the ruins of Poelcappelle. To the right or south of these again New Zealand troops carried Gravenstafel and the low spur called the Abraham Heights. Somewhere where the Midlanders and the New Zealanders touched there was a particularly difficult piece of marshy ground on either side of the Stroombeck and one of the points of resistance most remarked was the German machine gun position in the ruins of Wellington Farm. This was carried, however, and the line advanced as the sketch map shows, some hundred yards beyond. In the centre of the region of Zonnebeke and down to Polygon Wood where the German attack was to have been delivered, were the Australians, and to their right again, from Polygon Wood to the Menin Road, were English West Country troops and more Midlanders. But I am not clear whether there were not English troops also to the north of this with the Australians, for I note that one correspondent talks of English troops from the Midlands having carried Noordemhoek, having difficulty with the resistance the enemy put up at Retaliation Farm.

The German order of battle, apart from the three divisions just mentioned, who were to have taken part in the great attack, consisted, on the north of the Zonnebeke region and apparently opposite the New Zealanders, of the 20th Division recently brought West from the Russian front, and beyond them to the north again the 10th Ersatz. To the south, beyond Polygon Wood there was, on the German side, a curious situation. The German line here, up to the Menin Road, seems to have been held by the 19th Division of Reserve recently brought west from the Russian front. But apparently they were being relieved at the very moment of the battle by the 8th Division. There was consequently very great confusion ; prisoners from both divisions were taken freely and the units appear to have got hopelessly mixed.

But for the matter of that, confusion was the note of the enemy's line almost everywhere after the first shock, and particularly from Zonnebeke southwards where the German attack was to have been delivered had not the British forestalled it. The considerable concentration of men here, caught first by the barrage and then by the advancing infantry, accounting as we have seen for the very heavy losses and also for the complete disarrangement of the enemy's plans.

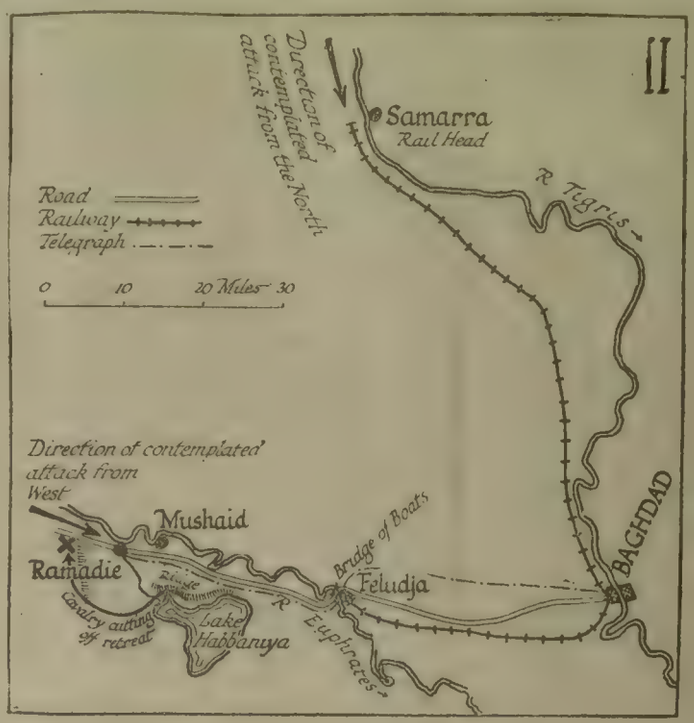
When the enemy re-acted, his main effort was made, as might have been expected, against the southern wing between the Polygon Wood and the Menin Road where he has always thrown in the greater part of his strength. There were no less than six counter-attacks in this region between three o'clock and dark on the afternoon of the first day's fighting, the Thursday, and another strong counter-attack on the morning of the Friday after very heavy shelling all night. The total result of this pressure exercised upon the British

troops was to compel the evacuation of the ruins of Polderhoek Chateau which the British had taken upon Thursday and the creation of a little dent or re-entrant along the course of the Reutelbeck. But beyond this there has been no modification of the line which has been everywhere held and consolidated. The enemy issued a curious, vague and short despatch after the action, one phrase in which should be retained. He said that the British had not reached their objectives which were "doubtless" distant. Stuff of that kind can hardly deceive the simplest newspaper readers within his own country and it is quite valueless for any other purpose. The character of the new tactics is now perfectly plain to everyone—repeated blows with limited objectives; and the two steps of Thursday's advance were exactly like those of the week before and the week before that, save that the success was secured at a greater expense to the enemy. As an example of what is meant by these limited objectives, a very good case is what happened north of the Broodseynde Cross Roads. The Australians here went along the Passchendaele Road as far as Nieuwmolen and beyond that point nearly to the railway, and then came back of their own accord to the objective assigned to them, which was only one thousand yards north of the Cross Roads.

The total number of prisoners taken in the action was close on four and a half thousand.

THE BATTLE OF RAMADIE

The further details received in London, describing Sir Stanley Maude's very complete success on the Euphrates, confirm and expand what was said here last week. Mr. Candler has sent a despatch dated on September 29th which describes how an advance camp was formed commanding the bridgehead on the western side of the Euphrates opposite Feludja. Two columns left this camp in the night of the 27th and attacked the Mushaid Ridge a little before daybreak, while at the same time the watercourse from Habbaniyah Lake to the river at Ramadie was crossed by an advanced body. The cavalry made an eight hour march round westward and at four o'clock on the Friday were on a line of hills at X on Map II., 5 miles west of Ramadie running perpendicular to the river. By this move the Turkish troops in Ramadie were completely cut off from their communications; their only chance was to try and break through, in which attempt they failed, the worst of their attacks taking place apparently in the night up to the dawn of Saturday against the cavalry holding the heights to the west. It was apparently in the course of the morning that the Turkish troops, thus enclosed everywhere between the British and the river, surrendered to the number



of 3,310 men and 145 officers with 13 guns and much other material. An interesting point in the account is the mention not only of railway material but "several miles of line." This suggests the completion of a railway up to Ramadie down the Euphrates valley of which the public has as yet heard nothing. But doubtless we shall have further information upon this point in the near future.

The Conditions of Victory—I

I PROPOSE in this and following articles to discuss the policy which consists in proposing hypothetical terms of peace, to show that this policy is necessarily favourable to the enemy and may be disastrous to ourselves. I propose further to show how it could be and should be replaced rather by an analysis of the conditions, not of peace, but of victory. For though the end of war is peace and certain conditions of peace are the sole political motive of any war, yet to parley before a decision in the field has been arrived at has always been, and must necessarily be, the policy of the party which is approaching defeat, and the refusal to parley is equally the mark of the party which is confident of victory.

First let us consider the character of the campaign which has been started for the discussion, not of the conditions of victory, but of terms of peace:

The German and Austrian Governments and those who sympathise with them in various degrees at home and abroad began, after the loss of their defensive power following the defeats of Verdun and the Trentino, to start a discussion upon the terms of peace. The German Press was given the hint; the Polish Jew Wittowski, who is the agent of the German Government in these matters and, through his brother, one of their principal links with international finance, was given the task of writing it up under his pseudonym Maximillian Harden; the agents of the Central Powers and their dupes in every belligerent capital started the discussion of the terms of peace as a sort of newspaper topic, planted it carefully, watered it assiduously and watched it grow.

If you want to study the phenomenon in detail you cannot do better than note what happened in the American Press, especially in that section of it which the French would call "The Intellectuals," and which the Americans themselves with characteristic humour calls "The Highbrows." Long before the United States entered the war those who write for these papers were in full blast upon "The Terms of Peace." I have already cited one of the most prominent of them called *The New Republic*, which also boasted the useful aid of men of the same kidney writing in this country. The tip that had been passed round was to blame the German Government for this or for that, even to say that such and such a policy or such and such an excess merited the interference of the United States, *but at the same time introducing three novel considerations in favour of the enemy, the familiarising of the public with which was the real motive of the whole manœuvre.*

Here are the three novel suggestions which were to do the work of the enemy, and which it was the business of his friends to turn into familiar commonplaces by perpetual repetition.

(1) The suggestion or rather the affirmation, that the German people were innocent of the war and its crimes, and suffered from the oppression of wicked rulers whom alone we were concerned to defeat.

(2) That the German armies were so strong, their rate of loss so slow, and the genius of their leaders so great that to defeat them in the field was impossible; or, at any rate, not possible without the ruin of Europe as a consequence;—yet (oddly enough!) that their inferiority was sufficiently marked to make it worth while for them to negotiate.

(3) That the words "Victory" or "Defeat" were the terms of loose thinkers being (what indeed they are) general terms, and that the practical and statesmanlike thing to do was to discuss in great detail with concrete instances exactly what political points were aimed at by the Allies. Such discussion these writers would undertake and, as we shall see later, invariably to the disadvantage of the Allies and to the advantage of their German friends.

No one who has watched the phenomenon as it has grown up during the last eighteen months can doubt either its origin or its nature. As is always the case with such movements, the great mass of those who support this one are dupes, but most of them are dupes whose minds were well prepared for acting the deplorable and sometimes treasonable part which they have been called upon to play. But behind the dupes and conducting the whole affair, there is a much smaller number of men who are the agents. In other words, things of this kind are not subconscious movements of opinion; they are organised policies to which modern conditions with their instantaneous communications and their rapid diffusion of suggestion through the Press particularly lend themselves.

As this last point is at once vital and will appear to many doubtful, I would like to dwell upon it for a moment and establish it. For many novel discussions—I should say by far

the greater part—are the spontaneous expression of opinion. They are no doubt canalised and used once they begin, but most of them spring, not from leaders, but from the crowd. The ways in which you can tell a movement which is not of this nature, but is engineered from its origin, the tests of its artificial character, are as follows:

It has no gradual process of development. It arises suddenly and exactly at the moment convenient to its authors. It throws out no branches naturally as spontaneous opinion does, but perpetually repeats set phrases which have been given it and is careful to limit itself to those phrases lest it should disobey orders. It exhibits with mechanical precision the sudden suppression of the older policy which it has succeeded.

Tests of Artificiality

Now by all these tests the discussion of "Terms of Peace" while the war is yet undecided is an engineered and artificial policy. It was not of slow growth; it began all over the world just at the moment when the last German offensives were defeated. It began just when the enemy's Higher Command knew that for the future it had to be entirely on the defensive, a thing, be it noted, which the Allied Higher Command could not know for some time, and which your journalist or politician could not guess at within a margin of error of some months. At the same time, the old policy, which was to talk of Germany as brutally attacked by wicked men and of her moral right to do what she did, was completely dropped. It was kept strictly for the home press and disappeared entirely from the press of neutrals and opponents. Further, throughout the whole movement from its origin, there has been that curious note of ceaseless repetition, unexpanding, undeveloping, mechanical, and depending upon fixed phrases, most of which can actually be traced to an origin in Berlin.

This apparently sincere and apparently reasonable discussion of "terms of peace" is one of the few clever things which the agents of Berlin have done since the Marne. Most of their actions have been foolish; the most remarkable examples of folly being their neglect in the use of cipher and the consequent discovery of their diplomatic movements. Their first policy, which ran from the defeat of the Marne to the beginning of the Somme, was also less able, for it consisted in saying things that no one could possibly believe, such as that the war had not been made by Germany, and that the desire for conquest was not in the Prussian nature. But this second policy is an able one, and if we do not look out it will succeed in defeating the Allies. It has very powerful forces on its side because it appeals in the most winning manner at the same time to fools and to knaves. The financiers who have no national interests and who naturally want an inconclusive peace (if only from the fact that their fortunes cover both sides and that a decisive victory would ruin one of those sides) are strong supporters of this discussion of terms of peace, and the great mass of unthinking men are attracted to it in all sorts of ways. It looks so innocent! However good a patriot you are there can be no harm in stating your terms. After all, all war is fought for political objects of some sort, and to fight without stating them is to fight in the dark. What we desire after the war is a stable peace and any constructive work towards it must be begun by way of definition before the war ends, etc., etc.

The briefest examination, not only of the dates which mark this new policy but of its character, will convince us that these plausible arguments do not represent its true motive at all. The motive is to save the Central Powers, and in particular the German Empire, from the punishment due to the crimes of this war, and to leave their strength intact for the future. In a word, the object of the whole affair is to save Prussia.

Look at the movement in some detail and you will discover how true this is. Let us take it point by point.

The first feature in the plan is to distinguish between the German people and their rulers. The thesis is that the German Empire is a country in which popular opinion does not exist, or if it exists is brutally suppressed, and that the great mass of men in that Empire are compelled unwillingly to wage war and even to commit atrocities in war by monsters who bear the names sometimes of "the Kaiser," sometimes of "the Junkers." Personally I prefer the English words the German Emperor and the Squires, but no matter. Side by side with this thesis you get the corollary that if the Germans were to throw off this heavy yoke and become something called "a democracy," we should no longer have any quarrel with them, and we could all settle down to a comfortable millennium.

Now the main thesis here can only hold water with those minds—unfortunately not uncommon in our modern civilisation—which accept a secondary impression such as printed words and reject a primary impression such as the evidence of their own senses. No one could travel in modern Germany for so much as a week-end without discovering the utter unreality of the idea that the German peoples are the unwilling slaves of an unpopular tyranny. It is the wildest nonsense. The Prussianised German Empire is the most homogeneous State in the world. It likes its form of Government; its form of Government suits it, and even where there is criticism it is essentially "the criticism of the household." There is no shadow of real opposition to or real dislike of what is an essentially national and to them satisfactory form of government. The Federal Constitution, the large local autonomy, the long established hereditary families, and the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns at the head—every part of the organism is thoroughly popular and strongly supported by the people. We may, and it is to be hoped that we shall, destroy this organisation precisely because it *is* strong. Its strength has very nearly meant the undoing of Europe. But to say that in destroying it we are giving back freedom of national expression to the Germans is a falsehood. They have never had so high a power of self-expression nor have been so truly themselves as in the present war.

Take the corresponding statement that the mass of the German forces did evil only under orders and not through a spirit pervading the whole people. It is equally a monstrous figment of special pleaders who wished to save that people from what they now see to be an approaching punishment. Of all the myriad testimonials carefully sifted and docketed by the French and English authorities for use at the conclusion of the war, there is hardly a trace of reluctance; there are innumerable examples of satisfaction and delight. From the first massacre of civilians upon the very frontier of Belgium, through the butchery of innocent people in Louvain, in Liege, in Dinant and in fifty other places more obscure, up to the latest murder by sea, the last wanton shelling of men in open boats, the tale is always the same. The German soldiery act thus because it is the national conception of war. They are applauded for acting thus by their civilian population between whom and them there is no distinction at all; they will act thus whenever they have the power so to act in the future; it seems to them the most natural thing in the world. The bestial acts of defilement which marked the whole advance up to the Marne, were the jests not only of the officers but of the private soldiers of the German Army. You will look in vain even at the worst cases for any sign of reluctance. The man whose sport it was to shoot at the drowning women in Sermaize was not a man acting under orders; he was a German private, acting as innumerable other German privates have acted before him and were to act after him. The man who methodically shot off the lock of the tabernacle in Gerbeviller Church in order to steal the sacred vessels was not acting under any orders; he was out for looting an altar; he was doing what he had always understood was the proper thing to do in war. One can know nothing at all of human nature if one believes that vileness of this kind is cured by the signature of the perpetrator to a bit of paper or by his mere promise to amend. It is cured by punishment, and if the punishment cannot be inflicted it is not cured at all. If it is not cured there is no future for Europe.

Democratic Prussianism

The corollary to this strange doctrine of a charming but oppressed German people whom we are to set free to follow their kindly instincts is equally false. That corollary pretends that something called "Democracy" being established in Germany, the men who have committed these crimes and delighted in them will suddenly change and establish a millennium of peace.

It is remarkable that no definition of Democracy ever follows this repeated statement. Sometimes, indeed, one of the more naif of the pleaders for Germany tells us that it means a Parliamentary system of Government! That can hardly be considered seriously. No one can say seriously after the experience of the Parliamentary countries that government by the professional politician and the Caucus is more popular or more represents the direct action of the people than do the present institutions of the German Empire. If what people mean by the use of this word "Democracy" is the spreading of the democratic spirit in general—a spirit which is not at all native to this country but which is that of a majority in France, and certainly of nearly everyone in the Colonies and the United States—all one can say is that such a term has no relation to the present war. England is fighting a people which deliberately challenged Europe in the hope of an easy conquest and proceeded to degrade war to indiscriminate murder—accompanied by every other abomination they could invent for spreading terror or satisfying their appetites. What can it possibly matter whether such an enemy profess this or that system of Government?

But even if it did: even if you hold democracy to be a

religion, how can you conceive its sudden acceptance by the Germans? In what way is such a spirit to be proved? What act upon the part of the German people will be the outward sign of such an enormous revolution? And even if by a miracle, the like of which has never been known in the history of the world, a race with a certain character developed through hundreds of years were to adopt a character wholly foreign to it in a few weeks, why on earth should that guarantee us either a permanent peace or a justly organised Europe? If anyone says that democracies do not make wars or do not commit evils he is talking nonsense. Democracy is sought as an act of justice. The argument for it is that it gives freedom to the will and that such freedom is a civic right. It is not sought as a spiritual salvation. No one would be so mad as to say that it made the will holy. The whole point of evil is the freedom of the evil agent, and a society which has adopted the democratic theory, that is, which acts by the expressed will of the whole community, may perfectly well use that will for oppression or for rapine, as it may use it for the opposites of these evil things. Democracy is only one of many theories of government: democracies have in the past, and will in the future, commit monstrous acts, and there is no one, however attached to the theory of democracy, who has been so foolish as to pretend that it destroyed man's propensity to evil. Those who quote Rousseau in this connection cannot, I think, have read that great writer or have read him in some very faulty translation. At the very outset of the "Social Contract," which is the strongest exposition of democratic theory in existence, its author remarks that such a government is far too good for men.

The plain truth in the matter is this. There is a State in Europe, the citizens of which have for long manifested a will, which will, in its effect is, by all European standards of morality and tradition, extremely evil. It has been, unfortunately, so tolerated as to become very strong, and to command a great body of Allies. It has challenged the civilization of Europe feeling certain of victory. It has failed to achieve that victory. Its maifestation during the struggle has been one of increasing evil, one atrocity added to another as the war continued. The peril of such a will amongst us must be exorcised if we are to live, and the only conceivable way of exorcising it is to break that will by defeating the armed force which is its only weapon. Short of that, this evil survives, and its evil, though it may seem to us to have reached already the very limits of wrong doing, will increase to our destruction. If we do not break it, the future will be all war, domestic and foreign, and a war without conventions, without restraint, degenerated, I repeat, into a doctrine of indiscriminate murder. No man can honestly say that four years ago he would have thought the massacre of civilians in open towns, the sinking of hospital ships, the deliberate destruction of the greatest monuments of the past, possible. Such things were not in our conception at all in the year 1913. Because we are familiar with them in the year 1917 is no reason for yielding to such an abominable new code. The very fact that we are to-day horribly familiar with them is a direct argument for rooting them out and making them impossible in the future.

I would seriously ask those who still use the arguments I am condemning, to consider a parallel with which they are well acquainted, but which they never seem to consider. How do they act against evils which directly affect their own skins? When an individual arms himself with a bludgeon, knocks down a passer by on a dark night, and goes through his pockets, how does your Pacifist and pro-German deal with that individual? Does he content himself with a promise that the action shall not be repeated? Does he argue that such things have always been and always will be, and are but a necessary inconvenience which reasonable men should tolerate? He does nothing of the sort. The forces of society are put to work to seize the individual in question and he is severely punished. He is put to such great pain as will, it is hoped, drive out of him the desire to repeat his offence and act as a warning to others who might wish to imitate him. If we did not do this to the foot-pad, if we contented ourselves with the sort of reasoning applied to the German Empire to-day by those who would save it from the consequences of its acts, there would be such an outbreak of violence as would break up society.

The parallel is exact, though the case of the chance burglar or garrotter with whom your theorist is in practice so severe, is infinitely less important than the case of a whole State organised among us for plunder and for killing. The threat to humanity which the private criminal represents is nothing compared with the threat represented by a whole society deliberately provoking such a war as this, and conducting it by such methods as these; methods, be it remembered, which the German people heartily applaud. H. BELLOC

(To be continued).

The next issue of "Land & Water" will contain a most important article by Mr. Arthur Pollen, who is lecturing in America.

He reviews the past administration of the Admiralty and makes a valuable suggestion for securing the future possible co-operation of the American Navy.

Kerenski and Korniloff

By M. A. Czaplicka

ALTHOUGH the near future may bring still more drastic changes in the home government of Russia, and although it is not too much to suppose that the most extreme group may rise to the crest of the wave that will perhaps sweep over large tracts of Eastern Europe—it is in the Kerenski-Korniloff episode that the most important national and historical problem of the Russian Empire is embodied. The meaning of this conflict cannot be studied too closely, for it will teach the Western world that the revolution in Russia ought not to be viewed merely from the standpoint of the French Revolution. Possibly it will also help to make clear how much more can be expected from Russia during the war and what are the questions that may arise for her when peace terms are discussed.

Ignoring the necessity for deeper study, which would lead to a better understanding of the situation, people hastily divided public opinion in Russia into two categories—more or less revolutionary, and more or less reactionary—and watched anxiously to see which of the supposed parties would be ready to stand the more steadily by the Allies' war programme. And, since it is human to make abstract ideas more concrete by associating them with personalities, it was at first understood that all the revolutionaries might be placed behind Kerenski, and behind Korniloff all those who represented reaction in sympathy with the old regime. These two names seem to embody, as it were, the formulæ of the two opposing programmes.

But then some doubts were expressed at the propriety of such a division, and various questions arose in the Western mind, as, for instance:

> 'Have not the old reactionaries in Russia been faithful to the Allies?"
>
> "Is it right to welcome a revolution, which, as its most direct result, brings chaos and military retreat?"
>
> "Was the Revolution brought about by the people who wanted a more vigorous prosecution of the war, or by those who, like the Bolsheviki, desire the end of the war at any price?"

Of course, in asking these questions Western Europe overlooks the characteristic mentality of its Eastern Slavonic allies. Although the reasoning faculty is so well developed among them that their tendency to probe into the soul for motives has become proverbial, yet in the Near East all this takes place *after* the act, while the act itself is the result of impulse alone; this very important truth it is which is so often left out of account.

Neither before nor after the Revolution could a definite line be drawn between a reactionary party and a revolutionary party in Russia, nor could Russia's attitude towards her Western Allies be measured by her *credo* in home politics. But at all times both honest and dishonest groups have been found within her, and it is not far from the truth to say that if the old regime had included a greater number belonging to the former type, it could not have been so easily overthrown. It is not so much the form of Government as its corruption that makes the people distrustful of their old masters—a fact that has often happened before.

From such a point of view the Kerenski-Korniloff question might perhaps be better named the "honest-supporters-of-the-old-regime and honest-supporters-of-the-new-regime question." But this also would be misleading, since many of the followers of Korniloff were quite honest supporters of the new regime, who, however, with their anxious cry for order at any price, did not realise that it is futile to pour oil upon a troubled sea while the storm is at its height.

A study of the personalities of the two leaders in the conflict has quite dispelled any illusion that they were acting from personal ambition, or were supporting a programme not in

accordance with the welfare of their country and of Europe. And the fact that one of the leaders is military by birth and training does not necessarily imply that to him the idea of order is nearer and dearer than it is to his opponent, whose legal training and traditional party education were not less indispensable in coping with the situation. Only in method, people thought, was there difference between them. Whereas Korniloff wished to introduce at the Front the discipline which he hoped would afterwards penetrate into the heart of the country, Kerenski believed in first restoring peace at the heart of the country, and thus *ipso facto* restoring the health of the army. Since this was apparently the only difference between the two programmes, people longed for a coalition of these two striking and powerful personalities. So after examining the question sufficiently to prevent them from condemning either one of the leaders, anxious voices were raised asking: "Why not combine the efforts of these two protagonists? Why not have Kerenski at home and Korniloff in the firing line?"

Foredoomed to Failure

It is the main object of this article to put before the reader some possible explanation as to why, even though the two leaders had done everything in their power to avoid conflict, such a combination was foredoomed to failure.

Not in the political difference between Kerenski and Korniloff do we find the main clue. It is true that to a distant observer, the most striking facts are, that before the revolution the one leader was an army potentate and the other the most progressive member of the Duma, and that behind the name of the one, dishonest reactionaries might have hidden themselves, just as dishonest extremists might be lurking behind the other. This does not imply that either of them would refuse to subscribe to the motto of freedom for Russia and freedom for Europe.

However, if not in politics alone, the clue may be sought in those realms where changes are less rapid and differences are more profound and weighty than they are in party strife and distinctions. If we substitute for the name of Kerenski that of the class whose product he is—namely the *Intelligentzia*, and for the name of Korniloff, the term given to the hyper-product of age-long Russian militarism—the *present Cossack class*—then, and then only, will the problem stand clear before our eyes.

The Socialists and other working men, the Trudoviks and other peasant parties, followed Kerenski, and many of them even made him their mouth-piece, merely because they recognised him as one of the Intelligentzia, from whom a protest would come better than from one of themselves. Korniloff was followed by representatives of the regular army and various other institutions, because they recognised in him the essentially military spirit and because they thought that nothing, for the moment, could so effectually restore order as the old military method. Thus in the inmost mind of the two groups there were the two essential ideas which had always clashed one with another from the very beginning of the Russian State: extreme individualism and extreme collectivism. Extreme individualism is at once the vice and the virtue of the Intelligentzia.

As to the meaning of this term, it is almost unnecessary to explain it further, in view of the great number of books on the subject which have appeared in this country during the war. Practically all modern Russian literature, art, science and music is the product of the mind of this class. Men and women of the aristocracy and men and women of the peasant class belong to it only when they cease essentially to belong to their own class and become merged in the Intelligentzia. The term *bourgeoisie* has now been applied to them by Extreme Socialists—the name by which formerly only the aristocracy and bureaucracy were known. But this is an abuse of the term which will rectify itself fairly soon.

The Intelligentzia did not make the conquest of the territories which form modern Russia, nor do they directly rule the country, but, as is now well known, they are the makers of what is called Russian culture, and they have a power of assimilation unknown in other classes in Russia. Nowhere else do the representatives of various Eastern and Western nationalities, including Jews and Caucasians, mix so successfully, hence they are nowhere less Slavonic or more "modern Russian." So far they cannot be accused of having been pan-Russian, as were most of the members of the old regime, nor have they run after Great Russia supremacy, an idea still cherished by many among the military party.

But however peculiar to Russia the class of the Intelligentzia may be, the meaning of the term is better understood in this country than is the real meaning of the term Cossack. And, indeed, without reference to history, and an analysis of the existing groups of Cossacks, it is difficult to realise that a person so called may be a Tungus of pure blood or a Buriat of Transbaikalia, or a Ukrainian patriot, or simply a Russian peasant born and bred to a military life.

Who are the Cossacks really? To what race and nation do they belong? What are the distinctions between the Cossacks and the soldiers of the regular army, or the ordinary Russian citizens? Was it merely an accident that Korniloff's venture was supported by the bulk of the Cossacks? Why were the Don Cossacks heard of in this connection more than any one of the other eleven divisions of the Cossacks of Russia?

To answer all these questions it is necessary to bear in mind that the Cossacks at three different periods in their history stood for three different principles. These three stages correspond to the following periods of time:

(1) The end of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth, and a great part of the seventeenth centuries;
(2) The eighteenth and the first thirty years of the nineteenth centuries;
(3) The present day.

The name Cossack is undoubtedly of Turko-Tartar origin, and is strongly reminiscent of the almost identical word Kaizak-Kirghis, the name of the powerful tribe of Russian Central Asia. Freely translated, this term is usually rendered by "free man," "man free as the steppe bird," etc., the idea of personal freedom lying at the foundation of the original Cossack community. It is often supposed that the original Kaizak tribe was a conglomeration of rebels and refugees from various Turkish tribes whose strict organisation was resented by some of their members. The origin of the European Cossacks is accounted for in a similar manner. The story that they played the rôle of Eastern Crusaders who united to defend the Christian countries of Muscovy, Lithuania, Poland, and Roumania against the Tartar hordes, is one of those beautiful legends which are unsupported by history. As a matter of fact, the very reason for the formation of their community was the wish for a rupture with the countries from which they came, that is from Great Russia, Poland, probably Roumania and others.

These rebels may have had various reasons for their discontent. The introduction of a more rigorous serfdom is usually assigned as one of these causes, but the new economic condition of the modernised States was probably a more important factor. It would seem that the whole of the first Cossack movement was a protest against the complex State organisation and the industrial development that came to the East from the West. And indeed, we find that the Cossack national community returned to more or less nomadic conditions, with hunting, cattle-breeding and trading as its sole occupations. The Cossacks were for a long time strongly opposed to agriculture. It was not till later that their offensive and defensive warfare with the Turks forced them to adopt a military regime. In any case, it appears to be true of the forbears of the Cossacks that class distinctions did not exist, and that they felt themselves to be nationally independent of their original homes. South-eastern Europe between the Dnieper, the Don, and the Lower Volga, depopulated and devastated by the Tartar invaders, provided them with a natural and favourable retreat.

First Cossack Movement

It is difficult to form an accurate idea as to their exact racial composition, but since the Cossacks settled in Little Russian territory, and since the natives of this territory shared the ill-feelings of the Cossacks towards the States of Moscow and Poland-Lithuania, it is fairly certain that admixture with the Little Russian strengthened the national feeling of the Cossacks. Little Russian blood and the Little Russian language would therefore predominate, while fusion with the Asiatics must have been very slight, though in dress and mode of warfare the Cossacks imitated their Turkish foe.

The oldest and most military divisions of the Cossacks were the Western Ukrainians, Zaporozhians or Syech, who lived along the River Dnieper, and the old Don Cossack community settled on the River Don. The Don community, in contradistinction to the military organisation of the Ukrainians, has had the family group organisation, but both were very democratic. At the same time they were very obedient to their chiefs, and the concomitants of progress, such as agriculture, modern weapons and modern warfare, have found access to them very slowly.

All the other old Cossack societies were secessions from these two main groups. The relations of the Ukrainian Cossacks with Poland and of the Don Cossacks with Moscow were very strained, yet these States by their influence, more or less diplomatically exercised, did introduce some changes into Cossack societies during the seventeenth century. Among these changes the most obvious was the introduction of class distinctions. The classes were: *starshiny*, elders; *domovityie*.

old families of rich Cossacks: and *holytba*, poor people. And they were in constant strife one with another at the time when the clash between the Cossacks and their neighbouring States brought about the long wars and the loss of Cossack independence. The attempt of the Polish King Batory, and others, to make of the Ukrainian Cossacks a kind of border militia for the Polish lands, thus assimilating them to the Polish State, came to nothing, and led to the Cossack risings under Nalivaiko, Kosinski and Chmielnicki.

United with the Tartars and with Moscow, the Cossacks proved unconquerable, as far as the Poles were concerned, yet the wars left the Ukrainian Cossacks so weak that it was possible for Russia later on to put an end to their free national existence. The Don, and the closely connected Yaik Cossack communities gave at all times a refuge to the rebellious refugees from Moscow, just as the Ukraine was the abode of rebellious Poles. The revolts known in the history of Russia as the rising of Razin in 1667, the emigration of Raskolniki in 1667, and finally the Pugachoff rising in 1773, had all the support of the Cossacks. The end of the seventeenth century and the first years of the eighteenth century saw the close of the Cossack national existence.

Ideal of Independence

Through partitions, deportations, renaming, and change of internal government, the Russian Government, while leaving some of the old administrative forms, tried to substitute Russian imperialistic aims for the Cossack ideal of national independence. The people were divided into units now called *voiska* (brigades, regiments). Meanwhile, while the old Cossack communities were reorganised, new Cossack *voiska* were started on the reformed method, the latter not having any of the traditions of the old Cossacks. The new and the old Cossacks were then mixed, so that together they might form merely a military caste, distinct from the regular army, richly endowed with lands and privileges, and distinguished from other citizens by their special internal organisation, and their dependence on the authority of the Ministry of War alone. The principle of compulsory military service, introduced into Russia in 1874, was most strictly observed by these Cossacks, whose whole training made them a formidable mechanism, not only in wars abroad, but also as supporters of Tsardom. Communities (or, strictly speaking, regiments), belong to all the Cossacks of Asiatic Russia, namely, the Siberian, Transbaikal, Semirechian, Amurian, and Ussuriisk Cossacks. It was specially in the gradual conquest and subjection of Asiatic Russia that the qualities of the Cossack regiments proved most valuable. So much for the eighteenth century in the life of the Cossacks.

The third epoch of Cossack history is covered by the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, to be exact until the present Revolution. The opening of the year 1910 finds a Cossack population of some eleven millions of both sexes, in the eleven Cossack territories, where all adult males are obliged to perform military service for eighteen years. The largest groups are the Don and the Kuban *voiska*. As the Cossacks form a community within a community, they have less contact with other parts of the population than a regular army would have. It is true that within a Cossack *stanitsa*, which is composed of *khutory*, or villages, there may be some non-Cossack inhabitants, but only with a special permit from the authorities of the *stanitsa* The distinction between gentlemen (officers) and ordinary men (privates), is observed in all Cossack *stanitsy*. Meanwhile, although the amount of land in possession of the Cossacks is something like 30 *dessiatine* (about 81 acres) per head in European Russia, and between 30 and 50 *dessiatine* (81 to 135 acres) in Asiatic Russia, only a small part of it is under cultivation. The military duties, and the preference shown for trade and similar occupations, are no doubt sufficient to explain why only 9 per cent. of Cossack land in Asiatic Russia was under cultivation in 1910.

The racial composition of the present Cossacks can be only roughly defined: there is probably as much Asiatic blood in them as there is Caucasian, Jewish, and West European blood in the class of Intelligentzia. The Trans-Baikal Cossacks are largely composed of Tungus and Buriat, the Don Cossacks of Kilmücks, the Orenburg and Ural Cossacks of Turks, Mordvines, etc. The most purely Slavonic, however, are still the Don Cossacks. The Upper Don Cossacks, who are fair and heavily built, speak Great Russian, while the Lower Don Cossacks, who are dark and slight, speak Little Russian. As for religion, the greater part of them profess Russian Orthodoxy, but the Raskolniki, Yedinoviertsy, and other Russian sects find many adherents among them, as also do Mohammedanism (over half a million) and Shamanism.

Thus apparently uniform and consolidated were the territories whose male population formed an army within the Russian Army at the beginning of the present war. We heard much about their war-like attitude, about their women joining the army alongside of the men, and as the war progressed the Cossack rose to the position of chief hero of the Russian Army. It was perhaps not realised that the Government's masterful reorganisation in the eighteenth century did not really sweep away all the previous history of the Cossacks, and that the members of the Don Cossack community, broken up in 1733 and transported far away, one part to the basin of the Volga, the other to form the Astrakhan Cossack *voiska*, have carried to these new lands some of their old national feelings, while those remnants in their own territory of the River Don, cultivated these feelings with still greater fervour.

Again the Ukrainian Cossacks were still more broken up; in 1787 one part was given the name of "Black Sea Cossacks," and was transported along the river Kuban, while another part was taken to Bielgorod and called *Slobodskie* Cossacks. Yet they, too, have managed to cultivate and spread their feeling of national separation among the Little Russians. The recent manifestation of this separation took the Russian and Polish politicians by surprise, though it was apparent long before to the Prussian and Austrian diplomats. Since the Provisional Government, bowing to military necessity, granted autonomy to the Ukrainians, is it astonishing to find an echo of these events among the Don Cossacks? (Here we must assume for a moment the truth of the report of the rising of the Don Cossacks and their Hetman Kaledin, received here early in the history of the Kerenski-Korniloff conflict.) We need not attribute to General Korniloff any special rôle in the movement among these Cossacks, whom we may call Cossacks "with a history" [to distinguish them from the modern Cossack regiments], but nevertheless he is a symbol of them, just as Kerenski is a symbol of the Intelligentzia.

We see then that with regard to the Cossack part of Russia, the artificial intermingling of people "with history" and people "without history," did not result in obtaining the present Cossack *voiska*. Much of the effort of the old regime was indeed directed towards obtaining such a result; despotic rule, military organisation and special privileges and endowment being the method applied. And even in this case the Ukrainian and Don Cossack have not ceased to remember their ancient past.

If we consider, however, that the other classes of Russia, for example, the peasants and the Intelligentzia, have a different social and cultural composition and an entirely different history, we do not need to be very profound psychologists to see that the methods and principles which the modern Cossacks inherited from the old regime could never have been applied successfully to bring about the unification of the majority of the Russian people, in spite of the present great historical crisis.

A remarkable letter appeared on October 1st in the *Rheinisch-Westfäliche Zeitung*, the organ of Krupps, signed "A Hamburg Merchant." Herr Ballin might well have been the writer. The following are extfacts:

The outcome of the Scheidemann-Erzberger recipe for peace may be summed up in the words "Renunciation of victory." What this would mean for our economic life is hardly understood. It means neither more nor less than that we are prepared practically to abandon the economic fight with our enemies, or more properly speaking, with England, and to resign ourselves to England's remaining in possession of the immense advantages which she has gained throughout the world. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that England has, on the whole, realised her war aims, and our brilliant military position should not blind us to the fact that our economic world-position is getting worse. Before the war our position as a world-power was based on our economic activity in all parts of the world, our world-commerce, our colonies, and our shipping. England's war aim was the destruction of our world-position, and in this she has succeeded as none would have thought possible. Our shipping and world commerce are ruined, and it will need years of industrious toil to build up our old position again.

During the last three years England has been able to maintain the success of her early attacks on our shipping and colonies, to saddle us continually with fresh enemies, to set herself up everywhere in our place and to rob us of the foundation for rebuilding our foreign trade by the liquidation of thousands of German firms abroad. The cruellest blow was the adhesion of China and a large part of South America to the Entente. There is no possibility of our overseas trade taking up its former activity after the conclusion of peace nor of entering into the old relations. Practically no foundations for the latter exist any longer, while the enemy has taken our place in some cases in such a way that he cannot be removed from it. The German merchant who goes out into the world after peace will find everywhere ruins and a spirit of hostility. . . . .

Only England's complete defeat can force her to give up her plans and give our foreign trade free access to all parts of the world, including her colonies and spheres of influence. Only then will the other Allies and neutrals allow German traders of all sorts equal rights in their countries. . . . We must hold out till our incomparable U-boats have beaten England to her knees.

The Great Fire at Salonika

By H. Collinson Owen (Editor of *The Balkan News*).

FOR all those who have had to make Salonika and its region their home for a considerable period during the war, time and things will now always be marked by one great division—before the Great Fire and after. It has cut clean across our lives, and in many ways upset them considerably. It is, at the time of writing, an impossible thing to order a cup of tea in Salonika. There is not a single hotel or café.

Conflagrations which lick up a square mile of a city within a very few hours, are after all not everyday occurrences, and it is a curious feeling to walk through what were once well-known streets and to find on every hand only a crumbled pile of rubbish, with here and there a heap still smouldering a fortnight or more after the outbreak. It is depressing to stumble along a street of fallen bricks and look at the ragged outline of what was once one's own flat at the top of (for Salonika) a noble building. It is melancholy to stumble a little further, mount a crumbling staircase and gaze into the unsightly ruins of what was once one's own club, and reflect that in that corner stood a table where for hundreds of nights all sorts of parties gathered over dinner and told stories of the Great War as they had seen it in almost every quarter of the world. And by the time the ruins of the Post Office, one's own particular Bank (fortunately solvent in spite of the disaster) and one's favourite café have been inspected—well, it is pardonable to feel that the bottom has been knocked out of existence, and that Salonika before the fire, with all its defects, was a paradise compared with Salonika after the fire.

It was an extraordinary scene while it lasted. San Francisco had its fire after the earthquake, and so did Valparaiso, but I doubt if anybody living has seen a more striking blaze than did we who were present at the destruction of old Salonika. This ancient battered city has in its soul a sort of itch for catastrophe. It is never happy unless it is throwing off another chapter of history. Plagues, massacres, attacks by barbarians and fires, with now and again an earthquake, have been its portion. The Young Turks began their revolution here (Talaat Pasha, by the way, was a Post Office clerk in Salonika).

Only five years ago there was a pitched battle between the Bulgarians and the Greeks in the centre of the town, and the bullet-pitted minaret of St. Sophia, which was the centre of that particular disturbance, now looks down on an area of wholesale destruction. A few days later King George of Greece was assassinated as he walked along the main street of his new city. Salonika becomes one of the storm-centres of the Great War, and the armies of all the Allies send their divisions here. And now we have our fire. If there ever was a city marked down for an unquiet life it is Salonika. It is not worth while wondering what will happen next.

All the same for a few days after the fiercest of the blaze had died down, an unwonted peace brooded over the place. Normally, the most damnably noisy of cities—with its rattling springless carts on cobbled streets, its scolding donkey boys, the rasp and screech of iron shop-fronts being pulled up and down (the most dreadful noise on earth this), and countless other nerve-racking sounds—it became a town of uncanny calm and quiet, where the footfall of the passer-by could be heard. To this succeeded a period when loud explosions startled us a dozen times a day, and half-bricks or whole ones came rattling over from the places where the engineers were blowing down dangerous shells of gutted buildings—precarious structures which, with the natural perversity of things, refused to topple down save after repeated heavy charges, although previously they seemed ready to collapse at the slightest vibration. Just when one had accepted the idea of being one of the few living things in the stricken city, the soul of Salonika began to stir amid its dust and ashes.

In a week the trams were running again along the calcined front; the graceful *caiques*, which beat a hurried retreat from the harbour wall on the night of the fire came flocking back with all sorts of food (including luscious melons) from the islands; little open-air markets sprang up; here and there shops discovered miraculously intact amid the ruins, prized open their warped iron shutters and began business again. The one cinema left standing announced a forthcoming performance for the benefit of the *sinistres*, and in short, Salonika made some sort of effort to show that in spite of disaster, it was not too downhearted.

For my own part, I have long since ceased to feel it strange to look out of one of the miraculously saved buildings on an acre or so of rubble with rows of skeleton windows, and melted, twisted girders hanging down in festoons like lianas in a tropical forest. Below coughs and spits the exhaust of a petrol engine installed by the British Army, so that it may have at least a one-page daily journal in spite of the stocks of paper that went to swell the great bonfire. It was not easy at first producing even this newspaper, but it is well to have plenty to do when you are working in a sort of graveyard where the persistent dust comes creeping through the windows all day long, and there is no water either for washing or drinking. Doubtless this business of being constantly occupied has prevented one from realising to the full extent how completely the fire has changed one's existence; and it has also dimmed to some extent the memory of that extraordinary day when the fire that started high up in the Jewish quarter, swept down stage by stage until it reached the water's edge and pushed a large proportion of the population into the sea—or, at any rate, on to the lighters of the British Navy.

Strange Eviction Scenes

Between 5 and 7 in the afternoon I was watching one of the strangest eviction scenes of all time, as street after street of crowded Jewish houses, tenements, courts and hovels were licked up and patriarchal Jews by the hundred with fezzes and white beards and a local sort of gaberdine costume known as the *intari*, rushed about actively in spite of the skirts that clung round their slippered feet. It was an amazing and a sad scene—wailing families huddled together, the crash of falling houses as the flames tore along, swept by the strong hot wind known as the *vardar*; a slow moving mass of pack-donkeys, loaded native carts, *hamals* carrying enormous burdens on their bent backs; Greek boy scouts (who seemed to be doing excellent work), soldiers of all nations; ancient wooden fire engines that creaked pathetically as they spat out ineffectual trickles of water; family groups carrying beds (hundreds and hundreds of flock and feather beds), wardrobes, large mirrors, sewing machines (every family clung to its sewing machine) and a general indescribable collection of ponderous rubbish.

The evacuation of each street came in a panic rush as its inhabitants realised that their homes also were doomed. All the way down the hill the narrow streets were littered with these pathetic objects, broken or cast aside in the gathering rush. By 9 p.m. the more modern and commercial quarter, with its many well-built shops, warehouses and hotels, was attacked. Here merchandise of all descriptions took the place of the household gods of the houses up the hill, but it was the same story—very little that was dumped into the street could be carted away. Merchants who had scoffed at the idea of the fire invading their quarter now dashed about in panic, imploring transport that was not to be had. So, as the short hours passed, practically the whole of the central portion of the city was ablaze—the sea a red glare as it reflected the furnace of the mile-long front; ships pushing hurriedly away from the sea wall, with one caique blazing; and thousands of refugees crowded on the port—black pigmies against a titanic crimson background.

At some moment late in the evening a great change occurred. The British Army, which up to then had belonged strictly to the British Army, suddenly, in a twinkling, became everyone's property, and from apparently nowhere hundreds of great lorries appeared. Soon they were packed with families and what was left to them of furniture, and went off, came back again, and repeated the work a dozen times. Tommy was at his best, and in spite of the smoke and glare and noise and the spectacle—apparently—of the universe burning, there was order and method once the problem of getting the people away was tackled. In the midst of it all I remember buying a 2d. slice of melon at the corner of the English Quay and thinking it was one of the best things I had ever tasted. The melon vendor, as he sliced up his fruit, seemed to regard catastrophes as excellent things.

By four in the morning the spectacle of a big hotel being destroyed in a quarter of an hour or so was commonplace. The sight later of calcined Salonika, once the first rush of the fire was spent, seemed quite natural after the blaze we had seen. By now we who still work in the middle of it regard a ruined city as more or less a normal thing. The Greek Press has said some extremely flattering, even fulsome things about the work of the British soldiers during and after the fire.

Now has come a contest of wills as to the future rebuilding of Salonika. And when modern Greek meets ancient and unchanging Israelite, you may look out for the tug-of-war.

Life and Letters

Mrs. Meynell

By J. C. Squire

MRS. MEYNELL'S *A Father of Women, and other Poems* (Burns and Oates, 2s. net), is a small paper-covered book. It contains sixteen poems, ten of which appeared nearly two years ago in a privately issued volume. Several of these poems are, not unexpectedly, topical. And he who knows Mrs. Meynell's work will know that no topical poem of hers, even if unsuccessful (which these are not), could fail to afford a plain demonstration of one of her greatest qualities, namely, her habit of thinking for herself and avoiding (to use her own phrase) "the facile literary opportunity." She writes, for example, on the Shakespeare Tercentenary. So did ten thousand other poets. They boxed the compass of the obvious, as to the manner born—which, indeed, most of them were. They told Shakespeare, *ad nauseam*, that he was the Swan of Avon (a term which should by now be reserved as a designation for public-houses) and they told us, with monotonous iteration, that he was Britain's greatest glory; that he was the common property of the English-speaking peoples; and that, take him for all in all, we should not look upon his like again. Only two writers—Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Meynell—broke silence merely because they had something to say. These were thinking about Shakespeare before they wrote. And Mrs. Meynell's reflections on the fact that she had lived through the tercentenaries of Shakespeare's birth and death, and might, with such a length of days, have seen him in his cradle and closed the earth on him, the image of that magnificence and fullness thus enclosed as it were within her own comparative waste (as she sees it), are very characteristic of her complete inability to write like a hack.

* * * * *

One may take another example. She has a poem on the Early Dead in Battle. But it is neither a lamentation over the young who have died before their prime, nor a thanksgiving that they died well. Her mind travels its own road, and she discovers to us, surprisingly but convincingly, that he who dies in early manhood has actually the *longest* part of life behind him, that time is never so long, and joy never so deep as in childhood, and that as we grow older our childhood seems a tract of almost immeasurable extent, but the later years much more fleeting and much less full:

> What have you then foregone?
> A history? This you had. Or memories?
> These, too, you had of your far distant dawn
> No further dawn seems his,
>
> The old man who shares with you,
> But has no more, no more. Time's mystery
> Did once for him the most that it can do:
> He has had infancy.
>
> And all his dreams, and all
> His love for mighty Nature, sweet and few,
> Are but the dwindling past he can recall
> Of what his childhood knew.
>
> He counts not any more
> His brief, his present years. But Oh, he knows
> How far apart the summers were of yore,
> How far apart the snows.
>
> Therefore be satisfied
> Long life is in your treasury ere you fall;
> Yes, and first love, like Dante's. O, a bride
> For ever mystical!
>
> Irrevocable good —
> You dead and now about, so young, to die,
> Your childhood was, there Space, there Multitude,
> There dwelt Antiquity.

* * * * *

There are several beautiful poems in the book, but it is too small to be more than a supplement to the *Collected Poems* and the *Collected Essays*, two volumes which contain fewer imperfectly executed sentences and fewer misty thoughts than, perhaps, any of our time. She does not in the new volume publish anything equal to *Christ in the Universe* or *A Girl's Letter to her own Old Age*, but she leaves us in no doubt as to her continued capacity to equal them. Her heart is as fresh and responsive as ever it was, and her craftsmanship remains most scrupulously careful. Concentration on the rightness of every sentence and every word is a risky thing to some writers: and the tiresome talk of the decadents has resulted in its being regarded as something approaching a sin. But a thinker so conscientious as Mrs. Meynell, one who never writes save when deep springs of experience are flowing, is never in danger of polishing nothings or of seeking painfully to string together a series of mere agreeable noises or curiosity-shop words. All of her work is of one piece, and at its finest—in the poems mentioned and in such essays as *The Spirit of Place* and Composure—it is of its kind perfect.

* * * * *

The poet's attitude, her "outlook on life," is unchanged and could not change: and one may attempt to approach a definition. There is a sentence in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* which runs thus:

> So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro on a little heap of dust.

This detached "meditation" is not uncommon. Swift cultivated it in order to make the ants angry: Anatole France, the sentimental cynic, does so in order to procure a cheap pathos and a cheap amusement for them and himself. "The divineness of souls excepted" is a large reservation, and, with Mrs. Meynell, so large that it almost might cancel the rest. Almost, but not altogether. She too, after her manner, retires into the immensities of Time and Space and contemplates pain and pleasure, birth and death, as small and transient things: not for perverse amusement or the consciousness of superiority, but for a refuge and a consolation. She has at once an extraordinarily sensitive heart and a perfectly balanced brain: a capacity for an intolerable excess of feeling but a permanent check in the steadiness and sagacity of her thought. She reminds one of her own exquisite casual image, "the aspen poplar had been in captive flight all day": the delicate fluttering tree, stirred by every little wind, reflecting every alternation of sunshine and cloud, governed sometimes for long periods by one mood and one direction, but anchored firmly to its immovable roots. She scarcely ever writes even a short lyric which is spontaneously emotional throughout: her first pleasure in the smallest thing, in a girl's eyes, in a thrush's song, in a weed upon a ruined arch, in the wind over the grass, leads always to "meditation": and pain leads there even more surely than delight. Sometimes expressed, more often implicit, is the steady outlook upon all the worlds which makes so permanent an impression upon the reader of her beautiful *Collected Essays*, and of which a typical expression is the concluding paragraph of *The Rhythm of Life*:

> For man—except those elect already named—is hardly aware of periodicity. The individual man either never learns it fully, or learns it late. And he learns it so after, because it is a matter of cumulative experience upon which cumulative experience is long lacking. It is in the after-part of each life that the law is learnt so definitely as to do away with the hope or fear of continuance. That young sorrow comes so near to despair is a result of this young ignorance. So is the early hope of great achievement. Life seems so long, and its capacity so great to one who knows nothing of all the intervals it needs must hold—the intervals between aspirations, between actions, pauses as inevitable as the pauses of sleep. And life looks impossible to the young unfortunate, unaware of the inevitable and unfailing refreshment. It would be for their peace to learn that there is a tide in the affairs of men, in a sense more subtle—if it is not too audacious to add a meaning to Shakspeare than the phrase was meant to contain. Their joy is flying away from them on its way home; their life will wax and wane: and if they would be wise, they must wake and rest in its phases, knowing that they are ruled by the law that commands all things—a sun's revolutions and the rhythmic pangs of maternity.

From a pagan philosopher this would be roughly equivalent to "Hope thou not much and fear thou not at all," which, as pagan mottoes go, is as good as any. "The divineness of souls excepted" makes a difference: but Mrs Meynell, although she has written some of the finest modern devotional poetry, seldom brings in faith to queer the pitch of reason. She is, if one may seize "the facile literary opportunity," a Christian Stoic.

The Sower of Tares

By Centurion

"EIGHT points starboard!" called the Lieutenant from the bridge.

"Eight points starboard, sir" chanted the skipper in antiphon from the wheelhouse as he glanced at the compass overhead.

As our drifter changed her course, making a right turn, a pennant fluttered up the flag-staff at a signalling station on our port bow, paused interrogatively at the truck, descended, and then ran up to the truck again. It was the "Pass friend, all's well" of those that go down to the sea in ships. The exchange of salutations was repeated at the guard-ship as we cleared the harbour-mouth and stood out to sea. The sun glinted on the brass-work of the six-pounder in our bows, the sea was smooth, and the telegraph was set at full-speed ahead. Our mizzen-sail was furled and our masts bare, save for the spidery web of our "wireless"; nothing was to be heard except the faint throb of the triple expansion reciprocating engines in the bowels of the ship. Our craft had an ingenuous air, and but for one or two unobtrusive things might have been merely putting to sea for a quiet trawl among the herrings as she did in the old days before my Lords of the Admiralty requisitioned her and made her stout, smooth-faced skipper with the puckered eyes a warrant officer in the R.N.V.R. The flaws in the illusion were the presence of the six-pounder forward, certain extremely lethal cases under the bulwarks aft, a wireless operator secreted in his dark room down below, and the fact that we all wore life-belts. And in the wheel-house was a small armoury of rifles.

Still, it seemed extremely like a pleasure trip, and I settled myself down on the bridge behind the "dodger" with a leisurely conviction that I had chosen the quietest way I could of spending a few days leave. The crew moved softly about the deck stowing away gear; one of them peeled potatoes into a bucket outside the galley, and my friend the Lieutenant went below to the chart-house to read some cryptic naval messages and glance at the Admiralty "monthly orders." The Admiralty can give points to the War Office in the matter of periodical literature; you would never look for a plot in an Army Council Instruction, but in the Admiralty Orders every order "tells a story." But if you ask a naval patrol man on shore-leave, he will answer you like the needy knife-grinder "'Story?' God bless you, sir, I've none to tell." The Admiralty does not love story-tellers. This is not a story.

"Something ahead on the port bow, sir," shouted the look-out man forward.

The Lieutenant, whose faculty of hearing, like his faculty of vision, seems to be abnormally developed, came rushing out of the chart-house, scaled the bridge ladder like a cat, and in two seconds was by my side. He pulled a pair of binoculars out of a pocket in the "dodger" and looked through them for a moment. Then he ran to the telegraph and put her at "slow." At the same moment one of the crew, without waiting for orders, handed him a rifle from the wheel-house. No one spoke a word.

About a quarter of a mile ahead, a point or two off our course, I saw a dark round object bobbing up and down like a cork.

The Lieutenant got a "bead" on it, and I watched him intently. The next moment he lowered his rifle and laughed.

"It's only a ship's tub," he said. "Like to have a shot at her?" he added as he pumped two cartridges at the vagabond. One shot fell just short, the other just over. I saw the skipper's eye on me as the Lieutenant handed me the rifle, and feeling the reputation of the junior service was at stake I did not welcome the invitation. But luck was with me.

"A bull's eye," said the Lieutenant approvingly. My reputation was saved.

"It might have been a floating mine," the Lieutenant explained. "One never knows."

"So that's why we're wearing these beastly cork-jackets" I said to myself. I began to understand the Admiralty instruction, that you must never stop to pick anything up. For, in these days, things are not what they seem, and a tub, a life-buoy, a sleeper, an upturned boat, all the ingenuous flotsam and jetsam of the sea may be—and often are—merely a trap for the unwary. The Admiralty does not encourage souvenir-hunting. We only collect two things—mines and submarines.

We were out on an uncharted sea. So long as we had kept in the channel swept by the mine-sweepers in the grey dawn our charts were useful, once outside it those charts were about as helpful to us as one of Taride's maps would be to a Divisional staff at the Front. Trenches, saps, dumps, listening-posts, "strong points," have altered the geography of the Front; floating and anchored mines have confused the hydrography of the Channel. The soundings on our charts were more delusive than the roads and water-courses on a French ordnance-map of the Somme. But at the Front the R.E. can, and do, make new maps for old, whereas we had to grope in the dark making the best use we could of our senses. The earth is solid, stable and open to aerial reconnaissance and survey; the sea is forever shifting and inscrutable. We had our secret staff-map of the sea, and very useful it is for wireless work, but it tells us nothing of the tares sown in the deep, and the soundings on our charts reveal to us none of the shoal-water of the mine-fields. Once we leave the fair-way kept clear for the merchantmen, and make for our line of traffic patrols on point-duty, we are like a reconnoitring party that goes "over the top" at night. We are out on the No Man's Land of the sea.

We were leaving the fairway now. We had altered our course a few points to the south, steaming in "line ahead" formation, a motor-launch following us, then another drifter, each keeping a distance of about half a mile apart. If we sighted a periscope to port or starboard we could suddenly put the helm over and bear down on it. Steering thus in a bad light, our drifter had once rammed the mast-truck of a sunken ship in mistake for a periscope and scraped her bottom badly, for she never misses a sporting chance. But our distance was also a defence formation. One does not march in column of fours when the enemy batteries have got the range. And when you are cruising over No Man's Land of the sea you must proceed on the assumption that at any moment you will strike a mine, in which case it is just as well that Number One should go to the bottom on her own. We were Number One.

But the naval patrol takes these things as a matter of course. Down in the bowels of the ship in the crew's quarters, reached by a perpendicular iron-ladder opening at a hatchway about the size of a pin-cushion, two members of the crew slept like dormice in a blissful "fug." Next door, the wireless operator, with the receiver to his ear, was immured in his sound-proof box, calling spirits from over the vasty deep. Below the engine room hatch the engineer, with his eye on his pressure-gauges, was dreamily making apple-dumplings out of cotton-waste. If we scraped a mine they would all be drowned like rats in a hole—a mine always gets you amidships. The Skipper would probably go through the roof of the wheel-house, and the Lieutenant beside me on the bridge would execute a series of graceful gambols in the air like a "flying pig" from a trench mortar. This had happened to one of the drifters in that patrol a week before; they picked up one man, who will never go to sea again, and the others are all "gone West."

"They were good men—some of the best," said the Lieutenant.

As I looked at the cloudless horizon and the smooth sea sparkling in the sun I reflected on the treachery of the illusion, and it occurred to me that of all the risks of active service, those endured by the "Auxiliaries" of the naval patrol were the most unpleasant. Personally, I prefer the trenches. But the Lieutenant would have none of it. He said—and obviously thought—that his was a "cushy" place in comparison. I had heard a submarine commander to the same effect. Also my pilot in a Maurice Farman. It's a curious fact that every arm of both services thinks the other arms take all the risks. Which is as it should be.

The Lieutenant was an imperturbably cheerful person. A perpetual smile dimpled the corners of his mouth and completed the illusion of precocious boyhood produced by his diminutive stature, his frank ingenuous countenance, laughing blue eyes, and kittenish agility. His face was tanned to the colour of newly-dressed leather, but when he removed his cap the tan was seen to terminate suddenly in a sharp horizontal line on his forehead, above which the infantile pink and white of his brow presented a contrast so startling as to suggest that he wore the false scalp of a low comedian. But the palms of his hands were as hard as a cobbler's, and his muscles like tempered steel. There were many deficiencies in his kit, and, seeing me glance at the toes of his feet which peeped out of his sea-boots, he gravely explained that as the water came in at the top, the holes at the toe were useful to let it out at the bottom! He was the only commissioned officer on board, and his repertoire was extensive—he was commander, gunnery lieutenant, signalling officer, and half a dozen other things besides, and he carried in his head all the secrets, which are many and complicated, of the Admiralty codes

and instructions. I suppose he sometimes slept (though I never once saw him asleep) for he showed me his sleeping cabin forward, which I shared, and it did not escape me that the stove chimney was red with the rust of seawater to the height of about five feet—which opened my eyes to the luxury of his existence in the winter gales. At one time, early in the war, he conducted a series of brilliant tactical operations against a number of Medical Boards who shared a belief, amounting to an infatuation, that a man who, as the result of an accident in childhood, could not march a mile without falling out and suffered excruciating agonies at regular intervals of about a week, was "unfit for general service." They know better now.

Our approach to our immediate objective was the occasion of a spirited display by the Lieutenant of his gifts as a trapeze artist. We had run up a hoist of signals as we neared the line of patrols, and the engines being put at half-speed, the Lieutenant took two signalling flags in his hands like a pair of Indian clubs and perched himself upon the rail of the bridge. He twined his calves with simian-like flexibility round the uprights, his feet suddenly became prehensile as he anchored them to the middle rail, and with his lower limbs thus moored, he proceeded to hurl his body about in space. His arms described an arc of three-quarters of a circle with dazzling rapidity as he executed a series of alphabetic jerks in the medium of semaphore varied by almost imperceptible commas and full-stops. Then he paused to take breath.

An ecstatic figure on the upper rail of the bridge of the other drifter answered with similar gesticulations, to which the Lieutenant feelingly articulated in reply.

The interlocutory proceedings of these knock-about comedians concluded with an inquiry from the patrol boat, which had been on point-duty in mid-channel for fourteen days, as to the success of a wedding ashore, at which the Lieutenant of our drifter had assisted as best man.

"A.1. THE BEST MAN LOOKED LOVELY," signalled the Lieutenant, and we descended to the chart-room for a mid-day dinner.

He apologised for the *menu*, which was simple enough. I discovered afterwards that he made it a point of honour to share the same rations as the crew. The table appointments were also exiguous, and there seemed a shortage of plates.

"They're 'gone West,' sir," said the orderly with a faint smile. "That depth-charge did them in."

I raised my eyebrows interrogatively. And the Lieutenant, by way of explanation told a tale. It cannot be told here, but there is a certain *U*-boat which will never make a "landfall" in German waters again. The Admiralty, which is hard to convince, paid the "blood-money" over to the Lieutenant a few weeks ago and the patrol shared it out, according to their ratings, like a herring catch. And there was a "bump supper" at the Naval Base. But the auxiliaries hide their light under a bushel, and the lady visitors at a fashionable watering-place are still wondering querulously why the sea is so lustrously wet—they say their bathing-dresses won't dry and that they smell strangely of oil.

So one more of the Thugs of the sea had been put out of the way, and her crew lie fathoms deep in the Channel awaiting the day when the sea gives up its dead.

"Dirty devils, I call them, sir," said the Skipper quietly, smoking his pipe with his hands thrust into his pockets and a reef in his jumper as we did a dog-watch together. He was a large stalwart man, speaking the East Anglian dialect, in which an "a" frequently does duty for an "e" and a "w" for a "u" Apart from these phonetic peculiarities his speech was good King's English, and I noticed that he used none of that truculent pidgin-English which by a curious literary convention so many longshoremen of letters put into the mouth of those who go down to the sea in ships. Your novelist, dealing in words, is so apt to mistake strong language for strength of mind.

The Skipper paused and refilled his pipe, pursuing some obscure strain of thought. Then he found speech.

"Did you hear tell of the *Belgian Prince*, sir? Aye, everybody has. There's never a dog-watch kept in any ship afloat in which that story isn't told. I've heard as men tell it in every boarding-house in Limehouse and 'Frisco and Sydney and Shanghai. It's gone round the Horn, and it's gone east of Suez. Why, there's sailormen as doan't know enough to read their own discharge-note as have got that story by heart like a 'chantey.' They'll never forget it till the Day of Judgment. I'm thinking as sailor-men as are not yet born will be telling that tale round the galley-fire at night long after y'our an' my watch is up. . . ."

He paused and gazed out over a "lipper" sea. I noticed he had forgotten to light his pipe. "I knew a skipper as had once done the dirty at sea. No one knew the rights of it exactly, and the 'Old Man' never lost his 'ticket,' but the story I heard tell was that he'd been 'spoken' by a ship flying signals of distress, and instead of putting down his hellum to stand by, he'd kept on his course and left her to sink with all hands. And from that day he never entered a 'pub' parlour but all the skippers 'ud get up and lave their glass untouched and walk out. If they saw him making down street on their port bow they'd port their hellum so as to give him a wide berth. Never a one as ever passed the time of day with him or said 'what 's yours?' And it grew so that not a sailor-man would sign on if he knew as he was to sail with that skipper; some of them 'ud desart at first port they made wi'out waiting to be paid off. They got the idea as he brought bad luck, like a Russian Finn. And if you once get a notion like that in a sailor-man's head, ye'll never get it out. I've heard tell of that skipper hauling up to 'speak' a ship, and when his hoist had told the name of his craft t'other ship wouldn't so much as dip her ens'n to wish him 'God speed.' And if ye're an outcast at sea God help ye, for the sea's a lonesome place. It so preyed on the mind of him that he began to see ships flying signals of distress a-beckoning of him, ships as wasn't there—till one night he put her straight on a reef and then went over her bows. . . . You see, sir, sailor-men have got their share of original sin, I'm no saying they haven't, but there's one sin no sailor dare commit, for it's the sin against the Holy Ghost—and that's leaving other sailor-men to perish. The sea's shifty enough and tarrible enough and treacherous enough as 'tis without men being . . ." He did not finish the sentence. "Well sir, I'm hanging about tack and tack instead of trimming my yards for a straight run, but the course I'm steering is this: the outlawry of that skipper warn't nothing to the outlawry as awaits the German when he once more weighs anchor and puts to sea."

And he lit his pipe. It seemed to me that his hand shook slightly.

The sun was sinking slowly in the west, his light lingering on the headlands, in the east the sky was a deep blue flushed with rose-pink, but nearer the heart of the sun these delicate tints gave place to fleeces of ochre, and these in turn to flames of molten gold. The next moment the sun seemed to cease breathing upon the sky, all the colours swooned and went slowly out, and even the golden aureole changed to a dull vermilion. The rocks became silhouettes, the clouds turned black, and the shoals of rose-shadow on the surface of the sea sank out of sight and gave place to a purple bloom. As the sun disappeared below the horizon a lingering ray tinged the darkling clouds with silver surge.

With the last expiration of the sun the wine-dark sea changed to a leaden hue, and one by one stars twinkled overhead—the crescent of the Corona Borealis to port, the Pleiades to starboard, and over the truck of our foremast the constellation of the Great Bear. The air grew very cold. A great silence encompassed us, broken only by the lapping of the water against the ship's sides. Round about us was a waste of waters stretching away into impenetrable darkness. All the friendly lights that guide the homing ships in time of peace were put out. More than once before this our drifter, smothered in a fog with no warning light or siren to guide her, and unable to take a cross-bearing, had found herself casting the lead in thirty-five fathoms right under the lee of a towering cliff with only just time to put her engines full speed astern. Nothing lightened our darkness except a great beacon which, elusive as lightning, winked at intervals across the sea revealing for a second the dark silhouette of the motor launch as she drifted about a mile away. Our isolation was as complete as that of a listening-post. We were out in the No Man's Land of the Sea.

"The letter is ——" said the Lieutenant softly to one of the watch as he passed along the deck. It was our secret signal in the event of our bumping up against a destroyer seeking to speak with her adversary in the gate. If our watch forgot it our number would be up. We showed no lights, but hooded lamps, making faint patches of radiance on the deck, were stowed away under our bulwarks.

