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LAND & WATER

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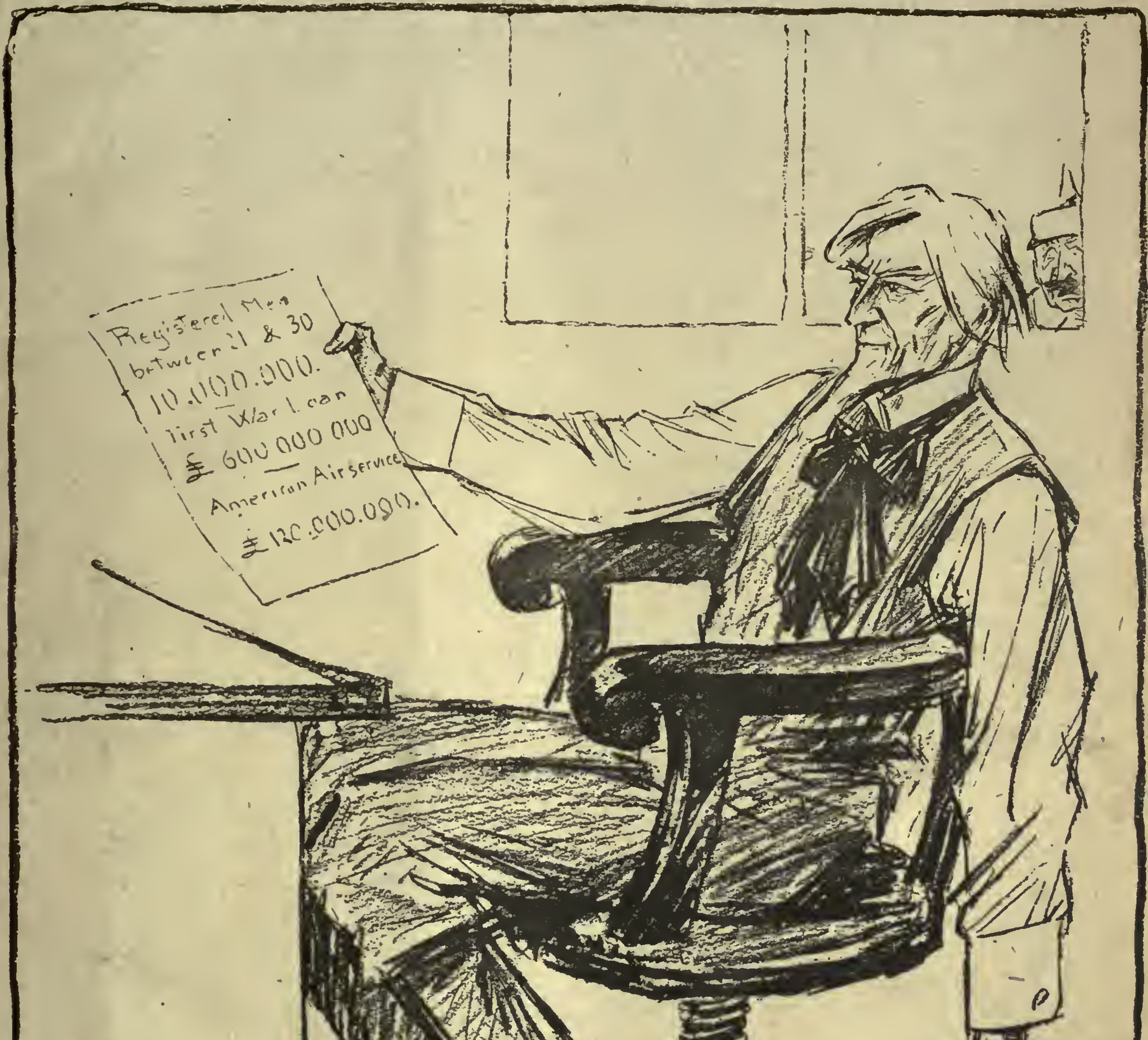
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THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1917

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MESOPOTAMIA

IN Mesopotamia was the Garden of Eden, the primal Arcady of the human race. We never forget the legend, but we do forget that in Mesopotamia was the ground first cursed, so that it brought forth thorns also and thistles. Evidently, the curse still rests on that ground. The report of "the Commission appointed by Act of Parliament to enquire into the operations of war in Mesopotamia," is horrible reading, but let us also bear in mind that the root of the calamity lay in the anxiety of the Government of India to do its duty by India, which was rightly emphasised by Lord Hardinge in his speech to the Lords. The offerings in men and money freely made by Princes and independent States were readily accepted, but when it came to the Englishmen responsible for the resources of the country being equally generous and far-sighted, it was another story. The parsimony and political myopia of the Viceroy and his Financial adviser were unpardonable, judged from an Imperial standpoint, but regarded from a purely local view, one has to admit that their fault chiefly lay in placing an exaggerated, if wrong, emphasis on the duty they owed to India. They placed India before the Empire and used their position to keep her there. This would have been impossible under any other rule except British. And when the judgment came, and a terrible price had to be paid for the sins of omission, we have also to bear in mind that no difference was made between Briton and Indian in those barges of death and agony, floating down the Tigris; the men had fought shoulder to shoulder; and they suffered and died cheek by jowl. It is a fearful story, but through it all there shines a spirit of racial unselfishness.

Considering the immensity of the blunders and errors of judgment committed by those in high position directly responsible, it is difficult to see how such persons can be usefully employed further in the service of their country; had the faults been smaller or the position lowlier, there would be no two opinions on this point. But when this is said, we believe that the good that should come out of this humiliating experience will be lost, if the country goes out scapegoat-hunting and then is satisfied when it has bagged a big head or two. To one acquainted with India and the history of the British in India, there rings through all this report the ancient and ill-omened echo of autocratic arrogance which has always been the besetting sin of Britons in power in the East. Years ago Kipling put into the mouth of a retiring Viceroy the words: "Here at the top one loses sight of God." The sentence embodies a truth that is as living to-day as in the days of Warren Hastings or as when it was written. It was the policy of the old East India Company to regard all Britons not directly its servants or subservient to its orders as "interlopers" to be harried from pillar to post. The message which the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Beauchamp Duff, sent to Sir Percy Lake, warning General Cowper that if he sends any more querulous or petulant demands for shipping he shall be at once removed from the force and refused any further employment of any kind, is worded in identically the same fashion as the reprimands which reached Chatham's father, Pitt, when he made himself obnoxious to "John" Company's servants in Bengal at the end of the eighteenth century. Read Sir William Meyer's letter on the railway in Mesopotamia, which *two months' previously* had been *urgently* demanded by the General at the Front. It begins in this leisurely fashion: "I confess to being somewhat sceptical as to the line being at all so remunerative as is at present represented, at any rate for some time to come." Do we not catch here the very tone of the Surat factory two centuries or more ago? It is a quill-driver in a counting-house who writes, not the Member of an Imperial Government. The evil is not confined to India, it extends to Whitehall. We find the Secretary of State, a politician if you please, whose ears are always quivering to catch the first whisper of disapproval in his own electorate, assuming all the airs of autocracy, ignoring his own Council, permitting and encouraging the Viceroy to do the same at his end, and running the Indian Empire as though he were the Grand Mogul. It would be comic, if the results were not so tragic. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Hardinge have only acted as their predecessors have done (there was no greater autocrat than Lord Morley), and as their successors will do, once this unsavoury report is forgotten, unless strong action is taken that will prevent its occurrence.

The root of the whole evil is the continuance of the traditions of the trading company which won India for us. The depository of these traditions is the Indian Civil Service, as at present constituted. Most people in this country imagine the Indian Civil Service to be identical with the Home Civil Service; they do not understand that this phrase designates a monopoly of chief appointments enjoyed by a small body of Covenanted Civilians who have won their right to these prerogatives and privileges not by strength of character or long service, but by the mere possession in their youth of what is known as "an examination brain." These lineal descendants of the old factors and merchants of the E.I. Company take good care on arriving at the seats of the mighty that they have "about them men that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights." He, who thinks too much, be it Cassius or Major Carter, is sent to Coventry; such men are dangerous to the peace and self-satisfied content of exalted mortals! Much is forgiven because of the good work so many do; but this good work is not confined to their service; engineers, doctors, forest officers, police officers, etc., etc., give the same—when they are not prevented—but without the emoluments or hopes of preferment and titles which the I.C.S enjoys. The radical trouble is not that the Supreme Government spends seven months of the year at Simla—you might send it to Jacobabad for May and June, and it would do no better—but that it spends the whole of the year in an eighteenth century atmosphere. This is common knowledge to all who have lived and worked in India, but it has needed a catastrophe like this Mesopotamian business in order to reveal this verity.

The highhandedness of Lord Hardinge and Mr. Chamberlain, the higgling of Sir William Meyer, the insulting remarks addressed to General Cowper because he fulfilled his duty, the still more insulting behaviour towards Major Carter for daring to attempt to save our troops from needless death and torture are old, old stories to Anglo-Indians; the same sort of thing has been going on decade after decade. New and far stronger currents of public opinion have to be created in India which can only be done by modernising its public services and by destroying the monopoly of the Covenanted Civil Service with its old traditions and its hereditary hatred of interlopers, be they merchants, journalists, doctors, etc. It is to be hoped that this Mesopotamian tragedy will be the starting point for a new era of adminstrative efficiency in India where all the elements of success are ready at hand, only to a large extent nullified by an antiquated and anachronistic adminstrative system.

The Russian Effort

By Hilaire Belloc

UPON the 1st of this month, last Sunday, the central portion of General Brussiloff's armies struck the first blow delivered by the Russians since the Revolution of last March had produced its enormous effects with, among others, the necessity for reconstruction upon every side.

The divisions engaged were of very different origin. They included troops from Finland, from Central Asia and from Russia proper. They attacked upon a total front of some 18 miles; their chief effort being concentrated upon a sector of about half this, to wit, nine miles or so, which will be presently described.

Before describing the geographical details of the stroke we may note its largest aspect.

It was delivered against that part of the enemy's forces which contains his best units, the very heart of the forces under Bothmer covering Brzezany, the southern approach to Lemberg and the double shield both of Lemberg and of Halicz to the south.

The mere fact that it was delivered at all puts an end at once and for good to the system developed by the enemy increasingly throughout the last four months, of using the Russian front as a "rest camp."

It is an error to believe that the enemy, and in particular the Germans, have weakened their Eastern front. The number of men holding it is the very minimum required for the task even of passive occupation and defence. The enemy began to take away divisions amounting to nearly 20 (or the equivalent in smaller units) the moment the political state of Russia began to be uncertain; but he soon came to the limit of this depletion and he is numerically as strong between the Baltic and the Danube as he was three months ago. None the less the uncertainty of the Russian situation has hitherto been of the greatest value to him, because he could send to the Eastern front as to the quietest of quiet sectors divisions which have had to be withdrawn from the fighting upon the West and, within a certain measure, he could establish a rotation, bringing fresh divisions from the East to replace the tired troops worn out by the extreme pressure in France and Belgium. So long as this opportunity was open to him, the Russian situation was of real value to him and a corresponding anxiety to ourselves. With the offensive delivered last Sunday, the consequences of which are not yet fully developed, this system comes abruptly to an end.

We must further remember that the German Government in particular has gambled upon the asset of a *continued* security towards the East. While necessarily keeping a certain minimum number of units between the Ægean and the Baltic (the German divisions have never fallen to less than 76 upon this front), it has at the same time depleted its artillery and its stores of munitions therefor. To reconstruct a full concentration of material is a much longer and more difficult business in this war than to reconstruct concentrations of men, and the new Russian attack is of the more value on that account.

There is one last feature more important than any other attaching to that new attack; and it is this:

Once more the enemy's Higher Command is faced with the complexity of two active fronts and of all that this duality of effort imposes. Everything depends, of course, upon the continuity of the pressure which our Allies shall exercise, but given such continuity the recrudescence of activity on the Eastern front is of the very best augury for the immediate future of the war.

With so much said let us turn to the details of the action.

Its strategical elements are of the simplest. The main railway and the main road, the great trunk communications which lead up through the heart of Galicia, go along a watershed between the basins of the Dneister and the Bug. The reason of this that under the climatic conditions of the country, with the impossible roads of autumn and spring and the floods of winter, the dry watershed is, and has been for centuries, the best and often the only approach. The great city of this watershed, the political occupation of which is so important, and the strategical value of which is also important because it is a nodal point whence many railways and roads radiate, is Lemberg. To cover Lemberg and the road and the railway reaching it was the chief effort of the Germans last year when they came to the succour of the Austrians and poured down their 41 divisions to make good the enormous gaps created by the wholesale Austrian surrenders of last June and July. Bothmer was the German General put in command of this most critical sector. He had under his orders the best of the German units—I think, writing simply from memory, nine divisions—a somewhat smaller number of Austrian divisions (but these of the best material), and even summoned to his aid and obtained, two Turkish divisions which by the way, fought well and were not the least factor of his strength. This army under Bothmer lay in front of and reposing upon the Zlota Lipa, one of the main rivers running south from the watershed. The chief town upon his line, or rather just behind it, was Brzezany.

When General Brussiloff determined to attack this season, it was clear that his advance right upon Lemberg by the watershed, being in the nature of a frontal attack along the line which the enemy was compelled to defend with the greatest concentration of his troops, would have but doubtful fortunes. In other words, the positions in front of Lemberg must be turned by the north or by the south.

To turn them far towards the south was increasingly difficult the further off from the watershed one made the attempt, because the further south one went the deeper grew the ravines cut by the rivers in the plateau and the broader the streams and their adjacent marshes. It is also true that the country further south is more thickly wooded and its obstacles therefore more numerous and formidable.

The Chosen Sector

Our Allies had therefore to compromise between a direct attack along the Lemberg railway and road, foredoomed to failure, because the enemy had covered that vital point most thoroughly, and an attack far round by the south (the enemy's right, their left), which, the further off it were attempted the more difficult it would prove. The sector chosen as likely to give upon the balance the best results was the sector in front of and just north of Brzezany. The rivers so high up as this are hardly formidable obstacles: the ground is fairly open and the lateral railway which feeds the Austro-Turko-German front here, running down the Zlota-Lipa valley, has its chief depot at Brzezany itself.

On the 1st and 2nd of July (beyond which the news does not carry us at the moment of writing), the Russian attack had had the following ground for its manœuvre and the following results.

The general line of the Zlota-Lipa in the neighbourhood of Brzezany with its road, railway and river obstacle, is, roughly speaking, 1,000 feet above the sea. To the east, parallel with the Zlota-Lipa and about four miles away from it on the average, runs the small sluggish stream called the Ceniowka, which falls into the Zlota-Lipa at the village of Potutory. In between the two streams are heights occasionally wooded, but generally bare, rounded in contour and reaching at their highest points summits of about 300 feet above the water levels to east and west. The enemy had drawn his lines covering what may be called the Ceniowka positions. He held, that is, the villages of Potutory, Zolnowka, Szybalin, the course of the stream up northwards to the confluence of the Korf, a brook falling into the Ceniowka and, on the extreme north where the stream was becoming insignificant, he held the large bare flattish lump called Mt. Sredniaga, not quite 300 feet above the water. Along the stream at the base of this large bare hill, lie the wooden huts of Koniuchy village.

What the Russian effort accomplished in the two days which alone we are able to review at this moment was this:

It carried on the north the whole of Mt. Sredniaga, the burnt ruins of Koniuchy, and reached as far as the Korf Brook. Whether it carried all the line of the Ceniowka to the south we are not told. The northern effort was chiefly the work of troops from Finland; Siberian regiments carried the lower portion of the Ceniowka, including the ruined villages of Szybalin, Zolnowka, and, most interesting of all, Potutory at the confluence of the Ceniowka and the Zlota-Lipa, directly threatening Brzezany and the lateral railway, was approached. At the moment of writing the advance upon Brzezany from this direction, the most threatened of all, had not proceeded further. Potutory was not yet occupied, but the Siberian army corps was already master of the trenches covering it from the south-west, and it was clear that the hills between the Ceniowka and the Zlota-Lipa were for the most part in Russian hands. But the attack had not reached the Zlota-Lipa itself by Monday night.

It is in such a situation that we must leave the battle until further reports shall tell us how far it has been pressed.

The Storming Troops

Perhaps the most interesting mark of the war in the West at its present stage is the enemy's creation and use of what he calls "Storming Troops." Mr. Dane dealt with them at some length in last week's issue of this paper when I was absent in France. I hope my readers will not think it superfluous if I return to the subject with the added information acquired during my visit abroad.

The formation of these "storming troops" is, in the first place, an open confession of deterioration in quality in the mass of the army. That is their first and most obvious characteristic.

We must not exaggerate the comparative deterioration of the enemy. Every belligerent force which has been suffering from the material and moral losses of three years war has passed and is still passing through a downward curve. Only those forces which grew slowly in the course of the war and have still large reserves of the best material untouched, form exceptions to the general rule. This deterioration has among other factors, the following:

(1) The larger proportion of older and younger classes necessary to replace the fittest classes, which have been worn down in the process of war.

(2) The mere effect of time and strain upon the men who have held the field for long periods.

(3) The necessity of using over again men who have been even badly wounded or, what is worse, who have suffered a bad illness or shock.

Every belligerent force then, which has been at work during the whole course of the war, the belligerent forces in other parts of every nation fully mobilised in August 14th, has suffered and is suffering deterioration.

Our interest in the formation of the "storming troops" upon the enemy's side is the index it may afford of the *degree* of deterioration, and the experiment is proof that that degree is more advanced than the corresponding degree of the Western Allies. It is only what was to be expected from the character of the prisoners taken, and from two known facts; *first*, that the German Empire has had to call up a Class a whole year younger than has the French Republic—it has called up 1919, while the French have not had to call up anything younger than 1918—and *secondly*, the extremely limited period of training to which the enemy is compelled. He gives his recruits little more than half as much time in depot and training grounds as the French do.

German Class 1919 the Test of Exhaustion

Apropos of this German Class 1919 I would like to admit a digression. I have already said in these columns, I think, that three-quarters of 1919 was already in depot, but I was told upon the best authority during my recent visit to France, that the matter is not quite certain. It is only a detail affecting a very few weeks of the campaign, but it is as well to be precise in these matters and to correct any errors. The known facts on which there is no disagreement are as follows:

Class 1918—that is the boys who were born in 1898—were called up in successive batches at the end of last year. It was with the help of this new recruitment that the man-power "in sight" for the fighting season of 1917 promised a reserve of one million men which, as my readers will remember, was the figure given in LAND & WATER six months ago. This million was roughly divided into two equal halves: One half the 1918 class, the other half, Hospital Returns; men at the moment in depot and the very few that still remained to be combed out from civilian employment.

In the first six months of 1917, especially of course during the last thre of those months, very heavy casualties were suffered by the German forces in the West. Had they been subjected to a corresponding pressure upon the East the moment might well have been decisive. But in the West alone their casualties of all kind, including sickness, reached a total before the end of June of more than 800,000 men. And of this total more than three-eighths, something like a third of a million, were "definite losses," that is, men killed or taken prisoners or so very badly wounded or invalided that they could never reappear in any capacity. The remainder, however, close on 60 per cent. of the total casualties, would again appear in uniform at some time or another, and perhaps half of them would reappear in the same duties they fulfilled before, that is, in active service in the firing line.

The reserve of man-power of which I have spoken—one million men in sight behind the existing armies for the fighting season of 1917—was used, as everybody remembers, for the formation of the famous "strategic reserve" with which Hindenburg was, by the unanimous consent of the German Press inspired by the German authorities, to "restore a warfare of movement in the West," etc., etc.

When we say that this reserve of man-power was used to create such a strategic reserve (perhaps 25 divisions) we do not mean, of course, that the new divisions were formed out of the actual men composing this reserve of man-power, but that the presence of such a reserve of man-power made it possible to create the strategic reserve in question. Now the capital fact of the campaign during the last three months has been the destruction of the strategic reserve, the break-down of the German plan for restoring a war of movement and the eating into the German man-power at a rate far superior to that which the enemy had budgeted for. He thought that the retirement during the thaw and fog of last March to his new line Arras—St. Quentin—Chemin-des Dames would prevent the delivery of a spring offensive, that is, would delay Allied operations by at least eight weeks, and he thought that this new line would hold at its essential or pivot points and therefore that he would not suffer any exaggerated loss.

Both these judgments were miscalculations upon his part. Sir Douglas Haig delivered his blow as early as the 9th of April and the French came in with theirs a week later. Therefore the period over which heavy casualties were spread was extended over a greater period than the enemy had allowed for. Further, the two principal defensive positions on the new line failed to hold. Vimy Ridge went, and so did nearly the whole of the Chemin-des-Dames. *Apart from the actual loss in prisoners and dead incurred by those two defeats, the enemy has been subjected through the loss of these defensive positions to a heavier rate of loss than would otherwise be the case*, and the same applies in varying degrees to the consequences of losing other defensive points, especially the White Sheet Ridge, and the Moronvillers Hills east of Rheims.

It is difficult for general opinion to seize the truth that the *rate* of loss is the decisive factor in siege warfare. General opinion is much more struck by the more vivid and obvious capture of ground. Nevertheless, it is the effect upon future *rate* of loss produced by the capture of such and such a piece of ground which is the really important thing. The enemy having lost the Vimy Ridge, for instance, has by that loss necessarily suffered a higher rate of casualties by far in the sector of which the Vimy Ridge was the shield, than he would have suffered had it held. He has the disadvantage of being directly observed. He has for a long period—one of weeks—to hold new and imperfect defences requiring from their character the sacrifice of a greater number of men. He has to counter-attack perpetually in order to maintain himself.

To give but one example of the way in which the loss of a good defensive position compels one to spend men: The corner by Vauxaillon, where the German line leaves the Chemin-des-Dames and runs off northward. The original defensive positions on the crest were held by two divisions. Had they remained intact two divisions was a sufficient "lining." In the same space to-day, the enemy has had to mass *five* divisions since he lost the crest, and he has been counter-attacking almost without respite for now two months in order to maintain himself at all.

The enemy thus having been attacked earlier than he expected and having lost the defensive positions (incidentally also positions of observation) which enabled him to spare men, has been subjected to this heavy rate of loss, the consequences of which are now following. Before May was over it was clear that he no longer had the power to handle any so-called strategic reserve *offensively*. It was being eaten up in the process of defence and it was further apparent that he would have to call very soon on class 1919, that is, the boys who reach their 18th birthday in the course of this year. Class 1918 went out of the depots into the fighting front very early. It had already begun to appear in the firing line during April. By the end of May, if I am not mistaken, certainly early in June at the latest, no one was left of 1918 in the depots. They were all either incorporated in the fighting units or in those so-called "field depots" immediately behind the line, which the German system maintains as a sort of small reservoirs to afford instant replenishment to units between the main depots and the fighting. 1919 was warned only a few weeks after

1918 had been called up. The medical examination of the class took place last April, and the last proclamations appeared, if I am not mistaken, early in May: that is, the public summons. If the German method were that of certain other conscript nations, notably the French, we might conclude without hesitation that during May the greater part of 1919 had actually been incorporated and was to be found in the depots. But there is, unfortunately, this element of difficulty in the calculation. The Germans call up their classes in detail and by regions. We know that certain regions, that of the 15th Corps, for instance, had all their Class 1919 called up two months ago. But we are not yet fully informed with regard to the greater part of the Empire in this respect. What we do know is that 1919 has passed its medical examination and if not actually for the greater part already in the depots will be there very shortly indeed. We may similarly presume that the first elements of 1919 will appear upon the field in the early part of next Autumn, perhaps even before October. Until that date the enemy is dependent upon his hospital returns. It is known that he is combing out no more men from civilian auxiliary employment; upon the contrary, he has actually now to send some back. It is not so very long ago that he sent back 20,000 miners from the field to the pit and there are indications that he has not a sufficient labour power behind him in spite of the enslavement of occupied districts.

From this digression, which I hope sufficiently explains the degree of exhaustion the enemy is now suffering, we can return to the chief effect of this phenomenon, the "storming troops."

These "storming troops" consist of battalions not only specially trained, but specially selected; the men are picked for their physique, or their character, or their intelligence, from all manner of units and are then subjected to special training. Their functions are highly differentiated. They are themselves imbued with the idea of superiority to the rest of the army and that remainder has to treat them as superiors. They are exempt from duty in the trenches and kept before action at some distance behind the lines. They are saved as far as possible all unnecessary fatigue and when they are to be used they are distributed in comparatively small groups among the other troops to form "spear heads" as it were for the attacks contemplated.

The disadvantages of such a system "of last resort" are very well known and have been discussed in pretty well every text book dealing with such affairs, nor would the enemy have been driven to it but for that degree of deterioration, itself the consequence of excessive casualities of which we have spoken. The mass of an army out of which its best elements are thus taken loses in quality quite out of proportion to the numbers withdrawn. The parallel to this is within the experience of everyone. If you take the best bowler and the best batsman from a cricket eleven you weaken your team by a great deal more than two-elevenths. If you withdrew from a political society the five per cent. or so of its educated men you would weaken its competitive power against foreign societies by much more than five per cent. And though the picked men chosen for the storming troops have not the same sort of superiority over their fellows, yet this superiority is sufficiently marked for their absence to involve a further serious depreciation in the quality of the mass from which they are withdrawn.

This drawback, however, is not the greatest of the reasons that have always made commanders hesitate till the last moment before adopting such formations under the pressure of necessity. A far graver consideration is the effect upon the mass of the checks inflicted upon chosen bodies of the sort. It is a paradox, but it is true, that the very conditions which compel the formation of such selected units are those which render the use of them dangerous. This is even true in the much broader and more general case of the *Corps d'Elite* and it is worth noting that the latter usually appear in military history, like Napoleon's Guard, in moments of success, and fail to retrieve a lost cause when the downward process is far advanced.

In the particular case of these "storming troops" this truth is much more evident. *They* come into use not in the moment of success but after the moment when the sentiment of defeat is already heavy upon the army as a whole. They are used to maintain with difficulty by continual counter-action positions to which in defeat a force has been driven back and they are, as it were, doomed to necessary and repeated checks which serve as examples or warnings to all their fellows. The last few weeks' fight on the Chemin-de-Dames has been exceedingly instructive in this point. For one small local success scored by the rush of the new formations, or rather their mixture with the attacking troops, you have a dozen cases in which they are broken.

There is a last consideration of which the enemy's command is well aware and which will begin to tell before very long. The material necessary for such formations is limited. Its quality necessarily deteriorates very rapidly and its rate of loss is very high. Even when you have consented to weaken the average of your forces by this system of selection you are like a man borrowing money with the deliberate purpose of spending it wastefully. What the proportion in casualties is between the storming troops and the rest I do not know. It is certainly not double. Perhaps it is not more than a third in excess of the average; perhaps even lower than that. But at any rate, it is always superior to the average rate of casualties and must be so from the very expensive nature of the work for which these special units are designed.

It cannot be denied that there is a certain moral effect produced by selection of this sort as there is in the larger case of the corps d'elite. In other words, you get more out of the selected units than their original superiority before they were trained together might seem to warrant; they have an espirit de corps and a corresponding tenacity in attack due to their peculiar position among the forces. But this moral advantage does not long outweigh the drawbacks we have mentioned, and that is why an experiment of this kind is never tried until the latter phases of a losing fight, and only then as a desperate experiment.

The Transformation of War—II

I said last week that the present great campaign had gradually produced a certain transformation in the methods of war. The first type of this transformation was that of scale, both in time and in space.

The second type of transformation proceeds from the departure the enemy has made from the conventions hitherto imposed by European morals upon the conduct of war.

This development of the war has a most important political side, of course, which will appear very largely in the settlement following upon the enemy's defeat; and this political side, the restriction of war in the future as far as possible to normal boundaries and to the methods recognised by the European conscience, will be of much more consequence than the technical military results we are about to study. Indeed, upon the success or failure of such restriction largely depends the future of our civilisation and in particular of this country. But, neglecting for the moment this larger issue, let us confine ourselves to the military results pure and simple.

I have no space this week to do more than catalogue the new methods brought in by the Germans. I will to-day attempt such definitions and leave a fuller examination of them to later articles in this series.

The novelties of which I speak are of two separate kinds. In one category come the various invasions of non-belligerent rights; in another come the introduction of new and hitherto prohibited methods of warfare against belligerent forces by sea and land. The first of these, is by far the more important, paradoxically enough, in its military effect.

The novel methods of attack against armed men, both those which have been accepted and those which we still regard as abominable innovations, have not anywhere produced the results which were expected of them. It is the political side of the innovations and outraging of non-belligerents which have most profoundly modified war.

Consider the comparatively slight result of mere novelty in atrocity of *attack*. The novelty that came nearest to success was the introduction of poisonous gas by the Germans in April 1915. It came, if we are to believe the accounts of many eye-witnesses, very near to success.

(1) It had all the effect of surprise. The power of doing such things was common to all civilised nations, but it was not believed that any civilised nation would use that power.

(2) The discharge of gas was delivered at the point of junction between the two Allied armies.

(3) The troops attacked consisted in great part upon the French side of native troops upon whom this unusual engine of warfare had, of course, a special effect of terror.

(4) The attack took place not only at a point of junction but at a point where the line was not strongly defended. As a matter of fact, a complete rupture was produced in the lines and, so far as we can judge, if the enemy had taken full advantage of his success he might, even at so late a date, have modified the course of the war by that single act. A very wide gap opened between the Canadians on the extreme left of the English line and the mixed troops of the French right.

The enemy did not take advantage of his opportunity and gas in general has fallen, since it ceased to have the effect of surprise, to an auxiliary form of attack which has never proved decisive. The Allies, after a brief and natural hesitation, were compelled to follow the evil example set by Prussia and here, as in every other single case where the older civilisation suffered from tardiness or reluctance, it has, with the efflux of time, proved its superiority. The Allied use of gas is superior to the enemy's use of gas at the present moment.

At the same time, what always happens in war occurred with the case of a gas attack. A defensive rapidly developed against the new offensive weapon, a gas helmet was provided and improved. The new weapon has now become a commonplace of the great war. It has not and we may confidently say will not prove of decisive effect.

The other novelty of what may be called the forbidden sort (as distinguished from the development of trench weapons, etc.), is the use of flame, whether in the form of projectors or of inflammable material discharged to a distance and there set fire to. The defence against this new offensive has not developed with the same rapidity as the defence against gas, but as in the case of gas the new weapon has proved in no way decisive. It sometimes produces small local successes, as on the plateau of Craonne the other day, but it has produced nothing more. It would seem, at any rate, in its present state of development, to be one of those military inventions, the lack of mobility in which outweighs their offensive power. With gas, and the use of flame we exhaust those novelties against armed forces which broke the original conventions of Europe in the field and, as I have said, neither of them has proved of decisive effect.

But when we come to the other category, the violation of non-belligerent rights, we find the military effect of the Prussian immorality to be very considerable: So considerable that the enemy until quite lately believed it to be decisive and still permits his publicists to spread the illusion that it may be decisive.

There are three main divisions of these crimes: First, the violation of neutral territory. Secondly, the enslavement of populations whose territory is occupied, and thirdly, the murder of non-belligerents.

If the war be examined with the largest vision, it will be clear that upon these crimes alone has the enemy been able for a long time past to count for any chance of escape from the punishment that threatens him. He is here in a vicious circle. The very actions which would increase the severity of his punishment are those by which alone he can hope to escape that punishment. It was submarine murder, for instance, which brought in the United States, and yet submarine murder was by his own calculation and open confession, his chief standby. In the same way the enslavement of population on the northern frontier of France has, more powerfully than any other of the enemy's crimes, produced the specific determination to destroy its authors. But the enemy would tell you that but for such enslavement he could not have maintained himself physically at all, and that by enslavement alone has he been able to continue the war.

The violation of neutral territory, to take the first of these crimes in its order, has had upon the course of the war a strategical effect of the first magnitude. And I propose to examine the effect of this novelty in next week's article.

H. Belloc.

(*To be continued*).

The Editor of Land & Water *is always glad to receive photographs or pictures illustrating the countries in which the forces of the British Empire are now engaged. If not possible for publication they will be immediately returned.*

The A.P.M.

By Centurion

An A.P.M. has more acquaintances and fewer friends than any officer in His Majesty's forces. It is his duty to know everyone wisely but not to know anyone too well. He should never accept hospitality, and rarely offer it, unless it be a lodging for the night. If he offers you this form of entertainment you cannot refuse. He has to know all about etiquette; if he asks an officer for his name and regiment he must be careful to have his armlet on, and if he enters another A.P.M.'s "beat" he must be equally careful to have it off. He should know a lady when he sees one. He may ask an officer for his belt, but he should not ask him for his "slacks." He should never swear, except at a court-martial, and then not profanely. It is never safe to ask him the way, as he is naturally suspicious and may think you know it but cannot walk it. The fact that he is called Assistant Provost-Marshal does not mean that he is meant to assist officers home, though he sometimes offers to do so. When he does that be sure you ask for a medical officer as soon as you get there, and say you don't feel at all well. The A.P.M. has few equals and no superiors. He can ask any officer he likes to go for a walk with him, though it is a mistake to suppose this is a compliment, and it is unwise to refuse. He is privileged to attend executions, which he does with a pocket-handkerchief, but not to blow his nose. He is very fond of exercise. He takes other people's pleasures sadly. He has a profound distrust of human nature but he is seldom indignant and never surprised. It is very difficult to make him see a joke—especially a practical one. His manners are, indeed, more subdued than jovial; he will sometimes touch an officer on the shoulder, but he rarely slaps him on the back. He is fond of frequenting estaminets, especially after 8 p.m., but this does not mean that he has convivial tastes. He has the insatiable curiosity of a child without its ingenuousness—his curiosity lacks charm.

From all of this it will be gathered that an A.P.M., although invariably a man of parts, is usually more feared than loved. He is a lonely man.

Now there was once a young A.P.M. who feared neither God nor man—always excepting the P.M. who is a Brigadier and has power to bind and loose. He was zealous—so much so that the zeal of his office had almost eaten him up. So when he was not posting road-controls and instructing examining posts or parading his "red caps," he would sit and meditate on spies like the harlot in the Book of Joshua. In the matter of spies your Intelligence Officer is the plain-clothes man and your A.P.M. is the policeman; the Intelligence picks up the scent but the A.P.M. does the kill. Now this young A.P.M. longed with a great longing for a bag. So far he had had no luck. It never seemed to come his way as it came the way of other fellows he knew. There was Wetherby in a certain home Command, who had had a glorious stunt, capturing the commercial traveller with a valise of saturated underclothing which had yielded the most surprising results in the hands of an analytical chemist; there was Chipchase, A.P.M. to a Division, who had located the sniper under the tombstone just behind our lines; there was Ledger who had caught a female of disarming ingenuousness at a certain Base as the result of a train of induction which began with no other data than the fact that in knitting she always looped the yarn over the forefinger of the left hand instead of the right, and in eating laid her knife and fork parallel across her plate, which is a way they have in Germany—but then Ledger had had a German governess and his bag was luck, pure luck. Still these things showed what could be done by observation.

One morning as he was sitting in his office making up his weekly report, the orderly entered and placed a buff-coloured envelope in the "In" box where it lay until such time as the A.P.M., glancing up from his papers, chanced to observe that it was marked "Confidential." He languidly ripped it open with a bored intuition that some officer had been overstaying his leave or having a difference of opinion with Mr. Cox about the principles of banking. Then he suddenly sat up in his chair as he caught the head note "From the Commander of the ——— Naval Base to the A.P.M. of the ——— District." And this is what he read:

> "Lieutenant Commander——— of the Night Patrol reports that about 11 p.m. on the 25th, he observed intermittent lights on the coast some 500 yards from Winstone Point. They appeared to be signals in the Morse code addressed to some ship at sea. We have no signalling station at that point. Lt.-Commdr.——— was unable to read the messages in full, owing to the signals being apparently addressed to someone lying nearer in shore. The only words he succeeded in detecting were "Yes," "No," "Repeat." There has been considerable activity of late on the part of *U* boats along this coast, under circumstances which seem to indicate precise knowledge of the sailings from —— harbour. It will be remembered that on the 25th a tramp steamer which had cleared from the harbour about 10 p.m., while following the course indicated in the Admiralty sailing instructions, and showing neither port nor starboard lights, was torpedoed about midnight. I should be glad if you would keep this locality under strict observation please."