Our station was one of the favourite beats of the German submarines and we lay there waiting for the deadly sower of tares, waiting for her as for a thief in the night. From time to time pale shafts of light terminating in an arc of phosphorescent cloud crept across the sky searching for the secret menace of the air as we were searching for the lurking terror of the sea. Now and again wraith-like ships with all lights out stole across the field of our vision, and sometimes our ears caught the pulsation of the engines of a ship we could not see.

Time itself seemed to stand still, and how long we lay like that I could not tell. Mystery brooded over our watch and I found myself speaking to the Lieutenant in subdued whispers. Suddenly, one of the men, ascending through the hatchway that led down to the tomb of the wireless operator, passed up a piece of flimsy-paper to the Lieutenant. He took it into the unlighted chart-room, and as I fell over the table he struck a match and by its

flickering light I saw his face as he read the message—HOSTILE SUBMARINES IN SIGHT. COURSE NOT KNOWN. As he read these words aloud—and others—the match went out. He groped in the dark for a locker, detachable and weighted, and taking something therefrom he invited me to come below. Once down in our sleeping cabin he unrolled a mysterious map under the oil-lamp, and putting his finger on one of the squares he said. "They're there." Then we went on deck.

He took an electric signalling-lamp and holding it up over the bulwarks he flashed a message to the distant motor launch. A sequence of flashes answered it. And once more we resumed our vigil.

The night dragged on, the watch was relieved, the stars changed their stations as the earth rolled on through interstellar space. I sat in the bows gazing into the mysterious night and hearing nothing but the whispered soliloquy of the waters beneath me. The dark-grey silhouette of a transport crept by, deeply laden, for the sound of her propeller never reached me. Then a barque glided past, but not a murmur escaped her, not a sail thrashed, not a block creaked. They might have been the ghosts of the murdered ships that lay fathoms deep beneath us, deep in the sepulchral sea. From time to time dark objects floated by—a packing case, a hatch, an upturned boat, a derelict sleeper, the mute and plaintive witnesses to a sinister and implacable terror "more fell than hunger, anguish, or the sea." I gazed down at the waters in which the phosphorus glowed faintly like pale marigolds, wondering what tragic secrets their inscrutable depths concealed. There grew on my drowsy senses a feeling that the sea, as it heaved on its bed under the tidal moon, was talking in its sleep. Faint peals of sound seemed to animate the watery depths as though the sea were a belfry in which the bell of every foundered ship was tolling the watches of the night. I heard a dull tapping on our stern—I went aft but could see nothing but the shadowy figure of one of the deck hands. Then a hollow gasp like a cork drawn from a bottle came from our port bow. The next moment a deep sepulchral cough echoed from amidships; I looked down through the skylight and saw one of the crew turning uneasily in his sleep. By some strange acoustic illusion his coughing seemed to be coming from the depths of the sea. Each illusion was dispelled only to be succeeded by another. A block creaked, the cordage chafed, a chain rattled. And there grew on me a masterful conviction that we were not alone. I lifted my eyes and they lighted suddenly upon a dark boat-shaped object gliding stealthily past in the current about two hundred yards away. The next moment the beacon flashed across the waters rending the veil of night and in one trenchant glimpse I saw that it was a ship's lifeboat. Over the gunwale drooped the body of a man, the head downwards between the extended arms and the hands lapped by the hungry waters. Across the stern another head rested with the pallid face turned upwards and gleaming in the cold searching light. I heard a soft footfall behind me, and turning, saw the skipper gazing over my shoulder. The next moment the beacon went out.

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One by one the stars paled, diminished, and disappeared; the surface of the waters turned from black to a leaden grey and, with the first flush of dawn, gleamed like mother-of-pearl. I looked around me. Far as the eye could reach I saw nothing but the salt, inhospitable, secret sea.

Air Squadrons

By Francis Stopford

THE aeroplane for some reason has not yet caught firm hold of popular imagination. It still possesses an eerie fascination, so much so that even where aeroplanes are of common occurence, an effort of will is often necessary to prevent people from running out into the open to watch these mechanical dragon-flies droning across the sky. But the machine has not hitherto passed beyond this stage, it still occupies in the popular mind a place beside the bearded woman, the living skeleton or the two-headed calf of the country fair. Perhaps this is not unnatural, considering the comparatively few months that have elapsed since man conquered the empyrean with the spoils of earth—metal and wood, canvas and rock-oil.

How many realise the length of years that have elapsed since this victory over the void was first pondered? One has only to turn to the penultimate chapter of the Book of Proverbs to comprehend it. Whether it was really Solomon in his palace of cedar who wrote it, or a literary Alexandrine of the same acquisitive race but of a later date, signifies little. "Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended?" he asks, and a few sentences lower down he confesses: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea four which I know not." And the first of these three or four puzzles is "the way of an eagle in the air.' Already this question was troubling the human mind. Whether Dædalus came before or after, who can say, but it would be easy to demonstrate that the aeroplane is to-day the most striking symbol of human persistence and perseverance, of man's unconquerable nature. The thought has germinated for centuries; the thing was born but yesterday. Though we do not perhaps comprehend it we of this generation have witnessed the greatest mechanical prodigy which this planet has yet produced.

To a few it would sound blasphemous, to the many ludicrous, was it to be said that on that first Christmas Eve, the multitude of the heavenly host that assembled above the shepherds in the field, saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," or if you would have the newer version, "on earth peace to men of goodwill," was in truth a vision of aeroplanes. Yet pause and consider, and the idea is not preposterous. The first condition of peace on earth has hitherto been the determination of certain superficial excrescences or waterdeeps —*i.e.*, mountains, rivers or seas—between the various jealous congeries of mankind. These natural divisions of the earth, as we have hitherto called them, have been abolished by the navigation of the air. Henceforth humanity is one through circumambient ether, and seeing that man is as impotent to build partitions in the sky as to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, men of goodwill can never maintain peace on earth unless their mechanical contrivances proclaim the glory of God in the highest.

The aeroplane is of the twentieth century—not twenty years old. The principle it embodies is as fixed and certain as the principle which ages ago enabled man to overcome the limitations of rivers and seas or which in much more modern times permitted him, through the power of controlled steam, to eliminate to a very large extent the delays and tedious processes of locomotion. Contrast Drake's *Golden Hind* or Humphrey Gilbert's *Squirrel* with Sir David Beatty's flagship or even with a new submarine. If that be too big a strain on the imagination stand in Darlington railway station, and as the Scotch express steams through, compare its engine with "Puffing Billy," silent on his triumphal platform at your elbow. It is obvious that the development of flying machines is in the future a logical sequence, a matter of mathematical progression. We are only at their very infancy. If already it is possible for warring nations to regard these machines, when employed for purposes of destruction, as weapons of victory, think what their powers must be fifty years or a century or three centuries hence. In further support of this point of view range the artillery of the present war against the batteries fired in Napoleon's battles. There is no reason to assume that the difference between fighting planes of this year of grace and of a hundred years hence will be less.

So far from there being any cessation in the advance of mechanical weapons of war, everything points to the exact opposite, if war is to continue. If war should cease on earth, it can only be by universal consent. It is conceivable that once we have utterly destroyed Prussian militarism and have stamped completely out this final outspurt of barbarism, as many regard it, a new state of international comity may be inaugurated which will never consent to war. But this attitude towards life, should it occur, will be attained mainly through the world's aerial navies. Air squadrons that carry in their vitals blind death equally for men, women and children, for armed camps and harmless cities, for marching battalions and quiet hamlets may obviously in course of time become the most powerful instruments of peace. If they do not, human progress must be stayed; man by self-preservation will be forced to be again a troglodyte and to return to his ancient caves in the rocks or his burrows among the tree-roots. Is such a reversion conceivable?

The building of air squadrons is perhaps the most beautiful work on which the sons and daughters of Tubal-Cain, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron" have ever been engaged. Now Tubal's first cousin was Jubal "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." And it needs no effort of imagination to assume that the children of those two descendants of Cain, the first murderer, work

together to-day in aircraft factories, when through the silent silvern night-sky there comes the droning of the bombing machines, that music of hell's harps and the devil's organs of death. Whether it be possible to construct a silent aeroplane is a question unlikely to be solved in the immediate future. But as a matter of fact these marvellous mechanisms interest one far less through their present uses than for the capabilities that lie before them, when blood no longer flows.

The Uncharted Sky

Those who have watched squadrons of say ten or twenty planes manœuvring, must have been struck with the immensity of space. An aeroplane flying at a hundred miles an hour will at 10,000 feet appear almost stationary. It seems to drift slowly out of sight not by its own volition. The pitfalls and eddies that lie a few thousand feet above the ground are already familiar to airmen; when the height rises into five figures it is said that a Sargasso Sea is encountered—a region of perfect calm. But these altitudes in temperate climates are not without surprises, and when the upper currents of the Tropical Zone and possibly of the Frigid Zone are explored, other riddles will have to be read. It is doubtful whether the machine is yet built that rising from beside the Ouchterlony Monument on the Calcutta *maidan* can soar northwards and descend upon the highest plateau of Mount Everest a few hours later, but it is absolutely certain, having advanced so far, it is only a question of time and experience before this flight is accomplished. Even now we know more about the uncharted sky than the Roman conquerors of this island did of the Gulf Stream. It is only by glancing backward that we can discern how much farther forward it is possible we may go. Already there are aeroplanes in the air—Dreadnoughts of the sky as they were called in LAND & WATER a few weeks ago—which are capable of carrying a dozen passengers from dawn to sunset of an autumn day without descending. Turn over the files of London newspapers seventy to eighty years old and peruse the fears and doubts concerning the new fashion of railroad travelling. It was thought a man would be stifled through lack of air if a train moved at fifty miles an hour. Such fears do not trouble to-day the most timid in regard to flight.

On a perfect autumn day—brilliant sun and windless blue sky—the writer stood on a wide stretch of meadowland, not far from London, with half a score of aeroplanes soaring at all heights above his head. Earlier in the day he had visited workshops in which men and women were busy and watched how out of crude lumps of metal and unbarked trunks of trees there grew into being a wonderful web of the most delicate frame-work, light yet so strong that it seemed the very poetry of handicraft. The wood lent itself to the saw, and the sawdust, sucked in by the fans, was turned into gas so that the air the work-folk breathed remained pure, and new driving power was created through what, in former times, had to be removed at considerable labour and cost. The workshops were large, lofty and cheerful, and it was easy for those employed in the toil to go out and see the miracle they had helped to create, singing through the upper air and tuning its voice here in England to take part in that hymn of battle that shall presently swell into a loud chorus of victory over there in France and Flanders. Throughout these workshops one was conscious of a spirit of comradeship which took away from the work the drag of drudgery. It is a joy of aircraft-building that the least imaginative can almost behold the creature forming itself into life, so clearly defined are the separate processes. Behind this let there be intelligent direction and that single purpose of achievement which is the secret of the best regimental spirit, in that it compels the individual to set above himself the honour and credit of regiment or workshop, and you have an almost ideal condition of industrial life.

It was now the afternoon. Standing in the grateful shade of an avenue that approached an old manor-house, with its Tudor walled garden behind one where peaches and pears were ripening in the open air, one looked over acres of grassland. In the distance new workshops were rising rapidly into existence; and the sun glistened on their roofs of glass and galvanised iron. Behind them was the spire of the parish church, and it was part of the picture. Gangs of men were hard at work in deep cuttings, for in another week the canal which Cardinal Wolsey had constructed to carry water to his pet project at Hampton Court, is to be turned underground by the Lord Mayor of London, so that these meadows will form one huge unbroken lawn, a perfect place for the uprising and landing of planes. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and one never tires of watching a well-driven aeroplane running along the grass and lifting itself into the air; or when it returns, dropping gently down and lightly traversing the ground before it comes to rest. It is an exultant sight, for it suggests that man has at last freed himself from the bonds of earth, though if he be not skilful he quickly finds earth remains an uncommonly solid fact.

One could not but wonder whether, were the great English Cardinal to re-visit these meadows he knew so well, he would be surprised. One doubts it. There is not so much altered in England as we are apt to imagine, and it has always been contrary to the English character to express emotion at mere mechanical contrivances, however new and noisy they may be. He would be much more likely to begin with criticism and to end by doubting the utility or beneficence of flying, unless concrete evidence could be produced. This Mr. James Whitehead (for his are the aircraft works and aerodrome here described) should not have any difficulty in doing; and his own typical British energy and force of character would doubtless appeal to Wolsey, who ever liked Englishmen who were able to get things done and done well.

The spirit of *nil admirari*, the slowness to accept a new invention or development is a common taunt against the British character in regard to the building of air squadrons. Whether we could have moved quicker is a question there is no intention of discussing here; at any rate the reproach has passed, and liberal private support, one understands, is forthcoming for aircraft enterprises that have proved themselves worthy of it. But the refusal of the Briton to allow his emotions to be excited by new inventions or novel claims is a different matter. On the whole one leans to the belief that it is not so much England as Germany which has suffered from this national trait in so far as the building of flying machines is concerned. During the attacks on London by Gothas, nothing was more noticeable among British residents, men, women and children, than their refusal to be terrorised. The majority, there is reason to think, never really realised the machines that were endeavouring to break across the sky through our defences. They seemed to regard the bombardment as though a Thor, some godless Teuton god, was striving to hurl his thunderbolts on this city from Germany, and it was these bolts that our batteries were flinging back. They spoke of it as it might be a new sort of ball game—a mean kind of cricket or football on a big scale. Cheers were on tap at the least excuse, chaff was plentiful, so was bad language, but not a craven word.

True to Nature

By the gate of a certain London house there stands a chestnut tree overshadowing the pavement. On one of the bombardment nights with the guns still firing in the distance, the owner came out to reconnoitre in slippered feet. He became aware he was interrupting a love scene, for in the silence of the night a girl's voice rang out clearly, "Well, I can't exactly say I love you, but I do really like you." Gothas or no Gothas, English courting had to be done. That same night there was a sequel, a pathetic sequel, to this story. An old couple had for years made it a habit on fine nights to take a walk on open ground near their home before going to bed. It was glorious moonlight; and Germans or no Germans they refused to interrupt their practice. They strolled to their favourite bench, sat down, and a bomb falling just behind them, killed both instantly. It was sorrowful, yet one cannot help thinking that a cheer must have gone up as their souls passed together into the courts of Heaven—true Britons to their last breath.

It will be urged that both these couples were foolish. It may be so. It was certainly foolish of Englishmen in old days to drink bottled beer on the plains of Hindustan, and to pay duty calls in top-hat and frock-coat under a Bengal midday sun. It killed off many of them. These dangerous habits were due to the same trait—stubborn conservatism, refusal to accept new fangled ideas, determination to be true to oneself, though the skies fall. Call it foolishness if you will; it has been wasteful of human life, but it has won Britain an Empire. There is no more inexplicable fact in the growth of the human family, not even the persistent survival of the Bedouin tribe of Beni-Israel, than that a small hybrid people of the Northern Seas should have developed, alongside enormous energy and an insatiable craving for adventure, the same slow-moving spirit, the same blind devotion to tradition which animate the peoples of the Orient, with their more ancient civilisations.

The subject cannot be pursued here, space forbids it, but it is impossible to write about aeroplanes without entering a protest against intemperate indictments which have been uttered against us for not plunging more swiftly on this new weapon of war. Had England done this she would not have been true to her nature, and whatever punishment she may have received in consequence of this slowness to move, is light compared with that which might have happened had she proved false to herself. This is a point too often overlooked.

Autumn Days in Flanders

By an Officer

This vivid description of Flanders during the glorious weather which Western Europe enjoyed this autumn under the waxing harvest moon was written by an officer on active service before the weather broke and the present cold and rainy spell began. It forms an excellent commentary on Captain Handley-Reid's drawings of the British Firing Line, two of which are reproduced on page 20 of this issue.

AUTUMN has come to Flanders and it has come with a kindliness, a well-disposed friendliness, not less agreeable to the Army than to those who direct our battles. It came in the night with a nip in the air, with a quick keenness and freshness in the small hours, with a sudden brightening of the stars which caused dwellers in tents to arise from their beds and to lay an extra coat over the sleeping-bags. Next day there was a clear blue atmosphere, a cool breeze morning and evening, mid-days an almost perfect stillness. The swallows had gone. They disappeared in the first days of September, not gregariously, a little mysteriously, without a noticeable grouping along roof-tops or on telegraph wires. They were just gone—gone from the land of dykes and ditches and an atmosphere curiously disturbed, gone to a world of perpetual sunshine, of exotic things, of azure skies.

There comes to Flanders about this time a certain golden dreaminess of atmosphere which is the nearest to beauty that the flat countries ever know. Fen-dwellers, those who live on flats and broads or beside far-stretching meres, will know this—dwellers in the eastern English counties. No magnificence of flaming woods or of mountainous purple heath or of gorse-strewn commons, or of panoramic contrast. No bounteous spread of a late harvest or richness of the rolling plains. Instead, there comes a film of deepest blue and misty gold, a certain rich, lingering, yet fading quality of sunlight that blots out misery and horror, that discovers beauty in squalor and desolation, that conveys the fancy of some ultimate land wherein humanity shall rest at last.

And because the tracks and the roads are at their driest, and because discomforts are least, and because the worst horrors of the year are probably over, the soldiers, too, like this time the best. True, never far away, is the beckoning spectre of winter he of the grim, grey, and mud-brown habit, whose visage is desolation, whose heart is colder than stone. But the private soldier, never a man who looks too far ahead, lives in and for the present which is his safeguard and salvation; for the man who allowed himself to dread would perish early; and if he lingers, poor fellow, in the self-deception that "the war will be over before Christmas," that "the Germans won't face another winter"—it is testimony to his magnificent incurable optimism, it is part of his curious simplicity and pathos.

Looking out of a window, one glimpses a scene that would gladden the hearts of those to whom war is a tragedy unrelieved, whose nearest and dearest out here are as the lost and the damned for ever wrestling in a kind of Purgatory. The October sunshine streams in through open windows, lighting up cheerfully this farmhouse room which might otherwise look a little dingy. A fading flowery wallpaper, a chest of drawers of dull polished mahogany, a great dark clothes cupboard, three beds with spotless sheets showing, two of them tented with the queer white cribs to be found in all these farmhouses; a figure of the Virgin in an elaborate (and hideous) white cardboard shrine beneath a glass case; one or two faded oleographs of sacred subjects on the walls; low beams supporting a very low ceiling—this is the interior. It is exceptionally comfortable, exceptionally clean, but in other respects precisely representative of every other French or Belgian farmhouse.

Outside is the courtyard with farm buildings on three sides. Ducks and poultry make the place lively with their quacking and cackling; from the byre comes the lowing of cows, comes also the farmer who has been milking—a sour-looking man, but polite withal, and good-humoured like most of his race. The wife is there too, a rough kindly female, whose hands are never idle. They live hard, these people, to judge by appearances. Of a military aspect there is nothing but the sentry tramping up and down his post. The billet-guard lounge outside the farm, which is their guard-room. A man, clad only in shirt and trousers, lies at full length dozing in the pleasant sunshine; another is asleep in the same garb and attitude, and I think I have never seen such an expression of pertect content as rests upon his face; others are playing football in the meadow opposite, their shouts and laughter float in on the sunbeams like those that came from playgrounds of a half-forgotten boyhood. Beyond is a wide, flat vista of little fields poplar-lined, of hedgerows studded with curiously-pollarded oak-trees, of small marshy streams whose outline is discovered by a line of crooked willows, of thatched and brilliant red-roofed farmhouses peering from poplar-groves, and here and there an orchard and here and there a church spire. It is a monotonous landscape, but a restful after the world of shell-holes and desolation.

Here is no war. Aeroplanes go droning overhead on their missions to and from the line. We have field days—a sort of Olympic game. By night you may see the anti-aircraft shrapnel bursting far away to the eastward. The other evening, many miles distant, a captive balloon could be seen slowly falling in flames like a sheet of burning paper. By night, too, criss-crossed and interlaced, countless searchlights throw white beams across a dim purple jewelled sky.

But as you move off the roads toward "the line," there comes a monotony far deeper, a wealth of activity far more same and unvarying than the landscape of Northern France. That landscape changes as soon as the frontier is crossed, the little grassy fields give place to a semi-suburban country, a succession of plots and lots, of cabbages, vetches, potatoes, hops, roots, clover, and close cultivation. The villages and towns are not beautiful—no rest for the eye anywhere. And from the paved tree-bordered main roads comes the turgid grinding brawl of the motor traffic, a worrying medley of sounds which has not ceased since August, 1914, which will not cease until the great armies fade at last into the grey Flanders mist.

Day and night, night and day, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, it goes on, this hoot and hurry of the traffic to remind lonely Londoners of well-remembered lighted streets in the cheerful early dusk.

And as you move onward with the tide of lorries, the waggons, and the long lines of moving traffic, you come to a yet deeper monotony, to a monotony yet more changeless, after the endless camps, the endless horse and mule-lines, the endless swarming troops and khaki, the empty husks of houses and skeleton villages, you come to the vast crater-field—to use an apt German expression—the old brown battlefields. Thitherward we all go, and autumn brings no change, for no change is possible—it is perpetual winter there. But stay! Is it winter when the bright October sunshine rises over Houthulst, lighting splendidly the promised land beyond this grim, stern-named valley of Braenbeek, and tired outposts shake the dew from their clothing, and German smoke rises from German fires beyond the stream, and night is past.

Captain Persius, the well-known Naval writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, expressed this view of submarines towards the end of last month: "In spite of all our enemies' boastful attempts to prove that the submarine menace is slight and in spite of the enormous and increasing difficulties which beset our submarine crews, the belief of the German people remains unshaken and unshakable, and they know that in the end, when the requisite quantity of submarine material and men have gone into action, Great Britain's wish to continue the war will be so paralysed that there will be a reasonable prospect of peace. The reports of our Admiralty Staff, which reach us almost daily, cause us to gaze with constant admiration on those heroic souls, who are fighting in home and foreign waters for the weal of the Fatherland, sometimes on, and sometimes under the water, but always looking death in the face. We also remember with gratitude those who are producing these complicated instruments. Only by the combination of personal and material forces of the most specialised kind can we attain ultimate success by means of these most modern weapons, whose destructive capacity, so far as war and merchant shipping are concerned, is astonishing the world, and opening a way to entirely new methods in naval warfare."

Some Lighter Literature

IT is an old saying that it is pleasant to play the fool at times; and if one remembers aright, this homely truth was put on record by the same pen that wrote that it is a pleasant and comely act to die for one's country. These two Horatian tags are brought home to one by a book of frivolous drawings which Mr. John Lane has just published (*The New Eve*: drawings by Fish; written and designed by Fowl, 3s. 6d. net). To keep up the idea we may add the result is good red herring for it does draw the mind away from the sadness and perplexities of these times. Readers of the *Tatler* will be familiar with these light and airy sketches of officers and their best girls; there is a fund of laughter in them; and it is just the sort of volume a host and hostess likes to have lying about the house. It would almost make a dentist's anteroom cheerful.

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The detailed biography of a Russian aristocrat given in *Michail* (Heinemann, 6s. net), affords a picture of Russian life before the revolution, and up to the first days of the war; not only does it present the extravagances of Russian society, but in portraying Michail with the minuteness characteristic of most Russian authors, it affords glimpses of the difference between the Russian character and the characters of western peoples. Michail's life is taken up at the point where he has become involved in an intrigue which, to satisfy his sense of honour, can only be ended by a marriage that is distasteful to him; the story ends with his death in the course of the war, and between these two points there is given a sight of the man and his motives and actions. The author—whose name, by the way, is withheld—has succeeded in presenting her hero in such a way that we realise the Slavonic temperament—it is a different mixture of flesh and spirit, apparently, from that of the west; more material in some things, less so in others, and inclined to greater extremes in action. The story itself is full of dramatic incident, and well-told, but the ultimate impression produced is that there is the real Russia of pre-revolution days, and, as the sub-title of the book expresses it, the heart of a Russian.

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There is more than an echo of Kipling's *Jungle Book* about *Tarzan of the Apes*, by Edgar Rice Burroughes (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), though Tarzan was brought up among apes in Africa, and the setting of the story is altogether different from Kipling's masterpiece of wild life. The author is evidently a keen nature student, and at the same time he tells a striking story, albeit rather crudely as far as the human part of it is concerned. How Tarzan learned to read while still ignorant of human speech, how he gained contact with his kind after he had reached manhood, and what manner of man he became after having spent nearly twenty years as a beast of a tropical forest, make good reading, without involving more strain on one's credulity than the great majority of novels. The test of the book lies in its last page, which promises a further volume devoted to Tarzan's adventures; we look forward with interest to the appearance of that second volume, proof that this book is well worth reading.

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Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, whose *Triumph of John Kars* has just been published (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net), evidently knows the Yukon district through practical experience of its evils and wonders, for he describes the mining town of "North of Sixty" with the facility that comes only of real knowledge. In this book he deals with a hidden auriferous area and the crimes which it caused, as also with the punishment of those crimes. Though there is nothing out of the ordinary in the plot of the story, yet the way in which it is told, and the big surprise which is sprung alike on the reader and the hero in the last chapters makes it a notable work, in addition to the sense of things northern which the author so subtly conveys. It is not a book for squeamish folk, for the author deals with hard life in a hard country; it is, however, a novel that deals with realities, and all who have the faintest interest in the ways of the far north will delight in the book.

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Messrs. J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond have collaborated to produce the biography of a man whom they regard as the originator of a new system of philosophy, *W. E. Ford, a Biography*, (Collins, 6s. net), the result of their joint efforts is a book that will prove stimulating but not very satisfying. Ford began by studying the work of the great educationists from Comenius to Froebel, and set up a school of his own in which he attempted to carry into practice the results of his studies. The school, finally, was shut down, and then Ford found that in order to learn to teach he had to burrow more deeply into the systems of life that are the result of ordinary teaching—he had to find out exactly where and how his own system had fallen short. He went east, and on a visit to Japan he died with his search unfinished, leaving a mass of note-books from which his biographers hope later to compile a statement of his philosophy of life.

Mr. Beresford contributes very little to our knowledge of Ford; he has made a great attempt to picture the man, but the attempt has not succeeded, and, in his "notes" on Ford's philosophy, a vague discoursiveness renders the chapter irritating. Mr. Richmond, on the other hand, gives a clear view of the man and his system which, as is stated, is that of a man who lived before his time. Many will quarrel with Ford's conclusions, and will reject his postulates in great measure, but all to whom the future of the race is of interest would do well to study Mr. Richmond's exposition of a somewhat remarkable man.

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There is a great similarity between the work of Mrs. Edith Wharton and that of Thomas Hardy, in spite of the great difference in the setting of their story, and the fact that Mrs. Wharton deals with American character and scenery. In her latest work, *Summer*, (Macmillan, 6s. net), Mrs. Wharton portrays an ill-educated girl in a New England village; the girl experiences a grand passion with a town-bred man, who regards their love as a mere incident; later, the girl's guardian marries her to save her name—and that is all the plot. But the picture of the tiny village, overshadowed by "the mountain" where the girl was born; the actuality of the characters, and the way in which the author has got inside these people and made them alive, moving against real scenes, are much akin to the work that Hardy has done, for the little commonplace story is lifted up to the plane of tragedy, made vivid and powerful. The figure of lawyer Royall, the girl's guardian, is arrestingly drawn, more by implication than direct statement. There is more of implication than statement, as a matter of fact, in the whole book, which is as artistic a piece of work as its author has yet produced.

The British Firing Line

By Captain E. Handley-Read

La Croix Rouge, Neuve Chapelle

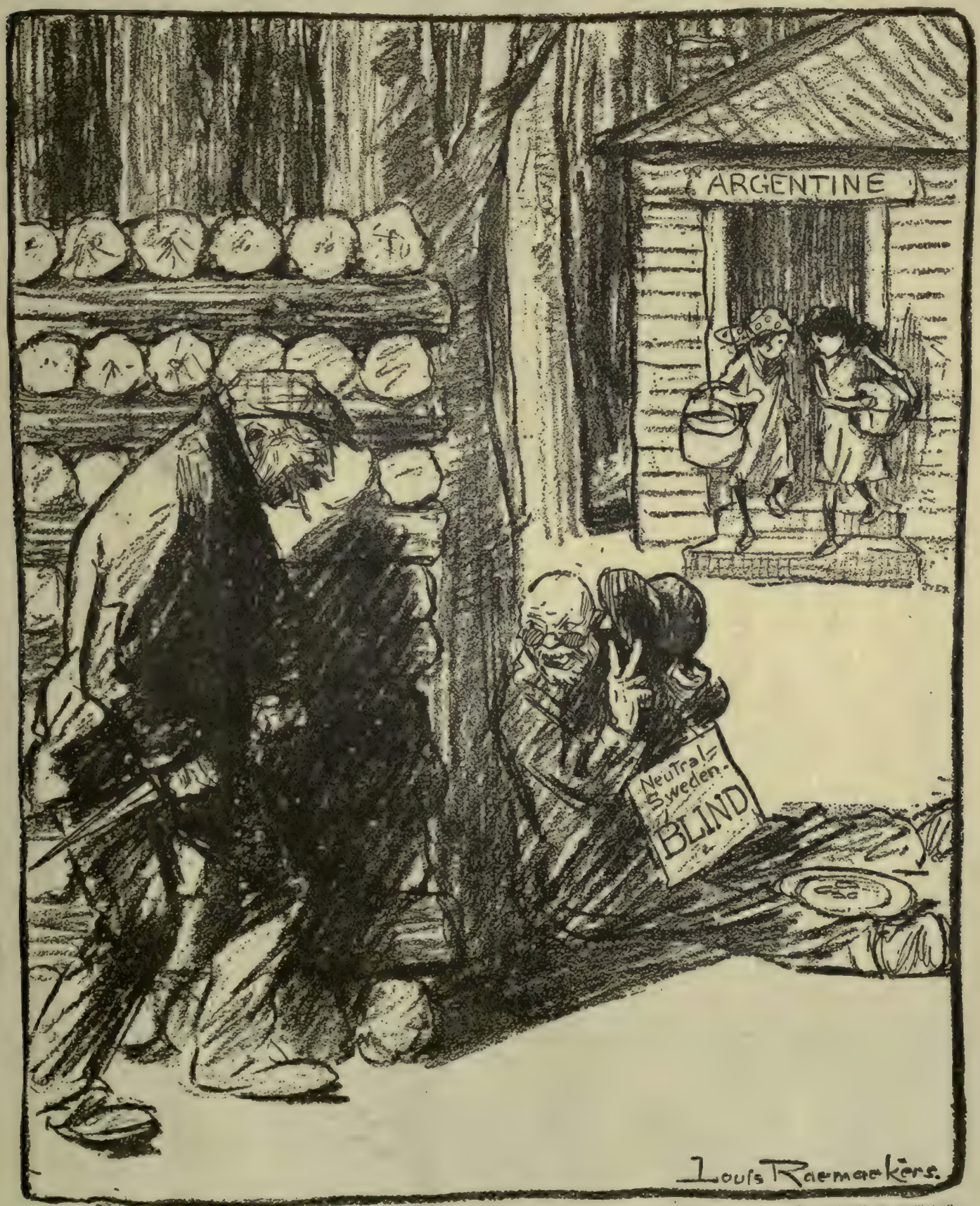
By Captain E. Handley-Read

Behind the Firing Line

We reproduce two drawings from the British Firing Line Portfolio by Captain E. Handley-Read. The Portfolio contains twelve engravings in colour, with an introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and is printed by George Pulman and Sons, Ltd., and the Leicester Galleries. A limited number of copies of this Portfolio may be obtained, £5 5s. each, on application to The Publisher, "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2893 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE



The Friendly Neutral

"They are quite small. See that no trace is left."—Count Luxburg via Stockholm to the Berlin Foreign Office

LAND & WATER

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1917

CONTENTS

FERMENT OF REFORMATION

EARLIER in the year there were placed before the readers of LAND & WATER a series of articles by a writer who signs himself "Jason," dealing with industrial problems. Writing on this subject a couple of months ago, we expressed the belief that "with tact and good sense on both sides, to say nothing of patriotism and discipline, all the outstanding labour difficulties can be overcome." Nothing has occurred since to induce us to alter this opinion. To-day we resume these "Jason" articles, and in the present issue, this writer, who has an intimate knowledge of the factors that lie behind labour unrest, defines the meaning of reconstruction from the working-class point of view. This is the view which is to-day of the greatest interest to everybody, for it is recognised that the balance of power lies in the hands of working men. They are educated; they are—the majority of them—intensely patriotic; as a class they are distinguished by common sense and levelheadedness, but at the same time they include a type of impetuous idealists who believe that the millennium can be inaugurated by one daring stroke, and are prepared to risk everything on the off-chance of securing some greater measure of freedom and happiness, in the sense that they understand these terms. It is just as well to mention that this minority is not peculiar to England. It declared itself in Northern Italy only a few weeks ago. Socialists, to use the common phrase, promoted certain riots in Genoa, Turin, and other cities; they were quickly suppressed, but with bloodshed. When the death-roll was prepared, it was found that the name of not one leading Socialist appeared on it. These men fomented the trouble, but took care to save their skins. This single incident has largely discredited Socialism among the working-classes of Northern Italy. It is an old story that saviours of the world are always available provided they are permitted to find substitutes for Calvary.

Now we do not believe that this type of mind is common in the United Kingdom, though it undoubtedly exists. A series of articles has recently appeared in the *Times* under the title *The Ferment of Revolution*, whose cumulative effect has been to leave in the public mind the suggestion that the country is on the verge of revolution. A careful perusal of the articles show that the author did not intend to convey this impression; it is rather obvious that he has argued from the particular to the general, and the idea is conveyed that in writing these articles he had at the back of his mind certain disquieting symptoms which have declared themselves in a few Cambrian mining districts. He himself in a letter to the *Times* this week has summarised his remarks thus:

> Labour has so far yielded itself to revolutionary guidance that many of its most important sectional organisations are hindering recruiting, resisting reasonable industrial discipline, and demanding increases of wages which are inconsistent with the economic stability of the nation; and the Government (including its Labour members) has, in spite of its own expressed convictions, often given way to such movements.

There is truth in these two contentions provided it is recognised that it is not the whole truth. Labour has in certain directions, and latterly, hindered recruiting, but what would our position be if Labour had not thrown its full weight at the earlier stages of the war into recruiting and so provided the men who now constitute the unconquerable army of Great Britain? It is not fair to emphasise the defects of either individual or party without giving due credit for their virtues. This is where the *Times* writer failed. In the same way as regards strikes. Frequently there would have been neither strikes nor threatenings of strikes if the Government, or the representatives of Government, had dealt with reasonable grievances at the outset in a sensible manner. It is futile at this late hour to attempt to defend Government officials from dilatoriness and delay. To ordinary men of all shades and classes, the extraordinary maze of formalities in official proceedings and the waste of time and temper which these engender have been a revelation. Business men, who have become familiar through patriotic self-denial with these conditions, deem it inconceivable how any successful business can be conducted under the normal conditions prevailing in Government departments. There has been some slight improvement, but the fact remains that working men in Government-controlled concerns who have gone out on strike have been more often sinned against than sinning. This, unfortunately, taught them the power which they possess, and it is quite possible that this power, since then, has been used or threatened to be used unfairly under the present war conditions on more than one occasion.

It is well to keep two facts in mind: the first that a Briton remains a Briton irrespective of class or caste; the second, which "Jason" brings out clearly in his article to-day, that for years following the industrial revolution, the idea prevailed "that society existed for the creation of wealth." It therefore follows that if among Labour representatives certain minds still cling to the nineteenth-century fallacy and devote their energies to diverting wealth to their own class they are not necessarily Revolutionaries, but merely lawful Britons who are carrying into effect the gospel which has been preached and practised in other strata of society for several generations. The trouble is once a people bows the knee to the Golden Calf, it never knows into what divagations the idolatry may lead it. For ourselves we are of the opinion that the working-classes have been on the whole singularly free from this fallacy of wealth; they realise that money goes a small way towards the creation of a healthy and happy life, once life's necessities are provided for, and we believe, for reasons which "Jason" explains, that the war tends to promote and strengthen this idea.

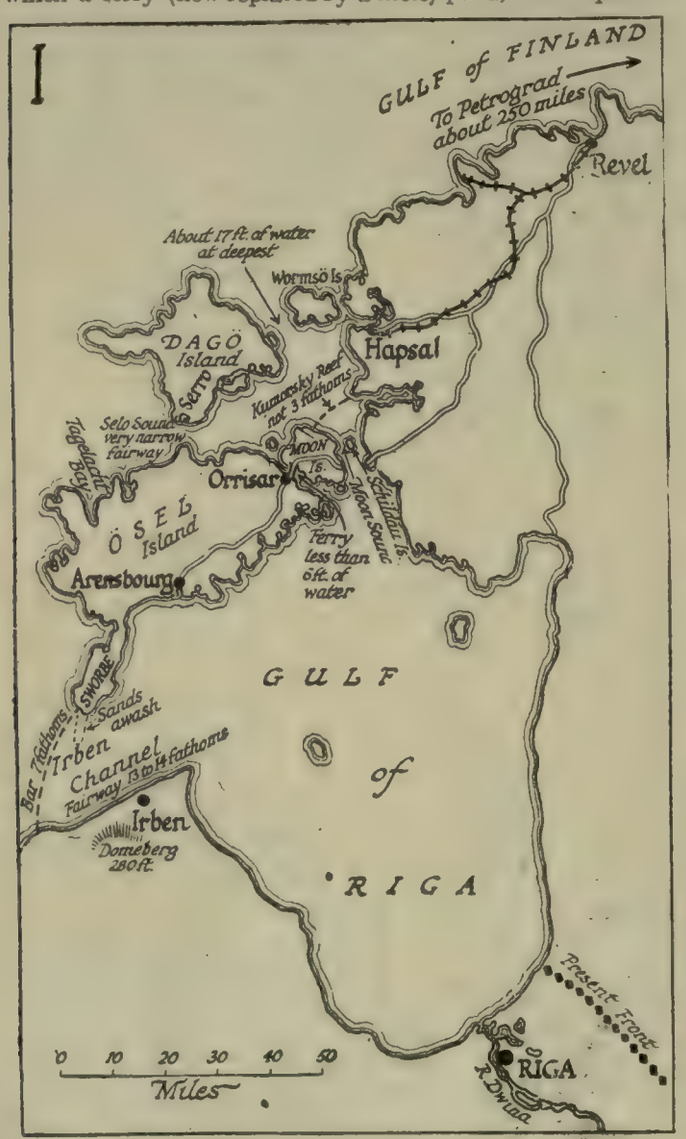
But the nation and the Government have to see that more opportunities are given to the working-classes to develop their lives on right lines; we have to introduce into this land, overburdened with so many false social traditions, to say nothing of mean streets and meaner habitations, an entirely new standard of living. This will be no easy task, but the people which has faced boldly the impossibilities of the last three years and has overcome them, should not be daunted by this internal reformation, for in truth it is the ferment of reformation rather than the ferment of revolution which is stirring to-day. The *Times* has done good service in lending its columns to this exposition and discussion, for it is a question that cannot be pushed into the background. A good beginning is to be made in Mr. Fisher's Education Bill, which will be considered in Parliament this session. Hitherto education has been a subject which has failed to focus the interest and attention of M.P.'s but it is to be hoped they will approach it from a different side than formerly and recognise in the measure the Minister of Education places before them a start towards that reformation of society which is inevitable. The purpose among all classes to recreate the whole fabric of social life is too widespread to permit the delusion to persist that when the war is over, we can go back to pre-war conditions. For many reasons, some obvious, others remote, it is impossible to declare exactly the directions these many changes will follow, so it is the more advisable to consider seriously the different ways which they might pursue if wise guidance and firm control were absent.

Riga and the Western Front

By Hilaire Belloc

THE action of the German Fleet against the Gulf of Riga is (so far) only partially a military operation. It is (so far) the occupation of a maritime point by troops under the cover of a fleet. But it falls sufficiently into the military province to merit a brief description in this week's article.

The Gulf of Riga is a body of water roughly oval in shape, not quite 90 miles in breadth and rather over 100 in extreme length. It is almost completely land-locked and the great barrier which cuts it off from the main sea is the island of Oesel followed in a chain by the smaller islands of Dagö and Wormsö. This island of Oesel, with a smaller adjoining island called Moon, from which it is only separated by a very shallow narrow arm, with less than six feet of water in it, across which a ferry (now replaced by a mole) plied, forms upon the



north an almost complete barrier and, with Dagö, it forms one absolutely closed except to small boats. The width of the sound called Moon Sound between the latter island and the main land is no more than six or seven miles across and is broken by the island of Schildau in its midst. It is extremely shallow. There is but one very narrow fairway with some four fathoms of water in it. But even this is useless as an entry, for the northern side is blocked by the Kumonsky reef over which there is rarely more than 2½ to 3 fathoms at the deepest points. In other words, it is a passage completely commanded by shore batteries. But on the south, where a peninsula called Sworbe runs out from Oesel, there is a main passage into the Gulf of 18 miles, that is, nearly as wide as the Straits of Dover. The fairway is much narrower, for long sands run out for miles southwards, awash for the most part and occasionally drying off. There are no tides here but the water drops slightly in level at different times, under the effect of thaws on land, of wind, etc., and also with that mysterious "swing" which sets up upon inland bodies of water.

The actual fairway between these sands and the Irben coast opposite is some 8 or 9 miles, completely overlooked from the Domeberg, 280 feet high, behind Irben. This fairway is deep, with from 11 to 14 fathoms of water, but there is a sort of bar outside full of shoals, with a narrow and tricky channel, having but 7 fathoms at its deepest. This passage the German Fleet was unable to force in the days when the Russian Empire still existed and possessed a properly organised military and naval force. It was presumably thoroughly mined. Even as things now are the attack which has been launched has not yet attempted this passage, but has struck for the breakwater of the Gulf, the Island of Oesel.

Method of Landing

On October 10th a number of enemy aircraft dropped bombs upon the Russian shipping, lying presumably within the island on the side of the Gulf. Two days later, on Friday last, October 12th, two landings were effected under cover of the fleet. The first took place in the deep bay on the north of Oesel, called Tagelacht Bay. This inlet is entirely commanded from both sides and with proper shore batteries should be unapproachable. It has a good beach at the far end, shelving very gradually and suitable for landing. The second was effected near the village of Serro, the extreme southern point of the island of Dagö, which lies to the north of Oesel and opposite the railway terminus of Hapsal.

At the moment of writing, Monday, October 15th, there is no news received in London sufficiently precise to serve as a basis for judgment on the situation. We do not even know approximately what is the strength of the German forces that have landed. Some talk of one division, some of two. The whole thing is pure conjecture.

By the evening of that Friday, October 12th, German motor cyclist detachments were already appearing near Orrisar, more than 40 miles, by the sandy tracks they had followed, from the landing place. Orrisar is the village at the Oesel end of the ferry, not quite two miles long, crossing over the very shallow and narrow Strait to the island of Moon. The Russian despatches sent out last Sunday speak of some sort of fight for a crossing here, and tell us the Germans have not yet been able to force it. Meanwhile the German force which had landed near Serro met with unexpectedly strong resistance, and according to the Russian account, was beaten back to its ships.

On the next day, last Saturday, October 13th, some sort of inconclusive engagement seems to have taken place in the Soela Sound between Dagö and Oesel, but there was apparently no further landing on Dagö. Oesel, however, on which there appears to have been a quite insufficient garrison, was in part overrun, all the northern part of the island being in German hands by the Saturday evening; while the enemy also reported that the principal town, Arensbourg (a small place of about 7,000 souls) was in flames.

During these actions the enemy was also actively engaged in trying to clear the mines from the Irben Channel, the main entrance to the Gulf of Riga. It would seem therefore as though the operation as a whole were designed for the mastery of the Gulf and for further action upon its eastern shore behind the Russian lines, with the object of turning these and compelling the retirement of our Allies and thus uncovering all the marshy country to the north, including Reval, the chief base of the Russian Fleet. If we look at the map we can see what the effect of a landing in force north of, that is behind, the end of the Russian line would be. It would be completely turned. It could not suddenly extend itself by the hundred miles and more required to cover Reval. All Esthonia would be exposed. This then is what would seem to be the enemy's intention: to master the Gulf of Riga with the object of landing on its eastern shore and turning the Russian line.

But all this is mere conjecture, because we are ignorant of even such an elementary point as the strength in which the attack is being made. The Russians themselves apparently regard the movement as being directed against Hapsal, the railhead from Reval about sixty miles distant from that port. It is not very clear what advantages the enemy would obtain by the capture of this railhead. If he is free to land on Oesel he is equally free to land on any part of the Esthonian Coast and there would be no object, under such circumstances, in trying to fight one's way sixty miles forward against an enemy supplied by a railway with such a base as Reval behind him. It is much more likely that the movement aims at turning the Russian line as I have said.

But I repeat, all this is guesswork. The certain thing we have to bear in mind is the unfortunate fact that Germany in this region can do pretty well what she likes. She is limited

only by the fear of entering into heavy commitments on the East with forces severely reduced and with her fate clearly dependent upon the Western fighting where two-thirds of her armies and the overwhelming mass of her material is concentrated in the effort to stave off defeat.

THE WESTERN FRONT

On the West the week was marked by two successive blows, the fourth and the fifth of those launched by the British Higher Command during the present offensive; and each of these blows was further remarkable for the unprecedented rapidity in preparation which it showed.

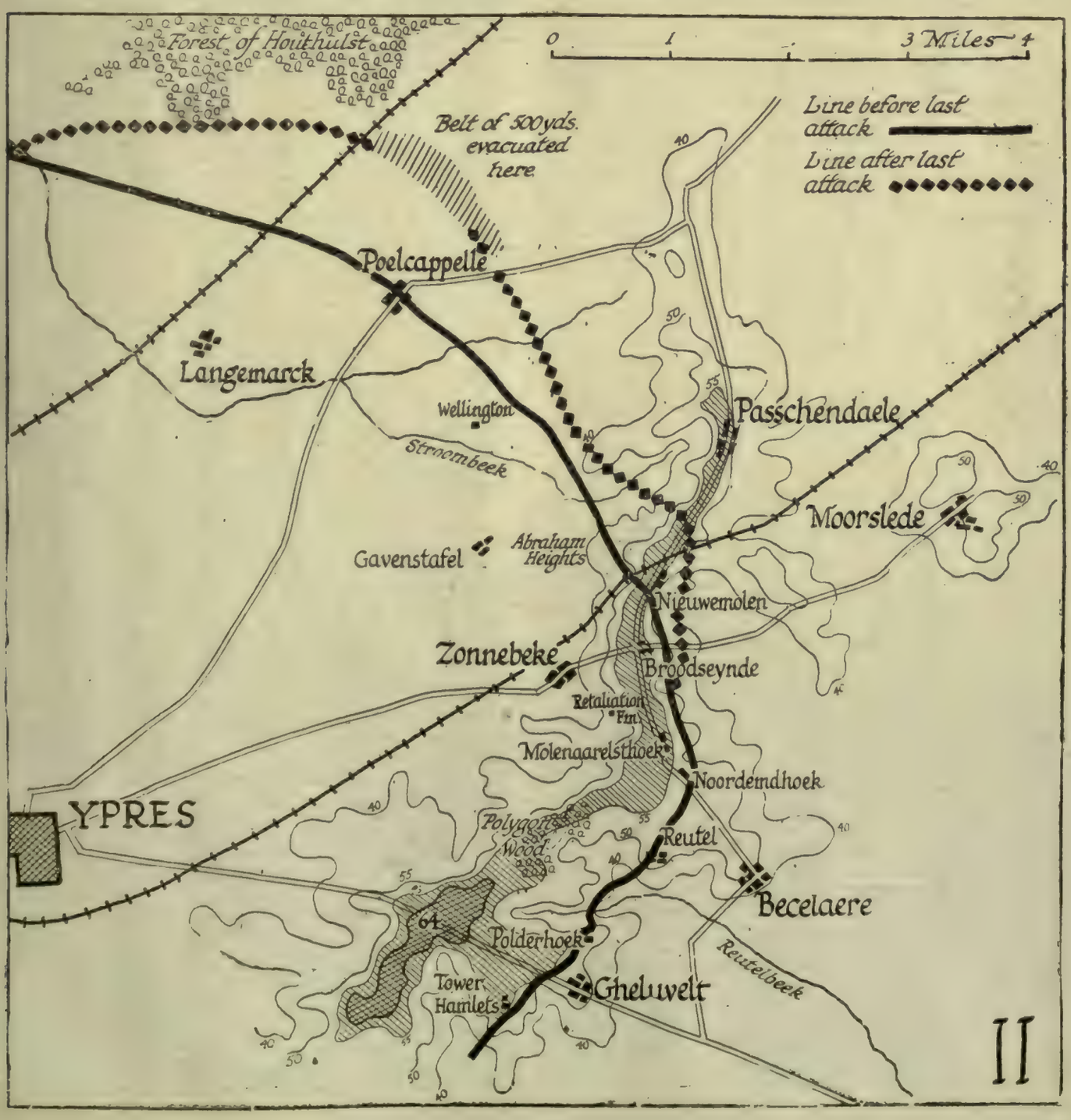
On Tuesday, October 9th, was fought an action the news of which reached London too late for inclusion in our last issue. It was the first of these two last blows and was struck from the south of Houthulst Forest in the north to the eastern slopes of the Ridge just south-east of the Broodseinde Cross Roads on the south. On the extreme left the French co-operated with us, the British left (on the right of the French) consisting of English, Welsh and Irish troops and the Guards. In the centre was a Territorial Division comprising the Manchester, East Lancashires and Lancashire Fusiliers regiments; on the right by Broodseinde were the Australians.

The attack, which was launched at twenty past five in the morning, had again something of the effect of a surprise; especially on the north, between the railway and Poelcappelle, where two German divisions were caught, the one in the act of relieving the other. The troops coming in, those of the 227th Division, naturally suffered the most. It had rained heavily during the night and the difficulties of the low ground were very great. And some hours after the first advance of about a thousand yards the local difficulties, especially apparently those of transport, necessitated a retirement over about half the belt occupied. It was not, by the accounts received, undertaken under enemy pressure nor with any recorded loss.

On the ridge itself an advance of one mile towards Passchendaele was effected by the Territorial division just mentioned, on the left of whom were the Warwickshires and certain units from Yorkshire. The objectives fixed here fell short of the ruins of Passchendaele. Nevertheless a portion of the British forces appear to have entered these ruins for a moment, pushing beyond their objectives as was the case last week in the Australian advance up the road from Broodseinde. They fell back later on to the objectives originally assigned for them.

By the evening of the second day the total amount of prisoners was just over 2,000, of whom 400 had been taken by the French.

Rain fell at intervals during and after the advance, and the chances of a repetition of the attack seemed to grow worse and worse. Nevertheless, after so short an interval as only three days from the inception of the fourth blow a fifth was launched at 25 minutes past five in the morning of Friday, October 12th, upon much the same front, but excluding the portion near Houthulst Forest where the French had previously advanced. Very heavy rain had fallen again in the night before this attack which was therefore made under the most difficult conditions conceivable. The rain set in again with the later morning and the attempt to push the thing farther was abandoned. This stroke was also successful within its limits, counting before it was over 943 prisoners. Later, during the Saturday, heavy rain continued to fall



throughout the night and morning, and further action was, for the moment, impossible.

It is clear that the weather conditions all further activity now in Flanders. We have reached the same time of year as that which imposed limits upon the battle of the Somme and for the same reason. The sun has no longer sufficient power to dry the ground even after moderate rain, and anything like really wet weather stops operations entirely.

The Conditions of Victory—II

I BEGAN this series of articles by noting that immediately upon the destruction of the enemy's offensive power in the West and his being thrown back upon an increasingly doubtful defensive, he had no chance of escape from ultimate defeat—in spite of the Russian collapse—save through some political manœuvre.

This political manœuvre was the industrious propagation, first by his agents, next by his friends, and after that by their dupes, of three consecutive propositions.

The first of these propositions was that the German people were not responsible for the war and its hitherto unknown atrocities: the character it has increasingly borne of breaking with every law, convention, and moral standard of civilized Europe. The war and its wholly novel abominations were due to a few wicked rulers from whom we had to free the innocent mass of the enemy.

The two propositions following on this were, the second one, that the defeat of the Central Powers in the field was impossible and that therefore it was necessary to negotiate, and the third (to which these first two led up) that, as we had to negotiate at last, it would be well to lay down at once in detail the terms of a peace which the Allies could accept.

I said that these three propositions, and especially their conclusion, were equivalent to a demand for parley; that a demand for parley was a demand for truce; and that a truce with an unbeaten enemy was the prelude to acknowledging his successful defence. I said, therefore, that what we had to do was to reject the whole scheme, after noting the falsehood of the arguments in its support, and to replace it by considering our conditions—not of peace, but of victory. In other words, to consider what things were necessary to our future and to the stability of Europe as the fruits of our full *military* success: *things which an unbeaten enemy will certainly not give us, but which a beaten enemy will be compelled to give us.*

The first part of my task, then, is negative: I have to exhibit the falsehood of the arguments the enemy and his friends are using. After that only can I approach the positive part which is the statement of what the conditions of victory are. In this negative part I examine the triple proposition of the enemy and his friends. Last week I dealt with the first of his proposals. This week I will deal with the second, and the week after with the third.

Negotiation

The second proposition put forward by the enemy's supporters and, for that matter, openly by his own statesmen and soldiers, is the proposition that as a decision in the field is now impossible, there is nothing left but negotiation; the mere prolonging of the struggle under such circumstances is a useless and terrible expenditure of life and subsistence, and threatens a common ruin to both parties.

Let us bring into relief the main fact about this proposition: *it is advanced by the enemy.*

It originated *with the enemy;* first in a crowd of articles and suggestions which began to appear during the battle of the Somme, next in a definite and even urgent demand for peace which issued from Berlin in the second week of December 1916, when the results of the Somme were fully known—but before the collapse of Russia.

All that has followed since, whether from well-meaning neutrals or from men who had no nationality and to whom, therefore, the war was a meaningless tragedy, or from the direct agents of the enemy, has been but a development of the policy clearly originated in the summer of last year and publicly enunciated *by the enemy himself* at the end of last year's critical battle: A battle, be it remembered, which definitely proved to the enemy that his offensive power was at an end and even his defensive system doomed.

If we do not bear in mind this capital fact that the suggestion of negotiation has come *from the enemy* we shall misunderstand the whole psychology of it.

Of the various forces which were grouped for the maintenance of civilization against the Prussian menace of 1914, not one in the West has made default. Of the forces that were grouped for the conquest of Europe in 1914 all have made default. The Western Allies maintain their original position. Prussia and her allies are already giving way. That is the core of the whole matter.

In July 1914 the attitude of the two sides was this:

The Central Empires, organised under Prussia, proposed to do what they willed with the small nationalities of the Balkans, to control the route to the East through these, and, since the military power of France was their most serious opponent (though counting only a third of their numbers), they proposed early to destroy that military power in a brief and necessarily successful campaign. This done Prussia and her Allies would have been the unquestioned masters of Europe. But there was more than this. It was openly announced—and the announcement was carried out in practice—that the old moral tradition of Europe, its conventions in war, the sanctity of neutral territory and the security of non-belligerents would be disregarded. We were told in so many words what countless writings and speeches had already led us to expect, that Prussia denied validity to the old international morals of Europe and proposed to achieve her aggrandisement by a contempt of them.

When Great Britain entered the field, the military machine of the Central Powers was already well under way, no modification of its movements was then possible, and those who had deliberately challenged the civilization of Europe asserted (and believed) in spite of their evident annoyance at this accession of strength to their foe, that the rapidity and success of their overwhelming numerical power would decide the issue before blockade could come into play. As for a serious development of British military power by land, they did not consider it possible for one moment.

There you have briefly stated the thesis of Prussia and her Allies in launching the war. Every other pronouncement than this has been an afterthought produced ultimately by the Marne. These afterthoughts have contradicted one another and have fluctuated back and forth with the fortune of arms. The nearer defeat seemed the more generous or the more pitiful was the attitude of the original aggressors. Each accident postponing defeat led immediately to a different tone.

Mastery of Europe

The one thing that stands historically unassailable is the original motive and action of our enemies. They proposed to master Europe. They were certain of their power to do so and they affirmed in theory (and carried out in practice) the rapid achievement of victory by a contempt for all the old traditions of Europe at war. There was no talk in those days, when the issue was clearly marked, of the war being an aggression on Prussia by England. That was merely an afterthought and a clumsy one. So far from its being true it is clear that the enemy believed up to the last moment that England would not enter the lists. There was no talk of the horrors of war, the pity of their continuance; on the contrary they were proclaimed as a sort of good—because it was believed they would fall upon the opponents of Prussia. There was no talk of freedom of the seas or freedom of nations or races, or freedom of anything. There was a plain plan of conquest by methods admittedly devoid of morality.

On the other side there was an equally plain political thesis. Its base was the defence of all that had been known as European civilization. It stood for the maintenance of sovereign national rights, especially in the smaller sovereign States, for the observance of an accepted chivalry in war and for the saving of all our traditions. It was clear that the only means of doing this was to break the Prussian military machine. In other words, to defeat it decisively in the field.

Within the nations which successfully undertook this task were elements either favourable to the enemy or so ignorant or so strangely enthusiastic that they did not understand the value of patriotism and the meaning of nationality. Those elements, from the beginning in France as in England, in Italy before she joined the war, as in the United States before that country entered, argued against the defence of Europe and in favour of yielding to the enemy. They were weakest in France because France was directly and physically menaced. They were strongest in the nations which were either less directly menaced or stood out for some time from the struggle. We all know what those elements were. We all know who their leaders were. There has been no conversion and no change. Exactly the same people who talked Pacifist and internationalist nonsense, or who more soberly argued for the neutrality of their nations two years ago, are continuing the work to-day. There has here been no

general modification in the West due to the process of the war —or very little. The general purpose of the Western Allies remains what it was at the beginning. On the enemy's side there is a prodigious change. It is a change affecting whole populations and the very mind of the combination which set out to conquer us. They have come to an open repudiation of their original intention and to a negation of what seemed in 1914 their ineradicable political philosophy. Prussia (for the first time in all her history) is using the word "freedom" and talking of "national rights." The most enormous of all the enormous symptoms of the thing is the fact that Prussia is now at last compelled to propitiate Poland.

That, I say, is the capital mark of the whole affair. It should be the foundation of our judgment to see it clearly—and therefore it is the great object of the enemy and his supporters, direct and indirect, at this moment to confuse us upon that capital point.

They assure us that the movement is a general one; that "all parties" are equally weary; that the tone is "everywhere" changed. So stated it is a falsehood. Obviously, three years of war will weary all men, victors as well as vanquished, more than one year. But so far as direction of effort is concerned, the change is a change upon the enemy's part and not upon ours. And the reason is simple. It is that the enemy, formerly certain of victory on a purely military calculation, is now on the same calculation equally certain of defeat. He has only the political avenue of escape left him, and therefore he has turned to that.

Enemy Propaganda

This, then, is our conclusion on the fundamental point. The Peace Propaganda is an enemy propaganda. It is the enemy that turned to it and not we; it is the enemy who is trying to drag us in to it and we who must resist.

There follows an immediate corollary from this fundamental truth, which is that the statements on which this propaganda reposes are necessarily suspect in our eyes. When we look at those statements we shall find that our suspicion is very reasonable, quite apart from the fact that the proposition is an enemy proposition.

The enemy statement we are considering here may be put thus briefly in simple words:

"You cannot defeat me, of course; yet I am willing to give you *part* of the things which only defeat could wring from me."

Of course, the matter is not put so simply or with a contradiction so glaring. The way it is put is: "A decision in the field is impossible short of mutual ruin, therefore let us negotiate." But the briefest and truest form of it is what I have said: "You cannot defeat me, of course; but I am willing to give you part of the things that can only be wrung from me by defeat." A strange attitude!

The enemy, so long as he had the slightest chance of victory, far from conceding anything talked openly of indemnities, of the probable annexation of French territory, of the certain annexation of Belgium, of the "punishment" of Italy, and all the rest of the phrases with which we were exceedingly familiar not two years ago. Surely even public opinion cannot be so short-memoried as to have forgotten already those phrases and declarations? Have we forgotten Bernhardi's definite prophesy at the end of 1915 that, with the spring of 1916, France would be overrun? Or the memorandum upon the annexation of the French ironfields in Lorraine? Or the later declarations upon Belgium? Is it possible that anyone can have forgotten the earlier claim to hold the Channel Coast as a permanent threat against England? Or the discussion of the exact amounts which a defeated Western civilization would have to pay? So long as there was the least chance of victory for the enemy *that* was the tone.

If we were to put the matter in plain question and answer it would stand somewhat thus:

Why did you not talk like this during the battle of Verdun?"

"Because I then thought I could get a decision in my own favour."

"Why did you not talk like this before the Trentino fiasco?"

"Because I did not think it would be a fiasco. I expected a decisive victory, the cutting off of the whole Italian Army and the overrunning of the Italian cities."

It comes then to this. So long as the chance of victory was with the enemy, a decision was possible and negotiation was ridiculous. Now that the progress towards victory is on our side and against him, behold! a decision is impossible and negotiation is the only way out! Really the argument is a little too one-sided.

The enemy's attitude and that of his supporters and apologists at the present moment may be compared to that of a man heavily pressed for money who enters into some such conversation as the following with his creditor:

THE CREDITOR: "Your payment has fallen due. Can you pay? Are you solvent?"

THE DEBTOR: "Oh, yes! I am quite solvent. But first of all let us see whether you will not rather accept something in the pound."

We all know what we should think of the man who replied thus in a commercial matter and where his credit would stand. It is an exact parallel to the bluff which the enemy is putting up at this phase of the war.

The truth is that the whole argument depends upon the statement that a decision is impossible. It is a statement which the enemy and his friends make, and it is a statement manifestly false.

"Permanent" Defences

The enemy constructed his original defensive lines in the West with the manifest intention of holding them intact until he could secure an inconclusive peace. In their largest plan as in their details those lines are a clear confession of such a policy. No one who has seen the work he put into them can doubt that. They amounted to a declaration that it was worth while to do so much because doing so much gave him an impregnable position.

Well, the first step was that those lines proved far from impregnable as the armament of the Allies proceeded. The Battle of the Somme was definite proof that this armament—then, remember, only in the middle of its expansion—could destroy a system it had taken the enemy two years to complete.

He fell back upon the idea of successive trench lines; the chief of them, constructed with immense labour and obviously designed for permanence, lay along the Bapaume Ridge. He was shot off the Bapaume Ridge almost before he had properly fallen back upon it.

The next step in his decline was the determination upon a local retirement and the evacuation of the Noyon salient. He drew across that arc a chord which is generally called the Hindenburg line. It started with the Vimy Ridge and was (and is) an enormous double work, including miles of tunnel and hundreds of elaborate posts constructed for permanent defence which ran down past St. Quentin along the Chemin des Dames to the neighbourhood of Rheims. In the spring offensive of this year that line was broken up in place after place.

That the attack did not produce a general retirement does not affect the argument. He built this thing as permanent fortifications are built, not as field works are built, and yet he lost its continuity.

Changed Tactics

Then came, with the end of this summer, a further confession of inferiority—really the most significant of all; the continually increasing fire power of the Allies and particularly of the British, compelled him to abandon the trench system altogether at the point where pressure was most fierce. He fell back at a very heavy expense in men upon a system of isolated posts, of formation in depth and of repeated and murderously expensive counter-attacks after each sacrifice of ground. Whether yet another type of defence can intervene between this last step and the final failure of the defensive we do not know, but the thing is clearly progressive, and the progress is continually against him and in our favour.

In a word, the doctrine that a decision is impossible is nonsense. If we under-estimate the time required to arrive at such a result, we shall naturally be disappointed. If we make no guess at any precise term, but appreciate the direction and inevitable progress of the operations, we have a true judgment of the situation.

Both parties suffer. Both parties increasingly suffer. But the party which is now in the process of undergoing progressive defeat, suffers, on the civilian as on the military side, in material as in men, as in casualties as in *moral*, more and more, and the victors less and less. The curves are separating and it would be madness now that that separation is getting accentuated to check it by accepting the enemy's demand for a parley and a truce.

H. BELLOC

An Allied Naval Policy

We regret to announce that more than half of Mr. Arthur Pollen's article on the Naval Policy of the Allies has been eliminated by the Censor.

We do not consider it would be fair, either to Mr. Pollen or to our readers, to present his arguments in an incomplete form, and so we are reluctantly compelled to omit his article altogether.

"Bagdad at Any Cost"

By Lewis R. Freeman

"BAGDAD at any cost!" The endless iteration of that expression in the German press during the last three months has been only one of a score of signs indicating that the octopus of Middle Europe was as implacably resolved to extend its most easterly tentacle to its full length as it is not to relax the stranglehold which its most westerly one has thrown around Belgium. And it should by no means be assumed that the stinging rap which General Maude has dealt to one of the Turkish feelers of this eastern arm at Ramadie is calculated to arrest more than temporarily the impulses which have been set going from the monster's Teutonic nerve-centre.

With Falkenhayn directing in person the strategy of the enemy in the Near Eastern theatre, there is every reason to believe that the campaign to regain Bagdad and re-establish the waning prestige of the Teuton east of the Bosphorus will be vigorously prosecuted; but even so, there is still more reason to believe that not only will an adequate defence be maintained, but that the chances for a further British advance —should such a move commend itself to those directing the campaign—are far from unfavourable. There has been no time since the recapture of Kut when British moral and organisation in this theatre have not been far above those of the enemy; but even assuming the opposing armies to be more or less balanced on this score, there are still two important factors which in themselves would be sufficient to create a situation increasingly unfavourable to the enemy. These are transport and what one might call the local economic situation, neither of which appear to have been fully appreciated in England. I shall touch on each very briefly before going on to a discussion of what Mesopotamia means, or might mean, to the British Empire.

Communications

From the inception of the Mesopotamian expedition, the British had, potentially at least, all the best of it on the score of communications, and the disaster to Townshend at Kut-el-Amara was due—more than to any other one thing—to the failure to take advantage of the opportunity to develop an adequate system of paddle-wheel steamer and barge transport on the navigable Tigris. With the river transport as at present carried on (with its auxiliary of light railways), it is not too much to say that the British are in better shape to maintain an army on a front in the latitude of Bagdad, and even up to and perhaps north of Samara, than the Turks would be if they had a single-track railway all the way through from the Bosphorus. The fact that the Mesopotamian army must now draw a far greater amount of both its food and munitions from India than it did in its first year, must also make a great difference in the problem of sea transport.

As to what the Germans have done to improve the Turkish transport we can only speculate. The Bagdad railway is usually shown on the strategic maps published in the Allied countries as coming to an end at Nisbin, about two-thirds of the way across from Aleppo to Mosul, on the Tigris. If it is true, however, that the tunnels have been completed and rail connection established through the Taurus and Amanus mountains, there is no reason that material should not have come rapidly enough to carry the rail-head much farther east, and possibly all the way into the amphitheatre of brown hills where Mosul looks across to the ruins of old Nineveh. Even this, however, would still leave the Turk at a great disadvantage, for he certainly has not the rafting material that would make it possible to float supplies to his armies down the shallow but swift-flowing Tigris.

No probable development of the Bagdad Railway along its original route is likely to give the Turks communications comparable to those already at the disposal of the British, but the thing of which one would like to have assurance, is what he has done in improving the direct route from Aleppo to Bagdad down the Euphrates. The very sizeable force which fell a victim to General Maude's masterly strategy almost certainly came from this direction, and the fact that several disassembled engines were among the booty might be taken to indicate that some sections at least of this route had been bridged by rail. While the chances are that the captured railway material was brought there for *future* use on the light line which runs across from the Tigris to the Euphrates at this front (after it had been taken from the British, of course), it should not be forgotten that the Euphrates route is not only the most direct one between Aleppo and Bagdad, but that it is even freer than the other from heavy engineering work. Indeed, I have already mentioned in LAND & WATER how Meissner Pasha, who was then engaged in building the Bagdad Railway, practically admitted to me in the spring of 1912 that political rather than engineering or commercial considerations had been responsible for carrying the survey across the half-desert hills of Upper Mesopotamia to Mosul. The idea was, he gave me to understand, to "flank" Armenia, and to make ultimately of Mosul a junction point from which dominating strategic lines would radiate to northern and central Persia.

Down the Euphrates

There is little doubt that if the Germans could have seen ahead to a two or three years' campaign in Mesopotamia when operations were first planned for this theatre, they would have left the railhead on the original survey of the Bagdad Railway just where it was—somewhere out towards Ras-el-Ain—and devoted all their energies and material to pushing a line down the Euphrates. There would have been some cutting and filling—though all in soft earth—to do, but it would have been possible to raft material down the river, construct and inaugurate traffic on the easy stretches, and then link these up as the slower work was finished. It is not impossible that something of the kind may have been attempted in the last year, although the chances—on account of the increasingly insistent demands of Europe—are much against it. Anyway that one figures it, it seems certain the British will have all the best of the transport to the end.

How much the British stood to profit—and the Turk to suffer—when the latter was finally pushed out of the irrigated area roughly included in the triangle Bagdad-Kerbela-Kut I have never seen made adequately clear in any of the reports of General Maude's advance up the Tigris. This area together with some marsh and much land and not under canal—takes in practically all of the irrigated and intensively cultivated area of Mesopotamia. All the rest of the cultivation along both Tigris and Euphrates consists only of inconsiderable patches where water has been raised from the river by wheels. While the Turks were in undisturbed possession of this area, they had an unlimited supply of fodder for their horses, as well as of most of the foodstuffs consumed by their army. There is no other area of cultivation sufficient for feeding an army nearer than Aleppo, and all Syria had been famine-stricken for a year in consequence of the taking of food for the armies. When the Turk was pushed north of Bagdad, however, he found himself compelled to establish his front in a region which was a complete desert away from the rivers, while even along their banks the patches of cultivation were only sufficient to eke out the lives of the villagers who maintained them. For the supply of foodstuffs the pressure on the Turkish transport must have been increased many fold from the day he dug himself in across the low table-land above Samara. The soil of most of the region of Upper Mesopotamia is rich, but its pitifully small rainfall could only be made to nourish crops under the most scientific "dry-farming" methods, into the mysteries of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, the Arab *fellahin*—the only available cultivators—have not yet been initiated. If the Germans are still going to insist on the Turks maintaining a fighting force in Mesopotamia, they have either got to take Bagdad, and the region south of it down to Kut, or else bring the food for that army from the already depleted granary of Asia Minor.

The British army, in entering the cultivated area of Mesopotamia after the fall of Kut, naturally reaped most of the advantages of which the Turk had been deprived on being driven out of it. Flour and most of its meats it doubtless still has to bring from India or Europe, but the saving of transport on fodder, vegetables and fruits must be very considerable. I have never heard that the Turks destroyed the great barrage at Hindia, on the Euphrates, before retreating, and with this and its canal system intact, the food production of this part of Mesopotamia can—with the importation of coolie labour from India—easily be kept abreast of the demands any army of occupation, no matter how large, can possibly make.

At a time then when it appears assured that, barring unforeseen disaster, the indefinite tenure of Bagdad—with all it stands for—seems only a matter of "carrying on," it may be apposite to consider what Mesopotamia means, or rather might mean, to the British Empire. For a good many centuries it has been the custom to refer to the Tigro-Euphrates Valley as the world's greatest "graveyard of Dead Empires" without giving a thought as to whether or not the restoration of the conditions which enabled Empires to flourish there

might not make it anew the home of the civilization of which it was the cradle. Then, six or seven years ago, a man came along with not only a well-maintained thesis to prove that the desert was the original site of the Garden of Eden, but with a fully formulated plan to make a new garden of it, a garden more extensive and more fruitful than that of the Nile. It is impossible to speak of the future of Mesopotamia without bringing in Sir William Willcocks and the Nile.

Two Most Famous Valleys

It is a remarkable fact that what are undoubtedly the world's two most ancient and opulent seats of empire, the valley of the Nile and the valley of the Tigris-Euphrates, should both have ultimately become for the most part two of the most sterile of the world's deserts. But more remarkable still is it that when, after the lapse of a score or more of centuries, the destined hour of their rehabilitation came round, the master transformer of each who in time will restore both valleys to a fruitfulness undreamed of by Rameses or Nebuchadnezzar, should be one and the same man, and he not a king nor an emperor, but a quiet unassuming Englishman, with the practical brain of an engineer and the imaginative soul of a dreamer. It is as a dreamer—a constructive dreamer—in fact, that I like best to think of Sir William Willcocks. On the memorable occasion on which I first turned the pages of his "Garden of Eden" reclamation report, there was nought that I envied Keats his pioneering jaunt which provoked his rhapsody on "First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

It was an evening of May, 1912, in the Bagdad Club Library that I picked up a volume of the "Thousand and One Nights" and sought a reclining chair under a punkah. I had intended whiling away the hot evening by following the inimitable Haroun al Raschid through the highways and byways of the ancient city of the Kaliphs, but I chanced to start turning the leaves of the green-bound engineering report which I found on the arm of my chair, and instead of trailing at the skirts of the good Haroun, I found the car of my fancy hitched to the Pegasus of Sir William Willcocks and whirled off across the ages to the days of the Garden of Eden, swung back in a sweeping circle through the Deluge, the rise and fall of Chaldea, Babylon, Assyria and Hitt, on down to the present and beyond to that future when the transmuting touch of water was to restore all that was worth restoring of the glories that had gone before. It was with Willcocks, the dreamer, that I rode that night.

Twenty-four hours later, with a clear-eyed sun-tanned Scotchman, I stood at the awninged window of a drafting room looking down into a quarter mile wide hole where a couple of thousand Arab labourers and a confused mixture of pumps, engines, dredges, cement-mixers and steam-shovels were doing the preliminary work of the foundation of the great Hindia Barrage, the completion of which, a year or more later, raised the waters of the Euphrates and turned it back into its old channel by the walls of Babylon. Opened between us, and supplemented by a portfolio of maps, lay a green-bound report similar to the one I had found in Bagdad the night before, and my companion turned often and read from it as he pointed and explained. But always it was columns of figures—estimates of flow and fall and siltage content—that he quoted; these magic pages glowing with fascinating interweavings of fact and fancies regarding Eden and the Deluge and Belshazzar and Sardanapalus were unturned. It was Willcocks, the engineer, not the dreamer, whom we followed that afternoon; the engineer transforming into realities the visionings of the dreamer.

It is a significant commentary on the confidence with which Turkey still regarded England up to 1911-12 that, in spite of the fact that German intrigue was at its height in all parts of the Ottoman Empire at this time, the Government should not only have turned to a British engineer to draw up its plans for the greatest reclamation project ever planned, but should also have awarded all of the first construction contracts—involving the expenditure of many millions of pounds—to a British firm. That this was done in the face of strong endeavours on the part of the Germans (who were already at work on the Bagdad railway) to secure at least the construction contracts for themselves, indicates how small a British effort might have been successful in saving Turkey from her final entanglement with Germany.

Perhaps no better idea can be given of the incalculable promise of the future that awaits Mesopotamia if ever a stable government is established there than to outline briefly the salient features of the Willcocks project. Many of the names—such as Kut and Ctesiphon—of subsidiary projects have since become bywords. Indeed, General Maude's latest victory at Ramadie involved operations over the Habbania overflow area, the utilisation of which to take care of the surplus flood waters of the Euphrates formed really the initiatory project of them all.

The great problem that confronted the first builders of extensive irrigation works in Mesopotamia must have been that of disposing of the excess of water in flood time, and had not the solution been found at the outset it is certain that all their efforts must have come to nought in the end. The decline of the great Babylonian canals must have dated from the time when, either through neglect or through destruction by enemies the flood protective systems became partially or wholly ineffective. That the irrigation systems of the succeeding empires had but ephemeral existence was due to the fact that the complete restoration of the flood works was not made a condition precedent to irrigation.

To Sir William Willcocks, with his life-long experience in curbing the eccentricities of the Nile, the imperative necessity for providing some sort of a flood escape for the surplus waters of both the Tigris and Euphrates must have been apparent at once; and his first attention, after being commissioned by the Turkish Government to outline a plan for the reclamation of Mesopotamia, was directed to this end. Investigations were first made on the Euphrates, and, guided by a broad belt of shells in the desert to the north-west of Kerbela, a great depression having an area of 300 square miles and a depth of fifty feet, capable of receiving a flow vastly in excess of any flood recorded in modern times, was discovered and surveyed. The belt of shells and traces of old canals and diversion works pointed strongly to the fact that this depression was utilised by the ancients to the identical end it will serve when the Habbania Escape—which was under construction on the Euphrates at the outbreak of the war—is completed. This work will approximate in steel and concrete what the ancients built for the same purpose in sun-dried brick cemented together with bitumen. When it is finished the way will be clear to take up systematically the canalization of the great area—the Hindia Barrage alone commands 1,360,000 acres—which can be irrigated from the waters of the Euphrates.

Tigris Floods

The handling of the flood waters of the Tigris which, although having slightly less average discharge than the Euphrates, swells to far above the maximum flow of the latter in spring time, is a more difficult problem. There are two alternative solutions, one being to utilise as an escape an extensive salt sink to the south-east of Samara, in which the river Tarthar now discharges and terminates, and the other the simpler plan of abandoning the left bank of the river to the floods and creating a massive canal and dike along the right bank. The principal objection to the escape project was its estimated cost of £6,000,000, and Willcocks' recommendation was in favour of the one involving the abandonment of the side of the river until such time as more money was available. It will be seen that the "cramping" efforts of Turkish finance were evident even in the tentative outline of this project.

With the menace of the floods disposed of, the several projects for bringing the lower valley under canal were to be taken up as fast as the Turkish Government could provide the money. These projects, a score or more in number, if ever completed, will have brought water not only to all of the country irrigated by the Babylonians, but also to many hundreds of square miles that did not exist at the time of Nebuchadnezzar—and built out into what was then the Persian Gulf by the silt-laden rivers.

A fairly extensive but relatively cheap piece of reclamation was projected at the great Ctesiphon loop of the Tigris, where Townshend administered so stinging a defeat to the Turks before falling back on Kut. Here a quarter of a mile wide neck of land separates two points on the river, which are thirty miles apart by its winding channel. A two or three-metre fall gives the opportunity to bring nearly all of the looped-in area—about 250,000 acres—under canal. The consummation of this project was expected ultimately to result in the destruction of the famous Ctesiphon ruin, the arch of which is the largest ever constructed.

The great Hindia Barrage was the first of the Willcocks projects to be undertaken, because it was possible to proceed with it regardless of the completion of the Habbania Escape which was to dispose of the flood waters of the Euphrates and upon which all the other projects had to wait. The dam at Hindia is designed to turn a large part of the flow of the Euphrates into its old Babylon channel, restoring to cultivation hundreds of thousands of acres which had reverted to desert through the silting up of the ancient river bed. The Turks—in true Turkish fashion—had endeavoured to do the same thing twenty years previously by erecting a low weir across the river a short distance below the site of the present barrage. This structure, which was built entirely of bricks quarried from the ruins of the Tower of Babel, the palace of Belshazzar, and other historic buildings of Babylon, did good service while it lasted, the water in the old channel being raised to a level which made it possible to bring a considerable

part of the abandoned area again under cultivation. It began going to pieces in the first heavy flood, however, and, through the great losses suffered by those who opened up new land only to be compelled to abandon it as the water in the old channel sank back to its former level, was ultimately responsible for more harm than good.

At the time of my visit to Bayblon I found the German scientists excavating there in a terrible state, because the raising of the water in the old Euphrates threatened to defeat forever their long-cherished plan to delve deep under the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's capital to uncover a prehistoric city of equal size which existed on the same site. It was feared that the increased soakage from the raised water level would make it out of the question to carry on excavations at any depth at this point. The spectacled Teutonic savants were in a high state of indignation at the prospect, but to the average individual half a million live and prosperous farmers would weigh rather more heavily in the balance of expediency than a row of cases filled with the bones and ornaments of dead men, and a ponderous tome filled with theories regarding life in a dead city.

The Hindia Barrage was completed some months before the outbreak of the war, and while it is not possible that the original scheme of distribuion of the water it made available, could have been followed very far, there is no doubt that the Turks and Germans brought a good deal of new land under canal to increase the food supply of the armies. As both of them undoubtedly counted on a speedy return, it is not probable that there was much destruction attempted of works of this kind.

A clear road to the fulfilment of Sir William Willcocks' magnificent dream of a restoration of the Garden of Eden has only been opened since the British hold on the Tigro-Euphrates Valley has appeared to be definitedly assured, and if the British people will begin to think of Mesopotamia as bulwarking the landgate to India just as Egypt does the watergate, it is by no means impossible that this road may be followed to its end.

What is Reconstruction ?

By Jason

IN sixteen hundred and sixty-six, when, as we were told in the nursery the fire went out for want of sticks, London had a rare opportunity. For four days the flames had been destroying the squalor as well as the splendour of the past. It happened that one of the greatest architects produced by our nation was alive, and in the full vigour of his powers. Sir Christopher Wren seized the moment and in a few days he had drawn up a scheme for rebuilding London which would have given to the capital an atmosphere of space and design. If his plan had been accepted St. Pauls would have not been hidden behind narrow and crooked streets. It would have stood out as a Greek temple stands out, so that the eye of traveller or citizen, whether on the river or on land, would run easily and naturally over its great outline with nothing to break the spell of the perspective. For the street leading up Ludgate Hill was widened as it approached St. Paul's, dividing itself into two great avenues, one on either side of the Cathedral. The great features of the city, cathedral, public offices, river, were all given a setting that would display their beauty and importance. All London was to be built with wide streets, smoke was to be banished, the churchyards were to be planted and adorned, and the imagination of every Briton was to be excited and enriched by the noble dignity of his home.

Unhappily for us and for all who have lived since those September days, Sir Christopher Wren's dream seemed too ambitious for the Government of the day. The rights of property, the claims of economy, the urgent need of rehousing the population of London before the winter, all these were pressed on the Court, and Wren's plan was rejected. So though we may love London as well as Morris loved her (he used to say that her soot had been rubbed into him), we love her in spite of disfigurements, and the more we cherish her history the more we lament that this great scheme still lies at Oxford, in the Library of All Souls, a picture of the London that might have been.

In which Spirit ?

The great fire of London lasted four days, and the great fire of Europe has already raged for more than three years. In which spirit are we going to reconstruct that part of Europe in which we live ? Is it to be the spirit of Sir Christopher Wren or the spirit of the Government of Charles II. ? Are we going to remake our world in a spirit of faith and hope, or are we going to put the bricks of our old world back again and restore the conventions of the past ?

A crisis so tremendous as this drives even the least reflective mind to question those conventions, to penetrate beneath that surface where his questioning used to stop dead, to ask what purpose is served by this or that institution, this or that kind of life. This is itself an immense event in any society. For the custom of accepting the world as we find it is perhaps the most powerful force in our nature. We see millions of people toiling for long hours, we see conditions of life that are revolting and painful, we see all round us an ugly and distressing civilisation, and for the most part we take all this for granted. It is not what we should wish, but there it is, and we say in a tired way to ourselves that it is not likely to be altered very radically in our lifetime. The mind soon ceases to be distressed by anything that seems to be inevitable, especially if the body that actually suffers belongs to someone else. Hence it needs a great shock to awaken a society to some fundamental change of outlook. Such a shock has come to England and to the world, and the defeat of Germany is not more important for mankind than the nature and the scale of the change of spirit that will result from it.

The Greek Conception

It has been said that after every great crisis the human mind goes back to the Greek spirit, the Greek conception of the serene and equable life, the disentangling of purpose and motive. This is another way of saying that there is some saving and sovereign quality in the imagination of the race to which we fly for peace and hope from the distracting tumult of conflict and violence. That tumult brings with it a new and simplifying sense of reality. In the act of overwhelming the race by some stupefying calamity, it frees the race from the burden that has kept half its mind captive. Such a burden has weighed upon us for a century in the material standard we set for our civilisation. For a hundred years we have been living under the tyranny of a particular economic creed. Our political economy has deserved the name of dismal, because the circumstances of its birth have given it an unreality that is melancholy and morose. An analysis of one set of forces, it was accepted by the age of the Industrial Revolution as an analysis of all life, the key to all the mysteries of the world. So it came to be the universal arbiter and instead of seeking to control their surroundings men came to think of all nature as governed finally and unalterably by some strange and dreaded law. The Incas, who worshipped the sun, were freer than the men who made a god of the law of supply and demand, for even in Peru the sun is sometimes veiled, but the law of supply and demand seemed ubiquitous and all powerful.

After the great war with Napoleon we reconstructed our society under the spell of this power. Our ancestors thought that society existed for the creation of wealth in a material sense, and that the difference between a civilized and an uncivilized people was in the main a difference in the capacity for the production of wealth. The life of a nation was to be subordinated to this imperious demand. If anyone looks at the early discussions of factory reform, he will find that they turn almost entirely on the danger of letting France or Germany steal our trade. Consequently, the most terrible conditions were tolerated as the alternative to the loss of trade. Children became hereditary factory slaves, towns grew up in hideous form, men and women were reduced to the utmost degradation, and the triumphs of our industry all over the globe left the great mass of our working population less free than the inhabitants of a Red Indian village. This conception of value and purpose in national life did not satisfy everybody, but it satisfied the ruling class as a whole, though of course there were distinguished exceptions. Its victims rebelled, but they were too weak for effective rebellion. Waterloo settled the fate of Europe, but it was Peterloo that symbolised the fate of England.

We have lived ever since in this atmosphere in greater or less degree. True, we have taken a more enlightened view of the conditions that are favourable to production. We are revolted by the more extreme form in which our ancestors sacrificed life to profit, but our gods have been much the same. We see an example in the spirit in which even so modest a demand as that which Mr. Fisher is making on behalf of the

children of the working class is opposed and discussed in certain circles. The greatness of England depends on the cotton industry; the cotton industry depends on the long hours of children; therefore, we cannot afford to let these children have some of the daylight for their games or their books. A few years ago there was a Committee appointed to consider the employment of boys and girls at night, and some moderate reforms were recommended, reforms that have not yet been put into effect. What was the argument against forbidding this practice? It was urged that the night labour of young boys and girls was necessary in certain industries because otherwise those industries would be at a disadvantage in competition with their rivals on the Continent. We still apply the same criticism; material wealth is the final standard and the Board of Trade figures pronounce the verdict on our civilization. And this standard is not applied by one class only. It is applied often enough by men as well as by masters, by working class parents as well as by capitalist employers.

Rediscovery of Power

If construction is to mean any real vital rediscovery of power it will mean that we have found a new outlook, a new standard, a new conception of the purpose of all our toil and effort. That standard will be the scope that our institutions provide for the good life. We can appreciate the difference from this passage in "Cobbett's Rural Rides."

> Mr. Curwen in his hints on agriculture observes that he saw, somewhere in Norfolk, I believe it was, two hundred farmers worth from £5,000 to £10,000 each; and exclaims "What a glorious sight." In commenting on this passage in the Register, in the year 1810, I observed "Mr. Curwen only saw the outside of the sepulchre; if he had seen the two or three thousand half starved labourers of these two hundred farmers, and the five or six thousand ragged wives and children of those labourers, if the farmers had brought those with them, the sight would not have been so glorious."

Cobbett was discussing the change that had come over the country in his lifetime, when three farms had been turned into one and the old type of small farmer had disappeared together with the commoners and cottagers. If you take the one standard you can represent the changes of that time as a great advance in agriculture; if you take the other they mark a deplorable catastrophe. In the one case you think of agriculture as a purely industrial process; in the other you think of it as a system of life. The farmers of 1830 were much more substantial men than the farmers of 1730; they made larger profits and their methods were more advanced. But of the persons actually engaged in agriculture, three out of four were in a much worse case in 1830 than in 1730; poorer, less happy and most essential of all, less free.

If we want to decide how we are going to look at the future of our society, we can imagine ourselves in the position of a returning soldier. What is it that is being dinned into his ears? Production; production; production. What is to be our output? How are we going to stand against our trade rivals? More energy, more drive, more concentration, these, it is urged, are the key to success and progress and expansion. We are to introduce scientific management and conquer the old world by the methods of the new. The returning soldier is to fit himself into this. He is to pass from one warfare to another; from the warfare of the trenches to the warfare of the workshop.

Does this offer what he wants?

The war has shaken some millions of men out of the state of mind in which they accept the world as they find it. This means that a state of things which they suffered with the patience on which, as Anatole France has said, society ultimately depends will now be unendurable. Let us suppose that Sears, now a private in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, was formerly an agricultural labourer, earning, say, fifteen shillings a week, working long hours with no Saturday afternoon, living in a tumble-down cottage which belonged to his employer, in a village with no kind of amusement or recreation; or that Garnett, now a Corporal in the Manchesters, was working in a factory, hot, ill ventilated, with no opportunity of exercising his lungs and his limbs in the open air, his home in one of a great series of monotonous streets; or that Kirkland, now a driver in the Lowland Artillery was a Glasgow carter, whose whole life seemed to be spent in steering heavy loads along dark and slippery streets amid angry traffic. In the course of the great strikes of the summer of 1911, it came out that the carters employed by one railway company were not entitled to any holiday until they had served ten years with the company. During the summer in which the war broke out labourers were on strike in the Norfolk villages for a half holiday once a week.

These men return from the front. Is Sears going to be told that he is to work harder and more incessantly for the farmer, or Garnett that the factory is going to rattle more harshly than ever about his ears, or Kirkland that he is to drive his load later into the drizzling night?

This is not what the soldier understands by reconstruction. For the way in which a man spends his life, which seemed so unimportant to the economist, seems to a man who has been three years in the trenches more important than anything else. Why is it that there is so much less panic than tedium on the fighting front unless the dread of death is a motive less powerful than the dread of a dreary life? The old analysis made the desire of profit the one unfailing motive alike in capitalist and in workman, for industrial life was looked upon as a kind of goldfield in which men accept horrible conditions for the moment because they hope to become rich. It is not difficult to understand this view of life when we recall the days of the early industrial revolution, for they were days in which men with enterprise and a little luck sprang quickly into prosperity and power from small beginnings.

The description of the kind of life that the early employers led shows that they acted on the motive which some of the economists attributed to all mankind. So they acted themselves and so they believed the whole world acted. Many of the opponents of Factory Legislation were quite honestly of the opinion that the life which seemed so terrible was more eligible than any other life that offered itself to the boy or girl in Lancashire or Yorkshire factories because it provided a means whereby some of them sought advance to a prosperous career. We get the other side in the evidence that some of these children gave when they had grown up before the Factory Commissioners. Here is a vivid description from one of them, "Thinks they are no much better than the Israelites in Egypt and their life is no pleasure to them." This answer is an excellent summary of the impression that the factory hours made on the victims. We have continued to believe that the desire of gain is the one constant motive in men's lives, and there is still a sort of legendary view that the sacrifices a man makes in order to become rich are a noble form of asceticism. But even if it were true that all effort in the workshop is rewarded by riches sooner or later, this analysis would give a very imperfect account of the springs and motives of human conduct.

A Growing Revolt

It is sometimes argued that the ponies taken from the free air on Dartmoor for the coal-mines of the north are really happier for the change, because though they lose their freedom they are better fed, and the standard of good life for a pony is set by the manger. It is unfortunate that the days when a traveller in Thessaly could be changed into an ass with four legs are over, for there is no Lucius Apuleius to tell us how a pony feels. At present we have no evidence on the point that can be called first hand. It may be that those of us who think sadly of this change as we watch the gambols of the ponies round those bleak stretches of the moor where English gunners learn to blow German pill-boxes to pieces are wasting our sympathy. But for men and women, at any rate, it matters supremely how they spend their lives, and the growing sense of the quality of life, the growing revolt against the sacrifice of life to gain, however plausibly it is disguised, marks the progress of civilization, the advance of the human mind to a finer ideal for society, the escape from the moral avalanche of the Industrial Revolution.

This sense has been immensely strengthened by the war. The man who thinks about his future in the face of death does not think of the riches he is going to acquire if he survives, he thinks of the happiness he is going to find in life. Not of course that he despises riches but he values them not as symbols of success but as a means to the kind of life that he desires. And when he thinks of his country he does not think of the iron or the cotton or the wool with which it is to flood the markets of the world. He resolves that its life and its power shall be devoted to repairing the moral ruin of the world and to securing to men and women a new freedom and a better kind of life. This will be the spirit of reconstruction. A society living in this spirit will not prefer idleness to work, but it will work in a new and more bracing atmosphere than the old reluctant atmosphere of discipline. The pleasure of self-respect, or the pain and damage that come from the loss of self-respect, so intimately associated with work, is an all important element in human life, and this new ideal will demand that in this department as in others, and man's life shall be a pleasure to him.

What is it that men and women need in order to make the most of their lives? What are the conditions of human freedom and happiness and development? And how best can society secure those conditions to every class and every citizen? We shall start from that principle, and to men who ask us to think first of industrial power or military power or political power, we shall reply that it is the first duty of a civilized state to see that no man's life is wasted.

Shopping in Eastern Ports

By William McFee

Salonika.

I HAVE not given up all hope yet. I do believe still in that far-off, divine event, a letter. Of course I know the times are out of joint, but that should not entirely preclude a scrape of the pen. I myself have had no writing paper for a week. This is a new writing block just out from England. My mother makes raids on the Stores and sends me out some at intervals. For a hundred sheets like this the camarilla of Port Said want half-a-crown. So I do no business with them.

They are a curious crowd, the retailers of a place like Port Said or Salonika in war time, and repay study. They are retiring. They do not advertise save the world-famous Orosdi-Back of Egypt and Macedonia, known to the British soldier as No-money Back, which is indeed the truth. Orosdi-Back describes himself as "the Whiteley of Salonika." No doubt. You approach his "Long" as the Chinamen say, by diving down a precipitous back street like a muddy drain. He sells everything, at a price, from bathing costumes to bell-shaped mosquito nets, trousers, footballs, hair-clippers, fountain-pens, ice-cream machines, fruit essences, fly-traps, razors and Ford accessories. Perhaps he arrogates to himself the title of Whiteley with some reason; but for all that the British soldier regards him with bitterness and contempt.

Whiteleyship of the Levant

I do not deal with the gentleman myself. I cannot get over his name. Or rather I cannot place it. At one time I imagined it was a phonetic rendering of a North-British patronymic. Perish the thought! Or how do I know he is not at heart an enemy of my country, this Orosdi-Back? There was Stein's Oriental Stores, also competing for the Whiteleyship of the Levant. For years on and off I dealt with Stein in Alexandria. Stein's was the only Department Stores east of Genoa! About six months ago Stein's was sold in London as an enemy firm and is now Somebody Else's Oriental Stores. After two years! No matter. What I was going to say was—Stein's used to be cheap. You could get a suit of pyjamas (Egyptian cotton) for five shillings. But when I was there in the spring Stein's was terribly dear and poor in quality. There was not the same *zip* about the cash-girls and the lift attendants. Stocks were depleted. Nobody seemed to care. I was disillusioned. Yet all I had to do was to walk up the street to another shop and do business with a competitor.

But in Port Said or Salonika I can't do that. There are no competitors. It reminds me of the small town in the United States, where every store is supplied with the same articles by the same giant Trusts and where the cowed dummy shop-keeper does not care whether you come or go. Of course I look at it from the passionate standpoint of the purchaser. I feel all the time I am being robbed. When a pair of grass-slippers costing 2d. a pair in peace time runs up to 10d., I cannot find words to express my emotion. When a fountain pen costing 12s. 6d. in Alexandria, costs me a sovereign in Port Said, I pay because if I don't write I go crazy, but I have murder in my heart. But the shop-keeper is not disturbed. He cares not whether I buy or go away. Pay or do without, he says in effect. What is the consequence? We all have everything possible sent out. I reckon that out of the innumerable vessels visiting Port Said in the year only a fraction per cent. of possible business goes to the pirates of Port Said. Who is going to pay 100 per cent. more than the published price for a battered fly-specked cockroach-gnawed copy of a book one can have sent out from London, clean and sweet, for 5s. Who would pay 3s. 6d. for cotton abominations which are labelled "socks" while there is a single honest hosier's shop open in England? I put this to the Port Said pirate sometimes, as man to man, but he smokes his eternal cigarettes and is not impressed. I put it to the wretch who charged me 6½d. for a small *Aquila de Oro* by Bock, a smoke which I used to get (full size) for six cents in Havana. He elevated his shoulders and turned away. Have these people by any chance a point of view of their own? They have.

Their point of view is that they are losing money! I admit it sounds incredible, for "they" include Greeks, Maltese, Armenians, Italo-Arabians, German-Jews (nationalised of course) Franco-Albanians and straight Hindoos. The world is indeed in its last cataclysm if these gentry are losing money. But in conversation with a gentleman, as the newspapers say, "in a position to have authentic information," I was apprised of the truly colossal demands made upon the importer. I do not pretend to know the ins and outs of fiscal matters, and I may summarise it by telling you that when the cosmopolitan merchant in Egypt has paid all the insurance premia, and excess profits taxes and import duties and the terrifying freight which a patriotic British shipowner levies on the hapless creature, he *must* levy an extortionate price in retail. Add to this he is expected to contribute to the support of refugees, of canteens and institutes. He is also expected to smile when those same refugees start making carpets and mats and embroidery (some of which I am sending you) and so undercutting him scandalously in trade! You see, there is always a point of view, if you only look at it. But do not imagine Messrs. Greekopoulos and Co. or Sandberg and Rascalla or So-and-So's Levantine Stores are losing money. They are not built that way. And in war time there are more ways of making money than merely selling gimcracks over a counter. I imagine all sorts of things. I see an abstracted expression on many of their faces. Things are going on. Money is spent like water in the café-chantants round the corner from the Continental, and the Eastern Exchange. Mysterious money! Gentlemen with ridiculously small salaries fare sumptuously every day. *They* buy *Aquila de Oros* by the box!

And in every war, from Pharaoh's time down to the present day, it has been the same.

I am writing this on watch before breakfast, for I am going ashore presently, writing with all the noise of discharging going on, machines working, winches rattling, stewards pestering, and an air-raid up above, crowning all as you may say. I no longer stand gazing into the empyrean blue. A soldier the other day showed me a piece of shrapnel which had come down near him. I have worked out, allowing for air-friction, the exact speed at which that fragment, falling from a height of ten thousand feet, would strike my head. Even neglecting the explosive energy imparted to it by the charge, it is an impressive figure. I remain indoors, for I am not of the stuff of which heroes are made. I suppose it is because I was born a civilian and will probably die in that persuasion, but I would not run a ha'porth of that sort of risk for all the ribbons on the tunic of a commander-in-chief. I don't care a snap for Sir Oliver Lodge's astonishing discoveries about the spirit world. This, in the vernacular of the day, is *the* life. As a shipmate of mine said when I chaffed him for being restless at night about submarines, "Dammit, I want to *live*. I want to see the end of the war." My sentiments exactly, so, as I said, I stop indoors during air-raids.

That, however, is by the way. If you wish to think of me as a hero, pray do. I am "writing under fire," as the newspapers say of some particularly bad minor poet who is at the front, and whose wife spends her time pestering editors to boost him now and again. Yes, I am writing under fire. *Boom* go the bombs; *Bang* reply the guns all round. I am beginning to think that, like Molière's immortal character, I have been behaving like a hero all my life and did not know it.

Tommy

But let me introduce you to my shipmate the engineer on night-duty. Never mind his name; it has a hard Northern tang, like his speech. We call him Tommy. He and I are old friends. We were shipmates on the *Mumbo-Jumbo* in the old days. He came out to us overland together with the rest of the fresh crowd. I don't suppose he will ever make a noise in the world, but to my mind he is a very gallant young gentleman. It was rather amusing to hear Tommy trying to put into words his impressions of his five days in Paris waiting to be forwarded. Imagine it! But you cannot, for you do not know his type.

It is a type of which the public in England is almost entirely ignorant—I mean of a young mechanic from a comfortable middle-class home, often of yeoman ancestry, who has served his apprenticeship in a big, busy, undermanned works and then gone straight to sea. Tommy has had that entrancing experience. While serving his time he could never be sure of an evening or a Saturday afternoon. And his employers belonged to the old Mancunian breed, the breed that reckon they can pay a lad for his immortal youth at so much an hour overtime, the breed that recognise no duty to the young beyond the factory-inspector's demand. The result was that when he went to sea he had had no real youth-time at all. Only work. He had no social life, no sport, no comprehension. He had been apprenticed not to life, but to engineering. And he went to sea.

Now going to sea is all very fine in its way, but it is not conducive to broadening a youth's culture if it consists

exclusively of watch-keeping and field-days. Going to sea is not the rapturously romantic existence many people imagine it to be if your are, as Tommy was, a junior in the red-hot engine-room of a ship that goes full speed to South America for fruit, spends twelve hours loading in a port consisting of three sheds, a wireless station and a railway office, and then returns at full speed to England. Kipling's graphic picture of youth ashore in tropic climes in " Macandrew's Prayer " :

> In port—we used no cargo steam—I'd dander doon the streets
> An idiot grinnin' in a dream, wi' shells an' parrakeets,
> An' walkin' sticks o' carved bamboo, an' blow-fish stuffed an' dried
> Fillin' me bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put over side,

is very pretty and very clever and no doubt very true of the old eight-knot cargo-wallah of twenty-five years ago. But England does not get her bananas that way, let me tell you, and when I quoted these lines to Tommy, he smiled a rather cynical smile. He had had five years of a very different experience.

But I was going to tell you about what eventually happened to him not long before coming out to us in Alexandria. After I left the *Mumbo Jumbo* Tommy went to the *Lilliebulero* as Third. He had no certificate, because one of the delights of being in ships with many juniors is that you cannot qualify for years. Progress for Tommy had been slow. Appearances, too, are against him, for he is very small, and no more resembles the marine engineer of fiction than you resemble the lady novelist of fiction. He does not use filthy language, he does not brain firemen with iron bars, nor does he use a jargon that no man except Rudyard Kipling ever understood. He is a human being, which is why I am writing to you about him. And he went Third of the *Lilliebulero* which means he wears two stripes of gold lace on his sleeve, three-eighths wide, with three-eighths of purple-silk between. On watch he wears, like all the rest of us, a pair of cotton ducks and a cotton singlet.

With her full cargo of fifty thousand bunches of bananas the *Lilliebulero* was homeward bound, when three thousand miles from home, a singular thing happened. What was not singular was that it occurred on the Third's watch—twelve to four in the morning. Singular things were always happening on my own watch when I was Third. This thing happened on the *Lilliebulero* at 3.30 a.m., just as Tommy had gone into the stokehold to attend to the feed-checks. He was doing this, noting the water-level in the gauge-glasses, and seeing there was plenty of good large coal for cleaning fires at eight bells when he heard a terrific uproar in the engine-room, a noise as though the main engines had broken loose from their foundations and were trying to kick their way out.

Dashing in between the after-boilers he opened the double dust-proof door into the engine-room and was greeted with clouds of live steam, and the most appalling racket, in all probability, he had ever listened to. For the high-pressure engine had broken her cylinder bottom. And she was racing up and down and scattering destruction in all directions. The patent metallic packing, which is a round iron box full of spring and anti-friction blocks and plates and distance-pieces, had burst like a shrapnel shell and was sending fragments flying everywhere.

Tommy rushed through the steam, which is very unpleasant in its own way, and found the throttle-handle. He got several pieces about the head and shoulders, but he got the throttle shut and the main engines were pulled up in twenty seconds after the smash. It was ten minutes before the other engineer could get down below and carry an unconscious and parboiled Tommy into fresh air.

That is why I call him a very gallant young gentleman. Of course it was appreciated, for he saved the ship and cargo, and even shipowners are human beings, though to hear some newspaper talk you would imagine them to be incarnate fiends. It was very handsomely appreciated ; but he ought to have had the D.S.O. for all that. Don't you think so ?

The Place Where the Elephants Die

By Owen Letcher

This is an incident of the Central African Campaign.

WE found Strayne lying alongside the Mahenge pathway in a pool of his own blood. At first we did not recognise him, so blanched was his face. His beard had grown, his uniform was torn and ragged, and his legs were black with the ash of burnt grass. Altogether it was difficult to believe that this was Strayne, in peace-time a famous elephant hunter, and in war the dapper Intelligence Officer of the Eastern Column.

It only required a moment's scrutiny to make it clear that Strayne was approaching the end of his last " safari."* He had two ghastly wounds—one just above the heart and the other through his right thigh. They had evidently been made by the wicked 11 millimetre soft lead bullets used by the German Askari in the Central and East African campaigns.

Death stared at us out of his eyes which seemed to burn like hot coals far away back in his head. But we did what we could for him. The column doctor was on the scene almost immediately and a machilla soon came doubling up from the rear.

" Why, good God, it's Strayne ! " ejaculated the Adjutant and the Doctor together.

" Wonder where he's been," muttered the Adjutant. " Wonder what information he's got. It's ten days since he left us to try and find out what Brauermann's strength was."

The Doctor looked up quickly from the well-nigh lifeless form that lay in the stretcher. " I don't think Strayne will ever make any more intelligence reports—not in this world," said he.

Strayne died that evening, and perhaps because I am a sentimental soldier and not a warrior of business, he made a supreme effort and spoke a few words to me before he crossed the great divide. Then for the first time did I become aware of the existence of a Mrs. Strayne. We had all put Strayne down as a bachelor, although we had no real cause for doing so. He was a man not given to talk ; in many ways he was a vast human mystery.

" I want you—to see that my wife is looked after, Maudsley," he said with a tedious despair in his voice. " I fairly—worship her. I left home for her sake—and—whenever I've bagged a good Jumbo it's been halves partner with the tusks."

The Doctor came silently into the hut but Strayne motioned him away, and I held up a finger and shook my head. "There's something I want to tell you, Maudsley," he continued, and his voice died away almost to a whisper as the Doctor crept out of the hut.

" Let's hear it, Strayne. I'll promise I'll do what I can." He gave me a look of great gratitude and weakly clasped my hand. When he spoke again his voice was so faint that I had to bend closely over him to catch the whispered words.

" I want you to sell nine thousand tusks of ivory for me and send the money home as soon as this show is over."

" Nine thousand tusks ! " I ejaculated. " Why old thing it means a fortune ! "

" About a quarter of a million I reckon," whispered Strayne. " It ought to set up my wife for the rest of her life."

I was silent, for it had suddenly dawned on me that Strayne had probably taken leave of his senses.

" Where are they ? " I asked with a view to humouring him.

" It's the place where the elephants die," said Strayne.

" The place where the elephants die ! " where had I heard that expression before ? There was a curiously familiar ring about the words, but for the life of me I could not place them at the moment.

" I went there once," said Strayne, " and had an exciting time of it. You'll have to be careful, but you can do it all right. God ! What a sight it is. It's only a few days from here, between the Mufinga and Musutu Ranges—down—in—a—deep—deep—valley—map in my—field—service note book."

I tried to catch the rest, but the whisper subsided into a hushed gurgle, and a minute later Strayne died in my arms.

We buried him the following day beneath a great baobab tree, under the African foothills that he loved so well. The bugles blared out the impressive notes of the " Last Post," and then we tramped sorrowfully away. It seemed to me those clarion calls had awakened a thousand echoes in the grim old mountains, and as I wended my way back to camp they kept repeating in my ears : " The place where the elephants die ! " " The place where the elephants die ! "

Here was poor Strayne—a veritable elephant among men (he stood 6 feet 4 in his socks) dead—and with him perhaps his secret. But I had promised to do what I could. Then it all came suddenly back to me. I had heard those words : " The place where the elephants die " on two previous occasions.

The first time was at Karonga before our advance began. I had heard them there, used by old Nicholson, who was a quaint old fossil of a trader—who had wandered all over Africa from Fernando Po to Chinde, and who had accumu-

* Journey.

lated a most wonderful fund of native folk-lore, fables and traditions.

The Adjutant was with me at the time, and we had questioned Nicholson about this supposed mausoleum of the mammoths.

"Well," said he, "I don't know whether there's much in it or not, but that's the native yarn all over Africa. They say that elephants always go to one place to die. It's a vast sort of Jumbo cemetery, I suppose. The yarn of the niggers is that this graveyard is somewhere up North, and that only two or three men have ever seen it and then only at great risk of their lives, because the place is held sacred by the elephant clan, and the animals are sworn to kill all intruders."

The Adjutant laughed: "That's a good fairy tale, Nicholson," said he. The old man looked serious. "Well, p'raps, p'raps it is. But it's strange I've never met anybody yet who ever saw a dead elephant."

On the second occasion I had heard Strayne himself employ these queer words. I recollected that just after the advance started we had been talking of record ivory tusks one evening. The Adjutant after awhile, appealed to Strayne on the subject and the Elephant-Hunter-Intelligence-Officer had replied: "The biggest tusks I ever saw were in the place where the elephants die. There were two of them that beat that pair got by Powell-Cotton in the Lado by feet."

"Where did you see them?" interjected the Adjutant sharply.

"Oh! it's a long way off," replied Strayne carelessly; "and it's not a healthy place for white men. I went there once and I was very thankful to get out of the place alive."

"More travellers' tales," laughed the Adjutant. "Tell us about it anyway, Strayne." But Strayne changed the subject and we could never get him back to it again. The next day I hunted diligently for Strayne's note-book. But it was nowhere to be found, and I came to the conclusion he had lost it in his last adventure.

A few days afterwards we continued our advance to the north-east after the retreating Huns and for a time, at any rate, the incident dropped out of my mind altogether.

About a week after Strayne's death we found ourselves help up by a strong German rearguard. They held the crests of a high range of hills, and, with four Maxims in well-chosen and carefully-concealed positions, they made things very warm indeed for us. One morning before proceeding on a reconnoitring patrol, I was poring over my maps when I noticed that the high ridge before us was termed the Musutu and that beyond that range of hills was a second ridge marked as the Mufinga Mountains. In the hurly-burly of warfare Strayne and his dying message had been out of my mind for awhile, but when I saw these words on the map I remembered that they were the names employed by Strayne to denote the locality of the place where the elephants die.

That day I found the enemy in retreat and helioed the news back to the Main Force. Shortly afterwards I received an order to co-operate with another small column that was making a big sweeping movement to the north-east with a view to "scuppering" the German rear-guard. So I pushed my company rapidly forwards and soon gained the crest of the hills marked "Musutu" on the map. Native scouts found the spoor of the German rear-guard going downwards from this range into an enormously deep valley flanked on the northern side by another high range, which I took to be the Mufinga Mountains. I had my orders to carry out and so I pressed my pursuit down into this deep declivity between the ranges, and as I went I wondered whether Strayne's weird story was true and whether down here in this deep cleft in the earth was in reality the great Elephant mausoleum, of which Strayne and old Nicholson had spoken.

In the late afternoon we reached a round deep cup-shaped depression; a kind of subsidiary declivity in the main valley. It was two or three miles wide. The sides were densely bushed, and far away down in the depths I could espy tall trees. Had the retiring Germans hidden themselves down in this vast hollow? It looked as if they had, for about 5 o'clock a native runner dashed up to me with a message from the other column stating that they had cut off the Germans from their line of retreat, but that nothing whatever was to be seen of the rear-guard—was I in touch with them? I had scarcely sent off a reply when a fierce rattle of musketry broke out from the depths below.

"Who on earth can be scrapping down there?" said I to Foxgrove, my senior Sub.

"Can't make it out at all, skipper" quoth he. "What are the orders now, Sir?"

"Well, I'm going to halt here and investigate," said I. "Good God, what's that?"

From the abysmal depths below us broke out a terrifying trumpeting roar as though a million massive fog-horns were blowing concerted blasts. Then the rattle of musketry broke out afresh, and this time it was accentuated by the rat-tat-tat-tat of Maxims. We listened in amazement. As the African sun sank—a globe of crimson splendour—in the west, the firing died away, but the terrible trumpeting noise increased in its furious intensity. Presently a deep and awe inspiring silence fell upon this pit of terrors, but now and then we could hear a faint and scarcely audible moan coming to us from the depths. The night came rushing over us and found Foxgrove and I still standing on the edge of the chasm.

"There's something uncanny about this, Foxgrove," said I presently. "There may be something in Strayne's story after all."

"What's that, skipper!" asked Foxgrove.

"Oh! Nothing much," I replied. "But I think you and I'll go down and investigate when the moon gets up."

The moon rose full and mellow a little later. I called for volunteers amongst the Native Scouts to accompany Foxgrove and myself on our adventure. These natives were extraordinarily plucky fellows. Time after time they had led us right on to an enemy piquet or scouted a hostile position in broad daylight. But they absolutely refused to go down into the hollow. "It is the place of the 'N'Jofu* Bwana,' remarked their leader," and no man who goes there will live. We will die fighting for you, master, whenever you wish. But we will not disturb the elephant folk.."

I had learned to respect native traditions and customs, and so Foxgrave and I started on our descent alone. As we clambered down into the gorge Strayne's words kept ringing through my ears, and I felt that strange as his tale had seemed we were nevertheless on the brink of its reality. We must have climbed down quite 3,000 feet, I should think, when we felt our feet touch a soft spongy carpet of moss. We had reached the bottom.

In the uncertain light we could see an open glade running through a forest of very tall trees. The glade was full of what at first sight appeared to be masses of gleaming white boulders. But as we advanced carefully along we made the startling discovery that these boulders were in reality pile upon pile of gigantic bones and tusks of ivory of all ages and sizes—pure white and rotten yellow, small and large.

Stranger still was it to find corpses of Germans, White and Askari, rifles and equipment lying huddled together in this mammoth graveyard. Most of these corpses were mutilated beyond recognition. Some of the bodies were stamped right into the soft mossy ground underfoot. Others had heads or limbs torn from their trunks, and others appeared to have been smashed to pulp on the bones of the dead animals. We found a machine gun crushed flat like a piece of sheet iron. Here and there too were dark mammoth shapes—the dead heroes of the elephant folk who had fallen in defence of their sanctuary that afternoon.

I felt my flesh creep as I surveyed that weird and terrible scene. In the moonlight the forms of the dead men and animals looked spectral and ghostly. This was the place Strayne had spoken of.

"A quarter of a million in ivory." I could well believe him.

Neither of us spoke a word. There seemed to be something about that scene, something non-human and unbelievable and terrible that absolutely silenced speech. We just gazed on it in awed astonishment. But our survey was not long. Suddenly a noise like the rush of many waters broke the silence of the place of death. At first it seemed a long way off. But we could hear it rushing along like the noise of a forest fire. And—like a forest fire it brought an immense sound of falling trees in its train.

"Run for your life, Foxgrove," I yelled. We both bolted for the cliff sides and started clambering up like madmen. Before we had climbed a hundred feet a mighty roar seemed to fairly shake the ground on which we hung. We went up the sides of that cliff like men possessed of devils' strength. Once, when about half-way from the top, we glanced backwards and in the moonlight saw the giant ghosts moving quickly here and there amongst the piles of bleached bones and the heaped up German dead. We reached the top breathless and terrified. The natives accepted our story with a grave silence. But very few of the whites on our column credited it.

When we joined up with the main body again the Colonel and the Adjutant absolutely laughed at us, and the "Clan Man" told the doctor to keep us under observation. Yet they were all vastly mystified as to the fate of the German rear-guard—the enemy forces that seemed to have been spirited away.

The sudden disappearance of Brauermann's rear-guard remains one of the mysteries of the Central African Campaign to everybody except Foxgrove and myself, and the natives, and Strayne's ivory remains there in that Valley of Death—a piled up accumulation of treasure guarded by the elephant folk.

*Elephant.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Secret History

"WE are the people of England who never have spoken yet," is the refrain of one of Mr. Chesterton's old songs, and the thesis of his *Short History of England* (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net), which may be destined to be the most useful of his many useful books. Mr. Chesterton does not pretend to be a scholar, and he would probably not be surprised if he were told that there were numbers of inaccuracies in his book and numbers of important qualifications out of it. He will go a little too far sometimes for an antithesis, a joke, or a climax; and at some places in his history the learned may say, "This is all wrong." But what matters is that the general motive and arguments are all right. Mr. Chesterton has a knowledge of human nature, a love of his countrymen, a belief in democracy, and, in spite of his strong opinions, a regard for truth. These are not always among the virtues of historians, and they frequently lack the convictions that men are not born on the earth for nothing (that is, that life is worth living) and that the test of a civilization is the sort of life that the majority of its members live. Mr. Chesterton has those convictions and he refuses to accept the common delusion that a civilization of 1900 must be higher than a civilization of 1800, because 1900 is after 1800; he, on the whole, is compelled to plump for the brief zenith of the Middle Ages as the best period of a bad lot in the history of the English people. It is not sentimental mediævalism, and he is not blind either to the advantages we have over our mediæval ancestors or to the still greater advantages we might have if we only decided to regenerate our society instead of fatalistically submitting to the operation of "economic forces"—which are usually other words for the unbridled greed or undirected energy of individual men whom we are, if we only care to, at complete liberty to control, silence, lock up, or smite hip and thigh. He looks at the past with the eyes of a decent man who maintains that men have souls and that they should be treated like Christians; and by that test he judges what has and what has not been done.

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Never losing sight of that he gallops at top speed through English history; he misses great spaces, but wherever his hoof touches it strikes out fire. Continually he tosses off a sentence, the product of a clear eye and an untainted heart, which will shatter the conventional reader's preconceptions. "The first half of English history," he says, "has been made quite unmeaning in the schools by the attempt to tell it without reference to that corporate Christendom in which it took part and pride." There is no need for commentary on this: it is simple truth. And it is equally true that we cannot understand the struggle between Henry II. and Becket unless we understand what the Church stood for as well as what the Plantagenet monarchy stood for. Becket did not lose favour and die merely in order that guilty clergymen should escape the proper reward of their crimes; and the situation cannot be rightly assessed unless we consider Henry's action in going to be flogged at Becket's tomb, and the popular reverence of Becket together with the legal struggle that preceded the tragedy. The early legends—all our heroes, he notes, are *anti-barbaric*—the Reformation, the Civil Wars and the Eighteenth Century are all treated, perhaps sketchily, but with a verisimilitude that convinces. At every point the orthodox narrators stand condemned; and everywhere they have failed to attempt to grasp the real mind of the masses of the people and even—if the period is distant enough—that of their governors. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the common treatment of the Crusades. They were not fought for nothing. They were not fought for gain. They were not fought out of bigotry. There was good and evil mixed in them, but no wars in human history were fought for a better cause and none appealed more strongly to the souls of common men. No more, again, do our historians attempt to visualise the great buildings of the Middle Ages, and what was behind them: they merely say they are there and give the Middle Ages one good mark for them. Opinions such as these Mr. Chesterton maintains with his usual wit and his usual eloquence; his jokes are seldom forced in this book, and in many places he rises into noble passages of English prose. He lets out with immense good humour and effect at pedants of all sorts, especially anthropologists and Teuto-mongers; and he gives by the way character sketches, particularly two of Sir Thomas More and Richard III., which are both brilliant and plausible. And he drives home an obvious truth when he accuses us of magnifying the defects of the Middle Ages by telescoping our chronicles. Certainly if a man were to write in eight pages a history of the last century, mentioning principally the wars and the sweating, he could make us out one of the lowest lots on record. And that without falling back upon the ugliness of our civilization and that mental plague which, as Mr. Chesterton observes, has left us worshipping in children all that we have crushed out in men.

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The book is not a history. It is an historical essay. It covers two thousand years in three hundred pages, and the general propositions leave little room for the facts which might illustrate them. But it might well be used by a more laborious writer as the theoretical basis for a history on the grand scale. Every contention that Mr. Chesterton advances, every institution that he describes; every trend of sentiment that he detects, might be documented from ruins and records, charters and songs, traditions and laws. The "evidences" for such a work lie scattered in thousands of books, buildings and memories, not to speak of the minds of living men: the one place where you will never find them in large numbers is a formal history book. The manner of writing history has been subject to fashions. At first men compiled—and they were then, at least to some extent, in touch with humanity—very undiscriminating chronicles in which if battles received too much attention, at least they were battles and not merely episodes in economic development, and if legends received too generous an acceptance, at least there was no assumption that you could understand men's deeds without understanding their dreams. The scientific spirit grew and the development of institutions was given, quite properly, increased attention. The 1297 Parliament of Stow-in-the-Wold, the charter of Chudleigh, the refusal of the Hemp Subsidy, and other such incidents became landmarks with whole pages to themselves. Anxious to know how the British Constitution, in its widest sense, had reached its present condition, men catalogued ancient laws without really bothering about their origins and objects, and stared hard at ancient offices without visualising the men who occupied them. Political economy came into existence, and more was said about exports, imports, the mercantile theory, the discovery of the Mexican silver mines, the trading companies, and the Enclosures Acts. Finally, it became a commonplace amongst the enlightened that too little had been said about the "condition of the people" throughout history. Green wrote, with a laudable ambition, a work, the title of which recognised this. Paragraphs on the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt began to be sprinkled with a few quotations from Langland; attempts were made at a systematic study of our forefathers' wages; and the excursus on the manners and pastimes of the multitude became common form. But whatever the narrative fashion of the age, and whatever the idiosyncrasies of particular historians, the real history of the English people remains to be written. There have been historians who have treated their subjects in a human way, and who have avoided quite openly the dry pseudo-scientific method. One wrote to celebrate the greatness of Tudor England; another to celebrate the triumphs of Whiggery. They were entitled to their opinions and their heroes: but of none of them was the hero the English people, and none of them were primarily concerned with the opinions, the emotions and the experiences of the English people. Our histories are all histories of the crust: if kings and aristocrats are not the only people who matter, then politicians and intellectuals are the only people who matter. The masses may be completely disregarded or they may be regarded with a measure, great or small, of sympathy: but when they are not forgotten they are, consciously or unconsciously, patronised, and openly or by implication denounced. Above all our history has been run in the interests of Industrialism, and where Progress has failed to be progressive historians have, often so naturally that they were unaware of it, blinded themselves to good things we have lost and the manner of our losing them. English history is, in effect, a whitewashing of the *fait accompli*.

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Those are Mr. Chesterton's contentions, just as they were the contentions of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's fine agricultural epic *The Song of the Plow*, the history of which bears a close resemblance to Mr. Chesterton's. It doesn't matter whether he tells the whole truth or not; at any rate, he emphasises many truths commonly overlooked. And if he also has a log to roll it is, at any rate, a more important log than the others.

He, like Mr. Hewlett, ends with the war and the transfiguration of the common disinherited man, called upon at last to confront the nation which above all others had been praised by his professors and his politicians as a pioneer of civilisation :

> He in whose honour all has been said and sung stirred, and stepped across the border of Belgium. Then were spread out before men's eyes all the beauties of his culture and all the benefits of his organisation ; then we beheld under a lifting daybreak what light we had followed and after what image we had laboured to refashion ourselves. Nor in any story of mankind has the irony of God chosen the foolish things so catastrophically to confound the wise. For the common crowd of poor and ignorant Englishmen, because they only knew that they were Englishmen, burst through the filthy cobwebs of four hundred years and stood where their fathers stood when they knew that they were Christian men. The English poor, broken by every revolt, bullied by every fashion, long despoiled of property, and now being despoiled of liberty, entered history with a noise of trumpets, and turned themselves in two years into one of the iron armies of the world. And when the critic of politics and literature, feeling that this war is after all heroic, looks around him to find the hero, he can point to nothing but a mob.

This also the scientific materialist will call rhetoric, and look for his explanations elsewhere, not seeing, or blind to their beauty if he does see them, the multitudinous idealisms and loves and loyalties in the host of inarticulate breasts whose only speech is action—and a misleading jest. But there is truth in the rhetoric, and the truth will be told about no large movement of humanity unless the imagination and the emotions are brought to bear upon the facts. Wat Tyler's followers, usually described as "a peasantry resentful of an unjust poll-tax," cannot be comprehended by that phrase ; a whole novel would not be too long to display the confused minds of those resentful and then briefly exhilarated men who, though illiterate and not capable no doubt of formulating a system which would establish and secure what they wanted, had a Utopia of a sort in their hearts and knew what they immediately wanted, and that in justice they should have it, and were prepared to risk their lives that their class might have it. Mr. Chesterton's short passage on the Pilgrimage of Grace, lets far more light in on the state of mind behind that rebellion than any amount of "facts" about it backed by lifeless references to "those whose sympathies still clung to the old regime." But one might come nearer. I happen to remember the 1906 election and the campaign in the rural constituencies of which I saw a good deal. A great and successful appeal was made to the agricultural labourer. The outcome of it was a largely unworkable and unworked Small Holdings Act. The Act will get a few lines in the histories : the appeal will probably get none at all. Moreover few, even of the men who made that appeal, and dangled before the labourer the realisation of his age-long hope of work in liberty with a proper reward on the land which is in his bones, exercised their imaginations sufficiently to realise what the promise and the disappointment meant to him. For he does not write books, he is slow of speech, he can only vote, after all, for one side or the other, and—in the end—centuries of frustration have made him resigned, and he is quite prepared, as often as necessary, to submerge his useless aspirations in a pint of beer. If the history of England still remains unwritten Mr. Chesterton's book will teach the next generation of historians their business.

Books of the Week

A Literary Pilgrim in England. By Edward Thomas. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)
Tommy's Tunes. By 2nd Lieutenant F. T. Nettleingham, R.F.C. (Erskine Macdonald, 2s. 6d. net)

NEVER has there lived a more devout lover of England than Edward Thomas, that shy man of letters who, putting behind him all that had hitherto attached him most closely to life, joined the Royal Regiment of Artillery and gave his life for England. His greatest joy was to wander about the country-side with a friend—one of those rare companions with whom a man communes more in silence than in speech. To recline upon a Wiltshire down on a summer day and watch the play of sun and shadow, of breeze and cloud, was to him exquisite pleasure. This sense of happiness finds reflection in these essays on men of letters. But it is a work that suggests a weakness in the character of Edward Thomas. Diffident of his own powers, he turned to others for that expression which, in truth, he was perfectly adequate himself to utter. And one cannot help feeling passing regret that he did not in his brief life read less and write more. These few words, from his essay on Meredith, may be said to define his own attitude.

> Nature to him was not merely a cause of sensuous pleasure, nor on the other hand an inhuman enchantress ; neither was she both together. When he spoke of earth, he meant more than most men who speak of God. He meant that power which in the open air, in poetry, in the company of noble men and women, prompted, strengthened, and could fulfil the desire of a man to make himself, not a transitory member of a parochial species, but a citizen of the earth.

The truth enshrined here has been made manifest in the finest poetry uttered by our fighting men during the war.

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The title is a bad one. A pilgrim is one mainly concerned with the object of his journeying, not with the incidents surrounding it. It is one of those curious silences in the English language, as it were a dumb note on the key-board of our speech, that we have no one word to denote a human being who uses his own muscles to explore the glories and mysteries of the earth's surface. To speak of such a one as a tramp connotes dirt and vermin, a pedestrian is impossibly horrible, perhaps a wayfarer comes nearer the mark, but hints at dust and highways, and so it would have been better, had this title not attempted an accurate description but had followed the example of Borrow, with *The Bible in Spain*, and left to the imagination of the reader its true import. The book itself is a series of essays on literary men, mostly poets, living and dead, who had shown special interest in Nature. How varied is its character may be judged from the fact that it includes William Blake, Shelley, Tennyson, John Clare, Matthew Arnold, Keats, Meredith, also Thomas Hardy, W. H. Hudson and Hilaire Belloc.

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Belloc was evidently Thomas's favourite living writer; his essay on him is the most intimate in the book. Nor does he hesitate to chasten him mildly even while he praises. "He (Belloc) is just too much concerned with what England has been and may be again . . . to leave us quite a clear vision of England as he has known it." Not a bad fault, seeing it arises from the faith that earth was made for man, not man for earth. Thomas quotes these pregnant sentences of Belloc, "The love of England has in it the love of landscapes as has the love of no other country ; it has in it as the love of no other country, the love of friends." Most true, but one who has found this same love of landscape and of friends in lands other than England questions whether it arises from England herself but is not rather due to a deeper cause. This reviewer attributes it to the Authorised Version of the Bible. It is through the poetry of the English Bible that Englishmen's eyes and hearts have been opened to the soul of earth. Take the 23rd Psalm, easily the best known and most popular poem in our tongue. For the dullest brain that has once mastered it, the least meadow ever afterwards is touched by the light of heaven. Belloc is indubitably right when he attributes to Englishmen a deeper love of Nature than to men of other countries ; but one who has recognised this truth and in exile sought to probe it, has always found beneath this deep devotion early delight in the rhythm and the Nature pictures that abound in the Bible. We should like to have seen this discussed by Edward Thomas in this volume, to which all lovers of England will turn with gratitude.

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It is possible that in course of time books may be made over the already disputed place of *Tipperary* as *the* marching song of The Old Contemptibles. There are soldiers who declare its position in the popular mind is justified by facts ; others assert it was fictitious, accidental, Press-created. Of such is Lieutenant Nettleingham who in *Tommy's Tunes* derides *Tipperary* as a marching song, and declares that *Annie Laurie* and *Home Sweet Home* have from first to last been most popular songs in the British Army on active service. It is a big score for the Early Victorians. This little volume is a really valuable collection and will no doubt be added to and amplified as time goes on. Would that we knew equally well what our soldiers sang in Flanders in my Uncle Toby's days, or again when they crossed the Pyrenees under Wellington, for no doubt they sang as well as swore. Certain ballads and tunes seem to be endued with immortality. Sullivan's "Onward Christian Soldiers" is an example of the latter ; any doggerel is good enough to carry its swinging music ; and of the former there is no better example than *The Dying Lancer*. Where did it originate ? There is not a spot on earth where the English tongue has spoken which has not listened to its mournful tones. And now the Royal Flying Corps has adapted it and the new version echoes the splendid spirit of that gallant band of brothers. This is how it runs ,

> A handsome young airman lay dying (Chorus : Lay dying):
> And as on the aer'drome he lay (he lay),
> To the mechanics who round him came sighing (came sighing)
> These last dying words he did say (he did say) :
> "Take the cylinder out of my kidneys (of his kidneys),
> The connecting rod out of my brain (of his brain),
> The cam box from under my backbone (his backbone),
> And assemble the engine again (again)."

In Command

By "BLACK WATCH."

War has its virtues no less than peace—whatever anti-militarists may say. The present war, in particular, has been wonderfully productive in the direction of developing, in quite a multitude of men, abilities and even talent which otherwise would have remained unsuspected.

Take, for example, the officers of our new armies. Drawn from all sources, trained at high pressure, and "put to it" by the force of circumstances, they are proving, with few exceptions, a credit to the best traditions of the Army. They have developed the ability to command; and that is an ability of superlative value, for without capable command the efficiency and discipline of an army is wasted.

What is true of a body of men is equally true of the individual. Many a man of excellent abilities fails simply because he is unable to assume full command of those abilities. He is not truly the master of himself, and cannot therefore give effective expression to his own potentialities. This vital fact is forced very emphatically upon the student of Pelmanism, and with very excellent consequences. It would be difficult to say how many men have, through the medium of the Pelman Course, been brought to recognise that their failure hitherto has been due not to lack of opportunity or even of capability, but to their inability to command and direct their own best efforts.

Doubtless this has a great deal to do with the boundless popularity of Pelmanism in the Army and Navy. It would, moreover, seem to be fairly evident that the higher an officer's position and the more onerous his responsibilities, the more fully he is alive to the importance of self-command as the first step to real efficiency.

Pelmanism, as an effective contribution to the successful conduct of the war, should be a theme to inspire some of our ablest writers. The more I learn of its achievements in the Service, the more I am impressed with the desirability of making the Pelman System an integral part of every officers' training. By no other plan can full efficiency—*intelligent* efficiency—be so surely and so quickly attained.

That *thirty-four generals* alone are "Pelmanists" affords eloquent evidence of the justice of this statement. It should be remembered that the discovery of Pelmanism as an aid to military and naval efficiency stands to the credit not of the Pelman Institute itself, but to the Army and Navy. Up to the period of the war Pelmanism had been advocated as a means to business and professional efficiency. But officers of both services from 1914 onwards were quick to realise that it was equally potent to promote success in a military or naval career; hence the present amazing number—somewhere near 10,000—of officers and men who are studying and applying Pelman principles at the front, in training camps, bases, etc.

The late Lord Roberts was much interested in the Pelman System, and whilst in South Africa frequently referred to the benefits to be derived from it—in which the great field-marshal showed his usual prescience. And, like other "ideas" of his, the day has come when the Army and the Empire in general appreciate the justice of his conclusions.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech, or action; on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced.

Every reader of LAND & WATER—whatever his position and whatever his aims and interests—should read *Mind and Memory*, in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. A copy will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader who sends a post card to The Pelman Institute, 39, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1; and he will thus be placed in possession of the simple facts of the case and be enabled to judge for himself the extent to which "Pelmanism" would forward his efficiency and ambition.

The New Movement in Art

By Charles Marriott

UNDER this title Mr. Roger Fry has arranged a representative exhibition of works in painting and sculpture in the Mansard Gallery at Messrs. Heal and Son's, 195, Tottenham Court Road. "Movement" instead of "movements" is right and wise, because the new tendencies in art are more comprehensible if they are all regarded as reactions from Realism. That also gives the clue to their real origin: the general reaction from materialism, in philosophy if not in everyday life, at the end of the nineteenth century.

Most of the difficulties about the new movement, about art in general, indeed, are caused by regarding art as an isolated phenomenon, beginning in the studio and ending in the exhibition, without any very close connection with the rest of life. There is, it is true, the conventional saying that art is the reflection of life, but this is taken to mean only in choice of subject. The truth is that no other human activity is more closely connected with the rest of life, or more sensitive to changes in general human development. Choice of subject has very little to do with the matter. It is not what a man paints, but how he paints it that betrays the spirit of his times. For the "how" is very far from being a purely artistic question.

No considerable artistic movement was ever invented in the studio. Dutch Naturalism in the seventeenth century was the artistic response to the Reformation; Pre-Raphaelism was closely connected with the rise of Democracy; and Realism, even in its rarified form of Impressionism, was an article of the same creed that nourished Huxley and Pasteur. What is invented in the studio is mere machinery; the technical expedient or channel to convey the new impulse. Thus, the distinction between Cubism and Futurism is an affair of the studio; but the distinction between their common origin or inspiration and that of Impressionism is an affair of human life in general. The first distinction is comparatively unimportant and Mr. Roger Fry has been wise in disregarding it in the title and catalogue of his exhibition.

By E. McKnight Kauffer

The Policeman's Cottage

"Reactions from Realism," however, needs some explanation. The desire for reality, in art as in philosophy, is stronger than ever; but we have learnt to look for it below the surface and with other than our bodily eyes. This is very important, because a great deal of the popular misunderstanding about the new movement in art is due to the belief that it represents a new way of seeing—in the optical sense. People say with justice that things don't look like that to them. Nor did they to the artist—even if he should claim that they did. In the optical sense artists see like the rest of us. What the New Movement really represents is a new way of feeling; or, rather, a new recognition of the importance of feeling as a guide to reality. The evidence of the eyes, which was the basis of Impressionism, is exchanged for the larger evidence of the whole organism, with its full complement of memory and intuition as well as observation. In art, as in philosophy, we have discovered that things are not what they seem; that reality lies deeper than appearance.