The A.P.M. read this through twice. There might be nothing in it, of course—he had known more than once what it was to get on a false scent. And he felt alternately exalted and depressed. The coast was well patrolled and all approaches to the beach were prohibited by an order issued by the C.N.A. under Defence of the Realm regulation 28A, closing them nightly at 6 p.m. Besides, the Morse code seemed a little too obvious, and the A.P.M. had a passion for the obscure, not realising that the most successful deceptions are always the simplest, and that monosyllables like "Yes" and "No" may in a cipher stand for other things than mere affirmatives and negatives.

The A.P.M. had read a great many detective stories—which is a very bad training for a detective. Life is never so elaborate as fiction. In the spy stories of fiction there is usually a master mind who erects a scaffolding round a house in a perfect state of repair and employs six secret agents as bricklayers, merely in order that one of them may drop a brick from his hod on the head of the detective as he passes by; he hires a powerful Rolls-Royce to procure his death by a street accident; or he watches his movements by aerial reconnaissance from an aeroplane; and he invariably uses a cipher language so obviously obscure that it shrieks for elucidation as loudly as a cuneiform inscription. You must have noticed this if you are in the habit of reading detective stories. But the real spy never does anything so melodramatic or so suggestive; he usually journeys by tram or motor-bus, eats buns in an A.B.C. shop, travels in Dutch cigars or cinema films, and is nothing if not unobtrusive. He does not use numerals for letters or transpose the alphabet; he sends transparently simple messages about invoices, or contents himself with posting a catalogue of cigars or a newspaper. It is only your trained "Intelligence" men who will guess that the commercial correspondence, the price list of Havanas, or the stop press space may have a secondary meaning. The art of esponiage consists in making the primary meaning so obvious that a secondary meaning will never be suspected. It is the art of the *double entendre*.

The A.P.M. knew nothing of all this. He was not an "M.I." man and had never worn the green tabs of an intellectual life. Consequently his first flush of certitude was succeeded by a cold fit of doubt. The situation seemed to lack colour. A restaurant in Soho, a suite of rooms at the Ritz, an alcove in the National Liberal Club, an opium den in Whitechapel—such romantic surroundings he felt, were the proper *mise en scene* for a real spy stunt. At that moment the orderly entered with a telegram. The A.P.M. opened it, and as he read his heart went "dot and carry one." For this was what he read:

"TAHW ECIRP EMBARKATION DRAFTS RETTOR
MA DEF PU ON DOOG ATAT.
DECENCY LONDON."

Decoded this ran:

Suspect embarkation drafts sailings are known to U boats please set a watch upon coast in vicinity of harbour.

Then he knew his chance had come. He spent a restless day counting the hours till dusk. About 8 p.m. after a deliberately frugal meal, he girded up his loins with his Sam Browne belt, slipped his Mark Webley into its holster, and set out on foot for Winstone Point. As he proposed to begin with a reconnaissance he decided to go alone. It was a warm night, but there was that brooding apprehension in the air which seems to portend a thunderstorm, and low down on the horizon Orion, the herald of troubled weather, shone with a baleful light.

Winstone Point is a bold headland on the west side of which lies a small fishing village. The Point is the limestone termination of a long greyhound-backed down which runs inland for many miles and is covered with short crisp turf and creeping cinquefoil. It is intersected by a winding track strewn with flints chipped into sharp and minute splinters like thorns by the chisel-like feet of flocks of sheep. The A.P.M. carefully avoided this track as he climbed the down, and finding a small dew-pond like a shell-hole which commanded a view of the whole ridge as it ran inland, he crouched against its grassy slopes. The night was dark save for the feeble light of the stars, and as he glanced at the phosphorescent glow of his wrist watch he could just make out the position of the hands—they were at 10.30. His position was about a mile due north of the spot where the ridge terminated in an abrupt cliff some four hundred feet above the sea, and he was facing north-east. For a long time nothing happened as he lay there listening to the beating of his heart and the faint chafing of the sea upon the distant beach. Then he suddenly saw a flash about a mile and a half further inland, where the down attained a greater altitude. It was followed by a sequence of short and long flashes, and he realised that someone was signalling in the Morse code. He made out the words "*Answer.*" "*General Answer.*" Then a pause. Then "*No,*" "*Yes,*" "*Repeat,*" "*No,*" "*Yes,*" "109 *Battalion,*" "*June* 4." Then the signals ceased.

He lay prone on his stomach on the turf waiting for their repetition. Nothing happened. Reflecting that his prey might use the track on his right for his return journey, he continued to wait, oblivious of time. Meanwhile the sky, long obscure, grew black above him, the air curdled and thickened, not a breath of wind stirred the sultry atmosphere. Something cold as dew hopped on to his hand, and as he moved jumped suddenly, so that his heart jumped with it. It was a toad. The sheep grazing on the brow of the hill had disappeared. The furze bushes were suddenly shaken by a violent convulsion, the clumps of young heather rustled like tissue paper, and every bent of grass trembled. At that moment a shaft of light cleft the sky downwards from zenith to horizon, and in one trenchant glimpse he saw the whole sea for miles, and outlined upon it, like the silhouettes in a naval textbook, the shapes of the patrol-boats black as ink against a background of burnished silver. The heavens opened their batteries, and as the thunder crashed the rain descended in torrents and smote the hard dry earth like hail. Another flash rent the sky, and by its blue corrosive light the A.P.M. saw the whole ridge and every furze bush upon it. But not a living thing stirred. The mysterious signaller had vanished. Drenched to the skin, with runnels of water down his back, the A.P.M. rose stiffly. All further quest was useless that night. He took out his knife, cut a branch of furze, and digging a small hole in the earth he planted it upright in front of him. Then he drew back some two yards, and placing his walking stick in a line with the twig on what he judged to be the point where he had last seen the signals, as though he were bringing the sights of a rifle to bear on a given object, he planted the stick firmly in the ground. An hour later he was in bed.

He was trying to read a signal of baffling brightness, when he awoke out of a troubled dream to find the sun shining full upon his face. He rose and dressed and, after a hasty breakfast, determined to visit the scene of the night's operations. Before leaving he gave orders that the Sergeant of the military police with a picquet of three men should join him at 2 p.m. at the fishing village on the western slope of Winstone Point.

He went armed as before, but this time he took with him a magnifying glass with a handle such as is used for reading print by persons who suffer from myopia. He had purchased that magnifying glass some months earlier as the result of a careful study of the operations of a classical detective whose name is a household word as the discoverer of the Inductive Method. He felt that the time had come to use it.

He left his horse at the village inn and ascended the down. He discovered the two sticks without difficulty, and taking a compass bearing he found that they were aligned on a point due north north-east. He walked slowly in the direction indicated, keeping a sharp eye on the turf after he had covered about a mile. He suddenly came to a halt at a spot where he saw a number of matches. Examining the ground more closely he thought he found traces of trampled grass which the rain had not wholly obliterated. Then he went down on his hands and knees and scrutinised every blade of grass with his magnifying glass. At the end of half an hour he had gathered the following:

(1) Nineteen burnt matches.
(2) A piece of burnt paper.
(3) A pipeful of tobacco only partially consumed.
(4) A small piece of sausage.

Then he sat down and applied the Inductive Method. He tried to reconstruct the personality of the suspect from these apparently insignificant trifles. At the end of half an hour's deep meditation he had arrived at the conclusion that the man had a tooth missing in the centre of the upper jaw, was one-armed, probably careless of money, and very probably a German. How? By a simple process of ratiocination: The serrated edge of the half-eaten sausage revealed the marks of an even row of teeth, but in the middle of the perimeter there was a gap. Nineteen matches had been expended in an attempt to light one pipe—there was no trace of ashes beyond those of the half-consumed wad of tobacco—and each of the matches had only burnt to the extent of an eighth of an inch; this showed that they had been extinguished as soon as lit, a contretemps so unusual as to be only explicable on the assumption that the smoker had been unable to use his left hand to shield the match held in his right. The waste of tobacco costing 11½d. an ounce pointed to an indifference to considerations of economy; an application of the method of Observation and Experiment to the tobacco by first smelling it and then smoking it had convinced the A.P.M. that it was a choice blend of "John Cotton." The nationality of the suspect was more difficult to establish; the sausage suggested German nationality; but the A.P.M. would have felt more assured if he could have detected in its composition traces of those cubes of onion and garlic with which the maker of Delikatessen tickles the coarse palate of the Hun. But an examination with the magnifying glass yielded no assurance on this point. Still it was a working hypothesis.

Then he turned his attention to the scrap of paper. It was a piece of ordinary writing paper some three inches by four, but on holding it up against the light he failed to find any traces of a water-mark. He scrutinised the written characters and saw at a glance they were in a foreign tongue. He did not know a word of German although he knew that the language was not French. But he was struck by the prevalence of words ending in the letters "ch." Although the characters had been partly obliterated by the rain he could make out clearly the words "bach" and "hoch." His pulses quickened as he reflected that the German tongue was notoriously a language of gutturals. Then he caught sight of the word "Strafe," and persuasion became a certainty. The fragment of sausage, inconclusive and insignificant in itself, added nothing to what was now a conviction, but undeniably it strengthened it. He descended the hill with a light heart.

He knew that stern things lay ahead of him. For the uninterned German who chooses to play the part of spy an ignominious death is the inevitable penalty, and the man would in all probability sell his life dearly. But the A.P.M. was not a man to flinch. He telephoned through to his office giving orders to the sergeant that each man was to bring his revolver. Then he went to a chalk-pit some hundred yards from the village and fired the six chambers of his own revolver in succession to test the trigger-pull; the weapon was in perfect trim though the pull was a bit heavy, and he regretted now that he had not, as he had long intended, had the pressure reduced to six pounds. Only one thing remained to do—and he did it. He sent off a code telegram to "Decency, London." It contained the following message: "Have matter well in hand. Important developments. Will report to-morrow."

This was not strictly necessary, but you must remember that the A.P.M. was young and zealous. And youth does not like to hide its light under a bushel; it prefers to let it shine before men. It is a venial fault.

During the afternoon he rehearsed his plans for the night. He despatched his four men by different routes, avoiding the beaten track, with orders to assemble at a stunted beech-tree which was within a few yards of the place of his discoveries. They were instructed to keep completely out of sight, taking all possible cover so as to escape notice by anyone who might be keeping the open spaces of the hillside under the observation of a pair of field-glasses. The A.P.M. himself approached the rendezvous by the most open route like any casual wayfarer. They met at the appointed place at the end of half-an hour. Each of the men reported that he had seen nothing. They had carefully observed their direction and the A.P.M. felt confident that forty minutes would suffice for the night's advance. He therefore timed the start for 10.20 p.m.

At the appointed time the four men, who had been disposed in such a manner that they formed an approximate circle with the beech-tree in the centre, slowly converged on their objective and halted some hundred yards away. The A.P.M. had arranged to simulate the plaintive cry of a peewit as the signal for closing in. They lay there for what seemed an interminable time until a rosy flush in the East heralded the approach of dawn and a lark rose in the morning air. The A.P.M. began to fear that they had been observed.

He decided to remain where he was all the next day, keeping the men with him so that no movement of theirs on the hillside should be visible to the secret watcher. One man was detailed as a ration party to crawl down the hill as unobtrusively as possible and bring back food and water. It was a tedious vigil. The sun beat down fiercely upon their heads, the flies tormented them like the seven plagues of Egypt, they had a most amazing thirst, and as he lay on his back the A.P.M. reflected that the attractions of a detective's career are greatly exaggerated in fiction. The sun set at last, sinking in a ball of fire below the horizon, and within less than half-an-hour one man crawled in from his observation post a hundred yards away, and reported the approach of four men. The A.P.M. was a little taken aback at the number. He drew his revolver out of its holster and waited.

His men had orders that no blood was to be shed except in case of extreme necessity; it was important to capture the spies alive, for they might be the means of eliciting valuable information. The newcomers were slow in arriving, but as they approached their voices grew more distinct. They spoke a foreign tongue full of strange gutturals. And at times they uttered the letter "l" in a curious way as though they were clearing their palate with a view to expectoration. The A.P.M. despatched his man to relieve another who was stationed nearer the doomed men; the other reported that their conversation was unmistakably German—he had distinctly heard the word "Strafe," though the rest of it was unintelligible. The four spies clustered together, and one of them suddenly flashed a lamp.

At that movement the military policeman by the side of the A.P.M. tried to distract his attention in a hurried whisper. "Hush! you fool," said the A.P.M. testily, and pursing his lips as though he were drawing at a pipe he uttered the shrill cry of a peewit. The A.P.M. and three of his men rushed forward noiselessly over the turf, the fourth unaccountably lagging behind. It was beautifully done. Each military policeman closed with the man nearest him, the A.P.M. catching his man with either hand around the ankles and bringing him heavily to the ground. He fell with him and as he did so received the impact of a huge fist in his eye which made him see flashes such as are not recognised in the Morse code.

"Blast!" said his victim, and as he struggled he poured forth a torrent of invective. Most of it was unmistakably English, but unfamiliar words like "*Duw*" and "*Diawl*" caught the A.P.M.'s ear and the accent was foreign and peculiar. Therefore the A.P.M., giving himself the benefit of the doubt, tightened his grip on the profane man's windpipe.

"Let me go now, look you. Yes, indeed," said a voice near by, as though the owner was trying to agree with his adversary quickly. "You have got your knee in my guts whatever. There's foolish you are, man. I was have a belly-ache. And for why? *Duw anwyl*! man, stop it I tell you."

"It's the South Wales Borderers, sir," said the fourth policeman who had betrayed such indecision at the last moment and who now came up panting. "And I think they've been doing signal practice. I saw the answering signal on the hill t'other side of the bay just now, sir. And I tried to draw your attention to it, sir" he added with gloomy satisfaction.

The A.P.M. relaxed his hold, and the combatants rose to their feet. He had nearly strangled the life out of a sergeant of a crack Welsh Regiment. The others rose also, including a military policeman who, having been an ostler in private life, had been trying desperately to sit on his opponent's head, and was surprised to find that he still kicked. Serious things had been done upon the earth that night. The penalty for striking a superior officer on active service is Death—and the sergeant had struck, and painfully. The penalty for an officer who strikes a soldier at any time is dismissal, and the A.P.M. had incurred it. Four military policemen had committed an unprovoked and aggravated assault on three inoffensive soldiers engaged in the performance of a military duty—which is a tort, a misdemeanour, and also a statutory offence under the Army act.

The British army is a wonderful thing. The sergeant of the Borderers gravely saluted the officer to whom he had given a black eye, and the A.P.M. returned the salute with no less gravity. The sergeant, with his windpipe still somewhat contracted by the pressure from his superior officer's fingers, proceeded to offer an explanation with the mechanical precision of a soldier giving evidence at a court-martial:

"*At 6 p.m. on the 24th, I wass ordered by the signalling officer of the 103th Battalion the South Wales Borderers to proceed to Winstone Point. I wass arrive there at dusk————.*"

"That will do, sergeant," said the A.P.M. smiling bitterly. "I think I know the rest—which I can explain better than you can." And he did.

As the A.P.M. retired down the hill with his picquet he thought deeply—this time deductively. The major premiss of his syllogism does not matter, but the conclusion was depressing. He could not stand the Sergeant of the Borderers a drink; in an A.P.M. that would be conduct exceedingly "prejudicial." To offer him the price of one would be worse. But a little gift in kind—there would be no harm in that, just to show there was no ill feeling. When he got back to his billet that night his eye (the uninflamed one) lit on a book which had been one of his dearest possessions, but which he now regarded with a hostile air. He had had it specially bound in tooled morocco. He packed it up and posted it to the Sergeant with his compliments. Its title was *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

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The Sergeant of the Borderers held his tongue—for obvious reasons. But one of his men must have talked. And as the sparks fly upward, the story spread from hutments to the orderly-room, from the orderly-room to the officers' mess, from the officers' mess to Brigade H.Q., and from Brigade H.Q. to the H.Q. of the command, till it was noised abroad from Dan even to Beersheba. I have already said that an A.P.M. is more feared than loved, and that he is apt to be a lonely man. The A.P.M. was no longer sure that he was feared but he was certain that he felt very lonely. He has applied for a transfer.

The Inn of a Thousand Dreams

By Gilbert Frankau

WHERE the road climbs free from the marsh and the sea
To the last rose sunset-gleams,
Twixt a fold and a fold of the Kentish wold
Stands the Inn of a Thousand Dreams.

No man may ride with map for guide
And win that tavern-door;
As none shall come by rule of thumb
To our blue-bells' dancing floor:
For no path leads through Churchyards Meads
And the fringes of Daffodil wood,
To the heart of the glade where the flower-folk played
In the days when the gods were good.

Who hastes our wold with naught but gold,
Who seeks but food and wine,
The wood-folk wise shall blind his eyes
To the creaking tavern-sign;
He shall know the goad of the folk of the road
And his led wheels shall not find
The gabled beams that sheltered our dreams
In the nights when the gods were kind.

We had never a chart save our own sure heart
And the summoning sunset-gleams
When you rode with me from the marsh and the sea
To the Inn of a Thousand Dreams.

No sign-post showed the curved hill-road
Our purring engines clomb,
From where dead forts of dying ports
Loomed gray against gray foam;
We had never a book for the way we took,
But the oast-house chimney-vanes
Stretched beckoning hands o'er the lambing-lands
To point us their Kentish lanes.

As certain-true our track we flew,
As nesting swiftsures flit,
By stream and down and county-town,
And orchards blossom-lit:
For Pan's own heels were guiding our wheels,
And Pan's self checked our speed
In the spire-crowned street where the by-ways meet
For a sign of the place decreed.

Rose-impearled o'er a wonder-world
Glowed the last of the sunset-gleams;
And we knew that fate had led to the gate
Of the Inn of our Thousand Dreams.

Who needs must pique with kitchen-freak
His jaded appetite,
He shall not know our set cloth's snow,
Our primrose candle-light;
We had never a need of the waiter breed
Or an alien bandsman's blare,
When we pledged a toast to our landlord host
As he served us his goodwife's fare.

As right of guest they gave their best:
No hireling hands outspread
White bridal-dress from linen-press,
To drape our marriage bed:
They had never a thought for the price we brought,
The simple folk and the fine,
Who made us free of their hostelry
In the night when all dreams were mine.

When the trench-lights rise to the storm-dark skies
Where the gun-flash flickers and gleams,
My soul flies free o'er an English sea
To the Inn of a Thousand Dreams.

Once more we flit, hands passion-knit,
By marsh and murmuring shore,
By Tenterden and Bennenden,
To our own tavern-door:
As again we go, where the sunsets glow
On the beech-tree's silvern plinth,
Down wood-paths set with violet
And Spring's wild hyacinth.

Once more we pass, by roads of grass,
To find for our delight
Trim garden-plots, and shepherds' cots—
Half-timbered, black-and-white . . .
There is never one gash of a shrapnel-splash
On the walls of the street we roam,
Where the forge-irons ring for our welcoming
As the twilight calls us home.

Till the trench-lights pale on the gray dawn-veil
Of the first wan sunrise-gleams,
My soul would bide with its spirit-bride
At the Inn of a Thousand Dreams.

Once more I press, in tenderness,
(Dear God, that dreams were true!)
Your finger-tips against these lips
Your own red-rose lips knew,
In the middle night when your throat gleamed white
On your dark hair's pillowed sheen,
And your eyes were the pools that a moonbeam cools
For the feet of a faery queen.

Woman o' mine, heart's anodyne
Against unkindly fate,
Love's aureole about my soul,
Wife, mistress, comrade, mate!
I stretch ghost-hands from the stricken lands
Where my earth-bound body lies,
To touch your fair smooth brow, your hair,
Your lips, your sleeping eyes:

You are living warm in the crook of my arm,
You are pearl in the firelight-gleams . . .
Till the blind night rocks with the cannon-shocks
That shatter a thousand dreams.

Flanders, June, 1916.

Past and Future—IV

Developments of Industrial Life

By Jason

IT is difficult to see how we could have waged a long and exhausting war without the Trade Unions. They were invaluable in the days of voluntary recruiting; they have helped to organize and stimulate our resources for production, they have dealt with the trouble of absenteeism and irregular work, and they have eased all the strain and burden which a great war throws upon administration.

This war has been the undertaking and the responsibility of a democracy, whereas the great war with France a century ago was the undertaking and responsibility of the ruling class. At that time Trade Unions were illegal associations and the mass of the people were excluded from every share of control in the affairs of the nation. In this war our strength has been the strength of a society in which all classes recognised the justice and the importance of their cause and the necessity for common sacrifice. Where we have had failure or difficulty in collecting and using our power, the cause has been a reluctance to take the Trade Unions into full partnership and a tendency to rely on methods unsuitable to democracy. The important fact to note is that the support of the Trade Unions has been essential to the prosecution of the war; and that the Trade Union is as integral a part of our national life as the House of Commons. In this way the war, though it has involved the temporary surrender by Trade Unions of important rights, a surrender which causes great and growing anxiety among the workpeople, has confirmed and established the position of the Trade Union as a public institution.

It was contended in an earlier article in this series that the war had destroyed the convention that regarded the workman as the mere instrument of the capitalist system. It has spread through the ranks of industry a spirit of rebellion against that tradition which had already begun among thinking workmen before the war. It has stimulated a sense of personal dignity and independence which is fatal to the Victorian ideas of the industrial system. We have now to find some new conception of that system which will satisfy those human instincts; to devise some form for industry that will be compatible with the spirit of democracy. We may adapt President Wilson's words and say we have to make the industrial system a place where democracy can live in safety.

What part will the Trade Union play in this new economy?

A century ago Trade Unions were illegal associations. The Combination Laws, passed about the time that Napoleon won the great battle of Marengo, made it a crime for workmen to attempt any concerted action to improve their position. These laws put the workmen absolutely at the mercy of the employer. Readers of the report on the working of those Acts published in 1824 will note the case of a Stockport spinner, a man who had been in Sir John Moore's army at Corunna, who spent a couple of years in prison because he left his employment with some twenty other workmen when their wages were reduced. Consequently Trade Unions were virtually secret societies with all kinds of oaths and ceremonies binding their members to mutual loyalty. Many of them were disguised as Friendly Societies. The Home Office and the magistrates made the atmosphere of these institutions still more bitter by their employment of spies, who often became *agents provocateurs*. The most famous of their spies come into the scathing poem by Charles Lamb, called "The Three Graves."

All this time wages were falling, and those combinations were largely directed to mitigating a terrible decline in the workman's standard of life. But they were not solely concerned with wages nor were they exclusively defensive. There were elements in the atmosphere that encouraged a more revolutionary temper. Great changes were at work in industry, and the new system, with the sharp discipline of the factory, presented a forbidding look to men and women who had lived in relative freedom in the days of cottage industry. The war had brought high prices and great distress; universal causes of revolution. The agitation for reform which culminated in the passing of the Act of 1832 set men thinking on all kinds of questions. All those influences are to be seen in the history of the Trades Unions, which for some time nursed ideas and ambitions that went far beyond increases of wages. Ideas that we now call syndicalist ideas found expression in *The Voice of the People*, an early workmen's paper published at Manchester, and the discontent of the workpeople supplied material for the teaching of Robert Owen and the propaganda of the Chartists.

This revolutionary temper virtually disappeared from the Trade Union world after this first phase of propaganda for something like half a century. The Trade Union struggle went on, and during the years associated with the Sheffield outrages, the Commission of Inquiry and the Acts giving Trades Unions effective freedom, passed in 1871 and 1875, Trades Unions occupied an important place in controversial politics. But the Trades Unions as a whole were not discussing any new theory of their relations to industry, or their relation to the State. They were building up their organisation and strengthening their resources. In fighting for their charter, the Act of 1871 and 1875, they were fighting for the very means of existence.

Social Progress

In the late eighties there was a great development of what we may call Socialist thinking in this country. Social questions begun to thrust themselves into politics and at the same time they began to enter with a wider range into the imagination of the Trade Union world. The London County Council, set up by a Unionist Government; seemed to suggest infinite possibilities of reform and progress by means of public control, and everybody became hopeful and interested in this new and vigorous institution. The great Dock strike made a powerful impression on the conscience of London, and more important, it led to new developments in the Trade Union world, for it showed that even in unorganised industries men could combine with effect. Reformers in the middle classes who had looked mainly to politics began to expect something from direct action by the State in redressing social evils, and the pressure of poverty with the creation and development of more general labour unions, began to stimulate the Trade Union world to ask for more than its conventional demands. The Independent Labour Party was the concrete expression of this new spirit. For nine reformers out of ten the key to social reform was Nationalisation. Make the State the employer and the social problem is solved. This in a greater or less degree was the remedy demanded by almost everybody who was tired of the spectacle of waste and poverty. The more ardent spirits of the time lived like the early Christians in an atmosphere of delightful illusion, believing that every wrong could be righted by this simple expedient and looking forward to the municipal millennium.

This phase has passed. Much had happened before the war to belie its early promise, and of the new experiments in State action many had provoked little enthusiasm if not active dislike. The multiplication of officials had proved very unpopular, and though some measures, such as the Trade Board Acts, had immediate and beneficent results, others such as the Insurance Act seemed to make a positive virtue of red tape in a country which takes very unkindly to government by regulation and order. But if State control was not too popular before the war, it would be difficult to find language that would do justice to its unpopularity to-day. The war made an immense extension of State control inevitable, and citizens in general, besides employers and workmen, have accepted it as part of the business of prosecuting the war. But nobody likes to have his business, his daily life and all his habits arranged and regulated by a Government official, and when officials have extraordinary powers and are working under special pressure their administration does not err on the side of tolerance or patience.

A very significant incident occurred in a strike this spring. The men in a munition factory who had had a sharp quarrel with their employers, replied, when the Government proposed to intervene, that they would rather negotiate with their employers, bitter though their relations were, than accept an arrangement made by the Government. One thing is certain. The workman after the war will not be content with the system in force before the war, but he certainly will not want to substitute for the system the control of a State Department, qualified only by its responsibility to Parliament. It is not by State control that democracy will find a safe place in the industrial system.

At this juncture it is natural that workmen, and not workmen only, should begin to take a wider view of the scope and opportunities of the workmen's representative institutions, and to ask whether the answer to the problem is not to be found in clothing Trade Unions with new powers and responsibilities. A hundred years ago everybody thought that an industry must be controlled by the capitalist. Industry was not a great public service, but the private affair of the employer, who was to have full authority over the lives of his workpeople. The Socialistic idea of substituting the State for the capitalist was a protest against this view of industry, and as such it was valuable, but it did not satisfy the conditions of the problem, for it merely substituted one employer for another without any guarantee that the new control would be exercised on more tolerant or more democratic lines than the old. It was an appreciation of this fact that prepared men's minds for the teaching of Syndicalism, the gospel that industry should be controlled by the workers and that the State should stand aside.

It was easy to see the flaws in the doctrine, a doctrine which carried with it the ruthless and breathless logic of French thinking. Obviously the State cannot stand aside and leave the different groups of workers to exploit the consumer at their pleasure. The citizen is not merely a worker on the railway or a worker in the mine; he uses the railway and he uses the mine. Some kind of central power is necessary to guarantee public and general rights, and to substitute for the State a series of industrial communities is to invite chaos. But Syndicalism, like the Socialism which was in fashion twenty years ago, had a lesson to teach. Socialism laid stress on the view of industry as national service, a view which was strange to the old Victorian conception that the spirit of gain was the power that moved the world along the true lines of progress. Syndicalism laid stress on another truth, equally strange to our fathers, that the workers themselves must have a conscious and responsible share in the industry in which they are engaged. It was in fact a challenge to industry to adapt itself to the conditions of democratic life, and a summons to the workman to claim new duties and rights for himself.

How can this be done? How can the miner or the spinner or the glass-blower become as it were a citizen and not merely a servant in his industry? How can industry be transformed by this new spirit which regards the cotton mill, not as a private enterprise directed by a single will exercising authority over a great body of men and women, but as a public enterprise in which the whole body of workpeople have some real and recognised share? The answer is that the Trade Union must become something more than a society for protecting the interests of different classes of workpeople, and something more than a society for disputing the claims of the employer. It must take a part in controlling the affairs of the industry.

This revolution will commend itself to many minds as a means of industrial peace, and its value from that point of view is obvious. But the proposal must not be confused with arrangements for Conciliation Boards. These Boards exist already in many industries, and they would continue. These Boards exist for a limited purpose, to keep the bargaining men and masters on peaceful lines, and to encourage and facilitate settlement by diplomacy as an alternative to war. What is wanted is some machinery for enabling employers and workmen to bring and use their minds together, not for the settlement of disputes or questions about wages, but for the general questions that concern their industry.

For this purpose a scheme has been outlined by the committee set up by the Reconstruction Committee to consider the whole question of improving the relations of Capital and Labour. This committee published last week an Interim Report, recommending the creation of Standing Industrial Councils, at which members of the representative organisations of employers and workpeople would meet and discuss the affairs of this industry. There would not be occasional or emergency meetings. They would be regular and frequent. They would be as much a part of the procedure for conducting an industry as meetings of Boards of Directors.

It is important to note that this Committee speaks with a special weight of authority. A more representative body can scarcely be imagined. If we take the employers' world we find the names of great engineering and shipbuilding experts like Mr. Allan Smith and Mr. Carter; if Sir Thomas Ratcliff Ellis does not know the coal industry inside out, it would be difficult to name any man who does, and Sir Gilbert Claughton has been secretary to our largest railway company. In the world of labour there is no personality so powerful at this moment as Mr. Robert Smillie, the President of the Miners' Federation. Mr. Clynes is a highly-respected Labour member and the secretary of a General Union, while Mr. Bulton represents the A.S.E. Mr. J. T. Mallon is the secretary to the Anti-Sweating League and he has served on a large number of Trade Boards. The economists are represented by Professor Chapman of Manchester University, and Mr. J. A. Hobson, both men of standing, of whom one has made a special study of the cotton industry, and the other has a reputation for independence. Miss Mona Wilson, specially associated with the early struggles of Women's Trades-Unions, and Miss Susan Lawrence, speak with an unquestioned authority on problems connected with women's employment. It is highly significant that such a body should report in favour of giving industry a constitution for the discussion of its affairs.

These discussions will cover a wide range. Taking an industry as a whole, there are such questions as those of securing that, when there is a scarcity of material or a scarcity of orders, the best arrangements shall be devised to prevent unemployment. Obviously it makes not less difference but more to the workers than to the employers what device is adopted; whether, for example, mills work short time or shut down for one day a week, or whether they try experiments in a shorter working day. The whole question of providing security to the workmen and regularity to the industry is a question in which employers and workmen alike are interested. Questions of methods of payment, of fixing and adjusting earnings and rates, of the use of workpeople's experience and ideas, of the encouragement of invention, of the development of opportunities of education and research—these and many other questions are not merely the concern of a Board of Directors. They should form material for the deliberations of National Councils or District Councils, on which the Trades Unions and the Employers Federations sit and deliberate together. The workman whose Trade Union elects members of these Councils will feel that instead of taking decisions on all the questions affecting his work from a superior he is helping to make these decisions. The Trade Union has hitherto tried to break the absolute power of the employers by imposing certain restrictions. It will take an important step forward when it shares that power.

Decentralised Control

Not that it would be enough to have big Central Councils alone. In the Trade Union world as in every other world power is apt to drift into the hands of a bureaucracy. Readers of Mr. Cole's book *The World of Labour*, with its illuminating discussion of Trade Union politics, know that the discontent in the labour world to-day is in part a revolt against rule from the centre by workpeople who feel that their officials are out of touch with the atmosphere of the workshop. A National Council would be supplemented by District Councils and by Works Committees where the workpeople could discuss conditions of employment with the representatives of the employer. Of the causes that impede the harmonious and successful working of a business, some would be removed if the feelings of the workpeople were considered in the arrangement of the details of administration, others if the workpeople did not feel that their independence could only be maintained by resisting every innovation. Joint councils and joint committees can release industry from those hampering embarrassments. But they will do more than this, for they will mark the new character of industry as a species of public service in which workpeople can recognise their own contribution to the wealth and welfare of the State.

Such an experiment has just been launched in the scheme for a Builders' National Parliament or a National Council which is to explore all the questions affecting the building industry and to draw up two codes, one compulsory and one voluntary, for the guidance of the industry. Among the subjects first to be examined are the regularisation of wages, the prevention of unemployment, the decasualisation of labour, technical training, the encouragement of research, scientific management and means of increasing output. In every one of these questions there is a great danger of causing hardship if employers act without the co-operation of workpeople. Scientific management, for example, would easily become a more ingenious and more thorough method of exploiting the workmen if it were simply an arrangement devised and introduced by the employer. Such it is at the present day. But a great deal of the economy and improvements for which scientific management aims can be effected with advantage to all parties if employers and workpeople put their heads together and consider where and how waste can be eliminated. The workmen alone can speak with first hand authority on the incidence of strain.

It will be objected that this is a tempting but a very ambitious scheme. Look at your great variety of Trades Unions, little competing craft unions, larger general labour unions, a world of confusion from which you expect to develop some system of effective representation. The scheme is ambitious. It must be elastic to allow for the different circumstances of the different industries. In highly organised industries the main lines of the plan are simple. There are other industries in which organisation is still immature. It is our boast as a people that we invented representative institutions from the experiments of our towns. What we could do for politics we can do for industry.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Mr. Bennett as Critic

THE literary "causerie" does not flourish in this country. Its place is usually supplied by a column of what are usually called "literary notes," but which would be more accurately described as publishers' announcements garnished with comments which are supposed to make them readable but only succeed in making them silly. There is one gentleman who . . . but, no, the decencies should be observed. Now and then a good causerie crops up, flourishes for a few years, and disappears again. The best of our time was that which Mr. Arnold Bennett contributed from 1908 to 1911 to the *New Age* over the signature of Jacob Tonson. Portions of this are now reprinted in *Books and Persons* (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net).

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The immediately striking thing about Mr. Bennett's notes is their range. There is one large exception: he says very little about the dead, though he does allow himself a discursion on the greatness of Wordsworth. He is deliberate in this: as he remarks, there are good living authors who have to earn their living and can profit by publicity, whereas the corpses of the illustrious defunct can dispense with our solicitude. He gives us very little of the criticism which has been defined as "the adventures of the soul among masterpieces": it is evident that that kind of criticism must depend almost entirely on the dead for its subject matter. Set elaborate criticism, in fact he avoids as a rule, even where the living are concerned. His job as a critic he conceived to be that of a taster, an "authentic expert," with an intellect, a knowledge of human nature, and a trained literary sense who gave his opinions, very briefly, for what they were worth. He sang the praises of Joseph Conrad, Dostoevsky, and Tchekhoff years before their greatness was universally accepted in this country. And he strenuously eulogised, too, a good many other men, like Wilfrid Whitten, Murray Gilchrist and Leonard Merrick, about whom he may or may not have been right, but about whom he had formed judgments, which he could rationally defend, quite independently of other people's views. One is struck, in fact, by the multitude of the people he did praise: his natural liking for satire and the caustic phrase never made him less than generous to any contemporary who was the slightest use. Only, I think, in two instances did he give what many of us would think to be inadequate admiration to great modern writers. He declared—in each case with the handsomest reservations—his inability to go the whole hog about G. K. Chesterton and Henry James. And with characteristic honesty, instead of trying to vamp up more convincing and damning objections, he gave the real reasons. Of Henry James (after fine discriminating praise) he says "What it all comes to is merely that his subject matter does not as a rule interest me"; of Mr. Chesterton that

> in my opinion, at this time of day, it is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Mr. Chesterton has not got a first-class intellectual apparatus. . . . I will go further and say that it is impossible, in one's private thoughts, to think of the accepter of dogma as an intellectual equal.