Not that the discovery is altogether new. Art has always been based partly on intuition—using that word to cover all the evidence of the sub-conscious mind—and partly on observation. The history of Western art is largely the history of conflict between the two. At some periods and in some individuals one or the other has got the upper hand. In Eastern art there does not seem to have been the same conflict; but intuition and observation, or inner and outer vision, or faith and reason—for they all mean pretty much the same thing—have always worked comfortably together. Chinese art is based on conceptions corrected by observation. Western artists are comparatively unused to dealing with conceptions; even their designs are applied apologetically, as if the facts observed had a special sanctity in themselves; and it is not surprising that when, as now, they work from conceptions that they should reject observation with rather more force than is necessary.

The parallel to what happens in spiritual life is too close to be ignored. A person of confirmed spiritual life has no difficulty as between faith and works, but if a person who has lived by works alone is suddenly "converted," he is apt to rely on faith too exclusively in view of the imperfections of human nature. This is exactly what has happened in art. For several centuries Western art has lived mainly by works; using that word to describe the mastery of external appearances. Justification by works in art reached its climax with Impressionism. In the reaction it was inevitable that there should be something like contempt for appearances, and most of the defects and extravagances of the new movement can be put down to that cause. What it amounts to is that in the present state of human perception, both Martha and Mary are necessary in the house of art. It is by works in life and by appearances in art that one human being understands another; and until we shall have reached a degree of sensibility to pure form and colour in painting that we already enjoy to pure sound in music, the broken box of alabaster must be supplemented with some care in the performance of common tasks. Otherwise the less perceptive will cry: "To what purpose was this waste?" And it is noticeable that in the later developments of the new movement there is a disposition to regard appearances with a more tolerant eye than at the beginning. The war paintings of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson may be quoted in illustration.

The works in Mr. Fry's exhibition might be classified as belonging to several "isms," but they have it in common that they are all done from conceptions and not from observations of reality. The nature of the conception varies with the individual artist, and emphasis is laid accordingly upon rhythm or pattern or colour or volume as the case may be. It is worth remarking that it is only when realistic imitation of appearances is abandoned that any such emphasis can be made

without the effect of untruth. Once accept the evidence of your whole organism, instead of the mere optical evidence of your eyes, as the basis of your art and you can reduce the appearances of Nature to geometrical forms without any prejudice to reality. As will be seen, most of the works in this exhibition are indulgent as regards appearances; but in all of them appearances are dealt with as conceived by the mind rather than as perceived by the eyes.

One consequence of this new trust in conceptions that I have never seen remarked is the rehabilitation of materials. To put it crudely the pictures look more "painty" and the sculpture more "stony" than perhaps the visitor has been accustomed to see. But a moment's consideration shows this to be inevitable. So long as the materials of art are used to imitate appearances they cannot be allowed to declare themselves; and it is one of the advantages of the new movement that it does allow the materials a voice in the matter.

For damaging comparison the critics point to the exquisite workmanship of Eastern art. That criticism answers itself. Eastern art has never used its materials for the imitation of appearances; it has always regarded them as creatures with an expression of their own; and, consequently, it has acquired and taught a perfect technique for their artistic fulfilment. In effect the Chinese artist shows the subject to ink or water-colour or ivory or jade and says: "Now, what do you feel about it?" And, with his collaboration based upon an intimate knowledge of and punctilious regard for its capacities for expression, the material responds in its own character and according to its laws; not only in substance, but in characteristic form. One of the beauties of Chinese ivory carvings for example—as of mediæval ivory statuettes of the Virgin—is the way the natural curve of the tusk is allowed to determine the sway of the figure.

All this is new to the modern Western artist. Whether in his own person or by tradition he has acquired a highly organised technique for the purpose of imitation and he cannot all at once acquire the refinements of expression. Even that blessed phrase "the limitations of the material" has a new meaning; since it is obvious that the limitations of a substance for imitation and for expression are entirely different; and some at least of the extravagances of the new movement are due to the fact that artists have not yet recognised the new limitations—that paint, for example, will not stand alone like a block of marble but must be contained in definite shapes, whether naturalistic or formal. Exactly the same thing happens in life. If you have lived under the law you will not all at once adapt yourself to the freedom of the spirit. Something of this sort is happening in Russia.

On the whole the new movement seems to have reached a greater refinement of quality in drawing and sculpture than in painting. This is natural because, even in Western art, the materials of drawing and sculpture have never been used—or abused—for the purpose of imitation to the same extent as have the materials of painting. Consequently the draughtsman and sculptor—and the public also—have less to unlearn. At any rate, there is nothing in the exhibition that reaches quite the same level as the beautiful little "Mother and Child" by the late Gaudier-Brzeska. Here is a thing said perfectly in marble, not only in respect of substance, but of what may be supposed to have been the natural disposition of that particular piece; all the carving being kept within an imaginary ovoid which both contains the emotional meaning of the work and preserves the habit of the stone as it came into the hands of the sculptor. The effect of something "found" in the block could hardly be more happily illustrated. Another work that leaves nothing to be desired in quality of performance is "The Ass," by Mr. Duncan Grant, which is produced here. Not only does it convey the quaint essence of the subject, in its unbroken state, but in actual execution it is as expressive of the materials used as a piece of good embroidery.

A point that has often been urged is the childishness of many of the works in the new movement. Substituting "childlikeness" the charge may be accepted as part of the consequences. Because the child is much less subject than most of us to the optical heresy, and relies much more on that general "sense" of things which is the basis of all conceptions. I believe that the extraordinary homeliness of such pictures as "The Policeman's Cottage," by E. McKnight Kauffer is due to the fact that they recall our impressions of landscape before we began to peep and botanise. The visitor to the exhibition should dismiss from his mind all ideas of optical jugglery. Allowing for all differences of "ism" and method, and granting all imperfections of practice, the new movement in art is an attempt to convey reality as conceived by the mind freed from the tyranny of optics and fed from the deepest reservoirs of feeling. The eyes are used, but as channels and not as critics of reality.

By Duncan Grant

The Ass

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2894 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

Willy: "Don't you think I deserve the support of the German people?"

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany, unless supported by the will and purpose of the German people."—President Wilson in reply to the Pope's note

LAND & WATER

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1917

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CONDITIONS OF VICTORY

IN the series of articles which Mr. Hilaire Belloc is now contributing to LAND & WATER, he wisely leaves "peace" out of the question, unless it is preluded by "victory," for it is only by victory, full and complete military victory, that the Allies will be in a position to impose terms and insist on punishments which are absolutely vital to peace, vital also if European civilisation is to be preserved. The speeches delivered on Monday afternoon at the Albert Hall by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer dwelt on this point of view which is familiar to the readers of this journal. Mr. Lloyd George declared that without full victory, "there are men and women in this hall now who may live to see the death of civilisation," and Mr. Bonar Law asserted that without full victory "the economic condition of Great Britain would be intolerable." General Smuts dwelt on another aspect, on one which, in our opinion, is not sufficiently spoken about. He said that "the true battle front of this war is in the soul of the nation." The illusion is common at home that the individual is of little worth in winning the war. "A bomb falls one night," they say, "and we, ourselves, and perhaps our families, are wiped out of existence; but it makes no difference, the war and the world go on just the same. Our lives are, it would seem, valueless, so why trouble ourselves about the way we order them, seeing we make no difference living or dead." It is an illusion which tends to weaken and undermine resolution, and in order to engender and foster just such illusions Germany wages war on civilians. It is well, therefore, that this truth on which General Smuts laid emphasis should be impressed on the popular mind:

> The battle front is not merely in France or in Flanders; the battle front is here in this country also. And you, as you sit here to-day, the women and children, and the men of this country who do not belong to the Army, can take your place by your comrades and join in the fight just as those in France and Flanders.

"German industry, German education, German science, German politics, German diplomacy, German flesh and blood for generations have been devoted to the destruction or enslavement of their neighbours"—so spoke the Prime Minister, and his words are the plain truth. There may be those in Germany who regret that these things should be, but they have never exerted their influence to any purpose, and they have been powerless to change or check the current of national opinion. We still look in vain for either the old Germany or the new Germany, which we are told is the true Germany by those who believe that if the Hohenzollern blight were removed we should discover outside Prussia a healthy national growth. Would that it were so, but that it is not so is testified by every prisoner of war that finds his way home, and still more strongly by every act of war which Germany perpetrates. The invasion and dispersion of the Zeppelin fleet has distracted the general mind from a much more important incident of last week—we refer to the destruction by German armed raiders of the small fleet of neutral ships and of their escort of two destroyers in the North Sea. An Admiralty inquiry has now been instituted, and in the meantime we must suspend judgment. It may be said, with some justification, that such incidents damage our naval prestige, but that should not lead us to underestimate the great work so efficiently and untiringly performed by the British Navy for the past three years. Mistakes of strategy and administration have occurred, but because of these errors to call on the Navy to perform miracles and to undertake operations which the very voices which demand them, would be the first to denounce when they failed inevitably, seems to us neither reasonable nor right. There the matter from the British standpoint remains at the moment, but from the German standpoint something more must be said.

To sink the trading ships of neutral countries, without giving the crews a chance of saving their lives, and, moreover, to fire on the boats which these very ships had launched for the purpose, is the most outstanding act of barbarism which the German Fleet has yet accomplished. Not a single excuse can be urged in mitigation of this cold-blooded massacre, nor can the Captains of the two German cruisers be exonerated from the crime. These were their own masters in the hour that these murders were committed. The chivalry of the sea is a law far older and higher than any command of the Kaiser or his Admirals. Had their officers displayed even a rudimentary sense of righteousness or mercy, would they have been punished for it? The fact is, they acted according to their natures, and their natures are not peculiar to themselves but common to their nation? In the drowning and slaughter by shot and shell of these defenceless Norwegian and Swedish sailors, we behold the reflection of "German education, German science, German politics," etc., and until these crimes are punished in the same manner and degree that similar crimes are punished in civil life, Europe can never be made secure against a fresh outbreak of the same barbarism.

The danger is that the conscience of the Allies may be drugged by the very excess of Teuton blood-lust. We have to be on our guard against this, for it is a perfectly right and healthy emotion, in ordinary circumstances, not to permit the mind to dwell on pitiless and horrifying incidents. A murderer commits as bad an offence against the public conscience as against his victim, a truth which we may easily recognise by the way in which normal and active minds revolt from sensationalism in peace times. But it would be cowardly to assume that mental attitude towards Germany. The full measure of her abominations has yet to be told, and it will be told. One of the first conditions of victory is, a just retribution for these inhuman offences.

Before another week comes round in all human probability London will be again under the murderous missiles of German aeroplanes. This incident of the war is accepted with extraordinary composure by the British inhabitants of the metropolis. When out of the dark mists of night, death, let blindly loose by an enemy whose pride is cruelty and ruthlessness, destroys at one blast half-a-dozen babes, as happened last week, there is naturally a cry of horror, but there is not the slightest intention, because of this, to deflect the nation's determination towards final victory. The British character does not change. One has only to recognise the unalterable resolution, which in the outer parts of Empire, under similar barbarities, has at different times established that *pax Britannica* on which Britons, not without reason, have prided themselves in the past, in order to realise that if there be one act of faith more fixed in a British breast than another, it is that no harm men can do to the body can destroy the purpose of the soul. It is in the knowledge of this truth that even the humblest British citizen can find personal satisfaction. His life is not lived in vain if to the last hour he clings to this belief and acts on it, for this belief is the sure rock on which final victory has ever rested and shall ever rest. We have no wish to see German homes suffering under aerial bombardments in the way English homes have been made to suffer. But if Germans will have it so, they must have it.

The Operations in Riga Bay

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE has been some misconception with regard to the nature of the operations in Riga Bay and on the islands which intervene between that sheet of water and the Baltic: I mean misconception on the geographical character of these actions, not on the ultimate strategic object, which can only be a matter of conjecture—though that object seems most probably to be the one I indicated last week. Thus the *Times* and other newspapers have spoken of the Russian Fleet, or rather of a portion of it, entering the Gulf through the Moon Sound, and after being defeated in action within the Gulf of Riga by the German Fleet, retiring again through the Moon Sound northward.

To take this view of the battle is clearly erroneous, as a consideration of the Chart later in this article will show. Nothing can get in or out of the Moon Sound by the north except vessels of light draft. What has happened is, in the most general terms, this:

A Russian Squadron, detached in the Gulf of Riga, containing both light and heavy vessels, was attacked by the German Fleet when the Germans had become masters of the Irben Channel at the South end of the Gulf between the island of Oesel and the mainland. The German Fleet came through the Irben Channel when they had cleared it; drove the Russian Fleet up northward and cooped it up in Moon Sound. In that narrow and rapidly shoaling waterway, the largest of the Russians was sunk by distant gunfire of the enemy operating from the mouth of the Sound, where there is deeper water, and four other ships of considerable draft ran aground. All that can have got away northward of the Russian Naval Forces were the boats drawing less than 15 feet of water.

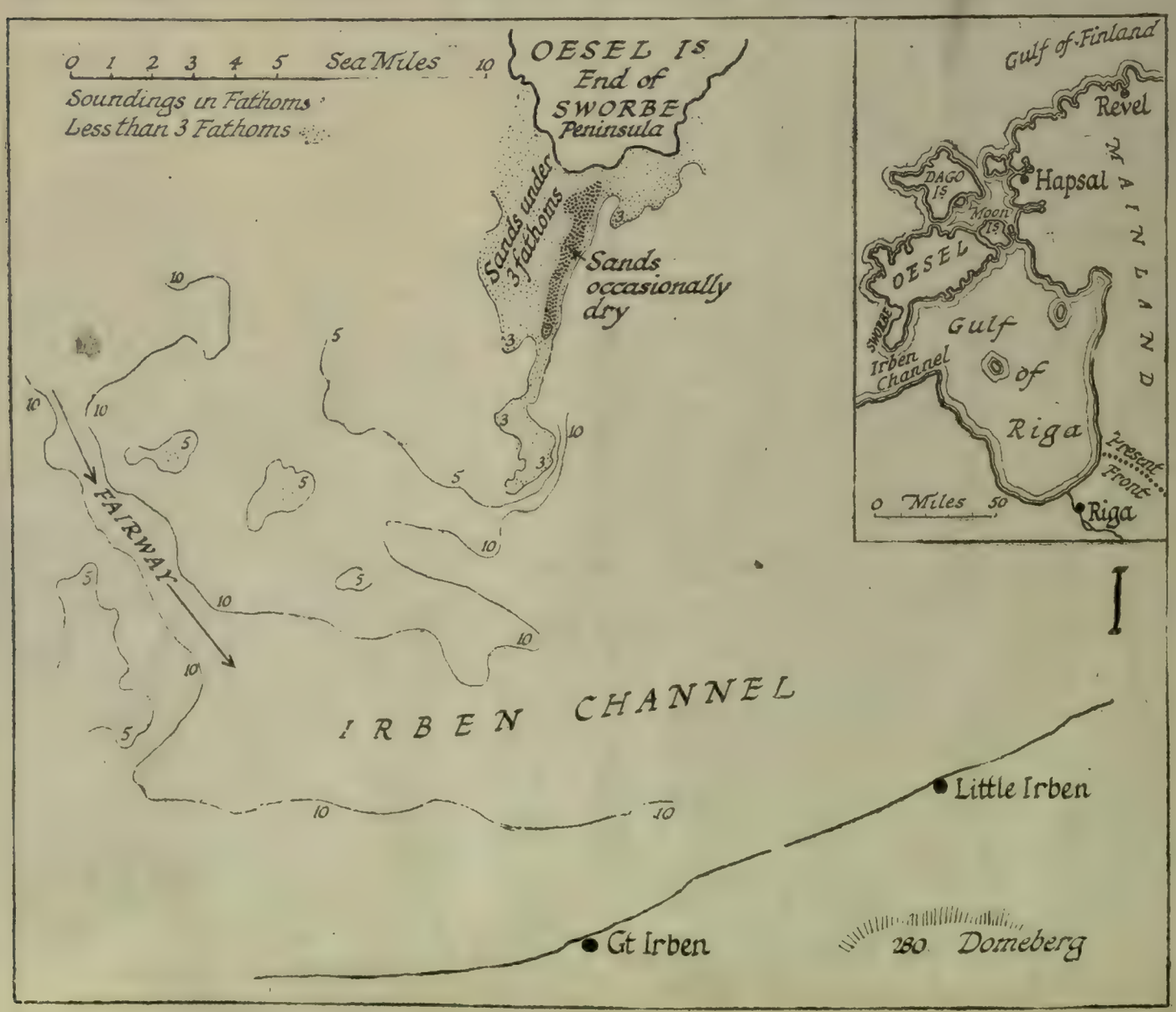
The only entrance into the Gulf of Riga for large vessels—for vessels that have to keep an eye on the five-fathom line—is the Irben Channel between the southern end of Oesel Island, that is the Sworbe Peninsula, and the opposite Courland Coast which, from the so-called "Dome" Hill, 280 feet high, is generally known after the local cape as the "Dome Ness." The Irben Channel (see Map I) is entered by a not very wide but long fairway lying north-west by south-east, easily blocked by mines, and with the advantage of current on the side of the defensive: For the current sets out from the Gulf of Riga to the sea continuously. Reasonable vigilance made this Channel quite impracticable, and it needed the present collapse of Russia to give the enemy his chance.

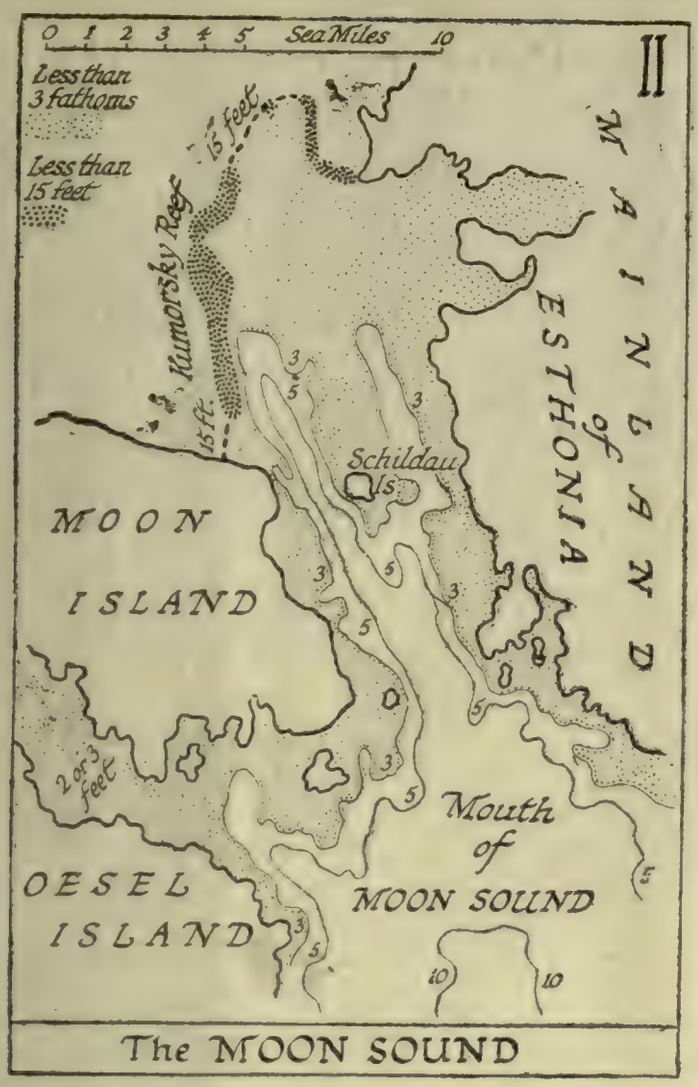
Even so the mines in the Channel could not be directly swept away from the open sea, and that was why the island of Oesel was attacked. Its capture was easily effected, and once the Sworbe Peninsula had been swept there were no Russian guns commanding the Channel, but in their place *German* guns protecting the *German* sweepers who proceeded to clear the channel. It is probable also that the enemy found light craft on the eastern shore of Oesel to help him in the sweeping of the mines. But, at any rate, he got the Channel clear. The main German Fleet then came through the Irben Channel into the Gulf of Riga.

Such Russian forces as were present in that sheet of water retired before the German fleet and were cooped up at the northern end by the advancing Germans into the mouth of what is called the Moon Sound; that is, the sheet of water between the Island of Moon and the mainland of Esthonia.

If we look at the Moon Sound in some detail on Map II we shall be able to understand what happened.

The ten-fathom line—deep water in which the largest craft can manœuvre at ease—stands well out from the mouth of the Sound. As you approach the Channel the bottom shelves rather sharply, but right through the middle of the Sound there is a draught of water just sufficient for (though only just sufficient for) the larger units present of the Russian Fleet. The five-fathom line recedes on either side, leaving a fairway on the west side of the small island of Schildau. On the east side, between this island and the main land, large craft cannot go. The Russian Naval Force, therefore, retiring before their superior enemy, took refuge in this prolonged and narrow gulf of deeper water. It was here that the *Slava* sank, and that four other ships ran aground.





The small craft got away to the north, and it is the mention of this fact by both the Russians and the Germans which has given an erroneous impression of what occurred, for the escape of these smaller vessels is alluded to in very vague and general terms, such as "the remainder of the fleet," etc.

The fact that only the smaller vessels could have got away is clear enough from a glance at Sketch II, where it will be seen that the northern approach to Moon Sound all the way from the northern coast of Moon Island to the main land is blocked by a ridge, the western half of which is called the Kumorsky Reef, and the whole crescent of which forms a complete barrier against entry or exit by the north, save for vessels drawing less than fifteen feet of water—indeed considerably less than that draft, for this amount of water is only found in very few variable points.

It is true that the level of the Baltic here rises slightly when there is a combination of strong westerly winds and of melting snow and ice inland, but the present moment is a season of nearly the lowest water with easterly winds and the rivers low. Moreover, even when there is the greatest difference of level, it hardly adds another three feet.

It is to be noted that the operation has taken place while there are still before the enemy several weeks of open water. The shores of the Baltic here, and the Gulf of Riga in particular, freeze in a very changeable manner. The Irben Channel was open the whole winter during four of the eleven years 1893 to 1903, and though ice forms, of course, much earlier in the rivers and is discovered on the shores before it creeps outwards, it is a very early year in which navigation is interrupted before winter has well set in. January to March is a sort of normal period of interruption, though the ice has stopped navigation in the ports two months earlier and two months later than those normal dates in exceptional years.

The Zeppelin Raid

The Zeppelin raid with its astonishing sequel, hardly falls within this department of LAND & WATER, but it is too remarkable a passage to leave quite uncommented.

So far as the evidence stands at the moment of writing, it seems that *eleven* Zeppelins left Germany on the Friday. Of these *three* got back by the direct eastern route which all, obviously, must have been under orders to follow. But of the remaining *eight*, all were in some fashion damaged in various degrees or thrown out of their course or lowered by loss of gas, and were condemned to reach home as best they could after a bad deflection southwards. Of these eight three *may* have landed in Germany, with what losses we do not know. *Five* are accounted for by the French observers: one captured entire, three brought down, and one blown out to sea over the Mediterranean, half wrecked.

Though one has nothing but conjecture to guide one, the first thing that will occur to anyone who considers the main facts is, that the fleet must in some way have got crippled—or, at any rate, that part of it which drifted over France.

Whether it was crippled by gunfire in this country or, as has been suggested in some quarters, by unexpectedly severe frost suffered at a great height *after* engines had been stopped, or by both these agencies, or whether perhaps there may not have been added to such causes a violent northerly gale at the great heights in which these craft were operating, we have not yet been told. But it is entirely incredible that they merely lost their way.

It is not incredible, but it is highly improbable that such a fleet should have any intention of travelling even over northern France during daylight—and it was largely due to the fact that they were caught by daylight that the Zeppelins suffered so heavily. The one which had the worst luck was the one that came down at St. Clement, near Lunéville, south of Nancy, quite close to the opposing lines. Those which were accounted for in the south must, in the nature of things, have been out of control and at the mercy of the northerly current. Yet another drifted out to sea over Toulon at the end of the day, and apparently has been lost in the Mediterranean.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole series, and that on which we shall most eagerly expect details, is the capture of one of the Zeppelins intact with her crew unhurt apparently, and in full working order near the little watering place of Bourbonne on the high ground between Langres and the Upper Moselle Valley.

There must be remembered in this connection a very striking point illustrative of more than one of the enemy's methods. The crew of this captured Zeppelin—*L* 49—used (we are told) parachutes. The crew of the Zeppelins, unlike the observers in a kite balloon, have not been, I believe, furnished with parachutes before. Regulations of this severity work both ways. They tend to the conservation of material to the last moment, but they also tend to exasperation in a moment of crisis and, when the limit of endurance is reached, to ill judgment and perhaps to mutiny. The rule seems to have been changed, perhaps, as a concession.

The Conditions of Victory—III

THE last and third part of the enemy's propaganda, to which the first two parts lead up, is the demand that the Allies should state specific terms of peace. The suggestion being that the enemy is too strong to be decisively defeated and that negotiation must be resorted to (a suggestion the falsity of which was shown here ast week) it is concluded that no reasonable man would deny the advantage of stating *particular* terms.

Now even if all the rest of the enemy's propaganda were true, even if the absurdity of an innocent German people writhing under a hated tyranny, or the other flatly contradictory absurdity of an unconquerable German people, were possible in the real world, this third contention for a detailed negotiation of peace before victory is utterly untenable in the present circumstances.

The main reason for this is the nature of the issue between the two camps: Its magnitude and its simplicity. If it be true that the enemy's armies are unconquerable, then much the simplest thing is to admit defeat; to say, "We intended to safeguard our future and that of Europe. We have failed in the attempt. We will stand back where we were before and in the future the struggle must be renewed." It is the strongest and the best thing for anyone to say who once desired victory but has come to believe it impossible.

Personally, I do not believe that there are any men on the Allied side to-day who at once desire victory and believe it to be impossible. I think that those who are talking of the impossibility of a decisive victory are men who desire to save Germany from the moral consequences of her acts. But I say that if there are men who honestly desire victory and yet believe it impossible of achievement, then it is far the best thing for them to admit defeat. It was the attitude of the French patriots in 1871. They said: "We are compelled by mere force to cede what the victor has no moral right to. We know that this thing is only a truce, and sooner or later the issue must be fought out again."

To-day the issues are far greater than they were in 1871.

They concern not one nation but all Europe. They concern in particular this nation, of which only a minority (least of all those who so foolishly advise surrender) as yet fully understand what defeat would mean for their country and for their individual selves.

But if you do not believe that victory is impossible, if you think that the Allied armies are capable of achieving it, then to discuss the details of peace is like discussing with a criminal what punishment he will accept.

The terms which the Allies will impose if they are victorious, that is, if they succeed in putting the Prussian military machine out of action, are such as are not worth discussion with an undefeated Germany, simply because the existing Prussian military machine will not sign its own death warrant. They involve—to put it in the most general fashion, two fundamental propositions which an unbeaten Germany will never accept, *first*, the tremendous burden of material reparation, *secondly*, the moral indignity of seeing *individual punishment* meted out to the men responsible for innumerable particular crimes. They further involve the imposition of guarantees, that is, in plain English, the taking of material hostages for the carrying out of stipulations to which the mere word of the enemy in any form is worthless. When Prussia levied a vast tribute upon France from 1871 to 1873 she occupied territory until the tribute was paid. She maintained herself in the position of victor after the destruction of the French armies, long after the mere signature of peace, and she had no choice but to do so. The "freer," the more "democratic"—in simple and truer language the more expressive of the national will—the political system of the vanquished may be, the more certainly must they attempt to evade the consequences of their crime.

Now what Prussia has to lose is military power and the economic power which her military power safeguards. She has to lose supplies of iron which she took by force; she has to lose Polish subjects, her tyranny over whose territory was the origin of her power; she has to lose a vast amount of shipping to help replace that which she has destroyed; she has to give free access to the Baltic—first to a free Poland, and next to the commerce of all nations. She has to abandon her grip over the Eastern trunk route; she has, as we have said, to see the more criminal among her leaders subjected to the indignity of public punishment, and she has also to devote years and years of labour for the profit of others in repairing what she has destroyed. She has at least to suffer this, or alternatively to boast her successful defence and our own defeat. The conception that such justice can be imposed without victory in the field is lunacy. The conception that without its imposition Europe can possibly secure stability is ignorant folly.

There is a school which tells us that to say things so plainly is to "stiffen the resistance of the enemy." Heaven knows where they got that conception! If this were a war for petty local political objects to which the fighting had hitherto been limited, it might be true. If whole nations had not been strained to their utmost to achieve the fullest national objects it might be true. But as things are it is a statement quite out of touch with reality.

The resistance of the enemy is *already* stretched to the utmost of which the enemy nations are capable. In that resistance the German Empire has come at last to drawing in boys of 17 and subjecting them to the massacre of modern war. In that resistance the enemy coalition against us has lost something like four million lives. In that resistance it has already suffered the most severe privations and is approaching famine. The conception that we should in some way increase that resistance by repeating once again our unalterable determination to conquer, is wildly unreal. You might as well say in the last rounds of a prize fight that the man who is getting the better of it must hesitate to deal heavy blows lest he should rally some reserve of force in his unfortunate opponent. There is nothing left moral or material upon which the enemy can draw beyond what he has already mobilised, or has marked down for use. All his populations, including his voluntary Allies and those whom he commands as a tyrant, have been thrown in for all they are worth. If the resistance is successful Prussia has won. If she is pushed up to the breaking point, she breaks altogether. That is the situation, and one would have thought that a child could see it.

Strains of this sort are absolute and maximum strains. And strains of that kind when they are resolved at all are resolved by nothing short of complete ruin.

But apart from these general considerations we should do well to note the particular character of the propaganda for the discussion of peace terms. It is well worth remarking that *the whole of it is conducted upon the implied suggestion that the enemy's defence will be victorious*; that a decision in our favour is impossible. It is based upon the idea that Prussia will concede this or that of her free will still undefeated and that justice cannot be imposed upon her.

It is remarkable that in all these debates which have been so prodigally nourished with money for some months past, there is no statement of extreme terms upon the *other* side. The writers who in this indirect, but very useful, fashion are serving the enemy do not say: "Here is the maximum which the Allies could possibly impose, and here is the maximum which Prussia in her present state could possibly retain. Let us see what compromise can be made between these two extremes." Even if they did this it would be our duty not to listen to them, because a civilization fighting for its life should not hear of compromise at all. But as a fact they do not state it thus at all.

Yet that is how they should state it if they were sincere. A true arbitrator, a man really impartial between two contendants and even indifferent to their opposing morals, considers before striking a balance the *full* claims of each. Yet these self appointed abitrators, though they profess themselves so impartial as to be unaffected by cruelty and bad faith and indifferent to the religion and morals of our civilization, never consider the Allied objects. They always take as a "basis of negotiation" the claims of an undefeated Prussia.

Let us consider a few examples of this.

In the matter of the rectification of frontiers in the West we have not got two schools in the debate, one of them saying Germany must be allowed no bridgeheads across the Rhine. We have only the timid suggestion that perhaps as a very great concession upon the part of our enemy she will allow in the one particular case of Alsace-Lorraine a vote to be taken while she is still in power, without any consideration of the innumerable families exiled; of the plantation of foreigners in the district; of the pressure that can be exercised by Government; of the fear of the future in the voters created by their experience of the past. The whole thing is in the tone of a small kindly concession by the enemy. It has nothing about it of a compromise between extreme claims. In the United States the "high brow" papers like the *New Republic*, do not even allow this. Lorraine, they say, must remain German because Germany needs its iron!

Take, again, the case of the occupied territory. There is no balancing of, on the one side complete reparation, heavy indemnity to those who have been enslaved, large payments to the families of those who have been murdered, the rebuilding of all destroyed monuments and private houses, the restoration of agriculture, etc, and mere evacuation upon the other. No, the pretence at reasonable dealing is entirely in the enemy's favour. Evacuation is all that is spoken of as "reasonable": the rest is ignored.

A Fair Analogy

It is as though a man came into your house, robbed your safe, murdered your children, set your books on fire "to make an example," incidentally burnt down your house as well, and then when you had caught him and got him on the ground (at great expense to your furniture) appealed to a third party, an "impartial arbitrator" who should say: "Come! Come! All this is surely very wrong! This gentleman must certainly leave your house—or rather the ruins of it—it is the only reasonable solution!"

Take a third case, the case of Poland. There are all sorts of pretty schemes for a restricted, mutilated Poland under German tutelage: a Poland that would be a mere expansion of Germany. But you never hear the claim to Danzic on the part of these gentry who profess their sincere desire for a stable European peace; you never hear any talk of the mineral wealth of Silesia shamelessly stolen from the Polish people; and when statistics are quoted as to the proportion of Polish population in the districts robbed by Prussia no more than three generations ago, *the statistics are always German statistics* in which every official, down to the very gaolers, are counted as normal inhabitants of the districts, and every man who can speak a little German is put down as being of full German blood. It is the same thing with the Adriatic. It is "only reasonable" that Austria should have an Italian town somewhere on the Adriatic. It is "only reasonable" that the main part of the frontier should lie south of the defensive line of the Alps. You never hear the full Italian claim mentioned and balanced against the Austrian claim, or rather against all that Austria can now hope for.

What is always put forward as the golden mean in every single case is the very most that the enemy could possibly get out of us even if, when peace were made, he were as strong as he is to day.

I marvel that opinion has not yet been struck by this singular phenomenon! Here are would-be arbitrators posing as men who are balancing discordant claims, and as folk who know that neither party to a quarrel can obtain all that it desires but when they come to details (of which they are very fond) those details are simply the maximum conceivable demands of the enemy in his *present* state! All the statistics are enemy statistics. The future envisaged is a future

in which the enemy shall remain strong and be capable if he lives of becoming stronger. The conception of punishment for evil done—surely the most elementary idea underlying all human justice and all stable solutions—is not only eliminated but actually attacked.

There is another feature in all this to which I would draw my readers' attention.

Where, in the past, were these fine pleaders for a reasonable compromise? We know their names and see their writings. How comes it that they had nothing to say of this sort until Germany had lost her offensive power and was bleeding to death? Which of them proposed a *plebiscite* in Alsace Lorraine when that district was as yet not fully colonised by its robber, and before the full effects of exile had taken place? In what books or speeches did they advocate the restoration of Poland? Where shall we find their passionate defence of the Italian claims to fellow citizenship with the pure Italians of the Trentino?

It is notorious that we never heard of these things from them until the present pass, and surely such a fact is not only significant but conclusive. It is equally significant and equally conclusive that we heard nothing from them during the first half of the war, when it seemed within the power of the Central Empires to commit any injustice and to obtain a decisive victory for themselves.

If it is such a monstrous thing to *punish* men who have ordered murder and arson and pillage, and to make such an example of them that for the future we may be secure from a repetition of those deeds, why was it not equally monstrous to *commit* them? One would have thought that the murders at Dinant and at Louvain and at Sermaize and at Nomeny and countless other unhappy towns, and even at Senlis, before the very gates of Paris, would have affected men who profess to be superior to national feeling and to consider nothing but the claims of humanity. They were strangely silent!

In the same way they tell us it is unreasonable or bad policy to contemplate the confiscation of German shipping or the reparation by force of damage wantonly done on the high seas. But oddly enough this tenderness does not apply to murder on the high seas when that murder is committed by the enemy, it does not apply to the sinking of ships without warning or to the shelling of men in open boats.

There has come in, as I write, the account of their latest crime of this sort. The German cruisers, ships amply able to have saved the crews and passengers of *neutrals* at their mercy, deliberately massacred these neutrals, men and women indiscriminately. It was sheer butchery for the sake of butchery, and something of a sort Europe had never known until this war, and in this war has only known as a Prussian thing.

Our "reasonable men" will tell us that the men guilty of such crimes "must not be left after the war with a feeling of bitterness."

They will bid us regard these wanton murders as normal enough—just what we should do ourselves.

All these German bestialities are, it seems, no more than "the inevitable concomitants of war."

Let us remind those who talk thus (from whatever motive) that if abominations of this sort are "the inevitable concomitants" of war as Prussia makes it, then certain results, very unpleasant for Prussia, are also the "inevitable concomitants" of peace, as it must be imposed upon Prussia. A certain amount of pain and discomfort are "the inevitable concomitants of physical struggle" as it is understood by the garrotter, but then also certain other unpleasant things are the "inevitable concomitants" of what happens to the garrotter when he is caught. The man defending the garrotter may say that the sufferings he has imposed upon his victims are only an extreme case of the annoyance which people always suffer from horse-play; and that garrotting is only an extreme form of horse-play. To this the magistrate will answer that he does not even allow horse-play upon unwilling victims, and is quite prepared to meet it with a fine or a short term of imprisonment, but that there is a certain difference of degree in the case of the garrotter which corresponds to a difference of degree in the fate the garrotter must be prepared to meet when he has the misfortune to be "thrown upon the mere defensive"—that is, to be in the dock.

It is not true that Europeans in modern war have normally marched through and sacked neutral territory, or raped, burnt and murdered in it as they passed through. It is not true that Europeans in the many unfortunate wars of the nineteenth century sank ships without warning (including neutral ships and hospital ships), secretly placed explosives on merchant ships, deliberately murdered men and women in open boats, or did any one of those acts which have specially marked this last phase of Prussian war.

Those who pretend that there is to-day a case for an easy consideration of what has been a mere misunderstanding with equal and ordinary faults on both sides, are saying something flatly in contradiction with the facts. The facts are simply that one party in this war was the open admitted and boastful aggressor, and that the same party, and *not* his opponent, has initiated every new cruelty in actual fighting and has *alone* been guilty of novel crimes against non-combatants and civilians.

Those who deny that plain proposition are like men who deny visible and tangible objects in the world about them.

I will go so far as to believe that some of them are capable of self-deception up to a point hardly distinguishable from derangement, but the mass of them must be in bad faith.

And here, I think, is the strongest ground on which we can stand in our exposure of these men who would throw away all the chivalry of Europe and all the lives of the young Englishmen dead. We can say with conviction and with all the existing evidence at our back: "Even those of you who are only dupes, who have not taken enemy money and are not in touch with enemy organisations, or the money and organisation of interests which happen to coincide with the enemy (of cosmopolitan financial interests, for instance, making for immediate peace) are filled with a very strong bias in favour of the enemy. You have in the past admired the society which he created, his offensive acts and his perverted morals. Therefore, is it that you are to-day willing to condone the logical consequences of these things as they appear in Prussian war. But we will not condone them."

Falsity of Premises

We may sum up the negative part of our argument—the rebuttal of the claim to detailed discussion of peace terms—by saying, that of its three parts, no one will stand examination:

(1) It is not true that the German people are an oppressed majority hating certain cruel masters from whom it is our business to free them; a "militarist party," or "Junkers," or what not. The Germans are one body: welded together by the victories of a generation ago. *They*, not their masters, made this war. It is indeed true to say that, had not their Government moved, the populace would in some short time have overset that Government rather than fail to embark on that career of mastery to which they believed themselves destined.

It is equally true that they applauded and continuously applaud every successive baseness in their conduct of war: that the "degeneration of war to indiscriminate murder," the contempt of chivalry, has been a national thing with them. As a nation they have acted, and as a nation they must suffer.

As for the talk of making them accept "Democracy," and the phantasm that this would secure Europe, it is a phrase devoid of meaning; and as for the idea that their reluctant acceptation of a Parliamentary Caucus with its professional politicians and the rest, would safeguard us, it is merely contemptible. If we wish to *weaken* them, by all means let us force such things on them. But no man seriously pretends to-day that these things help to a just and pacific expression of the National will.

If those who thus talk of a "Democratic Germany" mean a Germany imbued with the spirit of human equality, of human dignity—why then we might as well be fighting to make our enemies converted to good manners, or the use of irony, or an admiration of the classic ideal. There is no positive exterior criterion of such spiritual things, and most certainly you cannot teach them to the modern German in a short campaign. Still less can you accept some paper guarantee that his soul has changed.

(2) That his lines are impregnable, and a decision against him impossible, is nonsense. His lines have been forced in place after place: because the job is not completed, is that a reason for giving it up? He is more and more in jeopardy; and he sees in his immediate future, defeat. To think negotiation necessary because he is our equal is to stop the fight in its last round. He has become our inferior. He is increasingly our inferior in material strength.

(3) Lastly, this cry for particular details of peace—(an enemy cry, remember)—always presupposes *his* terms, not ours. It is always what he will concede, not what *We* shall impose, that is the matter of this ambiguous discussion. There is a pretence of arbitration—but it is a false pretence. His apologists (for so those are who propose a negotiated peace) invariably state the best case for *him*—never the general case between him and ourselves.

All this demand for detailed discussion *with him* may, then, be neglected.

But there is a deeper and more serious consideration.

The Allies, under God, will conquer in this vast business. We shall (under God) impose our terms. These are general conditions, not of a negotiated peace, but of victory.

To these conditions of victory I will next turn.

(*To be Continued*). H. BELLOC

Germany in the Baltic

By L. Cope Cornford

GERMANY, in attacking the islands lying to the north of the Gulf of Riga, presumably reckoned upon the inaction of the Russian Baltic Fleet; and if she did, she was justified by the event. There are few instances in history of a squadron covering, without being attacked, the landing of troops on hostile territory within some twelve hours steaming of a powerful hostile fleet. By all the rules such an achievement should be impossible; but the rules do not provide for the complete immobilisation, due to secular reasons, of the aforesaid fleet. It does not appear that the German force consisted of more than one battle squadron with a large number of light craft and auxiliaries; a force with which the Russian Baltic Fleet should be able effectually to deal. Apart from the small and miscellaneous Russian squadron stationed in the Gulf of Riga, the Russian Baltic Fleet for practical purposes did not exist.

A little more than two years ago, and again in 1916, the German Fleet attempted to force the Gulf of Riga and was beaten off with some loss. Presumably the Irben Channel, the Strait leading from the Baltic into the Gulf, was subsequently mined; and if it was mined, either the mines must have been allowed by Russian neglect to go adrift, or the German minesweepers must have cleared them without interference by the Russians.

Control of the Gulf

The result of the German naval operation, so far, is that the Germans occupy the whole or nearly the whole of the three islands—Oesel, Moon, and Dago, making the northern barrier of the Gulf of Riga. From Oesel they can establish communication with the mainland across the narrow and shallow channels running on either side of Moon Island, and thence to Hapsal, which is railhead. According to both German and Russian statements, that proportion of the Russian naval forces in the Gulf which has not been wrecked, sunk, or destroyed, has retreated northwards; so that the Germans now control all the waters and the coasts of the Gulf of Riga.

Germany can now supply her army in this region by sea through the ports of Riga and Pernau, both of which are railheads, and both of which are set at the embouchure of rivers. Within the Gulf the German Fleet can ride secure. The Irben Channel can be shut against both ships and submarines; and Moon Sound is not practicable for ships of deep draught, and can be blocked. Indeed the Russians claim to have sunk the battleship *Slava* for that purpose; although in keeping the German light draft out of the Sound they also kept out their own vessels, and so severed communications with the Gulf of Finland. In the winter, the Germans can keep clear with icebreakers waterways from the Baltic to the Riga ports.

Regarded as a naval operation, the capture and occupation of the water and the littoral of the Gulf of Riga was completely successful. The feeble resistance of the weak Russian forces was speedily overcome. Germany has long since dominated the Baltic, and her most recent enterprise extended that domination. She has gained a valuable naval base at Riga, and a less important but extremely useful base in the shallow harbour of Pernau. Germany now holds the whole line of the communication between Kiel and the Riga ports.

It is too much the fashion in this country to underrate the achievements of Germany; nor does the fact that in the case under consideration Russia could have prevented the invasion, affect the result. So long as the Russian Baltic Fleet is paralysed, the German position in the Gulf and in the Baltic is secure; and should the Russian Fleet be restored to discipline and become fit to fight, it will find it much harder to get Germany out of a fine natural harbour than it would have been to stop her entrance into the Gulf. That Germany should have won additional naval bases is far from satisfactory to this country; whose difficulties chiefly arise from the fact that Germany cannot be ejected from the naval bases she already possesses.

Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten that while the Russian Baltic Fleet remains undefeated, the control of the Baltic exercised by Germany is conditional. It is also true, in the abstract, that so long as the British Fleet remains undefeated Germany exercises such restricted action at sea as she can compass upon conditions which cannot be permanent. But as matters stand, it does not appear that the argument is of immediate practical application. Moreover, the converse aspect is equally true: so long as the German Fleet is undefeated, so long can it control the Baltic and also exert what is called a covering influence over submarine and commerce-raiding operations. And no one has yet explained how to defeat a fleet which obstinately remains behind land batteries and minefields.

The most recent information indicates that the Russian naval forces in the Gulf of Riga were taken by surprise, fought a confused and losing action in which a battleship and a destroyer were lost, and then retreated. The Russians estimate the German losses at two battleships, one cruiser, twelve torpedo boats, a transport and some mine-sweepers, but adduce no evidence in support of their statement. The only German losses actually ascertained to have occurred during the attack consist of six or seven torpedo-boats.

But a despatch received from Petrograd on October 22nd records an attack made upon the German Fleet by a British submarine, in which a German battleship may have been hit, and a transport is stated to have been put down. In brief, the only substantial damage inflicted upon the German squadron was the work of a British submarine. There is naturally some speculation in this country as to the possibility of British intervention in the Baltic; but it is obvious that no information on the subject can be made public. It is a question involving considerations of high strategy, with which the War Staff at the Admiralty is alone competent to deal.

The extended control of the Baltic by Germany is likely to affect the position of Finland, where German influence is very active. Sweden is also directly menaced. Germany now exercises her control right up to the Aland Islands, at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, a zone which includes all the important Swedish ports. So far as Sweden is concerned, she is now wholly dependent upon Germany for the use of her sea communications; a humiliating and a dangerous situation, the inevitable result of permitting German influence to dominate the Swedish Government. There can be no neutrality in this war. Every country must be for the enemy of civilisation, who has violated all international law, or against him. And those who, by reason of force, or fear, or commercial greed, are for Germany, will either be put under the feet of Germany, or share in her punishment.

There can be no peace in Europe nor any security at sea so long as Germany holds the Baltic.

It is not the purpose of this article to treat of the military aspect of the German occupation of the Riga district. What has happened is that the German Navy has forced the back-door into Russia. Reval can now be attacked from the landward side, and Kronstadt no longer defends Petrograd. How the German army propose to use their advantages is another question.

The Political Aspect

There remains the political aspect of the affair to be considered. It has been said, with truth, that the Riga expedition was partly inspired by the necessity of employing a mutinous navy. That the mutiny occurred is certain; that it was much more serious than the German Minister of Marine would admit is certain; and that it was due, not chiefly to the infection of Russian revolutionary ideas, as Admiral von Capelle told an incredulous Reichstag, but to the drafting of the sailors into the army, to short rations, and to monotonous work under remorseless discipline, is also certain. The date upon which the mutiny broke out has not been stated; but the date of its announcement by the Minister of Marine coincided with the eve of the departure of the squadron to Riga. At that time, according to the Russian statements, the sailors of the Russian Baltic Fleet were diverting themselves by holding revolutionary meetings at Helsingfors, and very likely they were hailing the adhesion of their German brothers to the sacred cause. The Soviet sent to them "an appeal"; but it was too late; and the next thing the Russian Fleet knew, the German guns were bombarding Arensbourg. In war, what is required is not an appeal but an order. A society in which there is no one either to give an order or to obey it, is ready meat for the destroyer.

It is also doubtless true that after the mutiny it was necessary to restore in Germany the highly dilapidated reputation of the Imperial German Navy; and to that end, an easy success in the Riga direction was indicated. The success has been obtained, and probably the reputation has been mended. All these things worked together in a combination, together with the raid in the North Sea of October 17th, and the attacks upon this country from the air.

But the fact that an enterprise was partly inspired by

political motives does not decrease the value of its success. Why Germany did not attack the Gulf of Riga earlier in the season is not clear. It may be that the German agents in Russia, who control the Soviet, which controls the Provisional Government, considered that the right moment had not yet come. Or Germany may have preferred to wait until the season was so far advanced that military operations, involving the extension of lines of communication and a diversion of force, being impracticable, could plausibly be postponed; while in the meantime the threat to the capital might intimidate Russia towards the acceptance of that separate peace for which the German conspirators in the Soviet are intriguing.

But these are matters of speculation. The substantial facts are that Germany has gained a valuable naval position, and that so far as immediate action is concerned, the Russian Baltic Fleet has shown itself to be useless.

Germany has once more proved herself to be never more dangerous than when she is talking peace.

Prince Henry of Prussia

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia belongs, like the Baron von Kühlmann, to that little group of Pan-Germans who circulate round the Kaiser. Some of them are in the confidence of their Imperial master, and are even on occasion consulted by him, though the advice they give is rarely ever followed by that capricious genius who invariably resents any apparent encroachment upon his All-Highest authority. Like the majority of His Majesty's intimate friends, these secret counsellors are almost unknown outside their own country, though, as the hour of victory for the Allies draws nearer, it is possible that one or two of them may emerge from the twilight of Court intrigue if only to repair some of the errors committed by the Party of "frightfulness." And in view of this contingency it is important that we should understand something of the character and capabilities of these wolves in sheep's clothing.

The most remarkable among them are the Baron von Kühlmann, whose psychology I have already tried to analyse in these pages, and Henry of Prussia, the only brother of Wilhelm II.

Still in the prime of life at 55, Prince Henry is certainly one of the most sympathetic personalities at the Prussian Court. As Baron von Kühlmann symbolizes the virtues and vices of the middle-class magnate recently ennobled, so Prince Henry is the incarnation of the qualities and defects of the Prussian aristocracy. He possesses that unaffected simplicity of manner which renders him easy of approach to men of all classes, added to a fine physique. His keen eyes indicate both vigour and penetration, and seem to fix themselves upon the person to whom he is speaking as if to read the thought behind the words. But in spite of his amiability, Prince Henry has none of the impulsive enthusiasm so characteristic of his brother the Kaiser. He gives one the impression of a man who never lets himself go beyond the dictates of a cold and clear intelligence. Briefly, that German expression *richtige Mensch Fuhrer* (a real leader of men) admirably describes Prince Henry of Prussia.

It may be that this austerity of life and character is the result of rigid discipline imposed by the Empress Frederick upon her sons during the days of their youth. A daughter of Queen Victoria, their Imperial mother had the strict views on the subject of education which were then prevalent in England. The two boys responded very differently to this somewhat drastic moral training. The elder, William, violently rebelled against it; indeed his hostility towards his mother was so marked, both before and after his accession to the throne, that he scandalized even the enemies of the English Princess, and they were many. The younger Prince, Henry, was on the other hand a model son, and seems to have adapted himself with comparative ease to the austere habits of his parents. By nature he was ready to accept that ordered existence, and that sacrifice of self which is the basis of military and also of naval discipline. Being the second son, the Imperial Navy was his lot. Energetic and endowed with a great capacity for work, his heart has always been in his profession, and to become by his own merit the best officer in the German Navy has been his principal ambition. To-day Prince Henry may he said to have realised that ambition, for he is undoubtedly one of its most remarkable engineers. For him the art of navigation has no secrets. He is acquainted with its theory as well as its practice. His hands with their spatulate fingers are in fact the characteristic hands of a manual worker, strong, nervous and amazingly dexterous. When on a tour of inspection he insists on examining every corner of the ship. Clad in the over-all of the simple sailor he verifies himself every detail of the machinery.

When on land he consecrates a great part of his time to the study of those patents which either directly or indirectly affect ocean or aerial navigation. Thanks to his wide technical knowledge, he is able to understand and to appreciate the possible importance of any new discovery. In order that no invention of potential value to the Fatherland may escape his control, Prince Henry used to spend hours in questioning and encouraging any inventor who sought his help and patronage. He made himself in effect, a kind of Minister of Inventions.

In this connection it may be worth explaining the German policy in regard to patents, which served so well the economic expansion of that country before the war. With the object of persuading inventors, all the world over, to take out German patents, they were offered advantages such as no other State gives them. In England as in France, when an invention is patented, only a superficial examination is made of its claim to originality. Our patents are in reality scarcely more than a record stating, that upon a certain date the formula of such and such a contrivance has been deposited. It is only when this patent is infringed or stolen that the inventor is called upon to prove in a Court of Law the absolute originality of his idea.

The German Patent office, on the contrary, refuses to register a patent until the inventor has demonstrated that his machine can do what no machine has ever done before. This established, Germany will guarantee him protection against any plagiarist. But this policy is in reality designed to obtain such practical and technical details as will enable the Berlin Inventions Bureau to pick the inventor's brain. As a result, the latter gets his patent, while the experts in the pay of the Government get not only a new idea, but also its practical realization, which in a modified or even an improved form can be materialized by a German engineer for the benefit of the German Empire. Herein lies both the value and the danger of a German Patent. One can understand moreover why Prince Henry, always keen to keep pace with the discoveries of modern science, should have specialised in this study.

In justice to this scion of the Hohenzollerns, one must admit that he is not only an accomplished technician, but also a man of parts and imagination. Was he not the very first in Germany to comprehend the importance of the patents taken out by Count Zeppelin when he started to make the conquest of the air?

At the time when the Kaiser, and all the experts in Germany, as well as in France and in England, dismissed the Zeppelin airships as useless and expensive gas-bags, Prince Henry had the courage to declare himself the champion of the old inventor. Even then he realised that, apart from the military uses to which these air-ships could be put, they might become instruments of international blackmail as well as the eyes of the High Seas Fleet.

In 1905, when Count Zeppelin terminated his first dirigible destined for the German Marine, Prince Henry exclaimed as he went on board at Friedrichshafen: "This is not a balloon, it is a real airship." So saying, he at once took command of the new monster on its trial trip round the Lake of Constance. Though a thick fog made its navigation extremely difficult, Prince Henry accomplished the journey, including a passage over the Alps, in a little more than seven hours, and guided by the sound of a bell attached to the landing place, he brought the airship to earth close to Count Zeppelin's shed. That this feat demanded courage, as well as skill of no common order, is undeniable.

The spirit which inspired Prince Henry on this occasion is the spirit of patriotism which has directed every act of his life, for he is above all a patriot, and a Pan-German, to whom no effort is too painful, and no risk too great, which may hasten the realization of the national idea.

Prince Henry has, like all real workers, a horror of "pomp and circumstance." With his brother's passion for theatrical display, he has no sympathy whatever, preferring the laborious and methodical existence of a naval officer on active service. He lives in the Palace at Kiel, in the bosom of his family, going early to bed and rising with the sun to work in his library. His table is frugal as becomes a sailor who enjoys perfect health, and he prides himself on keeping in the pink of condition.

The value of the submarine as a destructive weapon to be used equally with the airship for threatening Germany's economic rivals, was apparent to the Grand Admiral ten years ago. About that period one of my friends, who is an inventor,

had a long conversation with Prince Henry at Kiel. When they had finished talking, his Royal host drew him to a window which overlooks the town and said: "That church and all those houses you see upon the hill-side, will shortly be pulled down to make room for the new yards where we are going to build submarines."

Besides his knowledge of and devotion to all things pertaining to the German navy, Prince Henry occasionally undertook diplomatic missions at the request of his brother the Kaiser. Some of the Royal tours attracted the attention of the world, notably the Prince's visit to South America and to the United States, the object of which was undoubtedly to convince the Teutonic colonists scattered over the Western hemisphere that the Fatherland did not mean to lose sight of its distant subjects, upon whom it relied for the spread of Pan-German propaganda.

The Two Brothers

These missions, which included several cruises through Pacific waters, were no joy to Prince Henry. He regarded them as inevitable but tedious duties, only undertaken at the insistence of his Imperial brother, with whom his relations have not been invariably cordial. The following story is an illustration of occasional differences of opinion between them, and also throws a curious light upon the character of the Kaiser. A few years before the war, the necessity arose to nominate a new Admiral of the Fleet. The Kaiser apparently hesitating between two candidates, sought counsel of his brother. The latter strongly supported one of the officers in question, giving at the same time all his reasons for preferring him to the other. The Kaiser listened in silence to Prince Henry's advice, and they went off together to an official banquet where the promotion was to be announced. In the middle of the dinner, Prince Henry, as if fearing that his brother's memory might fail him, sent him on a piece of folded paper the name of his favourite. The Kaiser, reading it, smiled an acquiescence, but this gesture did not however prevent him from proclaiming at the end of the repast the name of the *other* candidate, as having been promoted to the rank of Admiral. It took Prince Henry a long time to get over the incident, but ultimately his sense of duty to the Imperial cause forced him to forget his private mortification.

Some such feeling of patriotism was doubtless responsible for his numerous journeys to England, much more numerous in fact than the British public realised at the time. When discussing Prince Henry, some time ago, with an eminent politician, he surprised me with the remark: "You don't know then that Prince Henry had a great admiration for an English lady, whose name, by the way, I never knew. There, no doubt, lies the reason of his frequent visits to England."

I am inclined to think, however, that the charming Dulcinea had neither name nor existence. Such a legend would furnish an excellent means of stifling any suspicion which the Prince's presence in England might arouse. Nor would it be the first time that amorous intrigues have been invented as a cloak for secret political designs.

What is certain is that Prince Henry, well informed upon everything that touched the British Navy, often served as the discreet exponent of the German point of view. I will cite a typical instance of this, which happened in 1910, about the end of February. On that date Prince Henry was in London and the following conversation took place between H.R.H. and an influential personage in London society, with whom he was on terms of friendship. In the smoking room, after dinner, Prince Henry suddenly turned towards his host and said: "My dear X., why is it that we cannot get on?"

X., taken aback, took refuge in generalities about bad feeling engendered by the Press and commercial rivalry. But the Prince, shaking his head, replied: "No, no, that won't do."

Whereupon his host, feeling that the moment had come for frank explanation, remarked bluntly that it was no wonder a sentiment of suspicion had been aroused in England by the enormous additions to the German Navy. As these ships were not required to fight France or Russia, we were justified in assuming they were intended to fight England.

In an excited voice, Prince Henry declared that nothing was further from the intentions of Germany than a war with Great Britain.

"We have now," he added, "forty years of peace behind us which has permitted us to become a nation. Before that we had been fighting for over a century, and most of the battles in the Napoleonic wars took place on German soil. Now that we are beginning to prosper peacefully what object could we have in going to war with you? We have nothing to gain by it, and in any case it would cripple and probably destroy our trade. Why cannot your people understand that Germany only wants to defend her commerce? As for the plan for invading England, we have none; nor in my opinion is such a thing possible. How, will you tell me, could we send transports full of troops as long as there is even one submarine afloat?"

X. thereupon indicated that although Germany's intentions might be pacific, she must see that her immense Navy threatened our national existence. With practically no army, England should, were she to lose command of the seas, lose also all her colonies, and her independence as well.

"As long as Germany continues to build," he added, "we are bound to do the same. Where is it going to end? Naturally, the increased taxation is being felt by all classes in both countries, and the middle class on whom it presses most heavily, is told that the other's Naval programme renders it essential."

"I can only tell you," answered Prince Henry, "that this feeling of suspicion and distrust simply does not exist in Germany. Two years ago, in order to show my confidence in England, I took the whole High Seas Fleet to Gibraltar, and then to Madeira, staying away two months. In spite of this, you still insist on massing the whole British Fleet at Dover! Why? I have asked McKenna, who says it is done from motives of economy. Perhaps you will tell me the real reason?"

"Surely, Sir, you don't think a fleet is kept for pleasure, or for digging potatoes! No! you know as well as I do that it is kept for one purpose, and that is war. It's only common sense, therefore, to mass it at the point where it is most likely to be needed."

This remark seemed to amuse H.R.H., who laughed and retorted: "You're really the first person who has dared to tell me that!"

His host then pointed out that we did not take the fact of Germany's having made all arrangements for fighting on the Russian frontier as implying any intention of going to war with Russia.

"It's only common sense," reiterated X. "to make the best possible disposition in peace of forces intended for war."

Prince Henry agreed with this view, but protested that in Germany this action was construed as a direct preparation for hostilities.

"A lot of our people have a fixed conviction that England would smash the whole German Fleet at the slightest provocation. At present, whatever you say, we are at your mercy. All we want is to be able to cry 'Hands off!' If any difference of opinion comes up between us, as happened at Algeciras, we have to take what you dictate lying down. We study European history, and we know that whenever any European Power rose to predominance, England has smashed it. Look at the Dutch, the Spanish, and later on the French. We do not mean to let Germany follow their example. That's all!"

This conversation made such an impression upon X, that meeting Mr. Asquith on the following day he mentioned it to the Prime Minister, who told him that Prince Henry had requested an interview for the avowed purpose of discussing the relations between the two Powers.

X. then related the conversation of the night before; whereupon the Prime Minister expressed the hope that the Grand Admiral would not be so outspoken with him, as it would be necessary to reply with unpalatable truths.

But, as I learnt a few days ago from Mr. Asquith himself, Prince Henry confined his remarks on the occasion of their interview, to vague generalities, so vague that Mr. Asquith, whose memory is known to be unique, has no definite recollection of what passed between them.

What is the true significance of this outburst of candour with X. followed by such unexpected reserve when talking with the Prime Minister?

Was Prince Henry sent on this occasion by the Kaiser to throw dust in the eyes of the British Government?

Did the straightforward answers of his friend X. demolish the arguments put into his mouth by his brother? Or was he simply expressing a genuine personal opinion, and having failed to convince X., did he consider it useless to propound the same thesis to the Prime Minister?

I am inclined to adopt the latter interpretation of this extraordinary duologue, and for the following reasons. To regard the German Army and Navy as a means of levying economic blackmail upon the other nations of Europe is part of the programme consistently advocated by that inner circle of Pan-Germans which includes both Prince Henry and Baron von Kühlmann. Both have ever preferred armed menace to military action, and both place economic above political advantages.

That is why I regard these men as two of the most dangerous and plausible enemies we shall have to face in Germany when the purely military leaders are discredited.

At this moment when the possibility of a premature peace is being discussed in so many different directions, we must be more than ever on our guard against the hidden activities of those German politicians who have always been clever enough to realise that the economic factor provides, after all, the most powerful lever to world supremacy

The Choice for our Children

By Jason

THERE is perhaps no better test of the spirit in which our imagination reconstructs our society than the test afforded by an Education Bill. At this moment the discussion of Mr. Fisher's Bill is overshadowed by the immense issues hanging on our military operations. The war leaves us little time to think of anything but the means of victory. But the main lines of debate are becoming clearer to those who have noted what was happening as Mr. Fisher made his tour of the Industrial North. The country has to choose between its duty to the children of the race, which means much more than some millions of boys and girls alive at this moment, and the demands of certain economic interests which suppose, wisely or foolishly, that they will suffer if the existing supply of child or adolescent labour is reduced.

That is the plain issue. Not, of course, that these interests are a solid group of employers. They do not include all employers by any means, nor do they include only employers. The *Cotton Factory Times* represents workpeople, and it has already struck a note of warning, powerfully reminiscent of the language and arguments of the opponents of factory laws a century ago. The delicate health of the cotton industry is to many a reason to-day as it was then for refusing to let children have a decent share of the daylight for their own minds and bodies.

It is worth while to glance at the history of the controversy which is now passing to a new stage, for it is significant and instructive. A Member of Parliament who proposes to speak in the debates on the Minister of Education's Bill, might do worse than spend a few hours over Hansard, recalling to his memory and imagination the scenes in which the Peels, Sadler, Ashley and Fielden took part. He will see that the arguments by which each reform is resisted repeat the arguments that were used against the reforms of the past. There is a good story told about a set of people whose produce had been commandeered by the Government during the war on terms that seemed to them at the time quite ruinous but proved in point of fact exceedingly profitable. These same people produced other goods, which the State some time later found it necessary to commandeer, and at the first mention of a price they hastened to London to protest that they would be ruined. In the meantime, there had occurred a reshuffling of Government departments, a not uncommon experience during war administration, and it happened that when the gentlemen arrived with bankruptcy on their faces, but very comfortable profits from the last transaction in their pockets, they were shown into a room in which they saw on the other side of the table the very officials to whom they had communicated the depressing forebodings about their fortunes a few months earlier. Somehow the protest was not quite as convincing as they had hoped to make it.

If the ghosts of the House of Commons a century ago could listen to our debates to-day, they would have the same argument that the industry would be ruined which had done such energetic service against the Factory Acts in their turn. And they would note that in spite of the ruin which was to follow on the Factory Acts these industries were still prosperous and powerful, though still inclined to be unduly anxious about their health.

This argument was used from the first when reformers ventured to remove some of the most revolting scandals of the Factory system. It reappeared with every slight extension of those reforms. An interesting survey occurs in a speech by Mr. Brotherton, the Member for Salford in 1836 :

> We have it in evidence that previous to the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Act, the usual number of hours for which persons employed in factories was seventy-seven in the course of the week, and from returns on the tables of the house, it appears that it was not unusual for children of seven and eight years old to be kept at work as many as ninety-three hours in the week. Sir Robert Peel's Act reduced the number to seventy-two in the week, and when this was done, the legislature was told by those who professed to understand everything connected with the subject that the possibility of our manufacturers continuing to compete with the manufacturers of foreign countries was completely taken away. But how was this assertion borne out by the fact ? At the time of the passing of the late Sir Robert Peel's Act in 1819, the exportation of cotton twist from this country amounted to 18,000,000 lbs. and in six years afterwards the quantity annually exported was 45,000,000 lbs. The period of labour was again reduced in the year 1825 and the same argument was used that nothing but positive and immediate ruin could fall on the heads of the devoted manufacturers of this country. What was the fact ? In the year 1834, the exportation of cotton twist amounted to 76,000,000 lbs.

The men with whom Brotherton was trying to reason in this speech, honestly believed that our manufacturing prosperity depended on child labour and low wages. They were well represented by George Philips, a Lancashire Member of Parliament, who declared in 1818 that :

> The low rate at which we had been able to sell our manufactures on the Continent, in consequence of the low rate of labour here, had depressed the Continental manufacturers, and raised the English much more than any interference could do : if the legislature interfere now, they would depress the English and raise the Continental manufactures.

It is easy to see how men who believed this came to believe that industrial progress involved human degradation.

Shorter Working Hours

These men were wrong, even in the application of their own principles, as we know. They might have suspected that they were wrong at the time from the experience of Robert Owen, who had introduced a shorter working day at New Lanark. One of the opponents of factory legislation, Lord Lascelles, made a curious reference to Owen in a debate in 1818. The Bill, he said, " really had its origin in a gentleman who had for the last twelve months made much noise in the public prints. He meant Mr. Owen. . . . It formed a part of that system of moral education which was projected by that individual in the management of this branch of trade who said that from his own experience at Lanark, the reduction in the hours of labour, so far from diminishing the general produce of the factories, rather tended to increase it." Lord Lascelles was himself quite bewildered by this proposition but, of course, it seems less of a paradox to us than it did to him.