The first sentence is rather unfortunately phrased: it reminds one of Mr. Bennett's denunciation, in another place, of people who will not admit "x" to be true because it would force conclusions they do not want to accept. And it may be pointed out, as to the second sentence, that this is precisely what many accepters of dogma feel about the other side. But the point is that what Mr. Bennett thinks he says, and without beating about the bush.

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This causerie, however, was not mainly concerned with examining or advertising good writers. All literature was Mr. Bennett's field, and all facts relating to the literary industry. He was interested in the rise and fall of reputations, justified and unjustified: in the organisation of the publishing trade: in the remuneration of authors: in the various publics, the small public of "experts," the small public with the habit of reading good stuff imitatively, the very large public of library-subscribers and the immense public which has not yet been reached and which buys nothing of value except vilely-bounded sets of Dickens and Scott that are hawked about by the touts. In this reprinted selection you are switched off from the audacities of Mrs. Elinor Glyn to the idiocies of provincial Library Committees, and from the profit Mr. John Murray got out of Queen Victoria's letters to the artistic badness of Brieux. Handled by a less vivacious and individual writer many of the controversies and incidents he deals with would have interested nobody but those in the trade when they were written and nobody at all now. But Mr. Bennett has the gift of making anything interesting to anybody: the thing that matters most is the eye that sees and not the object seen.

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But the topical remains topical. The criticisms in one or two paragraphs are bound to be pemmicanized expressions of opinion. However sound, vigorously delivered, decorated with amusing quotations and anecdotes, they suffer from the absence of background that the conditions of their production necessitated; and when they deal with authors who no longer are even supposed to matter, and novels which were but the novels of the season, only Mr. Bennett's phraseology makes them readable. Even some of his Butts—and he is always good on his Butts—are now dead and gone: a new generation of vermin has begun to crawl over the surface of literature, including Professors worse than any of those stamped on by both "Jacob Tonson's" feet. The best passages in Mr. Bennett's book, are those written, not by the weekly chronicler, but by the clear-eyed, imaginative and sympathetic novelist who observes the whole human show. There is a fine chapter on the Provincial Book Market which no journalist who was not also a "creative artist" could or would have written. It takes both observation and imagination, at this time of day, to see this aspect of the Free Library's operations, and to illustrate it so concretely:

> Go into the average good home of the crust, in the quietude of "after-tea," and you will see a youthful miss sitting over something by Charlotte M. Yonge or Charles Kingsley. And that something is repulsively foul, greasy, sticky, black. Remember that it reaches from thirty to a hundred such good homes every year. Can you wonder that it should carry deposits of jam, egg, butter, coffee, and personal dirt? You cannot. But you are entitled to wonder why the Municipal Sanitary Inspector does not inspect it and order it to be destroyed. . . . That youthful miss in torpidity over that palimpsest of filth is what the Free Library has to show as the justification of its existence.

"I know," adds Mr. Bennett, the journalist, "what I am talking about." The addition, after this description, was not necessary.

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There are very acute and illuminating surveys of the English prosperous classes and of the dilettanti: and here and there a delightful little interpolated essay, such as that on *A Book in a Railway Accident*. But about the finest thing in the book is the chapter on Swinburne:

> On Good Friday night I was out in the High Street, at the cross-roads, where the warp and the woof of the traffic assault each other under a great glare of lamps. The shops were closed and black, except where a tobacconist kept the tobacconist's bright and everlasting vigil; but above the shops occasional rare windows were illuminated, giving hints—dressing tables, pictures, gas-globes—of intimate private lives. I don't know why such hints should always seem to me pathetic, saddening; but they do. And beneath them, through the dark depth of shutters, motor-omnibuses roared and swayed and curved, too big for the street and dwarfing it. And automobiles threaded them between, and bicycles dared the spaces that were left. From afar off there came a flying light, like a shot out of a gun, and it grew into a man perched on a shuddering contrivance that might have been invented by H. G. Wells, and swept perilously into the contending currents, and by miracles emerged untouched, and was gone, driven by the desire of the immortal soul within the man. This strange thing happened again and again.

A few houses away, where the upper windows were lighted, the old poet was dying: but the crowd knew nothing of it. I should like to have quoted the whole passage. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that whenever Mr. Bennett is at his best his style automatically changes. I suspect that the method of successive short sentences, like the discharges of a muted machine gun, is a method made on theory: when more commas, dashes and even semi-colons creep in, one feels that Mr. Bennett is speaking naturally to one and not shooting at one with his shrewd eye screwed up.

Le Garçon Le Plus Brave du Village

By Isabel Savory

"LE garçon le plus brave . . ."

The woman who spoke was not his mother, nor any relation of his. She stood near the fire; her hands that had laboured long around the same hearth, hung down on her apron: her eyes looked out across the room:

Le garçon le plus brave du village . . . il a été toujours si tranquil . . . c'ètait le modèle de la jeunesse. Il y en a beaucoup, beaucoup] qui sont morts, mais il y en a qui impressionnent plus que d'autres. Quand on a appris sa mort tout le monde pleuraient.

* * * * *

His little village. A handful of houses outlined from afar against the sky: stone-built, ragged, worn, sad-coloured: leaning each to each, clinging together on the rock, much as their few inhabitants clung together, lived a life common to all, yet intimate to each, precious to its own fireside.

Standing over the tumbled roofs, looking down on their bleached tiles, the church belfry, a gaunt fossilized figure, shepherded its little flock. Now and again the bell would speak, one voice for all, heard by all, regulating the times and the ways of all. A harsh voice, some of the rock in its clang, that men and women born to rock would understand: not loud, meant but for a small village, the sound felt to be quickly lost and to become part of the quiet airs to whose keeping all sound and all life is finally committed.

In front of Verdun, in the stunning reveillé of sleepless guns, was there ever a moment when he, the tranquil Youth, thought of the clear, quick call, breaking and sealing again the silence?

A silence of mountains, far and apart. The village stands as the goal of a long pilgrimage towards the clouds, its little rocky path clambers and twists upon itself, solitary, knowing the tap sometimes of the hoofs of a laden mule; that is all. The cypress trees he can never have forgotten, that climb with the higher track, sharp, beautiful spears cut dark against the light, nondescript hills, set on slim shafts and tapering to the sky. A tree that has shed all superfluity and become the selection and significance of a tree.

It is a definite country. In the steep gorges between the mountain lies a crumbling moraine shed by the bare heights, a grey and brown moraine that whitens to the tone of its colourless grass, the softness of it seamed and carved by rivulets. On the lower slopes of the mountains the same moraine is belted and held in leash by low stone walls, set back and stepped one above the other, the broad steps green in April with grass and barley. Lifted above them stands the skeleton of the mountains, bony, white against the sky, a sky oftenest blue, washed cold. Definite as this country, it would seem, was the life of the Youth himself, so little did it deviate from the simplest existence, content to see others set off while he sentinelled the sheep or reaped the ribbons of barley up the Borrigo: to listen to their tales on their return. He can have known little of the sound of wheels: of the associations of most villages and towns: his little village, for the lack of these, perhaps, grips tighter to its few individual necessities, provoking before dawn the voice of its forge, the soft thud of hammer on heated iron.

Three tracks only for him to have known; links with villages scarcely less remote: tracks that snake and are lost in the folds of the mountains. The one he must have used most often, because it leads to the high grazing lands, is also the steepest, working criss-cross up the wall of mountain, grooved-out and polished and narrowed to the strict compass of the feet of flocks passing in single file. At last it knows no further lift, comes to the sky, to a world beyond, underneath the sky, comes out upon a flat-topped saddle of silvered, stoic grass, learned in all lessons of wind and sun. Hereabouts is first heard the sound of sheep and goat bells: alluring, stabbing sound.

Not that life can have been poignant, nor a riddle to the tranquil Youth, who must have built his own short life too simply to admit complexities of light and shade, and knew nothing of an unessential, troubled existence.

He had his one *permission* from the lines in front of Verdun and was with his people. Did he leave for the last time without question? Did he perhaps, with the second spell of tumult and horror, take it that Death might be well the gift of his silent and sure country, its most precious gift?

It came to him in the Spring. At the time amongst the mountains of the change of the wind and the melting of the snows: of the music of a thousand torrents: of pale, lit faces of primroses. There is no grave, marked, for his parents to find, in the torn and aghast land before Verdun. *La Jeunesse* of France left there but names and memories, less connected with Death than Victory: but his abiding memory is elsewhere than on a battlefield.

One soft evening in late March, of south wind, after the Angelus had rung, when white cloud folded itself round the little village and waited on its sleep, the bell spoke of him: and next morning at dawn the Office was read. The moon had not left the sky. The sun came up and laid his scarlet over the mountains. A thrush sang.

Full day was born. And the flocks went out upon the hill-sides.

The Music of the Poets

WHILE Professors trouble their souls over phonetics, poets—a more humble folk—are glad to make melody with such sounds as we possess. And it is wonderful how well some succeed. Very difficult is it to analyse the music of a poem; to tell how much is owing to the selection of words and how much to the ideas that lie behind the words. Does a rhythm of sound prepare the brain for the picture which the sense of the words is intended to create, and does the nice correlation between these two functions cause that harmony which imparts sensuous delight? To anyone interested in this line of argument we would commend Mr. J. C. Squire's new volume of poems, *The Lily of Malud* (Martin Secker, 1s. net.). Mr. Squire, whose writings are now well-known to readers of LAND & WATER, has to a high degree the gift of melody; indeed his verse sometimes seems to have the very quality of music. Take the following eight lines—a poem complete in itself—entitled "Behind the Lines." The curious repetitive has the same haunting suggestion which is distinctive of a striking phrase in a sonata or other musical work:

The wind of evening cried along the darkening trees,
Along the darkening trees, heavy with ancient pain,
Heavy with ancient pain from faded centuries,
From faded centuries . . . O foolish thought and vain!

O foolish thought and vain to think the wind could know;
To think the wind could know the griefs of men who died,
The griefs of men who died and mouldered long ago:
"And mouldered long ago," the wind of evening cried.

The Lily of Malud, the long poem which gives its title to the volume, tells the legend of the lily that blooms only once and for an hour at midnight in the heart of the jungle. It is visible only to women, and to them only once in a life-time: it has to be sought through the blind jungle and the blackness of the night. In this legend of a beatific vision, as imagined by the poet, there is a beautiful parable of life. Mr. Squire goes to Nature for his philosophy, wherein in the opinion of this writer, he shows wisdom. The best illustration of it in this volume is "Acacia Tree," a psalm and a parable to teach man patience and endurance—lessons which we all stand in need of in these days. And in the last poem of the book he warns his fellow-beings from seeking to discover "The Stronghold" from which pain, hate, and all the unpleasant things of this world are excluded, and where peace only reigns:

But, O, if you find that castle,
Draw back your foot from the gateway,
Let not its peace invite you,
Let not its offerings tempt you.
For faded and decayed like a garment,
Love to a dust will have fallen,
And song and laughter will have gone with sorrow,
And hope will have gone with pain;
And of all the throbbing heart's high courage
Nothing will remain.

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A.W.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

When July comes we begin to think of summer holidays—even in war time—and to nine people out of ten the light literature to make holiday with consists of a good novel or two. Many people will be taking no holidays this year or keeping them at home. I recommend such people a judicious course of fiction as a restful and relaxing alternative to crowded hotels or uncomfortable lodgings at the sea-side. Several readable novels have come my way lately, and they are of styles to suit a variety of tastes.

* * * * *

Let me first welcome Mrs. Flora Annie Steel in a kind of romance that I fancy she has not done at full length before. *Marmaduke* (Heinemann, 5s. net), is a story of the middle of the nineteenth century with scenes laid partly in Scotland and partly in the Crimea. The hero is heir-presumptive to a Scottish barony, and its heroine is the granddaughter of his father's head-piper. The father, Lord Drummuir of Drummuir, a remarkable old rake, is the presiding genius for evil and good, of an extremely entertaining tale. I do not believe that an officer in the '50's would have spoken of a cigarette as a "fag," but otherwise there is nothing that offends against one's historical sensibilities in the setting of the book, and the description of the old reprobate's court at his Castle of Drummuir, is a very skilful piece of work. Mrs. Steel does not disdain the somewhat melodramatic use of coincidence to round off a tale which has in it all the elements of a great popular success.

* * * * *

Miss F. Tennyson Jesse's *Secret Bread* (Heinemann, 6s. net), claims our attention as something more than a pleasing diversion. It is an attempt, often powerful, always arresting and, in its total impression, extremely sad, to express the passing of the generations. The scene of it is laid in a Cornish manor-house and the plot of the story arises from the devilish revenge taken by the eldest son of a family of bastards against the youngest who had become heir to the estate by their father's death-bed marriage with their mother. This youngest son, Ishmael, who comes into the world in the first chapter and goes out of it, a grandfather, in the last, is the leading character, but his personality, which is at first extremely vivid, seems to fade into insignificance before the idea of the march of the generations which gradually dominates the book, even ousting from it the promising theme of "the bread eaten in secret." This theme is expanded by Parson Boase, young Ishmael's guardian and tutor, who is, as it were, the chorus of the earlier part of the book, in this fashion: "There's only one thing certain—that we all have something, some secret bread of our own soul, by which we live, that nourishes and sustains us. It may be a different thing for each man alive." Ishmael thinks he knows what his secret bread is and believes he will cherish it to the end. It seems to have been the author's intention to show how far he did so but, if so, the bigger and less manageable idea overwhelmed it, and the result is one or two loose threads in a novel for the most part well constructed in spite of its wide scope. There is in the book, as in many books written by women, an element of hardness, that is almost cruelty (the vice they most detest in certain of its manifestations) in dealing with some subjects, but there is also an extraordinary knowledge of life and a vivid insight into the mainsprings of human action. *Secret Bread* is a very remarkable, if rather depressing, book.

* * * * *

And now for what Stevenson would have called a "tale of tushery." *With Gold and Steel*, by Cecil Starr Johns, (John Lane 6s.) is quite an excellent tale of the type that Mr. Stanley Weyman brought into fresh vogue some score of years ago, and that never quite lost its admirers, even when the costume play ceased to fill the theatres. Although one would think that the age and personality of Henry IV of France had been worn threadbare by English novelists, Mr. Johns, by admirably contrived adventure, a gay sense of humour and a Dumaesque prodigality of romantic swagger, manages to bring fresh life into an old theme. He has a most chivalric hero in the Breton Le Pouldu, a spirited comrade for him in Armand de Bourlay, a thorough-going and dangerous enemy in de Vaarg, and a winning heroine in Denise de Marmont. Many old friends of historical fiction, besides Navarre, make their appearance in these crowded pages, but Mr. Johns writes with the freshness of one telling such a tale for the first time, and I for one read *With Gold and Steel* from start to finish with much the same eager interest as that with which as a boy I devoured for the first time *The Three Musketeers.*

* * * * *

We come again to problems in Mr. Horace Vachell's latest novel. *Fishpingle* (John Murray 5s. net.) is a novelised version of the author's play of that name, or is it the novel on which the play was founded. Mr. Vachell challenges the critic to say which was written first, the novel or the play. I never saw the play so that I do not feel very competent to judge, but the novel, finished though it is with the almost too complete smoothness which is so characteristic of its author's work, bears some traces of attempts to underline points, which suggests that it was written subsequently to the play. In any case it is a pleasant and easy book to read. It raises a question of extreme interest at the present moment. How is all that is good in the old country life of England, its sport and its conscientious landowners, to be saved in the necessity of making it justify itself economically? Mr. Vachell has a tenderness for the Squirearchy, but I am not sure that he does full justice to his case in the presentation of his typical English country gentlemen. He himself sees so clearly the good points of Sir Geoffrey Pomfret that he rather neglects to emphasise them and so leaves the reader with the opinion that he was merely an obstinate old fool, who in the last resort could be managed by those round him, and especially by the mysterious and melodramatic butler, Fishpingle. Still the book puts the problem quite clearly and fairly and may start some people facing it who would not otherwise have given it a thought, except from some extravagantly prejudiced point of view

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THE LAST DAYS OF FORT VAUX

By HENRY BORDEAUX.

Readers will welcome the appearance in book form of the account of "The Last Days of Fort Vaux," from the pen of the well-known French novelist, M. Henry Bordeaux, which attracted so much attention when it came out in serial form in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* M. Bordeaux draws from his own experiences, for he is serving at the front as Staff Captain, and has access both to French official documents and to many German papers taken from the enemy. His work is a well-merited tribute to the heroism of the French soldiery, and its weird, lively, and at the same time thoughtful picture of the three months' siege that formed one of the most conspicuous episodes of the great Battle of Verdun has an enduring interest as a record of events that well deserve commemoration.

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London: Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co., Ltd., 1, New Street Square.

either on one side or the other. Moreover, it is a true holiday novel written with that smiling air whose blandishments it is hard to resist.

* * * * *

The Candid Courtship, by Madge Mears, (John Lane 6s.) seems at first to be going to develop into what at the end of last century used to be called par excellence the problem novel. For in the second chapter we find the suffragette heroine regretfully refusing the hero because of a confession he makes to her about a previous affair. We move on to the next chapter in fear of floods of rhetoric on the lines of "one law for the man and another for the woman." But Miss Mears has too much humour to be quite guilty of that, or she could never have written on the subject of open windows that "incompatibility of temperature has broken up many a happy home," and we find ourselves in consequence taking more interest in the somewhat unexpected developments of the story than perhaps the story justifies. It presents, for those interested, an insight into the psychology of a certain type of feminist.

* * * * *

Here is the third novel I have dealt with which has the true holiday spirit. Which are the other two, I leave it to the ingenious reader to guess. There can be no doubt about the holiday value of a good detective novel. There can be no doubt too that *The Post-Master's Daughter* by Louis Tracy (Cassell & Co. 6s.) is such a detective novel. It is of orthodox pattern—body discovered, ingenious invention of false scents, stupid local police, clever C.I.D. men (the "Yard" is allowed more kudos than usual), but there are novel incidents for each phase and novel characters to perform them, all being well set off against a well-studied background of village life. The whole tale moves with lively talk and bustling action. Mr. Tracy is a good story-teller and this is, I think, so far his best.

Autumn, by Muriel Hine (John Lane. 6s.) is the story of a man and his wife who separated hastily through incompatibility, and, with this author's usual skill, the varied fortunes of the two are rendered thoroughly interesting. Deirdre Caradoc, the wife, had a charming country cottage given her by her rich cousin, and there she settled down to captivate the neighbourhood, more especially a rather eccentric squire. Complications, of course, ensue; how they end the reader will find it well worth while to ascertain. The main interest of the book, as in all Miss Hine's work, lies in her characterisation. In spite of the husband's hasty judgment and its result, sympathy with him is skilfully retained, and in spite of the obviousness of what follows on Deirdre's decision to go and live alone, one wants to know just how it happened, and to know, too, just what will happen next—in that way one is drawn on to the story's end, with scarcely time to notice how very skilfully the stage is set. The beauty of the country cottage and its setting, the atmosphere in which Deirdre lives, are so well rendered that in reading one may see it all and get some of the perfume of the country flowers. This book fulfils the promise of the author's earlier works, and forms an event in the fiction output of the year.

Iniquity of Gulls

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

Sir.—Can Dr. Burland cite a solitary *proved* instance (not hearsay or unproved assertion) in which gulls have propagated foot and-mouth disease or anthrax, or have eaten fruit?

I put the question because (1) your correspondent's statement that the gull is now "about the most common bird we have" shows that his knowledge is confined to coast areas and counties; (2) his observation that "almost all birds are quite capable of looking after themselves" indicates that he is unaware of the persecution to which many species are subjected and of the extermination of some of these in Great Britain; (3), his statement that gulls have been withdrawn from protection in Scotland is true only of eight counties and only partially true of two of these; (4) gulls are not protected by the Act in the open season, the only time when (if at all) they could be of use "in the food interests of this nation," and their eggs are not protected by the Act.

I do not deny that one or (perhaps) two species of gull have greatly increased of late years; but this Society, when consulted, offered no objection to the removal of the protection accorded to the eggs by local authorities in certain districts, in order that those eggs might be collected for food. I would suggest that those who make wholesale charges and sweeping assertions should not disregard accuracy in setting forth their indictments.

L. GARDINER,

Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,
23 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Militarism and the Individual.

By "BLACK WATCH."

"It is a big drawback to Army life," said a retired officer to the writer recently, "that it so thoroughly unfits a man for any other kind of life. It's quite true that the Army makes a man in one sense, but equally it unmakes him. The routine destroys his individuality. A man may struggle like the devil to avoid losing his personality, but unless he is an exceptional sort of fellow he has to give in in the end."

I give the comment for what it is worth. It may be overstated, but there is a large measure of truth in it. The great complaint of officers at the front is that, however hardworked they may be, mentally they are rusting. Below Staff rank there is little or no chance for "brains."

That is one of the many reasons why such an enormous number of officers occupy themselves in their scanty leisure by studying the Pelman System of mental training. Apart from other benefits—with which I will deal further on—the System is beyond all question one of the very finest forms of mental recreation that could be devised. "A brilliant mental tonic" (to quote the remark of a Pelmanist) describes it neatly. It would, frankly, be impossible for any man, be he ever so jaded or brain-weary, to follow this system without receiving a huge indraft of fresh energy, fresh inspiration, and fresh hope.

But for the stupid prejudice which puts Officialdom against anything which is *advertised* (as though the Government had not, itself, enlisted the aid of advertisement to secure its needed millions of men and money!), I verily believe that the War Office would have made the Pelman Course an integral part of every officer's training. There are over 4,000 British officers who will bear me out in this assertion, and who would doubtless add, emphatically, that it would be a grand thing for the Army.

For "Pelmanism" does not limit itself to affording welcome mental recreation. I would describe that, indeed, as the smallest of the advantages to be gained by it. "Pelmanism" has an intensely practical bearing upon *efficiency* in every sense of the word.

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The strenuous character of this war has made it imperative that every man who aspires to do his part with credit shall exert every unit of his mental ability: and "Pelmanism" helps him to do this. There is no officer—from the newest subaltern to the C.O.—who can afford to overlook this tried and proven aid to efficiency.

I have seen some hundreds of letters from the front: letters from Generals, from Colonels, from R.F.C. and R.N.A.S. officers, from Admirals, from the Captains of many of the finest fighting ships, from the Infantry, from the A.S.C., from the R.A.M.C.—letters from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy, telling in the plainest way what immense advantages have been derived from the Pelman Course.

Of these letters "Truth" very aptly remarks:—

The results obtained by students in the Army and Navy demand special consideration, if only from their volume. It might have been anticipated that men engaged on active service would have little time to spare for what, from an uninformed point of view, might seem to be an academic study which might well be left to the times of peace. That is not the view of the Army or the Navy. The Services demand the best from every man, here and now. Active service does not teach habits of procrastination, and youth—in Army and Navy are the flower of the nation's youth—is too eager to wait for to-morrow. So the Army and Navy have taken to "Pelmanising" with avidity, and from all ranks comes the testimony of its value, from the General, who "accepts, with thankfulness, the new ideas" which he gets from the course, to the cadet.

A full reprint of "Truth's" Special Supplement, dealing with the work of the Pelman Institute in the Army and Navy, etc., together with a copy of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, may be obtained, *gratis and post free*, by applying to The Pelman Institute, 39, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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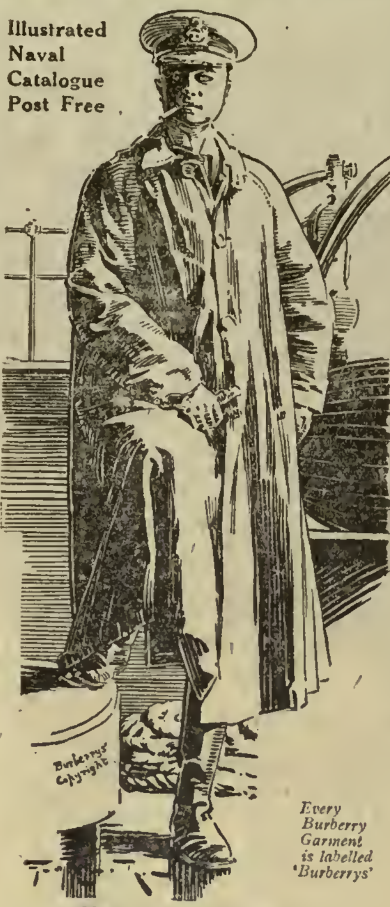

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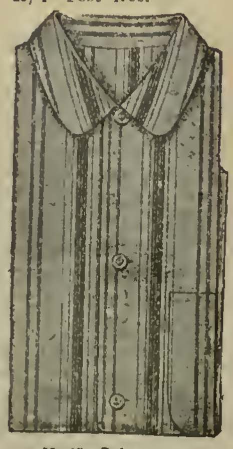

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A Day's Holiday in the Ægean

By A. C. White

Brother Diodorus

IT has been the happy lot of many who are serving in our land or sea forces in these tremendous times to find themselves able, either of their own will or impelled by the big toe of necessity, to leap over the wall of daily routine and set their feet in the large room of experience. Especially is this so with those who have found themselves in the Eastern theatres of war; whether in war-weary Macedonia; in Mesopotamia, "that comfortable word"; marching arduously into the Promised Land, or stationed in the Eastern Mediterranean, that inexhaustible fount of mythology and romance.

It was while at Stavros, serving in the senior ship of the squadron supporting the right flank of our army on the Strûma front, that the present writer had an experience which would not have come his way had not the whirlwind of war swept him out of a quiet English city and dropped him amidst the Ægean Isles. This experience was a visit to the Peninsula of Mount Athos, the great home of monasticism in the Eastern Orthodox Church. In ordinary times, a permit to visit the Holy Mount can only be obtained from the Patriarch of Constantinople or from the representatives of Mount Athos at Salonika. But under present conditions the granting of permission to land there rests with the local British Naval Authorities. Not that such authority could or would supersede the Athonian rule that nothing ttha is not of the male sex may and or live in the Peninsula; for as weeks grow into months and months into years, the Navy itself in these waters passes a celibate, almost monastic existence.

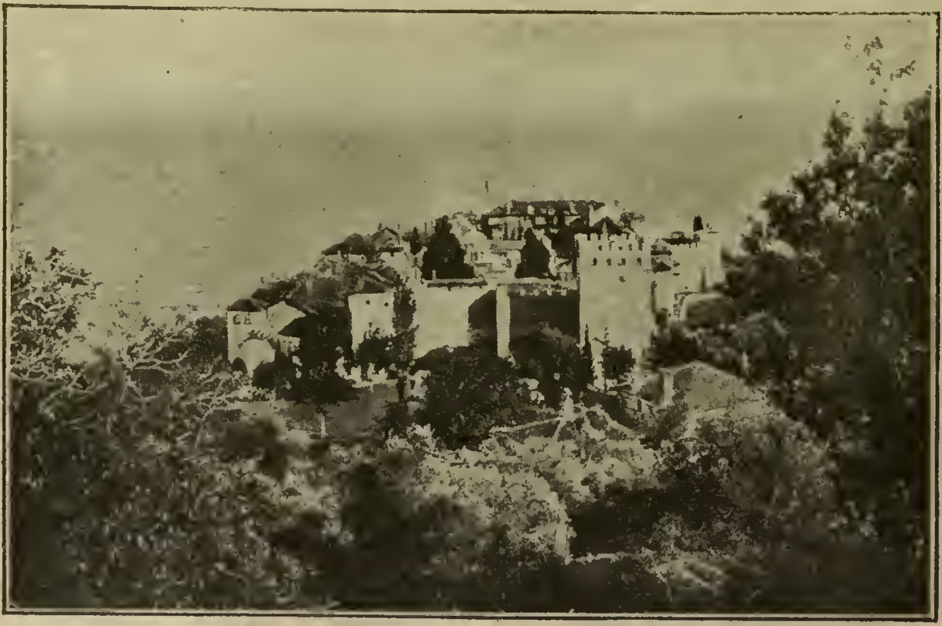
Bell Tower, Batopedios Monastery

Mount Athos is the easternmost of the three peninsulas which run in a south-easterly direction from the ancient Chalcidice. It rises from a low-lying isthmus up to the mountain whose six thousand feet command the Northern Ægean. Across the narrow isthmus can still be traced the line of the canal cut by Xerxes in 483 B.C. This arduous enterprise was undertaken partly that the Persian fleet might the better co-operate with the movements of the army along the coasts of Thrace and Macedonia; partly, no doubt, to avoid the fate which had overtaken a previous naval expedition against Greece, when the greater portion of the Persian fleet had been wrecked in a violent storm while trying to round the huge and perilous promontory. Mount Athos itself is always grandly beautiful, now floating like a magic isle upon a sea of mist, now crowned with dazzling cumulus, in the level rays of the westering sun it glows rosy pink, shading to violet, purple, grey and black in quick gradation as the short twilight deepens into night.

On the south-eastern spur of the Mount there still live Troglodites. These solitary cave-dwelling hermits pass their days far removed from the world, perched high on some seemingly inaccessible rock, a late survival of the earliest form of eastern monasticism in the Christian era. From these was developed in the tenth century the monastery of the Most Great and Most Holy Lavra, the first organised community on Mount Athos. This monastery is delightfully situated on the lower slopes of the Holy Mount, looking across the blue Ægean sea towards Lemnos Isle. There are some twenty other monastic foundations scattered up and down the Peninsula, all of them Greek but three; the Russian monastery of S. Panteleimon, the Bulgarian Zographo, and the Serbian Kiliander. The ancient founders of the monasteries knew well how to choose their sites and how to build. Many are gems of graceful beauty. Especially do they so appear when viewed from the sea under the lavish brilliance of an eastern sun. As you sail down the coast, you catch glimpses of delicate green domes, golden crosses, red roofs, shining through and above the trees which grow so abundantly, even right down to the sea.

It was early on a lovely autumn morning that a small party of us left Stavros in a fast patrol craft bound for the monastery of Batopedios, which we reached after a three hours' run. This monastery is charmingly placed, by the sea, at the foot of clive-crowned vine-clad hills. We anchored in the quiet sheltered bay, and after a quick lunch pulled to the stone jetty, where there had assembled a party of monks to greet us as we landed. After mutual salutations, they conducted us up the sloping paved roadway to the main gate. Through this we passed into a large courtyard, cool, delightful, old-world. To the right, a wide terraced pavé led up to another courtyard surrounded by ancient monastic buildings. Opposite the entrance in the main court was the monastery chapel and a bell tower with clock. By the clock hung a bell on which the passing hours were struck by the figure of an old-time warrior, who was destined to afford us some amusement later in the day. On reaching the courtyard we were first taken, according to the hospitable custom of the monks, to the large upper room, a many-windowed guest chamber looking out over the sea. On the walls were numerous paintings and photographs of divers ecclesiastics of the Eastern Orthodox Church, and crowned heads of a former generation. Some of these latter, it must be admitted, were rather monstrous colour schemes. Amongst them we noticed a familiar portrait of Queen Victoria, similar to the one which, accompanied almost invariably by a portrait of the late Mr. Gladstone, adorns so many of our cottage homes.

In the guest-room, we were greeted by more of the brethren, one of them being the secretary of the monastery, a benign monk of Falstaffian proportions, yet withal not without grace. Cigarettes were handed round, and we were soon all busy talking, one of our party acting as interpreter-in-chief. There was then brought in a tray containing a jar of delicious quince jelly, with spoons and tumblers of water. With oft-repeated *"eucharisto,"* to air our little Greek, we each in turn took a spoonful of jelly and glass of water. Coffee followed, and red wine, a pleasing local vintage. The monks were eager for the latest war news and heard with much indignation that the Greek Government had allowed the Bulgars to seize Kavala. They were also considerably perturbed on learning that the enemy had burnt some of the farms in Macedonia belonging to the Athonite monasteries. (Most of these communities, it may be noted, draw considerable revenues from their scattered farms in Macedonia, Thaso, Imbros, Lemnos and Samothrace.) After leaving the guest-chamber, we were taken to an octagonal building in the same wing. The lower storey was used as a museum of local antiquities; the upper was the monastery library which contained some exquisite scripts. A few of these were over a thousand years old; one in particular, a book of homilies, was a priceless



General View of Mount Athos

work containing illuminations of great beauty. Age had caused no fading or deterioration of the brilliant reds and golds and blues and yellows; inspection through a strong reading glass failed to find any flaw in the ancient workmanship. The time spent amongst such treasures was all too short; truth to say, our guides did not seem at home there, and the official librarian unfortunately was not at hand

Before visiting the library we had been joined by brother Diodorus, a delightful old man of over seventy. He spoke English well and was formerly in our Merchant Service. He had withdrawn from the world some fifteen years before and joined the Batopedian Brotherhood, and is now waiting to sing his *Nunc Dimittis*. From the library Brother Diodorus took us to his private room, spotlessly clean and neat and not the least little bit like an austere monastic cell. A window gay with flowers and a balcony covered with a richly-laden vine spoke of one who, though withdrawn from the world, could yet rejoice in the bounty with which God has blessed it. We spent some time here chatting in English with the old man, and then went down into the main court to visit the monastery chapel. Here there was much to stir our eager interest and arouse our sense of mystery. The Iconostasis, the lofty sanctuary screen, was resplendent with ancient icons; the gilded carving and fine brass filigree work glowed warmly in the patient light of many candles. There was nothing here of the grotesque, tawdry or cheap which so often spoils beautiful sanctuary screens in the churches of the Orthodox Communion. On the altar, which stood under a baldachino in the midst of the sanctuary, was a small silver cross of the most delicate workmanship imaginable. Into the front and back of the cross were inlaid panels of cedar wood each about one inch square; each exquisitely carved to pourtray a scene from the Gospel story. Resting in a socket at the back of the altar was the magnificent silver cross of Constantine the Great, now carried in procession on great festivals. Amongst other treasures, too, we were shown a richly decorated two-leaved icon dating from the eighth century; also a chalice of much beauty, the cup of which, some seven inches in diameter, was of jasper delicately wrought and transparently thin. It was supported on a base of silver by two dragon-like figures, their fore-feet resting on the rim and their quaintly fashioned heads peering into the chalice. There is in the world only one similar chalice, now in S. Mark's, Venice, Both originally came from S. Sophia, Constantinople.

Vine-Clad Balcony, Brother Diodorus' Room

We left this treasure house of Byzantine art reluctantly, but time was pressing, and went across the courtyard to the refectory. This ancient building is no longer used, as the monastery of Batopedios now belongs to the later form of monastic life on Mount Athos. The monks live in separate apartments, and possess property of their own. Their affairs are administered by a sort of board of directors who are elected for a definite term.

From the refectory, we adjourned to the guest-chamber for refreshment before leaving. As we were going out through the courtyard, where grave-faced monks were pacing in the cool of the evening, the clock in the bell-tower showed three minutes to the hour. The brother responsible for the clock happened to be with us, and he wished us to wait and see the hour struck on the bell by the old watch-keeping warrior. So we stood and watched the minute hand move round—two minutes, one minute, the hour—and nothing happened! The old monk had forgotten to wind up the striking machinery that morning, and it had run down after the previous hour had been struck. The poor old fellow retired in confusion amidst the laughter and kindly chaff of his brother monks

The brethren now accompanied us down to the landing jetty. The sun had set and the western sky was deepening into violet. The hills guarding the entrance to the Rendina Gorge (through which S. Paul once pressed to Salonica with his urgent message), cast deep black reflections in the calm motionless sea; so that it was hard to define where substance ended and shadow began. Almost we were persuaded that the war was an evil dream. Next day we were lying off the mouth of the Struma, while our ship's guns poured lyddite shell into the enemy's trenches and organisations. And so life goes on in the Ægean. Active service to the full—blockading the enemy's ports, bombarding the Bulgarian and Turkish coasts, keeping an eye on the slippery Greek, hunting the modern pirate of the seas, patrolling and sweeping the narrow and dangerous waters between the Ægean Isles; and with it all, priceless opportunities for experiences.

Courtyard of the Monastery

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.*

Warranted to Wear

Very clear-sighted buying is necessary now-a-days if any thing at all satisfactory is to be got for the money. This is particularly true where stockings are concerned, prices fluctuating here so much that nothing is certain save their perpetual increase.

Some hole-proof black cotton stockings, guaranteed to last without a hole for six months from the date of buying, are one of the best propositions encountered for many a long day. These stockings are of particularly good quality, soft, well-finished, and of very superior substance. As a wear-resisting stocking they fulfil economy's highest dictates, for they are specially spliced at heels and toes and thus unusually strong. War workers find these stockings an incalculable benefit. Not only are they most comfortable to wear, but with them no darning is necessary, an occupation for which in these strenuous days no-one has the spare time. They are kept in all sizes, from 8½ to 10½ and are a well shaped stocking into the bargain.

The guarantee is given with every six pairs sold, the price is 13s. 6d. the half-dozen, and nothing could possibly represent a better investment. The firm selling them are now holding their summer sale, some exceptional offers in the stocking way being a feature, though those just mentioned are too much of a bargain already to allow of any further decrease in their price.

Summer Felt Hats

The idea has come straight over from Paris and promises to be received with equal enthusiasm here. As soon as the sunny weather started, Parisians wore light felt hats with their diaphanous lawn and cotton dresses. Nor is the notion anything of the *bouleversement* at first it seems, because nothing makes a better sun hat than a felt.

A clever London firm are showing the most delightful collection of featherweight summer felt hats possible to imagine. For one thing, smart though they are, there is a definite practicability about them. They are light, cool, do not hurt in the rain, and are in a great variety of shape and style. The available colours are white, champagne, and pale grey, and in some cases a fascinating colour contrast is achieved by means of a "puggaree" swathe—quite narrow and very softly bound round the crown.

Spanish sailor hats in this light weight felt with stiffened brims are 30s., while soft felt squashable hats with a pretty feather mount or something of the kind at the side are a guinea. Many of these roll up into the smallest possible compass when travelling, and hence are a boon in these days of restricted luggage.

Waterproof Welts

Specialities are always rather delightful things to meet, especially when doing so directly benefits the encounterer. An instance is some capital boots—for both ladies and men—with waterproof welts. These completely ensure that the foot is kept perfectly dry, the boot being absolutely impervious to rain or damp.

This welt is the patent of one famous firm. In common with many other ideas now-a-days, this at first originated to help the men in the trenches; then, however, it naturally expanded, others taking to the idea and women war workers finding their needs also provided for. The welt itself is such a clever arrangement that it is quite interesting to go to the showrooms and have its principle explained. This the courteous assistants will be only too pleased to do at any time, and whether the inquirers buy or whether they do not, they will find they are equally welcome.

Another thing worth note is that these boots are made with "DRIPED" soles, these in expert opinion being the very best that can be got. The comfort of marching boots fitted in this way is intense, as soldiers are always proving, and though they are not at the first go off inexpensive, they last so long that in the course of time they automatically become so.

A welcome piece of news is that, though the firm naturally enough gives credit, it has a special system of cash prices for all who like to pay at once and so get the discount.

A Sale of Gloves

Two special points make a sale of gloves of extreme interest. In the first place, a great number of special pairs suitable for motoring and all kinds of work are being cleared from 1s. 11d. upwards. These gloves are of very strong leather, large enough to slip on with the utmost ease, and are particularly well worth buying from the war worker's point of view. With gloves such as these, it becomes a far easier matter to work on the land, in the garden, or indulge in any other of the many pursuits to which shortage of labour and the general events have brought many women.

The second chance goes rather to the other extreme of purpose, concerning washable white kid gloves, selling during the sale at the reduced price of 4s. 6d. They can be cleaned in the most delightfully easy way, the dirt just sponging off. Another feature—odd though it may seem—is that this variety seems to keep cleaner longer than the majority of white gloves, while perhaps the superlative point in their favour is the way in which they last and wear.

The sale price is a thing to take and be grateful for in this case, since already this special glove has increased in price.

Scotch Skirts

Scotland is responsible for several good things, as many of us south of the Tweed are gratefully aware. Some skirts made in Scotland of first class Scotch materials must now be included, the makers dealing with the crofters direct.

A thing now to note is the extra care many women are giving to the character of their clothes. This is a direct result of the general rise in prices, durability having to be a thoroughly investigated matter. The skirts in question last in such a continuous way that one almost wonders where the profit to the makers comes in. It probably lies in the fact that one customer always makes another, praise of the skirts going from mouth to mouth, and half of the business being consequently built up on that most satisfactory foundation of all—personal recommendation. Well-cut, man-tailored tartan skirts cut either on the straight or the cross, are kept in stock sizes, but can also be made specially to order within the brief period of four days.

These skirts at the outset are not exactly inexpensive, but as time goes on the initial price repays itself over and over again, the truth that it is cheapest to buy good things in the end being once more attested. PASSE PARTOUT

Following their well established precedent July is the month set aside by Stagg and Mantle of Leicester Square for their Summer Sale. Bargains abound in every department; as a matter of policy alone they should be closed with while yet there is time, for the turn of the year will bring an inevitable rise in the cost of every class of material with it. Stagg and Mantle are selling some charming coat frocks in gabardines and serges for 55s. 9d. the original price being 79s. 6d. and even 4½ guineas. Early-autumn coats in heather tweeds, coloured blanket coats, and black and white checks are being cleared off at very special prices, and some advantageous buying can be done in rubber mackintoshes, some of which are reduced down to 21s. 9d. Odd skirts can be picked up for the proverbial song and together with many other good things will be found in the sale catalogue, which Stagg and Mantle will send everywhere on request.

Intelligence is the greatest power in the world, and from its benefits no one need be excluded, for those who do not claim it for themselves can always profit through that of others. The Macdonald Smith "Brain to Keyboard" system of pianoforte technique is a case in point; through it the veriest dullard in pianoforte playing can become an accomplished performer with the minimum of trouble. This brilliant system needs first a little study, then some application, and the results are literally amazing ones as scores of grateful testimonials affirm.

One of the chief principles of the system is the development of rapid control over the important muscles, and this not by wearisome "practice" at the piano but by interesting exercises away from it. The system is described by Mr. Macdonald Smith in his interesting booklet "Light on Pianoforte Playing," application for which should be made to him at 19, Bloomsbury Square W.C.1., a penny stamp being enclosed.

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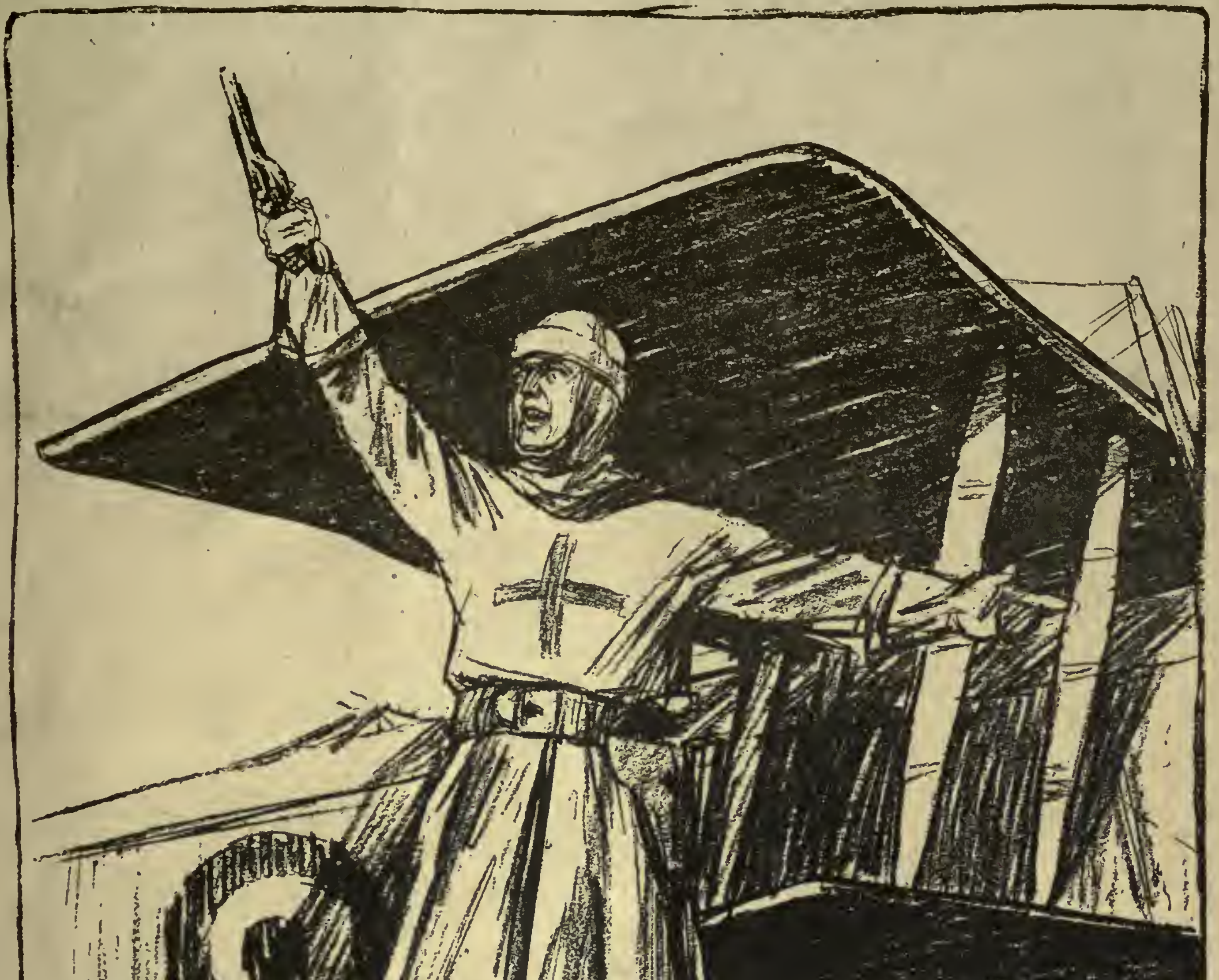
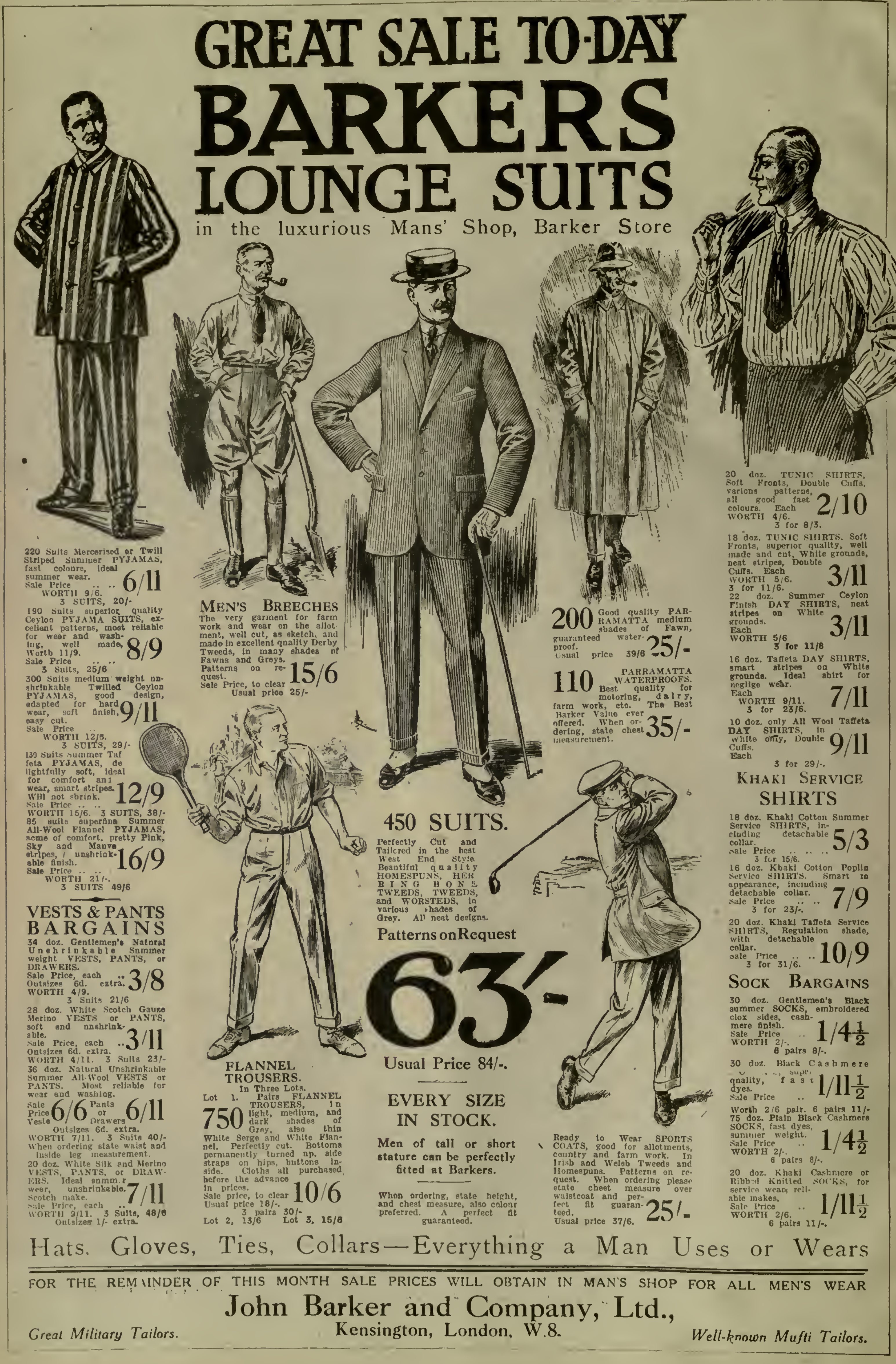

Louis Raemaekers.

By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

Give us the means and we will slay this German dragon that threatens our towns, our women and children



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WORTH 9/6.
3 SUITS, 20/-

190 Suits superior quality Ceylon PYJAMA SUITS, excellent patterns, most reliable for wear and washing, well made, Worth 11/9. Sale Price 8/9
3 Suits, 25/6

300 Suits medium weight unshrinkable Twilled Ceylon PYJAMAS, good design, adapted for hard wear, soft finish, easy cut. Sale Price .. 9/11
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130 Suits Summer Taffeta PYJAMAS, delightfully soft, ideal for comfort and wear, smart stripes. Will not shrink. Sale Price 12/9
WORTH 15/6. 3 SUITS, 38/-

85 suits superfine Summer All-Wool Flannel PYJAMAS, acme of comfort, pretty Pink, Sky and Mauve stripes, / unshrinkable finish. Sale Price 16/9
WORTH 21/-.
3 SUITS 49/6

VESTS & PANTS BARGAINS

34 doz. Gentlemen's Natural Unshrinkable Summer weight VESTS, PANTS, or DRAWERS. Sale Price, each .. 3/8
Outsizes 6d. extra.
WORTH 4/9.
3 Suits 21/6

28 doz. White Scotch Gauze Merino VESTS or PANTS, soft and unshrinkable. Sale Price, each .. 3/11
Outsizes 6d. extra.
WORTH 4/11. 3 Suits 23/-

36 doz. Natural Unshrinkable Summer All-Wool VESTS or PANTS. Most reliable for wear and washing. Sale Price Vests 6/6 Pants or Drawers 6/11
Outsizes 6d. extra.
WORTH 7/11. 3 Suits 40/-
When ordering state waist and inside leg measurement.

20 doz. White Silk and Merino VESTS, PANTS, or DRAWERS. Ideal summer wear, unshrinkable. Scotch make. Sale Price, each .. 7/11
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20 doz. TUNIC SHIRTS, Soft Fronts, Double Cuffs, various patterns, all good fast colours. Each 2/10
WORTH 4/6.
3 for 8/3.

18 doz. TUNIC SHIRTS. Soft Fronts, superior quality, well made and cut, White grounds, neat stripes, Double Cuffs. Each 3/11
WORTH 5/6.
3 for 11/6.

22 doz. Summer Ceylon Finish DAY SHIRTS, neat stripes on White grounds. Each 3/11
WORTH 5/6
3 for 11/6

16 doz. Taffeta DAY SHIRTS, smart stripes on White grounds. Ideal shirt for negligé wear. Each 7/11
WORTH 9/11.
3 for 23/6.

10 doz. only All Wool Taffeta DAY SHIRTS, in white only, Double Cuffs. Each 9/11
3 for 29/-.

KHAKI SERVICE SHIRTS

18 doz. Khaki Cotton Summer Service SHIRTS, including detachable collar. Sale Price 5/3
3 for 15/6.

16 doz. Khaki Cotton Poplin Service SHIRTS. Smart in appearance, including detachable collar. Sale Price 7/9
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20 doz. Khaki Taffeta Service SHIRTS, Regulation shade, with detachable collar. Sale Price 10/9
3 for 31/6.

SOCK BARGAINS

30 doz. Gentlemen's Black summer SOCKS, embroidered clox sides, cashmere finish. Sale Price .. 1/4½
WORTH 2/-.
6 pairs 8/-.

30 doz. Black Cashmere SOCKS, super quality, fast dyes. Sale Price .. 1/11½
Worth 2/6 pair. 6 pairs 11/-

75 doz. Plain Black Cashmere SOCKS, fast dyes, summer weight. Sale Price .. 1/4½
WORTH 2/-.
6 pairs 8/-.

20 doz. Khaki Cashmere or Ribbed Knitted SOCKS, for service wear, reliable makes. Sale Price .. 1/11½
WORTH 2/6.
6 pairs 11/-.

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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1917

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" REPRISALS "

THE best thing which has been said in the Press since the last air raid on London—and the phrase appeared in several organs of the Press—was that the term " reprisals " had ceased to be an accurate description of any policy undertaken for the limitation of enemy aggression through the air upon open towns.

The term " reprisals " is a military term capable of fairly accurate definition. The enemy does something which in your judgment violates the code of military honour or exceeds the limits imposed for the regulation of war between white nations. To check his doing such things, you adopt a corresponding policy of extremes either by an action parallel to his or in some other way. You do such a thing with a temporary object and with the intention of relieving your pressure on him when he relieves his pressure on you. We have had many such examples in this war. The clearest, perhaps, is that of the German and French prisoners. The Germans have continually attempted a novel policy against their prisoners of war, submitting them to excessive or degrading or dangerous or military labour, and the French have immediately countered, by strict reprisals upon the German prisoners of war in their hands. In every case, the effect aimed at has been reached. The Germans have abandoned their novel cruelty and the French kept the compact, as it were, by relieving the prisoners in their hands from the methods employed as a temporary necessity. The action has been strictly parallel. The only divergence between the two methods being that the pressure is more easily exercised upon the Germans than upon the French, from the fact that any inconvenience caused to a wealthy German touches the very nerve of the modern German State, which is plutocratic in character.

But in the question of these air raids on open towns, we have something different. The Prussian theory of war includes the terrorising of the civilian population. This point in the Prussian theory is not secret or even novel. It has been preached in numerous Prussian text books and is a part of the conception of war as it stands in the Prussian mind. We shall not get the Prussians to abandon this by any temporary expedient. It is a permanent part of his mentality. In other words, a mere exact repetition of his own action directed against him by us would not of itself make him abandon the policy of bombarding any civilian population within range, any more than it would make him abandon the policy of shooting hostages, of burning towns, murdering women and children, stealing private property from billets, and destroying historical monuments. What we have to consider then, is not so much the effect of our action as a deterrent, but rather its effect as a positive weapon in war. Would the harrying of certain towns (Frankfort would be politically the most important, but it is distant) shake the moral of the enemy and disturb his power of command and his military plans? And if we are convinced it would do so, would the expense in the risk of craft and in the withdrawal of craft and trained men from the purely military activity upon the front be worth the results obtained? Would it be worth those results at this particular moment of the war and in this particular numerical situation? The mere satisfaction of a revenge *during the course of an undecided campaign* is not only useless in the military sense, but is of negative effect. It is waste of energy. It is like turning aside in the middle of a prize-fight to try and slap the face of somebody who has cheered your opponent. But if a military result can be shown worth the expense entailed, even though that result be arrived at indirectly, then it is clearly sound policy to adopt it.

Now in this matter we can only repeat what has been said before in these columns and what remains just as true after a dramatic and startling daylight raid as it is in a quiet period when people have half forgotten such raids are possible. This truth is that the public in general and members of Parliament in particular are wholly unable to judge the situation. We have said it over and over again in these columns with regard to other military problems. It applies to them all. The only men who are in a position to judge what should be done *so far as military policy is concerned*, are the men in possession of the figures. The position is a very simple one. In all war the main factor of success is numerical. There are a certain small number of men whose duty it is to receive and co-ordinate all the numerical information upon the war day by day. These men are the civilian politicians who happen to be in power—and only a few of them—and a certain very small number in the Higher Command. No one else can judge.

Civilian discipline is as necessary to us as military discipline. There is this unfortunate difference between them. Military discipline is an organised thing, exact in character, calculable, and offering remedies for evidences of weakness which it locates at once and can, as a rule, promptly repair. Civilian discipline is unorganised—especially in the parliamentary countries—it is confused by the fact that you have, side by side such disturbing factors as rumour, and the action of the Press, and it is further confused by the peculiar and abnormal nervous condition of mankind when it is massed in our large towns. Nothing can supply civilian discipline but the good will and the spontaneous action of the civilians themselves. The censorship is an aid and a very necessary aid. The exceptional legislation necessary to war, such as the Defence of the Realm Act, is another aid also necessary, but the main part must, after all, be played by the private citizen. Upon the whole he has played that part well in the past. It will not only be a pity, but a great peril if the long strain of the war and the peculiar position of London so near to the enemy bases, so immense a target and so vital in the life of the nation, should between them lead him to panic and folly at this moment. It behoves us to remember in this connection that the enemy is compelled to watch and to suffer from a *rapidly increasing superiority against him.* The extent of that superiority and its rate of increase have never been sufficiently emphasised by the politicians. They have been too much concerned with stiffening opinion and warning people against a facile optimism,

We may conclude by saying that a secret session of Parliament in connection with this or any other matter is at once an absurdity and a danger. These secret sessions here and abroad are nothing more useful or dignified than a sop to the pride of elected persons. There is no sort of advantage in letting hundreds of men, who merely happen to be Parliamentarians, hear this or that about the war which is not told to their fellow citizens. Even if the Parliamentarians were by some accident men of special talent, chosen for their powers to counsel and advise the soldiers, it would be quite impossible to secure real secrecy when dealing with a body which is in quantity the equivalent of a battalion. As a matter of fact, in these so-called " secret sessions," the responsible politicians of every country do keep a great deal back from the members. They are compelled to do so by the vital necessities of the nation.

The Battle of Jezupol

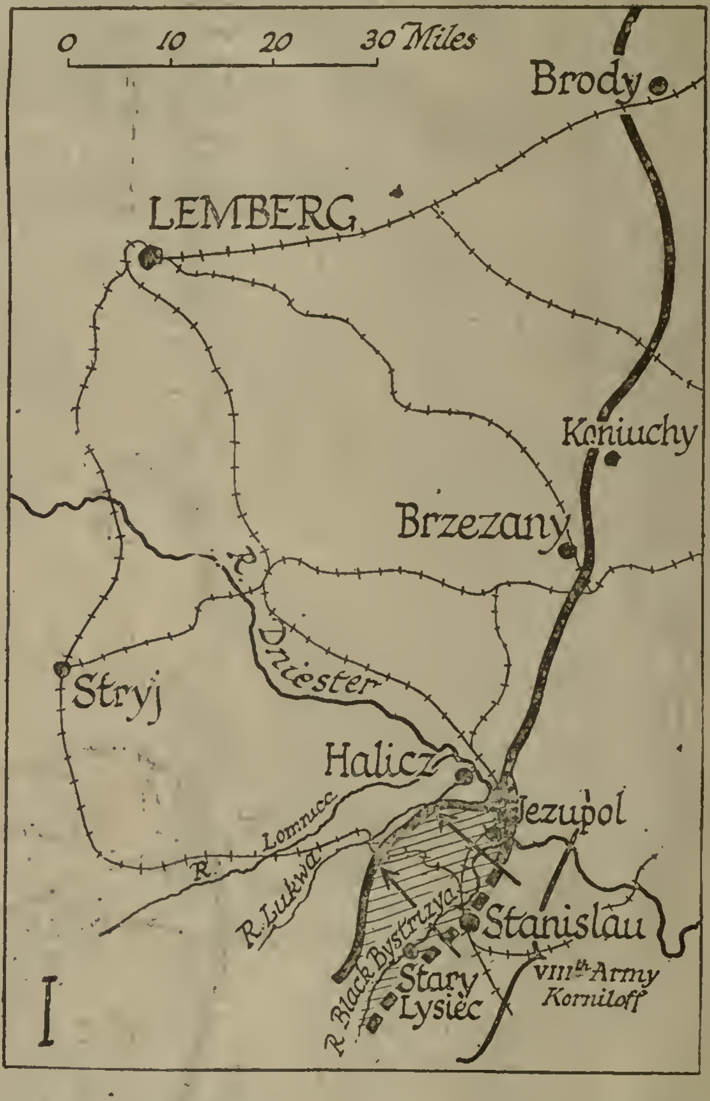
By Hilaire Belloc

THE chief military event of the week has been the attack delivered by the Russian armies upon the southern end of their present offensive front. Up to the moment of Monday noon, described in the despatch reaching London late on Tuesday afternoon, when these lines were written the operation, evidently still in progress, had achieved the capture of Jezupol, the forcing of the lines upon the Black Bystrzyca, the advance of the Russians at one point as far as the river Lukwa, and consequently the presence of the Russian forces right upon the flank of the enemy forces in the important point of Halicz, with the capture of no less than 48 guns, including 12 heavy guns and of 131 officers and 7,000 of the rank and file of the enemy.

Before considering the nature of the ground over which this operation has proceeded, we must consider the object of this, as indeed of every other offensive undertaken in the present phase of the war. It is an error to regard these actions as being mainly undertaken for the reduction and occupation of certain geographical points. It is an error also to think that these points are of no importance. Certain of them are of high strategic importance because they form the pivot upon which alone an orderly retreat can be planned, or because they command great river crossings, or because they are nodal points at which a number of railway systems and road systems meet. Certain of them are also at this stage of the war of high political importance. Therefore the occupation of them represents in each case both a military and a political success of the Allies and a corresponding approach to their ultimate goal. One may say with justice, for instance, that the great victory upon the White Sheet or Messines Ridge (upon which there has hardly been placed sufficient emphasis—it was one of the greatest feats in the military history of this or any other country) was of much value in threatening the ground to the North of Lille; for Lille is essential in the military and in the political sense to the German position at this moment. We may say in the same way that the violent German re-action two months ago was conducted with the object of saving Douai; and one may say that the present Russian operations as a whole threaten Lemberg, and that this last one particularly threatens Halicz. But it still remains true that the largest object of the various offensives is not the capture of such positions, but the dissolution of the enemy's siege lines. To quote the phrase used by Mr. Dane in this paper and elsewhere, the enemy has "anchored" himself, and his fixed lines are being subjected to blow upon blow with the object of compelling their dissolution by numerical loss, and by the shaking of moral. In whatever form the end might come that form could ultimately be called a dissolution. It might take the form of a rupture in the lines, creating flanks and "rolling them up." It might take the form of an attempted retreat upon a large scale, which a vigorous pursuit would disorganise, and upon which such a pursuit would inflict losses so great and demoralisation so considerable that a rupture would succeed to the retreat as an indirect consequence of it. It might even conceivably take the form of a war of movement in which the enemy, no longer a united body, would go down in detail, but only after a number of separate actions. But though the nature of the dissolution, the exact form it would take, is unknown even to those who are responsible for the plans of attack, the *cause* of such a dissolution is perfectly well known. It would be arrived at by the pressure upon him, which is rapidly increasing, becoming greater than he can bear. Though of one blow it may be said that no clear geographical objective is before it, of another that it did not produce the results expected, of a third that it is a battle "for" such and such a place, all have this in common: That they are blows suffered by the enemy, who is compelled to remain upon the defensive; that they are blows after which he has to choose between ruinously expensive reaction (as on the Aisne to-day), or inactivity (as East of the Messines Ridge to-day): That they are blows leaving him more and more in that position which the text books describe as "involuntarily suffering the increasing superiority of the opponent."

With so much said on the general nature of these operations lest we should regard this particular battle of Jezupol as being essentially a fight for the obtaining of Halicz (which it is not, though Halicz *may* ultimately be the local prize won) I will proceed to describe the ground.

The Russian front in Galicia as a whole ran when the offensive began on July 1st from North to South, leaving Brody in Russian hands, Brzezany in enemy hands, Halicz also in enemy hands, and so on to the Carpathians. The pounding upon that front first in one place and then in another, the catching, if possible, of one sector after another unawares, the reduction of the enemy numbers and of his guns and of his moral, the compelling of him to abandon positions strengthened throughout the best part of a year and to fall back upon weaker because newer entrenchments, the compelling of him at the same time to reconcentrate continually against this and that threatened point (a task the more difficult because of that mixture of races in his army, of which we shall speak in a moment)—all this is General Brusiloff's task. He resumed active operations ten days ago. He has already accounted for some thirty thousand prisoners and for a very large number of enemy losses not calculable by us because we lack the elements of making an estimate. The first attack, it will be remembered, came off against the sector of Brzezany. This was the battle of July 1st, and July 2nd. At the end of that battle, which lost the enemy the lines of the Ceniowka, but did not drive him from the heights covering Brzezany, he continued to apply considerable pressure against those heights, but developed his attack up towards the *north*. The effect of this was undoubtedly to deceive the enemy's higher command upon the point where the next blow should be struck. In spite of a great superiority in observation which the enemy possesses upon this front, it is clear that there was an important element of surprise in the affair that followed exactly a week after the main fighting in front of Brzezany. For this attack developed with great suddenness not towards the north but towards the *south*, or left of the Galician front. It took the form of an overwhelming attack by General Korniloff's army, the VIIIth, South of the Dniester upon the sector in front of Stanislau.



The ground here presents the following features.

The river Dniester runs in a rather deep trench from north-west to south-east, about 25 miles south of Brzezany at its nearest point. It has very pronounced curves in its course, some of the loops leaving but a narrow isthmus at their base. It is rapid, unfordable, and crossed by permanent bridges at rare points, while the only railway bridge in the whole district is the great bridge of Jezupol, which has been certainly destroyed long ago, even after its repair at the end of 1915.

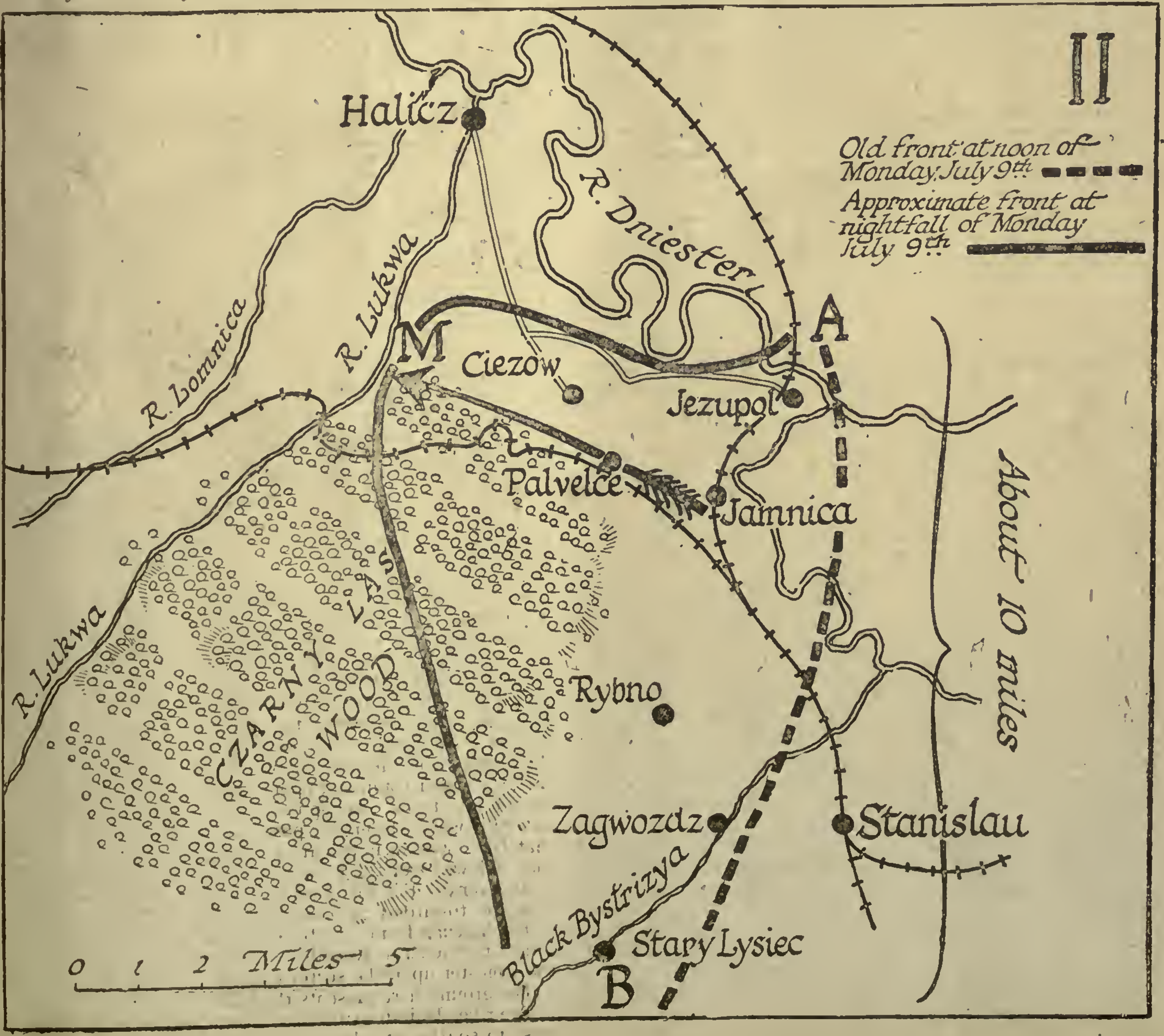
The country to the south of the Dniester differs considerably from that to the north. The ground is harder, upon the whole less thickly inhabited, and contains more obstacles upon the north of the river than it does upon the south. The tributaries of the Dniester upon the north run, as a rule, through deep trenches separated by ridges of considerable height. They are often marshy in their course and they run in parallel lines one behind the other, forming a succession of obstacles to any advance westward from the east. The tributaries on the right or south bank of the Dniester on the other hand, present less difficulty. They are not marshy, but as a rule sandy. They are fordable save in the immediate neighbourhood of their mouths, all their upper courses being no more than the mountain torrents of the Carpathians, and the district as a whole is a fertile plain lying at the foot of the mountains and bounded by them on the one side and the Dniester upon the other.

In the particular field of battle we are considering two such rivers run into the Dniester from the Carpathians, the Lomnitza, which joins the Dniester above Halicz, and the Black Bystrizyca, which passes in the immediate neighbourhood of Stanislau and falls into the Dniester about a day's march below Halicz, near the point of Jezupol. Between the two and parallel to each runs the smaller stream of the Lukwa, which falls into the Dniester at Halicz itself.

The front from which the attack was made ran in front of Halicz (still in enemy hands) in front of Jezupol (also in enemy hands at the time), then covered Jamnica, which appears to have been in the hands of our Allies; ran down covering Stanislau, which was also in their possession, and from that point reached the Black Bystrizyca, which from that point upwards was an obstacle defended by the Austrians.