All this reasoning started from the needs of industry and put human destinies in a strictly subordinate place. But there were men, even in the demoralising atmosphere of the economy of the times, who refused to accept this order and insisted on thinking first of the needs of humanity. It has always been a characteristic to our history that abuses have found fearless judges, a fact recognised by so bitter a critic as Karl Marx, who explained in the introduction to his work on Capital, that if England supplied the classical example of the exploitation of the working classes in the Industrial Revolution, the reason was partly that there had always been Englishmen ready to denounce abuses and demand inquiry, and that if there had been the same spirit in Germany, Germany would also have had Parliamentary Committees reporting on the scandals of the factories :

Who is the real hero of the revolt against the factory system ? There are many whose names ought to be inscribed, as Thackeray put it, on the dome of St. Peter's for all the world to read. Shaftesbury, Sadler, Oastler have won immortal fame, and there are many others, parsons, manufacturers, public men, and workpeople whose names have been forgotten. But among all there is perhaps no nobler figure than that of John Fielden, the author of *The Curse of the Factory System*, and Cobbett's colleague in the representation of Oldham. For Fielden was himself a manufacturer, one of the largest cotton spinners in the world. In 1836 when opposing a Government motion to repeal a clause in the Factory Act of 1833 and so to enable children between twelve and thirteen to work full time, he gave an indignant answer to the appeal to the manufacturers :

> Again the House is told that the manufacturers would suffer by yielding to the noble Lord's amendment. This is the worst appeal that could be made to the House : for I am sure that if there is a spark of humanity in it, the House will never set private interests against the life and happiness of these poor little overworked children. At any rate I, as a manufacturer, and a large one too, will say that I would throw manufacturers to the winds rather than hesitate upon such a point for a moment.

The Government Bill passed its second reading by 178 votes to 176, but the division was a moral victory for the opponents and the Bill was withdrawn. Carlyle put Fielden's view in *Past and Present* :

> "What is to become of our cotton trade ?" cried certain spinners when the Factory Bill was proposed : "What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade ?" The humanity of England answered steadily : " Deliver me these ricketty perishing souls of infants and let your cotton trade take its chance." God Himself commands the one thing : not God especially the other thing. We cannot have prosperous cotton traders at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them.

We can see to-day that the supporters of child slavery were frightening themselves with a bogey. At Todmorden there

is a statue to celebrate Fielden's services to the cause of the Ten Hours Bill erected by the workpeople of Lancashire. Nobody thinks now that Fielden's exertions were injurious to the manufacturing interest in its competition with Germany and France. Let us keep this example in mind in considering the case for a further reform to-day, and let us beware of allowing a nightmare to frighten us from the path of humanity. There are many manufacturers who are quite ready for such a reform of the industry as will secure decent opportunities to the boys and girls engaged in it; there are many workpeople bolder than the *Cotton Factory Times*, for a working class educational association in Lancashire has petitioned Mr. Fisher to improve his Bill and to provide not eight hours a week but half the week for books and games. It is not a conflict between the friends of education and the manufacturing community; it is a conflict between two views, two sets of principles, and the two views do not follow any such strict lines of demarcation.

There is one important difference between our situation to-day and the situation of our grandfathers. At that time there was a prevalent belief, inspired originally by the general interpretation of the teaching of Malthus, that our danger was over-population. The wars of Napoleon were not destructive of life in these islands on any large scale. The population of England and Wales increased by over 40 per cent. between 1790 and 1811. The reasoning of the age was governed by this obsession, this dread that there would soon be more mouths than food. At this moment almost all Europe is suffering under the greatest calamity that can befall the race: the extinction of its youth. Death is striking at all that is best, most vigorous, most full of life and energy for the future of the nation.

War's Ravages

No man can measure the ravages of the war. It is as if another Black Death had visited Europe, sparing the old and the weak, and singling out the young and the robust. Let there be no mistake about the price that is paid. Conceal and disguise it as they may, the boys who return from the front, with a new seriousness and a certain haunted look in their eyes have lost for ever something of the atmosphere of youth. And this premature loss of the spirit of youth is inflicted by the nation on itself every time that it buries a boy and girl in the industrial system, taking them away from all the natural and buoyant conditions of life that are essential to their growth.

This then is the question before the race to-day. Are we going to give the youth of to-morrow the opportunity of developing their minds and their bodies, of growing into strong healthy and happy men and women, or are we going to say that some law of economic predestination has assigned all this population to a special fate, the fate of serving industry to the eternal loss of their own faculties? Let any man or woman think of the question as affecting his own child. Let him read Sir George Newman's report as if the million of children whose lives are wasted from bad conditions of living were not the children of the people whom he never sees, but the children of himself and his friends. Let him ask himself whether he would be satisfied if his boy instead of spending his time from 14 to 18 at school with long hours in the open air, games and friendships was swept away into the factory or the mine for the livelong day, turned into a rivetter's boy or a bobbin boy or a van boy, or a messenger boy, working long hours with scarcely any recreation, as if neither his mind nor his body needed education or the nourishment of games and rest and air. How many parents in the comfortable classes would hesitate about their choice? But if their own minds are made up in the case of their own children, they are clearly satisfied that if you are considering only the good of the child, his prospect of mental and bodily growth, the future of his health and happiness, it is much better that a boy should go on being educated after 14, and that he should play games and develop his muscles and his limbs.

Now the nation should look upon every child in this connection in the spirit in which the parent looks on his own child. For the nation as a whole it makes an infinite difference whether the men and women of the future are well-educated and developed. In this sense the nation of to-day has in its hands the making of the nation of to-morrow. All the nations start with the havoc caused by the war and any "forward looking man" considering what his nation will be like fifty years hence will do to-day what a doctor implored our grandfathers to do in the early years of the factory system and consult "vital" rather than "political" economy as the canon of wisdom. What a different people we should have to-day. How different our towns, our industries, our homes, and our healths—if our grandfathers had listened to him!

Some will say that this is all very plausible but that to provide that every boy and girl shall have half his or her time for education and games up to 18 means an immense social revolution in which industry will suffer and poor parents will suffer. The answer surely is that the war has brought a revolution, and that even if we leave the law exactly as it is, industry has to adapt itself to new conditions. There have been vast changes in the structure and details of industrial work during these three years. Who would have supposed three years ago that our industries could carry on at all with five millions of men withdrawn from productive work? Are we to be told that they will be permanently crippled if the boys and girls available between the ages of 14 and 18 are reduced by one-half?

Every industry will have to take stock of its new position at the end of the war. If new difficulties have arisen, new sources of power and energy have been discovered. Many boys and girls are doing work that must be done, but nobody supposes that a great industry like the cotton industry will pull down the blinds because it has fewer boys and girls to employ. The effect will be, of course, to introduce another element into the problem of reorganisation. If there are fewer young tenters, and young piercers, the industry will have to pay better wages to grown-up workpeople. All industry suffers from the employment of boys and girls on a great scale, because wages are depressed and men and women are driven into other occupations. The boy who becomes a full-time wage earner before he has half grown up, will give place thirty or forty years hence to another generation of victims of the custom that is robbing him to-day of his right to the full development of his mind and body. Partly the problem will be solved by the introduction of machinery such as mechanical "doffers."

So far as the work which is being done by young boys and girls is necessary work, it will be done in part by boys and girls (for a half-time boy of 16 would be often more productive than a whole time boy of 16), partly by grown-up men, partly by disabled soldiers, and women, partly by machinery, and the effect, of course, will be to add enormously to the industrial power of the nation, for education and health are sovran elements of strength.

But a great deal of the work done by these boys and girls is not necessary to industry: the selling of papers, the running of errands, many and other miscellaneous occupations which absorb boys and girls for a few years of life and then throw them on to the world without experience or training of any value. Still, it will be said, these boys are helping to keep a roof over many a widow's head. What are you going to do with the homes which depend on their earnings? It would be infinitely better to subsidise directly every person who has to depend on the earnings of those children than to allow this process to continue indefinitely, and to keep generation after generation in this vicious circle. These children will not cease to earn; it is even doubtful whether their earnings will be much reduced. Their parents suffer. They must be compensated, but in time of course the earnings of the parents will rise in consequence. Moreover, it is coming more and more to be recognised that the living wage must mean a wage that makes a man independent of his children's earnings. In this, as in many cases, the bold policy is the safest.

Mr. Fisher would do well to follow his own inclinations as an educationalist and to allot to education more than the mere eight hours a week for which he asks in the Bill. Eight hours will not go far if they are to include games, camp life, physical training, as well as education in the narrower sense of the term. Let him ask the nation to make a great bid for the power that belongs to a society which develops its highest resources, for the happiness that men and women can obtain, the strength of the body and the pleasures of the mind. The Government have announced that they cannot find time for Mr. Fisher's Bill this session. This will not be an unqualified misfortune if advantage is taken of the delay to continue the process of educating the country and also to improve the Bill. It is quite possible that to provide for half-time at first perhaps to 16 and then to 18 would be less of an interference with industry than taking merely eight hours a week.

All the tendencies of the age point to a new and nobler conception of industrial life in which a greater and more responsible space will fall to the men and women who are now too often merely part of a great machine. An educated industrial democracy will provide the energy and power that are needed to give to such associations their hope of success. For the moment certain industries will have to suffer the inconvenience and the trouble of revising their arrangements, but is that too great a demand to make of them? Let us suppose that these boys and girls were wanted for the army, that the defence of the nation depended absolutely on their being withdrawn from employment for half the day, would the nation hesitate? Neither then ought it to hesitate when the need is not the defence of its shores but the defence of its future.

Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhinegold

By Philippe Millet

THE world is beginning to realise that the question of Alsace-Lorraine does not concern France alone but really dominates the whole war. With the possible exception of the restoration of Belgium, all the other war aims of the Allies depend more or less upon that one. We can never be sure that there will be no "next time," and the world cannot be safe for democracy unless Prussia is compelled to give up what she stole from France in 1871. From the point of view of right, this is obvious. It would be no use pretending that we stand for the right of the peoples to dispose of themselves if we did not begin by liberating the two provinces Prussia has conquered and is holding by force. But the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine is equally vital from an industrial standpoint; it is, I believe, the key to the economic policy we must enforce upon the world if we want to put an end to any sort of aggressive Imperialism.

I will try to make this clear, first by showing that the possession of Alsace-Lorraine is the economic basis of what we call Prussian militarism, and in the second place by outlining the economic changes which will result from the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Wagnerites will remember that the Prussian worm Fatner derived its power from the possession of a certain treasure named the Rhinegold, which the German gods, with characteristic Bismarckian unscrupulousness, had stolen from the unfortunate Nibelung. Now the Rhinegold actually exists. French Lorraine, with the adjoining Sarre valley, contains, besides an important coal field, the richest deposits of iron ore in Central Europe. Such is the treasure Prussia has succeeded in wringing from its legitimate possessor. The whole district was French in 1814. A year after, at the Vienna Congress, Prussia availed herself of Napoleon's second downfall to lay her hands on the Sarre valley. Then came the war of 1870-71. This time Prussia took hold of what she thought was the whole of the industrial wealth of Lorraine. She would have asked for Briey as well, had it been known at the time that Western Lorraine also contained important deposits. However, by far the best part of the Rhinegold has been in her hands for more than forty-five years. It is on that basis that she has built up the whole of her industrial Imperialism.

Let me quote here some figures. It is impossible to lay too much stress upon them: *Out of 28·6 million tons of iron ore which Germany extracted from her soil in 1913, 21 millions came from Lorraine. Out of 2,800 million tons, representing the iron deposits of Germany, the German engineers admitted that Lorraine alone contained 2,100 millions.*

What is the meaning of these figures? First of all, it appears that the Lorraine treasure has, for the last 45 years, been the main source from which German metallurgy has drawn its raw materials. But German metallurgy is not only the most important of all German industries; it is the very key to the whole of German industrial development, for it was by using their supremacy in steel that the Germans tried to dominate and had begun to dominate the markets of the world. Moreover Prussia has made of the Lorraine deposits a truly Prussian use. Suppose Lorraine had become British: there is little doubt that no efforts would have been spared to develop highly the district by opening it to the rest of the world. The coal deposits of the Sarre and the iron deposits of the Moselle being situated some distance from the Rhine, the obvious thing to do was to canalise both the Moselle and the Sarre and thus provide Lorraine with convenient waterways. The French had indeed started canalising the Moselle in 1867, and had secured in the Treaty of Frankfort a clause by which the Germans undertook to proceed with the canalisation on German territory. But Prussia found it more conducive to her interest to develop Westphalia at the expense of Lorraine. She kept the ore for the use of Westphalian industry, but was careful not to dig a single waterway for the benefit of Lorraine, in spite of the fact that the cost was a trifling one.

In the second place, the iron deposits of Lorraine have played an even greater part in the prosecution of the war. This we know from the Germans themselves. On May 20th, 1915, the German manufacturers sent to the German Chancellor a secret petition in which they gave all their views about the subject. The passage of the memorandum concerning the *minette* (the name given to the special kind of ore extracted in Lorraine) is worth quoting at full length:

> The manufacture of shells requires a quantity of iron and steel such as nobody would have thought of before the war. For shells in grey cast-iron alone, which are being used, when no superior quality is required, in place of steel shells, quantities of pig-iron have been required for the last months which reach at least 4,000 tons a day. No precise figures are available on this point. But it is already certain that if the output in iron and steel had not been doubled since the month of August, the prosecution of the war would have become impossible.
>
> As raw materials for the manufacture of these quantities of iron and steel, *minette* is assuming a more and more important place, as this kind only of iron ore can be extracted in our country in quickly increasing quantities.
>
> The prodution in other territories has been considerably reduced, and the importation by sea even of Swedish iron ore has become so difficult that in many regions, even outside Luxemburg and Lorraine, *minette* at the present moment covers from 60 to 80 per cent. of the manufacture of pig-iron and steel. *If the output of the minette were to be disturbed, the war would be as good as lost.* (The italics are mine).

Here we have a candid confession of the truth. As Luxemburg only yields a small quantity of minette, it appears from the above memorandum that without the possession of Lorraine the German Empire would have been utterly unable to stand the industrial strain of the war for more than a few months. It is even probable that unless they had had at their disposal that enormous natural reserve of guns and shells, the Prussian Government would never have dared to go to war at all. One thing at any rate is certain, and ought never to be forgotten: out of every five shells the Germans have been strafing us with since the outset of the show, four, on their own admission, came from the French province which they had stolen in 1871.

Militarism's Corner Stone

In the light of these facts it is only too easy to perceive why Herr von Kühlmann seems so anxious to maintain Alsace-Lorraine under the Prussian yoke. There is little doubt that rather than surrender the conquest of 1871, he would be willing to part with half the territories belonging to Austria-Hungary, or even, if things did come to the worst, with Schleswig-Holstein. The reason for this is obvious: economically as well as politically, Alsace-Lorraine is the corner-stone of Prussian militarism.

Politically, Alsace-Lorraine has been since 1871 a mere tool by means of which the Prussian Government has managed to enforce both the supremacy of Prussia over the rest of Germany and the policy of armaments which led to the present war. It was because Alsace-Lorraine could only be held by force that the German people allowed the Prussian Junker, who has always been and always will be the living symbol of militarism, to sway the whole German Empire. So long as Alsace-Lorraine remains in German hands, Prussian militarism will have to prevail in Germany, whatever international formulas we invent at the Peace Conference in order to do away with the plague of armaments.

The same relations obtain between Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian militarism from an economic point of view. It was the Rhinegold of Lorraine which encouraged Prussia to aim at dominating the world, first by peaceful penetration, and afterwards by force of arms. The famous saying that war is with Prussia a national industry finds here a remarkable illustration, for modern wars as well as the disguised warfare called commercial Imperialism, is really an industry based on the possession of iron. Take from Prussia the iron of Lorraine she will be utterly unable to face the prospects of another war. You cannot manufacture guns and shells with anything but an unlimited supply of coal at your disposal. Without the stolen Rhinegold, Prussian militarism will be like a tiger without claws and teeth. If on the contrary the Allies were weak enough to allow Prussia to keep Lorraine or to accept a half solution which would enable Prussia to jump at the treasure and recapture it at any moment, then it may be truly said that nothing will ensure the future safety of the world.

Some are foolish enough to believe that the granting of a constitution to the German People would suffice to destroy the thing called Prussian militarism. They are apparently not aware that Prussian militarism is not a mere form of Government but a deeply rooted social phenomenon which no revolution can destroy in one day. Just as the French Revolution was followed by a reaction which lasted on the whole for more than fifty years, a German Revolution, if a genuine one did really occur, would not guarantee us that, say Hindenburg's nephews might not succeed after a few years in setting fire again to the whole civilized world.

It remains now to be seen what will be the economic result to the world at large of the return to France of such an immense mineral wealth. This question depends upon the general economic policy of France and the Allies. I shall endeavour to state what that policy will certainly be if we are sensible enough to think before all else how to maintain the future peace of the world.

(*To be continued*).

Jonathan

By William T. Palmer

RECRUITING work is always grim. One's military register may be, as this of mine, crowded with friends, neighbours, acquaintances. The casualty lists are daily making the survey of Army Book 414 an added duty. So many of the boys have "gone West." Here is an entry which arouses memories of happier days. "Jonathan . . ." He's not "gone West." He is somewhere either in France, at Salonika, in Egypt or in Mesopotamia (if he is not shinning the peaks of the Tyrol with gunner comrades). Pen in hand I pause and recall him. Below-stairs the sergeant is wearily explaining some point about regimental posting, allowances, leave, medical examination. Probably a score of recruits put the question yesterday, and to-morrow a fresh score will demand the same information. There is a faint rustle of feet across the parade, a sleepy calling from the jackdaws who, despite the state of war, haunt the ancient fortress. There is the click of a typewriter, a phrase half heard as a door opens and shuts. My eyes turn eastward. Outside the castle wall is a fringe of lofty poplars, and behind them a dream of distant, grey hills. They are not interesting hills but mere hummocks of grass, yet to-day they serve to remind me strongly of Jonathan.

The ink of that entry is ancient. Jonathan passed beyond the Recruiting Office long ago. Every memory of him is linked with the fells. One sees again the buttress of clean sound rock. One threads again the line of ledges, steep gullies, narrow cleavages, exposed terraces and sensational traverses, and comes to that well-renowned point where the course gives out against a square block tilted to a slight overhang. Beneath this corner the rock face curves inward giving an airy sort of feeling. It's no place for the weak of nerve. Assault after assault at that twenty-foot corner had failed. The ledge disappears to nothingness; so without a base there was no chance of a human ladder like that which conquered the sheer rock-wall on Lliwedd and made possible the first storming of Walker's Gully on the Pillar Rock. The walls were too obtuse for "backing up." Handholds there were none; the rock seemed perfectly smooth. Failure! But not for Jonathan. Somehow he pulled his light form up the sheer crag, here welding his nailed boot-edge against some faint rugosity—no, friend Leo, it was not, as you state, balancing on a lichen or against a skin of moss—there clinging and hauling by some wee pit which gave warrantable hold for a finger-tip. It was a fine bit of climbing by inspiration; and even now, when the secrets of the great rock face are fully known, few storm that problem in the direct line of its first conquest.

A Daring Climb

Here is another memory of a daring climb. In the heart of Scafell is a tremendous rift, known to the elect as Moss Ghyll. The climbing of this begins curiously. It is a slant up a steep rock face, above which one burrows deep into the mountains, conquers cave-pitches and narrow clefts, to find the course peter out in a series of minor rents and rifts. One of these exits is famous for wet, unsound rock, for long runs on the rope, and up this Jonathan essayed to conduct a willing novice. But the rope provided was a mere fag-end, and again and again the leader had to help his follower up to an inadequate resting place in order that he himself might, by means of a second run-out, reach the head of the pitch. It was a dare-devil experiment, entered into because the alternative was no climb at all. And this the blood of youth could not tolerate.

One is hurled back to the reality of things to-day by the distant wail of a bugle, the drum of feet beyond the buildings. Probably it is Tommy's tea-time. The daws make a small flutter; then subside into sleepy remonstrance. Up in the sunshine is the faint dragonfly of an aeroplane. Here is the nation's work. My brief respite has been well and truly earned, but for a moment more one's memory flings back through the lowland sunshine to the golden blaze of September among the fells.

The air is full of gold and crimson; the wastes of bracken are minting the bullion of their year. There are golden beds and fringes of parsley fern, a droughted stream yields silver and diamonds as it splashes down the rocky dale. Nearer one's feet is a fan of scree, a few tumbled boulders, and overhead is a great outcrop of rock. Here it is smooth, unconquered, may be unconquerable; there it is a broken rampart tufted with heather, and though steep easy of access. There is too a great slash, broken by cross-terraces and chockstones, where a tough little course is possible for the climber. Up the slabs and into the gully, into the cave and out over the stones which block and overhang, up the narrow chimney and along the slender ledge which gives access to a higher, steeper, narrower pitch, the little party goes steadily on. After a tough struggle the climb "goes." To Jonathan it is not new. A January day of snow and mist and pelting rain had shown him the way to victory.

Mountain Bivouacs

Memory ranges from the bivouac by a mountain tarn which in a night of rain flooded the tent to a calm night when, after a long journey, camp had to be fixed in darkness unrelieved by the light of a single match. There were bivouacs too by windswept cairns and in plantations where the cold night draughts trouble one but little. There were long trudges over dull passes and down stony glens in twilight, midnight and dawn—hard gruelling nights preceding keen, strenuous days among the rocks. One must have been keen in those days when the crags were thirty miles away and neither cycle nor motor lifted us on the way.

Long before war-time Jonathan tutored us to the use of a rubber ground sheet, to an eiderdown bag in lieu of blankets, and to the tent cloth pegged flat to keep off the soaking rain. When good heather was available, one could dispense with the ground sheet, and so come nearer the simpler life. Scree we avoided; bog we knew; moss we hated; boulder, we tolerate—but every one of the Old Gang has gone to Flanders to make acquaintance with the general cussedness of mud.

* * * * *

The ground floor sergeant is arguing a point of officers' etiquette with his understudy. Their voices rise and fall, every word passing through my open windows. The assistant who is a new army man, believes that any way it don't matter as there ain't half-a-dozen swords in the whole depot—castle and camp together. At my elbow the telephone whirrs, is attended to, and relapses into cheerful silence. I turn again to the open register and to that entry "Jonathan" in healthy ink before me.

Jonathan went into queer quarters. One has seen him scrambling, wriggling along a broken ledge behind a waterfall. And there was a day of exploration in an abandoned mine. The first gallery smelled like, and was, a fox's haunt, but these vermin did not go far into the blackness. A ledge a score yards within was almost the limit of their pad-prints. In one of the great chambers the way was broken by a mound of loose fragments; surely it was ignorance that sent me up and over that pile. The danger was driven home by a collapse of rock while I was within, but the way of escape was not blocked. One had seen in a deep, ancient copper mine a corner of rock suspended on a timber prop so rotten with age and eaten through with the threads of fungi that the hand plunged deep into the mass with no more effort than forcing through a mass of soap suds.

But this afternoon one wishes for memories of the open air, and not of groping through ancient mines and caverns. We were on an open pass looking down a famous Yorkshire dale, and later passed along beneath Lovely Seat until among a reef of flat rock one noticed a rough building, not unlike a beehive in shape, entered by a creepy-hole and with another hole just above for light and ventilation. The interior was plenteously strewn with rushes. It was not for some minutes that the object of this erection was clear. In these wild countrysides foxes are too plentiful, the hills are full of impregnable "earths," and the gun has to be used to keep down the marauders. Therefore, on selected "beats," little covers of this sort are built, and in evening twilight and at dawn marksmen wait their possible chance of a shot.

I wonder, Jonathan, if in your bivouac, your hut or your dug-out, you ever talk of our marvellous quarters in the North Country—of Wasdale surrounded by the fells, of farms on wind-swept moor, and of a tiny Yorkshire inn, where, on a quiet evening you used to say that you heard the rumble of underground waters. Though I am looking out into the blue haze of late afternoon, my mind is of that wonderful night of starlight when the black peaks crowded round and hushed to silence the breeze and the moorland rills. I wonder whether, when you come back, you will have the old zest for the crannies of the hills. I fear that I shall not; those glorious rock climbs will speak too strongly of the men who have gone for ever.

The Serenading Party

By Etienne

"SIGNAL for you, Sir," said the Chief Yeoman, as with one hand he held a signal pad at exactly the correct distance from the captain's eyes, and expectantly fingered a pencil in the other. In the background lurked a very small signal boy, who had flown breathlessly down from the bridge with the signal; but not to take it straight to the captain. Signal boys do not show signals to captains; this duty is reserved for yeomen and chief yeomen.

There is an exact scale of precedence in such matters at sea. Even important men such as yeomen do not show signals to admirals. In the latter case, a signal boy might conceivably actually carry the signal aft from the bridge, because signal boys with the eye of a yeoman upon them move at a speed only second to that of light. But should a signal boy on such an errand encounter a leading signalman, yeoman, or chief yeoman, he would at once deliver up the signal. The penalties entailed and the wrath incurred by his "short-circuiting" any of those above him in the hierarchy of signals, are almost beyond the power of description. Imagine then, the signal in the hands of the yeoman, does he take it to the admiral? Almost certainly not. He presents it to the Flag lieutenant, who will then decide whether the admiral shall see it at once or whether it will wait.

I feel very tempted to launch out into a little discussion about flag lieutenants, as I know a good deal about those interesting and remarkable people, for I have been intimately associated with one of them. I remember he had fifteen suits of plain clothes, a pretty taste in things sartorial, and we were of a size; but I must resist the temptation and get back to my subject. This was what the captain read:

> From Captain to Captain H.M.S. *B*——— to H.M.S. *R*———.
> We should like to serenade you this evening.—1400.

The captain's eyes twinkled, and a smile played about his lips. The Chief Yeoman licked the end of his pencil and held it poised over the pad.

"Make, W.M.P.," said the captain.

Down came the pencil like a dagger and W.M.P. appeared across the signal pad. The Chief Yeoman saluted, and retired in dignified haste; having rounded a corner, he gave the pad to the awaiting signal boy, and tersely remarked "Nip." But the youth was already half-way to the bridge, and a quarter of an hour later, the captain of H.M.S. *B*———, at the other end of the harbour, had a signal shown him by his Chief Yeoman to the effect that his brother captain's reply was "With much pleasure."

The announcement that the B———'s wanted to serenade us, caused a sensation in the Ward Room. Every one agreed on one point, and when the Commander remarked: "Got plenty of beer on board, Pay?" it was with consternation that we heard the Paymaster reply: "Opened up the last dozen to-day!" It was recognised that a crisis had been reached. The Mess Committee met at once, and decided to send the Wine Steward round the squadron in the skiff on a tour of enquiry.

I had the middle watch and therefore did not feel inclined to be serenaded. Furthermore "serenading" is always associated in my mind with the opposite sex, and I felt that I should feel like the French officer to whom I was once attached as A.D.C. when a part of their fleet paid a courtesy visit to one of our south coast resorts. My friend and I attended an entertainment announced as a "gala operatic performance in honour of the French Fleet." As I ushered our gallant guest into a draughty theatre which was filled exclusively with sailors from both fleets, the Frenchmen surveyed the scene, then, turning to me with an expressive shrug, pathetically remarked: "But vere are de vimmen, I mean ze ladies?" But again I digress!

* * * * *

It was a perfect evening of the north in early autumn, not a breath of wind ruffled the oily calm of the waters of a certain base which sheltered units of His Majesty's fleet. The long lines of ships stretched literally for miles across the water. Though the ships were darkened, their great forms were plainly visible in the light of a full moon which was rising blood red in the east, as the last high lights of sunset lingered above the western hills.

Three hundred men from neighbouring ships had been invited to come on board H.M.S. *R*———, and be serenaded at 9 p.m. At that hour the port side of our boat deck was packed with seamen. There must have been 600 men lining the side, clustered like bees half-way up the foremost rigging, on top of guns, on the bridges, in the searchlight platforms, anywhere in fact where the individual judged he would obtain a better view than his messmates. At 9 p.m. the sound of distant bagpipes up the harbour, attracted everyone's attention. At first nothing could be seen, but suddenly an extraordinary sight met our eyes. Rapidly sweeping down on the top of the flood tide was a craft which reminded one of Henley at its gayest. We rubbed our eyes, but the indisputable fact remained that an illuminated houseboat was apparently proceeding up harbour. From this craft came the skirl of the pipes, the beating of many drums great and small, and the frenzied cries of (presumably) Scottish bluejackets.

Swiftly she came down the lines, causing great sensation on board the other ships, who were unaware of the proposed *tamasha*. Several ships burst into spontaneous cheering and then wondered why they had done it, and what all the fuss was about. In several ward-rooms ingenious individuals deduced that some good war news had come through, and that the Flagship had devised a new method of announcing it to the fleet. A friend of mine in the *H*———, actually complained to me next day that he was so overcome at the sight of an illuminated boat, that in a fit of mad optimism he had registered a wager of one Bradbury to ten that Turkey was suing for peace.

When the serenaders arrived off our beam, the bagpipes stopped and a choir of male voices enquired if we were the *R*———. A hundred voices answered in the affirmative, and our visitors altered course and came to rest at a distance of about forty to fifty yards from our beam.

We could now see that the theatre consisted of two distinct parts. There was a sailing barge, which had been decked in with planks placed across the thwarts. In the centre of this was a small stage lit by half-a-dozen footlights. Round the stage and grouped at the back, were stools and chairs on which were seated about 40 men in every kind of fancy dress. Amongst those we noticed, as they say in society papers, were Charlie Chaplin, and certain of the Hohenzollern family. At one end of the barge was a piano and a couple of violinists. A mast at the bow and another at the stern carried a row of Japanese lanterns on a jackstay between them. A picquet boat lashed on the far side fulfilled the double rôle of a dressing room and the source of the motive power required to stem the tide. The rays of a shaded arc lamp were thrown on to the stage from our bridge, and a gentleman stepped into the limelight and remarked, "I vos de manager, shentlemen."

When the tumultuous applause which greeted this observation had subsided, he proceeded to inform us lest any member of the audience felt alarmed by the idea that prowling Zepps would be attracted to the scene by the brilliancy of the illumination, he had much pleasure in announcing that the plug in the bottom of the boat was a very loose fit, and that it would be immediately withdrawn as soon as the alarm was sounded. In one and a half minutes he assured us the stage would be completely submerged. He added that all the performers, save only the two Willies, were fitted by the management with Mr. Gieves' famous waistcoat.

At 9.15 the serenade began and lasted an hour, during which period an excellent performance was given. Each turn was allowed five minutes. At its conclusion, during the applause, Charlie Chaplin stepped on to the back of the stage and in the manner familiar to any patron of the cinema, neatly yanked the performer off the stage with the crook of his stick. There were several songs by a well-trained quartette, and the effect of the voices stealing across the water and faintly echoing against the armour on our side, was delightful.

At 10.20, they sang "Farewell comrades," with a choir of about 60 voices. It was followed by "The King," which was sung by 600 men. We implored them through megaphones to come on board and refresh themselves, but the manager excused himself, by breaking into poetry to the effect that

> The way is long
> The tide is strong, etc.

Slowly they steamed round the ship, whilst the delighted audience gave them round after round of cheers. As they passed close under our stern for the second time, we heard the sharp tinkle of the picquet boat's bell signalling "Full speed ahead." Instantly the serenaders shot ahead, the drone of the bagpipes rose to a screech, and the drums crashed and rolled. In a few minutes nothing could be seen save the white wake of the serenading party as they skirled their way up harbour, homeward bound to their ship.

Dead silence reigned on board as the strains of the bagpipes receded faintly into the night. At length our Commander spoke, and there rose the plaintive wail of the boatswains' pipes, "piping down the hands." There followed the measured tramp of many feet, till at 10.45 the upper deck was deserted save for those on watch, and the slow pacing figures of the Night Guard.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Dr. George Saintsbury

DR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S retirement, at something over seventy, from his Edinburgh Professorship, did not connote a farewell from authorship although he had written enough books and parts of books to sink a ship. He plunged at once into one more large scheme, a *History of the French Novel*, of which the first volume has just been published (18s. net) by Macmillans. He suggests that this "must in all probability be the last of some already, perhaps, too numerous studies of literary history," but I would lay odds that he is wrong, and am happy in the conviction. Dr. Saintsbury, although he has been a Professor of Literature, and although he has all sorts of cranks and limitations (including a deplorable inability to see the beauty of some of the finest modern literature), has never been a pedant or a dullard. This, in a Professor, is much. For literary history, like history of other kinds, suffers from the operation of the general rule that people who could do the main job won't do the donkey work, and that people who like the donkey work are quite unequal to the job. One of many bad results of this is that there is a terrible lot of copying of opinions. Something, labelled in a certain way, goes into a history, and gets transferred into all the other histories until some innovator comes along and makes a fresh start.

* * * * *

Dr. Saintsbury, at least, is no respecter of persons or their views. He has read almost everything that ever was written, and it is safe to say that his opinions about it all are invariably his own. He even, perhaps, shows signs of a tendency to regard other people's judgments as challenges; he is quite obviously happy when he is disagreeing—which he never does without a show of reason—with another critic or an accepted view. This may mean that he often goes astray; but it has also meant that, in his studies both of French and of English literature, he has frequently called attention to the merits of neglected works and to the defects of belauded ones. The *History of the French Novel* is not a book to be attempted by anyone who knows nothing of the French novel; but it could not fail to interest, stimulate, and provoke to thought any reader who has a general acquaintance with it.

* * * * *

The volume covers the subject from the beginning up to 1800, the only really richly productive century being left for later treatment; and the term "novel" is made to include anything which is written in prose, and which tells a story, wholly or mainly fictitious. No other system of classification would have been so easily defensible. Dr. Saintsbury brings in the Mediæval Romances and fabliaux (he admits verse thus early), the works of Francis Rabelais, all sorts of short stories and collections of such, the fairy stories of Perrault, Madame d'Aulnoy, and others, as well as books which would be considered novels by the casual modern observer. The ground is well covered, all the really important figures are adequately treated, and when Dr. Saintsbury completely omits men whom the orthodox critic would automatically include—such as the authors of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and *Les Amours du Chevalier de Faublas*—he is able to justify his action.

* * * * *

His conclusion on the French Novel to 1800 is that France grew the seed of Romance for all countries; and that "from 1400 to 1800 she entered upon a curious kind of wilderness, studded with oases of a more curious character still." Continually the French invented things which were more fully developed elsewhere: but they achieved few masterpieces, and they had no period which for production could compare with our own eighteenth century with its Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith and Jane Austen. Dr. Saintsbury is enthusiastic enough when he comes to anything indisputably good—*Gil Blas*, that remarkable accident *Manon Lescaut*, or the first part of Rousseau's *Julie*, which he criticises with great discrimination. He has a favourable word for *Télémaque*, now less read perhaps than any work once so universally known; he discovers and praises the merits of Crébillon *fils*, whose qualities, as a stylist, narrator and wit, have been in this country smothered under the evil reputation of *Le Sopha*; he gives precisely their due and no more to the early collections of *contes*, and he is almost lyrical about Hamilton's tales. But the mere reputation is nothing to him. Cyrano de Bergerac—whose *Voyage* has small meritorious patches which would bear quotation—he dismisses with almost too great a contempt, in spite of his factitious fame; he is cold about Marivaux; and to Voltaire he is openly hostile. Of Voltaire (who "did a great deal of harm in the world, and perhaps no solid good") he says that he was "perhaps the greatest talent but not genius ever known." There is some sense in this in my opinion, but it is evidently a matter of opinion, as is also the decision that if a monkey could write he would write like Voltaire. At all events, Dr. Saintsbury appreciates *Candide* as what it is: a skit which, however superficial, is as permanently entertaining as anything ever written—an almost perfect work of art. Possibilities of greatness as a novelist are detected in Scarron. Dr. Saintsbury's conclusion is that Rabelais was the greatest novelist of those dealt with here, and that Diderot might have been a second, possibly as great. These judgments, from which I for one should not dissent, are an instance of Dr. Saintsbury's habit of thinking for himself. On both authors he is at his best, and the chapter on Rabelais may be commended to all who misunderstand that gigantic story-teller. As for his meanings, and the struggles of modern allegory-hunters, Dr. Saintsbury is very sensible. It is generally supposed, he says, that

> there must be a general theme, because the writer is so obviously able to handle any theme he chooses. It may be wiser: it certainly seems so to the present writer: to disbelieve in anything but occasional sallies—episodes, as it were, or even digressions—of political, religious, moral, social and other satire.

Panurge he describes as "the first distinct and striking character in prose fiction." As for Diderot (who, to my taste has like Rabelais something very English about him) Dr. Saintsbury's judgment is not supported by that dull and mechanically nasty fantasia which he wrote for money and which is so uncharacteristic of him. And it is not founded upon *Le Neveu de Rameau*, a work the subtlety and modernity of which has made it latterly the object of a cult. It is based entirely upon *La Religieuse*, and quite soundly. What Diderot knew about life in convents is more than I can say; but that novel is astonishingly true to life in general. It is the work of a real novelist, whose men and women come alive to him and act of their own volition; its unlaboured vividness, its natural vigour, the spontaneous force of its dialogue, are unmatched in French eighteenth century literature. And there is suffering behind it.

* * * * *

Dr. Saintsbury's is as readable a book as could be written on the subject. Biographical information is given only where it is likely to be needed; the extracts are well and unconventionally chosen; and Dr. Saintsbury does not proportion his book as a hide-bound scholar would have done. That is to say, mere names are nothing to him. If he thinks he can get a celebrated person successfully disposed of in a page or two, he does so, and if he thinks a book so well known that analysis of its contents is unnecessary, he passes on, leaving himself more space for the full treatment of books about which he has something special to say or which, though historically important, are scarcely ever read. Two examples of the latter class are D'Urfé's *Astrée* and Mme. de Scudéry's *Le Grand Cyrus*, the prototypes of seventeenth century pastoral and historical romance. No history would omit them, but few historians would read them or, at any rate, do more than skim through them. Dr. Saintsbury is exhaustive on both; he has done his duty like a man; the book which would daunt him by its size has not yet been written, and that chronicle of which Macaulay said that it might have been read in the age of Hilpa and Shalum would have been child's play to him. He seems, as a result of his researches, to have found *Astrée* as charming as it used to be thought; but his exploration of *Le Grand Cyrus* still leaves one completely in the dark as to why our ancestors were so devoted to it. His account, however, temporarily invests the work with an interest which (save archæologically) it does not possess: and the same thing may be said of his remarks about even the dullest and most "minor" items in his catalogue. He is well over seventy, but his zest for life, literature and controversy is unimpaired. He eats his way through the centuries like a hungry caterpillar. No serene and reminiscent old age for him: he is as eager as ever to form and formulate new judgments, to maintain old ones against new opponents, to infect the reader with his enjoyments and his detestations, and to hit the twentieth century—which he seems to regard as the peculiar home of radicalism, paradox, morbidity and pretentiousness—on the nose. But even one who does not share all his views can stand his thumps for the sake of the enlivening spectacle he presents when delivering them.

France, One and Diverse

By F. T. Eccles

A LITTLE more than two years ago, I recommended in these columns the first volume of a series in which the most accomplished of living French authors had undertaken to interpret the spirit of his country at this great crisis of its history. It was called (after a formula which had all its freshness then) *L'Union Sacrée*, and consisted of articles contributed at the rate of two or three a week to a Paris newspaper. In this long interval, Maurice Barrès has published six other volumes, of which the least that can be said is that, while their permanent value is as certain as that of any writings which the war has inspired upon our side, they have the immediate virtue of a cordial. With an unfailing justness of accent, he has praised the fraternity of the trenches and the devotion of French women, recorded his impressions of the country-sides recovered from the grip of the invader, and pleaded the cause of disabled soldiers. But the latest instalment of this moral chronicle is concerned with a matter more delicate and indeed more vital.*

Its exceptional interest will I think appear from a bare statement of its leading thought. In the years of peace, opposite conceptions of life were the cause or the pretext of the most dangerous hostility between French citizens. Far from losing their power, they have been fortified by the war, for its most obvious conditions have thrown back the individual combatant upon his moral reserves; but every belief, every ideal, that is capable of raising the mind to a height from which it contemplates danger, suffering and death without dismay, has confirmed or sanctified the same willing sacrifice in the same national cause. The soul of the conflict (thinks Barrès) is in the letters and diaries of soldiers. Many of course are colourless, empty of thought; but the confidences of the finest natures among those who have died for their country, reveal the various spiritual sources of an equal heroism, and anticipate that harmony of differences which is the promise of to-morrow.

The "Spiritual Families" to which Maurice Barrès has confined his record are five—the Catholics, the Huguenots, the Jews, the Socialists, the Traditionalists; the list is evidently incomplete. His very title pledged him not only to do equal justice to the large minorities whose existence has long since broken the spiritual unity of the older France, but almost to forget that they are minorities still. No one will grudge the space he has assigned them. The immensely greater number of his readers needed no telling how a Catholic soldier is sustained by his faith. It is mainly of the priests in the French army, of their admirable example and incalculable influence, that he tells in the chapter devoted to the Catholics. They number some five and twenty thousand, and most of them are in the ranks. Fifty-six fell in battle during a single month; two hundred and six were killed before Verdun last year.

There is abundant testimony to the devotion of the Huguenot soldiers. The extracts from the letters of Pierre de Maupeou, of Francis Monod, of Maurice Diaterlin, and especially the opening words of a sermon preached at Nîmes by an aged minister after the death of his son, are very precious documents. It would seem that the French Protestant is preoccupied, in a peculiar degree, with the *justice* of the national cause. Of the Jewish soldiers of France Barrès writes, naturally, with some hesitation. The Jew does not always belong to the Jewish spiritual family in any sense which would imply a definite system of dogmatic belief: he always belongs to a separate race. It is impossible to read what Barrès tells here of Amédée Rothstein without sympathy. This was a young Zionist of foreign birth, who enlisted enthusiastically in the French army, won a commission and was killed last year. He was a Jewish patriot above all else, and his hope was that his service to France might somehow help the cause of Israel. Hardly less touching is the case of Robert Hertz, a Jew of German origin, who wrote to his wife:

> I consider this war as a welcome opportunity to "regularise the situation" for us and for our children. Later on, they may work if they like for super-nationalism or internationalism; but first, it was essential to show by our acts that we were not below the national ideal.

Barrès remarks very justly that for these new-comers, "who cannot feel the irrational and almost animal side of our love for our country," patriotism is an act of the will, a matter of intelligent choice, of voluntary partnership. But there are Jews who descend from generations of French citizens. The appendix includes an illuminating letter from a Jewish Alsatian. A characteristic (though a rare) figure was Roger Cahn, a Normalien and a free-thinker, detached from the religious tradition of his race, whose letters from Argonne (where he was killed) express a curious indifference, impossible to a Frenchman of French stock, to the great drama in which he played his modest but entirely honourable part. Happy in his insulation, he was intent only upon enriching his consciousness with poetical sensations. "I shall bring back," he wrote, "a splendid collection of pictures and impressions."

The chapter on the French Socialists is introduced by a short account of the vicissitudes through which the official party has passed during the war. But the Socialists at the front are another affair. As was only to be expected, the author of *L'Ennemi des Lois* can enter into the scruples of sincere idealists and that candid faith which identifies the victory of this country with the renovation of the world. He insists upon the French artisan's respect for good work (which goes far to explain why so many "conscious proletarians" make excellent soldiers) and for a freely accepted discipline. An officer, himself a Socialist by conviction, who had in perfection "the delicate art of commanding in the French way," put the matter very clearly when he said: "The Socialist in the army does not put his confidence in gold lace. He waits to see his superiors show what they are made of." One of the most attractive figures in this book is that of a Syndicalist schoolmaster killed in the war. Albert Thierry left behind him a kind of testament, which resumes his vision of a juster and more united France. He was the son of a Paris stonemason, and the strongest of his convictions was an abhorrence (his master Proudhon felt it long ago) for that want of stability which the worship of success in life encourages. The duty of sticking to one's class was one he was never tired of impressing upon the children of working-men who were his pupils. Here is a notable passage quoted by Barrès:

> The Frenchman, worthy of the name, proud of his history, of his thought, or of his faith, desires to be just or not to live. He comes into the world as best he can, born in a country not easily defended nor easily pacified, burdened with the inequality of mind and body which belongs to nature, and the economic and historical inequalities that belong to society. He receives, whatever his birth, an education grounded above all on labour, science and history; and by it, his mind and heart open to the conceptions of equality, justice and truth. A moral system clearly based upon the new principle of the "refusal to rise in the world," makes of each of these Frenchmen a citizen who disdains mere enjoyment, desires to do service, is in love with his work, free from self-seeking, worthy to be loved.

Reverence for the past, no less than Utopian dreams, may supply an incentive to heroic sacrifice. But do the Traditionalists—and under that denomination Barrès includes Catholics and followers of Comte, *Camelots du Roi* along with Nationalists of his own type and temper—form a true spiritual family? It is, at any rate, certain that among young French soldiers of the intellectual classes the emulation of the dead, a love of the soil enlarged and purified by the historical imagination, a conscious fidelity to the genius of the race are active and vivacious forces distinguishable from the positive creeds which they accompany.

A very beautiful and moving chapter (which must not be mutilated by quotation) describes that fair Christmas Eve on the French front which has passed already into legend—"a night of hope and reconciliation," when all the divergent motives for self-sacrifice and endurance took contact and "France recognised the unity of her heart." Will the promise of that comrades' feast be kept? "No doubt we shall not remain on those heights." But this book ends on a note of confidence:

> This time of stress will remain as a kind of ideal for those who lived through it in their youth. . . . They will always remember what the Holy Concord really meant during the war. . . . It did not consist in recanting our beliefs or hiding them away in a cupboard like something useless which we could attend to later. It implied no forgetfulness of that which vivifies our consciences, but on the contrary was born of those beliefs, which meet far below the surface in their more excellent parts. Each of our Spiritual Families has maintained its rights, but in their purest form, and has thus found itself nearer to others which it had supposed more hostile. . . .
>
> We Frenchmen are united, because from the scholar down to the humblest peasant, we have a clear vision of something superior to our little personal concerns and a kind of instinct which prompts us to sacrifice ourselves cheerfully to the triumph of that ideal. A Crusader thinks it nothing to redeem the Tomb of the Saviour at the price of his own life; old Corneille enraptures all his public with his declama-

*L'Ame française et la Guerre: vii. Les diverses Familles spirituelles de la France. Paris, Emile-Paul frères, 1917, 3f 50.

tions upon Honour. Vincent de Paul is sure of finding followers in his charitable mission. . . . All the gestures of our past, all the noble testimonies of to-day collected here, are only the product of a single, simplified conception of France the champion of right in the world. Each of us knows that the French are there in order that there may be less unhappiness among men. In this sense France is "pacifist"; in this sense she is warlike. The notion that this war must be the last is an old popular notion. "We must suffer; our children will be happier!"

Thus does Maurice Barrès found his hope of an enduring concord on the persuasive evidence of a fruitful diversity.

Books of the Week

Letters to Helen. The impressions of an Artist on the Western Front. Illustrated. By Keith Henderson. (Chatto and Windus, 6s. net).

The Path to Rome. By Hilaire Belloc. Fourth Edition. (George Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.

The Long Trick. By "Bartimeus," author of *A Tall Ship.* (Cassell, 6s.)

Our Girls in Wartime. Rhymes, by Hampden Gordon. Pictures by Joyce Dennys. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 3s. 6d. net).

KEITH HENDERSON occupies an honourable position among the little company of artist fighting-men, who have done so much to bring home to sheltered folk the actual conditions under which the war is being fought in France and Flanders. His paintings convey not merely the abomination of desolation wrought by modern man's mechanical weapons of destruction, but the triumph of Nature which seems ever to be working for beauty and peace against the apparently senseless human mania for the reverse. In this intimate volume we see as it were the mind of the artist at work; his intense love not only for the pleasure of the eye but for all mortal things, animals as well as human beings, which are moved by sympathy. His *Letters to Helen* are a reflection of a charming temperament; they demonstrate beyond question how warfare humanises the soul of man, and only dehumanises where the soul or living spirit is absent. It is a book which we can well imagine men at the Front will delight to send to womenkind at home whom they love—an intimate book, which expresses thoughts and ideas we believe to be common to the best type of Briton.

* * * * *

That glorious ebullition of a healthy, hearty, full-blooded man in complete harmony with God, the world and himself, which goes by the name of *The Path to Rome*, and whose *auctor* is one Hilaire Belloc, has just been issued in a new edition. It is too late in the day to make any comment on this verbal cataract of wit, wisdom, and pure joy of life, but those who in times past have delighted in it—their name is Legion—and who would like to pass on the pleasure to others have now a new opportunity.

* * * * *

In the course of his first long novel, *The Long Trick*, "Bartimeus" confesses that it is "an endeavour to trace the threads of certain lives a little way through a loosely woven fabric of great events." that is to say, it is hardly a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. The Indiarubber Man is there, and his friends are there, but on the whole they are mere accessories to a picture of the Grand Fleet in harbour and in action, and the book will be read—and remembered—because it is the most vivid picture of the Fleet and its activities that has yet been made. Out of these pages one may gain acquaintance with the sailor man of all ranks, at work and play—and fighting too, for there is given a sailor's view of the battle of Jutland, a view which will go far to correct the nonsense that has been talked regarding that battle. "Bartimeus" is a master of the right kind of realism; one understands, in reading, that the writer has not to depend on imagination for any of his chapters, but that he saw what he describes, and describes all in such manner that the reader can see it too. The result is not a conventional story, but a view of the Navy as a whole, with certain recognisable figures who, though in the foreground of the view, exemplify rather than obscure this admirable picture of the life of the Grand Fleet, and the complementary lives of the women who wait on shore.

* * * * *

Our Hospital A.B.C. was a flippant book of verse and sketch which caused no little amusement in hospitals, V.A.D. and others, last winter. The same authors—Hampden Gordon and Joyce Dennys—have just brought out a companion volume entitled *Our Girls in Wartime.* It is good fooling, and shows beneath it a genuine admiration of what "our girls" are doing. There is plenty of laughter here, for it is chaff, good, honest, wholesome chaff, right through.

THE NATION'S FUND FOR NURSES.

One of the most deserving objects of support at the present time is the Nation's Fund for Nurses, which aims at assuring aid for such nurses as have lost their health during the war. In addition to providing a benevolent fund for individual nurses, this scheme is intended to provide endowment for the College of Nursing, which has been founded to provide a central organisation representative of the nursing profession, elected by nurses and intended to win recognition for the nursing profession. The Fund has the support, among others, of Sir Arthur Stanley, chairman of the British Red Cross Society, and of Sir Douglas Haig, both of whom are keenly interested in the scheme. Contributions to the Fund will be welcomed, no matter how small they may be, by the Honorary Treasurer, the Viscountess Cowdray, at 16, Carlton House Terrace, S.W. 1, or at 21, Old Bond Street, W. 1.

Mesopotamia New and Old

The New Hindia Dam

Ruins of Babylon

Mr. Lewis R. Freeman, in "Bagdad at any Cost," described last week Sir William Willcocks' great barrage or dam of the Euphrates at Hindia. The upper picture is a photograph of the Hindia Dam, the lower of the ruins of Babylon. The similarity in the massive masonry work of the two civilisations is remarkable

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Coats for Chilly Weather

Just at the moment a clever shop is laying special stress on their sports coats for the cold weather, and doing so with ample reason. For anything so nice as these particular coats has rarely been seen. Made of Scotch wool, they have a delightful warm fleecy surface, the fleece being sometimes inside sometimes out, but always adding to the warmth-giving properties of the coat a hundredfold. Coats of this kind have gone up so immensely in price that it is good to hear the shop in question are selling them at 59s. 6d. At this they come very near to the bargain category, if, indeed, they are not in it altogether. The available colourings are lovely, a particularly becoming shade of oatmeal being amongst them.

For people really feeling cold weather, a coat such as this is a possession *par excellence*. It gives warmth in a way few other garments do, and is becoming into the bargain, a point not always assured with all utilitarian garments.

Specially designed for the chilly mortal, too—though others will undoubtedly take them to their hearts also—are some jumpers in velour cloth, some with check collars, and pretty conceits of that kind, others more or less plain. They slip over the head, and are without doubt the most fascinating notions seen for many a long day, and a refreshingly opportune suggestion for winter. Blouses and jumpers of thick materials, unless well interpreted, are apt to be dowdy affairs. These, however, are just the opposite.

The Best Way of Cooking

Now that coal has grown such an uncertain quantity everybody's attention, perforce, is turned to other means of cooking. Gas is one of the available and best mediums, and anybody with a gas cooker should certainly not only make the acquaintance of the new economy grilling dish, but have it for their own.

This is the cleanest, most efficacious and easiest way of cooking ever mooted. It is of English fireproof earthenware, and a nice looking dish it is, as fireproof dishes nearly always are. The results, however, are as good as its looks. This dish takes the place of the ordinary tin griller—always part of the equipment of a gas stove. It is put underneath the grid in just the same way, and once the contents are done can be brought absolutely straight from the stove to table.

This is the method of casserole cooking the French always advocate, and with abundant reason as their delicious dishes show. With this dish washing-up is saved, cooking pot and dish for the table being in one, and it is economical into the bargain, nothing being wasted, as it so often is in the process of moving the food from one dish to another.

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They are made in soft finished zephyr cloth—a delightful fabric for the purpose. A feature of importance with these particular frock overalls is their most generous width. They are three yards round the hem, and any look of skimpiness is removed from the rest of the overall by the adroit arrangement of box-pleats. There are two each side of the front and three at the back. These are not stitched down in rigid lines, but go free, giving with every movement of the wearer and being doubly successful in consequence.

Two big pockets and a loose belt complete the matter, the overall being made in such a way that it can either button

(Continued on page 22)

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2895 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

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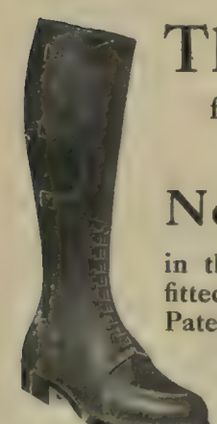

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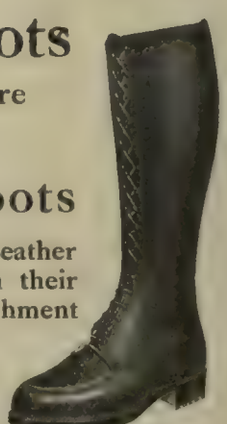

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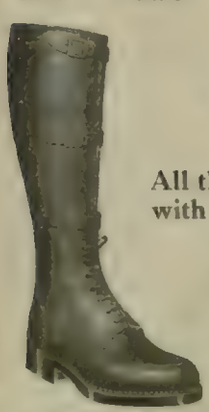

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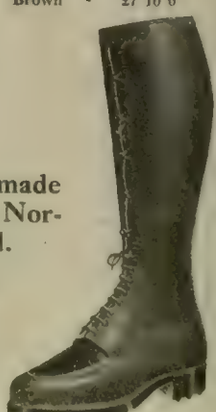

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1917

CONTENTS

THE CRISIS OF THE WAR

THE Alliance of civilised Europe is passing through a critical moment. Its gravity is recognised everywhere, though it is recognised in different degrees. The enemy has broken a portion of the Italian front. He has defeated one army of our Allies. He has turned their original line, and has compelled a general retreat. He has for the first time in over three years restored for some days a war of movement upon the West. He has captured in a successful struggle of only three days a hundred thousand prisoners and 700 guns. Consequent upon this blow he aims at achieving in the case of Italy something of the political result he achieved in the case of Russia. To the extent in which he can achieve his full political ends in Italy, to that extent he calculates that his forces can later be concentrated against the British and the French armies, and that he may thus become numerically the superior of those forces. Such is the situation.

The issue is very close indeed, because for the first time we are realising to the full what is meant by the inaction of Russia. We are faced by a strength which may now generally prove our equal, and it is working upon interior lines and upon chosen fronts. The immediate future shows no relief from that situation. It is time, if ever it was, to confirm within ourselves the fixed resolve that no trial the West may have to suffer will ever compel it to give way to the enemies of civilisation. Those words are not rhetoric to-day. They are a real and solemn appeal. There is no room left for discussion or for the miserable irritant which insignificant sheltered men with mad theories of an unreal bookish world plagued us with all last summer. Every energy must be concentrated for the moment upon the offensive-defence.

Only a week ago, before this blow fell, we were, in this country, recalling the famous actions which will mark throughout history the close of the month of October in the year 1914. Those actions, we remembered, decided the last form of siege warfare in the West. They closed the gate to the ports of the Channel. They saved the Straits of Dover. They completed that pinning of the enemy to earth which had been begun by the Battle of the Marne. The victory was achieved principally by the old and small regular army from this country, and the peculiar glory of the battle consisted in this: That the old regular army here met (on the same ridge which is now the prize of the contest in Flanders) forces overwhelmingly superior to its own and forces which despised the traditional armour of the English. The attempt of those forces to break the British line failed against the national character and the restricted but highly tempered weapon which was its product and its symbol.

To-day, under very different circumstances, we have yet the same moral forces upon which to rely and, if we are wise, we can see the great issue far more clearly than we could see it in those critical hours of which the afternoon of Saturday, October 31st, 1914, was the climax. There is a sense in which this clearer vision makes our present task harder. We know far better now than we did then that it is truly life or death for England. We see far more clearly now than we did then that success or failure in arms is never a foregone conclusion, but lies upon the knees of the gods. It is a harder task than it was then, because long months of war, mourning throughout the country, the mere fatigue of such a strain, the increasing disabilities of living, reduce the elasticity of the national soul. And it is again a harder task in this: that the distance of the events now in progress, the geographical separation from our Flanders front of the Italian field where a decision hangs in the balance, warps our judgment. It is difficult for us to realise the full significance of what is passing on the level, baked arena of that vast and splendid amphitheatre, the tiers of which are the encircling of the Julian Alps. It is there, in the same flat, autumn land, which saw Alaric first passing and suffered the ravage of Attila, that civilisation is again at stake—as it was at stake three years ago on Attila's other battlefield of ultimate defeat at Chalons and the Marne. May the omen serve.

Next after the full reinforcing of the national will for the trials that lie before us, it should be our chief concern to estimate fully, without self-illusion, without panic, above all without the detestable habit of self-praise, the weight of what is happening those hundreds of miles away in Friuli and the mountain-guarded Venetian Plain. Every Englishman must seize for himself and clearly appreciate the nature of what has already passed. The success of the enemy is far greater—in mere numerical computation, let alone in significance—than anything the war has yet seen in the same compass of space and time. He has won a much greater victory than Tannenberg. He has done far more than was done by him in his first effort against Verdun, or than the French and British have done in any one of their attacks of corresponding duration. He has done more than he did in any one action of the Polish campaign, and he has done it not in the empty wastes of Eastern Europe, but on the crowded and vital soil of Italy. He has suddenly, at a moment when the *moral* of his civilian and military population had fallen to a dangerous point, presented them with great news of victory. He has changed in a week the whole temper of his forces, and even his Higher Commands to-day envisage the war after a fashion wholly different from that in which they envisaged it a brief seven days ago.

These words are written three days before they will be in the hands of our readers. Those three days will be the critical days of the campaign. It may be that the enemy advance will find itself checked upon the Friulian Plain, and that after grievous loss in men and material, our Allies will re-establish their line further to the West. It may be, on the contrary, that the pursuit shall be so vigorously handled as to forbid this rally and to produce results far graver and more decisive than any we have seen. It may even be that a war of movement, having been thus restored in the Italian lowlands, the event will turn against the enemy, and that manœuvre will recover what siege tactics had lost. We cannot tell. The event will decide. But what we must none of us do is to flatter ourselves that actions of this magnitude, and proceeding at this speed, upon any part of the Western front, are without an immediate effect upon the whole of it. If the enemy achieves his object in Italy, the whole situation of the war is changed and turned against us. This should surely be clear to all. That it is not everywhere grasped with equal facility is due to the many impediments of distance, of diverse national character, of attention concentrated upon other fields—above all of a fear to face facts. Those impediments it is the immediate duty of all honest and patriotic publicity to remove. As necessary as it was some months ago to stem the stupid and dangerous forces of panic and irresolution when foolish men talk wildly of an advance on India and the rest of it, so necessary is it now to counteract confusion of thought and slowness of thought in the public appreciation of our grave peril. The more soberly and thoroughly we realise the peril, the better we shall be able to meet it.

The Italian Peril

By Hilaire Belloc

THREE military events have distinguished the past week. They differ greatly in importance and are, in order of their importance, the breaking of the Italian front in the Julian Alps, the French action beyond the Aisne Ridge, and the further slight advance in Flanders.

The first of these is clearly a thing of the very first magnitude. It must be dealt with more thoroughly and its significance comprehended even more clearly than the victory of the French in the Laonnais. It may determine the future of the war. It has already profoundly modified its character. Its gravity cannot be overestimated.

And all this is true, not because the second Italian army has suffered a complete defeat—that may be repaired—but *because this defeat is the result of what we now at last see to be the true situation of the Russian armies and the true attitude of the enemy towards them.*

To understand what has happened we must begin by appreciating the two fundamental conditions of this enormous struggle, I mean the two fundamental military conditions as apart from the economic conditions which also determine it.

These two fundamental military conditions are the superiority of the old Western civilisation over the Central Empires in intelligence and direction of effort, *and* the superiority of the Central Empires (or, at any rate, of their governing Powers) over the more primitive conditions of the East.

The former of these truths we have long appreciated from familiarity with Western conditions, from patriotism, and perhaps from vanity as well; but the latter has been but slowly grasped and is perhaps not fully grasped even now.

The former gave us the Marne, which saved the civilisation of Europe from immediate and apparently inevitable disaster. The Marne was won because the intelligence of an old civilisation, as it appeared in the particular field of strategy, was superior to that of the Germans. That superiority in Western civilisation not only gave us the Marne: it also gave us the miracle of the British military expansion: A thing which not only the enemy but probably most of our friends (and we ourselves, for that matter) might have thought impossible. It gave us the power, did this first principle of Western superiority in culture and intelligence, to meet every new violation of international morals on the enemy's part by rapidly improvised counter-methods. It permitted the Western forces, far inferior numerically in 1914, to pin to the earth a numerically superior enemy, and it developed with astonishing rapidity that power of munitionment of which Britain is the mainstay and which covers the whole of the Alliance.

That first principle did all of these things, and (legitimately) was in our eyes the governing condition of the war on its purely military side.

But the second truth has proved very powerful indeed in modifying to our disadvantage the consequences of the first, and is at work with disastrous effect to-day.

German Knowledge of Russia

The German system of the Central Empires understood and could defeat the less developed society to the east of them. We knew that it was immensely superior in industrial power. We expected that superiority to tell. But we found it superior in a degree we had *not* expected. We found its political discipline also superior to that of the Slav in a degree we had not expected. Above all, we discovered the German to have *known* the complex which used to be called the Russian Empire as we in the West could never know it.

It is this knowledge he has of the East, this superior knowledge, which has produced the critical position in Italy.

In the spring of 1915 every Western student of the war could tell you how the lines lay, the threat to Hungary through the Carpathian Passes, the strategical chances of the one side and of the other; the approach of the Russians to the Moravian Gate; the importance of the Dukla Pass; the disadvantage they suffered from lack of lateral railways in Russian Poland, etc.

Every Western student of the war could also have told you that the enemy's industrial power being superior to that of the Russians, his power of munitionment was also superior.

What such a student in the West could *not* have told you, what no Western statesman or publicist dreamt of, but what the authorities of the Central Empires clearly understood, was the *degree* of this difference in power of munitionment and the consequent chance the Austro-Germans had of breaking the Russian front.

When the trial came the thesis of the German General Staff in this matter was amply confirmed. The difference in power of fire was overwhelming and the Russian lines in Galicia were pierced.

There followed a retreat conducted in a masterly fashion by the Grand Duke Nicholas, which preserved intact the organism of the Russian armies and the greater part of their artillery. But Poland was overrun and, north of Galicia, the lines in nearly their present state established by the enemy. During the whole of that advance in the summer of 1915 by the armies of the Central Powers, the governing condition was the overwhelming difference between munitionment upon the one side and upon the other: Not only difference of munitionment in shell and general supply, but in the elementary matter of rifles.

To-day the same phenomenon has appeared. Everyone watching the war from the West, with the very imperfect knowledge of Eastern conditions which the West possesses, postulated the necessity under which the Central Empires must be of keeping a certain minimum of men to hold the Eastern line. To hold that line at all with such a very small number (considering its immense length) was only made possible, of course, by the political collapse of Russia, or rather of the numerous differing racial and religious groups which had formerly been called "Russia" under one common term. The Germans had kept there, on the Eastern front, about one-third of their total forces, and many of these of inferior material; the Austrians less than half their total. The immense line was watched by less than one man to a yard, counting everything—all the local reserves, all the auxiliaries. Never in history had a continuous line been so thinly held.

Western Assumptions

It was postulated in the West that, though the forces of the Central Powers thus detailed on the Eastern front were virtually in repose, subject to no pressure and suffering from no appreciable casualties, yet the enemy could not afford to leave gaps and to jeopardise the continuous strength of that line because the Russian Revolution, though in the military sense a chaos, was yet also, in the military sense, incalculable. The enemy's Higher Command (it was thought) could not be certain that at any moment a reaction might not take place, discipline be restored in at any rate some portion of the idle men still wearing Russian uniform, and some local attack prove disastrous to the Austro-German defensive lines unless a bare minimum were left to defend them.

We now know that this calculation was erroneous. The enemy, both Austrian and German, to whom the former Russian Empire and its inhabitants were not a distant thing known through books, but an immediate domestic problem intimately studied, had gauged the Russian situation weeks ago, and had gauged it rightly.

Western civilisation has for its defence under arms, and has always so had, far less men than the great mass which works under Prussia. The counterbalancing weight, the thing which made the event certain, was the number which the old Russian Empire could in practice keep armed and use actively as soldiers. This number was of course smaller in proportion to the Czar's subjects by far than the corresponding mobilised force of the Western nations. But it sufficed to keep the balance even while the material resources of Great Britain were being developed after the astonishing fashion we have watched during the last three years, while the human material was being trained with a no less astonishing rapidity, and while the French sacrificed themselves in holding the pass for Europe.

But take away that balancing weight of Russia and things become very grave indeed. The enemy judges that the balancing weight has gone. He is probably right. Those now conducting or rather fomenting the chaos beyond the Eastern front are in a great number his agents and in a greater number his well wishers. He has upon the situation there a minute, detailed, daily knowledge which we wholly lack. Acting upon that knowledge he has determined that Russia no longer counts and that he can safely throw his weight westward. Hence this new Italian campaign.

There is here another calculation in the enemy's mind which we must appreciate. He argues thus:

"By my industrial superiority I compelled the retirement

of the Russian armies. I took very numerous prisoners. I inflicted very heavy casualties.