The morning of Sunday last, and perhaps the night between Saturday and Sunday, was filled at every point of this district from the Dniester southwards, say between the points marked A and B on Map II., with the intensive bombardment of the artillery preparation—it is a sector of about ten miles. Upon the Sunday noon the artillery lengthened its range, and the infantry attack was launched by General Korniloff, who commanded the troops engaged. Where the Austrian front was first broken we have as yet no indication to guide us, but probably somewhere near the point C on the northern end, for it was immediately in front of this, in the direction of the arrow, that the furthest advance of the Russian cavalry appears to have been made. They reached the Lukwa at Maidan, the point marked M on Map II. At any rate, it is clear that there was a complete rupture of the defensive organisation somewhere south of Jamnica, and not very far from that town, and almost certainly north of Stanislau. The rupture seems to have taken place fairly early in the afternoon if we are to judge by the opportunity our Allies found for reaping the fruits of their victory. Both sectors of the broken line were at the mercy of the successful assault: Jezupol was entered and the village of Ciezow behind it, and a detachment moved up on the right towards Halicz. The direct advance meanwhile passed and occupied the little hamlet of Pavelce lying in a ravine south of Ciezow, while further to the left the advance passed Rybno, and further yet crossed the Black Bystrzica and occupied Zagwozdz and Stary Lysiec. It was a complete success clearly following upon the unexpected breakdown of some central northern point in the defence. For the first time in a whole year of the war, the rupture was sufficient to permit of the use of cavalry, and the Russian mounted forces were able to follow the retreating remnant of the Austro-German force which had been defending these ten miles.

There lies above the Bystrizcya valley, reaching to the parallel valley of the Lukwa, a rolling country of forest hardly more than 150 feet above the water levels in its highest points. This forest is locally known as Czarny Las. It is cut by great parallel "rides," crossways not hardened but permitting of rapid movement by detachments of horse throughout its breadth. It runs in successive waves, as it were, the troughs of which are marked by streams running down to the Dniester. It was through this great wood that the remnant of the



defeated force fell back, and before nightfall the Russian cavalry at some points had already reached the Lukwa.

The exact line upon which the retreat "crystallised" we have not yet any evidence to trace, but the obvious line upon which the enemy should rally is that of the river Lomnitza—no very good obstacle, but the only one in the neighbourhood, and one with a clear field of fire in front of it. For the wood ceases before the Lomnitza is reached.

Further, it is clear that there has arisen a very interesting dislocation in the enemy's position upon the north and the south of the Dniester respectively. His front to the south of the river is something like seven miles back at its furthest point from the prolongation of his front on the north of the river; Halicz is threatened now both from the east and from the south; and it will be of interest to see whether in the next few days the enemy will be compelled or no to fall back upon the north of the river, in order to straighten his line.

Careful attention devoted to certain points in the various short communiqués that have reached us, give us a few important conclusions. In the first place, we may be fairly certain that the sector attacked was for the moment held mainly by Austrian troops, and probably for the most part by troops of Slav origin. The Berlin version of the affair is careful to tell us that the reserves hurried down from the north to stop the rout, were German. The Austrian communiqué is vaguer. It simply uses the term "our" reserves.

Now this conclusion, if it be justified, I mean that the shock fell mainly upon Austrian troops of Slav origin, is important, because it shows us upon this front an element which has long been noticed upon the Italian front. The heterogeneity in race and political object, in which is the weakness of the Austro-Hungarian army, is making itself felt here as it was felt earlier this summer on the Isonzo. The commanders of the German, the French, the British, the Italian forces, concentrate at will from any portion of their command. But the Austrians, and the Germans, where they happen to be working with the Austrians, are compelled to consider not only the numbers, but also the racial character of the troops to be used upon a particular operation. It means that they cannot always reinforce from the nearest units, but may have to bring men from a distance. It also means that what are politically their most reliable units, have to be subjected to constant movement with the corresponding strain that involves. We saw this machinery at work very clearly during the recent Italian offensive. Hungarian troops had to be moved down from the north to the Carso, and did not come into action for more than 48 hours after the first positions on the Carso had been lost. It would seem as though the same forces were in play in Galicia.

Another point to notice is the situation of the sector upon which this attack was delivered as regards communications. Of lateral communications by which the enemy could support his line when it was attacked, there are none. There is no road, railway or even hard path of any sort running through the great wooded mass from north-east to south-west. But, on the other hand, the communications for advance after victory on the part of the Russians are excellent. The railway running through the woods from the juncture above Stanislau was probably of no service to them, but the numerous parallel "rides" through the woods of which I speak, all lead in the direction of the retreat and the pursuit, so does the main road from from Ciezow towards Halicz. The only obstacle to the bringing forward of the guns will be the shallow Bystrizyca on a small section of the front. On all the rest of it between Zagwozdz and the Dniester there is nothing at the present season to forbid the advance of the tractors up into the woods and through the forest.

What the full consequences of the victory may be we shall not know for a day or two, though perhaps the public may be in possession of them when these lines appear. It *may* create such a gap between the enemy armies north and south of the Dniester as to compel a considerable movement of retirement. It may result in no more than a slight shifting of the line backwards—though even that would involve the loss of the Dniester bridgehead at Halicz which covers Bothmer's right. In any case, it is proof that the Russian armies are capable at will of asserting superiority on the Galician front.

H. BELLOC

The Air Defence of London

By F. W. Lanchester

As I sit down to write on the recent air raids, the first line of an editorial in one of the leading London dailies catches my eye: "There must be air reprisals." We went through a period of Zeppelin raids, there was a cry for reprisals, a public clamour for the building of a fleet of airships to bomb German towns. Let us thank those who had the direction of affairs in their hands that such councils were not listened to. The Zeppelin as a menace has been mastered by direct defensive methods. Probably it would still be possible for the Huns to bomb London by Zeppelin. With luck they would do some damage, and with luck some of them would get home again, but the plain English is that with our present means of defence, attack on London by the big airship does not pay. Here we have the essence of all methods of defence; in military matters it is rarely, if ever, that the means of defence or the means of attack entirely flatten out the enemy—the question is whether or not any particular method of defence involves a greater expenditure in the attack than the results justify, and whether in the reverse problem the attack gives results commensurate with the expenditure of the means by which it is conducted.

Let us not go into the question of whether air attack on London is justified from an ethical standpoint or not. Ethics in warfare is secondary to facts. The enemy of today, and I venture to believe the enemy of future times, is not concerned with what is ethically right or wrong—he concerns himself with what he thinks will pay. Thus he has decided that London is worth bombing, and he has at least shown that he has some appreciation of the regions which may be bombed to the best advantage.

I have discussed the question of attack upon a capital city such as London at length in my *Aircraft in Warfare*, Chapter 19, and have given many reasons why we must be prepared to admit such attack as legitimate warfare; not the least of these reasons is that any act in warfare will in practice be considered legitimate if it holds out prospects of success from a military standpoint to the enemy. No amount of talking or moralising will dispose of this fact.

When we have to consider, as we undoubtedly have to consider, our means of defence, it is essential to take into account the object which the enemy has in view, so far as this object is disclosed by his actions. If London were attacked by a powerful force of aeroplanes such as we have not yet witnessed, say 500 or 1,000 aeroplanes taking part, it would be fair to assume that the object of the enemy is the destruction of the city by fire; especially would this be the case if his tactics should lend colour to the suggestion, if, briefly, he were to follow an initial attack conducted with explosive bombs by a second attack in which incendiary bombs were employed. Against such an attack nothing but direct defensive measures could operate with effect. But the recent raids have not been conducted with such overwhelming or staggering forces, probably for the very good reason that the enemy has not such forces at his disposal. They have been conducted with a dozen or score of aeroplanes whose operations have been localised, so far as we can judge, intentionally on certain chosen sites. That his intention has been to cause fires and do the maximum local destruction may be taken for granted, but he can have been under no illusions as to the purely local effect of his attack. Manifestly his object hitherto has been no more than was the case in the Zeppelin raids, primarily to shake the nerves of the public and thence react through political channels on the efficiency of our military organisation. That his previous efforts in that direction, raiding by Zeppelin, were to a small extent successful, is an open secret, that the success was only partial, and microscopic at that, is due to the fact that in spite of much froth and blowing off of steam in Parliament, and in certain sections of the press, the Englishman's nerves are hard to shake; for every one whose nerves are shaken there are a dozen whose nerves are steeled and whose teeth are set.

Of the various methods of defence against raids such as those we have experienced, that is to say, raids on a small scale, as history will, I think, record them, that of direct defence by a screen of aeroplanes, or possibly concentric screens of aeroplanes, is the most extravagant and the least appropriate. We do not know when or exactly from what direction the attack may be launched. We have no certain means of securing an adequate warning. If the attack be launched under weather conditions favourable to a raid, the enemy, flying screened by a stratum of clouds, may remain as invisible as a submarine totally submerged. To be effective a direct defence founded on a screen or screens of aeroplanes would require to be sufficiently strong at every point to meet a possible enemy, and a warning of at least half an hour or thereabouts would be required in order that our machines should be in the air at sufficient altitude to give battle. It is for this reason that nearly all our effective air fighting has so far been done during the return of the enemy to his base; it would be totally out of the question to maintain a sufficient force of aeroplanes continually patrolling at high altitude, and any such suggestion may be dismissed as impracticable.

Even if we assume that from naval patrols over the North Sea a warning of the approach of enemy aeroplanes can be given, the numerical strength of the screening force would have to be immeasurably greater than the attacking force. It would take perhaps 500 aeroplanes to put up an adequate defence of London, and even then it is practically certain that the enemy, under favourable weather conditions, might slip through. If we were to immobilise 500 machines for the defence of London against enemy raids a dozen or twenty strong, it would be a far greater justification for the enemy to maintain and carry out a succession of such raids than the material damage which such a force has hitherto shown itself capable of effecting. The time may come when direct defensive measures may be deemed possible, but it presupposes an immeasurably greater numerical development of the air service, both on the part of the attack and the defence than anything yet in sight. Twenty defenders pitted against twenty attackers might never get sight of the enemy, but one thousand defenders, on the other hand, might be able to put up a successful defence against one thousand conducting the attack. Not even then could the enemy be prevented from breaking through, but his losses in machines and personnel and the interruption and partial failure of the attack might, we may hope, mean that his losses would be out of proportion to the results achieved, which, as already stated, is the criterion of successful defence. So much for the proposals of direct defence. If to-day an attempt were made to bar the road to London by screens of aeroplanes, there would scarcely be a machine available in any of the fields of battle for the normal conduct of hostilities.

The Balance of Advantage

Let us come back to the phrase, *there must be air reprisals.* If reprisals are to be effective we must assume that when we "reprise" we shall do the enemy as great or greater injury than he has done us with an equivalent expenditure of means. If, for example, we were to divert 100 aeroplanes from the ordinary military duties to do such injury to a German city as the enemy [in] turn have inflicted on London by—say—twenty aeroplanes, the reprisal, however effective in destroying property and killing people, would be valueless. The German has a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic and is quite capable of making his own calculations; he would at once redouble his efforts in raiding London. If, on the other hand, we could detail twenty machines to raid some German town and inflict more vital injury than that inflicted by a similar number of German machines, then we might hope that our reprisal would be effective; it would at least carry some degree of conviction. But again, why divert a raiding squadron to bomb, say, Cologne, with little or no beneficial military effect, when the same squadron might be bombing one or other of the enemy bases or depôts, doing as great or greater material damage, and at the same time getting on with the war. Even a diversion of our aircraft from their military duties might justify the Hun in employing his machines where he knows we are at a strategic disadvantage in the raiding of London. These are the facts which appear to be forgotten by many of those who call for reprisals.

It is curious that one fundamental fact seems to be ignored by those who blame the military and naval authorities for not adopting the particular measures that they wish. The naval and military demand for aircraft and personnel since the war started has never flagged, and the resources of the country have been gradually diverted to supply a demand that has been continually on the increase. Writing on this subject some eighteen months back,* I said:

> In the author's opinion it is vitally necessary, both with a view to ensuring speedy victory and to our future as a nation, that our manufacturing resources in the production of aircraft should be developed to the utmost; aeroplanes and still more aeroplanes will be needed, aeroplanes in the maximum possible quantities of every useful type, whether reconnaissance, bomb-dropping, or fighting machines; our total present capacity for production is petty in comparison with what we have evidence the future will demand.
>
> The question of the future of the Aeronautical Arm is not purely the concern of the Army and Navy, it cuts deeper; it is essentially an affair of the nation. It is national, because it concerns both services. It is national, because it is of wider and more far-reaching moment than comprised by its relation to either. It is national, because it depends upon our national industrial resources, and may tax these to the uttermost; national, because it is the Arm of greatest potential development in the present war, and in future warfare may decide the fate of nations. Finally, it is national because it is the Arm which will have to be ever ready, ever mobilised, both in time of peace and war: it is the Arm which in the warfare of the future may act with decisive effect within a few hours of the outbreak of hostilities.

This is as true to-day as when it was written, and the truth is one to which I am sure those responsible for directing the destinies of British aircraft development have been fully alive. Factory after factory has been diverted to the production of aircraft and aero-engines, possibly not so quickly as I or other enthusiastic supporters of the Aeronautical Arm might have wished. But we must not forget the past call for ammunition and more ammunition, and the past and present call for heavy calibre guns and still more heavy calibre guns. The industrial resources of Great Britain have been taxed to the utmost, and the construction of aero-engines is not to be taught or learnt in a day. The power of the present Air Board as a branch of the Ministry of Munitions is as nearly absolute when it comes to a matter of supply as any power in the country. If the military authorities have not pressed for aeroplanes more insistently than they have pressed, if the naval authorities have not pressed more resolutely for an increase in aircraft, it may be at least credited to them that it is their duty to provide themselves with munitions of other kinds which are equally essential to the conduct of the war, and it is certain that allowing for mistakes and errors which must be deemed inevitable, no increase in the output of aircraft could have been obtained without a diminution in something else. As in the paragraph quoted "aeroplanes and still more aeroplanes," are needed, and if the war goes on for another year, or two or three years probably this same fact will remain equally true.

We have to remember that the enemy is within easy reach of London, our capital city, and the enemy cities within our reach are cities of comparatively minor importance. The suggestion has been made that for every attack on London we at once organise an attack in force on a German city and *flatten it out.* Cologne is sometimes mentioned. Let us wave on one side the difficulties of the problem, and assume that by saying the word we could muster a sufficient force of bomb-dropping aeroplanes to wipe Cologne out of existence. It might be considered a salutary act; although as a matter of ethics the bombing of London can be better justified as likely to affect the course of the war than the bombing of Cologne. However, I am, or will make myself, sufficiently a Hun at heart to say "Damn the ethics! Let us muster all our air resources and concentrate on a city like Cologne to destroy it, so far as the power of high explosives is able to effect that object." The question remaining is, presuming we possess such resources and can detach the air force required, whether still a city such as Cologne would be the best and most valuable objective. Would it not be better to say to our military and naval commanders: "Utilise the air forces at your disposal to hit the enemy as vitally and as hard as you can. If you can hit harder in conjunction with infantry and artillery use them so, if an expedition against an enemy city or railway junction will hit the enemy the harder, do it." Surely the military authorities, perhaps in conjunction with the naval authorities, and finally the War Cabinet, can be trusted to make the available force of aircraft as effective against the enemy as it is humanly possible.

If we have commanders in the field or in the navy that we cannot trust, let them be replaced, do not let us try to do their work for them, it is no use the man in the street rushing in to put a finger in the pie. Support the policy of aeroplanes and still more aeroplanes by all means. Do not for a moment allow anyone in authority to think that there would be the least lack of support for such a policy, either as to material or personnel, in its entirety. Let the public take their share of responsibility, if they think fit, in advocating aeroplanes and the Air Service *in front of everything.* I believe that it is the right policy. Let them give confidence to their servants, for their Ministers are their servants, to the extent of making it clear that whatever mistakes they may be blamed for in the future, they will never be blamed if in the light of history the Air Service becomes too strong or the aeroplanes too numerous. But do not let us allow any hysterical interference with the control of our air forces, for there is nothing which would justify the enemy in his own eyes more fully and completely in raiding London than that.

Those who have not made a study of the problem of air defence may feel irritated and ask why, if it pays the Germans to detach squadrons from his fighting forces, already inferior to our own, in order to raid London, it should be bad policy for us to retaliate in the same coin. The answer is simple. London is within two hours' easy flight of territory in the occupation of the Germans, namely, Belgium. Berlin, the nerve centre of Germany, is virtually out of reach of our airmen: it is some 400 miles distant from our nearest point of take-off: we are at a strategic disadvantage.

We must get on with the war. *If we can get the Germans out of Belgium, the air defence of London is assured.*

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* *Aircraft in Warfare*, page 201.

Three Fighting Figures of France.

By Charles Dawbarn

WHEN he speaks in the Tribune of the Chamber, M. Alexandre Ribot, the French Premier, has a characteristic gesture. He seems to throw his words to his audience. His right hand has a backward and then a forward swinging movement, just as if he were a twentieth century Discoboles. M. Briand, on the other hand, opens his arms when he speaks and expands his chest so that he seems to swell with his oratory. His voice is grave and sonorous, whereas the Prime Minister is less vigorous in his tones, but shows remarkable vitality. Though seventy-five, he has the physical energy of middle age. Nothing seems to tire him. He frequently crosses the Channel for conferences with the British Government and always travels at night, arriving fresh at either destination for the day's business. Sometimes in Paris that business includes a stormy sitting of the Chamber.

No greater contrast could be imagined than between the demeanour of the British House of Commons and that of its French counterpart. Perhaps an ideal Chamber would be one which combined the qualities of the two: the fire and temper of the French Deputy with the sound sense and dignity—sometimes overdone—of the other. In any case, M. Ribot dominates the assembly by his prestige and authority. He has need of both—when passions are aroused, as over "To Stockholm, or not to Stockholm"—for the Socialist [Conference, provided endless possibility in a French Assembly, with its poignant memories of Alsace Lorraine. The language was strong and variegated—in tune with the situation—and old habitués professed they had never heard anything like it.

"Trench language" has passed into current speech in France. It is full flavoured and marvellously picturesque, and Deputies seem to have caught the habit though they have not the excuse of the Poilu, who has acquired his *argot* at the expense of his skin. Words barbed and weighted with opprobrium flew about the Chamber. Nevertheless, the G.O.M. of French politics—a little older than Thiers, when he saved the country after the disasters of 1870—gained his point, as the substantial vote showed. His presence as Premier at the present moment shows that solid qualities are still the most valued asset in politics. He offers no target to false rumour; he has always had a reputation to lose and his career is compact of labour, energy, sane ambition and toleration.

No Extremist

Free from the extremist spirit which characterises so many politicians in France, he has steered the middle course through Parliamentary shoals and gained the esteem of those who love fair play. In the Dreyfus case, he believed in the innocence of the Captain, but disbelieved in some of the methods for establishing it. His love of compromise caused him to be accused of sheltering General Mercier, the War Minister of the day, who was behind the famous trial; in reality he sought only a sound and unsensational way out of the difficulty. His moderate spirit also was shown in the Church *versus* State controversy. Though a Protestant, M. Ribot objected to Separation on the ground that the State had incurred certain obligations towards the Church, which could not be disregarded, and he resented also the harsh methods of the Combes Ministry in driving out the Religious Orders. That he was right is now generally conceded by his countrymen, for the war has brought a truce to anti-Clericalism.

Ribot is celebrated for various things. Shortly before the war he became chief of a new Government—for a single day. The combination did not survive even the passage of the Ministerial Declaration, and the Cabinet, which included M. Delcassé and other celebrities, passed into the limbo where lie so many French ministries. Again he was Presidential candidate for about as long, the Moderates finally choosing M. Poincaré for the supreme post. Contrary to the common run, M. Ribot has grown more democratic with the years, and has sacrificed, his friends say, his aristocrat top-hat for a democratic "bowler"—sign and symptom of the inward change. His strength lies in his experience of public office as Minister of Finance and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the one field, he found out the resources of the country and induced Jacques Bonhomme to bring forth his gold for the War Loan, from his legendary *bas de laine*; in the other, he found out the thoughts of Europe and, incidentally, signed that great contract with Russia which is the basis of the Grand Alliance: thus it is not inappropriate that to-day he should be the representative of that policy.

His right-hand man in the new Government is M. Painlevé, the Minister of War. He is a statesman of uncommon erudition. Much learning, however, has not robbed him of his action; he is as decisive and unequivocal as a proposition of Euclid. His mathematical talent contributed to the victory of Verdun. He was Minister of Education and Inventions at the time—under the Briand Ministry—and, with the aid of M. Borel, revised the old artillery tables for range-finding with the result that the guns had a new accuracy in destructive force. M. Painlevé with MM. Borel and Adamard, also eminent mathematicians, is regarded as the continuator of the work of M. Henri Poincaré, the savant cousin of the President.

Once a Professor

The War Minister, who, in conference with Mr. Lloyd George, soon settled the Greek business, has been emphatic from his youth up. He flung himself whole-heartedly into the Dreyfus case on the side of the prisoner, and led demonstrations in the Latin Quarter, where he was Professor of Mathematics at the Sorbonne. By the natural order of events, he became deputy for this Pays Latin, the nearest approach that France possesses to a University Constituency, and remained in that position for ten years. He interested himself in Army questions, but resisted the Three Years Bill, holding with Jaurès, the Socialist orator, that it was better to have a small, highly-trained army and a fully developed reserve than a large and loose general system—a huge "barracks" army, in fact. But when war came, there was none more determined than he to secure "peace with honour" by force of arms. Like M. Ribot, he is a member of the Institute of France, his department being the Academy of Science.

His strong mind rebels against half-measures, and he opposed M. Briand when the latter tried to effect Cabinet changes which he considered inadequate. His same ardent temper led him to defend General Sarrail and come to London for the purpose—to lay the case before Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George—when it was a question of sending the French officer to Salonika. Sarrail, he said, was the victim of a cabal, and was wrongfully relieved of his command. As a scientist, the War Minister is interested in all scientific developments, and was one of the first to perceive the possibilities of aviation. In the early days he flew with Wilbur Wright, when the celebrated inventor was experimenting in France with his machine.

Like his hierarchical chief, General Pétain is a great mathematician. As a boy, living in a small village near Havre, where his father was a baker—thus, his origin is as democratic as that of Joffre, the son of a working cooper—he covered the walls of his bedroom with algebraical signs. He solved the most complicated problems without the aid of paper and pencil. Even when he played at tops he could not leave mathematics out of it, and strove to drive his own "peg" into squares and triangles. His modesty has remained with him, and he likes nothing better than to revisit the friends of his boyhood. Some with whom he played have done well in the world, but others—and the General makes no distinction—wear the fustian of the manual worker.

Everyone knows that he sprang into world-wide prominence for his defence of Verdun, where, without sufficient means, he resisted the Germans during weeks of ferocious attack. His bravery is proverbial, and it is a wonder that he has survived so many hair-breadth escapes. But a special Providence seems to watch over him, delivering him, at the critical moment, from mortal harm. Legends have grown up about his invulnerability as well as about his methods for retaining youthfulness. He is sixty, but he has the face and figure of fifty. Someone started the story that he skips every morning; he believes, certainly, in the sovereign virtues of diet and exercise and measures his food and drink as carefully as if he were a jockey training to weight. If he has a fault, it is his lack of self-assertion. He lives a life of retirement amongst his books and problems. None the less, he had a great reputation in army circles before the war for his theories on attack; practice, particularly the fierce fights around Vaux and Douaumont—the forts to the north of Verdun—have but confirmed that estimate. His rise to the highest post has been startling, even in this startling war, for in August 1914, he was simply a Colonel with thoughts of retirement.

These, then, are the men upon whom France, with others such as M. Albert Thomas, the Minister of Munitions, is relying in this unexampled crisis in her history. Happily, there is every reason to believe that they will justify the faith that is being placed in them by the army and the nation.

Past and Future—V

The Secret of Industrial Power

By Jason

WHEN a battery goes into action every man from the Battery Commander downwards works at the top of his speed. There is no whisper of ca' canny. The drivers turn their teams as smartly as they can: traces are released with the rapidity of a flash of lightning: guns are swung round, detachments fly to their places, and in a few seconds teams and limbers have disappeared in the distance and everyone is waiting for the first orders from the Battery Commander. When the orders are rapped out, the layer makes minute manipulations with his fingers and traverses the gun on to its target: the man behind him loads, another closes the breech, the gun is fired, and as it flies back from the recoil, the breech is opened: everything being done so rapidly and quietly that one might suppose it a single operation carried out by a single hand. As a piece of rapid and dexterous movement by a group it is as neat a performance as one could wish to see. And to secure that efficiency men and officers will spend hour upon hour repeating a monotonous routine, with a constant strain on hand, eye, ear, memory and attention until the very name of gun drill sounds like a sentence of penal servitude. For there is a common inspiration, a common driving impulse, since every man knows that success and honour and safety for his battery, and therefore for the cause for which his battery is in the field, depend on the rapidity and accuracy with which that group can learn to act and move together.

Soldiers of Industry

Carlyle invented the name "Captains of Industry" when he wanted to find an arresting watchword for an age that seemed sunk in a purely commercial creed. The metaphor is natural and we often talk to-day of soldiers of industry. If we go into a great workshop or factory we see masses of men, women and children working together on the thousand and one details that make up a wonderful whole, the product which very likely none of them will ever see. There are foremen who look like the N.C.O.'s, there are managers who are like the regimental officers, and somewhere or other in the background there are directors who form the General Staff. The metaphor is natural, but it is misleading. For whereas in a battery under fire there is a common object before the eyes of every man in the battery, it is only in a very qualified sense that there is any common object before the eyes of every person in the workshop.

It is true that there are a great body of men, women and children all engaged in producing something together, that they are co-operating, that they are carrying out orders designed for some intelligible purpose which stands in direct relation to their work, and that under some circumstances the failure of that purpose reacts on all engaged in the workshop. But there the resemblance ends. If we want to appreciate the difference between the two cases we have only to ask ourselves what the driver or gunner thinks when his sergeant urges him to put his last ounce of power into a movement: he knows that his own safety and the safety of everybody else depends on that effort, and he makes it. But the foreman, when he urges a workman to put his last ounce of power into a movement, cannot appeal to that motive. For the industrial system, which seemed to the political economy of our grandfathers to be an admirable arrangement for harmonising interests, does in fact create separate interests, and employers and workmen are governed by considerations that may produce conflict at any time and on any point.

Let us take, for example, the whole question of improvements, both of machinery and of method. The outside observer is apt to argue on the lines of the old economist, and reassure himself with generalisations about industry adapting itself to new conditions, without thinking very precisely about what happens while that adaptation is in process. It is better, he will say, for everybody engaged in industry, whether he is capitalist or manager or worker, whether he supplies money or directing mind or skill, or even mere muscle, that the industry should prosper and expand. We have formidable competitors, persevering, ingenious, resourceful. To hold our own we must use all the brains and power at our command. The man then who makes difficulties about adopting this or that machine, who stands out against industrial economy, who refuses to help to save time or money or skill, such a man in the workshop is like a gunner who says that he will mutiny if a new type of gun is introduced, and that his own army must carry on with an obsolete muzzle-loader while the enemy is making improvements in the latest breech-loading piece. The argument is so plain that the inference drawn from the attitude of the men in these cases is that they have not the sense to understand their own interests. It is supposed that their malice is the result of stupid ignorance or conservatism.

False Reasoning

The argument is plain enough, but it leaves a great part of the question undiscussed. During some bitter strikes a century ago over the introduction of machinery, certain economists tried to reason with the workpeople. In the long run, they pointed out, everybody benefits by the introduction of machinery, and the hardships are only temporary. Yes, replied the workmen, but man's life is only temporary also. The answer pierced the weak point in the philosophy of the times. Industry was regarded as a world in which men and women were pawns, to be moved here or there as the circumstances of the market suggested, and not as human beings to whom the temporary hardships, dismissed so lightly by economists as mere incidents in the progress of industry, meant, in Lord Acton's words, "want and pain and degradation and risk to their own lives and their children's souls."

The workman was regarded as the abstraction, "Labour." The economists talked of Capital and Labour as if they were comparables, as if the transference of labour from one industry to another were as simple as the transference of capital. Brougham put the whole process in a nutshell. If too much capital is attracted to a particular industry, the rate of interest will fall, and so the disproportion will be corrected, for the superfluous capital will seek some other sphere where the higher rate of interest shows that capital is in demand. Similarly with labour. The demand for labour falls off in one industry, perhaps because of changes in that industry, wages fall, and the superfluous labour follows the example of the superfluous capital and seeks some sphere where wages are higher, that is, where labour is in demand. These forces regulated the supply and demand of capital and labour, and all that was necessary was that the workman should be intelligent enough to understand them. They would then appreciate the fundamental harmony of interests. By this kind of reasoning economists came to forget that when talking of "labour" they were talking of the disposal of human lives, for they thought that a formula which explained how capital and labour responded to the fluctuations of the markets should convince the workman that temporary hardships do not matter.

From the workman's point of view, there was more in all this than the working of an interesting and abstract economic law. Smith is employed at a workshop at a week's notice. Some machine is introduced which makes Smith superfluous. Smith goes. He may be out of work for weeks or for months. "Do you not see, you slow-witted fellow," says the economist, "that the introduction of this machine means industrial progress, and that you as a member of the race stand to gain like everybody else?" Smith may believe this, but meanwhile he is more particularly interested in the fact that he is in danger of losing his home, that his children are threatened with starvation, and that the prospect of the workhouse is becoming unpleasantly intimate.

Speeding Up

Or let us look at the question of speeding up. In America and Germany the whole topic of industrial fatigue has been made the subject of careful experiment and study. All kinds of expedients have been adopted for testing fatigue and strain and for discovering the conditions under which men do their best work and are least exhausted. This study has become an exact if rather dangerous science. Take this example of "Taylor's law." Taylor was a great prophet of scientific management in the United States.

"*Taylor's law* is that for each given push or pull on a man's arms it is possible for a workman to be under load for only a definite percentage of the day. For example, when pig iron is being handled (each pig weighing 92 lb.), a first-class workman can only be under load 43 per cent. of the day. He must be entirely free from load during 57 per cent. of the day. And as the load becomes lighter, the percentage of the day under which the man can remain under load increases. So that, if the workman is handling a half-pig, weighing 46 lb., he can then be under load 58 per cent. of the day, and only has rest during 42 per cent. As the weight grows lighter the man can remain under load during a larger and larger percentage of the day, until finally a load is reached which he can carry in his hands all day long without being tired out. When that point has been arrived at this law ceases to be useful as a guide to the labourer's endurance, and some other law must be found which indicates a man's capacity for work."

The Chicago journal *Factory*, gives the following account of an experiment in increasing speed: "Two men were assembling a machine; one was taking 37½ minutes to do the job, the other 40 minutes to do the same job. The movements of the men were so rapid that no difference could be detected by the most expert observer, so a special split-second clock with a rapidly revolving second hand was set by each of the men, and motion pictures were taken of them at work. The resulting films were thrown on a screen at a much reduced speed and carefully studied. Frames and tables were then invented to eliminate motions which took up the smallest fraction of a second, until finally the operator who formerly took 37½ minutes to assemble his machine could do the same job in 8½ minutes."

The Human Element

The workman looks with suspicion on these developments. They are introduced by the employer and the employer is chiefly concerned to make the most of that part of the workman's day which he controls. But the workman has to think of his life as a whole. If he makes a supreme effort or if he contrives to acquire such precision and exactness as to become almost a machine, he may increase his output enormously, but what about his health, his mind and the prospect of his old age? In the early days of the Industrial Revolution men and women were used up at a terrible rate, and to-day in many occupations old age sets in very early in life. We have only to read what an eminent doctor like Sir Thomas Oliver tells us in his book on *Diseases of Occupation* to see what a price the working classes pay for the industrial power of the nation. Why should the workman, to whom the hours he spends in the factory are only part of his life, lay himself out during those hours to perform some astonishing and exhausting feat whatever the cost to his health? The employer pays for so many hours of work: he does not pay for so much health and vigour as well? He does not make himself responsible for the children who have to suffer if the workman overstrains himself and renders himself unfit for work. And what satisfaction is it to the workman to know that he increases his output, to know that no man living could have carried a heavier weight of pig-iron or assembled his machine a second quicker, if he is too tired to use or enjoy his leisure? The workman cannot think of himself as a mere machine whose movements can be accelerated and regulated like clockwork. And he is right, even if judged solely by the standard of economy of labour, for many movements that are unnecessary for a particular operation may actually relieve fatigue because they vary the various use of his muscles. Moreover in resisting all this speeding up he is obeying an instinct which is older than his life: he is obeying an instinct born generations ago in this same struggle between a law of nature tending to the preservation of the race and a law of economics tending to the development of industry.

Is the conclusion, then, that all improvements must be resisted by the workpeople, and that there must be a standing strife for all time between the spirit of experiment and adventure in industry and the Trade Unions tradition of self defence? If so it is a poor look-out for the future. Of course not. Industry cannot call a halt or use bows and arrows in a world which has invented machine guns. It is not a bad thing but a good thing in itself that we should learn what methods and arrangements economise effort, how the number of motions in a given process can be reduced, what load on a shovel is the least tiring, how generally the work that has to be done in the world can be simplified and made less exhausting. We have learned a great deal in the war, for all kinds of appliances have been devised to enable women to take the place of men in the munition works. Some admirable work has been done by the Committee on the Health of Munition-workers, of which Sir George Newman is chairman, and their reports are a valuable addition to our knowledge of which full advantage must be taken not so much in the interests of production as in the interests of the workpeople. For in a properly organised industry the workpeople would clearly be the first to benefit by measures that make the nature of their work lighter.

It is here that we come to the crux of the question. As industry is organised at present, it is the employer's interest rather than the workman's interest that prompts and directs these economies. So long as that interest is the deciding factor, two fallacies are liable to vitiate all these improvements and to turn them to bad rather than to good account.

Two Fallacies

The first fallacy is the fallacy which thinks only of the workman as an economic unit, so much labour power at the disposal of the employer, disregarding all other aspects of his life. The second is the fallacy of thinking that the best judge of a boot is not the wearer whom it pinches, but the maker who sees it on somebody else's foot and admires it as a happy fit. An illustration will make the point clear. It was always assumed by the old economists that the introduction and development of machinery made men's work easier. They entirely overlooked the nervous strain of working with machinery which such authorities as Sir Thomas Oliver regard as an element of capital importance in the conditions affecting health and vitality. Sir Thomas warns us that the speeding up of machinery in the factory and the workshops is causing an alarming strain on the nervous system. The workman knew what that strain was well enough, but it never entered the imagination of the employers or economists. It was seriously argued by one of the economists who defended child labour, that the mill child only worked fifteen seconds out of every minute, and that therefore his hours which were nominally twelve were, in fact, only three.

So long as all this side of industrial life, which is called scientific management, is controlled and regulated only by the employer, it is bound to be a danger. It is a good thing to arrange adjustable scaffolds and shelves whereby a bricklayer is saved a great deal of unnecessary bending and stooping, but if that arrangement is introduced merely to increase the speed at which he can pick up his bricks, the foreman thinks only of this speed, and the bricklayer is, in point of fact, pressed all the harder in consequence. But the new Councils which are to take over the management of the affairs of our industry provide just the body that can use the resources of science and experiment without abusing them. The worker is interested, as a worker, in the success and efficiency of his work, because it is human nature to find a satisfaction in doing a job well. He is interested in another sense, because to do anything consciously less well than one could do it is destructive of a man's self-respect. He is interested again in doing his job reasonably quickly and having more time for his leisure. Above all, he knows better than the employer where and how the pressure of speeding up is felt. Doctors tell us that a man's impressions of strain, though based on no scientific knowledge, are an invaluable guide in diagnosis. The new Councils and the new Workshop Committees will then, it is to be hoped, explore all this department of industrial life with care, making the business of industrial production easier and simpler where this is possible and protecting the workman against the dangers, while securing to him the advantages, of new methods and devices.