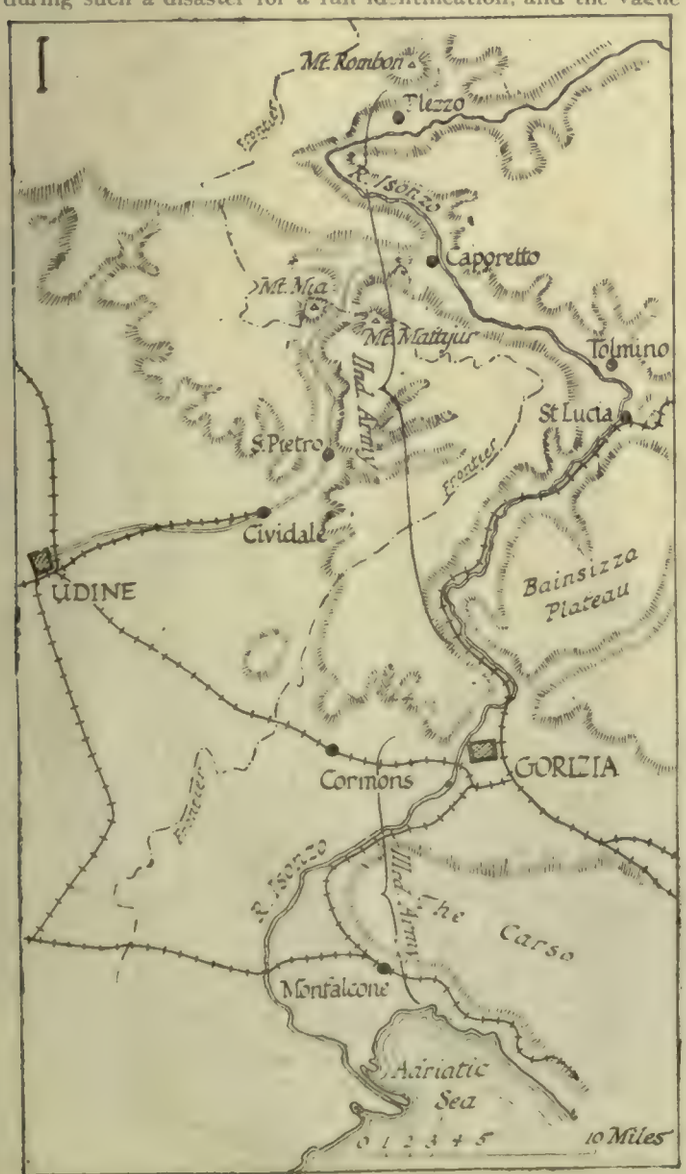
"As a result, I obtained—though I certainly did not expect it—a certain political effect which ha all the value of a military decision. The Russian State fell to pieces. What had been its armies could no longer be used. The event was of the same military value as though I had succeeded in 1915, and had destroyed in battle the organisation of the Russian forces. I had caused them, though only indirectly and after a political fashion, to dissolve. This lesson I therefore draw: Blows sufficiently heavy delivered against any people whose political tenacity is uncertain will result in the internal or domestic collapse of that people and the corresponding dissolution of their armies. The policy has succeeded against what was once the Russian Empire. It shall be directed against what is still the Italian Kingdom."

It is to be presumed or hoped that the enemy's calculation here is false. The political unity of Italy is recent. But the temper of an old civilisation threatened by barbarism is not a temper which the German understands as he understands that of the Russian peasant and town worker. The extreme of peril hardly dissolves a country the inhabitants of which have long and great traditions far superior to those of the invader. It is on the contrary, as a rule, peril in highly civilised countries which acts as the cement of the defence, even though that defence prove ultimately incapable of success. But whether the enemy be wrong or right (and we who know our ancient civilisation better than he does, think him wrong) that is certainly the enemy's calculation at the present moment. He is calculating on an ultimate count out of Italy in the forces opposed to him, and he makes of it in his mind something parallel to his former good fortune in the matter of Russia.

Let us clearly grasp all these points. Upon them the last phase of the war will turn, and with it the future of our race.

With so much said let us turn to the details of this great action.

Let me first premise that we have no accurate information upon the numbers either of guns or of men which the enemy has concentrated for his present effort in the foot hills of the Julian Alps. There has not been time or opportunity during such a disaster for a full identification, and the vague



estimates sent us are too imperfect to merit analysis. We must confine ourselves to the very meagre geographical details available at the moment of writing.

The story, as based upon the slight evidence so far available, would seem to be somewhat as follows:

On Wednesday last, October 24th, after a preliminary bombardment of great violence, the main infantry attack of the enemy was launched upon a front of about 20 miles, extending from the northern edge of the Bainsizza Plateau northward, say, from St. Lucia, south of Tolmino to the Rombon Mountain above Plezzo. The enemy had a bridgehead over the Isonzo at St. Lucia, an important meeting of road and river valley just south of Tolmino. He used this bridgehead and here pierced the Italian line first, though almost simultaneously he secured his crossing twenty miles to the north of Plezzo, just under the mountain just mentioned called Rombon, which dominates the little enclosed Plain of Plezzo and the Isonzo valley by just under 6,000 feet.

There is no doubt that the Italian front in these two points gave way on Wednesday last. The line having given way at the two river crossings at either end of its length, the centre was lost and everywhere the foremost positions of the Italian second army were crushed in against the river and destroyed. The enemy claimed by the Wednesday evening no less than 10,000 prisoners.

We were told at the time that initial successes of this kind could always be gained by any determined modern offensive, if it chose to suffer the necessary expense, and with this comment opinion was apparently lulled. But the comment was inaccurate and the suggestion false, for much worse news was to come.

On the next day, Thursday last, the 25th, retirement from the recently conquered Bainsizza Plateau was imposed upon the forces of our Allies by the advance of the enemy on the north outflanking them. Though a simultaneous attack was taking place to the southern end of the Italian line in front of Gorizia and upon the Carso, this was probably only with the idea of containing the Italian forces there. Meanwhile in the north the overwhelming success of the enemy's surprise continued. He crossed the Isonzo everywhere, the thrust in the early morning of that Thursday up the mountain slopes beyond, swamping the defence. He seized the summits and already overlooked the plains.

There was a general retirement of what was left of the Italian second army on to the frontier line all the way from Auzza to the Monte Maggiore, and by the evening of that day, Thursday, the enemy claimed 30,000 prisoners and 300 guns.

On Friday the movement continued and the news became very grave indeed. The summit of the Monte Matajur had already been captured with the other summits on the Thursday in the morning.

Now the Monte Matajur with its twin peak the Monte Mia overlooks the Coporetto-Cividale road which runs between them by a low pass. By Friday he commanded that road and was pouring down it towards the plains. It is not yet clear at what exact moment the heads of the enemy columns succeeded in debouching upon the plain—an act which was the consummation of the whole affair. He was, at any rate, the master of the watershed by that Friday night, and at that

moment he claimed double the number of prisoners he had counted the day before, setting the total number at 60,000 and the total of guns captured at 450.

We need do no more at this point than ask the reader to consider what such figures and such an advance already mean.

In three days fighting the Italian mountain positions along the whole of the sector had gone. The Second Italian Army, or what remained of it, was back upon and beyond the front line, and approaching, or perhaps in places already touching, the plains. And even if we allow for some exaggeration in the enemy figures, we note that there has been no contradiction of them from Allied sources, and we further note that so considerable an advance over so wide a sector corresponds well enough with numbers claimed. What a movement of this sort in three days would mean upon the Western front I leave it to my readers to decide.

By Saturday last, the 27th, it was unfortunately clear that the enemy had achieved something nearer a decision than anything yet accomplished in this war upon either side, and a survey of the situation according to the fuller news available on the Sunday night and Monday morning showed what had happened.

The key to the whole business has been, as we have seen, the forcing of the Pass under Monte Matajur, which feat was accomplished by the enemy in the course of Thursday and Friday.

Up to that time there had been indeed a defeat of Italian forces in the bend of the Isonzo. The enemy's advance, and especially his superiority in guns, had carried him to the crest which runs like a wall above the plain of Friuli; but everything still depended at that moment upon whether he could master that wall or not.

He succeeded in mastering it and the gate through it, as a result of his capture of the mountain heights upon either side of the road from Cappretto to Cividale, and of its valley down which flows the Natisone torrent. In the course of Sunday the Austro-German armies were fully deployed upon the Italian Plains.

The enemy claimed on Sunday 100,000 prisoners and 700 guns—that is, the complete destruction for military purposes of the Second Italian army front. He had restored a war of movement for the first time in the West as he had restored it in the East when he broke through the Russian front in Galicia two and a half years ago.

He had turned the whole of the remainder of the Italian line between the mountains and the sea. He had compelled the rapid retirement of the third army, the evacuation of Gorizia, and the falling back (though in good order) of all the troops from that point to the Adriatic. He had entered the first Italian town standing at the edge of the Plain at the foot of the mountains Cividale. Cividale is only ten miles from the old headquarters at Udine, and Udine is the essential nodal point through which all the communications of what was once the Italian-Isonzo front, now ruined, pass.

The line upon which our Allies must now retire is that of the Tagliamento, or rather of the prepared positions which run parallel to that broad complex of shallow streams. For the Tagliamento, though it has a large catchment area up in the mountains and discharges into the sea a considerable volume of water in the early summer thaw, is no considerable obstacle in itself. It is the only convenient line from the high Alps to the sea. A lateral railway runs (too near) along its course, and it has an excellent road system behind it. But there is no observation and the numbers required to hold that open plain will be higher than those detailed for the original mountain front.

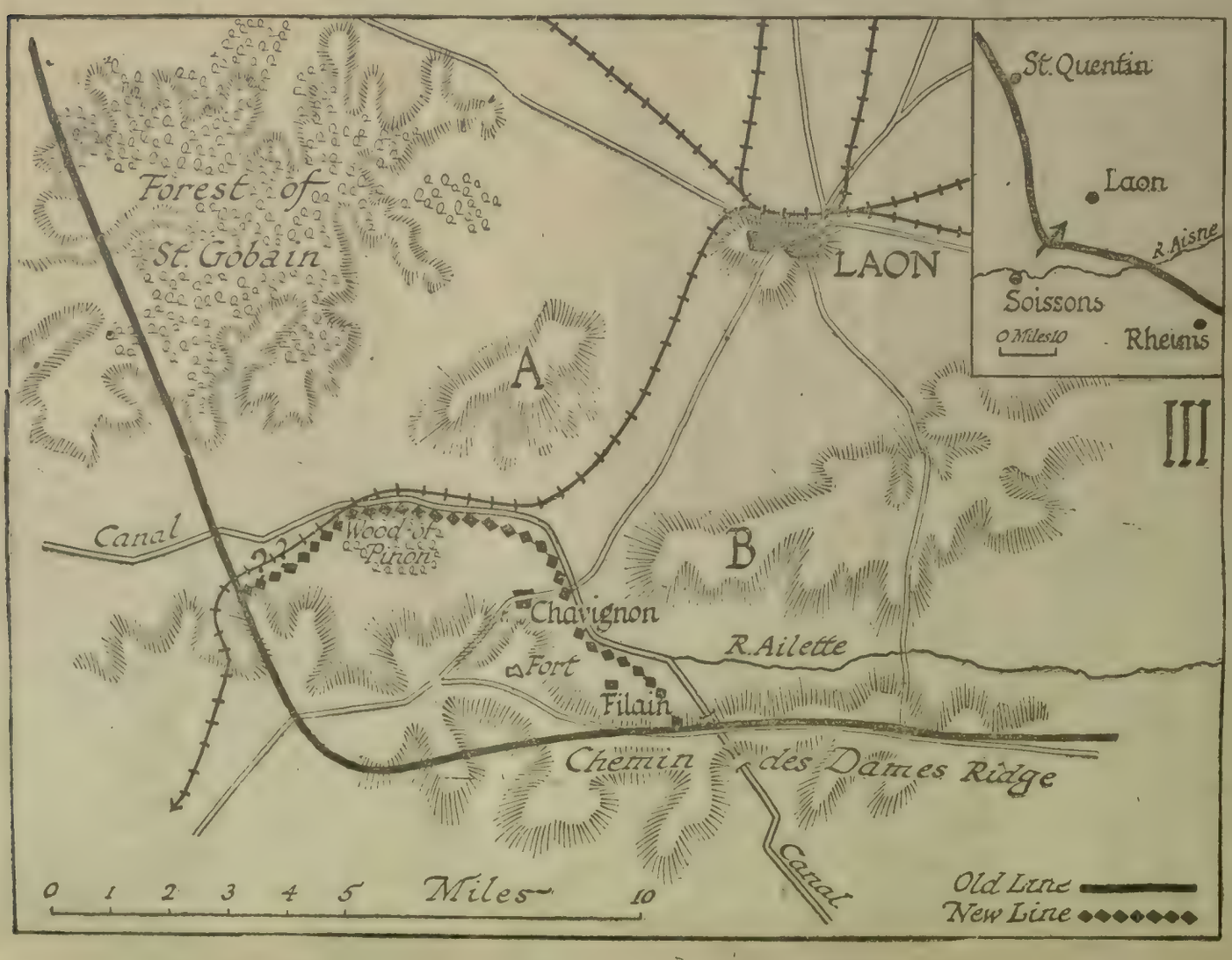
Of the future of this great operation still in progress we can say nothing. All we know is that the left of the Italian line has been shattered; the right, therefore, turned; the Plains entered and the armies of our Ally at once in full retreat and summoning such reinforcements as can be obtained from the points further west.

[The gravity of the situation created by the Italian defeat is indicated in Mr. Belloc's article: but we are not permitted by the Press Bureau to publish all his conclusions.]

The French Victory on the Aisne

Earlier in the week the French in a highly successful action had shown once more that on the North-Western Front the Allies, through superiority both in material and the present spirit of their troops, could break into the enemy's lines at any chosen point, though that, of course, only after long preparation.

The point chosen was the elbow of the great angle made by the German lines in Northern France, and the value of an



attack here lay in the fact that if this elbow can at last be thoroughly smashed a general retirement will be inevitable.

This elbow relies for its strength upon three features, and has for its centre of communication the hill town of Laon. The three features of its strength are the difficult high forest country of St. Gobain, the Eastern end of the Chemin-des-Dames ridge (the continued possession of which by the enemy shut off observation on to Laon with its roads and railways), and lastly two heights lying behind, that is, on the Laon side of the Chemin-des-Dames ridge; heights marked A and B on Map III. A is an isolated high hill called the Hill of Bourgignon; and B is the ridge parallel to the Chemin-des-Dames, lying over against it beyond the valley of the Aillette.

Full success is this quarter would mean the occupation of this ridge, B, and of the isolated Hill, A, with the consequent turning of the great obstacle formed by the forest of St. Gobain. With these heights in the hands of the French, the Plain of Laon (out of which the town rises precipitately and isolated) its roads and its railways would be at the mercy of the French line, and a general retirement would be necessary. What was attempted and achieved last week was less than this, or perhaps only a preliminary to it. But the completeness of the success was none the less remarkable. The French started from a line everywhere to the south of the watershed on the Chemin-des-Dames ridge, and nowhere possessing a view of the plain towards Laon. After the preliminary bombardment in which the accuracy of the heaviest pieces up to 16 inches was remarkable, the infantry was launched before dawn, at a quarter past five on Tuesday, the 23rd, upon a front of rather over five miles. The strongest point in front of them was the big ruined lump of Malmaison Fort, an abandoned work of 1875, which had been turned into a very strong point by the enemy. Further, throughout these limestone hills were deep quarries, both cut into the surface and underground, which the enemy had strongly organised. By Tuesday night the number of prisoners counted was 7,500 and 25 guns, many of them heavy. The extreme French advance had reached the village of Chavignon which lies on a spur overlooking the valley of the Ardon with a direct view of Laon seven miles away, and the remainder of the broken German divisions were cooped up between the hills and the line of the canal at their base. It was remarkable that no attempt to counter-attack followed this considerable success. By the evening of the next day, Wednesday, the total number of prisoners brought in had reached eight thousand, and the number of guns seventy. On the same day a statement was issued of the German forces which had been engaged and defeated. There were five full divisions, the 14th, and 13th; the 2nd, 5th and 4th of the Guard, the 4th being held in reserve until the end of the action. Portions of two more divisions, the 37th and the 47th Reserve, were thrown in on the extreme left and right, and it was the Guards who had the task of defending Malmaison, and who suffered the heavy losses in prisoners consequent upon its capture.

With the succeeding day the Germans retired behind the line of the canal. The number of prisoners collected continued to increase. By the Thursday evening, the 25th, there was a total of over 11,000, and not less than 120 guns.

The general effect of this success is twofold. First, it gives full observation of the main road and railway supplying the German front here from Laon, along the valley of the Ardon, with a certain advantage in distant observation of Laon itself, and its approaches seven miles away. But, of course, at such ranges modern artillery depends upon aircraft much more than on direct observation. Unfortunately, also the great nodal point of all communications here, the railway junction under the hill of Laon, is on the far side of the hill and town.

The second advantage gained is the power from the spur of Chavignon, and from the Malmaison Height, of looking right up and dominating the Ailette valley. It is possible or probable that the present positions of the French will make that valley untenable, and will compel the enemy to retire on to the ridge marked B, the last of his defences in this region.

Friday and Saturday passed without any attempt at re-action upon the part of the enemy; the gains were finally consolidated by the French and the situation settled down

An interesting point in the details of the fighting was the discovery by the French that the cutting off of German supplies by the preliminary bombardment had compelled the enemy to help re-victual his front lines by the use of aircraft.

THE BRITISH FRONT

The third of the actions to be noticed this week was the sixth blow delivered by the British Field Marshal for the capture of the Passchendaele Ridge. It was undertaken against very difficult weather conditions and followed the lines with which the last operations on this impossible ground have made us familiar.

These weather conditions must be specially mentioned, because in this case they were even worse than had previously been known. The limited objectives chosen for the new advance were fixed while the weather was still fine, and with a good drying wind which had marked Thursday, the 25th, but with the night rain began to fall, and fell all during the attack of the 26th: "Heavy rain without a break since a very early hour of the morning." The French on the left wading through the swamps and the water course in front of Houthulst Forest up to their shoulders, took the ruins of Draibank, entered the Papgoed Woods and accounted for about 100 prisoners. The British forces gave their main thrust on either side of the Roulers Railway, English and Canadian regiments combining here, and the latter establishing themselves upon Hill 56, just outside the ruins of Passchendaele. The fighting was heavier and more difficult outside Poelcapelle where Canadian battalions and an English Naval Brigade and certain battalions of the London territorials were engaged in exceedingly difficult ground. There was heavy fighting also on the extreme right in front of Gheluvelt, resulting in the clearing of Polderhoek Chateau.

The next day, the Saturday, the French advancing again at a quarter past 5 in the morning on both sides of the Ypres-Dixmude Road, advanced about 2,000 yards and captured the ruins of the villages Verdrendesmis, Ashoot, Merckem and Kippe. There was no infantry action by the British on that day. The total of prisoners captured in the two days were reported by the Field Marshal at 1,100, of which three hundred were accounted for by the French.

In the same record Sir Douglas Haig mentions two heavy counter-attacks made by the enemy on the Ridge itself on the Friday afternoon south and west of Passchendaele, and the successful repulse of these attacks by Canadian troops who took further prisoners.

H. BELLOC

Russia the Incomprehensible

By Charles Edward Russell

This article was written in Petrograd by an American writer a few weeks ago. It gives a good idea of the almost incomprehensible chaos now prevailing in Russia. At the time of writing the author evidently hoped that the country and the people would have settled down to a reasonable and orderly system of Government, but this hope has not yet been justified.

RUSSIA: a vast, dimly lighted stage whereon we know some tremendous new drama is being enacted, but where all the actors seem to be running about inconsequentially as in a maze without plan or meaning. Something like this, I suppose, if we were to speak up with delectable candour, is about the impression most of us have had about this wonderful country ever since it tumbled the last of the Romanoffs from his ancient seat. Yet the keys to the play are, after all, simple, and to be found in simple events, and when we have found them, behold a most fascinating and moving drama.

There is a place on the Trans-Siberian Railroad called Passing Point Number 37, a brown little speck on the illimitable emptiness of the Siberian plains. On May 23rd there came marching up to it a procession of farmers—about forty of them, I think—carrying red flags. They tramped solemnly along what in Siberia, by a violence of speech, is called a road, and is in fact not otherwise than a trail of ruts in black-gumbo mud. A passenger-train was coming from the east, from Vladivostock. At Passing Point Number 37 it took the sidetrack to wait for the train it was to meet. According to Russian railroad practice (which you might think a precept of religion punctiliously observed) the operation of getting these two trains past each other was to take up one half-hour, liberally inundated with swift and cheerful conversation. Some of the passengers got out and swelled the verbal freshets. They talked with the peasants of the procession; the peasants responded with undiluted pleasure on their brows. It was after the Revolution; more than two men could talk together without being prodded by a superactive *gendarmerie*; and the springs of speech, frozen for three hundred years in Russian breasts, burst forth into grateful and tireless fountains.

Of a sudden the processionists were seen to line up in front of the baggage-car, to fall upon their knees there, to lift their

hands in attitudes of prayer, the while they muttered strange wailing cries and many wept. What were they crying about? They had learned that in that baggage car were the ashes of a Russian revolutionist, an old time hero of the long, long struggle. He had been condemned by the Czar to one of the worst prisons of coldest Siberia; he had managed to escape and in the end to get to America. There he died, and his body was cremated. Now his ashes in a draped memorial urn were being carried back in state to that free Russia he had dreamed of and suffered for. But note:

Of the peasants that fell on their knees before that handful of dust that day about one half could not read. All of them, you might think, lived in a region farther from the world and its affairs than is Cape Nome from the Bowery. Yet all of them knew well enough the name of this dead hero and all his deeds, and instinctively all knelt before his ashes that they might testify at once to their reverence for him and the fervour of their own revolutionary faith. After which there were speeches. If you know Russia, the New Russia, Russia of the unchained tongue, the information is superfluous. To know that there was any kind of a meeting anywhere at any time is to know that there were speeches.

But what did that procession mean, wandering red-flagged along the black ruts of lonely Siberia? It meant that the peasants were making a "demonstration." Demonstration about what? Why, if you will believe me, against the Austrian Government's sentence of death against Frederick Adler, slayer of the Austrian Prime-Minister! And there you are; that is Russia. I offer you herewith the keys to the play.

Passion for Demonstrations

Because you find in this one little incident these things, perfectly typical, truly fundamental: The Russian temperament and character, emotional, sympathetic, altruistic, generous, and quite indifferent to conventionalities: The passion for "demonstrating," the tremendous impulse to let go with the feelings brutally suppressed so long by the monarchy now dead and gone, to thank God for his infinite mercies: The passion for oratory: The warm, naïve and somewhat dreamy feeling for the universal brotherhood and the sense of a world-wide cause.

That there was anything incongruous about a demonstration in Russia by Russians against Austria's execution of the death penalty upon an Austrian in Austria at a time when Russia and Austria are at war would never occur to them. Are not the workers of Russia, Austria, and all other countries brothers? Is not a wrong done to a member of the proletariat in Austria the affair of members of the proletariat everywhere? Assuredly, comrades. Then let us demonstrate—even in remote Siberia, where nobody will ever know anything about it. Also, you may see in this incident how deep in the heart of every peasant and toiler are at least the rudiments of the Revolution's creed, how widespread is a fair understanding of the Revolution's history and meaning—spread even to the uttermost parts of this prodigious country, spread when there were no modern means of communication, when there were no public schools, no right of assembly, no free press and very little reading, and yet spread competently.

But perhaps it is no wonder that the world, sitting at such an unprecedented play, blinks and is doubtful. There was one day the imposing great structure of the most powerful autocracy on earth, centuries old, rock-rooted, Imperial and irresistible, cloud-compelling and remorseless. At a touch it crumbled together like the unsubstantial figment of a dream; vanishing without a trace, as if it had never been. Intricate, great systems of government, of police, of spies, of punishments, erected with long care and skill to keep the people down, all, all dried up and blown away like a mist, and behold these same kept-down people instantly and easily taking seats in a new machine, untried. No wonder, I say, some spectators gasp and are puzzled. To the rigid rectangular English mind, to the American mind that tries hard to be like the English, all this is not in nature. Truth to tell we have not much faith in popular intelligence; no Anglo-Saxon has. What there is of it, we feel, must be the product of long education, of training and of reading—much reading. But here is a country where only a few years ago 80 per cent. of the population could not read at all; where the few newspapers were frankly corrupted and fiercely censored by the monarchy. Yet out of all this, lo, a people—that alone are striving to steer the government.

Whatever you may read, or whatever you may hear about Russia, you may learn this—that what is done will be done by the Russian toilers and by them alone. Here democracy has been taken literally and without compromise. Here the conditions that exist in other countries with political freedom and the ballot-box have been turned the other way about. Here Labour does not take orders but gives them. All there is of Government in Russia to-day is strictly working-class government, animated by about such impulses and convictions as caused the Siberian peasants to demonstrate against the killing of Frederick Adler and to fall on their knees before the ashes of a revolutionist. Under the red flag! I don't know but that the flag is the hardest fact for a conservative American and Englishman to swallow. With us it has always signified anarchy, violence, blood, riot and ruin. Here in Russia it is flying everywhere, over the most peace-loving people on earth. From Vladivostock to the Baltic and from Turkestan to the Arctic Circle, the simple red flag, without device or ornament, is on land the only flag you see. It has become the national flag of Russia. It is flying at this moment over the Winter Palace of the Czars, where I am writing, over the most sumptuous royal quarters in Europe, over these windows that looked down on Bloody Monday. In the great square in front of me five thousand men and women who asked for bread and freedom were shot to death with machine guns from these roofs, and now the red flag flies over it and a band that used to play "God Save the Czar" now plays the new national anthem. And what is that? The once-proscribed "Marseillaise!" On Sunday, July 1st, 300,000 people marched in this square with band after band that played nothing else; all day the strains of that revolutionary anthem echoed through the suites where Czars used to sit and condemn to the living death of Siberia men who had said a few words in favour of human liberty. Three hundred thousand free men and women tramped to that tune over the stones that in 1905 had been soaked in the people's blood.

When we begin to absorb that fact the drama ceases to look like inebriated chaos and begins to appear a totally new experiment in government—momentous, perilous, if you like, but reasonable and wholly logical. What they mean by democracy here is direct government by the people, the great majority of whom are the toilers on the farms and in the factories; no "checks and balances," no artificial barriers to defeat the popular will and ensure government by property; exact political equality for all, universal suffrage, women at last free from the surviving disabilities of the jungle, men freed from the political relics of feudalism. At one leap democracy goes far beyond all its previous achievements. A new country is launched with new ideals and new purposes, and the world must rub its eyes and awake to the new birth. It is so; I do not exaggerate. Snobbery is in the bones of us; that is why we do not appreciate the wonderful things done in Russia. We have not only failed to see it, but by some trick of legerdemain some of us have been able to fool ourselves into believing we have a call to be the patient instructors in democracy to these well-meaning but deluded creatures. Nobody who has ever been to the Cadetsky Corpus has any such phantasms, believe me.

Take a trip down there with me and see what you think of it. The Cadetsky Corpus—that means the West Point or Sandhurst of Russia; the vast, wandering pile that used to be the officers' training-school for the Russian army. In the great hall of this institution now meets the National Council of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Delegates, the only source of government and authority, and so far the only organised expression of the popular will in Russia. It is, in effect and for the time being, the National Congress. On the basis of population the country was divided into districts, and each district elected a delegate.

The low, plain white building has a street frontage of a quarter of a mile—all public buildings in Russia have spacious ground plans. They take you through an entrance crowded with working people and with soldiers of the ranks, and then down one long corridor after another by the side of the old parade-ground of the cadets. The first thing you notice is that you are passing an enormous room filled with plain iron cot-beds. What are they? The beds of the delegates to the Council. To save time and money they sleep in the building—on the old beds of the cadets. Next they take you into the basement and show you crude pine tables, rough benches and men being served thereon with the simplest of food. What is this? It is the delegates' dining-room. To save time again—as well as to save money—they eat in the building. They mean business; they are not here for amusement. They have need of all the time they can save. Sometimes the sessions begin at 11 o'clock one morning and last (with brief recesses) until 3 o'clock the next.

In the language of Baedeker, we now return to the first floor, where we find at twenty stands busy and comely young women selling great piles of books, pamphlets, leaflets, propaganda literature. What is all this? The works of Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Unknown This and Unknown That, an astounding variety of names the most of which you never heard of, but all preaching revolution and radicalism, political, social, industrial. Does this stuff sell? It certainly does, that is the strange thing; the stands look like a popcorn booth at a country fair. The floor is littered with the wrappers

of bundles, the clerks rake in money with one hand and deliver the books with the other. Dry is the reading, God knows; drier than the autumn leaves of Vallombrosa, but these people eat it up. Strange people! They buy also large gobs of what they are pleased to call newspapers. With the Revolution all restrictions fell as a garment from the press, and there came forth an unfathomable flood of journals.

Flood of Newspapers

Every party, every faction, every group and every man with a hobby got a press and began to issue a journal on it, so that Petrograd has now more newspapers, so-called, than any other city in the world. In most cases the name is grotesquely misapplied. There is no news. The thing is made up with a capable paste-pot, a pair of over-worked scissors and one long-handled pen that produces (at inordinate length) the thoughts of some beetle-browed intellect on street-paving, for instance. But these people buy that, also, and read it, and seem to like it. Heaven help them! And then talk about it, until four o'clock in the morning. Disquisition—it is the breath of life to them. Everywhere else in the world the long-winded editorial writer is far on his way to join the mastodon, the buffalo and the great auk. Here he is in the full pride of his glory, swelling the chest of achievement and breathing forth sound and fury—also guff.

At the top of the stairs is the long, long hall, one of the longest a man ever spoke in, where the delegates meet. Once these walls were adorned with the portraits of dead Czars and the flags of Imperial Russia. All are vanished now; ripped down with joyous acclaim on the day of the Revolution. In their place appears everywhere the red flag as the only decoration; except on the wall at the entrance end, where you read this motto, done in white upon red banners: "Workingmen of the World, Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Chains!" It seems to me I have heard something like that before, but few American readers of the literature of sociology ever expected to find that quotation emblazoned on the walls of any national legislature of our times.

The rear one-third of the hall is for the public. Delegates occupy the rest, 830 of them, seated at the transported old desks of the recent cadets. On the high, red-flagged platform at the extreme end sit the guests of the Council and its officers, including that redoubtable Tschaidse, the chairman, of whom the world is to hear further. At his left is the rostrum, a plain reading desk for the speakers. Sit up there and look judiciously over this historic gathering. These men represent all the organised power of Russia; they have its fate in their hands. At their will Ministers resign, Governments rise or fall, armies move, policies are shapened, the fate of the race is decided. Observe them well.

It is the most extraordinary legislative body in the world, or that ever was in the world. The National Assembly of Revolutionary France? Nay, that was, after all, a middle-class affair; advocates like Robespierre, journalists like Desmoulins. But this National Legislature of Russia is composed exclusively of persons that work with their hands or are so closely in touch and sympathy with labour that they are a part of it. It is not easy to realise all this, but try—try hard. It will enable you to understand New Russia.

Three in four of the delegates wear the uniform of the Russian soldier, the seemly, well-fitting tunic, the belt, the high black boots; even in the breathless hot days of July, the high black boots. Seeing the overplus of these uniforms before us you jump to the conclusion that this is a military body; all newcomers here get that notion. It isn't military. But military service in Russia is universal and compulsory. These uniformed men are not only soldiers; they are farmers, factory workers, day labourers, carpenters, stonemasons, who had been called to the colours and were wearing the uniform of the service when they were elected to the Council as workers and by workers.

There is another common delusion to the effect that the Council represents only Petrograd and the district thereabout. In truth it represents every part of Russia, even far-away Asiatic Russia. Only thirty of the 830 delegates come from the Petrograd district. Among the rest are fishermen from the Lena River, swarthy cattle-men from the Crimea, and everything between. Five of the delegates are women. Suffrage is universal in Russia. In Russia, suffrage for women was achieved in a moment and without discussion. It was taken as a matter of course.. Here in Petrograd the other day the Petrograd Yacht Club received applications for membership from two women. I hardly need to say that in the old days such a thing, if conceivable at all, would have caused strong hearts to faint and police spies to discover new candidates for Siberia's chilly wilds. But now the point was raised at once that since the Revolution men and women in Russia are upon a level of exact equality, and that automatically women had become eligible for any organisation that admitted men. The point was held to be well and truly taken and the women were voted in.

They know what democracy is and they know how to operate it. A few days ago they had an election in Petrograd—an election for the new City Council. There was universal suffrage; about six hundred thousand people for the first time in their lives used a ballot-box. I went out to see it and had a great show. The whole thing moved like clock-work; you would have thought these people had been voting all their lives. There was a registration list, a committee composed of soldiers, working-men and householders to manage the polling-places and scrutinise the voter's right; there was no disorder and no confusion, and no discoverable chance for fraud. The polling-place was invariably some public building. Frequently it was on the ground floor of some old Grand Duke's palace. Women went in and voted with ease, dignity, and methought, a quiet but ineffable satisfaction. There were seven different tickets in the field. Each voter was provided at his house with a copy of each ticket, duly certified. The end of the ticket was perforated. At the ballot-box the voter was checked upon the registry list, the perforated end of his folded ticket was torn off, officially stamped and spiked, and he put the rest into the box. There were cast in the city 722,000 votes; total population a little more than 2,000,000. Of the 722,000 all but about 140,000 were cast for the candidates of parties that propose the most sweeping changes.

The National Council

But to come back, once more, to the National Council. It is, as you plainly see, of working-men and working-women. All the spectators are working-men and working-women. You are one of perhaps seven persons in the huge hall that wear starched collars. The other six are among the correspondents and reporters that sit right and left of the platform. Look over these thousands of serious, intent faces gazing hard at the dais, drinking in every word that falls from any speaker. They sit silent; they will not miss anything. Those at a distance make ear-trumpets of rolled-up newspapers; they are intolerant of the least movement or noise that causes them to lose any precious crumb of the proceedings. Here is the proletariat of Russia, hands upon the levers. No man can despise them now; with a breath they blow Ministers in or out. In the hall where long lines of gorgeous dead Czars used to look down from the walls, and gorgeous living Czars used to watch military training of gracious youth of the governing class, and all things seemed comfortably settled forever, ploughmen and teamsters sit and debate whether Nicholas Romanoff, now a prisoner of State, shall be allowed to vote like other citizens.

On the floor the delegates are ranged from Left to Right according to their politics; which means, according to the intensity of their revolutionary fervour. But as you move to the Right the temperature falls. On the extreme Right sit what are called the Conservatives. These are men that in the United States would be looked upon as extremely dangerous and to be blacklisted by a respectable press. They believe in the Revolution, but think it has already attained to most of the objects it desired. Between the extreme Left and the extreme Right is the real driving force of the Council, the men that want the Revolution to sweep on and do many more things that ought to be done, but are unwilling to see it miscue and lose what it has already gained. That is, they want all that can be had out of this thing, but they are not plumb dead to reason about it. Left and Right mean looking from the platform; it is the chairman's left or right.

To those gentlemen on the extreme Left are the notorious Bolshevics, once with Lenin for their leader. The Menshevics occupy the Centre; next to them come the Trudevics and then come the men on the Right.

I think there is a man in Russia that can name all the Russian political parties and give a succinct account of what each stands for. I know there is a man in Russia that can play ten games of chess blind-folded, and therefore I am prepared to believe in the existence of even a greater intellectual prodigy. But I never saw him nor heard of him, nor heard of anybody that had heard of him. In a general way, the average visitor is able to garner the precious fact that there are a great many parties, and the differences between their principles is often very slight, but beyond that the water begins to shoal rapidly. I know in a general way that among the important parties there is first the Social Democratic Party, then the Social Revolutionist Party, then the People's Socialist Party, then the People's Liberty Party, then the Cadet or Constitutional Democratic Party, and then others that are like the sands of the sea for multitude The two great parties of the country are the Social Democratic and the Social Revolutionist. So far as the finite mind can learn they have practically identical creeds.

Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhinegold—II

By Philippe Millet

I ENDEAVOURED to show in my last article (LAND & WATER, October 25th) that the huge iron deposits of Lorraine, a sort of modern Rhinegold, are the stepping-stones of Prussian Imperialism. Two-thirds of the iron ore which Germany extracted from her soil before the war came from Lorraine; the same mines have provided during the war (with Luxemburg) 80 per cent. of the ore used for manufacturing German guns and munitions. There is, therefore, no exaggeration in saying that Prussia will keep her claws uncut either for waging a new war or for competition in the industrial field, as long as she will not have been compelled to surrender Alsace and Lorraine.

"It is all very well," some may say, "to give back to France the treasure Prussia stole in 1871, but can we be sure that by giving back to France that ominous possession we will not endanger the future peace of the world? An evil spell has evidently been cast upon Lorraine, over which Germany and France have now been fighting for centuries. Suppose France attempts to starve Germany industrially by refusing to let her have a share in the treasure, is there no practical certainty that Germany will be more or less compelled to resort again to all sorts of tricks, including war, in order to wring the Lorraine ore from her old enemy?"

These are perfectly legitimate questions. My answer is that by enforcing a certain economic policy, the Allies have the means of removing the curse attached to the wealth of Lorraine. Roughly speaking, this policy ought to consist both in allowing Germany a fair share in the ore extracted from the soil of Lorraine and in opening Lorraine to the whole world. Moreover, such a plan is commendable equally from the point of view of French interest and of British tradition.

Looking first at the matter from a purely French standpoint, the danger is not so much that France might be induced to starve Germany of the Lorraine ore as that, unless she takes certain steps, the possession of Lorraine may reduce her to a state of economic dependency in regard to Germany. The reason for this is that you cannot manufacture iron and steel without coal. Now the position of France as regards coal was already a difficult one before the war, as out of about 80 million tons of coal she consumed every year, she had to import 21 from abroad, including ten from Great Britain and seven from Germany. Once Lorraine is again French, the coal problem will be more critical still. Of course, France may make a better use of some of her natural resources, such as water-power. The coal deposits of the Sarre valley will also somewhat relieve the pressure if France recovers her frontier of 1814. Taking all this into account, it remains, however, that an enormous increase in the output of iron ore will necessarily correspond with an enhanced demand for coal. According to one of the best French experts, M. de Launay, France may have to import from Germany, instead of seven million tons a year, not less than 22 million tons of coal.

In order to grasp the significance of this apparently harmless figure, let me quote again part of the secret memorandum which the German manufacturers submitted to the German Chancellor on May 20th, 1915:

> Already, to-day, as the prohibition of the exportation of coal made by the English on May 15th proves again, *coal is one of the most decisive means for exerting political influence.* The industrial neutral States are compelled to submit to those of the belligerents who can provide their supply of coal. We cannot do it sufficiently at present, and we are compelled to resort to the production of Belgian coal in order not to allow our neutral neighbours to completely fall under the dependency of England. (the italics are mine)

There is evidently some unconscious humour in such a statement. So far as Lorraine is concerned, the German manufacturers have been kind enough to give us in time a useful warning. Supposing Lorraine remains entirely dependent on Germany after this war for its coal supply, what would be the consequences? In the first place, the monopoly enjoyed in that vital part of France by German coal-owners would enable them to exert over the whole of the French metallurgy what they call "a political influence."

Fortunately, there is one way out of the dilemma. Up to now, Lorraine, owing to the cunning policy of Prussia, has been secluded from the rest of the world. British coal could not reach it owing to the cost of transportation. Things would, however, be very different if Lorraine were connected with the open sea by means of convenient waterways. Two measures are necessary for that object. The rivers Moselle and the Sarre must first be deepened from the industrial region of Lorraine down to the Rhine: an easy undertaking, the aggregate cost of which would not, according to German calculations, go beyond the trifling sum of 67 million marks. The second measure would be of a diplomatic nature, and would consist in making the Rhine a free waterway for the ships of all nations. Once those two things were done, it would become possible for a British barge to take a load of coal from Newcastle to Thionville and come home with a corresponding load of Lorraine ore. The spell would then be broken. The Westphalian manufacturers would still buy a good deal of French ore in exchange for their coal and coke. They would cease, however, to enjoy a dangerous monopoly. A kind of industrial balance would be created for the common benefit of France's Allies and friends as well as for her own.

A Free Rhine

There is no doubt that France intends following such a course. Already before 1870 she had started canalising the Moselle, and it was not her fault if Prussia did not abide by the clause inserted in the Treaty of Frankfort by which she undertook to proceed with that canalisation on German territory. Moreover, although the industrial problem of Lorraine has been much discussed during this war, there has not been one voice raised in France against the resumption of the old French policy. Suppose even the free navigation on the Rhine cannot be enforced in the peace treaty, the opening of Lorraine will be undertaken in another direction, by means of canals dug across the north of France. Politically as well as industrially, France's obvious interest is to free the Lorraine ore from the German bondage by making it accessible to other nations and, before all, to Great Britain.

But not the least interesting feature of this economic plan is that it is in close agreement with one of Great Britain's own traditions. Very few people seem to be aware that it was England who first raised the question of free navigation on the Rhine. The matter was debated in 1815 at the Congress of Vienna. Curiously enough, while the French delegate, the Duke of Dalberg, and the Prussian delegate, Baron von Humboldt united their efforts in obscuring the issue, an amendment was drafted on February 18th, 1815, by Lord Clancarty, the British delegate, with the object of making it plain that henceforth an equal treatment on the Rhine was to be granted to all nations, and not only to neighbouring nations. The amendment was defeated. In spite of that, England's interpretation of the Vienna Treaty was that the Rhine was a free European waterway. Holland having in 1819 put high customs duties on the Waal, a diplomatic controversy was raised by England at the Vienna Congress in 1822 and went on for years, Prussia being of course most hypocritical.

The question is: Will England be now as indifferent to the question of the Rhine as she was a century ago? From the mere point of view of the Lorraine problem, this would be surprising. It can scarcely be disputed that one of the main causes of the war in which so many Britons have laid down their lives, is to be found in the industrial condition on the left bank of the Rhine. I hope I have proved that in order to do away with the future causes of friction between Germany and France, the best way would be to give to all nations free access to the iron deposits which will be soon restored to the French but which Germany will not cease to long for. The navigation of the Rhine is therefore more important than ever to England as well as to France.

It may be said in conclusion that the industrial side of the Alsace-Lorraine problem affords the clearest possible illustration of what the economic policy of the Allies ought to be in general. Many people who had never so much as read the famous resolutions voted by the Paris Conference in 1916, seem to have been for a time under the impression that the Allies, and more especially France, intended to wage a permanent economic war against Germany. As a matter of fact, no sensible man has ever contemplated starving out Germany after this war, the only object of the Paris Conference having been to prevent Germany from resorting again to her methods of aggressive industrial imperialism. The same principles hold good for the Lorraine question. It would be mere folly on the part of France to decide that, once peace is declared, she will abstain from selling to Germany a single ton of ore or to buy from her a single ton of coal. On the other hand, it would be equally unreasonable to allow French metallurgy to be so closely tied up to the Westphalian coal owner that the iron deposits of Lorraine would be only nominally free from the Prussian yoke. A solution must be found which will enable France to prevent Prussia, if need be, from piling up again ammunition in view of "the next war." That solution must have an international basis.

Italy's Hour of Trial

By Lewis R. Freeman

Mr. Lewis Freeman has had during the last two years exceptional experience of Italy. He resided in Rome for several months last winter and enjoyed the friendship of a number of prominent officials, some of them members of the late Government. Last December and January he passed some weeks on the Italian front, and has only recently returned from a tour which took him to all parts of the Italian operations during July and August this summer. He therefore writes with intimacy of the actual conditions of Italy, civil and military.

STAGGERING as are the military results of it, there can be small doubt that the longer objective of the present Austro-German offensive on the Upper Isonzo is political, in short, that it aims, through the infliction of a decisive defeat on the battlefield, so to weaken what the enemy has recently repeatedly referred to as the "shattered moral" of the Italian people, that they would weaken in their prosecution of the war or even be willing to consider proposals for a separate peace. Nothing less than a bid for such a stake could have induced the Central Powers to embark upon an operation of such magnitude at the very end of the practicable campaigning season. That such an eventuality is not considered beyond the realm of possibility even in Rome, would seem to be indicated by these grave words with which Baron Sonnino—on what was practically the first day of the Austro-German attack—addressed the Deputies in an endeavour to bring home to them the supreme gravity of the moment.

> It is a question of the future destiny of Italy, and any error may be irreparable....The warmest upholder of peace must desire that the public order should not be disturbed, realising that any upheaval would retard peace and revive the belligerent spirit, at present depressed, of the Autocratic Empires....To demand an immediate peace is equivalent to asking for a peace of dishonour and shame, and betrayal of our Allies. It would also mean the complete ruin of Italy.

The Political Objective

It is my purpose here to discuss briefly the possibilities of the "longer or political objective" of the Austro-German offensive rather than the military situation, but a word parenthetically regarding the effect of local meteorological conditions on the continuance of the attack will possibly be of interest. The campaigning season on the Isonzo Front, while perhaps a month or two longer at each end than that in the High Alps, has been generally reckoned as coming well towards its close by the end of October. In 1916 the Italians struck, on the Carso, one of their most successful blows of the year in the first days of November, but from that time on until Cadorna launched his great double attack on the Upper Isonzo and against the Hermada, there was practically no action at all upon this Front. It had been Cadorna's intention last year to follow the November attack with another timed for from two to three weeks later, and everything was ready for the launching of a heavy assault toward the end of that month. After waiting, however, for thirty-five days, on every one of which there was a considerable fall of rain or snow, the attack was abandoned for the season, and the Front settled down to its comparative winter quiet.

The weather is, of course, much more severe on the Upper than on the Lower Isonzo, and the fact that snow has already fallen in the Julian Alps should have the effect of limiting the extent to which the enemy can develop his offensive as soon as he passes beyond the zone in which his communications have been prepared in advance. Mud will not be a serious deterrent in this theatre, for the roads—most of them blasted out of the solid rock—are practically "self-metalling" from the moment their grade is established. In this connection it is only too probable that the magnificent roads which the Italians have been constructing with so much skill and labour from the moment of their entry into the war may greatly simplify the enemy's problem of advance.

The people of the Allied countries have become so used to expecting exaggerations, misstatements, and even deliberate falsehoods in the speeches of German Ministers, that they paid rather less attention than was its due to the declaration of Michaelis, in his speech to Reichstag a month or more back, that there was a good deal of internal unrest in Italy. Nor were they especially concerned at the brief and casual reports tardily transmitted abroad regarding riots at Turin, Milan, Genoa, and several other industrial centres or ports of that country. Nor did the general public even attach especial significance to the news that, following these disturbances, martial law had been proclaimed, not only in all of Lombardy and Piedmont—where the most of Italian war industry is carried on—but also in Calabria, at the southern extremity of the peninsula, and in a portion of Sicily. This latter action—in which the strong hand of Cadorna was plainly evident, and which was undoubtedly the best way of dealing with the situation—would hardly have been resorted to unless there had been something more than sporadic symptoms of unrest to contend with.

Bread Riots

As a matter of fact the riots of a month or more ago were serious affairs, especially those in Turin. Since the Italian censor has passed the statement in a private letter I received shortly after these disturbances from a friend who was an eye-witness of most of them, there cannot be any harm in writing now that machine guns had to be used in the streets and that the dead ran into three figures. "None but the rabble was concerned in these disturbances," wrote my informant, "and while their immediate cause might be ascribed to a temporary shortage of bread, their real cause was a train of vicious propaganda set going by a committee of Russian Socialists who were through here not long ago, and who seem to have tried to sow the seeds of discord all over the country. ....It is a significant, but unfortunate fact that none of the local instigators of the trouble exposed himself anywhere, or at any time, where the bullets were flying."

During the several weeks I spent in Italy last summer—when, after landing at Brindisi from Albania, I traversed by slow stages the whole length of the peninsula, spent a fortnight at the Front, and visited Milan, Turin and other of the northern industrial centres on my way to France—one sensed rather than saw evidence of impending trouble. The harvest had been uniformly excellent, aud I was especially struck by the fine progress of the hard-working peasants of all parts of the country in getting on with the harvest in spite of the shortage of labour.

Most of the great industrial works of Lombardy and Piedmont had been extended since my last visit, six months previously, and I must confess that the great Fiat plant at Turin impressed me as one of the most remarkable munition works I had seen in any of the belligerent countries. Food, with the exception of sugar and butter, was fairly plentiful. The spirit of the men on all sectors of the Front seemed very high, though I do recall seeing a sign at the door of a big dug-out on the Carso which read, in Italian, "We want Peace!" The fact that the officers with me did not order it to be taken down rather gave me the impression at the time that the thing was more or less of a joke. One also saw, especially at the junction stations, a good many soldiers going back from the Front in irons, but this I had attributed to the open way the Latin has of doing things that the Anglo-Saxon would be inclined to hide.

Those in a position to get under the surface, however, saw trouble ahead, though none with whom I talked spoke quite so plainly as did the same gentleman whose words I have quoted above regarding the riots in Turin. "You cannot buy a ton of coal for heating in Turin for £20" he said, "and there will not be a pound obtainable at any price this winter unless something is done to increase the import. So far, the only provision that has been made for fuel to tide over the six months of often bitter cold we have here is a lot of wood, stacked all together in one block, where the first enemy agent that wants to can set fire to it by soaking a cat in paraffin touching a match to it, and letting it loose anywhere in that vicinity. It goes down to zero here at times, and you may take it from me that the people will start trouble unless something is done to enable them to keep warm."

"Again, take the qustion of food. You think because you can now get practically anything you care to order that the outlook is favourable. But that is just the trouble. Food has been more plentiful than there has been any warrant for. The Government have not looked ahead. Italy is not much of a cereal producing country, and I happen to be in a position to know how greatly the normal import has been restricted at a time when there is also a falling off of the amount raised in the country. This has already made it hard to get bread, but the real pinch will come when the macaroni supplies begin to run short, as they surely will by the autumn. Mark my word, the Italian Government—and all of the Allies are indirectly responsible—is skating on thin ice if it lets the one part of the country which furnishes practically all its war material—to say nothing of most of its best soldiers—go cold and hungry this winter."

From what I have gathered from letters which have come

to me during the last six weeks from all parts of Italy, both the food and the fuel difficulties and especially the former rapidly went from bad to worse during that period. This undoubtedly bred a discontent which furnished a favourable seed-bed for the pernicious sowings of the representatives of the Russian Revolutionists, whom the various Allied Governments seem to have allowed complete liberty of action in their efforts to extend to all the enemies of the Central Powers the same "blessings" that had proved so efficacious in paralysing the army and navy of their own country.

This discontent, deeper seated and more wide-spread than is even yet understood in any of the Allied countries, was directly responsible for the disturbances of September. The extension of martial law to those sections of the country where the disaffection appeared to be the worst was a drastic measure, but doubtless the only one possible under the circumstances. One does not know whether the conditions were such as to compel a withdrawal of troops actually in the war zone in order adequately to garrison the extended area over which martial law was put in force. Unless the disaffection had extended to the troops already in the provinces —no impossible contingency, however—it should not have been necessary to take men away from the fighting line. On the other hand, if this *did* have to be done, it would account in a measure for the Italian claim that they have been outnumbered four to one by the enemy on the Isonzo.

Value of Victory

With unmistakable signs of a weakening moral among certain elements of the civilian population, there was only one palliative (outside effecting an improvement in the trying economic conditions which were responsible for the trouble) that stood a chance of saving the situation,—it was the one which Germany has so often employed with such signal success to a similar end—a great military victory. Cadorna's drive for Trieste at the end of August had been ready a month before, and the delay in launching it was probably for the purpose of broadening its scope and increasing its chances of success. To understand how high were the hopes built upon this most ambitious of all Italian offensives, one does not have to go farther than the statement which Cadorna—who is noted for his conservatism and reticence—made to a Member of the Chamber of Deputies a day or two after the great blow was struck. He is reported to have said:

> I may declare without boasting that the present manœuvre, owing to its vast objectives and its daring and its probable effects on the whole war, is one of the most important in the history of that war. . . . Our offensive comprises such an extensive front that it would be impossible, except for the simultaneous success at all points; but the country may rest assured of our final success . . . . The imminent and decisive success of Italy over her traditional enemy means the turning point of the whole war.

A letter which I received from a correspondent at Italian General Headquarters at this time, even though it was written after it appeared (as was indeed the case) that the Austrians had the advance blocked at all points, spoke of this offensive as "one of the really big things of the war," adding that it was "just beginning," and to "wait for the next move." That next move, sad to say, when it did come, was launched from the opposite direction. As to just what went wrong one can only conjecture. The Austrian claim of prisoners in counter-attacks was almost equal to that of the Italians themselves, and it is not impossible that the moral of the whole army was not sufficient to maintaining through a fortnight the attacks which were inaugurated so brilliantly with the taking of Monte Santo and the Bainsizza Plateau. At any rate, in the light of subsequent events, we now know that Cadorna was fighting for far more than the opening of the road to Trieste in that fateful week when he was throwing the flower of his armies in successive waves of attack upon the shell-shattered summit of Monte San Gabriele. Great and masterly though the victory was, it fell short of the sweeping one that was needed to make the more querulous of the malcontents forget the shortage of bread and macaroni. The very heavy losses which the Italians sustained at this time must have had the effect of aggravating rather than relieving the ominous situation on the "internal front."

In travelling—on foot and by motor—many scores of miles behind that very sector of the Upper Isonzo front where the Austro-German offensive first broke through, I passed line after line of the most elaborately built trenches I have ever seen on any front. Mile on mile of those built in the earth were not only walled with concrete, but were also vaulted over, so that they formed veritable stone underground galleries, loop-holed and provided with machine gun emplacements in accordance with the very latest practice. Where they were excavated in solid rock the latter was completely covered over with wire netting in such a way at to minimise the danger from flying fragments during a bombardment. That a fighting army occupying them could not have held up for many weeks any kind of attack the enemy could possibly have launched is unbelievable. The Italian communiqué, however, supplies the reason of the rapid advance over them when it speaks of the "lack of resistance of some detachments of the Second Army." One can at least be sure that no Alpini or Bersaglieri units figured in those detachments. Indeed, one reads of the heroic efforts of the one to save beleaguered Monte Nero, and of the "sublime bravery" of the other in protecting the retreat of the main army by holding a crucial key position on the Isonzo.

History, for good or ill, is being made rapidly in Italy this week, and for the moment it will profit little to speculate regarding the significance of the events of one day when they may be discounted by those of the next. The great Liberal Majority—the men who brought Italy into the war and who have been principally responsible for her glorious achievements in prosecuting it—may be counted upon to stand firm in the crisis, and it is they, too, upon whom devolves the task of re-awakening in the less "conscious" industrial workers and peasants a sense of duty and responsibility.

The duty of the Allies of Italy is twofold; first and foremost, such military assistance as the situation may call for, and, second, the taking of such measures as are in any way possible to remove the principal causes of civil unrest. Coal and flour in sufficient quantities are the things most needed. The men who make Italy's guns and munitions must not be allowed to go either cold or hungry this winter.

The peoples of the Allied countries in this great, and perhaps supreme, crisis, would do well to think and speak of Italy only as a temporarily stricken Power, and, keeping well in mind the incalculable debt of gratitude they already owe to that gallant nation and its armies, extend to both a full measure of the confidence and sympathy they so richly merit, and so sorely need, in this their hour of trial.

The foregoing article was substituted at the last moment for a description of Italy's Aerial Cableways by the same writer, illustrations of which appear on Page 19.

A Great Skua

After one of the great gales at the end of September Mr. W. J. Polley of High Street, Burford, in Oxfordshire, sent to this office a bird which had been picked up dead in that neighbourhood. Not being able to identify it we submitted it to the Natural History department, the British Museum, which now informs us that the bird is of considerable interest.

"It is an example of a dusky variety of the Great Skua (*Cathuracta skua*). It is very rarely inland or on our south and eastern coasts but breeds in the northern islands—that is, Shetlands, so that it is uncommon to find it inland. It is of further interest as it is a dark brown colour instead of chestnut brown. A similar variation is figured in Dressers *Birds of Europe* (Vol. VIII, p. 457)."

The specimen, which was a young bird and in excellent condition, is now in the possession of the British Museum.

Little is heard nowadays about Germany's plans for reconstruction after the war, but the work goes on. The Russo-British News Bureau recently mentioned that "the German is making elaborate plans to conduct his trade in Russia as if nothing had happened. From reliable sources we learn that he has established classes for discharged soldiers to train them as commercial travellers. They are taught the Russian language, Russian history, and Russian methods of business. Moreover, numbers of women, some 40,000 it is said, are being taught Russian so that they may be able to conduct correspondence and replace the greatly depleted ranks of men. Yet another idea that is being worked out, is providing Russian agricultural prisoners with sample machines to take back with them to their villages, with the promise of a commsssion on any they can sell. It is a clever idea in its way, but it will be futile if the Allies make ah effort to counter it. There will be enormous trade with Russia after the war, and now is the time to take the necessary st eps to secure it."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* in an account of the autumn meeting of the German Agricultural Society held the other day states that, after an address by the new Minister of Agriculture, a representative from Breslau, spoke as follows on "German Agriculture Production and Food Supply after the war."

"He stated that owing to the different methods for obtaining nitrates, the subject of manure would be entirely revolutionised and production would be greatly increased by nitrate manure, the supply of which would be quite independent of Chile saltpetre. Meadows would produce two or even three hay crops. The cultivation of several kinds of pulse would be limited, but that of lupines extended. The scarcity of concentrated fodder would lead to a reduction in the stocks of cattle for fattening, to a change in the keeping of milch cows, and pig-rearing would lose in importance. The conditions of labour would be altered, and wages would rise. Foreign casual workers and prisoners of war would be wanting. Native workers would have to be induced to settle, and machines would be used more and more.

Our Right Flank

By H. Collinson Owen (Editor of *The Balkan News*).

THE left flank of the Western front runs down to the sea at Nieuport, where it is held by British troops backed by British sea-power. And—a fact which is, perhaps, not often recognised—the right flank of the Western front is also held by British troops backed up by British sea-power; for the real right flank of the Western front is not on the frontier of Switzerland, nor yet on the Adriatic, but on the Gulf of Orfano, in Eastern Macedonia, where the British trenches run down to the Ægean Sea.

A journey to this part of our long Balkan line would dispel in the mind of anybody who held it the idea that our misnamed "Salonika Force" is grouped in and around the city which is fondly described as the Pearl of the Ægean. The land way to Stavros and so on to the right flank of the Allied line runs along the broad valley which lies beyond the first barrier of high hills that shut in Salonika. This broad valley is for the most part filled in by the two large lakes of Langaza and Besik. Only five or six years ago, when the world generally had barely heard of the existence of Salonika, this valley must have been one of the most primitive and isolated stretches of country in Europe.

Salonika has its cinemas, and electric tramcars, and its *Saloniciennes* who follow with great eagerness the latest trend of fashion; but on Lake Langaza, ten miles away across the hills, there are fishing boats which are probably the exact counterparts of boats used two thousand years ago—they could not possibly be more primitive. Here, in this valley, up to four or five years ago, the roaming *comitadji* had it all his own way. An Anglo-Greek with whom I was talking recently said that in Langaza itself—a large picturesque village, where nearly every chimney-pot shelters a stork's nest—he had met a young Greek of less than thirty, who had been leader of a "band" in this neighbourhood, and who claimed sixty Bulgars as his own portion. His special beat was the road out from Salonika up to the valley—now a broad highway lined with Allied camps and innocent of brigands.

Along the valley itself ran the famous Via Ignatia, the old Roman road, starting from near Durazzo on the Albanian coast, which linked up Rome and Constantinople. One can see little or no trace of it now. The road to Stavros is merely an improved track, and where it crosses the beds of watercourses it is non-existent twenty minutes after a fall of rain in the mountains. St. Paul walked along every foot of the valley. The Via Ignatia ran through Salonika itself, along what is now known as the Rue Ignatia, one of the most crowded cosmopolitan, uncomfortable and noisy streets in all the universe.* It climbed over the hills past the twin and beautiful peaks of Hortiach and Kotos which dominate the city, dipped down steeply into the valley, and so on towards Stavros, and along the coast to Constantinople.

Roman civilisation was the last to touch this valley. Since the Romans went, Macedonia has known only one long endless succession of warring tribes, none of whom ever brought with them much beyond the sword and sudden death. And now the British are making war here—one of the very few virile races of Europe which had not already adventured into Macedonia.

For the time being, at any rate, this part of Macedonia behind our lines is perfectly happy and prosperous. We pushed our way through drove after drove of beautiful sleek cattle, very like our Alderney breed but rather bigger. In each one of the occasional villages, swarms of chubby children rushed out at the sound of the car to cheer and shout at the "Johnnies," and all the British here from general to private are plain "Johnnies." Big herds of goats scattered in absurd terror to right and left of the track. Past Lake Besik there is a good deal of cultivation, and everything seemed as placid and as content as could be.

Macedonia is by no means all bare mountains, shimmering with the heat in summer, and icy with the wind of the Vardar in winter. Stavros is as charming and picturesque a spot as any in Europe, with the blue waters of the Gulf of Orfano lapping gently into the bay, and its beautiful green wooded mountains which run down the left finger of the Chalcidice Peninsula to Mount Athos at the end. In a happier or more accessible country, the swelling hills would be dotted with the white villas of the rich, and steam yachts would know its pleasant anchorage. The bathing, as I can vouch, is excellent. There would certainly be a casino, and Monte Carlo would embark on a campaign of intensive rival advertising. But as things are, Stavros is one of the lost corners of the world. It is on the road to nowhere, the railway having completely outclassed the Via Ignatia; or rather, it would have been on the road to nowhere had not the British, waging a war which has taken them into the most unexpected places, dropped down into this corner also. As it is, Stavros is the beginning of the last stage of the journey to our Right Flank. A few miles further along the coast our trenches run down into the sea, and beyond that the Bulgar and the Boche hold sway.

And having at last arrived at our Right Flank it is perhaps a little difficult to know what to say about it. The military expert would no doubt find a great deal to enlarge upon, but for my part, I saw only the same forbidding mountain barrier which everywhere confronts the British on their long Balkan front—a front which, it is perhaps not generally recognised, is much the same length as the one we hold in France. Our land and sea and air forces were showing activity. A monitor had slipped out into the blue water, and was sending some "heavy stuff" over into the Bulgar territory. An aeroplane droned overhead on some private mission of its own, and one of our batteries was barking spasmodically. But this is the small change of war, and leaves little to be said about it at this time of day. For the rest, one knew that our infantry was keeping its unceasing watch down in the valley there, as it has done for many long months past with very little relief; with tier upon tier of Bulgarian positions rising ahead of them, culminating in the great mass of Pilaf Tepe which is something over 6,000 feet high.

Apparent Deadlock

At a dinner that evening in a pleasant white-washed room, the largest to be found in the deserted Greek village of X, the Brigadier asked, with what I thought a quizzical look in his eye, "Well, what do you think of it?" Unfortunately I had to confess that I had nothing to suggest. The layman can sometimes bring forward startling proposals for the benefit of the expert, but as far as our Right Flank is concerned, he was silent. There was only this to be said—that if we can find no particular comfort in contemplating the Bulgar positions, he can find none in looking at ours. And with this, at least, the Brigadier agreed.

It is a most interesting country this, where the Struma widens out into Lake Tahinos before it reaches the sea. As our car hummed up the long hill road to headquarters, a beautiful prospect of land and sea was unfolded, with the coast stretching towards Kavalla in the east (the richest tobacco region in the world) and the mass of Mount Athos just faintly in view to the south. It is a region with strange and large poisonous insects that bite freely; a region where the heat can be fierce in the summer; where thistles grow to such giant size that they make the most patriotic Scotsman feel strangely humble; and where there is a tiny but awkward visitor known as the sand fly (although he is common to all Macedonia) whose bite produces a very rapid and debilitating fever.

It is a country very rich in archæological remains, and possibly our presence here during the war will give an impetus to their exploration when the war is over. The site of ancient Amphipolis is in the No Man's Land between our trenches and the Bulgars, and what the ancient Athenians prized and were very sorry to lose at the hands of Philip, the modern Greeks gained through the good fortune of the last Balkan War—and lost when, by Constantine's treachery of 1916, the Bulgars came down through Rupel.

As already indicated, there are more things to fight against than merely the Bulgar. On two successive nights four visitors slept in the "guest chambers" improvised in a tumble-down house near to headquarters. The rooms were as spick and span as British army cleanliness could make them. But the sand fly was not to be denied. All four were liberally bitten by these tiny and irritating pests, which pass serenely through the meshes of a mosquito net. Of the four, three went down with sand-fly fever within a few days. On the way back along the valley my friend and I bathed in Besik Lake, not far from some ancient warm sulphur baths, whose springs bubble up only a few yards from the shore. It was a blazing hot day—one of the hottest we have had out here—but we kept our sun-helmets on in the water and rejoiced in rude health. Three days later my friend was riding his horse somewhere far up the Seres Road, when he incontinently fell off it. "Sand-fly" had claimed him, and he was picked up with a temperature of over 104. It is a little way Macedonia has—to trip you up just when you are feeling that you are proof against anything her climate can do.

*This article had progressed thus far when somebody came into the room to say that [illegible] Ignatia Street has changed considerably since then.

Joseph Conrad

By Arthur Symons

CONRAD's inexplicable mind has created for itself a secret world to live in, some corner stealthily hidden away from view, among impenetrable forests, on the banks of untravelled rivers. From that corner, like a spider in his web, he throws out tentacles into the darkness; he gathers in his spoils, he collects them like a miser, stripping from them their dreams and visions to decorate his web magnificently. He chooses among them, and sends out into the world shadowy messengers, for the troubling of the peace of man, self-satisfied in his ignorance of the invisible. At the centre of his web sits an elemental sarcasm discussing human affairs with a calm and cynical ferocity; "that particular field whose mission is to jog the memories of men, lest they should forget the meaning of life." Behind that sarcasm crouches some ghastly influence, outside humanity, some powerful devil, invisible, poisonous, irresistible, spawning evil for his delight. They guard this secret corner of the world with mists and delusions, so that very few of those to whom the shadowy messengers have revealed themselves can come nearer than the outer edge of it.

Beyond and below this obscure realm, beyond and below human nature itself, Conrad is seen through the veil of the persons of his drama, living a hidden, exasperated life. And it is by his sympathy with these unpermitted things, the "aggravated witch-dance" in his brain, that Conrad is severed from all material associations, as if stupendously uncivilised, consumed by a continual protest, an insatiable thirst, unsatisfied to be condemned as the mere exercise of a prodigious genius.

Conrad's depth of wisdom must trouble and terrify those who read him for entertainment. There are few secrets in the mind of men or in the pitiless heart of nature that he has not captured and made his plaything. He calls up all the dreams and illusions by which men have been destroyed and saved, and lays them mockingly naked. He is the master of dreams, the interpreter of illusions, the chronicler of memory. He shows the bare side of every virtue, the hidden heroism of every vice or crime. He calls up before him all the injustices that have come to birth out of ignorance and self-love. He shows how failure is success, and success failure, and that the sinner can be saved. His meanest creatures have in them a touch of honour, of honesty, or of heroism; his heroes have always some error, weakness, a mistake, some sin or crime to redeem. And in all this there is no judgment, only an implacable comprehension, as of one outside nature to whom joy and sorrow, right and wrong, savagery and civilization, are equal and indifferent.

Reality, to Conrad, is non-existent; he sees through it into a realm of illusion of the unknown: a world that is comforting and bewildering, filled with ghosts and devils, a world of holy terror. "There was a hot dance of thoughts in his head, a dance of lame, blind, mute thoughts—a whirl of awful cripples." That is how, in one glimpse, he sees through a man's soul. "He was not speaking to me, he was only speaking before me, in a dispute with an invisible personality, antagonistic and inseparable partner of his existence—another possessor of his soul." Always is there some suggestion of a dark region, within and around one; the consciousness that "they made a whole that had features, shades of expression, a complicated aspect that could be remembered by the eye, and something else besides, something invisible, a directing spirit of perdition that dwells within, like a malevolent soul in a detestable body."

"This awful activity of mind" is seen at work on every page, torturing familiar words into strange meanings, clutching at cobwebs, in a continual despair before the unknown. Something must be found, in the most unlikely quarter; a word, a hint, something unsaid but guessed at in a gesture, a change of face. "He turned upon me his eyes suddenly amazed and full of pain, with a bewildered, startled face, as though he had tumbled down from a star." There is a mental crisis in that look: the unknown has suddenly opened.

Memory, that inner voice, stealthy, an inveterate follower; memory, Conrad has found out, is the great secret, the ecstasy and despair which weave the texture of life. *Lord Jim* is the soul's tragedy, ending after a long dim suffusion in clouds, in a great sunset, sudden and final glory. No man lives wholly in his day; every hour of these suspensive days and nights is a part of the past or of the future. Even in a splendid moment, a crisis, like the love scene of Nina and Dain in the woods, there is no forgetfulness.

"In the sublime vanity of her kind she was thinking already of moulding a god out of the clay at her feet.... He spoke of his forefathers." Lord Jim, as he dies, remembers why he is letting himself be killed, and in that remembrance tastes heaven. How is it that no one except Conrad has got to this hidden depth, where the soul really lives and dies, where, in an almost perpetual concealment, it works out its plan, its own fate?

A woman once spoke to me in a phrase I have never forgotten, of Conrad's "sullen subjective vision." Sullen is a fine word for the aspect under which he sees land and sea; sullen clouds, a sullen sea. Some of that quality has come to form part of his mind, which is protesting, supremely conscious. He is never indifferent to his people, rarely kind. He sees them for the most part as they reveal themselves in suffering. Now and then he gives them the full price, the glory, but rarely in this life, or for more than a moment. How can those who live in suspense, between memory and foreboding, ever be happy, except for some little permitted while? The world for those who live in it is a damp forest, where savagery and civilisation meet, and in vain try to mingle. Only the sea, out of sight of land, sometimes gives them freedom.

It is strange but true that Conrad's men are more subtly comprehended and more magnificent than his women. There are few men who are seen full length, and many of them are nameless shadows. Aissa and Nina in the earliest books have the fierce charm of the unknown. In *Lord Jim* there is only one glimpse of the painful mystery of a woman's ignorant heart. In *Nostromo* the women are secondary, hardly alive; there is no woman in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, nor in *Typhoon*, nor in *Youth*. There are some women slightly seen in *Tales of Unrest*, and only one of them, the woman of *The Return*, is actually characterised.

Is there not something of an achievement in this stern rejection of the obvious love-story, the material of almost every novel? Not in a single tale, even when a man dies of regret for a woman, is the woman prominent in the action. Almayer, and not Nina, is the centre of the book named after him. And yet Nina is strange, mysterious, enchanting, as no other woman is to be. Afterwards they are thrust back out of the story; they come and go like spinners of Destiny, unconscious, ignorant, turning idle wheels, like the two women knitting black wool in the waiting-room of the Trading Company's office, "guarding the door of Darkness."

To Conrad there is an unbounded depth in a man's soul; a woman is a definite creature, easily indicated; and in the splendid *To-morrow* (which, turned into a one-act play, bewildered an audience into inanition by the stark immensity of its dramatic power), it is the "hopeful madness of the world" uttered through the voice of an old man "shouting of his trust in an everlasting to-morrow," and not the rapid incident of the man and girl, that contains its meaning.

Now, can we conjecture why a woman has never been the centre of any of these stories? Conrad chooses his tools and his materials; he realises that men are the best materials for his tools. It is only men who can be represented heroically upon the stage of life; who can be seen adventuring doggedly, irresistibly, by sheer will and purpose; it is only given to men to attain a visible glory of achievement. He sees woman as a parasite or an idol, one of the illusions of men. He asks wonderingly how the world can look at them. He shows men fearing them, hating them, captivated, helpless, cruel, conquering. He rarely indicates a great passion between man and woman; his men are passionate after fame, power, success; they embrace the sea in a love-wrestle; they wander down unsounded rivers and succumb to "the spell of the wilderness;" they are gigantic in failure and triumph; they are the children of the mightiness of the earth; but their love is the love of the impossible. What room is there, in this unlimited world, for women? "Oh, she is out of it—completely. They—the women, I mean—are out of it—should be out of it. We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours gets worse. Oh, she had to be out of it."

II.

Conrad's novels have no plots, and they do not need them. They are a series of studies in temperaments, deduced from slight incidents; studies in emotion, with hardly a rag to hold together the one or two scraps of action out of which they are woven. A spider hanging by one leg to his web, or sitting motionless outside it; that is the image of some of these tales, which are made to terrify, bewilder, and grip you. No plot ever made a thing so vital as *Lord Jim*, where there is no plot; merely episodes, explanations, two or three events only significant for the inner meaning by which they are darkened or illuminated. I would call this invention creation; the evasion of what is needless in the plots of most novels. But Conrad has said, of course, the right thing, in a parenthesis:

" It had that mysterious, almost miraculous, power of producing striking effects by means impossible of detection, which is the last word of the highest art."

Conrad conceals his astonishing invention under many disguises. What has seemed to some to be untidy in construction will be found to be a mere matter of subtlety, a skilful arresting of the attention, a diverting of it by a new interest thrust in sideways. *Lord Jim* is a model of intelligent disarray.

In the strict sense Conrad is not a novelist; he writes by instinct. And his art is unlike the art of every other novelist. For instance, Meredith or Stendhal make great things out of surface material; they give us life through its accidents, one brilliantly, the other with scrupulous care. Conrad uses detail as illustrations of his ideas, as veils of life, not as any essential part of it. The illusion to him is more real than the facts; and when he deals with the low or trivial, with Mr. Verloc's dubious shop in the back street, it is always a symbol.

In the " simple tale " of *The Secret Agent*, which is a story of horror, in our London of to-day, the central motive is the same as that of the other romances: memory as Nemesis. The man comes to his death because he cannot get a visible fear out of his eyes; and the woman kills him because she cannot get a more terrible, more actual thing, which she has not seen, but which has been thrust into her brain, out of her eyes. " That particular fiend " drives him into a cruel blunder and her into a madness, a murder, a suicide, which combine into one chain, link after link, inevitably.

The whole question depends upon whether the materia horror surpasses that horror of the soul which is never absent from it; whether the dreadful picture of the woman's hand holding the carving-knife seen reflected on the ceiling by the husband in the last conscious moment before death, is more evident to us than the man's sluggish acquiescence in his crime and the woman's slow intoxication by memory into a crime more direct and perhaps more excusable. It seems, while you are reading it, impossible that the intellect should overcome the pang given to the senses; and yet, on reflection, there is the same mind seen at work, more ruthlessly, more despairingly than ever, turning the soul inside out, in the outwardly " respectable " couple who commit murder, because they " refrained from going to the bottom of facts and motives." Conrad has made a horrible, forgiveable, admirable work of art out of a bright tin can, a befouled shovel, and a stained carving knife.

The Guest Night

By Etienne

THE long-expected news had come; and small groups of officers were discussing it in the smoking-room. The Commander was leaving us. For three years he had been in the ship—longer in fact than any other officer in the mess—and now he was going.

Though hard things had been said about him by his messmates, and though his departure had been openly prayed for by nearly everyone at some time or other, these expressions and sentiments had always been made in the heat of the moment, and are probably commonly said and thought of every Commander there has been, or ever will be, in the service. For by the nature of his position it is impossible for a Commander not to make himself unpopular at times—unless he is a " Popularity Jack," than which there is no more damnable person.

But when the various rumours as to our Commander's departure, which had been floating round the ship, crystallised into naked facts, the ward-room officers of H.M.S. —— realised that they were not only about to lose a first-class Commander, but also a very charming messmate. It was unanimously decided that he should be dined by the mess, with all pomp and honour.

The decision once made, the mess committee—otherwise known as " the civic fathers "—went into consultation with the admiral's staff as to which day during the coming week the ship might be moderately certain of being in harbour. The staff at once assumed an air of profound mystery until threatened that they would not be invited to the feast. On receipt of this ultimatum the " Secrecy Brigade " promptly collapsed and confessed that as far as they knew there was nothing much impending, providing the Germans kept quiet.

A date was fixed, and a formal invitation was sent to the guest of the evening. The mess committee then retired to the fleet surgeon's cabin. They were closed in there for over an hour, ostensibly engaged in composing the menu. The gunnery lieutenant, who lived next door, sardonically suggested that they were engaged in sampling cocktails at the expense of the mess. But as the Paymaster explained, when called upon to give reasons as to the continuous visits of the wine stewards to the scene of the committee's labours, " My dear fellow, how could we compose a menu without being inspired? " and " *Dulce est pro bono publico vinum bibere.*" The young doctor, an artist of merit, painted the menu cards with scenes representing famous incidents in the past two years of the ship's life. Such was one entitled, " Scene on the upper deck when M—— dropped the whaler in the water."

The First Lieutenant, who is known as the " Impresario," arranged a gala kinema performance, an amusement in which the Commander took much joy, having always been by far the most enthusiastic patron (with the possible exception of the Admiral) of our weekly shows.

The guest night arrived, and, fortunately, H.M.S. —— was quietly at anchor. The ship's band, of which we are inordinately proud (it musters twenty-seven members, all amateurs from the lower deck) played " The Roast Beef of Old England," and the feast began its lengthy course. The King's health was drunk with musical honours, and the father of the mess, who had been almost three years with the Commander, made a short speech. The Commander replied, and, these formalities complied with, everyone settled down for the real business of the evening. The first item was the kinematograph performance, which is always held on the upper deck in a space screened in by awnings and canvas curtains.

Our Engineer-Commander, a man of resource, had rigged up an ingenious arrangement by means of which, should the picture palace prove too cold, we can deflect into it the hot-air exhaust from the engine-room. As the first lieutenant proudly if somewhat coarsely remarked to our assistant-paymaster, " My dear fellow, you only want someone's hand to squeeze and the illusion would be complete; you could imagine yourself in a picture palace ashore." On this particular night the *pièce de résistance* was a drama in three parts called *Satan's Amazon*. We get our films weekly from an agent near our regular base, and they are returned at the end of the week—if the Service permits. In between Parts 1 and 2 of the drama the following telegram received by the First Lieutenant that afternoon was thrown on the screen:—

> To Lieutenant ——, H.M.S. ——Urgent. " Satan's Amazon " must arrive here to-day, Saturday. Contract to show film at —— Picturedrome for week beginning Monday, 5th inst.—KINO.

As at the moment *Satan's Amazon* was some 400 miles from her home, in a place where the railway runs not, and as it was Saturday night, the above wire was not without its humour.

During kinema performances the younger members of the mess usually congregate on a life-saving raft at the back of the theatre. This position is known as the threepenny gallery, and the occupants generally keep up a running fire of candid criticism on the various films. In one of the intervals between the films the Captain laughingly told the First Lieutenant that he would be obliged to cancel his licence as manager of the house if the disturbance at the back did not abate. The remark was greeted with loud cheers by the " gallery." Supported by the gunnery lieutenant, the manager announced his intention of clearing the hooligans out of the house. The two " chuckers-out " made a frontal attack on the position, which was easily repulsed. A parley ensued, in which the " gods " agreed to behave themselves if the undesirable characters down below were requested to leave the building. " We may be common people," dramatically shouted the young doctor, " but we are virtuous; look at the people strolling round your promenade, and the Bishop of London was only up here ten days ago! " A cheer went up from the gallery, and the baffled " impresario " returned to his seat in the " promenade." When the kinema was over we adjourned to the ward-room and a sing-song was started.

The famous topical song entitled " Coal in the Sack," and dedicated without special permission to the Commander, was sung and resung. At about 11.30 p.m. it was suggested that a few parlour tricks might not be out of place. I had to leave the mess at five minutes to twelve, as I had the middle watch; but the last impression I received was that of a number of officers endeavouring to balance pokers on the ends of matches, a feat which the " Sub " declared to be quite feasible, and the secret of which he would impart to any gentleman for the very modest price of one whisky and soda.

Next morning breakfast was rather a frosty meal and several people had " livers." At noon we suddenly went to sea and encountered a small gale. By sunset, to all save a few unfortunates, the guest night of the evening before was a memory of the past. To the few it was still a naked living reality.

Will you help to give them shelter?

IF you could see them—caked with Flanders mud, soaked through, tired out—you would understand why the men who bear the brunt of the fighting are anxious for more Y.M.C.A. Huts.

Men are lying out in the "Crater Field" to-day thinking of the warmth, the refreshment, the homely comfort, the never-failing welcome that will be theirs once they can crawl back out of range of the machine-guns and make their way to the Hut with the Red Triangle on its roof.

Will you help to give them what they want?

£250,000 is urgently needed

Before winter closes down on the Western Front—before the cruel cold comes—now is the time when the carpenter should be at work, putting up those new Huts for which our brothers and sons are asking. 97 are needed for France, 60 for the Home Camps, 28 for Salonika, and 8 for Italy. The demand is urgent.

Will you give one? Think of the deep satisfaction of knowing that a Y.M.C.A. Hut bears *your* name; that every one of those splendid men who use it will be *your* guest.

Some day you may be proud to remember that, though you could not share the hardship and the fighting yourself, you did your best to lighten the hardships so bravely borne by the men in the firing line.

A Hut, fully equipped, costs £600, £750, £1,000 or £2,500 according to size. If you cannot give the whole of that sum will you contribute what you can? The men are waiting. The time is short. In a few weeks the first frosts will be here.

Please send your cheque to-day

Donations should be addressed to Major R. L. BARCLAY, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Cheques should be made payable to Major R. L. BARCLAY, and crossed "Barclay's Bank, Limited."

POST THIS TO-DAY.

To Major R. L. BARCLAY, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Sq., London, W.C.1.

I have pleasure in enclosing £..... towards the Special Work of the Y.M.C.A. for the Troops.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Land & Water

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Edward Thomas

EDWARD THOMAS, who was killed in France last spring at the age of thirty-nine, wrote a large number of prose books. Even when forced to produce books for money he wrote with distinction and thought for himself; and the best of his English travel books are better than anything of the sort since Jefferies. For nearly twenty years he wrote no verse, but in 1913, he began writing poetry profusely. Only a few of his friends knew that "Edward Eastaway," who appeared in an anthology this year, was he. He was very shy about his verse and had prepared for publication a volume over the same pseudonym. The book has now appeared (Selwyn and Blount, 3s. 6d. net.) with his real name on it. It is beyond comparison his best book; and a second volume is to follow it.

* * * * *

Thomas was a tall, quiet, reserved man with melancholy eyes and strong hands, browner than those of professional writers usually are. His poems are like him, they are personal in spirit and substance; they have his quietness, his sadness and his strength. When there is profound emotion behind them it is characteristically expressed in few words and a slight troubled movement of the verse. The language is simple and direct, with few made phrases, inversions or fine adjectives; it moves slowly and reflectively, attuned to his prevailing mood, which might be called a mood of resignation if that word did not seem to preclude the inexhaustible freshness of his response to the beauty of earth "lovelier than any mysteries." He felt always the pain of death, and change, but that never clouded his faculty for enjoying things; in his ecstasy over the endless miracles of the earth he was sobered by his knowledge of their transience, but he was not one of those dismal people to whom every ephemeral thing is first and foremost an illustration of the power of the abstractions death and change. He loved things for themselves and thought of their beauty more than of their brevity.

* * * * *

His poems are poems of the earth and of one man who looked at it, not knowing how long he would be able to. It is a lonely man who wanders through the book; when he speaks of other people they are memories or else faintly and remotely in the background. His human relations here are, we feel, subsidiary to, less intense and passionate than, his relations with nature. He is primarily a nature poet, and a peculiar and interesting one. The "landscape" of no English poet has been more normally English than his, and few have covered such a range. Most landscape poetry deals with certain special kinds of times and places, dawn, twilight or sunset, mountains, bleak moorlands, ripe cornfields, seas very rough or very blue, summer more than winter, willows more than oaks, strong sunlight or strong moonlight more than the diffused light of an ordinary overclouded day. This is easily explicable. Scenes very definitely coloured, forms obviously decorative, seasons which make a violent appeal to our senses, shapes and shades by their nature and by tradition indissolubly associated with our universal elementary thoughts and states of feeling will inevitably be those most commonly recalled and described. Moreover many writers have their own dominant and habitual preferences from amongst these; the exhilarating dawns of Wordsworth, the bright still sunshine of Keats, the large moons and lamenting beaches of Tennyson come automatically into the mind with the mention of their names. Edward Thomas was unusual in avoiding the usual. Not only did he not go to nature mostly for decoration or for a material setting for his moods, but he did not *select*, unconsciously or deliberately, his subjects. Except that he avoided large towns and the conventionally romantic, one may fairly say that he was liable to write a poem about anything one might see at any time of day in a walk across the South of England. He was not haunted by the rare unusual things, the one glorious night of a year, the perfect twilight on a lake, the remembered sunset over the marshes, which will haunt most of us. He was moved by and wrote about the things we pass daily and could look at properly if we cared to; he was like one of those simple and charming water-colour painters who will sit down in front of anything, any ditch, haystack or five barred gate, and get the essential into a sketch. White winter sunlight; rain on wild parsley; hawthorn hanging over a reedy pond with a moorhen swimming across it; spring snow and rooks in the bare trees; a gamekeeper's gibbet; the head-brass of a ploughman's team; peewits at nightfall; hounds streaming over a hedge; a February day, thin sunlight on frozen mud and three cart horses looking over a gate; old labourers going home—these are the things he wrote about, and many such trifles many times repeated are the English countryside as it is and as it has been. His earth is not merely something brown that goes with the blue at one particular moment or is dark against the sunset at another; it is earth, now dusty, now wet and clogged, which is ploughed and takes its seed and brings forth corn in due season. He is as close to it at one time as at another; the depths of his heart can be sounded by the dint of a hobnail on a path's mud; and he wants no flamboyant sunsets who can find all the beauty and mystery of colour in the curling white and gold and purple fronds of a pile of swedes.

* * * * *

Any of these poems might be quoted. I will take as an example one of the least conspicuous, a poem less musical than many of them and only indirectly revealing his temperament, one that illustrates scarcely any of his qualities save the closeness of his observation and the use he made of the ordinary. It is *The Path*:

> Running along a bank, a parapet
> That saves from the precipitous wood below
> The level road, there is a path. It serves
> Children for looking down the long smooth steep,
> Between the legs of beech and yew, to where
> A fallen tree checks the sight; while men and women
> Content themselves with the road and what they see
> Over the bank, and what the children tell.
> The path, winding like silver, trickles on,
> Bordered and even invaded by thinnest moss
> That tries to cover roots and crumbling chalk
> With gold, olive and emerald, but in vain.
> The children wear it. They have flattened the bank
> On top, and silvered it between the moss
> With the current of their feet, year after year.
> But the road is houseless, and leads not to school.
> To see a child is rare there, and the eye
> Has but the road, the wood that overhangs
> And undergrows it, and the path that looks
> As if it led on to some legendary
> Or fancied place where men have wished to go
> And stay; till sudden, it ends where the wood ends.

This wood is anywhere and everywhere; we see it continually and take no notice of it; but I think that this poem would mean more than most to an exile in Rhodesia or the Soudan. You get another completely commonplace scene—the country station—in *Adlestrop*:

> Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
> The name, because one afternoon
> Of heat the express-train drew up there
> Unwontedly. It was late June.
>
> The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat,
> No one left and no one came
> On the bare platform. What I saw
> Was Adlestrop—only the name.
>
> And willows, willow-herb and grass,
> And meadows sweet and haycocks dry,
> No whit less still and lonely fair
> Than the high cloudlets in the sky.
>
> And for that minute a blackbird sang
> Close by, and round him, mistier,
> Farther and farther, all the birds
> Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

And almost more typical still is *Tall Nettles*: the corner in a farmyard, with a rusty harrow and a stone roller overgrown by nettles covered with dust, except after a shower.

Where, here and there, the poet is more intimate and gives direct expression to his feelings, he uniformly reaches his highest level of poetry. The best poem in this book is *The Bridge*; there are others not in this book, such as *Aspens*, where, standing at cross-roads outside a smithy, an inn and a shop he listens to the trees talking of rain, and gives the last word on his prevalent mood:

> Whatever wind blows, while they and I have leaves
> We cannot other than an aspen be.
> That ceaselessly, unreasonably grieves,
> Or so men think who like a different tree.

There are one or two poems which touch on the war; the war as a distant and invisible horror subtly troubling the most secluded English fields. The references are brief; his own destiny has made them doubly poignant. But one fancies that dying he may have known that he had left behind him, in the fruits of his recovered youth, work that will make him, a known and living man to at least a few in all succeeding generations of Englishmen.

Books of the Week

The Lost Naval Papers. By BERNARD COPPLESTONE. John Murray. 5s. net.
Songs of the Submarine. By "KLAXON." 2s. net.
Ballads of the Flying Corps. By G. R. SAMWAYS. McBride, Nast and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
A Bolt from the East. By G. F. TURNER. Methuen. 5s. net.
Under the Hermes. By RICHARD DEHAN. Heinemann. 6s. net.
The Red Planet. By W. J. LOCKE. John Lane. 6s.
Revolver Shooting in War. A Practical Handbook. By CAPTAIN CHARLES D. TRACY, the King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regt. Sifton Praed and Co. 1s. 6d. net.

MR. BERNARD COPPLESTONE, author of *The Lost Naval Papers*, can tell a good story, and also on occasion can be delightfully impudent in dealing with politicians, whose identity he veils thinly. In this volume he recounts the experiences of one Inspector Dawson, of the British secret service, in connection with the well-being of the Grand Fleet during the first two years of the war. There is a spice of actuality about the stories which renders them attractive, and there is, too, enough character sketching about Dawson which renders him a figure to remember. He is both imaginative and unimaginative, a mere policeman and a genius—such a mass of contradictions, in fact, as enables one to see him as a mere man, and not as the ordinary detective of fiction. There is about the book a healthy tang of salt water, although all of Dawson's adventures take place on land or in the docks where battleships do resort.

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Some among the many readers of Mr. William J. Locke's work may vote his latest book, *The Red Planet* (John Lane, 6s.) a trifle slow in comparison with earlier works; Mr. Locke has in this instance, written not only a story, but also a study of the war as it affects the provincial community in England—very much in the same way as Wells wrote of Mr. Britling and his little community. Thus those who read for the sake of the story may find that it drags a bit, for there are reflections on the way in which Britain has responded to the calls of the war, reflections put, aptly enough, into the mouth of an officer who was wounded in the South African campaign past the possibility of further service. For the rest, the story itself is of a man who was a coward, and who, knowing his own cowardice, set to work to achieve his own redemption—as far as his past history left that possible. It also tells of a gallant English gentleman or two, and a woman or two who are worth knowing, and, with the artistry that is peculiar to him, the author takes good care that his readers shall know the characters very thoroughly by the time the last page is reached. The oft-quoted long arm of coincidence is strained a bit in order to achieve the ending familiar to Mr. Locke's readers, and one could wish he had made his main character, the disabled major, rather less of a cripple. Nevertheless, *The Red Planet* is a novel that will give pleasure to many, and is a good picture of provincial England as affected by the war.

* * * * *

Mr. G. R. Samways, who sings of the Flying Corps, has already made himself somewhat of a place with aeroplane verse, in which he displays the spirit of the youthful pilot. For instance, this from *The Sergeant*

> Who, when the dawn of peace comes round
> Will ne'er by anxious friends be found,
> Because he's flayed alive, or drowned?
> The Sergeant!

will win the sympathy of all "quirks" who know that sergeant so very well. Not that the author is always in caustic mood, for he can also write good stuff of the Kiplingesque type on occasion. "Klaxon," although concerned most with ditties that sailormen will smile over, since they are written by one who has lived what he writes about, also produces verse of fine quality—his "Overdue," is work of unusual merit, and the invocation "To the Scottish Regiments," again is more than mere verse. We hope to hear more of "Klaxon," who has originality of method as well as of theme, and has the power to express what his fellows of the submarine can only think.

* * * * *

It is, in a way, a disappointment to open a book by Richard Dehan and find that it consists of short stories, but in *Under the Hermes* (Heinemann, 6s. net), this author has produced a collection of tales which will not disappoint the reader. The subjects range from study in the British Museum to life among the Eskimos of Greenland, and include a couple of sketches of the French Revolution in which the author shows the skill of the real short story writer, more especially in the sketch of Voltaire at the deathbed of Emilie du Châtelet, and, after, on his way to the court of the King of Prussia. In these eighteen stories are humour and tragedy, mystery and fine descriptive power, and in each one of them is a touch of the artistry that made *The Dop Doctor* a famous book. More especially will "The Jest," and "How Yamko married fourteen wives," appeal to lovers of folk-lore.

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In *A Bolt from the East*, by G. F. Turner (Methuen, 5s. net), there is an attempt to answer the question as to whether life is worth living, and at the end one is forced to the conclusion that the hackneyed answer to the conundrum is still applicable. The hero is an Indian prince, who brings in theosophic theories and the doctrine of reincarnation, attempting to solve the great problems of life off-hand and to claim, not equality with, but definite knowledge of God, or the Prime Cause, or whatever name may be used. How the prince's pride is brought low, and he is made to see himself as a man and no more is told with great skill and not a little wit, and the theories which the author wishes to enunciate are set round a plot which holds the attention of the reader from first page to last—the moral is kept subservient to the novel all the time. Dealing boldly and yet reverentially with spiritual matters, the author has written an exceptionally good novel.

* * * * *

The author of this excellent little book, Captain Tracy, is a recognised authority on his subject. An expert shot himself, he has done invaluable work in training some thousands of officers in the use of the revolver under service conditions. He is, we believe, the pioneer in this branch of instruction, having started the first army school in the subject, and revolutionised its teaching. In the present volume he supplies, in an easily intelligible and compact form, a résumé of the lectures he has given to officers of the British Army and the Overseas Forces. The ideal at which he aims in his teaching is well-expressed in his story of an American cowboy who, being asked by a bystander the secret of his wonderful speed and accuracy in shooting, replied contemptuously, "Guess yer a clurk, ain't yer? Wal, you don't have to aim with your pen every time you write a letter, do you?" In other words, Captain Tracy's methods aim at making the pupils shoot accurately by a habit that becomes second instinct, so that the officer will shoot at an object as easily and with as little error as one points one's finger at it. The book is full of sound hints and is distinguished by the insight of a born teacher into the personal element in training. We commend it as the best introduction to the use of the revolver.

Italy's Aerial Cableways

Among the Dolomites

Preparing to Start

Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to Passe-Partout, LAND & WATER, 5, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2. Any other information will be given on request.

That Travelling Wrapper

Anyone not yet fully set up in the dressing gown way should send for a tiny booklet which, in spite of its very small dimensions, deals remarkably fully with this kind of thing. Dressing gowns at their best are always desirable possessions, but this little booklet is full of all kinds of tempting propositions, and some very novel ideas too!

Those, however, who still, in spite of all travelling disadvantages, from time to time spend a night or two away from their own roof-tree, will be charmed with one of the offers illustrated in this book—a travelling wrapper and bag. Both of them are in silk cascade, a delightful silk fabric which has come into its own since the unprecedented rise in the price of crêpe de chine, and both are bound round with satin ribbon of contrasting colour.

The wrapper is as pretty an affair as can be encountered anywhere. It only has but one fastening, flutes into fascinating folds of material and when packed goes first into the most astonishingly small compass and then into the awaiting bag. A dressing gown conveyed in this way is indeed to all intents and purposes like carrying a satchelful of handkerchiefs, there being really practically not the least difference in the storage capacity required. The price is merely 29s. 6d., and patterns will willingly be forwarded on request, so that everybody can fully gauge the possibilities of the offer.

The Hygienic Bracket

Everybody wanting to economise space and own the handiest possible contrivance at one and the same time, will be delighted with some hygienic brackets. These most compact affairs are fitted with trays, one above the other—three or four as the case may be, and these trays are absolutely detachable. Thus they can be taken out and cleaned at will, always looking spotlessly fresh in consequence.

These brackets are quite ideal for a bathroom, and can very conveniently be fixed by a wash basin in a lavatory, holding as they do a sponge, nailbrush, tooth powder, tooth brush, shaving brush, shaving soap and all kinds of toilet accessories. The satisfaction of having all these things conveniently stored together out of the way is a very real one—and one, moreover, so easily gained that it may very reasonably be indulged in.

The trays are so shaped that they hold the contents without the least fear of their falling off and getting broken or mislaid, and the clever originator is to be congratulated on the whole affair, as an achievement of convenience and cleanliness.

A Notion for Baby

Quite fascinating is the latest idea in travelling equipment for baby. It is a most compact little holdall with a waterproof cover, and is one of the few novelties of the season.

Its inventor must first of all have had a soldier's valise in mind, and from that worked out the basis of this wholly acceptable idea. Laid out absolutely flat this daintiest proposition reveals itself of white muslin and pink or pale blue quilted silk, with certain receptacles for the important items of baby's toilet. Ribbon tucked elastic bands keep both soap and powder box in place and there is room for nearly everything else that can be thought of.

An attractive white muslin cover keeps little garments from being soiled or disarranged, and then the whole thing folds into a neat small roll going into a waterproof cover.

The small handle allows of this being carried easily anywhere, the waterproof cover ensures that it will not get wet, and hey presto! there is baby's luggage, the most complete affair seen for many a long day. At present the idea is too new a one to be very widely known.

PASSE-PARTOUT

People have been writing to the papers ately on the subject of the ill-treatment of horses in the streets. They would have done more good if, on noticing any case of cruelty, they had gone at once to the telephone, rung up Gerrard 5433, and allowed the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, S.W., to do the rest. This is the only Society which has a staff of inspectors specially trained for the work of preventing cruelty to animals and, on application to the Head Office, the services of an inspector can nearly always be obtained in case of emergency. This humane work cannot be conducted without means, and an appeal is made to the public for further support, so that the Society may keep its staff of inspectors at full strength.

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXX No. 2896 56TH YEAR THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE

The Bolo Conspiracy

France : " Look, Uncle, I have laid hands on a dangerous peace plotter "
Uncle Sam : " On one, my dear girl ! I wish I had hands enough to hold them all !."

LAND & WATER

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1917

CONTENTS

SPEAK PLAINLY

THE moment is opportune for a great declaration by one or more of the politicians whom the chance of their profession happens to have thrown into power among the Allied countries. It might come, perhaps, with most force from that man who speaks with the greatest authority at this moment, and with the freshest and largest forces at his back—the President of the United States. It might take the form of a united declaration. But at any rate, the moment is ripe for such a political action, and that action would not only be advisable and timely—one might almost say that it is an imperative necessity in this crisis: and one that cannot be delayed.

The gravity of the situation created by the great disaster in Italy increases with every day, and, most unfortunately, public opinion has not fully seized the magnitude of the peril. It may even be doubted whether the Parliamentary statesmen finding themselves suddenly faced with this new call upon their resources, have fully grasped the profound significance of the enemy movements upon the Venetian Plain. It has already been pointed out in these columns that in mere scale the enemy victory upon the Isonzo and beyond is by far the biggest thing that has yet happened in the war. It has involved, in a far shorter time, far greater losses of men and material than did any other action of any belligerent during the three years and more that the war has proceeded. More than this, more than the mere matter of scale, the enemy victory upon the Isonzo has for the first time thoroughly shaken and threatened with dissolution the whole of an Allied Army organisation. It would be an exaggeration, of course, to say that the enemy had achieved a decision. As yet he has not done so. It is unfortunately true to say that he has, for the first time since the Battle of the Marne, produced a military situation such that a decision hangs in the balance.

Now if there is one plain duty before the journalist in a time of national crisis, it is the re-enforcement, so far as words can re-enforce it, of the national soul. The business of the publicist, and of the modern Parliamentary politician too, for that matter, is to confirm and sustain within the limited measure of his capacity, the spirit of the nation. The tendering of advice to the soldiers as to what their disposition should be, is not only unpardonable folly, but constitutes a national danger. The interference with men in command on account of private jealousies and of private intrigues is more detestable still. In such actions, conducted by publicist or statesman, we have forces at work directly opposed to our interests, and directly favouring those of the enemy. It would be lamentable if any such forces were to prevail at the present time. But the other function, plain, wholesome, and clearly imposed upon every writer and every speaker at this moment, needs no apology and no defence. To confirm the national will, and to keep the national spirit strong there is no necessity to boast—everyone can see that there is no occasion for boasting to-day—there is still less any necessity, as some imagine, or pretend to imagine, for recurrent panic and sensationalism, which its supporters plead to be in some way a spur to action. All that is needed is to put the facts clearly before the public—that should be done throughout the whole course of the war, regularly and frequently—and in exceptional moments as the present, to plead, not for a military policy, which a journalist is quite incompetent to discuss, but for a political policy, especially of the domestic kind, which he *is* competent to discuss, and which it is his duty to present.

The politicians have not appreciated at all the importance of keeping the public, when it is at war, fully, frequently, and regularly informed. The fact that so much must be hidden has been made a cover for mere slackness in giving information, or what is worse, an occasional violent exaggeration of the favourable features coupled with a hiding away of the unfavourable. It is not too late, even now, for this grave fault upon the part of our politicians to be remedied. It is still possible for opinion to be formed—as much foreign opinion is, and as American opinion certainly is going to be—upon the main features of the war and its progress, the best estimates numbers, material, losses, and so forth. This, we say, is a normal policy of which we stand in great need. But there is also the particular policy that this article is written to advocate, which is that of a solemn pronouncement by the Western Allies that they still intend to save civilisation thoroughly in spite of the very heavy and novel burden just laid upon those who hoped they had nearly accomplished the task. Unless such a pronouncement is made, and made soon, opinion, which is almost overwhelmed by the rapidity of the enemy's advance in Italy, may waver, and may suffer from that confusion which is the gravest of all civilian weakness in time of war.

There is also this advantage to be gained from a public and solemn pronouncement in the name of the Alliance at this moment. It will fix opinion, it will define the boundaries within which we are acting, and it will direct the motive for which such terrible sacrifices have been made. In a word it will anchor the Allies. There is a danger of drift, as there always is in moments of unexpected strain. There is a danger of confused advices and of very dangerous fallacies in public reasoning upon the international affair. All that needs fixing, and a public pronouncement would fix it firmly. In the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, Mr Asquith, referring to his speech at the Guildhall three years ago to-morrow in which he defined the aims for which England entered the war, said: "Unless and until these are attained, there is no hope for the enduring peace of the world." This statement should be now publicly re-asserted in the plainest terms so that no miscomprehension can exist anywhere.

No matter what the peril, no matter what the increase of burden, no matter what the unexpected severity of this new strain may be, civilisation cannot afford to admit its own defeat. It would be suicide. The decent, humane, immensely fruitful tradition of England and France and of all the West, cannot admit a new code of warfare which is no better than indiscriminate murder, and which, once accepted unpunished as a precedent, would prevent security in the future. Civilisation cannot admit the violation of treaties. Civilisation cannot admit the enslavement as prisoners of war, even of combatants—let alone of civilians, and of women and young girls. Civilisation cannot admit the massacre of hostages. Precisely because our ultimate task appears at this moment more difficult than it has appeared for many months past; precisely because we are met by a new, sudden, and unexpected change—precisely on that account, must we put forward again—and in the plainest and most uncompromising terms—the very full of our demands.

The whole war now depends upon the moral attitude of either side. If we weaken in our attitude our enemies have conquered, and with them the forces that would dissolve Europe. If we meet them with as proud a declaration as we met them before this their last success, we shall reduce them, for we have still, on the whole, the larger resources and the stronger faith.

The Tagliamento

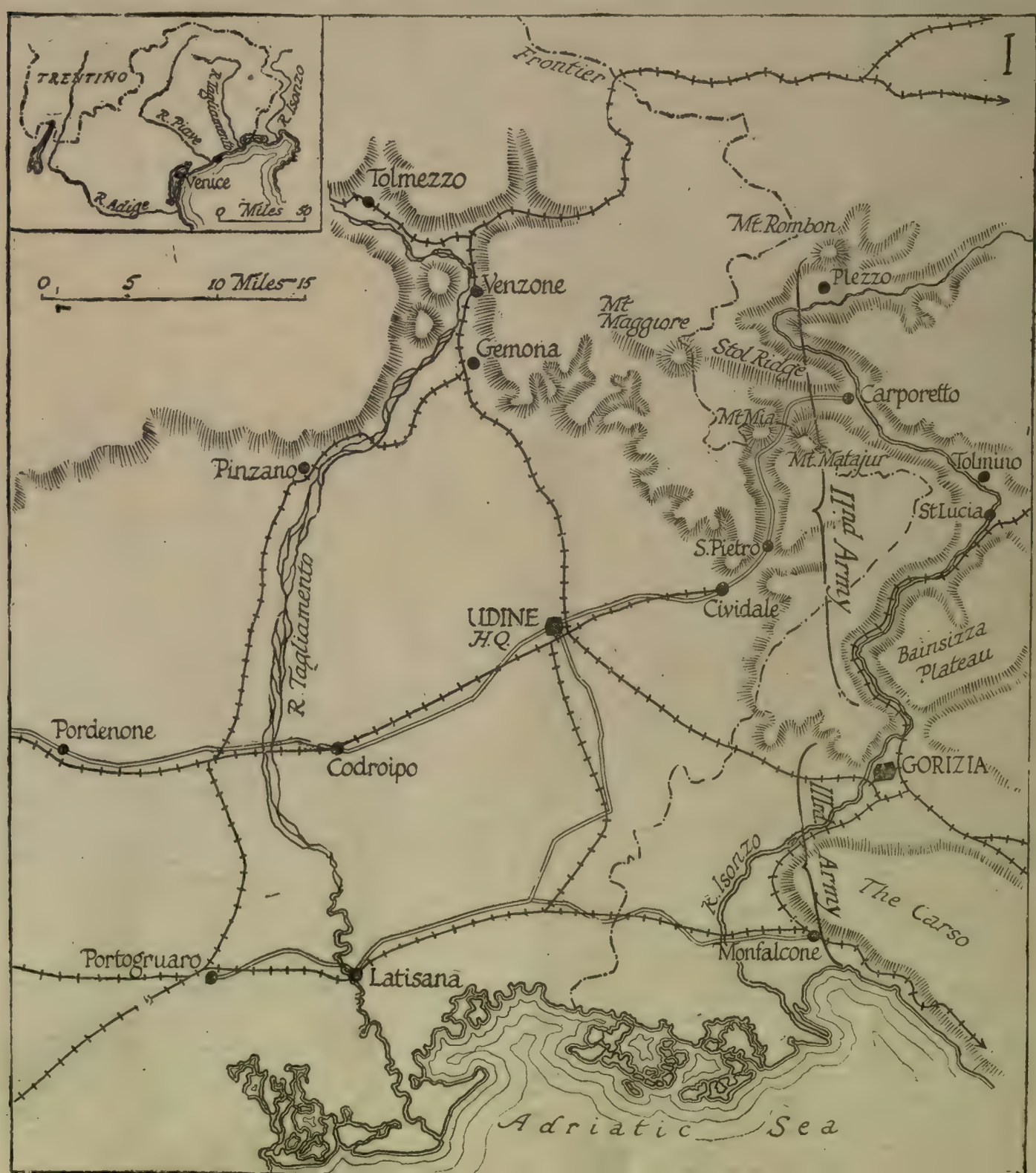
By Hilaire Belloc

CRUCIALLY important as the Italian situation is, there is very little to say about it in the way of reasonable comment, both because it is still so tragically simple and because the information we have upon it is so meagre. The essential thing for British journalism as a whole at this moment is to insist upon the extreme gravity of the crisis and to make opinion face facts—if indeed that can be done. But this duty can be fulfilled in few sentences. There is no need for piling up rhetoric or for repetition.

As to a retrospect upon what has happened, a fuller description made possible by fuller news with which it would have been interesting to have begun this week's article, we are unfortunately debarred from it by a continued lack of information. Such stories as have come through have hardly any military evidence about them. They are mere descriptions of a hurried retirement and tell us nothing of causes or manœuvres. If we put together all the really military evidence available we get something like this :

The enemy concentrated a certain (unknown) number of extra divisions, a very great (but unknown) number of extra guns upon the northern part of the Isonzo front, that is in the mountains, against the Second Italian Army, which held the line from North of Gorizia to the neighbourhood of the Predil Pass. These new divisions, some few of which were Germans, but most of which were Austro-Hungarians, were taken mainly from the Russian front or were formed of men taken from the divisions hitherto standing on the Russian front—at any rate the concentration was clearly made possible by the view the enemy now takes of the Russian front. And if this were true of the concentration in men, it is still more true of the concentration in guns—which was decisive.

What that concentration was we simply do not know. The Press for some reason or other first obviously exaggerated it and then as suddenly minimised it. But those who may be too hastily prepared to accept the smaller figures now suggested should remember that we have no real evidence upon the matter. There was no proper identification of enemy forces before the attack began on the Isonzo front—that is quite clear. It is equally clear that the Russian front cannot now any longer send us accurate news of what is happening in and behind the enemy's lines opposing it.



At any rate, whatever was the concentration in men on the Upper Isonzo, there was a great concentration in guns, and these in their turn must mainly have come from the East, where in the enemy's judgment they were no longer needed.

After a very heavy but short preliminary bombardment the attack was launched in the small hours of Wednesday morning, October 24th, three blows being delivered by three picked bodies of two divisions each—exactly assat Verdun. All these six divisions were German. It is perhap the fact that the spear heads to the attack consisted of these six divisions that has led to the idea that only six extra German divisions were present. The three points of attack were, leading from south to north: (1) That launched from the bridgehead of St. Lucia, just south of Tolmeno, which bridgehead over the river the Austrians had consistently held throughout the recent operations. At this point there is ample supply behind the enemy down the Baca valley, which has an excellent main road and a railway, and a second road coming in from Idria.

(2) The second attack was opposite Caporetto in the very heart of the Isonzo gorge, and was delivered with the object of establishing a bridge there, because Caporetto is the door to the only easy pass through the mountains to the Italian Plain.

(3) The third attack took place at Plezzo also with two divisions, and took place there because Plezzo is the first stop north of Caporetto, where you get elbow room in the shape of a plain down which the mountains recede from the river.

Of these three attacks that from St. Lucia was the decisive one, corresponding to the launching two divisions against Douaumont in the Verdun business. It cut off the second army from the third and at once threatened Caporetto and made the crossing there possible, for the enemy moved northword from St. Lucia up the river bank. The twin attack corresponding to that from St. Lucia was the attack at Plezzo; Caporetto, the third and central point, was but the consequence of the other two. From Plezzo in the north and St. Lucia in the south Caporetto was threatened, and a contemporaneous direct attack on it rushed the mouth of the pass.

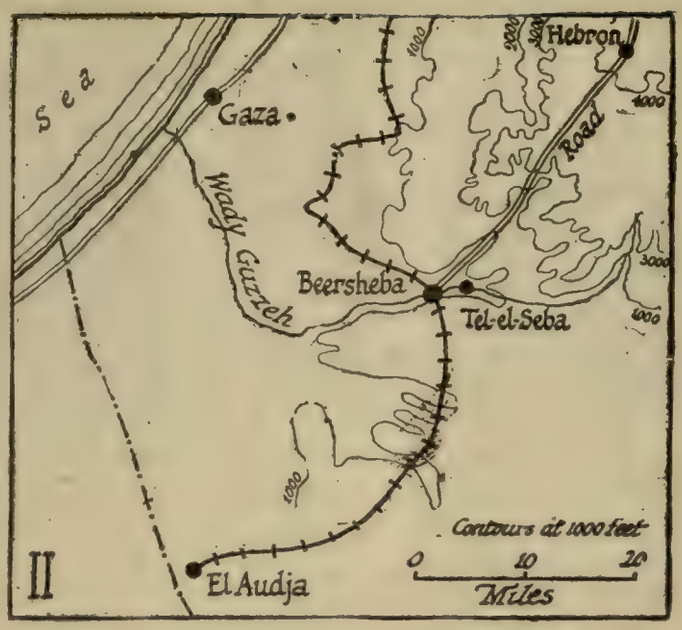
The next task of the enemy was to master the heights immediately above the Isonzo to the west, dominating the pass to the plains. The long spur running down the Monte Maggiore called the Stol, and the great mass of the Mattajur are of the same height within 100 feet (that height about 5,000 feet above the river), and stand like guards above the Isonzo and the Caporetto-Cividale Road. They were mastered 28 hours after the first blow had fallen. That is, in the early morning after daybreak of Thursday the 25th, and after that the success was complete. The centre of the Italian second army was thoroughly broken and this centre corresponded to the easy road through the mountains to the Plain, the first town on the edge of which is Cividale.

This sweeping through the Second Army involved immediate retirement of the Third Army to the south. The remnants of the Second Army, the Headquarters Staff, and all its machinery situated at Udine: the Third Army as yet intact between Gorizia and the Sea, fell back upon the line of the Tagliamento.

There are two permanent established avenues of retirement through the Friuli Plain. Each is marked by a great high road; each is marked by a railway, and each has a permanent bridge across the Tagliamento. The first is the avenue from Udine to Pordenone; the second is the avenue from Monfalcone to Portogruaro. For the withdrawal of such an immense number of men, such an exiguity of communications, especially in the matter of bridges, was a great drawback. For between the old front and the Tagliamento (a distance of from 20 to 30 miles, according to the point from which the retreat of each unit began) there are a number of parallel streams cutting the roads and adding to the difficulties of retirement. It is true that apart from these main roads and railways there are a number of country by-roads and that temporary bridges must (one hopes) have been established across the Tagliamento itself and the smaller streams parallel to it to the east. But the main of the wheeled traffic, all the heavy guns, and pretty well all the petrol traffic must have gone by the two roads and the two railways.

The northern or Pordenone road crosses the Tagliamento by the long wooden bridge Napoleon established, and this bridge is called from the name of the nearest village (two or three miles off) the Bridge of Codroipo. To the south of it an equally long railway viaduct leads from one bank to the other of the enormously broad and usually three-quarter dry bed of the Tagliamento. The southern road and railway crosses the Lower Tagliamento at the point of Latisana, a village standing upon the eastern bank.

When the retreat of the Third Army (still intact) began, the advanced bodies of the enemy were at the same distance from the crossings of the Tagliamento as was the main bulk of the Third Army. It was the obvious manœuvre of the enemy to wheel round southward, that is to the left, and cut off the Third Army if he could, before it had made good its escape by the bridge of Latisana; and for three critical days, during



which we heard not a word from either side upon this essential matter, the thing hung in the balance. It seemed from the map even chances either way. But in the event those chances went, upon the whole, against the enemy. Not that the Third Army got away intact; the last divisions were cut off and it lost a very large proportion of its guns; 60,000 men and no less than 500 pieces fell into the enemy's hands. By the fifth day enough of the remnant of the Second and of the bulk of the Third Armies, formerly constituting the Isonzo front, had got away behind the Tagliamento to re-form a line while reinforcement was coming up from behind, and while the enemy, who had pushed forward advanced units at great speed, was more slowly bringing up his main forces and his heavy material. When the full tale of his captures was announced by the enemy at this close of the first phase in the new Italian business, the figures he gave were 200,000 men and no less than 1,800 guns.

The Tagliamento is, as was pointed out in these columns last week, an insufficient military obstacle. It fills with water only after heavy rains or during the thaws of the snows in the mountains, and all its middle and upper course it is no more than a very broad torrent bed "cut up" (as the name suggests) into a network of tiny shallow rills. It so happened, however, that during the retreat of our Allies there fell for 36 hours continuous and heavy rain and the whole bed of the river was filled with a flooding torrent. We cannot expect it to last long, and the true defence of the Tagliamento line will lie, not in its value as an obstacle, but in the number and quality of the troops which will hold the long prepared trenches upon its eastern bank.

It is clear from the map that the Tagliamento line can easily be turned from the north. But what has not been perhaps sufficiently emphasised is the advantage the enemy here has through his main railway across the Pontebba Pass. If, in the Italian retirement, there was time for a proper destruction of works upon this mountain line, these may take some few days to repair. But we may take it that either immediately or in a short time this railway can amply supply the enemy in the lower foothills of the Alps upon the Upper Tagliamento, that is in the region of Tolmezzo, Venzone and Gemona. Where the valley of the Fella falls into the Tagliamento there is an open space quite large enough for the manœuvring of considerable troops and a blow struck there successfully, or just on the edge of the foothills where the railway crosses the river, would turn the Tagliamento line. Now if the Tagliamento line is lost—and for an army pressed hard after a heavy blow, it is an insufficient obstacle to defend—there is no really good short and strong natural line to hold till one reaches the Adige—the historic barrier of the Italian plain against the north-east. But the line of the Adige uncovers Venice—and we are in the fourth year of the war. The line of the Piave is in its upper part a mere torrent, and in its whole contour lengthy and unsuitable. Of course trenches can be dug anywhere, but so far as natural obstructions are concerned, the Piave is a bad line.

There is no need to say more. There lies before the Allies, before Western civilisation and its fortunes, a more severe ordeal than any it has yet had to face. To face it the civilian populations of all the Allied nations will need to call upon all their tenacity, and above all upon all their clearness of vision—and the test may be upon us very soon, because there may be restored in the Venetian plain the changing and rapidly decisive factors of a war of movement.

That other military news of the week consists in the slight

German retirement over the Ailette and the capture by the British of Beersheba.

The former event was the natural consequence of the very considerable French success at the end of October. Once the spur of Chavignon was in French hands the northern slope of the Chemin des Dames was enfiladed and untenable to the enemy and they had to give it up. They have gone down into the valley and crossed the stream.

The only accounts of what has happened in Palestine so far to hand are the brief despatches from the British command in that region, and a somewhat ampler description coming two days later from Mr. Massey. General Allenby's report tells us that in the night of Tuesday last, October 30th, a British mixed force advanced against Beersheba from the west and south-west. The infantry striking at the defences of the town from this region, presumably at daybreak, the cavalry moved south of it and then round to the east and the town was occupied in the evening after a determined resistance. General Allenby tells us the losses were slight and enumerates his captures at 1,800 prisoners and nine guns. The later expanded account informs us that the cavalry work sweeping round to the south and so round to the east of the town, was accomplished by Australians and New Zealanders, while infantry, English in the main, held and then forced the enemy upon the west of the place. The former troops reduced the fortified knoll of Tele es Saba (where the two valleys meet east of Beersheba) by half-past three in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 31st, and during the remaining hours of daylight, further reduced the German machine-gun post on the northern slopes. This done they cut the Hebron Road by which the enemy within the town might have retired, and before nightfall they occupied the heights immediately north of the road and N.E. of Beersheba which dominate the whole of that district. The town was entered in the early hours of that night and the latest reports bring the total of prisoners to more than two and a-half thousand.

The Conditions of Victory—IV

DETAILED discussion of the terms of peace while the enemy yet feels himself unbeaten is the acceptation of defeat. It is clearly a relaxation of effort under a strain. Such discussion when he has just achieved a new and remarkable success is still more obviously the acceptation of defeat at his hands. It is parleying. Even if we knew nothing of the origin of such a demand, we might theoretically determine that it was of enemy origin; in practice we know that it is, both by the moment of its origin and by the nature of its thesis. For the details proposed for discussion invariably take for granted the continued strength of the enemy and his continued possession of all that he is still able to save.

An acceptation of the enemy's demand for this detailed discussion must be avoided as thoroughly as slackness in discipline must be avoided, or as extravagance in conception. It would be playing directly, and for most unconsciously, into the enemy's hands.

In contrast to such a position is a full appreciation *by ourselves* as to what are the conditions of victory in this awful and decisive business which the Germans deliberately provoked and to which they drove the Austrians in the summer of 1914. We need not delay for a moment upon the presentation of these conditions of victory to an undefeated enemy: For an undefeated enemy could not, for a moment, consider them. It is for ourselves, I repeat, that the study is useful: That we may have our minds clear upon what is the necessary goal of so much effort, and what it is, which if we do not reach, however great the accumulating difficulties may seem, we are lost.

There is here no half-way house as there have been in lesser wars for lesser and often very limited things. The challenge thrown down to Europe, even in the first days of the fight, went to the very roots of national existence. The moment the German spirit began to develop under arms, the fundamental character of the struggle, always clear to those who had watched it coming, became patent by successive examples to the most blind. One after the other all those conventions and sanctities upon which normal European life and the old European civilisation had depended, were violated deliberately upon the initiative of those who, in the very first hours of their projected conquest, had violated the neutrality of Belgium. Nothing but a mental fatigue or a base moral forgetfulness could make men think otherwise of that long descent into chaos which began with the unprecedented ultimatum to Serbia, requiring that country to give up its sovereignty, which proceeded, through the refusal of arbitration and the crossing into Belgian territory, to the massacres and the burning and the shooting of hostages, the looting, and at last the murder of civilian neutrals, and the sinking of hospital ships. The series is not ended yet, nor anything like ended. It is of its nature interminable, and it has not much further to go (if it continues to boast success) for the civilisation of Europe to disappear. No mere scheme of disarmament can wipe out the precedent established if such things go unpunished.

One does not compromise or bargain with a thing of that sort as one might with a dynastic ambition or with a disputed territorial claim. It is clearly life and death on the one side and on the other. It is an issue between an Europe rapidly declining in the future, and declining under the detestable influence of these new doctrines (which cannot create but can only destroy), and an Europe which though terribly weakened, shall yet survive and recover herself. In that issue this country is particularly involved because this country particularly depends upon those conventions and traditions in the relations between civilised communities which make possible our crowded life upon an island, and the bonds of a sporadic Empire.

That indeed, is the point which Englishmen must, above all men, grasp; that their great polity, crowded with great cities, wholly dependent upon the sea, will be vulnerable as will be no other in a future which should permit indiscriminate massacre from the air and from below the waters.

If these new codes of murder are established, no general disarmament by land, no disbanding of conscript armies, secures this island and its vast inheritance. It is at the mercy of the next threat, or compelled to intensive armament for ever. *And nothing can prevent the establishment of that code save the punishment of its promoters.*

As there is no half-way house or compromise to be considered where such a challenge of life and death has been thrown down (and successfully acted upon) so there is no purpose in discussing the chances of success or failure. It was a vulgar and despicable trick with many to prophesy victory as a certitude. It was a still more vulgar and detestable looseness of the mind which gave way, especially in the early days of the war (but again after the overrunning of Serbia) to shrieking panic. But neither the one attitude or the other is of moment to our subject. *The conditions of victory remain precisely the same whether victory be achieved or no; whether it come to-morrow or after any imaginable delay, or do not come at all; whether it suddenly prove easy or in its last stages prove continuously difficult in the extreme, or prove impossible altogether.* When a man is struggling in a rapid current to reach the bank lest he should drown, no debate of his chances is of the least service. He must put forth his full energy to save himself. No near approach will suffice. He must land or drown; one of the two. And that truth is as obvious to the man who thinks his landing easy as it is to the man who thinks it nearly certain he will drown. The one fatal piece of advice and the only fatal piece one could give to such a man in such a strait, would be to advise him to abandon the struggle in the vain hope that somewhere lower down the stream some chance might save him.

So much being said let us appreciate that there are three considerations attaching to these conditions of victory.

The first is that essential act upon which everything depends: The breaking of the evil will to which we are opposed and which still believes—particularly from its recent successes—that it can save itself unbroken: That will can only be broken by punishments imposed after success against it in the field. You will not break it by asking it to break itself.

The second consideration is that certain material results must be apparent as the consequences of victory, lacking which the name victory would be perfectly empty, for the object of war is peace, and a peace lacking these results would be no peace. Those results have been well summarised by the head, not of the present, but of the last Government, when he put forward the formula: "Restoration, Reparation, and Guarantees." These three words between them cover the ground. The German proposal to conquer and to impose a certain rule upon others must be broken and the material result or evidence of that breaking will be the restoration of what this theory has cost the others; the restoration of that which the would-be conquerors have taken by force from others, without ever consulting even so much as the population involved, let alone Treaty or ancient law. It applies not only to the French provinces from which the conqueror provoked a vast emigration, and which he later colonised to his advantage, but also to the wantonly annexed

provinces of Denmark and to the destruction of Poland still more wantonly seized by Prussia (and by Austria at the instigation of Prussia) subject for generations to an obscene tyranny, and partially, but thank God imperfectly, planted by their ravisher. That is what restoration means. It means also the emancipation of the Roumanian, the Serb, the Italian populations which have remained unjustly subject to alien force through nothing more responsible than the conventions of politicians. It does *not* mean the evacuation of territory which happens to have been temporarily occupied by the accident of the present war. That has nothing to do with restoration. That is a mere matter of flux and reflux in the movement of military forces in the course of a campaign. It is no more than a momentary and military accident that the lines lie here or there. They may subsequently be withdrawn well within enemy countries and yet the principle be no whit affected. What has got to be restored is the territories of European men taken without right and ruled by alien force: And this restoration is particularly and sacredly necessary where the ravisher has not only stolen the land, but depopulated it and attempted a colonisation of his own.

Besides restoration there must be reparation. He that did the damage must labour to repair the damage; directly by his work, or indirectly by the export of what his work produces, by heavy impoverishment in his power to consume (but not to produce), and the corresponding enrichment of his former victims, he must make good those material damages which alone it is in his power to make good. The moral evil he can never repair. He will pay for that in the attitude which will be adopted towards him by mankind. If those who openly violate admitted law go free under no penalty to restore what they have destroyed, the law loses its sanction and ceases to be of effect. In other words, if we do not achieve the material result of compelling the enemy to reparation, he has won; for he has proved that he can at his will destroy wantonly and suffer no consequences therefrom. The third limb of the formula is the word "Guarantees," and that means hostages in persons, goods or land, or all three combined.

If there is anyone who seriously believes that a mere promise to slave at reparation and to labour without thought of future aggression will be undertaken voluntarily by a Germany not compelled to such justice, he may be left to his opinions, or better still asked to apply them in practice to the civil sphere of his own country, and to expect the sentence of the law without physical power in the State.

The third consideration upon the conditions of victory is the consideration of a particular test by which we may know by a special instance whether victory has been achieved or no.

In the first point, the fundamental one of all, we speak of military decision and the breaking of the evil will to which we are opposed. It is the largest point. In the second we speak of the general external effects of such victory: Restoration, Reparation and Guarantees. The third is a lesser point, but none the less a vital one. We need a test to which any one can turn: A sort of touchstone by which the simplest can discern whether victory has really been achieved or no. That test or touchstone, very unfamiliar to a modern audience in England and possibly unsympathetic to it, is Poland. There will be a Poland after this war. The resurrection of Poland is certain. Equally certainly it will be either a German Poland or a counter-German Poland. Very well, the test is which of the two Polands shall arise. If the Poland that arises after the war is a German Poland, a Poland under the influence of Vienna and Berlin, then the enemy has won. He controls the East. He has erected his "Middle Europe" and is our master in materials and men. The future is his. If, upon the contrary, we can so thoroughly win as to erect a large and strong independent Polish state pressing upon the German borders and making a counter-weight to the German body, cutting it off from the East and denying its monopoly of mineral resources and of the Baltic Sea; we have won. It is the one clear, simple and practical test by which the issue of the war may be judged.

Military Decision

The first of these considerations, though the most important may be dealt with the most briefly. The evil will to which we are opposed must be destroyed, especially in the interests of this country, and it can only be destroyed in the field.

It is a commonplace, but one perpetually forgotten, an obvious truth, but one continually hidden by metaphor and confused speech, that the springs of human action are in something invisible. Those who are so old-fashioned as to dislike the word "soul" may, if they like, use the word "mind." At any rate, it will be conceded that men's actions depend upon emotions and a mood. The architecture, the letters, the morals and manners of a community, the very existence of the community itself, that is of an organisation as distinguished from a mere dust of individuals, depends upon this invisible factor. In war what affects this factor is victory or defeat. The instinct of every populace agrees to so simple a proposition; the common sense of all cultivated men supports it, for history invariably supports it too.

It is perfectly true that great changes and often the greatest changes of all have taken place through an action upon the mind with which arms had little to do. The propagation of Islam was an armed thing, but that of the Christian Church in the Roman Empire was not. It can be argued that arms might conceivably never enter into the process and it can be asserted that in some of the greatest examples they were absent. But when the element of a military challenge is present; when one philosophy or religion or national claim just or unjust, has put it to the test of arms, then short of failure in arms the claim makes good or, failing in arms it also fails. To this I think there is no exception in all the known history of the world. It is indeed the weakness of thus appealing to arms alone that you risk all from mere material defeat, and upon suffering it will see your ideal destroyed as well as your physical structure. If Islam had conquered in the battlefield half way between Tours and Poitiers in the eighth century, France and Europe would be Mohammedan to-day. It was defeated, and with that military defeat went the beginning of its decline. If Carthage had conquered Rome, the civilisation from which we spring would never have existed. All its ideas, which are to-day the atmosphere we breathe, would be as unfamiliar to us as are to-day the ideas of Baal and Moloch.

The Material Challenge

Now in this present debate the essential point is arms. There was not a conflict between two points of view, each of which was working against the other by persuasion; there was a direct material challenge thrown down by one party to the other in set terms: "We will bring armies against you at our own moment. Our armies are stronger than yours, and will destroy your armies. When we have so destroyed your armies we will impose what terms we choose." That was the German challenge. It was a challenge thrown down under the full certitude of victory (for those who threw it down have never fought odds and have never entertained the idea of fighting odds—it would seem to them mere foolishness, a part of all that chivalric tradition which they call false and despise). It was a challenge concerned with material force alone. If its authors remain undefeated in arms, they have conquered. To think that they have not conquered, simply because their full programme has not been achieved, is to misunderstand the whole nature of the problem. The point is that they felt themselves strong enough to deny the power of civilisation to restrain them. They thought that this impotence to restrain would also involve the fall of the civilisation they attacked. In that they were mistaken. But if they withdraw still undefeated, the core of their original pronouncement remains intact. The plain man puts it in very excellent language when he says: "There is nothing to prevent them beginning again—except fatigue, from which one can always recover." The historical philosopher puts it somewhat differently by saying that "the evil will is unbroken." Both are right. When the barbarian is bought off in any fashion, you are not buying peace, you are buying a truce at usury. You are postponing the evil day at high interest, and all history is there to prove it.

There has appeared during the latter stages of the war, that is, during the stages which are necessarily those of fatigue, an extraordinary doctrine to the effect that defeat is never conclusive. All history is there again to prove the contrary. Defeat, whichever side may suffer it, will produce spiritual fruits of the most vigorous kind. If it be our party which suffers defeat and which accepts the claim of the enemy to violate law and to go unpunished, the sanctity of law in Europe at once loses its force. Progressively and cumulatively the loss of respect for law will proceed, and this will be felt not only in that large field of international relations with which the individual has so little to do, but gradually deeper and deeper down through all the phases of civil and even domestic life.

But there is more than this. The defeated party loses confidence in its own institutions and loses heart, and therefore energy. The thing appears even where your modern industrial man least conceives it possible. It appears in the economic field. The defeated party in a great duel commonly, if history is any guide, declines in material civilisation, goes back and becomes more and more lethargic. In the matter of institutions the defeated party in losing faith loses stability.

Every one of the successful constitutions of modern times, the British, the American, the modern German, has proceeded from a sense of victory. It has not been some marvellous balance of their own, some consummate wisdom in their

framers, it has been essentially the prestige of victory which has caused them to flourish. Conversely, if you ask why this or that constitution works ill or is unpopular, why authority consequently dwindles, and why a continued weakness oppresses the State, you will find, though not universally, the roots of the evil to lie in defeat. The standing example of this in Europe to-day is, I think, the French Parliament. True, the system was not chosen by the French and, being an oligarchic system, is very ill suited to their democratic temperament. It is corrupt as all Parliaments are corrupt; it is second rate as all Parliaments are second rate. But if you will read the actual text of the constitution imposed upon the French as an experiment by a small clique after their great defeat of a generation ago, you will find that it contains elements of central power even stronger than those which are the flywheel and guarantee of the American constitution. You will find the safeguards for a full representative character in the French Chamber far stronger in theory and in practice than those which apply to the British House of Commons; you will even find checks for the curbing of the caucus and the professional politicians, such as are wholly lacking in this country and in America hardly to be discovered save in the institution of the Supreme Court. Why, then, do you find in France the Parliament regarded as it is, its membership a subject of contempt, and the whole popular feeling towards it that which one might have towards a disease? I believe that the origin of this misfortune lies in the fact that it arose in defeat.

Even of institutions that do not arise in defeat it is true that when they have suffered defeat they lose moral authority. "A failure in foreign policy" (and there is no such failure like a failure in war) "is the root of all dynastic change." That is a true saying.

This country has been happily ignorant of any such blow delivered to its fundamental institutions for many generations. It cannot yet conceive of what would follow upon the loss of authority consequent to defeat. But it instinctively feels that a military failure would imperil the domestic life of the nation. And it is right.

There remains beyond these perhaps too general though true conceptions, this highly practical and immediate one: Unless we achieve success in the field nothing of our task can be done. The remainder of what we have to consider, restitution, reparation and guarantees, future securities, all these remain pure vanities and academic talk unless victory be there to impose them. If victory be not achieved or cannot be achieved, it is a futility to discuss how much or what the enemy may in his kindness grant, or through his present fatigue temporarily admit.

An undefeated Germany is a victorious Germany. It is a Germany every institution of which will be tenfold stronger than it was before the war. It is a Germany which will be able to say to the world: "We stood up in arms against a universal coalition and defeated it." And to itself: "We failed indeed to achieve an easy victory upon the offensive, but we achieved a stubborn one upon the defensive which has the more thoroughly welded our strength. We have ruined the Russian Empire which we dreaded; we have made all the Central Empires our vassals. We have made all the lesser nations dread us or depend upon us, and the future is ours."

In that future German things from the mechanical to the cruel, from stupidity to impotence; from confusion of thought to its invariable accompaniment, minuteness of detail, would colour the West and with the West ourselves. Those who loved them in the past (and they were many) may be content at the prospect. Those who detested them when they knew them (and they were many, many more) may despair.

H. BELLOC

Sweden and the War

By F. Henriksson, Author of *England in the World's War* (just published in Sweden)

THE political struggle in Sweden, which has now resulted in the formation of a Liberal-Socialist Government, is only a continuation of the political development before the war, but it has been greatly influenced by the experiences of the war. It could truly be said that in no neutral country are the moral and ethical forces behind the war and the displacement of those forces in the course of the terrible conflict so strongly reflected in the internal political development as in Sweden.

Russia's expansive force was for more than a hundred years the principal external factor influencing Swedish policy. It was increasingly so during the present generation when the forcible Russification of Finland, which country was built up by the Swedes, with Swedish laws and customs, seemed immediately to threaten Sweden. The talk of Russian plans for an ice-free Atlantic port, with the possible annexation of Northern Sweden and Northern Norway, excited public opinion. All classes considered it a real danger and it was particularly used by the Militarists in support of their plans for strengthening the country's defences. Revelations of a widespread espionage system in Sweden, conducted by the Russian Military Attaché at Stockholm, the attempted fortification of the Aland Islands, contrary to the guarantee of the Franco-English Treaty, and other events tended in the years immediately before the war to convince Sweden of an immediate menace from the east.

Germany was increasingly looked upon as the only effective barrier against the feared Slav expansion westwards. It is true that England had supported Sweden against the attempt to build what was called a "Gibraltar of the North" on the Aland Islands, which would have been able to command the Swedish capital with its guns. But it was considered that against a military Russian expansion westwards only Germany would be able to give effective military support. Germany had a vital interest, not only to stem the Slav pressure on her own frontier but also to prevent the Scandinavian peninsula from being overpowered by that pressure—that was the trend of Swedish argument.