It will not be enough, of course, to see that the workman is the gainer and not the loser in respect of health and physique from such improvements. It is necessary also to see that he is not the loser in an economic sense. Here we come to one of the most important of the tasks of the new Councils, for it will be their duty to provide the workman with some form of security of tenure. This does not mean that Smith is to have a guarantee that for the rest of time he will be employed on precisely the same job and that a method cannot be changed, until he is dead. It means that Smith will not find himself on the doorstep because some improvement has been made, and that Industry will accept a new responsibility for the workpeople employed in it. The Councils will fail in an elementary duty if they do not devise some satisfactory means, in the language of the Whitley Report, of ensuring to the workpeople the greatest possible security of earnings and employment, without undue restriction upon change of occupation or employer. We hear a great deal about the necessity of increasing outputs after the war. The true method is to open up a new source of power and energy by giving new freedom and responsibility to the workpeople.

The Fresh Air Fund, founded twenty-six years ago by Sir Arthur Pearson, has again begun its yearly good work, and the promoters hope it will not be necessary to disappoint the poor children who long for a day in the country in this year of sorrow and anxiety. Fifteen pence gives a poor child a day in the country; fifteen shillings pays for a fortnight at sea or in the country; and £13 defrays the cost of a complete party of two hundred children for the day with the necessary attendants. All the expenses of management are borne by the promoters. Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Ernest Kessell, 226, Great Portland Street, W.1.

"P. Z."

By the Author of *A Grand Fleet Chaplain's Note Book*

At the moment of writing this, we are in the throes of a P.Z., in the North Sea.

That is sufficiently vague, I hope, with regard to the locality; and as for the date, it will be many weeks before this can appear in print, so in this respect also I am not giving much away.

For the same reason of cautiousness I shall refrain from giving any accurate and detailed account of a P.Z., which of course would be of untold value to the enemy. There is, besides, another reason why I purposely abstain from such a description—and that is, because I could not do it if I tried, owing to my profound and entire ignorance of such a highly technical subject.

I deal only in generalities, and in my own little naval Curiosity Shop collect merely such trifles as take my fancy, without pretending to possess any skilled knowledge about them, hoping only that the articles please also those who deal with me.

But what is a P.Z.?

I put this same question to a watch-keeper, in the very early days of my naval career. He glared at me with a bitter and melancholy glare, and replied briefly:

"Hell's delight!"

However, this did not help me very much, so I turned to the Fleet Engineer—(they were not called Engineer Commanders in those days), and put the same question to him.

He said: "What is a P.Z.? Why, a quick method of getting rid of several hundred tons of good coal!"

This also left me just as much in the dark. A facetious Cornishman next volunteered the information that the letters stood for Penzance; which I knew was quite true, having seen them on the brown mainsails of Cornish trawlers in Mounts Bay; but the remark was made in such an evident spirit of raillery that I searched around for a fitting retort, and could think of nothing better to say than that the letters also stood for Poor Zany; but this was such a weak effort at repartee, and Zany is such an unconvincing word after all, that I left it unsaid, and the honours remained with him.

And it was not until my desire for knowledge had led me into further researches that I found out at last a P.Z. is what corresponds at sea to a sham fight ashore.

There is no mystery attached to the two letters; they do not "stand for" anything at all, but are simply taken from a signal book where similar groups of letters in many permutations and combinations indicate a vast number of naval orders and phrases in a short and convenient form. We are, as I said, in the midst of a P.Z. now. An impressionist picture of our fleet at the present moment would paint a wide stretch of grey tumbling waters, over which a countless number of ships of all sizes and classes are tearing at high speed in every possible direction and apparently quite aimlessly. I say a "countless" number, because if you were to stand on deck and look around to try and count them you would find they are like the stars on a summer night, which appear to grow in number the longer you gaze at them. Look steadily at the horizon until your eyes ache with looking, and you will see another large squadron you had overlooked at the first count; they are only just visible, dimly merging into the hazy tones of sea and sky, and, as you watch them, they disappear again.

Nothing more definite than this breaks the horizon. There is no land in sight anywhere. This, by the way, is what the Germans describe as "the British fleet hiding securely in its well-defended harbours"; and a certain section of our own public seems more than half inclined to believe them; which, of course, is just what the Germans want. But in a sense, after all, they are correct. The seas themselves are Britain's harbours, well defended by her steel walls now as by her wooden walls of old; and in these wide harbours we certainly have done a very fair share of "lurking" since the war began; and although we should be delighted to extend the hospitality of our "hiding-places" to the enemy, we have had them all to ourselves save on extremely rare occasions.

The rapid and complicated movements of the ships dashing so wildly about on all sides are, of course, meaningless only to the uninstructed. They remind one of nothing so much as those curious water-beetles which can be seen on a stagnant pond on any summer's day, gyrating over the surface as though skating on ice, and continually passing and repassing one another, circling rapidly over the water in apparent confusion, though they never collide nor get in each others' way.

In reality, the bewildering movements of the ships are as full of purpose and as scientifically co-ordinated as the figures of that dance beloved of all blue jackets and known to them as the Dee Awlberts—that is, the D'Alberts.

One portion of the fleet represents the enemy, and we—the other portion—represent ourselves; and we experiment with the other fellows in various ways, much in the same manner as a professor of jiu-jitsu might practise his old tricks or learn new ones on the vile body of his apprentice.

Sometimes it happens that the apprentice succeeds in throwing the professor—and then we metaphorically scratch our heads and wonder what we did wrong, or whether some other dodge might be more effectual. A P.Z. in the old days was a much more alarming affair than it is now, because it was so rare an occurence, at least on the grand scale. On some stations it was just an annual treat, like a Sunday-school picnic—which it much resembled indeed in many respects, notably the light-hearted tendency of many of the party to run away and lose themselves.

I remember, for example, a P.Z. in the Mediterranean, a dozen years ago, when the Atlantic Fleet came up "the Straits" to play with us. We met them somewhere off Lagos, and the two fleets at once proceeded to play "Here We Come Gathering Nuts and May"—a P.Z. is really very much like that game!

But unfortunately—well, have you ever seen the game in question as sometimes played at the Sunday School treats referred to above, where the children forget the rules in their happy carelessness and get all mixed up? We were just like that; and we finished up the battle with all the ships of both fleets booming along at full speed on parallel courses, inextricably confused, friend and foe side by side, steaming hell-for-leather in a mad race for a non-existent goal! How we all escaped ramming each other is more than I can say; but the situation was well summed up by our Rear Admiral—(he is an Admiral of the Fleet now, and doubtless remembers the incident)—who signalled to his nearest opponent—*Is this the battle of Armageddon?*

On another and more recent occasion an amusing contretemps occured with curious results. It really happened during manœuvres, but these are nothing more than a glorified P.Z. The fleets were carefully placed in their prearranged dispositions with a definite object, namely to prove that the set scheme of the enemy force could be successfully counterchecked in several different ways.

But unhappily for the plan the Admiral commanding the "enemy" force was a man of ideas as well as of action; and no sooner had the order been given to begin hostilities than he at once sailed from his base and mopped up his opponents piecemeal, thereby disproving all the accepted theories and bringing the manœuvres to a sudden close before they were properly started. It was just as though the Dragon had swallowed St. George at the first onset and consequently spoiled the whole of a combat that promised to be most interesting and instructive!

A P.Z. nowadays is a very serious and strenuous affair, entailing as much preparation as one of those trench raids which figure so unimportantly in the communiqués but mean so much previous working up in reality. And after the schemes have been carefully worked out on paper by the various admirals' staffs there is a great deal more preparatory work while actually at sea before the opposing fleets meet for their sham battle. Everyone on board has a share in it. I have even a small one myself. But naturally it is the admirals and captains who find the most excitement in such exercises—which are rather like living chess, where you can't exactly say you are not taking part in the game so long as you are dressed up to represent a White Knight or a Black Bishop, but the people who get the most fun out of it are those who move the pieces about the board.

Perhaps the Gunnery Lieutenants also manage to suck a little excitement out of the proceedings; for they are a separate class of human beings, who can always succeed in raising a thrill provided they are allowed to waggle their guns about and point them at the horizon or another ship or the moon or—well, anything. Then they will come down to the wardroom and sit up half the night talking about straddles and ladders and spotting and plotting, only switching off occasionally to turn the current of high voltage anathemas on to the officer of K turret, or the T.S., or the voice-pipe numbers—unhappy criminals who bow their heads meekly before the storm of wrath but survive it somehow and never seem a penny the worse for it.

But to the Hoi Polloi, there is no denying the fact, a P.Z. is rather a boring affair. The Navigator doesn't like it, because it keeps him on the bridge for several hours without any extra pay, which of course is a crying shame; watchkeepers do not like it either, but then they are never happy unless they have a moan about something, so perhaps it works indirectly to give them pleasure. Nobody, in brief, is altogether sorry when it is all over. This is the sort of thing you hear in the wardroom:

"Well, is the battle over?"

"Yes, thank goodness. And if it had been a pukka show we should all be at the bottom of the sea by this time!"

"Why? What went wrong?"

"What went wrong? Did anything go right? Well, well, there won't be another one till next time, that's one blessing!"

I fancy that a similar conversation may sometimes be heard in army messes. The pitiful incompetence of all officers senior to yourself in affairs of strategy is, of course, proverbial. Strangely enough, the opinions expressed do not preclude a very deep admiration for the officers concerned, nor do they in any way imply that the show has really been a failure; they are not intended to, but merely represent that tired feeling which supervenes on affairs which have been—to put it mildly—slightly lacking in personal interest.

Yet, P.Z.'s are the thing, after all. Not the Real Thing, but next door to it, and indispensable to a Fighting Navy. The Battle of Waterloo was won anywhere but on the playing fields of Eton; it was won on a hundred drill-grounds and at innumerable deadly dull parades; and the final battle for Sea Power, if ever it is fought, will be won not so much through the sports which help to keep the Navy fit and happy, but by countless P.Z. exercises in which admirals and captains have practised their hands at the great game.

Liza! A True Story

By H. Russell Wakefield

SHE was the first to greet us. She came cautiously out, sniffed our stacked cycles, looked up into the C.O.'s face as he dismissed the company, and then trotted off with the men, walking delicately before them as if to show them round their new home.

For the first few days she refused to be adopted, and accepted scraps of "Bully" with an aloof indiscrimination. Then one day she came into the bivouac of a man named Rowe, in my platoon, put her head between her paws and went to sleep. Why she chose him, I do not know, but I always felt something deeper than mere chance, some unswerving instinct sent her to him. If you looked at Rowe's crime sheet you would have put him down a rascal; when you saw his face, you ever afterwards picked him out for the "sticky jobs"; which is the highest praise one man can give another. He was dark as a gipsy, untamed, tireless, with a streak of irresponsibility which filled his crime sheet.

That was the beginning of a great and simple friendship.

Rowe's bivouac was pitched over an old disused trench, and the day after she adopted him, she hopped down into the trench as soon as it was light, placed an egg just by his head, and wagged her tail as if to say, "You didn't expect that, did you?"

Rowe watched her after that. Just opposite the trench was a barn, where the hens lived. It was always shut at night, but there was just one hole left for them to go in and out by. She discovered this, squeezed her way in and stole an egg so quietly that she hardly disturbed its indignant owner. She did this every morning for a fortnight, much to Rowe's satisfaction, until something went wrong.

When off duty the men used to sit round the courtyard of the farm drinking beer and coffee and talking to the farmer's daughters in their marvellous esperanto. Rowe was sitting there one morning, when suddenly she came in, caught sight of her master, came up wagging her tail and put down an egg by his feet. When the farmer's daughter saw *that*, esperanto gave place to fluent, idiomatic Gallic abuse, and Liza, as she was beginning to be called, was only saved from the direst penalties by a look in Rowe's eyes, which daunted even those viragoes.

Now I must describe her. She was a combination of countless breeds; in stature and shape like a medium sized Irish terrier, a glossy red-brown in colour, with the most perfectly shaped head, and the most liquid, intelligent, yet aloof eyes. When she looked at Rowe their expression was quite different. They glowed then with almost a tigerish affection.

Liza grew a good deal while with the company, thickened out into a big, powerful dog, and lost a little of her original grace. When she first joined us, she had a most sexless, virginal air about her. I always thought she suggested Artemis more than any real woman I have ever seen or read of. She possessed great speed and was never known to tire, and she had no nerves. We were running a bomb school at the time, and lived among the crash of live bombs and the hum of flying bits of metal. She never minded it in the least. One day, when Rowe came into his bivouac and found a large piece of bomb had gone clean through his blankets, she was sleeping peacefully just beside them.

Liza came with us on all rides and marches. With her long easy stride, she easily kept up with the bicycles and found time to drive off all the stray horde of dogs, who were longing to get two good meals a day and a nice quiet home by the simple designing process of adoption. She went into the trenches for three weeks and killed innumerable rats. Rowe's friends she accepted as her own, but no one else seemed to interest her in the least.

Orders several times came round that all dogs were to be destroyed, but on the plea of her genius for destroying rats, I always managed to save her, and so earned Rowe's undying gratitude. Directly there was any trouble about her, he always came straight to me.

Then in the late autumn we got orders to move back from the line, our destination Salonika. Liza, of course, came too. On the way down to Marseilles, the train stopped for half an hour at a wayside station, near Avignon. Liza got out to stretch her legs, got on the track of a rabbit and went away after it. When the train began to move everybody began jumping in, and then Rowe, who had been making tea, missed her.

"Where's Liza?" he shouted, "anyone seen Liza?" He was almost frantic. He gave the long shrill whistle which was always his signal for her. She was far out in a field at the time, but the moment she heard it, she put down her head, stretched out her beautiful legs and raced for the train. She came through a gap in the hedge, just level with the last coach. She just managed to keep up with the train, which was very slowly increasing speed. Every man in the train was leaning out whistling and cheering her on. Rowe was only kept in the carriage by main force; he was alternately whistling and cursing. For fully five minutes she kept it up, then seeing it was hopeless, stopped suddenly, stared after the train for a moment, then turned and slunk towards the station.

My platoon then began a long and heated wrangle as to whose fault it had been, while Rowe stood and stared back along the line. He hardly spoke until we got to Marseilles, and then got hopelessly and remorselessly drunk. The C.O. understood, saved him from a court martial and let him off lightly. A fortnight later we landed at Salonika.

When we had been there a month I was taking my platoon to the baths, and we were just turning up opposite the *White Tower, when I noticed a party of infantry coming towards us, I saw they had a dog with them, and I was just realising that it seemed strangely familiar, when I heard Rowe almost shout, "My God, there's Liza." I knew it was no moment for strict discipline, so I halted my party and told Rowe he could give one whistle, if he liked.

When Liza heard it, she stood stock still, stared in our direction, then leapt towards us. That meeting I will not attempt to describe.

We found out that she had joined the next train passing through, had been adopted by a corporal and had come all the way with him. He was sorry to lose her, but, as he owned: "She never really took to me like." For several days Liza ran wildly about, was petted by everyone and seemed to like it, and then settled down to her old aloof concentration on Rowe.

Later on she fulfilled her destiny and became the mother of four robust but most mongrel puppies. She looked after them well, kept the flies off them, and pulled them in out of the sun into the excellent kennel Rowe had made for her. I am not sure, however, that she had a very strongly developed maternal instinct; the heat was frightful, and altogether I think she was relieved when they grew too large and independent to need her care, and went off to join the great horde of stray mongrels, which glean a precarious livelihood in the streets of Salonika.

Liza came up the line with us, killed a snake in Rowe's bivouac and stood the climate better than any of us. But she put on weight and was beginning to look more placid and mature. When I last saw her she was sitting with my platoon, who were out on post. She was staring out over the lake, and growling peacefully when Rowe gently pulled her tail.

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*The White Tower at Salonika is to be seen to the left of the photograph which is published on page 18.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Jane Austen's Centenary

JANE AUSTEN died on July 18th, a hundred years ago, at the age of forty-one. She began writing early; *Pride and Prejudice*, a mature work, was finished when she was twenty-one. But novel-writing was, to her, in a sense a recreation, like another: and she left only four long books, two short ones, and two fragments. These mean so much to her admirers that one of them has seriously suggested that a man's worth can be estimated once and for all by his ability to appreciate her. She had a most "uneventful" life, and we know very little about it. Yet those who like her feel that they know her more intimately than any other writer. To those who have not read her, she is merely a woman with a name like a governess, who lived at the same period as Maria Edgeworth (another of the same sort) and wrote books with titles such as *Emma* and *Sense and Sensibility*, which stamp them as moral treatises of the worst and most edifying kind. But to those who know her she is unique, a delightful secret, a secret shared by thousands of people.

* * * * *

Miss Austen lived—as an author—in greater seclusion perhaps than any other English writer. She knew no celebrities and corresponded with none: her name did not appear on her title-pages: and her fame did not become considerable until after her death. During the last year or two of her life her books sold fairly well, and she received, with equanimity, two tokens of appreciation. The *Quarterly* published a considerable review of her work, and the Prince Regent's Librarian, writing on behalf of his illustrious employer, asked for the dedication of *Emma*. Miss Austen assented, and inscribed the book to the Regent: upon which the Librarian, encouraged, wrote again, suggesting that the author's gifted pen might properly be employed upon "an historical romance illustrative of the august House of Coburg," which was about to be united, by a holy bond, with the Royal House of England. It is not easy to persuade oneself that George IV. was Jane Austen's only point of contact with the great world: it is absolutely impossible to imagine what a German historical novel by her would have been like. She could not imagine it either: she explained to the Librarian that she could not undertake any story in which it would be improper to laugh. Treatises with a serious object were not in her line. "I think," she said, "I may boast myself to be, with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress."

* * * * *

This is, of course, an exaggeration: and even had it been literally true at that date, she would have lost her proud pre-eminence ten thousand times over by now. She was fairly widely read in history and literature: and amongst her other accomplishments, as her nephew proudly relates, were embroidery of the most masterly kind, spillikins, and cup-and-ball, at which she once caught the ball a hundred times running. One would expect this: she was a human being before she was a woman of intellect: and her propensity for entering into the occupations and amusements of her circle is of a piece with her preference to write about the world she lived in rather than about the myriad worlds she did not live in. Her brain was good enough for anything, but she did not employ it in speculation or controversy or the promiscuous acquisition of facts. One remembers the education of the two Misses Bertram, who thought themselves so superior to Fanny Price:

> "How long ago it is, aunt, since we used to repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England, with the dates of their accession, and most of the principal events of their reigns!"
>
> "Yes," added the other; "and of the Roman Emperors as low as Severus; besides a great deal of the human mythology, and all the metals, semi-metals, planets, and distinguished philosophers."

There has been no critic so desperate as to suggest that she was the product of the French Revolution. Her complete detachment from the Great War, which raged throughout her writing career, has often been mentioned. She hoped her brothers or characters in the Navy might pick up a little prize-money: and there her interest ceased. She and her family and her neighbours and her heroines were in Chawton or Meryton, Bath or Lyme Regis: and those arenas were quite large enough for the display of the general affections and particular idiosyncrasies of men and women. She limited her art still further: she dealt only with her own social class, and its outskirts. She must have known farmers and cottagers well enough: but they never appear as characters in her books. It is evident, therefore, that her limitations of subject were as much a matter of deliberate choice as of opportunity. The genteel families of a country town, the officers of a militia regiment, the local clergy, a great landlord or two, and a sprinkling of governesses and sailor sons on leave: these materials she found quite sufficient for her picture of life.

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England has had few such finished artists. There is only one conspicuous weakness in her books. It is not true that she could draw women, but not men: her subsidiary men are as good as her subsidiary women. But her heroes are shadowy and unsatisfactory compared with her heroines. All her novels were written from the heroine's standpoint. In *Pride and Prejudice* the author may almost be said to look at the world through Elizabeth Bennet's eyes: in all the other books she is standing, as it were, at the side of her heroines. She knows them intimately: she never troubles to give us the inner history of the young men with whom they are in love. All the other persons around them are illuminated and made familiar by the lamp of comedy that is turned on them. This operation cannot be wholeheartedly performed on the young lovers; and even the most impressive of them, Mr. Knightley, and the nicest of them, Commander Wentworth, are rather vague and unexplored. We can deduce the rest of Mr. Bennet from what Miss Austen shows us: Darcy's personality has great blanks like the old maps of Africa. We have to assume that Darcy, since Miss Austen thought him worthy of Elizabeth Bennet, was an exceptionally fine man: but we know very little about him except that when the plot necessitates it he behaves like a pig and when the plot necessitates it he behaves like a chivalrous gentleman. This weakness, however, is remarkably little inconvenience to the reader. We are prepared to take these young men at Miss Austen's valuation: the hearts of the women are quite sufficiently exposed to make the love-stories interesting; and in any case the love-affairs are not the only props of the books. Their first interest lies in the vision they give us of the everyday life of ordinary families, in the inexhaustible interest drawn from the apparently humdrum by a woman of genius. Her people are the people we know. The Georgian setting of harpsichords, muddy roads, Chippendale, hahas and Empire dresses, does not make them archaic: it merely makes clearer their permanent modernity, the endurance of types of character, of human "humours," impulses, small deceptions and generosities, and mannerisms of speech and gesture. There must have been Miss Eltons, Sir Walter Elliots and Miss Bateses in Athens: they must exist in Samarkand: and one might quite conceivably forget whether one had read about Mary Bennet and her mother in a book or met them at Cheltenham. There they all are, scores of them. We know little directly of their souls: nor do we of most people with whom we dine or drink tea. But few of them—Collins and Lady Catherine, one admits, are Dickens characters—are less real than our acquaintances. And, through Miss Austen, we get far more amusement out of them than we do out of our acquaintances. For Miss Austen had sharper eyes than we.

* * * * *

Nobody has excelled her interiors, or invented such exquisite beginnings and endings. She gets one intrigued in the first sentence, yet without the least effort. And no great writer of English has kept his English up with so little apparent effort. The quiet tune of her sentences is never broken, yet never gets dull. She always uses the right word, yet never with the appearance of having searched for it, and the felicities of her humour are inexhaustible. "Mr. Knightley seemed to be trying not to smile; and succeeded, without difficulty, upon Mrs. Elton's beginning to talk to him." They are usually as quiet as that: they produce warm flickering smiles as one passes. It is hopeless to attempt to illustrate them here: or to show how discriminating is her sarcasm and how sweet and sympathetic is the spirit underneath it. She was in the line of Addison and Goldsmith, uniting immense sense with great sensibility. Amid the tropical forest of the Romantic movement, she flourished, the most perfect flower of the Eighteenth Century.

Letters to the Editor

Causes of Industrial Discontent

Sir.—Jason's admirable analysis of the industrial situation should command the most serious attention of all who are interested in the industrial welfare of this country, and particularly those engaged in a solution of our labour problems. There are, however, one or two elements which have had a most disturbing effect upon labour, and which Jason seems to have overlooked. I refer (1) to the licence granted to various political organisations since the beginning of the war to carry on openly an anti-British propaganda, which has thrown suspicion and discredit upon the Allied cause, and whitewashed the enemy's methods and intentions.

As Jason shows, the working classes have a keen sense of justice, and are quick to recognise inconsistencies in the law. They cannot understand why one or two of their misguided comrades should be punished for interfering with the output of munitions, whilst men like Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, F. W. Jowett, and E. D. Morel are permitted, week after week, to poison the minds of thousands and destroy their faith in the righteousness of the cause for which their countrymen are fighting. Many of these men read the *Labour Leader*, which has studiously falsified the issue from the beginning. They have noticed the apparent importance which these men seem to occupy in the councils of the nation, and who, after hampering the Government in the prosecution of the war to the best of their ability, are granted, some of them at least, passports to Russia, in order to assist our Ally in settling his domestic difficulties!

(2) They have read of the alleged atrocities committed by the Germans—(although not in the *Labour Leader*, which has been careful not to inform its readers on this subject)—and also of the treatment of German prisoners at Donnington Hall, and elsewhere. And they have contrasted this with that accorded some of their old chums who have fallen into the hands of the enemy! They have witnessed or read of the results of the raids by German aeroplanes upon our open towns, and of the military burial honours accorded the perpetrators of these murders, and the inscriptions upon their tombs, "To brave and gallant foes." And they are bewildered. They cannot see any difference between the action of the Kaiser in awarding Captain von Brandenburg the Order "Pour le Mérite," and that of our own authorities in acknowledging a German bomber to be a brave and gallant foe. These inconsistencies arouse suspicion.

(3) Regarding the scandals connected with the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Expeditions, the industrial classes have not been blind to the vast difference in the treatment accorded to certain workmen whose dissatisfaction has delayed the output of munitions, and certain politicians and highly-placed military and civil officers whose culpable negligence has caused the death and sufferings of thousands of our best and bravest, and seriously prolonged the war!

These are a few of the additional causes which have tended to dishearten labour and have led to both suspicion and discontent. And on such soil it has not been difficult for the various anti-British societies, such as the U.D.C., which our complacent rulers still tolerate, to sow the seed which may yet bring forth a harvest of trouble.

Stamford, July, 1917. ARTHUR KITSON.

Capital and Labour

Sir,—The report of the Reconstruction Committee on the relations between employers and employed, with its suggestion of setting up National Councils in each industry, is excellent so far as it goes, but may I point out that a vital element to the success of the proposal is that *all* employers and *all* workpeople should be in their respective organizations. In paragraph 23 of their report the Committee recognise this, but they make no suggestion as to how it is to be brought about. Herein lies the crux of the whole matter, and it must be faced, otherwise the suggestions of the Committee mean nothing more than the setting up of Conciliation Boards, which have been common in most industries for many years.

As an employer who has during the last few months attended many conferences of employers and employed, I believe the feeling is growing that the State should set up some form of machinery to secure that, at any rate in our staple trades, every worker should belong to his Trade Union, and every employer to his Trade Association. In fact at one meeting a resolution was passed to this effect.

May I be permitted to make a proposal which may serve as a step in this direction. Let the Government announce that they are prepared to grant a Charter to any industry in which the Masters' Federation employs 75 per cent. of the workpeople, and the Trade Union represents 75 per cent. of the operatives, provided that application is made jointly by the two bodies, which charter shall, *inter alia*, make it illegal for anyone but members of the Trade Union to be employed in that industry, or for any employer to operate unless he is a member of the Trade Association. The charter should also lay down that the industry should be controlled by a Joint Board of employers and employees, presided over by a Chairman appointed by the State, and further that statistics relating to the industry should be published yearly, showing the cost of production per £100 of net value of product, together with the percentage of average net profit on the goods produced, and all particulars with reference to markets, wages, conditions of work, health, etc. In other words, the industry should be laid bare, and all the facts made public. Such a charter would safeguard the interests of employers and employed, and also those of the community, and would forestall any suggestion that the community was being exploited by a combination of employers and workpeople.

This proposal I submit the Government can put forward without taking any undue responsibility. They would simply offer facilities. If no trades availed themselves of these facilities no harm would be done. If on the other hand one, two, or half a dozen trades applied for charters, a very useful social experiment could be made, which if successful would go a long way towards solving the problems of industry.

I attach the greatest importance to the disclosure of all the facts relating to the various industries. Let employers and employed know the facts, and they can be trusted to deal with them in a common-sense way. It is precisely because Labour at present does not know the facts, and because their only way of ascertaining what wages and industry can carry is by making periodical demands after the manner of the Income Tax collector, that friction arises. In truth it is not possible to conceive a system or want of system, better calculated to cause trouble and unrest. The first essential to a better understanding between Capital and Labour is that all the cards shall be laid on the table, and all the facts known, and that can only be done when the industry is thoroughly organized.

I submit that the suggestion I have made above is sound, reasonable, and practicable, and can be safely initiated at once. Surely if a majority of one can turn out a Government it is not asking too much that a three-fourths majority of employers and employees should rule an industry.

> New times demand new measures and new men.
> The world moves on; and in due course
> Outgrows the laws that in our fathers' days were best
> And after we are gone a better scheme will be devised
> By wiser men than we.

T. B. JOHNSTON.
Managing Director, Pountney & Co., Limited.
The Bristol Pottery, Bristol. July, 1917.

The Garden of Eden

Sir.—As a regular reader of your most interesting and ably-conducted periodical I have felt emboldened to take exception to the words which occur in the second line of your leader in the current number. I mean the words—"We never forget the *legend*"—of the Garden of Eden.

In my opinion the expression is rather an infelicitous one, referring as it does to the account given to us in Holy Scripture, of the beginning of our race. A more careful perusal of the first few chapters of the same book, and the last few too for that matter, give food for anxious thought at the present moment, and is calculated to ensure us against the familiarity which breeds contempt.

The Higher Drive, Purley. F. V. C. SERGEANT.

Silkworm Gut

Sir.—We have pleasure to advise you, that the season's crop of silkworm gut in Spain is completed. The manufacture has begun, and during August, deliveries in this country may be expected. So far as can be seen, the quantities and qualities are an average. The large quantities required for surgical work due to the war, and the larger expenses all round, are estimated to increase the cost some 50 to 65 per cent. Anglers, therefore, must be prepared to pay a considerable increase in price for gut casts, and general gut work of all kinds in the immediate future.

For Hardy Brothers (Alnwick) Ltd.,
JOHN JAMES HARDY, Managing Director.
Alnwick, July 1917.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

PLACE to the senior service! Here are true tales of many ships in many places, which have the *imprimatur* of Admiral Jellicoe. It is the proper thing of course, to call such a volume of reminiscences "breezy," but that is not exactly the adjective I should apply to Capt. A. R. Wonham's *Spun Yarns of a Naval Officer*, (P. S. King and Son, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net.) I should call it a well-informed book if that were not almost as unfortunate in its implication as calling the author well-intentioned. Both epithets would no doubt be true, but they would only be the half-truth. Capt. Wonham, after long years of service, writes of happenings he has shared in (starting with the saving of Gordon at Shanghai) on the seas that he has helped to rule. It is not merely the informative that attracts in such a book; it is its authority and point of view. The changes in the Navy since 1860 have been almost inconceivably great. It is interesting to follow them through the eyes of one who for many years was intimately concerned in their changes. There are also many side-lights on the little affairs of the Empire in *Spun Yarns*. The Navy, we find, is generally involved in such matters.

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The Army, especially to-day, is inclined to be more articulate than the Navy; but, even among the rather bewildering number of books of its class, *Yeo's Soldier Men* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.) stands well out for its individual and effective work. "Yeo" presents a series of studies, couched in the form of fiction, but obviously based on first-hand experience of the men and incidents on active service, chiefly in Egypt. Little points of psychology, the moods and tensions of the mind when under the pecular strain of modern fighting, are the things that chiefly appeal to him, and in such studies as "2nd Lieut. Vereker," and "The Unsatisfactory Third," are extremely well done. I especially liked the study of Spinks, the man of ideas, who during his time of training, longed so eagerly to get to the front to put those ideas into execution. When he got out his disappointment with the conditions of active service, as compared with training, may be summed up in the plantive expression: "There ain't the scope some-'ow."

* * * * *

Count Chedomille Mijatovich was formerly Serbian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's, Constantinople, Bucharest, and the Hague. When such a personage thinks he can "give some authentic and impartial contributions to the historical study of the antecedent circumstances which finally developed into war," one naturally opens one's ears, remembering too that it was in Serbia that the spark was kindled that led to the present conflagration. If one does not find in *The Memories of a Balkan Diplomatist* (Cassell and Co., 16s. net.) quite all one expects to find, for there are some marked reservations in the Count's apparently candid narrative, especially as he reaches the year 1914, yet the book is certainly not merely of the utmost value as an historical document, but has also great interest, romantic, personal and national, in other directions. The book opens with a fascinating account of the author's mother, who, among other claims to interest, was a young girl kidnapped by a witch and remained for some years an assistant in the latter's magic rites. That is not the sort of opening one expects in a book by a European diplomatist. The Count himself is a spiritualist, and among other manifestations describes how a medium at a séance arranged by the late Mr. Stead foretold the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga so clearly that the King's Minister in London, as the Count then was, sent him an express warning, which was intercepted by his enemies. Even apart from such highly sensational matter, however, these Memoirs would attract attention from the extremely life-like sketches they contain of many of the chief actors in Balkan affairs during the last two generations, and the author wins our regard by the fine quality of his patriotism. The spirit of Kossovo inspires his pen.

* * * * *

Very few novelists have really succeeded in giving a truthful picture of stage-life. Such as have done so have provoked an immediate charge of libel from members of "the" profession, which is not because a truthful study of an actor is necessarily ugly, but because the idealism of the average actor is so strongly developed as to prevent him from recognizing his own portrait. Mr. Keble Howard in *The Gay Life*, (John Lane, 6s.) appeals to the sentimental side of this idealism. His picture perhaps errs as much on one side as that of "the sex-specialist," whom he denounces, errs on the other side. But as far as providing a healthy, readable and entertaining story is concerned, he errs on the right side. His Jilly Nipchin is a distinct creation and will win the hearts of the novel-reading public for many a long month to come. In the slang of the moment, she certainly "makes good."

* * * * *

This volume of entertaining tales and sketches must finish my selection of fiction for the week. Miss Blanche Wills Chandler has collected into book form, under the title of *Tommies Two* (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., 3s. 6d. net), some of the fugitive pieces in which she has shown herself a sort of literary Bairnsfather of the troops seen from this side of the water. The collection was well worth making. Miss Chandler has very real sense of humour, as witness *The Born V.C.* and *The Sleeping Soldier*.

In the current number of *The Hibbert Journal* much space is devoted to Reconstruction; writers who contribute to this section include Professor James Ward, Dr. Crozier, Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, M.P., and the Countess of Warwick. But the articles which will in our opinion attract the widest attention, are three dealing with the ever-present mystery of the Hereafter. The Dean of St. Paul's writes on "Survival and Immortality." His language is obscure and his meaning lacks the lucidity which, in the opinion of the writer, the subject demands. Needless to say, there is a reference to the Dean's favourite saint, Plotinus. Very different in style and diction are the other two articles on this subject. Dr. Charles Mercier is merciless in his application of cold logic and common sense to the claims of Sir Oliver Lodge; and Dr. Jacks in the presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, delivered last June and published here under the title of "The Theory of Survival in the Light of its Context," is equally direct and downright. Both deny that science has established any right to speak with authority on the great riddle; both assert it is as much to-day as ever a question of Faith. These are two first-rate pronouncements which will give unfeigned satisfaction to a very great number of persons, who by no means see eye to eye with either of the writers.

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Reform of Public School Education

By S. P. B. Mais

THERE are two problems which require immediate solution in the domain of Education: two points in which we have quickly to make up our minds before we can hope to promulgate a scheme for the reform of public school education. They are: (1) The type we want to produce, and (2) the methods we ought to employ to produce those types. In the first place there are many people who are entirely satisfied with the results of the present system; they point to the magnificent qualities evinced by our men at the front, qualities of indomitable courage, both physical and moral self-endurance, splendid initiative, ability to obey command, the capacity to gain and keep the confidence of other men, unselfish self-sacrifice, intense love of the country which gave them birth, and countless other virtues not less praiseworthy than these.

We are, perhaps, prone to forget amid the clamour of war that there is ever a probability of the return of peace: we omit to remember that just as the clouds of war broke without warning, so may the sunshine of peace dispel these clouds as unexpectedly. The youth of to-day will be called upon to grapple with the arduous problems that will beset us in the years of reconstruction which will follow immediately upon the cessation of hostilities. What is the type we wish to produce if these problems are to be adequately dealt with? Knowledge of social conditions and an intense sympathy will without doubt be the predominant characteristics of the leader of to-morrow. Are we training those who are now at school on lines calculated to evince these and other qualities of a similar nature? Is it not a fact that the majority of boys are now allowed to leave school without any training whatever in social reform or in the principles and duties of citizenship, or in sympathetic vision?

In O.T.C. work and their games boys are just as keen as ever, but how do they stand in matters pertaining to the intellect? Are they not inclined to shirk mental labour of all sorts? Are they not blind to the responsibilities which will all too soon rest upon their shoulders? The type which we aim at producing will have to be something altogether different from this. It will have to study the question of capital and labour, it will have to help in a rational scheme for demobilization, it will have to face squarely the problem of the poor, destroy slums, encourage the arts and a love of the beautiful, equalise the opportunities of all men so that merit shall displace interest, and worth count before riches. How can such a type be produced? In the first place by interesting the parents. So long as parents regard education as a sort of training for the body alone, no progress is possible. That a boy should gain his First Eleven or Fifteen colours is of little moment; that he should develop sanely and methodically mentally is of the first importance.

At present only a minority of fathers worry about the subjects their children study. They willingly leave such things to the schoolmaster, who in his turn has perforce to be led in these matters by the dictates of the Universities and external examinations. So we have a vicious circle. No change can be effected until the parents demand a thorough reform, and few fathers and mothers like to trespass on a province with which they are for the most part unfamiliar. Parents then must first be educated, and after the parents the schoolmasters.

In the past a man has been selected to a post at a school on the strength of his University degree and his success in athletics. To have gained a "First," or gained a "Blue" ensured a good permanent position on the staff of a first-rate public school. Unfortunately these men got into the habit of regarding their degree as the zenith of their achievement. They were encouraged to believe that there was nothing left for them to learn. Certainly they found nothing in the work they were expected to teach which required any further study. It never struck them that they ought to be keeping abreast of all modern movements. They found that so much of their time was spent in correcting exercises, adding up marks, helping with the games, or organising societies, that no spare hours were afforded during which they could read or argue about the pressing matters of State which were perplexing the politicians and thinkers of the time. It never crossed their minds that they ought, when teaching history for example, to show how present-day conditions depend very much on precedents drawn from the past: they never dreamed of applying Greek ideals or Roman order to the practical problems of their own day. All the subjects which they taught were dealt with as if they had no relation to the world outside school, but were so many lessons in mental discipline of no practical utilitarian value whatsoever. Consequently teaching became dull and the profession of schoolmaster fell into disrepute. The best men would not join, partly because it offered no scope for their abilities, partly because of the wretchedly inadequate salary.

Higher Pay, More Leisure

Now no reform is possible unless the right type of man is attracted into the ranks of the teacher. The pay must be raised considerably, and more leisure given in order that schoolmasters may continue to study the things which they are expected to teach, which comprise nearly everything in life. In existing circumstances it is quite possible for a boy to pass from a great Public School after six years of so-called teaching without being able to write a letter or to express himself with any clearness of diction on any subject. It is not only possible but probable that a boy of eighteen will now leave school ignorant of the arts, unable to speak properly, with no special individuality of character, no interest in books or politics or any of the things that go to make the complete man. He will, in other words, have no marketable value: subconsciously he will want to do something for his country and find, to his chagrin, that he is merely a dead-weight, unfitted to give judgment on matters that require mental acumen or knowledge of the conditions of life.

It is in his school days that the foundations must be laid for the true citizen. It is in his school days that a man must begin to feel that passion for literature without which no one can hope to gain much insight into the art of living. It is false comfort to imagine that what a boy omits to learn at school will come naturally to him afterwards. It is simply not true. Set him in the right direction while he is still malleable, give him an interest in the things that matter and the odds are on his becoming an efficient member of the Commonwealth. Deny him any prospect of the vista before him, cram him full of useless formulæ, and train his memory but neglect his powers of reasoning and you may get him to take care of his bodily health; you will never succeed in educating him in the true sense of the word. All talk of reform and progress will leave him cold; he will use his influence to keep everything stationary, he will obstinately clog the wheels of Government because he will fail to understand the principles underlying action; he will selfishly seek to gain all for himself and prevent others from sharing his good fortune.

First then, in order to prevent this catastrophe, we have to train our teachers.

In an admirable article in the current number of *The Round Table* an anonymous writer puts forward some practical suggestions for this training, not only for those who are to teach but for all who would be counted among the leaders in any direction in the future.

As the President of the Board of Education has so aptly put it, our first business is to secure the right kind of teaching. This can be done by making the lot of the teacher a happy one: he must be relieved of domestic worry if he is to devote himself whole-heartedly to the service of his country. Happiness in part consists of absence of financial difficulties combined with congenial and useful service. Useful service is impossible without proper training. Up to now there has been no training whatever given at the Universities in citizenship. *The Round Table* suggests a three year course for a Pass Degree, to be split up into three periods.

In the first year the undergraduate will attend lectures in English Literature and in one other language ancient or modern, in order to glean something of its literature. In his second year he will study British History and make practical experiments in the Laboratories in some branch of Science:

FOR GOGGLES WIND-SCREENS & WINDOWS. T R I P L E X THE ONLY SAFETY GLASS

in his third year he will devote himself to Economics and the ethics of individual and social life.

Thus equipped the young man ought to be ready to take his place in the lists either as a general practitioner in the science of living or as a specialist teacher of the young. But all grown up people, whether employers or employed, will continue their study in Civics so that they may evolve schemes for the amelioration for the lot of humanity at large, widen their interests and understand each other better. At present many live in a dangerous state of profound ignorance: the sooner they realise the truth of R. L. Stevenson's famous phrase that "To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life," the better it will be for each individual and the country at large. The Workers' Educational Association have already made it abundantly clear that engineers, miners and weavers not only find a humane education of practical use, but they have further discovered that all technical industrial training is secondary to this civic training as an aid to knowledge and wisdom of the mind.

As a race we have hitherto refused to believe in education. Its uses have not been computed in terms of character, i.e., efficiency and happiness, but in terms of industrial usefulness, which is almost as bad as the German system of training all its citizens to serve the State regardless of industrial rights and individual freedom.

At last there are signs of a change of attitude. Continuation schools are to be made compulsory and teachers are to be recognised as worthy of higher social status and more adequate remuneration, but we have still to learn that education to mean anything must mean a vital interference with the soul, and neither State, nor Church, nor teacher, nor parent, nor any other authority has any right to form a people's mind or tamper with its personality except for the people's good. That is the main fact that we have to keep before us in our attempt to remodel our system of education.

Short-sighted people have frequently asserted that discontent follows in the wake of learning: "Educate the people" they say "and they will rise in revolt against their lot in life." If that lot is miserable, vicious and unhealthy it is certainly a good thing for the country that they should, but it is a gross error to suppose that anarchy or discontent springs from any other source than ignorance. To know all is to forgive all, to know little is to forgive a little, to know nothing is to misunderstand everything. Once bring the light of reason within the reach of everyone and the result will not be discontent but happiness, not anarchy but peace.

It is a trite saying, but both explicit and true, and never more apropos or more necessary for us to realise than at the present time, that "the proper study of mankind is man." This is the end of the whole matter and contains in a nutshell the complete theory of modern education. Happiness and prosperity come through understanding alone, and understanding only through a right conception of a word which we have hitherto intinctively disliked and mistranslated. It remains for us to change our tactics with good speed.

Apocalypse

By Francis Blackwell.

IF all men's hearts their mystery untold
Might but unfold,
And the revelation that we know not there
Were but laid bare;
How much the broader, in a wide surprise,
Would open our eyes,
When they we thought so lacking and so mean
Were truly seen:
Heavened around by a redeeming grace
From time and place,
In stature of eternity who trod—
The sons of God!

There is now open at 46, Knightsbridge, a photographic exhibition entitled "Warriors All," in which are shown a number of portraits of distinguished sailors and soldiers. These portraits are the work of Mr. H. Walter Barnett, and they are remarkable for their strong sense of character and almost complete absence of the photographic pose. The exhibition will interest amateur photographers, in that it shows the individuality which it is possible to give to a portrait with a camera; a painter could often do no better. Very interesting is Old and New Australia—two photographs, one of the late Sir Henry Parkes and the other of a young Anzac; both good types, so that the contrast stands out very clearly.

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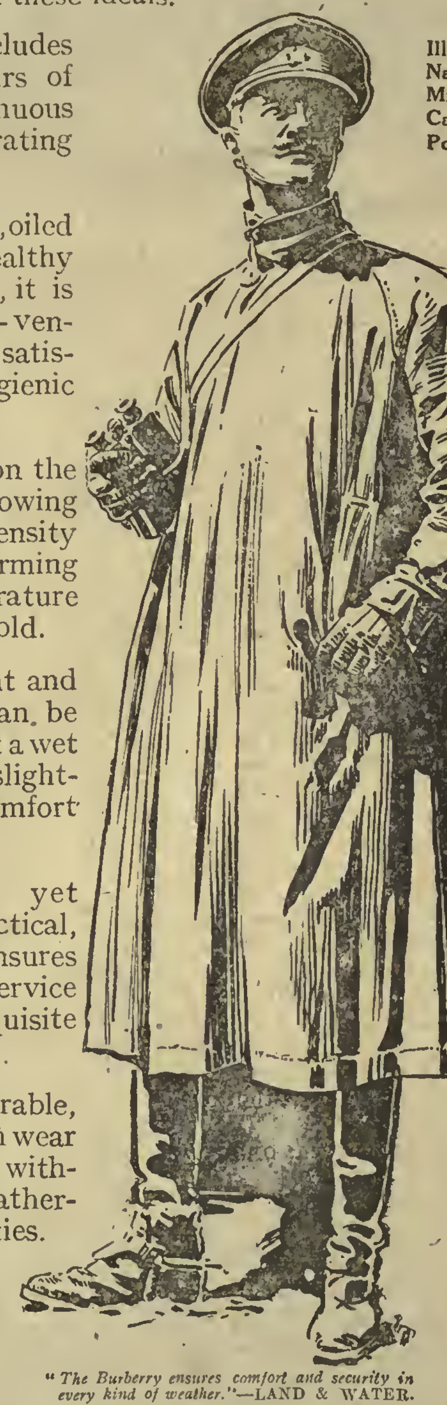

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Notes from Salonika

By H. Collinson Owen (Editor of *The Balkan News*).

Underwood and Underwood.

British Military Camp, with view of Salonika

THIS is being written somewhere up on the Serres Road—that famous route to the Struma which is as familiar now to many thousands of Britons as the Strand. From the point where I am the guns can be heard but faintly, though at night their flashes play on the clouds like summer lightning, but there are heavier explosions close at hand. That is where our engineers are at work on the hills in the neighbourhood quarrying the best stone they can find—which isn't saying much—so that this important supply line may be made to carry, whether in the dust or in the rain, all that the needs of a large section of a big army demand of it.

We found the Serres Road little more than a glorified track, although it has been an important military road ever since the dawn of history, and long before that. The engineers have for many months past been labouring to transform it into a first-class turnpike, aided by thousands of native labourers, men, women, and children, who break up the stone that is brought down from the quarries in slow-moving and creaking ox-carts, and who live in clean and well-organised camps and pass more contented lives under their British employers than they have ever known before. But it is a small part in the great war, although every day the road carries as much transport as would have sufficed for the whole of one of those little frontier wars which used to occupy quite a respectable space in the newspapers. At almost any hour of the day that one looks across to the road there is a motor-lorry convoy passing—ten, twenty, thirty or more of them—each lorry surmounted by its own little aureole of dust cloud as it rumbles sedately along at the pace appointed by the officer's motor-car ahead.

And this goes on every day—and night—of the year. It enables one to begin to understand why campaigns in such difficult countries as this are not the dashing and dramatic triumphal marches demanded by the critics in the clubs.

* * * * *

I have mentioned that this particular stretch of the road is a considerable distance from the front, but my chief personal interest in it comes from the fact that it is even further from Salonika. It is difficult, sitting at the door of a tent in this wide and rolling countryside, to realise that at one end of the road lies dusty Salonika, with its crowded and noisy streets, and the groups of every nationality pressing just as usual round the newspaper notice boards in Venizelos Street.

For a considerable stretch of time, which seems like an eternity, I have been producing every day one of the many newspapers which make of Salonika the most cosmopolitan centre of the Fourth Estate in the world. There are newspapers in French, Italian, Russian, Greek, Serbian, Judae-Espagnol (the language of the Jews who were driven out of Spain 450 years ago and settled down here) and—need we say it?—a daily newspaper in English, which has recently given birth to a little weekly. Of daily newspapers in French alone there are five, of Greek four or five, of Serbian three—altogether there are close on a score. Where they all get their news from seems to be something of a mystery.

At first one has the impression that most of the telegrams which appear in the local press are merely *ben trovato*. It seems hardly credible that the many items of news one may glean every day from a study of this Babel Press—news from Berne, Paris, London, Zurich, Amsterdam and all the other famous nursery grounds of newspaper telegrams—have really been despatched by human agency, and sent over a real telegraph wire and received in a real post-office. But a little experience shows that Salonika really does sit at the common banquet board of the nations, and that its helping of news, though not a full-sized ration, is genuine. In other words the telegrams are despatched "from Europe," as we say here, and not invented on the spot.

* * * * *

One may read in one or other of these journals some striking item of information—such as that the Germans are training intelligent dogs to act as railway porters, or that the Kaiser has announced his intention of sending no more telegrams of congratulation during the duration of the war. *Canard* is the word you breathe instinctively—but a little later, when the newspapers from Europe make their leisurely appearance, there sure enough are these same items of intelligence; a little more detailed perhaps and embellished by grave comments from the experts who sit in watch in London and Paris, but otherwise just the same. And we must not forget that in spite of occasional difficulties in telegraphic communication, due as a rule to fluctuations in the political barometer at Athens, Salonika has one striking advantage which it owes to the cosmopolitan nature of its organs of public opinion. The art of taking in each others' washing is here practised on the most liberal scale.

The British Wireless Service, for instance, the best of all our sources of information from the outside world, appears sooner or later in seven languages and five characters. And to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, you may read some of the newspapers all the time, or all the newspapers part of the time, but you cannot possibly read all the newspapers all the time—no great harm is done. (To be quite truthful, although this is decidedly a city of polygots, I doubt if there is a single person who can read all the newspapers that appear, although I know one or two who approach very closely to this ideal.) And finally, in spite of this system of exchanging information, nearly every day one paper or another appears with an item of quite exclusive news, at which there is great rejoicing in that particular *rédaction*.

* * * * *

The chief mart for the exchange of news is the window of the cigarette shop at the corner of the Rue Venizelos and the Place de la Liberté. No sooner has a newspaper received a telegram which is judged to be more than usually interesting than the burden of it is written out in large characters on a sheet of paper and an emissary—paste-pot in hand—rushes round to the censorship office at French Headquarters, and having obtained permission, proudly pastes the bulletin on to the window of the cigarette shop. Here Tommies, *poilus*, Italians, Greeks, Serbs, Russians and the rest stand in a respectful semicircle, and try to puzzle out the import of the message. That little patch of uneven cobblestones must have seen the strangest fraternisations that even this war has produced. We have heard much of the mysterious language by which Tommy converses with his brothers in arms in France, but think of the possibilities of linguistic ingenuity where Anglo-Saxon, Gaul, Latin Slav, and Hellene (not to mention the Annamites and the black sons of Ham from Senegal) meet on common ground each contributing his little bit of knowledge to the common stock.

Underwood and Underwood.

Typical crowd at foot of Roman Arch, Salonika

If George Borrow had ever been fortunate enough to discover that particular corner he would have lingered for hours every day, interpreting for each "brother" in turn. And quite often he would have found a passing gypsy on whom to practise his erudition, for Venizelos Street is the happy hunting ground of the strange creatures of Bohemia who live in miserable little shanties outside the old walls of the town, and who send their wrinkled wives and copper-coloured little children down to the centre to beg in persistent and wheedling accents. "Penny Johnny," "penny Johnny," is their principal refrain repeated twenty times a minute as they scamper over the cobbles on their bare feet.

* * * * *

Journalism in Salonika occasionally has its own special excitements. Quite often, sometimes for patent, sometimes for occult reasons, newspapers are suppressed, and disappear from circulation for a day or a week—sometimes indefinitely. There was one pro-Boche journal which disappeared very early in the days of the Allied occupation. A guard of gendarmes was mounted over the door of the *imprimerie*—and they were faithfully there months afterwards at a time when a newspaper of unimpeachable sympathies was using the machine.

In the days before Greece was split into two halves on the Venizelist movement, and Royalist officers were still clanking up and down Salonika—the time before we had our little revolution here, and King Constantine's supporters were sent packing off to the south—we had the incident of the *Rizospastis* (Radical). This was in the very best style of fiery Continental journalism. Suddenly one hot afternoon sixteen brave Royalist officers descended on the editor and his assistant, and crowding with difficulty into the room, drew their swords and proceeded to wreck the staff and the establishment. I was conducted to the office shortly afterwards, and by this time the editor, with a bandage round his head, was writing a fiery leading article for the morrow —naturally dealing with the incident—with a strict attention to business which excited one's admiration. Apart from smiting the editor with a sword, the invaders had behaved simply like so many spiteful schoolboys. The contents of the ink-pots bespattered the walls; a poor little table, which had never been built to stand any strain, was broken into matchwood, papers were thrown about, and a portrait of Venizelos on the wall was slashed and defaced. This being, at that time, almost entirely a Greek affair, the gallant band was sent to Athens where they went through the form of a disciplinary incarceration, and no doubt later on took a characteristic part in the outbreak of December last.

It is perhaps superfluous to say that journalism here has its comic side. There was the *Evening Post*, an attempt at an English journal, which a year or more ago struggled along for a week, and then one evening came out as the *Evening Spot*—and died of the shock. And any description of our efforts, however incomplete, should contain a reference to the *Liberal*, a paper published half in Greek, half in English. It was a brave effort—but never before had such wonderful English been given to the world. It would have turned a cultured Babu enviously green. The first number contained a note which said: "We bog pardon from our readers for the very bad English of our paper. We have discovered our unrepereable mistake the very lost moment. We have been deceived inconsciously; our neset Paper-number will prove real English."

And the main article, addressed to "Kis Majesty the King of The Grecks," said:

"Sire, you are the child of the Greck people you are his creature. You have been nourrished with his own milk, with his pure milk, a milk of so many bitternesses, of so long a slawcry and of so many shopes you belong to him entirely and you are the great Child which this people created as his symbol as a holy symbol for the realisation of his national dream. . . . You are the successor of the marmlest emperor of Byzantium."

And after being told at length in the same sort of language of the things he ought not to have done, Constantine is further addressed:

You are the irresspossible foctor of the state, the holy nymbol of the notion, the Crown to wich everybody owes respect and faith."

Unhappily, four columns of an appeal couched in such moving terms had no effect on the "successor of the marmlest Emperor of Byzantium." Constantine, reigns in Athens, but the *Liberal* died a very early death. (Happily, King Constantine at the moment of writing has been deposed: how the poor *Liberal* would have rejoiced!) Three weeks after the first number a second appeared, with a portrait of "The Great Gladstone" as one of its features. But alas, the English had not improved in the meantime. Among the adadvertisements we could still read "The Columbus bar of Mrs. Pipina is accomplished and perfect from any point of view. All the world to the Mrs. Pipina's Bar." It may be that all the world went to drink with the fascinating Mrs. Pipina, but the *Liberal* did not find similar support. And so passed an attempt to develop Anglo-Greek relations.

Underwood and Underwood.

Old Monastery, now Brigade Headquarters

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.*

A Chance in a Thousand While the summer sales are on, most firms of standing make one or two exceptional offers both to celebrate the occasion and to give their sale a reputation. These offers are the things first looked for by the experienced shopper, and those finding them get their just benefit. One of the best chances of the kind ever put forward holds good at the moment and concerns some artificial silk golf coats. Incredible though it sounds, these golf coats are actually being sold at 12s. 11d., a price that means not one farthing's worth of profit to the firm itself.

These coats are full, very well made, with a strap across the waist at the back, and are particularly soft and silky looking. Sports coats are now the most useful thing in the world, numbers of women giving them almost everyday wear. Those who are wise in their generation are buying them before the autumn and its rise in prices comes along.

All these reasons and a good many others besides make these wonderfully twelve and elevenpenny sports coats something out of the ordinary. Though one or two other colours originally existed, the main stock is in two shades of grey, one a silver grey, the other a more oxidised tone. Such a coat can never again be offered for the money, and those securing it will have the most genuine cause for self congratulation.

Just What is Wanted One of the cleverest corsetières in London has now turned her special attention to corsets for men, built on purpose to relieve the pressure caused by artificial limbs. The boon of these corsets to men disabled in this way no words can tell, suffice it to say they mean all the difference between comfort and the reverse.

These corsets are the result of very close and studied thought, and all kinds of developments of the same idea are being executed through the same expert brain. Special corsets to wear after operations are also made, everyone of which is an immense improvement on the old heavy kind of surgical belt. These corsets are most wonderfully light, they give adequate support but do not restrict the figure in any way. Wearing one, indeed, a man would not know he had got anything of the kind on were it not for the very welcome support, and they are cut in such a way that the outside observer cannot detect anything of the sort there, only that there is a general improvement of figure.

Men in uniform find some of the models sold are the greatest convenience, because they help so to carry the weight of accoutrements. The maker only requires a few simple measurements, a personal visit being quite unnecessary if this for any reason is difficult to pay, and designs and estimates are always promptly forthcoming.

Too Good to Miss Yet another sale opportunity of a specially generous character concerns some ribbed spun knickers. These are being sold for 4s. 6d., in spite of the fact that this is actually eighteenpence less than what they originally cost the firm.

To say these knickers are worth buying is to understate the case, being far too mild and inadequate a term. They are warm, so can be bought with advantage against the cold weather; they wear, and, what is more, they wash, so that their economical possibilities come from all sides and are very real ones. There is a silky look to their weave, a mercerised finish being cleverly given. These knickers are kept in all kinds of plain colours, also in some shades with most attractive shot effects.

In view of the common—and often true—cry that everything is now unwarrantably dear, knickers such as these come as a welcome reminder that the day of bargains is not yet spent. They are made in two shapes, one being set into a buttoned band, while the other of typical Directoire shape is run round the waist on an elastic.

Unique Gloves Fabric gloves are at times a disappointing thing but some special gloves of the kind, resembling reindeer, eclipse anything that has been done in this way before. As further evidence of their bonâ fides it may be said they are being sold by a firm whose reputation for gloves is simply world wide. Generally this firm does not touch fabric gloves, but the excellence of the ones in question has caused them to deviate from this rule for once and make an exception.

The glove market is one of the most uncertain of all; supplies are always problematical owing to import and many other difficulties, all that is certain being that prices will steadily mount up. These fabric gloves are French, and through them it is proved once more that the French are adepts at this kind of thing. Nothing but scrutiny can disclose the fact that they are not the reindeer they appear to be. They are made on the same careful lines that this sort of glove usually is, close with two dome fasteners, are beautifully cut, and wear supremely well.

They are kept in white and a very charming shade of grey, and wash beautifully. The main point in their favour, however, is undoubtedly their price, 3s. 11d. being all that is asked for a glove which in its own particular line has few competitors and absolutely no rivals.

Treated Tweed Caps Serviceable headgear which at the same time is thoroughly smart and becoming is on occasions the aim of most women. All these points have been hit to the extreme of nicety by some treated tweed caps, which can be just pulled on and left perfectly secure on the head. These tweed caps are nothing short of a perfect accompaniment to a workmanlike coat and skirt. They are of a very individual shape, one which is very typical of the famous firm producing them.

All sort of attractive tweed caps are being used and in many cases an effective feather mount—often in great beauty of colouring—just tilts the cap to one side. Another feature is the delightful lining of hand woven silk for which the firm is justly renowned, this helping considerably towards making it the well finished thing it is.

Other waterproof caps of stitched gaberdine are also fascinating, having a brief brim, which shades the eyes, while another is somewhat of the jockey cap persuasion. These caps make the carrying of an umbrella a superfluous proceeding, and are welcome on that score alone, an umbrella being a tiresome thing when we relieve existing difficulties by carrying our own parcels and things of that sort.

The Simplex Gaslighter Finding that we can perfectly well do without some article we previously counted indispensable has its pleasing side. This is specially true when the article in question happens now to be an expensive commodity, which without doubt explains the great success of the Simplex gas lighter—a match substitute.

These gas lighters were broached in this country some months ago, then, owing to various difficulties, the supply was stopped and it grew impossible get them at all. Now, however, a certain shop has once more a good supply of them, though the price has gone up just a few pence. People with gas stoves, gas heaters, ordinary gas jets, and incandescent mantle jets find these lighters the utmost convenience. With one at hand it does not matter in the least if there is not such a thing as a match in the house, a light can be obtained instantly and so easily with its aid.

How it is done in such a prompt and easy way is magical, but whatever the cause may be there is the result. To light it is just a little stick with a perforated end. Holding this end a little way from the gas outlet, after turning it on, lights it—heigh presto! and it's done! When the lighter has not been in use for some time it should just swiftly be passed through a flame. The price is 1s. 6d. If by any chance any lighter sent should not be satisfactory it will always be exchanged, the shop responsible conducting their business on the careful principle of pleasing each customer no matter how small the transaction may be.

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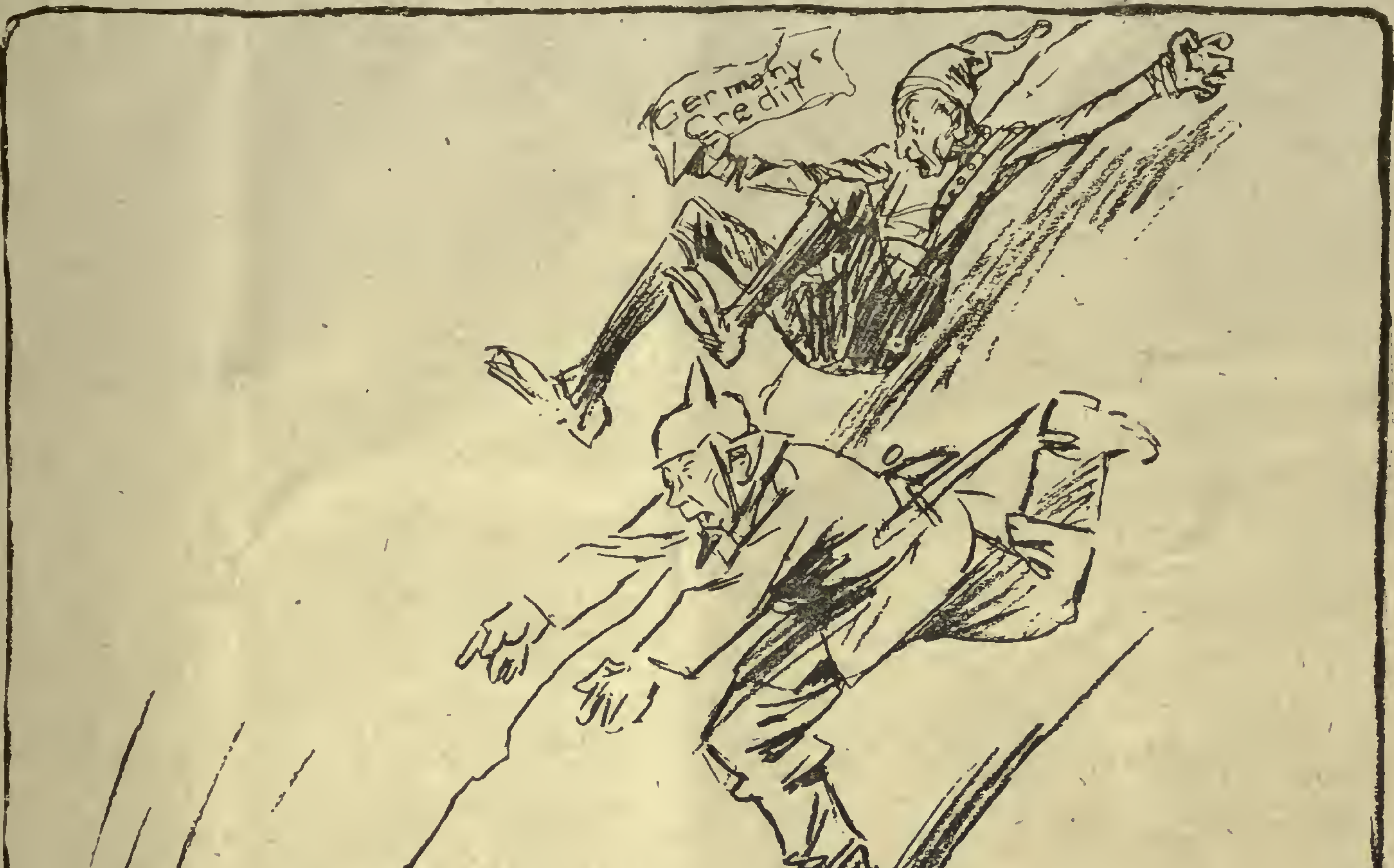
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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1917

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IN GERMANY

THE downfall of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and the upstart of the almost unknown commoner Dr. Michaelis, is substantial evidence of the increasing strain of war that is being felt in Germany. Whatever else may be behind these two facts is obscure, but their object clearly is to end the war as quickly as may be, *on Germany's terms*. All the manœuvring that went on at Berlin previous to the Kaiser resolving " with a heavy heart " to dismiss his most faithful servant, the " Scrap-of-paper " Chancellor, had this end in view. It has been reported that among the final causes for Bethmann-Hollweg's dismissal was that he had privately expressed the opinion that the war could only end in a draw. But as a distinguished French publicist, M. Albert Milhaud, points out on another page of this issue, " no glittering sophistry can disguise the manifest truth that a drawn war would be a German victory." It is a much greater victory, however, which the Crown Prince and Hindenburg still believe to be possible, provided they can only delude the German people a little longer. They evidently think that by submarines and air raids we may be driven to make an inconclusive peace. In this they completely misjudge, as usual, the temper and the determination of the British people. The submarine menace can and will be defeated, while the value of their air raids, expressed in military terms, is insignificant. Our duty is to preserve a united front and an unshaken will : our answer will be more vigorous prosecution of the war.

Reliable evidence is forthcoming from the Central Empires through neutral countries, that the strain on the national life of Germany, Austria and Hungary, becomes well-nigh intolerable. Had they been democracies, their endurance would probably have snapped by now, but being under despotisms and disciplined mercilessly, they have been, and will continue to be, compelled to bear the burdens imposed upon them by their rulers. But the rulers recognise a breaking point is possible, even with the most subservient peoples, and the whole internal policy of Germany is directed towards staving off this rupture so long as it is humanly possible. Neutral observers, on whose reports credence may be placed, state that a new spirit of unrest and independence is abroad in Germany, and that the unquestioning reliance on the infallible wisdom of the Kaiser and his advisers is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Reliable evidence is also forthcoming that the Central Empires are on the eve of exhausting all their reserves of man-power and no longer have the means of making good their losses in the field without seriously impairing the maintenance of their indispensable industrial output. This fully supports the figures which Mr. Belloc has given in these columns from time to time, and on which he writes again to-day, it being of course understood that this exhaustion of reserve power does not so far imply any actual weakening of the strength of the fighting line.

In Hungary, the economic position is so serious that all Government officials are now granted a war bonus of 70 per cent. of their salaries to meet the extra cost of living, and in many institutions and businesses salaries have been doubled. Throughout Austria and Germany the necessities of existence become not only more expensive but rarer to procure, but Teuton thoroughness does not overlook a single opportunity of lessening the strain ; as an instance it may be mentioned that death-shrouds of linen have now been officially forbidden, they must be of paper, so the German citizen to-day goes to his grave *en papillote* as though he were a red mullet. Let it not be forgotten there are two sides to Teuton thoroughness, and while ration-tickets are issued by officials for every conceivable commodity, the enterprising German civilian sets up forgery-factories for these tickets ; in Berlin alone from 20 to 30 establishments have been discovered, whose sole business was the forging of bread-tickets.

These facts and statements all bear out the contention that the Central Empires are not only war-weary, but dread more and more the consequences of the protraction of the war. Beyond this they do not go. There is no reason to suppose that either Germany or Austro-Hungary have any immediate fear of starvation. Privations can be carried to a greater pitch before a condition of absolute distress is reached, and the armies in the field can be maintained in a state of efficiency for some time longer, without the lack of efficient reserves making itself too apparent, provided they fight on the defensive and from prepared positions. But if it were possible for the Allies to conduct offensive operations on a larger scale and more aggressively than hitherto, then these internal conditions of the Central Empires are bound to make themselves felt. From the very beginning of the war it has been stated by Germans themselves, as well as by those familiar with the history and social life of the German Empire for the last forty-five years, that Prussian militarism can only be broken by a decisive military defeat on German soil. There can be no doubt of the absolute truth of this statement to-day. It is apparent that for the last year the strategy of the German General Staff has been devoted to keeping the battle on foreign soil. As we pointed out a few weeks ago, a hysterical note in the complaints made of the now far-distant Russian raid into East Prussian territory is still perceptible in German writings. British interest in the internal politics of Germany can only rightly be said to begin when British troops stand on German soil, be it this year or next.

As we have already mentioned, the present rise to power of the Crown Prince is testimony that in certain sections of the German High Command confidence is still entertained in the capacity of the Teuton armies to hold the foreign territory or the greater part of the foreign territory which is still occupied by them, until the Allies will be forced by popular pressure at home to cry out for peace. It is the last chance of Pan-Germanism and of Prussian Autocracy which are inseparably linked together, and it would be foolish on our part either to exaggerate or to under-estimate the strength which the very desperation of their fortunes will lend to their campaign.

We are out to crush the evil despotism of the Hohenzollerns, which can only be accomplished by military methods. It must be established finally and for all time that the military power of civilisation in defence of liberty, justice and humanity, is more potent than the military power that seeks to enslave civilisation. " He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity : he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." These words, assumed to refer to Nero, apply to-day with singular force to Wilhelm. It will have been noticed that the Kaiser conferred the Cross of the House of Hohonzellern on Herr Bethmann-Hollweg in order to soften his fall. Could there be a more fitting decoration for such a man ? For is not truly the Cross of the House of Hohenzellern the cross on which Belgium, Serbia and Armenia have been crucified ?

The War

Strategic Value of Stryj

By Hilaire Belloc

THROUGHOUT this campaign there have appeared over and over again certain strategical points, the occupation of which would have had perhaps decisive, and certainly locally decisive, effects upon the Great War. The threat to these points has been immediately seized on by competent students of the campaign; the consequences that would follow upon their occupation by either side have been pointed out.

When there has been a failure to reach those points by either party, when "the threat" has not matured, there has been a reaction in opinion toward what is called "pessimism" whether in Berlin and Vienna on the one side, or Paris and London on the other; because the reader of such comments puts the indicative for the conditional into what he reads and thinks that he has been told a thing will happen because it may happen, and if it did happen would be of advantage to his side in the conflict.

This difficulty attaching to any intelligent criticism of the camapign has not been felt upon the Allied side alone. It has been felt just as severely upon the enemy's side.

Let us consider a few examples. In the first days of the war, the German army, advancing by what is known as the gap of Charmes in Lorraine after his victory south of Metz, was clearly seen by those who were studying the war among our opponents to be upon the eve of a decisive success. It reached and passed Lunéville, and had it reached the Moselle and crossed that river, all the defensive positions to the north would have been turned, and the battle of the Grand Couronné would never have been fought and won. The Germans did not reach and cross the Moselle. They were taken in flank by General de Castelnau on August 25th, compelled to retreat, and suffered the immensely expensive defeat of the Grand Couronné immediately afterwards. Upon these foundations was built the victory of the Marne.

Those among our opponents who were following the campaign as intelligently as matters of this vast importance should be followed, must have appreciated both the chances of a strategical German success and its failure. The fact that it failed in no way contradicts the strategical importance of the thing attempted, and he would indeed be a poor student of war who refused to understand a plan because the plan in operation failed.