To this strong political motive for reliance on Germany were added close racial relations, intimate intellectual and personal intercourse, increasing commercial connections and admiration for the peaceful qualities revealed and expressed in the development of modern Germany, the great capacity for organisation, the application of science in all branches of industry and commerce, the system of education and so on. It seemed even to the superficial observer that a system which gave such results must on the face of it be a superior one. That system was the German military system, the rigid military and bureaucratic organisation, with the subservience of the civilian to the military and the individual to the State. That system appeared to be the foundation and strength of the Germany after 1871. This palpable fact was of course used to the utmost, particularly by the Reactionaries.

Thus the political contest long before the war centred in the conflict of those governing ideas, to which President Wilson so trenchantly has given expression as standing against one another at present. The process in Sweden was the normal one for a country emerging from an agricultural to an industrial state. The Social Democrats, gradually ripening in the school of experience and now corresponding to the English Radicals, with an Extremist group evolving out of them, were in strong ascendency. In the General Election of September, 1914, they became the largest party in the Lower Chamber. The Liberals, rooted in the old peasant party, were reduced in the pressure between the Social Democrats and the Conservatives.

But in spite of the parliamentary strength of the Parties of the Left the Government remained in the hands of the Conservatives as the Crown used its prerogative for that purpose. The first Liberal Ministry had at the beginning of that year been ousted from power by the Conservatives, using the Crown, evidently willingly, in a forced conflict on the question of increased armaments. The parties of the Left were powerless in face of this use of the prerogative, as the extended franchise was insufficient to ensure against their dominating force in the Lower Chamber being overridden by the Conservative majority in the Upper Chamber.

The first months of the war created a peculiar atmosphere. The Germans had for long time assiduously cultivated their interests in Sweden. It was strongly suspected that they worked hand in hand with certain Swedish military propagandists and nursed Sweden's fear of Russia. German political, technical and scientific literature penetrated Sweden. The German Press was the general source of information for the Swedish Press on foreign affairs. "Wolff's Telegraph Agency," under supervision of the German authorities, had the monopoly of foreign news for Scandinavia. This was deliberately selected and doctored in Berlin before it was passed on to the Scandinavian press, and there were glaring instances of suppressing or editing British intelligence to suit German interests.

And then when the war broke out there burst upon Sweden a veritable torrent of printed, written and spoken propaganda. It came with the same suddenness as the war; it created the inevitable impression of well-prepared machinery, set in motion by the pressure of a button. At that moment the

war presented itself to many Swedes as a preventive-defensive war on the part of Germany. To them, nursed in the shadow of the Russian menace, the Alliance between autocratic and expanding Russia and free, democratic Britain, in desperate commercial competition with Germany in the world's markets, seemed an unholy one and incompatible with professed solicitude for small nations.

Those mentally inclined towards Germany saw in the "encircling of the Central Empires" a conclusive proof of the truth of the case Germany put forward with regard to the real causes of the war. Some of the most prominent German scientists preached their war theses in Sweden, and German editors and deputies came there to organise their propaganda. One of the most energetic amongst them, the now well-known Erzberger, to mention one instance, came and offered exclusive personal war cables, and some leading papers printed his glowing descriptions of the great victories on the west. New German news agencies were created, which flooded the Scandinavian editorial offices with telegraphic matter.

These details are mentioned in order to explain a widely prevailing mood of thought in the first period of the war. Those circles here referred to were mainly to be found in the surroundings of the Court, among the higher bureaucracy and the military. They believed in a short campaign and a crushing German victory. What could England do! was their refrain. The Queen, strong willed, a born princess of Baden and a cousin of the Kaiser, was the rallying point for these forces and she did not hide her light under a bushel. The Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, born Margaret of Connaught, kept a discreet reticence in accordance with their position. They have succeeded in keeping out of the political controversy, thus not compromising their future.

Active Neutrality

Difficulties emerging from the war soon appeared. They mainly centred round trade questions. A characteristic movement greatly disturbed the patriotic harmony. Moved by different causes and a false conception of the origin and innermost meaning of the war, and undoubtedly spurred by strong German influences and German victories, a group of the "young blood," mostly Conservatives, began to preach what they so contradictorily called "active neutrality." Their idea was that the time had come to eliminate the Russian menace by assisting Germany, liberating Finland and freeing the eastern Baltic shores. They advocated openly "courageous lining up at the side of Germany," as the phrase went, and acted in close co-operation with the corresponding "young blood" of Finland. The German Legation in Stockholm was a centre for this co-operation; a large number of Finlanders went to Germany to be trained as soldiers; arrangements for smuggling of arms into Finland were made and valuable information from Russia was constantly obtained through these channels.

The "Activists" were never numerically strong and they were widely ridiculed. But their connections among the governing classes, which held the grip on the State machine, the silent support from ruling circles, their underhand methods with German intrigues and plans for a rising in Finland, which should fire the Swedes, made them at one time dangerous in the sense that by a military or other coup the country might have been faced with a *fait accompli*, involving it in war against the will of the overwhelming majority of the people. The highest danger point was reached when in August, 1915, the German armies penetrated deep into Russia and appeared able to get to Petrograd.

But before that time the Liberals and the Social Democrats, particularly the latter under the strong lead of Mr. Branting, had conceived the danger of a coup, and had awakened public opinion to it. They had challenged the Conservatives and the Government in Parliament to denounce the dangerous activities and received certain assurances. But although the Conservative Party leaders disclaimed connection with the "Activists," they could never be prevailed upon to denounce them or express any decided disapproval of their propaganda; on the contrary, they publicly expressed their esteem of the movement as having ultimately the highest patriotic end in view.

It was laid down as a leading thesis of international law that a neutral country's trade with belligerents was only limited by the belligerents' ability to stop by force the trade in contraband as determined by international law. The belligerents' needs, particularly Germany's, and in a less degree Russia's, gave rise to an enormously profitable trade in the countries situated between the belligerents. The Scandinavian countries were flooded by a swarm of commercial adventurers of a very cosmopolitan character with certain races predominating. A great gamble began. Millions were often earned in a day in commercial speculations by persons who had no knowledge of commercial transactions. It was the great time of the "goulyash barons"—a general name given to these get-rich-quick-on-the-war people on account of the fortunes made by evading the law in making and sending large quantities of "goulyash" to Germany from Denmark. The proceedings of the English Prize Court have given many interesting details of the methods used by the gamblers to get goods into Germany.

There was of course also a large increase in more legitimate business with commensurate profits in certain industrial and commercial branches, such as shipping, which made considerable fortunes, but those profits generally speaking never penetrated deep into the community. They remained in a comparatively few hands, while the population as a whole very early began to feel the depressing influences of the war in increasing scarcity of foodstuffs and raw materials.

Blockade Measures

Only as the effects of the blockade measures, forced by German lawlessness at sea, began to be felt more and more did the Hammarskjöld government gradually restrict the free reins of commercial enterprise by a series of export prohibitions and conditional licenses, compensation arrangements and other measures. But all those steps were characterised by vagueness and hesitation to interfere with the free play of economic forces. Thus, for instance, the export of agricultural produce, which before the war had its principal market in England, as a consequence soon went altogether to Germany, where the demand was much greater and higher prices were paid. The more far-sighted urged the wisdom of maintaining as far as possible the pre-war export both to England and Germany, even at a loss, the more so as the country had to look to importation from the west of such raw materials as oils, fats and fodder in order to maintain its agricultural production. But it was of no avail. As a result the import of those raw materials was finally practically cut off by England for the reason given that she could not as a belligerent be a party to assisting her enemy by supplying Sweden with oils and fats, for the manufacture of margarine, which released butter for export to Germany. The result was that the butter export ceased of itself and a scarcity of butter and margarine occurred in Sweden.

The Hammarskjöld policy of neutrality became more and more suspect to the Entente Powers, who formed the opinion that it was conducted by a mentality inclined towards Germany if not influenced by Germany for one reason or another. They considered that it was subservient to Germany, indulgently passing over the most brutal manifestation of German warfare, which was hitting even neutrals hard, such as the destruction of neutral ships without warning and murdering of neutral sailors, while it reacted strongly, even by hasty actions, against the Entente blockade measures, which, however considered, must be placed in a very much milder category of warfare. That was also the liberal criticism in Sweden, which found the Premier blinded by legal formalism.

By degrees opposition against the Hammarskjöld policy rose in Sweden as the growing difficulties in getting supplies from the west as result of that policy caused increased shortage of many necessities. The widening opposition extended rapidly to industry and commerce. Great confidence had all the time been put in the Foreign Minister, Wallenberg, whose sympathies and whole character were considered as a safeguard, but events tended to show that he had finally been overruled by a mastering mind. It should be pointed out that Hammarskjöld, the Prime Minister, has not in Sweden been seriously accused of any direct "Pro-German" policy or of intention to deviate from conscious neutrality; he was probably convinced of conducting a purely Swedish and strict neutrality. But effects count more than intentions in a position of such responsibility in a world's crisis. He was gradually accused of taking all the powers of Government in his own hand and of overriding Parliament.

The gathering storm broke out when Parliament met last January. The Social Democrats gave the Government notice that the party-truce was at an end as a consequence of the policy of the Government. Their attacks were violent; they were supported by the Liberals and outside those parties public opinion in the country was now strongly aroused on account of the scarcity in foodstuffs, which had necessitated rationing. The reckless submarine warfare declared by Germany in February altered somewhat the real position as it made a trade agreement with England—a second attempt to make one, for which Swedish delegates had been in London some months, had just failed—of less importance on account of the transport difficulties, but the feeling in Sweden could not be checked. The Hammarskjöld Government had to go.

The King again summoned a Conservative Ministry, with a very capable business man and experienced politician, Swartz, as Premier, and the ex-Premier Lindman as Foreign

Minister. It was undoubtedly a considerable improvement on their predecessors. But the rising tide, influenced by the revolution in Russia and America's entry in the war, was too strong. The Social Democrat leader Branting raised the constitutional question, demanding extension of the franchise to the Upper Chamber, which would break down the domination of the Conservatives there and thus introduce Parliamentary Government. Signs of unrest appeared in many places, mainly on account of the food policy; large masses of people demonstrated threateningly outside the Parliament and the Castle in Stockholm; there was even serious collision between them and the police and military. In several garrisons there were signs of disaffection, and worse things might have happened but for Branting's assurance that order would be maintained if provocatory military measures were not taken and the demonstrators justifying the trust Branting had put in them. The new Government, however, refused the demand for constitutional reform, but the Premier referred to the approaching General Election as the best way for the country to decide.

The main points in the Democratic Party's election programme were the demand for franchise extension as a necessary preliminary to the institution of democratic Government, resting on the majority will of the people, and condemnation of the Hammarskjöld trade policy and general conduct of State affairs with its appearance of partiality towards the different groups of belligerents. The extreme section of the Conservatives, those who had been called pronounced "Pro-Germans," and who had supported the "Activists," raised the cry of danger to neutrality, should the Left and particularly Branting and his party get into power, as they would then drag Sweden into the war on the Entente side and submit to its extreme blockade demands.

But the opinions of the electorate were too firmly held to be greatly influenced by these scares. The great bulk of the population had never any real leaning towards Germany. It was only the position within the State machinery of a small section, its aggressive methods and the initial force of the German propaganda and the Russian menace which made it outwardly appear at first as if there was a strong Pro-German opinion in Sweden. Even in the first months of the war there was a bitter social struggle between "Pro-Ententists" and "Pro-Germans." A large portion of the press has constantly worked against German influences, and papers like *Socialdemokraten* have been accused of extreme Pro-Entente leanings.

The result of the elections was never in doubt. The Luxburg revelations added fire to popular resentment, but they did not much influence the voting, as this was already completed in many divisions. It should be emphasised that the English Press has not done justice to the deep indignation in Sweden at the disclosure of German cypher messages being sent through a Swedish Legation. The only real defence was that the practice had grown up gradually and without suspicion from small beginnings, and the Foreign Minister and the Government were by public opinion freed from any knowledge of the real nature and extent the practice had assumed. It was, however, their duty to know, as they were responsible, and in face of this they were further strongly attacked for lacking a clear conception of the gravity and the consequences of the matter, manifested in casuistic explanations, instead of an open and frank statement.

The result of the General Election was: Social Democrats, 86; Liberals, 62; Conservatives, 58; Extreme Socialists, 12; two new Peasant Groups, 12. The state of Parties before the Election was: Conservatives, 86; Social Democrats, 72; Liberals, 57; Extreme Socialists, 15. The Parties of the Left thus obtained a clear majority even in the combined voting of both Chambers, which is necessary for certain important decisions.

As a consequence the Swartz Government resigned, despite attempts from the Reactionaries to inveigle the Crown again into party strife. This Government received the testimony from their opponents that they had done their best to correct the faults of the Hammarskjöld policy, but at the same time it was claimed that the Foreign Minister, Lindman, could not possibly retain a post in which he had been formally responsible for the Luxburg telegrams, which had so seriously compromised Sweden.

The King attempted to form a Coalition Government with the view of maintaining a united front externally and of re-establishing the party truce. The plan received sympathy from all Parties, but it fell through because the Conservatives would not risk their existence as a Party by acceding to the demand for immediate reform of the franchise.

(*To be continued.*)

The Power of the People

By L. P. Jacks

IN what does the "power of the people" consist and how can we ascertain whether it is on the increase or on the wane?

We might begin with statistics of population and wealth. But these by themselves prove nothing. A community may increase in population and yet become degenerate; it may increase in wealth and become corrupt. As everybody knows the Roman Empire was losing power at the very time when it was increasing in population and in wealth. It will be agreed that we must look for other signs.

Shall we fall back then upon success in war and take that as our test? But this again proves nothing, or nothing to the purpose. To begin with, the "power" to which conquest bears witness is power of a special kind which may co-exist with marked weakness in other directions; and is hardly what we have in mind when *the power of the people* is in question. But waiving that, success in war does not prove that even the special kind of power which war requires is on the increase. It might be that this power was declining in all the nations together, but declining less rapidly in the nation which conquers than in the others. To beat your enemies in war it is not necessary that you should increase in warlike power; it is enough if you decrease less rapidly than they.

Let us try for another test. What shall we say to the extension of the franchise? That people, we might argue, is growing in power which is giving to its members a larger share in the business of government, the greater the number of persons who possess a vote the greater will be the power of the people. This at first sight looks more promising; but unfortunately the promise is damped by further consideration. What looks promising is that the people, all of whom we will assume now possess the vote, have the power to get what they want. What damps the promise is that the people seldom know what they want. Shall we keep Mesopotamia or shall we give it up? Some of us are for the one, some for the other. Shall we establish Home Rule or try something else? Some of us are for the one, some for the other. Consequently the people break into parties or factions, and instead of concentrating their power on a prompt settlement of Ireland or Mesopotamia, waste it in a war of minds which goes on for a half century and generates so much bad temper that the questions at issue become almost insoluble. Is that a sign of power?

But we are not yet at the end of our tether. Instead of thinking of the questions on which the people seem unable to make up their mind let us turn to those which by one means or another do get themselves settled. Let us judge by accomplished results, by the legislation actually turned out, by the elaboration and the efficiency of the government machinery, of one kind or another, which an enfranchised people sets up for the purpose of defending its house and keeping the inmates in order.

There are the Army and Navy, equipped with all that science and skill can devise. There are the Constitution, the laws, the rules of Parliamentary Procedure, the Courts of Justice, the jails, the police. Behold this vast organisation, and as it develops and extends and imposes its rules on ever widening circles of the normal life may we not say that the people, whose will it represents, is growing in power?

At last, then, we seem to have discovered a sound test by applying which we can ascertain whether the power of the people is increasing or the reverse. The test is organisation, as revealed by the laws enacted and enforced.

But even this test is not infallible. Unless the greatest care is used in its application it may lead to mischievous conclusions, and has in fact done so already to an extent which is alarming. It may give us an inflated notion of the power of the people. And it may blind us to their weakness.

We must ask not merely *how much* organisation there is, but what is its purpose, *what is it for*? Suppose that the greater part consists of laws and rules for compelling people to do what they ought to do for themselves without compulsion—for example, keeping their promises, or providing for their old age, or educating their children, or behaving themselves decently in the streets. Should we not now begin to draw conclusions contrary to those to which our first impressions led us? Should we not say that all this governmental machinery which seems at first sight to speak of nothing but

power is rather the sign of weakness further back? Evidently we should argue, these people are weak in the principle of honour, weak in the sense of parental duty, weak in self respect and intelligence, or they would not require so many laws and so many policemen to compel them to keep their promises, to educate their children, to provide for their old age, and to behave decently in the streets. Suppose some genial philosopher should take us to a chemist's shop and say, "Here are the signs of the health of the people. See how powerfully science is grappling with the ills of the body. An appropriate remedy for every disease! Not one of them without its corresponding bottle of physic! Lethal weapons for the microbe! Death for colic, gout, measles! You are in the very temple of health."

What should we answer to our genial philosopher? "Your argument," we should say, "is a bad one."

Let us try a bolder image still. Suppose we could be introduced in turn to two planets. The first we will imagine to be roaring with "government" of the type or types that now exist on this earth; parliaments in full swing everywhere; laws pouring out from the Senate house like sausages from a Chicago pork-factory; an incorruptible policeman at every street corner; and a good substantial jail to cheer the eye of the traveller at the entrance of every town. Our second planet shall have none of these things. Its inhabitants shall manage their affairs by means of an understanding, such as exists in every well-regulated family, that they are to trust one another for decent behaviour. On which of these two planets should we see the plainest signs of the *power* of the people? I give my vote, without hesitation, for the second.

But all this, it may be said, is not quite fair. Granted that the laws and the courts of justice and the jails and the policemen, and all the other means the people take to keep themselves in order, do suggest what you say—namely that the principle of order must be weak to begin with. But they suggest something else as well, which is, that the people *know* their weakness and are taking the appropriate means to make themselves strong. It is because they recognise the importance of their duties and are resolved to acquire the habit of doing them, that they set up a government and continually increase its scope. The government is a sign of power after all.

Functions of Government

Very good. But now, if this line of reasoning is sound what are we entitled to expect? We are entitled to expect that as time goes on there will be a gradual diminution of the function of government. As the people acquire the habits of order and goodwill which the laws and the police are intended to teach them, the output of law and the number of policemen will steadily decrease. But they don't decrease. They increase by leaps and bounds. Day by day there are more orders to obey and more compulsion to submit to. The habit of spontaneous good behaviour is not being acquired. The habit that *is* being acquired is of a very different kind. It is the habit of relying upon government to effect everything which we might easily effect for ourselves. And my contention is that the growth of that habit measures not the power of the people but its weakness.

So then I am driven to the conclusion that the true test of growth in the power of the people lies not in the amount of government it creates, but in the amount of government it can dispense with; not in the number of laws it enacts, but in the number it can do without. This is my answer to the question with which I set out.

The cry is ever for more government and more laws; and when one pleads, as I am always doing, for less government and fewer laws, and argues that a sovereign people should show its sovereignty by abstaining from the misconduct which renders policemen necessary, there is an inevitable shout of derision: "What! No courts of law! No jails! No lawyers! No elections! No Secretaries of State!" Thus the *Spectator* not long ago, in criticising certain pacifist proposals of a rather foolish nature, had this sentence: "There would certainly be greater waste of money and greater human suffering if we disbanded our police force, pulled down our jails and placed no check on private greed and private passion." Quite true. But my point is that whatever sign of a people's power may be read in the jails and policemen appointed to check its evil passions, there is a sign of greater weakness in the evil passions that need to be so checked.

There is a much shorter cut to the same end than that provided by the jails and policemen, which is, of course, to get rid of the evil passions in the first instance; and that, I contend, is what we should expect a really *powerful* people to do. I suppose most persons would grant so obvious a commonplace. Why then has no sovereign people so far taken this obvious shorter cut? Because we have a wrong notion of sovereignty; because we consistently look to our masters to do for us what we could do much better for ourselves; because we have fallen so deeply into the habit of trusting to jails and policemen to do the business that we have forgotten how easily the whole business might be done by the exercise of qualities which anybody might acquire.

Dominance of the Policeman

Nothing is more curious in the political thought of our day than the dominance in it of the idea of the policeman. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that our ultimate category of political thought is the police. And not of our political thought alone, for the God whom many of us worship . . . . But let us keep to politics. The very "pacifists" whom the *Spectator* trounces for wanting to get rid of the police, have oddly enough a scheme of their own on hand for setting up an international police as a means of preventing war. There seems no getting rid of the police obsession—no persuading people, not even pacifists, to take the short cut of common sense instead of the roundabout way of police supervision.

I believe I am as sound a democrat as anybody who may chance to read this article and perhaps disagree with it. But the democracy I believe in is not a system of government. It is a method of learning, by very slow degrees, to do without government. In other words it is a method of education, the final object of which is to develop the true power of the people by throwing them more and more on their own responsibility, by weaning them from the bad habit of trusting to external force thinly disguised under the name of law. I know the immense difficulty and danger of such an ideal and would agree with anybody who deemed it all but hopeless. The bad habit with which one has to contend is so widespread and of such long standing that vast multitudes have lost the power of acting on their own responsibility, so that if, for example, you want to make them sober the only way is by Act of Parliament. So with the other things—such as providing for old age. The reason why many, who could easily do it, fail to provide for their old age is simply that, under the system which has so long prevailed, they have fallen into the habit of waiting to do their duty until the law makes them—like the young men in some of our villages before conscription who, when you told them they ought to join the army, answered, "I shall not go till they fetch me." So conscription had to come, and its coming pointed to a weakness in the community—the weakness of those who would not go until they were fetched. At the same time there were hundreds of thousands of men who did their duty without being compelled; and this suggests to my mind that in regard to many other matters there are vast reserves of voluntary good behaviour in the people which a wise statesmanship should set itself to develop.

"State interference" has not yet entirely killed out this greatest of all our national assets—the power of acting on our own responsibility; so that people like myself have really some ground for looking forward to a far distant time when democracy shall have got rid of "conscription" in countless other forms in which it now exists and flourishes—when we shall all be "volunteers" in regard to the general body of duty which it behoves a decent citizen to observe. Meanwhile so long as men are such idiots that they will not come out of a public-house until they are fetched, we must pay the penalty for the system which has helped them onwards to that state of idiocy, and send a policeman to throw them out, thus making them sober by Act of Parliament—that is, unless they are drunk already.

In a previous article I took as my text the instance of a family who, as a measure of war economy, had got rid of their *servants* and found to their surprise that the thing was not only possible but a great success. In this article I have ventured a bolder flight by suggesting the possibility that we might, with advantage, get rid of our *masters*, or at least reduce them in number. Our masters are the laws and the despots, or the lawyers who make them. I am inclined to think, against the general opinion of my contemporaries, that the second is not more difficult to get rid of than the first. It will be granted that some of us, in the present age, have too many servants. May it not also be true that all of us have too many masters?

The war is giving us a chance such as we never had before, and may never have again, of getting out of our ruts. I suggest that this notion of curing our ills by piling on more legislation and more government is a rut, and a very bad one too, in spite of all that philosophers have said to prove the contrary. What the people want in order to develop their *power*, is less government, less legislation, and always less until at last we reach the Golden Age when there will be none at all. Legislation is *physic*, and society can no more live on legislation than a man can live on Epsom salts and backache pills. Meanwhile the vendors of this physic have the market-place to themselves. But many of those gentlemen are quacks.

Harvest and Tillage

By Sir Herbert Matthews

THE great event of the year—the ingathering of the harvest—is now practically an accomplished fact, though a few sad and weather-weary wrecks of what once were crops of corn may still be found in the rainy west; though many thousands of acres of potatoes are still in the ground, and large areas of mangolds have yet to be pitted. Continued wet weather will add to the labour and cost of saving these roots, but they are not likely now to depreciate seriously, even if delayed for a week or two. We can therefore briefly review the position, though it is not yet possible to give any exact figures.

In their report for August the Board of Agriculture said that the month everywhere was wet and windy, but most severe in the south and south-west. Corn was generally lodged, and cutting by machinery much restricted. Contiuued wet prevented cutting until corn was over-ripe, and a good deal of "shedding" occurred. From most parts sprouting of grain was reported. "None of the corn crops are up to the average but barley is generally the best and oats the poorest. Prospects are worst in the Eastern Counties."

In their report for September the Board said "September was upon the whole favourable to agriculture in the eastern half of the country; on the western side the weather was more unsettled, and harvest operations were delayed accordingly. Over the greater part of England the corn was secured, generally by the second or third week of the month, in satisfactory condition; but in the west a certain quantity still remained to be carted, and some in Wales had still to be cut, while much was harvested in damp condition."

A three hundred milejourney in mid-October through some of the chief corn-growing districts, and various inquiries as to threshing results, bear out the correctness of the Board's earlier reports, and we have to realise that in spite of an increased area under cereals the ultimate result must be a decrease in the quantity for sale. The quality, too, is below the average. Barley, though the best crop of the year, has been badly "weathered," while numerous reports of threshing oats show that, whereas in a normal season a bushel of oats would weigh 40 pounds, this year they will only average 30 to 32 pounds. From the producer's point of view this means a smaller cash return together with a heavier cost in labour than he anticipated; while it involves a need on the consumers' side for greater economy in the use of all kinds of cereal foods. The one crop that has turned up trumps is the potato. In nearly every county these are more than an average crop, which together with the increased acreage gives us something to fall back on. The fear of disease, that at one period threatened disaster, has proved to some extent unfounded, for though it assumed serious dimensions in some counties it did not become general, thanks largely to the spraying which was done in many counties last July.

Turnips, swedes and mangolds are all good, the last especially so, and it is lucky for us that these roots are good, for the damaged condition of a large proportion of our hay and straw, and the very serious shortage of concentrated cattle foods will make it difficult to keep flocks and herds through the winter, and impossible to turn out any quantity of fat meat of the usual quality before next midsummer.

The reduction in output is not confined to the United Kingdom, for owing to the withdrawal of labour from the land in nearly all wheat-producing countries there is a world shortage of wheat, rye and barley, though oats, maize and rice show a small increase over the average. There is also a continual, if spasmodic wastage, through submarine action; and there is such a shortage of shipping that the surplus wheat in Australia cannot be brought here because of the long route involved. If the war were to end suddenly and at once it would not relieve the situation much, if at all; for such an immediate demand for grain will occur from Germany and its satellites, while the present demand from all other European countries will continue, that the present position might even be aggravated. Moreover it is doubtful if any appreciable increase in ship room would be available for carrying food for a considerable period after the cessation of hostilities. Under these circumstances waste of any kind, even if it be only an ounce of bread, whether by the military authorities or by civilians, is a crime against one's fellow-countrymen, and deserves the heaviest possible punishment.

Such being the case it is of paramount importance that the production of all the staple foods should be raised to the highest possible level in 1918, and though the experiences of the farmer in 1917 are not calculated to encourage him, it is up to him to put forth all his energies to help the country to weather the storm. Farmers have to prove their worth during the agricultural campaign of 1918, and if they fail the country will have none of them hereafter. It is a case of "get on or get out," notwithstanding the discouragement of 1917. They must give the country a largely increased food production at all costs, even though it means new methods, breaking of precedents, or the jarring of old prejudices. It may even mean in cases loss of money, but within reason the question of whether certain operations mean profit or loss must not be carried to extremes. Our young men are expected to offer themselves for their country, to face death, or to be broken in body or health for the remainder of their lives. Those who are not willing to take the risk are looked upon with contempt. Is the man who stays at home, in comfort and security, because he happens to be over a certain age, to take no risks? Is he to count on a profit for his work, and claim to be a patriot for taking the profit? To risk losses may not be good business, but war itself is not good business.

The Farmer's Profits

Undoubtedly the farmer's profits in 1917 are much less than they might have been, for he experienced a year of most trying climatic conditions; he had unprecedented labour difficulties, and he has been harassed by unwise rules and orders, together with threats of dire penalties, from the Ministry of Food; and by conflicting advice and instructions from this and other Government Departments. This discord of authority has probably been a greater handicap than all the rest put together. It is the handicap which could be removed more easily than any other, but while the theory of Government is merely to create new departments, and to increase not the power, but the numerical strength of the Front Bench, the conflict in and between Departments tends to become more, rather than less, acute.

The Board of Agriculture has done its best; but like the farmer it has been hampered by other Departments, and the energy of its President has been wasted by politicians instead of being concentrated on the work of production. In spite of this, however, Mr. Prothero has earned the gratitude of the country. His speech at Darlington should be a clarion call to producers. He knows their difficulties, and does not ask for impossibilities. He is always ready to advise, and the help his Board can give would be greater if he had not to limit his demands to fit in with other Departments

Preparations for the harvest of 1918 are in full swing. Climatic conditions are not favourable, though better than this time last year. The late harvest has delayed autumn cultivation, just when it is needed more than usual, for the wet summer has left the stubbles very foul and full of weeds. The motor tractors supplied through the Board of Agriculture have been a great help, for farmers are in many cases short of horses as well as men, and these tractors are not only ploughing and cultivating the land, but they are breaking down prejudice. In a recent article the *Mark Lane Express* says:

> The demand for tractors to-day not merely exceeds the supply, but promises to exceed the supply even when the full complement ordered by the Food Production Department for the winter-spring programme is available. As a whole the farming community may be said to have been completely converted by recent experience to belief in the value of the tractor.

The Board of Agriculture recently issued a report* on "Breaking up pasture in England and Wales in the harvest year of 1916-17," which contains some unanswerable arguments, deserving the widest publicity. Thus:

> That the existing arable land may be made to yield more food is admitted, and that in many cases it will yield more is expected; but in view of the urgent necessity of adding to the food supply of the country, a policy which neglected the fertility stored up in our grass lands would clearly be indefensible. We cannot rely on the chance that a favourable season and concentration of available resources on existing tillage land may enable the farmer to produce more food in 1918 than, with all the resources of peace he produced before the war. Again, although it is admitted that modifications in the rotation will enable much more corn to be produced on existing arable land than formerly, we cannot assume that the war will end in 1918; or that our land can retain its condition if we largely reduce the area under clover; or that we can maintain a full milk supply, support through the winter months our valuable flocks and herds, prepare the manure on which successful tillage depends, and keep our soils free from weeds if we largely reduce the area under roots.

This report states that the Department asked a large number of farmers for their experience in breaking up grass land in 1916-17; out of 300 replies received from 55 counties, up to

*This report can be obtained gratis from the Board of Agriculture, 3, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

the time of preparing this report, three out of four report successes, while most of the failures were due to lack of experience in this (to many) novel form of cultivation. This is most encouraging, and should give the necessary stimulus to other farmers who hesitate to take risks. The only limit to breaking more pasture up to, say, two million acres, should be the amount of labour, and the number of horses and implements available.

Certain sections of the Press have for months endeavoured to the best of their ability to vilify the farmer, and to induce a spirit of hostility among consumers towards the producers. It is an absurd policy for either the Press or the official world to advocate at any time, and especially so now that agriculture is the key of the position, because the British farmer is a very difficult team to *drive*. He may be reasoned with, but he will not be forced. No known power can make a man farm in what some official may consider the best way if that way be against the farmer's ideas. He may be compelled "to carry on" like other controlled industries, but it is the personal equation, more in farming than in any other industry, that makes all the difference between success and failure, and if the good will of the cultivator be not called into play the land may be farmed, but the result will be wretched.

Continued newspaper attacks, numerous Orders, wise and unwise, and threats of worse to come, crowned by the absurd Beef Prices Order of the Ministry of Food, had created a very dangerous spirit which augured badly for the harvest of 1918. The statesmanlike speech by Mr. Prothero at Darlington, backed by Mr. Lloyd George's address to farmers on October 9th, and the revision of the Beef Prices Order, has, however, brought about an entirely different feeling. To-day signs are numerous that farmers are doing their best to respond to the appeal made to them by these two Ministers. A healthy atmosphere has been introduced, and if sane departmental action be continued, agriculturists will continue to respond to the best of their ability.

Farming is a business, not a philanthropic amusement. It has to be even more of a business in the future than it has been in many cases in the past Some control may always be necessary in order to eliminate the bad farmer or the bad landlord; some control is certainly necessary during the continuance of the war, and this is fully recognised by farmers themselves; but too much interference, or too direct attempts to compel will always result in disappointment.

Two things should be remembered by those who advocate nationalisation of the land and its management by a Government department, as well as by others who believe in Governmental control. You cannot force the personal equation in farming, you can only encourage it; and land cannot be managed from London or by any other centralised authority.

The Tide of Battle

By Centurion *

"The Tide of Battle" is a story of the first battle of Ypres, and it is based on actual incidents.

THE aromatic mist of a late autumn morning wrapped the wood in a woolly shroud, and there was an unmistakable nip in the air. From every twig of beech and pine and chestnut hung beads of moisture which, when they caught the sun as it pierced the mists, sparkled like crystals. Little drops of moisture hung also on the grass of some newly-turned sods of earth close by the turf emplacements, and as the mist cleared one could see that these sods formed a mound some six feet by two. It was the grave of the battery sergeant-major. Some eight hours earlier it had been dug by the gun detachment, in the darkness of the night, while the owls hooted in the wood; and the captain commanding the battery had recited so much of the Burial Service as he could remember, throwing in a few handfuls of earth upon the still form under the blanket when he reached the solemn words of committal. He looked at the grave as he walked to the telephone dug-out, and wondered what further casualties the day had in store for him.

At that moment an orderly came up and handed him a note. He opened it. It was written on a "Messages and Signals" form, in blue pencil.

"A new target," he said to the subaltern. "Miller, I want you to go forward and observe. We're to take on Z—— church. The Germans must have been using it as an O.P. since they drove back the 7th Cavalry Brigade yesterday. We haven't got it registered."

He took his map and ivory scale, and worked out the angle of sight from the range and the height of the new target. The gun detachments were already at their stations. The direction was put on the dial-sight. Two men then threw the trail over with the aid of handspikes. As he shouted out the range and angle of sight, No. 1 of each gun repeated his words like a litany; there was a pause as the layer moved the handle of the clinometer-sight till he shouted "set."

"Lyddite," said the Captain. The loader thrust a shell into the breach and closed the wedge.

The captain took out a cigarette, lit it, and waited.

About ten minutes later the telephonist, who had been waiting with his ear at the receiver, spoke.

"Mr. Miller has arrived at the O.P., sir."

"No. 1 gun ready?"

"Ready, sir," said the sergeant.

"Fire."

The loader pulled the lanyard. There was a loud report and a sheet of orange flame.

"One degree more right, sir," said the telephonist, with the receiver still at his ear. The section commander repeated it.

The layer readjusted the dial sight, and the gun was fired again. There was a pause.

"Ten minutes more left, sir" called the telephonist.

"Ten minutes more left," chanted the Section Commander and Number One in succession.

There was another pause. "Hit, sir," said the telephonist. The Captain, having given the order "repeat," mounted a ladder by a haystack and turned his glasses to the south east. What he saw apparently satisfied him, and he descended the haystack.

The air fluttered, there was a loud thud, a crashing of timber some fifty yards to the left, and out of the living trees rose the mirage-like silhouette of a dead tree outlined in a crayon of coal black smoke above the wood which drifted into nothingness against the sky. No one took any notice. At such times the russet-brown leaves of the beeches overhead trembled violently, and for some minutes afterwards floated down upon the men below till they came to rest on their heads and tunics and there remained. From the direction of the morning sun there came a loud and continuous crackle of musketry, the monotonous tap-tap of machine guns, and occasionally there was a sound like the crack of a whip over the heads of the gunners.

"What d'you make of it, Bovington?" said the Battery Commander.

"It sounds nearer, sir," said the subaltern.

"So I think," said the other pensively. "I don't like it. I'm afraid we're being driven back. The 2nd Welsh and the Queen's are up there. And the German heavies are busy. God! I wish Ordnance rationed us half as liberally."

"Yes, I thought so," he added, as he read another H.Q. message, brought up by an orderly. "We've got to shorten the range again. Give them shrapnel over an arc of ninety. Hullo, wait a minute, sergeant. The wagon limber's on fire. Get some earth and that tarpaulin! Quick!"

They ran to the limber, and the sergeant snatched the loose sods from the newly-covered grass and threw them on the limber, while the gunners plastered it with spadefuls of damp earth. There was a loud pop, then another. Then silence. The Captain inspected the limber-wagon cautiously.

"It's all right" he said to the subaltern with a sigh of relief. "There are only two or three cartridges gone off. If the back of the limber hadn't been forced outwards, the whole box of tricks would have exploded. And we haven't any to spare. I hope the teams are all right. We've already lost a leader and a wheeler of No. 1 gun."

Meanwhile the gun had been swung round again to its former position facing East. The gunners threw off their tunics and rolled up their shirt-sleeves. The gun-layer having moved the sight-elevating gear to adjust the shortened range, gave a twist to the gun-elevating gear till seeing the insect-like crawl of the bubble, he stopped. This done, they commenced to spray the German lines with a hail of shrapnel.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and the mists cleared. The captain advanced to the edge of the wood some ten yards in front of the guns, keeping well away to the left to avoid the blast of his guns, and with his glasses swept the long road marked by a line of tall fluttering poplars still in leaf. He saw an irregular procession of figures drifting up the road; he noted that all of them limped painfully. Every now and then spurts of brilliant flame would suddenly appear from nowhere in the sky, a white ball of smoke would unfold itself into a scroll shaped like a sculptured dolphin, and one or

* Stories by Centurion appear exclusively in "Land & Water"

two of the limping figures would fall in the road, and lie where they fell. At such times, or rather a moment before, some of the figures would dart for the shelter of the poplars and behind the trunks; it was the slower ones who fell. In the distance, about half a mile away, was a solitary figure moving so slowly that he hardly seemed to move at all, and executing as he went a kind of clog dance, making no attempt to dodge the shells which fell around him. A soldier passed; his right arm hung uselessly down, and the side of his face nearest the captain was plastered with coagulated blood. Stretcher-bearers were nowhere visible. This surprised the captain the less as he knew that every battalion detail who could carry anything was carrying on with a rifle.

As the morning advanced, the omens darkened. The units of the German armies in front of the sunken road that cut the road to Menin at right angles through Gheluvelt were thrusting forward like the fingers of a gigantic outstretched hand, and in the narrow spaces between each pair of fingers each British battalion was being slowly squeezed to death. Such was the picture which presented itself to the Battery Commander's imagination as he pieced together the fragments of intelligence that came in at frequent intervals and were passed along, some formally in a bewildering series of orders, others informally in hurried scraps of conversation that passed like missiles from one mounted officer to another as they met, saluted, and went their ways. That the staff was hard put to it was obvious; cooks left their field-kitchens, A.S.C. men their lorries and were hurried up to the front with rifles to take their places in the firing line. There were no reserves left.

The captain looked at the four guns in their turf emplacements. In the last forty-eight hours he had shortened his fuses from four to two thousand yards; every H.Q. message calling upon him to engage a new target had indicated an objective that was getting nearer and nearer. The guns were now firing over an arc of ninety degrees, sweeping the German front, and the range was little more than a mile. The enemy advance was creeping on like an oil-stain and, if the reports that our centre was being driven in were true, in no long time his gunners would be shot down where they stood and the guns turned on our own infantry in retreat. He ran his eye rapidly over the vital parts of the guns, and as it rested on each part he thought out all the orders he might have to give in the hour of extremity. There were the sights, their brass-work glinting in the sun; with a blow from one of the spades strapped behind the shield he could smash their delicate mechanism. There was the breech-loading wedge, fitting like the back of a watch; it might be possible to dent the edges. At the back of it was the striker plug; if he unscrewed that, he could fire a rifle-bullet into the opening. There was the elevating-gear; a hand-spike through its diminutive wheel would settle that main-spring of the gun for ever. Or he could take out the bolt below the muzzle which secured the piston-rod and fire a last round at high angle in the direction of the enemy and with the gun's recoil the shock would dismount her. But to lay violent hands on the guns that had served him so well was a counsel of despair, and for the moment he put it from him. At all costs he must save them.

As he meditated on these things, he heard a loud droning hum overhead. He looked up between the smooth oval leaves of a beech-tree. A Taube aeroplane was flying over the wood, the black iron crosses clearly marked on its diaphanous wings, and as it passed on it dropped a white fire-ball. He knew what that meant. In no long time the right section of his battery might be knocked out by a direct hit. He rode back to the gun-teams a few hundred yards away to warn them to prepare to go up to the guns at a moment's notice. He found them grouped where he had left them the day before, some of the horses off-saddled and the drivers massaging their backs with the flat of the hand. He ran his eye rapidly over the teams; they mustered the same strength as overnight. If they sustained no more casualties he might hope to get his guns away.

"Get ready to go up and hook in," he said to the drivers.

As he looked at the sleek and well-groomed teams, he felt thankful that he had never let pass an opportunity of impressing on his men the duty of dismounting to ease the girths, of looking after the horse's feet, and all the little arts of horsemastership. He had bidden them remember the horses were their best friends, and that some day they might have to make a heavy draft on that friendship. The day had come.

At that moment there was a rush in the air behind him, and a loud thud. His horse reared on her haunches and then came down on her fore-feet with a plunge that nearly threw him out of the saddle. He could feel her quivering under him in every nerve as he reined her in and patted her neck. He was nearly blinded, but as the coal-black smoke cleared before his eyes he saw one of the horses on her back with her legs lashing the air in agony and her smoking entrails exposed. She screamed as only a "dumb" animal can scream—a long drawn-out shriek that was like an expiration.

"Drag him out of the way, sergeant, quick, or she'll lash his brains out," he shouted, as she rolled towards her driver. The latter lay quite still, both legs severed below the knee with jets of blood, spurting from the severed arteries. Some of the horses were plunging, and one was bolting madly down the road. The men, dazed by the shock, were holding on to the others.

The captain jumped off his horse, handed the bridle to an orderly, and pulled his revolver out of its holster. With one shot he put the mangled beast out of her futile agonies. He ordered the rest of the team to be withdrawn a few hundred yards to such thicker cover as the wood afforded. But the German guns were searching that wood with inexorable persistency, shivering the chestnut and beech and pine into splinters, and pollarding the poplars as with a gigantic axe. The four teams were now reduced to twenty-four horses, and each gun would have to be brought away with a pair short. He would think himself lucky if he lost no more.

He galloped back to Headquarters for instructions, and as he rode down the long straight road, bordered by a parallel line of poplars which met in a diminishing perspective, he passed more men limping along in every stage of decrepitude, some breathing hard, their faces livid and their uniforms covered with black earth from head to foot as though they had been dipped in pitch. Wounded men with blood streaming down their faces were dodging from tree to tree seeking a wholly imaginary shelter from the shells which with freakish malignity fell here and there as though playing a diabolical game of hide and seek. Three men wearing their equipment and with their rifles at the carry paused irresolutely in the road. An A.P.M. advanced from behind a tree and met them in the middle.

"Hullo! Who are you? Where are you going?"

"We was the Second Welsh, sir," said the spokesman of the party. "We's all that's left of B. Company—we've lost touch with the Borderers on our left flank and the line's broken in. We was looking for some one to post us, sir."

The A.P.M. shepherded them together at the side of the road for despatch to the collecting station.

Other stragglers came up. They were from the 1st Queen's, and they brought news of an overwhelming enemy attack on their right and a murderous enfilading fire.

The A.P.M. fell them in with the rest to send up in support. The *debris* of other units came straggling in, Welsh Fusiliers, Queen's, a man of the Black Watch, and it struck the captain whimsically as he reined in to gather information that this show was strangely like a cotillon d'Albert in the sergeants' mess with everybody changing partners. Only there was no "sitting out."

Looking down the road which ran straight as an arrow between the poplars, he perceived about fifty yards away the same figure which had arrested his attention half an hour before. How it had escaped the hail of shrapnel was a mystery. It had taken that half hour to cover barely half a mile. He saw now that it was a Highlander without cap or equipment or rifle, a short man with the thick knees, powerful deltoid muscles, thin lips and high cheek-bones, so characteristic of his kind. There was something about his gait which was at once ludicrous and pathetic. The upper part of his body was rigid, but the lower part described a semi-circular movement as though it were a pivot and his agitated legs pirouetted on the balls of his feet so that he seemed to hesitate between a shuffle and a dance. But it was a melancholy dance in which the dancer's legs seemed to move of themselves, and in their convulsive movements he betrayed neither interest nor volition. His arms hung at his sides curiously immobile, but the hands twitched ceaselessly, turning on his wrists as on a hinge. The corners of his mouth also twitched and his eyelids perpetually rose and fell.

The Brigadier, who had spent the night in a dug-out by the side of the road, caught sight of him. All the morning he had moved to and fro in the open receiving reports and issuing orders, while smoking a cigarette with unstudied nonchalance. Now and again he found time to speak to the stragglers, rounding them up with words of encouragement. It is not often that a General plays the part of "battle police," but the General knew that in this vital hour every man was worth his weight in gold—also that every man had earned, and should receive, a General's commendation. He took the man gently by the arm. "What unit are you my lad? The 2nd Gordons?" The man blinked at him and made a resolute effort to speak.

"I d-d-d-d-dinna k-k-k-ken, sir" he said, jerking out the syllables as though he were jumping a terrific obstacle.

"Who's your company commander?"

"I d-d-d-dinna k-k-k-ken, sir."

"Well, what's your name, my lad?"

"I c-c-c-canna." And tears came into his eyes.

The General led him gently to the side of the road, and made him sit down. He sat there, and a man of the 2nd Welsh handed him a "woodbine." He took it and put it uncertainly between his lips. Then he struck a match. He tried to apply it to the cigarette, but the match danced in his hand like a will-o'-the-wisp, and went out. He struck another, but the distance between the match and the cigarette was insurmountable, and he dropped it.

"Shell shock. I've seen cases like it before" said the General laconically. "C Company of the Gordons had a devil of a time on Thursday, and he's one of the relics of it." And with a word to the A.P.M. to get the stricken man to the chateau in the wood he turned to his brigade-major. The captain looked after the man, following his quivering movements with a strange fascination. He had seen his gunners blown to pieces by his side, and the horses of his teams frightfully mangled, but to this day the remembrance of that convulsive figure remains with him as a symbol of the hell in which the infantry fought and died.

"He wass blown up" said a survivor of the 1st Welsh Fusiliers, whose face was pitted with the blue marks that betray the collier. "By a coal box. My butty wass buried by one, and all his section. I wass dig him out, but he wass dead. And his face wass swell up like the fire-damp. There's swelled up it wass!"

"Aye," said a man of the 1st Queen's, as though dismissing a platitude. "I tell you what, mate, this isn't war."

"Ho! I don't think" said his neighbour. "What is it, then? We've been outflanked and enfiladed on both sides; outflanked we have. All our officers is gone, and there aren't seventy of us have got back. If that ain't war, what is it?"

"It's b——— murder," said the other.

No one seemed inclined to dispute this proposition. The little group was not talkative. The nervous jocularity which precedes action, the almost sub-conscious profanity which carries men through it, the riotous gaiety which follows after it—all these were absent. They were worn out with want of sleep, parched with thirst, stunned with concussion, and their speech was thick and slow like that of a drunken man. But the Welshman, with the volubility of his race, talked on, no one heeding him.

"But we wass give Fritz hell, boys. They come on like a football crowd—a bloke couldn't miss them, even if he wass only just off the square. And they fire from the hip! But *Duw anwyl*! they're eight to one in machine guns, and their coal-boxes is something cruel. I heard their chaps singing last night—singing splendid, look you—like the Rhondda Male Voice Choir it was. But we give them a funeral to-day, yes, indeed."

"Fall in" said an N.C.O. whom the A.P.M. had impounded. "Fr-r-om the left, number!" They numbered off from one to twenty. "Four paces to the right ex-tend! One to ten right half section. Eleven to twenty left half section! Right turn. Sections right wheel. Quick march!" And he marched them off to a farm in the wood. The captain looked after them for a moment. They were going back into the hell from which they came, and they knew it. But they betrayed no more consciousness of this than if they had been marching back into billets. The captain remembered that the Welsh Fusiliers had *Nec aspera terrent* for their motto and that "Albuera" was blazoned on their colours. "It's the same breed" he said to himself reflectively. While he waited the Brigade-Major returned from the telephone with his instructions from Divisional H.Q. He was to withdraw both sections of his battery to D——— without delay. He galloped back, followed by the trumpeter, and putting his horse at the ditch, leaped it and tore up through a clearing. A branch overhead whipped his cap off and just shaved his head as he ducked; he dashed on. He drew rein by the teams and was relieved to find there had been no more casualties.

"We are going to retire" he said, curtly. "Take the teams up at once and hook in." And leaving the orderly to bring them up, he rode on to the guns and gave his orders to the section commanders. One gun was in action, firing shrapnel at short range; the others were already being dug out, in readiness for limbering up. He stepped forward to the edge of the wood where it broke away into ploughed land and looked over his left shoulder in the direction of the north-west. A battalion was coming up in gun "groups," moving steadily forward under a hail of shrapnel and thinning as it went. It was obvious that they were going to hurl themselves into the breach. It was the last throw of the die and the fate of Europe hung upon it. He did not know at the time the name of the unit; he was to learn afterwards that it was the 2nd Worcesters. He left the section commander in charge of his guns, and rode back along the lane to the cross roads. He found a Field Battery Commander looking down the road with his glasses, and right in the centre of it an eighteen pounder was in position, with the gun-layer on the left of the gun, the loader behind her, and her nonchalant subaltern smoking a cigarette under the enemy's shrapnel. It seemed a miracle that he was not hit, and the captain stopped in mild astonishment to ask the battery commander what the gun was doing there.

"Doing?" said the latter laconically. "Firing. We've got word that the Germans have driven in the Welsh and are coming down that road in mass formation. Well, we're ready for them. That's all. What a target, eh?" And putting his glasses back in their case, he rubbed his hands as though he were having the time of his life. Which he was.

The captain crossed the road and turned down a lane, and in a few minutes had returned to his battery. The guns were dug out, the teams brought up to the left of the carriages, the rings were slipped on the poles, and the gunners fastened the wheel-traces.

Shells were crashing through the wood, bursting all round the battery, but the drivers sat motionless on their horses.

"Walk! March!" said the battery commander.

The drivers eased the reins and closing their legs each to his riding horse, they rested their whips across the neck of each off-horse. There was a "hwit! hwit!" overhead and a shower of broken leaves and crackling twigs. The rattle of musketry was strangely near and there seemed to be voices in the wood. There was another crack and No. 1 leader of the team fell like a stone bringing her driver down with her. He was up in an instant and stooping over the dead horse he unhooked the "quick release" and mounted the off horse. The captain looked back over his shoulder as he eased the reins of his horse. At that moment he sighted something over the top of the hedge, and he rose in his stirrups. He saw at a glance a number of spiked helmets and heard the push of bodies through the bracken.

"Gallop!" he shouted. And then the blow fell. Something seemed to snap in his head and he felt himself soaring up and up into space, as though propelled by some tremendous force.

Then the pace gradually slackened, the impenetrable blackness was stabbed with points of light, he saw the face of one he loved, and he wondered whether he was in this world or the next. Objects suddenly became distinct, trees took shape before his eyes, he was conscious of his own body, and tried to move. But he seemed to be held in a vice. In his agony he dug his heels into the soil, and he saw that his right arm was gone. A face was bending over him. It was the shoeing-smith.

"Are you alive, sir?"

He turned his head. "Am I alive?" he asked himself. "I—I think so" he gasped. "But my number's up. Leave me!"

Some one got a stretcher and they took him through the undergrowth to the cross-roads. There a doctor injected morphia into his arm and they took him to the dressing-station at Hooge. He was in the trance of morphia, but could hear the doctors, apparently a long way off, saying that he was a bad case. At Ypres they put him under chloroform, and he knew no more till he woke at Boulogne.

His case was grave. He had lost a great deal of blood, and his wounds were septic. Rest, mental as well as physical, was vital; but he could not rest. The exhortations of the doctor were lost upon him: he seemed to have something on his mind. He was allowed no newspapers on the ground that they might excite him, which was a mistake. A box of cigarettes by his bedside he left untouched. At length he called the doctor to him.

"Look here, doctor, will you do me a favour? Well, I want you to find out what's become of my battery. Did they get the guns away? I want to know; I want an official answer."

The doctor promised to do what he could. The Divisional H.Q., who had their hands full, were somewhat annoyed when they got a telephone message from a Base Hospital, asking for information about a battery. But they gave it.

The doctor returned.

"Your battery's all right. All your guns are in action at Z———."

"Thank you, doctor," said the captain, and they lit his first cigarette.

From that hour he began to mend. Three years have passed; the captain still lives, but he is a cripple for life. His fighting days are done; he will never give the word "Action Front!" again. The battery itself is but a memory; near the grave of the sergeant-major lie a subaltern, gunners, drivers and the horses whom they loved so wisely and so well. Their graves have long ago been pounded into dust by guns of whose calibre they never dreamed; old things are passed away and all things have become new; the very wood in which they fell has long since disappeared from off the face of the earth. But these mortals in dying put on immortality, being dead they live; being silent they speak, and leaving behind them an imperishable memory they need no memorial.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

On the Road

JUST before the war there was a large output of books about travel in England, particularly travel on the open road. The authors usually had quotations from Stevenson on the fly-leaves, or Borrow's observation about the wind on the heath, or some contemporary poet's table of affinities with the various elements and heavenly bodies. Publishers commissioned these books with what seemed to them sufficient reason. *Lavengro* was in many cheap editions; Hazlett's *On Going a Journey* was the most popular of his essays; people who had enjoyed Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* and *An Inland Voyage*, must surely want more of the same sort; and this above all ages was a self-consciously open-air age. Rucksacks had a steady sale, every country inn knew the walking tourist, and optimists had even started magazines for the amateur tramp. Nevertheless, one doubts whether there was much demand for most of the tramping books. In the first place, the publishers showed an inadequate power of discriminating between travels With a Donkey and travels By a Donkey. In the second place, men, even intelligent men, usually do this sort of thing badly.

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The ordinary author of a pedestrian—or, indeed of any—travel book, is weighed down by tradition. He has several famous books behind him, and he is dominated by them. This man gave facts in a businesslike way; so he will give some. This man was delightful with digressions and anecdotes; so he will be the same. This third man, when overcome by the beauty of nature and the exhilaration of freedom and movement, wrote pages of beautiful, iridescent prose, which are well known in all the best families, so it is obviously the game to do this. The result is a most unsatisfactory compost, full of every sort of affectation and posing. It was impossible to discover what these travellers' interests really were, and what really moved them, for they were wearing other people's hearts upon their sleeves all the time, and they felt under a compulsion to prove that they knew how worthy their England was of Great Prose.

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These memories were stirred by Mr. J. J. Hissey's *The Road and the Inn* (Macmillan, 10s. net), which I have just been reading. It is the first book of English travel I have encountered since the war. Pedestrianism, I should imagine, is, for the time being, off. For one thing, most of the hearty walkers are otherwise engaged. For another, walking through England must have been stripped of most of its charms, when at every inn you have to fill up forms about the colour of your wife's hair, and every policeman is liable to demand the production of a variety of tickets; and the wayfarer runs the major risk of straying on to forbidden ground and getting a sentry's bayonet brandished in his face, and the minor one of having a crowd of children shouting "Bolo" after him whenever his knapsack and soft hat appear in a village street. Mr. Hissey avoided most of these discomforts by being over age and travelling in a motor car. "A sudden attack of wander-fever had taken hold of me," he says, and without a moment's delay he got out the Rolls-Royce or the Ford (he doesn't bother to say which), and off he went. It sounds like rush, but it is not. "I am" he says, "a contemplative motorist, given to loitering in pleasant places." The suggestion is that he crawled about as though every road were lined with Schools on both sides; and he certainly seems to have seen a great deal, and talked to everyone he met. He records many amusing things; and gives many illustrations. Some of them are drawings made by himself; the lonely haunted grange, Tudor and timbered, being his favourite subject. They are not masterpieces, but they are better than most of us could do. And his excuse and explanation may be found in *The Path to Rome*, the best book of this kind of our time:

> In old times a man that drew ill drew not at all. He did well. Then either there were no pictures in his book, or (if there were any) they were done by some other man that loved him not a groat and would not have walked half-a-mile to see him hanged. But now it is so easy for a man to scratch down what he sees and put it in his book that any fool may do it and be none the worse—many others shall follow. This is the first. Before you blame too much, consider the alternative. Shall a man march through Europe dragging an artist on a cord? God forbid! Shall an artist write a book? Why, no, the remedy is worse than the disease.

But having made it, I hope, clear that there is more entertainment in Mr. Hissey's book than in most (he records conversations amusingly, and has an evident passion for old buildings), I would suggest that it exhibits strikingly the flagrant defects of all this class of literature.

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He thinks it his duty to be enthusiastic about everything old that he sees; he digresses into unoriginal reflections, to the detriment of his story; he continually buttresses his descriptions of Storied Fane and Castled Keep, and what not, with quotations from the world's worst poets; and, above all, he will insist, when the occasion seems to demand it, upon being literary. He slaps on purple patches with a lavishness only made tolerable by its naiveté, and he will drag in the names of authors. Take, for instance, the sprawling progress and grotesque anticlimax of this:

> From the tangle of lanes I got on to a fair road that led me in a few miles to castle-crowned Lewes, then, passing through that ancient town of many memories, I came to Offham, from which village, high up on the inside of the hills, the land dips suddenly down, affording a wide view over the wooded Weald, glorious in its green and golden breadth seen in the soft sunshine. A world of woods and fields stretching away to a far off, misty distance, dotted with here a grey church tower and there a rambling old farmstead, the green expanse being enlivened by the silvery Ouse, near at hand, winding its slothful course snake-like through the plain as though wishful to linger rather than to hasten on its way to the all-absorbing sea, for at times Nature almost seems to be a living presence—at least to Wordsworth she so appeared.

A still stranger example of the ill-advised introduction of great names occurs when the author, proving that the world can show "nothing so eminently peace-bestowing, so benevolent as the quiet pastoral English landscape:"

> even that rugged philospher Carlyle, once, when in rare bending mood, and not discoursing of great affairs, declared his delight in the simple sight of green fields. Byron, also, averred they possessed a charm that makes one forget all about show scenery in the shape of volcanoes, snowclad peaks, precipices, vines, oranges and glaciers.

It is, perhaps, a little unjust to Mr. Hissey to pillory him at his worst, for he is not, in a general way, pretentious, and his gusto is very charming. But the defects of his method are typical of all sorts of travellers.

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There are several ways of writing good books about England. A man may set out with the deliberate object of finding out or forming theories about, or describing a certain class of things in which he is particularly interested, as did Cobbett. To do this well he will have to have an interest, as well as common-sense, knowledge and a simple straightforward manner of expressing himself. He may write a guide-book in which he gives succinctly an account of "everything worthy of note." If he sees things through his own eyes and describes them naturally, he will make a good book; for as Defoe said in his own fine *Travels in England*, "I find so much left to speak of, and so many things to say in every part of England that my journey cannot be barred of intelligence, which way soever I turn; no, though I were to oblige myself to say nothing of anything that had been spoken of before." And the third kind is the subjective, fantastic, poetic, kind. That kind, the rarest and most difficult, should be put clean out of mind by the ordinary traveller. Fascinating digressions can only be written by the man who cannot help digressing. The worst way of writing is to sit down before something commonly admitted to be noble or beautiful, and determine to rise to the occasion. And a man's emotional experiences are not worth his talking about unless he knows precisely what they are, is primarily interested in relating them, and has the unusual gift of candour. Most people are quite capable of noticing what happens to themselves; we do not want to hear what they think they would have felt had they been some great author; and, if it is not natural to them to write resounding and picturesque English, for Heaven's sake let them write their books in the prose they employ when writing to their friends. And above all, let them not be continually quoting or reminding us what Shakespeare or Charlotte Bronte said about something. Tennyson, complaining of modern critics, said that it was impossible for a poet to say "the sea roars" without being accused of having cribbed it from Homer. That is no worse than taking one by the arm when one is looking at a field, and telling one that Carlyle, in a rare moment of relaxation, noticed that the grass was green.

Books of the Week

A Roumanian Diary, 1915, 1916, 1917. By LADY KENNARD. Illustrated. Heinemann. 5s. net.
Real Russians. By SONIA E. HOWE. Illustrated. Sampson, Low and Co. 6s. net.
Inside Constantinople during the Dardanelles Expedition. A Diplomatist's Diary, illustrated. By LEWIS EINSTEIN. John Murray. 6s. net.
Nine Tales. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. With an Introduction by Harold Child. (Nisbet, 5s.)

PERUSAL of *A Roumanian Diary*, by Lady Kennard, and of *Real Russians*, by Sonia E. Howe, reveals a multitude of similarities and also a mass of differences between the two writers and their work. Lady Kennard was an Englishwoman who saw Roumania in the months immediately preceding and during the country's share in the war, and her diary carries up to May of 1917; Mme. Howe, a Russian, went to Russia before the Revolution to plead for the liberation of political exiles, and met Stürmer and other notables of the last days of the Empire—in the one case an Englishwoman writes her impressions of a foreign people, and in the other a Russian tells of her own land under the shadow of war.

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There is the root difference: yet these two diaries are similar, in that they both portray national characteristics—deal with the background against which the great drama is being played, more than with the drama itself. The stolidity of the Roumanian peasant, the heroism of Roumania as a whole and the awakening of the country to the work that war involves, could not have been better shown by a Roumanian than in this picturesque and yet concise narrative of Lady Kennard's. Similarly, only close knowledge of Russia, and actual sight of Russia gripped by the war, could have inspired Mme. Howe's pictures of neglected soldiery, unexampled devotion, corruption and carelessness, implicit faith and almost unbelievable capacity for treachery—the muddle that was pre-revolutionary Russia. Lady Kennard's is the finer narrative, but Mme. Howe has got nearer to the heart of things—she tells more, and writes more from the inside.

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A third war diary, *Inside Constantinople*, by Lewis Einstein, may well be linked up with these two. The author, a member of the American Embassy in the Turkish capital during the Gallipoli campaign, was only enabled to publish his diary through the American entry to the war—it is a pity that his story could not have been made public during the progress of the Dardanelles campaign, for many of the observations that he makes would have been valuable. Value remains, apart from literary interest, in his authentic record of the Armenian massacres, and in the —also authentic—paragraph in which he adduces proof that Germany decided on war immediately after the Serajevo assassinations, determined to break the peace of Europe in the hope of complete conquest.

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Although Mr. Hugh de Selincourt has a following of readers, yet his work is of such an order that it is caviare to the great majority, and it is doubtful if any of the contents of his latest book, *Nine Tales* (Nisbet, 5s. net), would find a place in the magazine that usually forms a refuge for an author's short stories. Hugh de Selincourt is concerned in picturing life as it is; not with the sordid attention to detail that is often called realism, but with consciousness that it is a patchwork business, containing happiness as well as grief and ugliness, and in these nine tales, greatly varying in subject and quality, he displays the patchwork for such as have time to read and eyes to see. The first story, "The Sacrifice," is almost a novel in itself, and it is a striking commentary on the war from the woman's point of view; again, in "The Passionate Time-Server," there is revealed so much of the motives of a man as to make the reader know the man intimately, and, knowing, to forgive him. These are but two instances of the nine; in them all is the quality which, for want of a more comprehensive title, may be called the humanity of the writer.

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The Ignoble Warrior is the title given to "a collection of facts for the study of the origin and conduct of the war," prepared in English and Japanese and published in Japan by Maruzen and Co., Ltd. Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott is responsible for this volume; and he rendered good service to humanity by its publication; for it places in a readily available form a convincing though, alas, not yet complete record of German lies, dishonour, treachery, and barbarity. It was well that the people of our Far-Eastern Ally should be instructed in the Teuton character. We should like to see the book published also in this country, it might be most useful later on. It is illustrated with Raemaekers' cartoons and contains reproductions of certain German letters, etc.

The Invasion of Italy

Bridge over the Tagliamento

Caporetto

It was at Caporetto that the German-Austrian Armies first broke the Italian Line. The above photograph gives an excellent idea of the nature of the country where the fighting took place. The mountains seen above Caporetto are the foothills of the Julian Alps. The Italian Army has retired across the Friulian Plain to the Tagliamento. The character of this river is shown in the top picture, also its breadth as judged by the bridges

Names and addresses of shops, where the articles mentioned can be obtained, will be forwarded on receipt of a postcard addressed to Passe-Partout, LAND & WATER, *5, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2. Any other information will be given on request.*

A Christmas Catalogue

It is not a moment too soon to turn the question of Christmas presents over in the mind, especially where "our far-flung battle-line" is in question. Presents for the men at the front have at last shaken down in the way they should go. The rubbishing superfluities have vanished in all the better-most shops and in their stead are things men really want and will welcome when they come.

A small catalogue has just been issued called "Things a Soldier Needs," and it is nothing short of invaluable just now. It is the result of expert inquiry into the matter, the result being all that can be wished. With this at hand anybody can choose the psychological thing a man on active service wants, one or two particularly novel ideas being not the least interesting propositions.

A specially light suit case for billet or camp arranged to take a man's own fittings is one of the capital suggestions, this being the sort of thing that simplifies packing. Then there is an admirable writing case, a new design, perfectly adapted to the peculiar needs of the moment.

Men in the trenches should send for this catalogue also, it being as useful to them for Christmas present suggestions as for those at home. All sorts of things a woman likes are illustrated as well, and special arrangements have been made by which orders from over the water are carefully dealt with. This catalogue, indeed, which will be sent anywhere on request, makes shopping the easiest and most interesting thing in the world, eliminating as it does all undue bother.

Substitute for Milk

Without a doubt the wise amongst us will prepare as much as possible for several eventualities this winter, amongst them the fact that there may be a shortage of milk. Even if it is—as it is hoped—avoided, it seems fairly clear that there will not be an over-abundance of supply, and any way in which we can we should decrease the demand. It is only patriotic to do so.

Substitutes but rarely approach the thing they substitute, it is foolish to claim that they do. Without any fear of exaggeration, however, any amount of good points can be allowed to Solac, the synthetic milk in powder form. With a tin of this in the house a lack of milk does not so much matter; it can be used for cooking, as a drink by itself, makes a capital cup of cocoa, and can, at a pinch, be used with tea or coffee, though with the last it does not colour in the same way ordinary milk does.

People accustomed to drink a glass of milk the last thing at night should try Solac; they will find it particularly nourishing and wholesome. The best way to use it is to mix a proper quantity of Solac to a paste with a little hot water, and then add either cold or hot water as the case may be. Properly mixed, it is quite impossible with the naked eye to detect it as anything but milk.

A quarter of a pound costs eightpence, half a pound one and two pence, one lb. two and threepence, and there is the plain as well as the malted variety, the latter being capital for all liking a malt flavour.

A Cold Weather Drink

The same people also are selling an excellent drink for the cold weather, this having the effect of cocoa and milk combined and sweetened. To call it milk, however, is a misnomer. it is not milk, but Solac in another and a most useful form. Its many conveniences, indeed, would work out to a lengthy tale; but suffice it to say that here at hand is a most readily prepared drink, and a very nutritious one into the bargain. It has a very pleasant malted flavour, and is the easiest thing in the world to mix. Putting some into a cup, adding boiling water is all that is required. And there it is! A capital drink for a cold day.

This also is in powder form and put up in quarter, half and pound tins costing eightpence, one and two, two and three respectively. At any time this cocoa and "milk" combined in powder form would probably make a stir, but at the moment its very considerable importance is ten times enhanced, taking the place as it does of things the times are making uncertain

(Continued on page 22)