Strategic Hypothesis

There are, I say, dozens of such examples scattered up and down the history of the last three years. The district lying immediately behind the river Yser later in the same year 1914 had the same strategical importance. If the enemy had won the race to the sea and occupied this territory, pressing forward to the ports of the Channel upon the flanks of the Allies, the effect of the Marne would have been reversed. Competent criticism in Germany appreciated this and said it. If that territory had later been reached by the breaking of the Allied line in front of Ypres, such an advance would have been of first class strategical importance. Both these German attempts failed, but no intelligent German student of the war would have excused himself for misunderstanding the importance of the movement simply because the movement did not reach its conclusion.

Early in the next year we had the Russian threat to the Moravian Gate and to Cracow imposed by the Russians against the enemy, and at the same time the equally important strategical objective of the Hungarian Passes, and especially the Dukla. The passes were never occupied down to their debouching point upon the plain; the Moravian Gate was never reached; Cracow never fell. But those places retain their strategical meaning just as much as though their strategic use had been fully exploited. Bapaume at one moment of the battle of the Somme, Douai after Vimy, all the district lying behind the west bank of the Meuse at Verdun, are other instances in point.

Such has been the course of the war that both parties can now cite an almost equal list of such things. My object in recalling them is to guard against a false impression in discussing, as I propose to do this week, the strategical importance of Stryj and the reasons which make this point at once the immediate objective of our Russian Allies and its retention the necessary task of our opponents. To say so much is *not* to say that Stryj will be reached by our Allies or that Stryj will be successfully defended by our foes. It is merely to explain what underlies the strategical situation in Galicia, so that it may be presented to the reader as an intelligible thing instead of a chaos, which a confused reading of the communiqués presents.

When of two forces stretched in a line one before the other, the superior is trying to break the defensive line of the inferior, one capital element in the power of the defence is, as we all know, lateral communications. Your main communications which should normally come down perpendicular to your line from your bases, feed you and permit the evacuation of your wounded, etc. They are your very life. Lateral communication is communication *across* these, parallel to your line and just behind it. It is lateral communications that you use for moving men from one part of the line to the other as they may be needed, and as the pressure is felt first upon one point and then upon another. If your lateral communication jams or is found wanting, if you cannot concentrate your men and material at threatened points as rapidly as your superior opponent can concentrate his to bring pressure upon those points, that opponent will break you somewhere by bringing to bear against you forces so much stronger than your own at the particular point threatened that your line fails to hold. Lateral communications thus serving the front behind and parallel to the line to be defended are in the present condition of war of two kinds: Roads along which petrol traffic can be used, and railways. The value of roads relative to railways has enormously increased since the advent of petrol traffic, that is, of the internal combustion engine. But a railway still remains essential, and we must study the two combined in order to understand the defensive power of any sector.

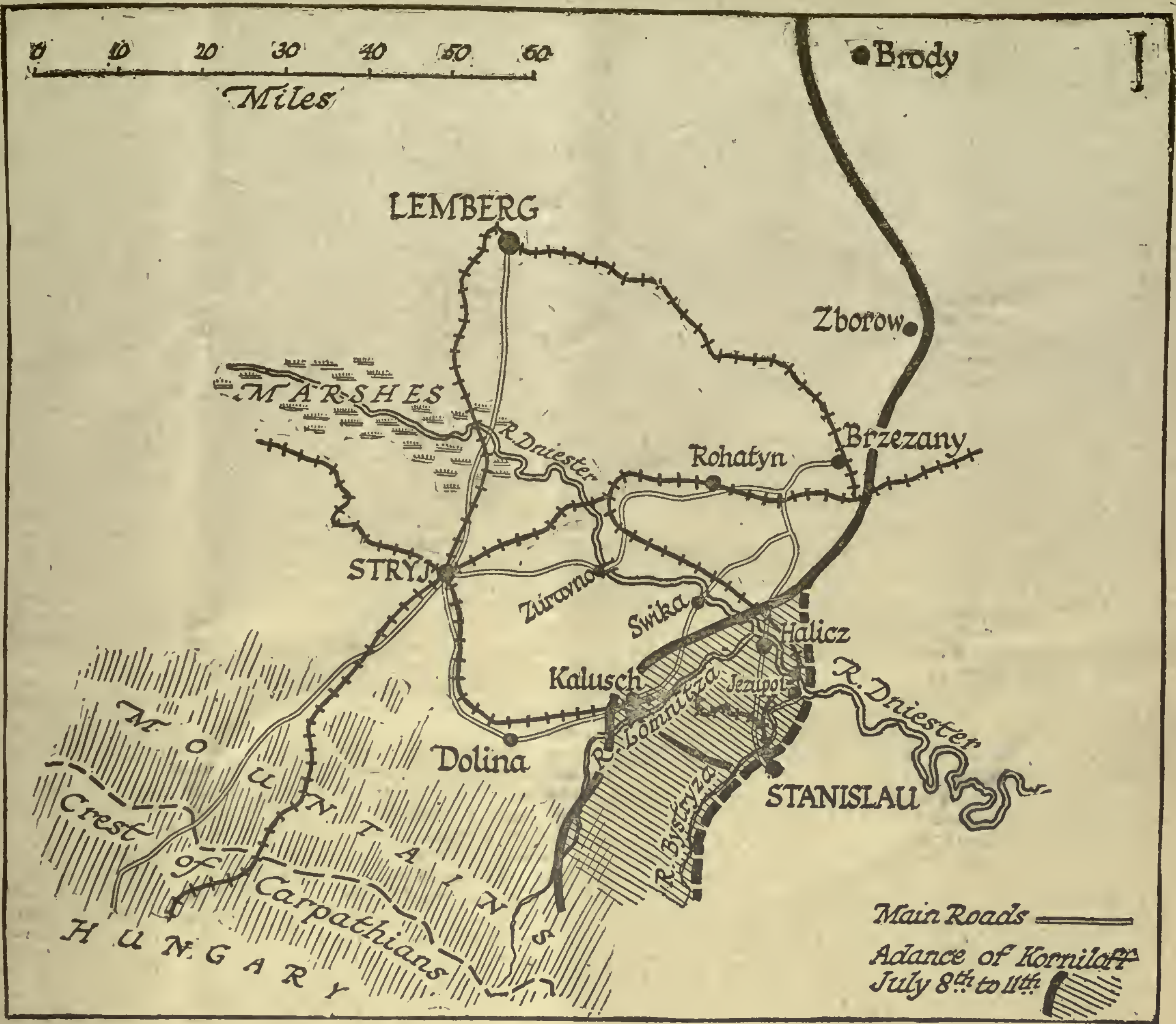
Now, if the reader will look at Map I, he will see what the conditions of lateral communications are for the Russian and the Austro-German respectively. The Russian lateral communications are bad. There is no main road and there is no railway system by which our Ally can rapidly move considerable bodies of men from north to south and south to north between, say, the region of Brody and the region of Stanislau. On the other hand, upon all that line the superiority of numbers and possibly, for the moment, of material (though not of observation) is with our Allies. It would appear also that they have the superiority of moral, which is the most important thing of all. The Russians, therefore, without being compelled to move considerable bodies of men or to make considerable new concentrations of material, can exercise pressure now here now there upon the line at will—I am speaking, of course, of the purely military problem without considering the political one which lies behind it. I am presupposing an independent military command able to take the fullest advantage of its opportunities.

The enemy, on the other hand, has to move considerable bodies back and forth to meet each new pressure or threat of pressure upon the various points of his front. He is compelled to such movement for two reasons: First, his numerical inferiority, which he can only supplement by mobility; secondly, and more gravely, by the lack of homogeneity among his forces. The Slav units have not the same value to him in this war between Germans and Slavs as have the German speaking and Magyar units. While it is also to be presumed that the German divisions proper, that is, the divisions drawn from the German Empire and under its command, are more reliable than the divisions of the more exhausted Austro-Hungarian forces. The enemy is therefore compelled to move German and Magyar troops to the threatened points, as well as compelled to move merely for purposes of concentration.

The mass of the German troops when the attack began were under Bothmer south of Brzezany. The composition of the forces north of the Dniester was: on the extreme left or north, in front of Koniuchy three Austrian divisions, the 32rd, 38th Honved, and 54th; the centre, near Brzezany, two Turkish divisions, the 19th and 20th, forming the XVth corps; then southward on to the Dniester five German divisions, 53rd, 36th, 75th and 48th reserve, and one division unidentified; Halicz bridgehead was held by two divisions, of which I do not know the numbers, and there were four more German divisions available within 48 hours for the region south of the Dniester—eleven in all.

But the troops actually continuing the line south of the Dniester in front of Jezupol and up the Black Bystryza were not of the same quality.

Brussiloff first pinned the bulk of the German and Turkish forces in the centre by the big attack in the Brzezany region on July 1st and 2nd. He further deceived Bothmer into believing



that the battle would develop towards the *North*; as a fact the main blow was struck immediately afterwards on the south by General Korniloff, who broke the enemy's front in front of Stanislau, rapidly reaching the line of the Lomnitza, and turned and carried Halicz, the bridgehead supporting Bothmer on his right, and securing the passage of the Dniester river. Within a week he had forced the Lomnitza, itself and had carried after the most desperate fighting the point of Kalusz, not quite half way from Stanislau to Stryj. At this point, that is, after the delay of a week from the first effect of surprise upon Bothmer, a very noticeable thing appeared. The troops defending Kalusz, who twice succeeded in recapturing the point, and were twice driven out again by the superiority of the Russians over the Germans in hand to hand fighting, were German. In other words, they were a concentration effected from the local reserves centre southward to reinforce the threatened sector and to save Stryj, the threat to which was the main peril of the Austro-Germans, for reasons which we shall see in a moment.

Let us first appreciate how this concentration was effected. The Dniester is a broad and rapid stream running in a rather deep depression and cutting off the centre under Bothmer from the forces south of the river, which had just been broken back by Korniloff. Rapid communication from the north to the south of the river for the purpose of such concentration as we have just seen to take place at Kalusz is only possible by two avenues, (1) the road which runs from Brzezany to the bridge of Swika, a road continued on to Kalusz and there joined by the road from Stanislau; and (2) the railways from Brzezany and Lemberg, and so on to the neighbourhood of Stryj by way of Dolina. The permanent road bridge at Swika was no doubt supplemented by temporary bridges, but everything that crossed the Dniester here had to come by the main Brzezany road and to go on by the main Kalusz road.

Now with Kalusz gone this road loses its strategical value, and the lateral communication of the enemy becomes the road system and the railway uniting the region of Brzezany with Stryj. The enemy can still probably use the bridge at Suvka, but he has no good road serving from this point the hilly region behind Kalusz, and for any considerable concentration of men and material he will be largely dependent upon the bridge higher up at Zuravno and the railway from Brzezany through Bohatyn to Stryj alone.

Let us suppose that with these means of concentration he can still, as now appears probable, while holding all the Brzezany region in sufficient strength, concentrate a sufficient material, a sufficient number of men, and above all men of the right quality, to prevent a further Russian advance up the railway and main road from Kalusz to Stryj through Dolani, or across country directly from Kalusz to Stryj by the side roads. What will he have gained by such an effort? He will have saved Stryj.

The importance of Stryj is that Stryj makes a nodal point where the railways and roads supplying the present front, which covers Lemberg, converge. Anyone holding Stryj prevents through communication between the Hungarian armies and the army in Galicia. To the north of Stryj begin the marshes of the Upper Dniester. South-west of Stryj begins the mountain road over the main pass into Hungary, and anyone holding Stryj holds in his hand the knot of communications upon which the existing front depends.

With the Russians at Stryj the existing line covering Lemberg, which may be called "the line of Brzezany," falls. There are other roads and railway passages of the Carpathians further west, and Lemberg itself is served by these roads and railways as well as by the main road and railway through Przemysl to the north of the mountains. Stryj is not a point the occupation of which compels the evacuation of Lemberg itself, as has been written in some quarters. But it is a point the occupation of which would compel the enemy's present line in Galicia to fall right back.

Now such a retirement in the dry season and in full contact with a superior force must everywhere involve for our opponents a grave peril of rupture. That is true everywhere upon the 2,000 miles of front, and that is why the Allies everywhere worked to compel such a retirement; not because it means the occupation of territory but because it shakes, and by shaking imperils the continuity of the enemy's line.

Such are the reasons which permit one to call the great battle now going on between the Dniester and the Carpathians a fight for Stryj, and for the moment until or unless there are developments elsewhere to the north, the fate of Stryj is the test of strategical success or failure here.

Bothmer may very well choose to retire before Stryj is reached. He has lost Halicz, which was the shoulder so to speak, of Brzezany, and the Russians already at Kalusz are deep on his flank. Should he choose to do so he can, so long as Stryj is safe, retire with all his lines of communications intact behind him, and with a railway permitting him lateral communication to the south as well. He may determine to stand where he is, and we know from the shapes of salients that have been held elsewhere in this war with its immense increase of defensive power (the salient of St. Mihiel for instance) that a line which looks impossible upon the map may be a perfectly practicable one on the ground. But if Stryj goes the general line north of the Dniester becomes impossible, and that is why the fight is for Stryj at this moment.

There are certain other minor considerations affecting this region. One is that the Russians as they advance are leaving on their left flank upon the upper Lomnitza certain Austrian bodies, the strength of which we do not know, but which are resisting with the advantage of difficult ground in the Carpathian foothills. If the Russians get on much further these forces cannot hold, for if they tried to hold they would be cut off from their companions on the north. But for the moment they interrupt the advance. That advance is also by the latest news (as I write—Tuesday afternoon) held up in front of Kalusz by the arrival of enemy reserves.

Another consideration is that wet weather suddenly beginning has swollen these mountain streams, including the Lomnitza itself. They are not very formidable obstacles in the dry summer weather, but like all such watercourses coming down rapidly from great heights, they can become impassable at the fords at very short notice. Meanwhile, the thing we want to know most about in order to understand the situation, is that, of course, on which we cannot obtain information. And that is the expense in exhaustion, men and material, which the advance as far as Kalusz has involved. For it has become one of the principal features in this war everywhere that even a local success has not only the novel difficulty of breaking a modern defensive front, but the novel difficulty of pursuit.

In its essentials the modern battle is exactly what the old battles were ; a triple operation ; three things in succession : observation, artillery preparation, advance ; then, if the front be broken, a second operation, pursuit—without the success of which the first operation is sterile.

But while the categories remain the same, their contents have changed altogether. Observation is no longer a few interrogatories of prisoners and a mass of groping cavalry work. It is itself a preliminary battle which must be won in the air to begin with. Artillery preparation is something multiplied a hundredfold from what was formerly known, and correspondingly difficult to achieve is the element of surprise ; and the pursuit, which was a matter of cavalry and of infantry and guns proceeding rapidly over existing roads, is now the painful bringing up of a hundred times the old material over country destroyed by the battle itself.

It is not too much to say that when the first great movement appears in this war, it will be due to the mechanical preparation of the pursuit and the enormous accumulation of material required for it.

The Great Dune

On Tuesday last, the 10th of this month, the news coming too late for comment to be possible in our last issue, a very violent, though wholly localised action was fought at the place where the canalised Yser falls into the sea. It is a spot marked by a mass of sandhills tufted with rugged grass, the highest of which sandhills is known as "The Great Dune." This height was seized by the French in the earlier part of the war and may serve to give its name to the whole of this little piece of ground.

The interest of the action lies, not so much in what happened as in why the enemy thus attacked at so very high an expense to himself and upon so small a sector for so apparently small a result. The whole of this line across which he advanced is less than a mile, and the force which he had to deal with was but two battalions. Why did he act thus at the cost of a bombardment worthy of a first-class affair?

The answer to this question seems to be that the position beyond the obstacle of the canal and its mouth formed a bridgehead, the offensive value of which he dreaded.

South of it begin the inundations ; north of it is the sea, and he must have argued that if this bridgehead were enlarged a general attack upon his line on its extreme northern sector would use the section as a jumping-off place for thrusting along the coast. Hence his determination to reduce it.

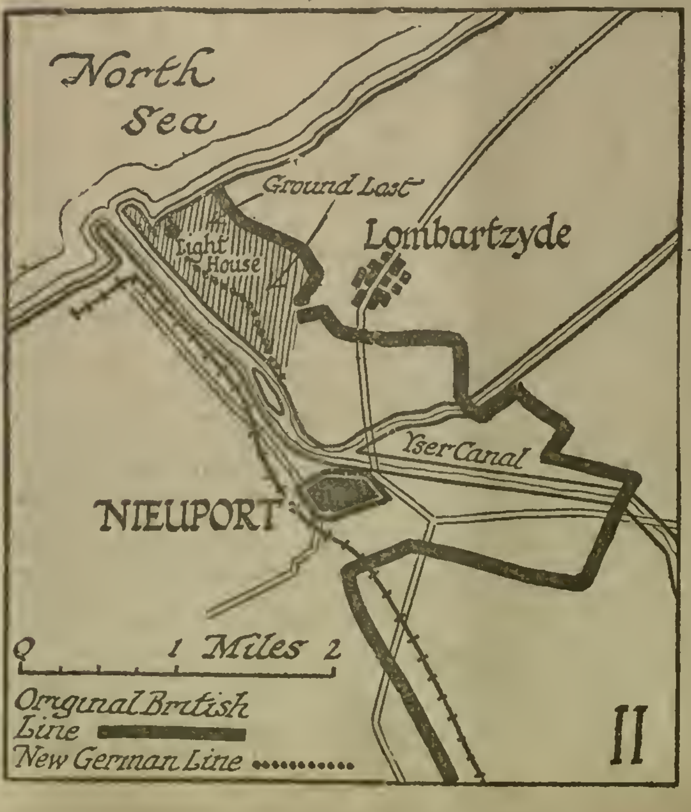
He had a second subsidiary object, apparently, which was to obtain information.

If these be the two answers to the question why the thing was undertaken, we may turn to the answer of the question, *how* it was undertaken which, as I have said, is of less importance to the understanding of the war in its present phase, but of more vivid interest to the general reader. I should add before beginning this description that I have no information beyond that provided by the published despatch and descriptions in the newspaper.

The front between the sea and the beginning of the inundations beyond Lombaertzyde, was recently taken over from the French by the British. Up to the point where the pools of water become numerous before the zone of inundations is actually reached the ground is a mass of sand, fairly firm where it is consolidated by coarse grass on the summits and sides of the sandhills, but very loose and difficult where it is drifted deep and wind blown in between the tufts. The front ran about 600 yards east of the canal and the part of it which was not complicated with water was rather more than a mile broad, though the distance from the sea to the inundations was, of course, greater than that.

Though the attack was delivered upon a much broader front as a whole, the part which chiefly concerns us is the part immediately neighbouring the sea, the front as it ran inland for about 1,600 yards. For it was here that the Germans occupied ground, and on the extreme northern part of it that they destroyed the bridgehead and left their opponents at the close of the action without a footing upon the further side of the canal. This extreme left of the Allied line reposing upon the sea was held by two battalions, one of the 60th, the other of the Northamptons, the former lying nearest the sea coast, and the latter inland, continuing the right.

The enemy began an intensive bombardment, so far as one can make out from rather conflicting accounts, in the night between Monday and Tuesday. The full fury of the bombardment was only developed early on the Tuesday morning, soon after six o'clock. The bombardment was carried out mainly with the 5.9, the enemy's chief piece at this moment. For an hour it searched the front line, then after seven, lengthened range to the support line, and an hour later seems to have been principally directed against the further side of the canal and an hour later again back to the first line—and so forth. It was a methodical series of parallel bombardments carried on with the utmost intensity of concentration. This went on till some time after two o'clock in the afternoon, by which time it would seem (again according to rather conflicting accounts), that all the bridges across the canal had disappeared. After a pause of a quarter of an hour, the bombardment was resumed upon all areas simultaneously, front line, support, and canal banks. Already the officer in command of the 60th had sent back a messenger reporting the destruction of the bridges and of all defences. For three



hours this simultaneous bombardment continued, concluding by a last hour of very intense and concentrated fire upon the foremost positions. From about a quarter-past six to about a quarter to seven this climax of the artillery was at its height, and immediately afterwards the German Marines attacked. The defence was able to maintain the fight, apparently for about an hour, in spite of the complete destruction of defences and machine guns, which had been effected by the enemy's fire. The fact that the advance along the sea coast could be made a little more rapidly than elsewhere seems to have permitted of an enfilading fire, which completed the enemy's success. It seems to have been about half-past eight o'clock before the affair was over.

Very few of the two battalions holding this restricted bridgehead returned. But it is difficult to accept the enemy's claim to 1,250 valid prisoners out of so small a force. The bombardment alone would hardly have left that number, and it was followed by more than an hour's heavy hand-to-hand and bomb fighting of the survivors, coupled with enfilading fire from the German machine guns brought up on the north of the line. That more than 60 per cent. of men so engaged should have been taken as valid prisoners is not credible, especially out of so small a force in action for nearly 24 hours. It is probable that the enemy has here again done what he has often done in the course of the war, published not the real tale of prisoners, but the largest number which he thought could be accepted in the first moment of defeat.

Further south the enemy met with no permanent success. In the sector immediately to the right of the Northamptons he was pushed back from what he had taken; further south again, opposite the ruins of Nieuport and by Lombaertzyde, he was held.

The Present Enemy Strength

When the military history of 1917 comes to be written, the present moment, mid-July, or rather the period including most of the month of June and the first half of July, will form a sort of watershed between the preparatory actions and their sequel.

A note on the known present forces of the enemy, though it is only a repetition of much that has appeared before in these columns, may be of service at such a moment.

The main lines of any such estimate are already familiar to the readers of this paper.

Of the enemy as a whole the German Empire represents almost exactly *half* the numerical strength, and much more than half at the present moment of his power of munitionment, let alone the moral factors of organisation and command. Further, the quality of the German troops is still superior, *taken all round,* to the quality of the other half of the Alliance to which we are opposed. There are still Austrian, Hungarian, Turkish and Bulgarian troops in the field as good as the best that the German Empire can show. An ample proof of this truth has been given in Macedonia, upon the Carso, and in Asia. But the point is that the German Empire has not yet developed patches as *weak* as many that the Dual Monarchy now exhibits, on account of excessive mixture of races under its command. The same is true of the Turkish Empire with its mixture of races and imperfect recruitment.

Now, as always, therefore, a study of the German forces alone is our best guide. For though the Germans could have done nothing without their allies, they remain the nucleus of those allies. We know more about them, and we can argue from them "a fortiori"; for any numerical weakness in them applies with greater force to all the other members of the Prussian following, with the exception of Bulgaria.

The total number of people included in the German military organisation, "drawing rations" as the French express it, was, at the beginning of June, well over five million—probably nearly five million and a half.

This may be called in one sense of the term the German "Army," and certainly anyone talking of the German Army in the technical sense, would count all that enormous number as belonging to it. But we should make a very great mistake if we here used the translated term "army," the word in its primitive sense, the sense of the novel and the newspaper—that is, a body of armed men in conflict. A modern army is something very different, especially a modern army under field conditions.

The active force immediately in contact with the enemy, the men who in rotation occupy the trenches defensively or are launched offensively to the assault, are a comparatively small proportion of the whole. These are the infantry with a small admixture of dismounted cavalry.

Even the whole fighting army properly so-called, that is, the organised divisions, is a much smaller proportion of the whole than was the case in former times.

Thus, in the instance of the German army at the beginning of last June, we have a number of organised divisions which at their present establishment counting all parts of a division —not only infantry, but cavalry, artillery, medical and other auxiliary services and staff, amount to something, perhaps just over, but at the most, very little over, three million men. It is a point on which there is room for error from these causes: (1) The Germans formed early in the year more divisions than they could keep up and had to break up some of these divisions —so that the number of divisions true of, say, March 1st, would not be true of April 1st; (2) Information is not simultaneous. A division is identified, say, in Roumania on March 1st. It disappears on the 15th. It *may* have been broken up or it may be resting, or it may be on its way to the West. An estimate made in April would be in doubt about it. Meanwhile, another division is identified in Champagne on March 20th. A report drawn up on April 1st would show both these divisions in being at that date; yet one might already have ceased to be. (*Note*, for instance, the 119th division; with Bothmer in January against the Russians, then sent *either* inland *or* to the Western front, now certainly replaced by some other division with Bothmer *as yet unidentified.*) (3) The reduction in the establishment of a German division is not quite homogeneous throughout the whole army. If we put the number of divisions at more than 220 and less than 230, and the average strength of a division at more than 12,000 or less than 14,000 men[*] we have a minimum of two million and three-quarters and a maximum of three millions and a quarter.

The arm which suffers the bulk of the casualties and the wastage of which is critical, the infantry—"the bayonets"—are a still smaller fraction. They are little if any more than half this force. When everything was at its full original establishment, the infantry, "the bayonets," were more than half, they were 60 per cent. But all that has changed. The proportion of artillery has increased, especially of heavy artillery, so has the proportion of other and lesser technical arms, the auxiliaries necessary to a division have increased and the infantry battalions have been cut down to three-quarters of their old strength. At present, one may say that within a small margin of error, the non-technical infantry alone actively used are about 50 per cent. of the organised divisions. The number of battalions organised and within the fighting zone (counting, of course, those held in reserve, but within the fighting zone) is roughly 2,000. And the average of a battalion was, as we have said, probably, at the beginning of June, about 750 men. The German Army, therefore, counted at that moment something like a million and a half bayonets, of whom rather more than the million were on the Western front and rather less than the odd half-million were on the East, from Macedonia to the Baltic.

The German troops on the East were slightly interspersed among the Bulgarian troops; more largely among the Austro-Hungarian troops from the Danube to the Pripet, and formed the main part of the extremely thin line which held the great distance from Pripet to the Baltic, where the Germans rightly expected little activity and had further put their worst elements so far as quality was concerned. Those on the West were their best divisions and far the most heavily protected with artillery.

It is this million and a half that are suffering the heavy casualties of the present fighting season, and especially the larger portion which is upon the West. This force of bayonets has behind it for filling of gaps as it wastes much the greater portion of the reserve of German man-power. In other words, much the greater portion of this reserve is drafted for infantry.

We know of what that reserve consists. There were, roughly speaking, at the beginning of June, more than 450,000 men, but less than 500,000 men in depot. To supplement these there was nothing but class 1919, the training of which has now begun and which will be put into the field probably in the autumn (though portions of it may have to be used beforehand), 350,000 lads already in training, with another 150,000 to come in later. There is nothing left to "comb out" from among the working population behind the armies. On the contrary, a certain number have had to be sent back this spring to the workshops and the mines, though only a very small proportion.

The rate of losses in the present year has differed, of course, enormously with the nature of the fighting. Until quite recently there was no appreciable loss on the Eastern front save the normal loss from sickness and occasional bombardment; while on the Western front the great bulk of the losses have been incurred during the course of the great blows delivered against the enemy since the beginning of April and during the counter-attacks following upon those blows. It is estimated that the total casualties from January 1st to the beginning of June were somewhat over 800,000 men, taking the German army as a whole. Of these some 40 per cent., or a third of a million, were what is called "definite casualties," that is, men killed, taken prisoner, or so very badly wounded that they cannot be used again in any capacity whatsoever nor for any work, however light, even behind the zone of the armies.

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[*] Take a typical case. 5 Divisions identified in Galicia, of these 4 of 3 Regiments only, like the great bulk of German divisions to-day. But the 5th of 4 regiments.

In these "definite casualties" are included, of course, the comparatively small percentage of definite losses through sickness. That is, men who are off the strength from sickness, not temporarily, but for good and all.

The remainder of the casualties, between 400,000 and 500,000 men, 60 per cent. of the total casualty list, return to some kind of duty within an average delay of about four months. But a considerable fraction cannot, of course, be taken back to full active service as infantry of the front line.

It is interesting to compare the present state of affairs with that of the moment which may be called "the half-way house" in the course of this war: That is, the end of the year 1915, and the beginning of the year 1916.

The many articles which have appeared in LAND & WATER from my pen during the last two years and which have carefully followed the numerical situation of the enemy from time to time, so far as information was available, include an article of the February 24th, 1916, which was particularly detailed and took a general survey of the situation, basing its conclusions upon the number of "military dead" which could be accounted for in Germany from the opening of the war up to December 31st 1915.

It was then pointed out from the most varied evidence (to which I invite the reader to return) that the German "military dead" at that moment touched the million. The number of dead included directly or indirectly in the official German casualty lists was 19 per cent. less than this figure: about 810,000. But the true total could be established by the comparison of a number of other forms of evidence—though the official casualty lists were the basis of the calculation. What we find at the beginning of June, 1917, is what was to be expected from the contrast between the nature of the fighting in the earlier and in the later part of the war. The number of German military dead is at the present moment less than double the number, although the two periods before and after December 31st, 1916, are almost exactly equal—each of 17 months.

The fighting in 1916 was very severe upon the West, including as it did the tremendous but abortive attack upon the Verdun sector and the Battle of the Somme. On the other hand, the Russian offensive in the centre of the Eastern line held by Germans at Baranovitch failed, while the Russian offensive which succeeded upon the south inflicted casualties mainly upon the Austro-Hungarians, and had no considerable effect in diminishing the numbers of the *Germans* there present. Again, there was throughout the winter a general lull, at least a lull compared with the earlier very heavy fighting upon the West; and, as we know, the Eastern front was almost absolutely quiescent for nearly nine months.

The number of German military dead at the moment of which I write, the beginning of June 1917, had therefore not doubled the number on January 1st, 1916. It had added more than 75 per cent., perhaps near 80 per cent., but not the full 100 per cent. "Military dead," I may remind the reader, means the dead among all those who have been drawing rations since the beginning of the war. It includes, many beyond those who die in action or shortly after action, from wounds.

It is further interesting to note that the present estimates of "definite losses" tally exactly enough with the present strength of the German forces, their known reserve of man-power, and their total mobilisable strength in three years of war. There were on June 1st more than 3¾ millions, but less than four million Germans who would *never come back to use in any form whatsoever*. For though the Germans keep in uniform every single individual they can, there is a margin of wounded whom it is hopeless to attempt to use in any service at all, even as porter to a prison or servant in a hospital.

It is important here to avoid confusion between different categories of meaning attached to the word "losses." A confusion which has a great deal to do with the conception that the estimates regularly printed here throughout 1916 were erroneous. Far from that, they exactly tally with present known numbers, and indeed the estimates printed in LAND & WATER for nearly two years past follow an exact curve and accurately correspond with what we now see to be the result in enemy exhaustion. "Definitive losses" are the *smallest* category: they exclude all men who are kept on the army lists in *any form whatsoever*. A man who has lost a leg or an arm and is working in an office is not included in definite losses. Nor is anyone in hospital or on convalescence or of no further use save as a prison guard or hospital servant. At the "half-way house" of January 1st, 1917, the number off the possibility of active service at the moment, for instance, was already some three millions or a little more, as appeared in my article on numbers at the time. But the "definitive losses" were far less, little more than two millions if as much.

While four millions or a little under represents to-day the "definitive losses" of the German army, the losses "off the fighting strength" are another matter altogether. These *general* losses, the number out of action in the sense that they cannot again be used for active service is, of course, much larger than four millions, and the bulk of the balance reappear in the 5½ millions of the army total. If we add the 5½ millions actually drawing rations to those four millions, who no longer exist, even on paper, and estimate the reserve furnished by the 1919 class, in so far as it is not yet drawing rations, we get the total mobilisable strength in the third year of war in almost exactly the same scale as the other fully mobilised belligerent Powers, more than 13 per cent. but less than 14 per cent. of total population. For while it is true that Germany has been able to release men by enslaving occupied populations, it is also true that the Allies have been able to draw upon the labour power of neutral countries, and the one advantage in man-power pretty well cancels out the other.

It is well to keep these simple numerical facts clearly before one even at this late stage of the war, when opinion is naturally weary of such things: for it is the wastage of enemy effectives that is winning the war. If the enemy has backed down from point to point in his claims, if he has asked for peace and still asks for peace, effectives is the clue.

The general impression that the published studies on enemy's numbers, his rate of loss and what not, are a matter of guess-work is great nonsense and ought never to have been allowed to arise.

It is one of the few things on which one has a right to criticise the authorities in time of war that they have not issued, as they could have done, at regular intervals, the known numerical position of the enemy—within a due margin of error. It could have been done without betraying any important secrets and without weakening the Intelligence Department of any Power. The French military authorities have indeed published such estimates from time to time. They have done well, because this sort of thing affords a solid basis for sound judgment neither exaggerated, exalted, nor cast down.

In the absence of such simple figures, officially vouched for, or through the erroneous supposition that the estimates printed were nothing more than private guess work, there has arisen the thoroughly false conception—now very difficult to eradicate—that this all-important factor towards our general judgment of the war was lacking. Worst of all are the writers who use phrases implying that the numerical condition of German effectives is unknown, that their recruitment is marvellously in excess of their opponents, their recuperation from wounds and sickness in some way miraculous, and their rate of wastage incalculable.

All these things are normal, all are known within no very great margin of error, and the progress of the siege towards its inevitable conclusion is marked by that knowledge.

H. BELLOC

A War History in Photographs

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR,—The Committee of the National War Museum are anxious to make, as far as possible, a complete history of the War in Photographs. Such a record should be of permanent historic value and European importance.

Efforts to obtain similar National Collections are now being made by all the other belligerents. We wish, therefore, to make a strong appeal to all friends and relations of officers now serving, or who have at any time served with H.M. Forces during this present war, for free gifts of bromide photographs. Such photogaphs should be unmounted and printed on bromide paper, this in order to facilitate docketing and to secure their permanence. If the donors will write on the backs of their photographs such details as will form a minute concise biography, with dates of promotion, distinctions, etc., they will materially assist the committee.

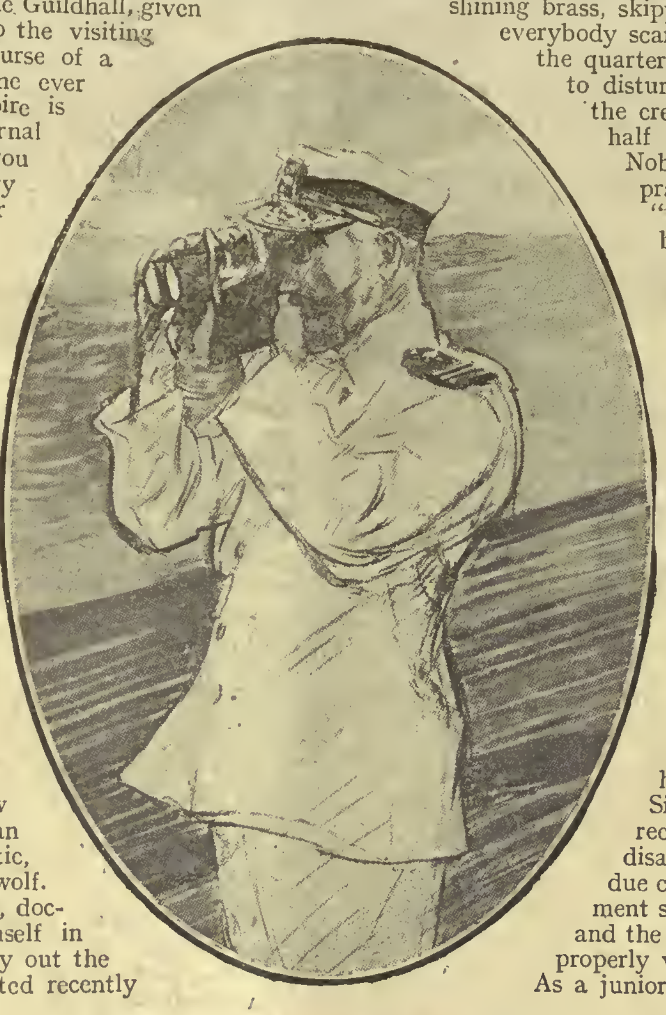
CHARLES FFOULKES, Lieut. R.N.V.R.,
Curator and Secretary.

National War Museum,
Storey's Gate, Westminster.

Admiral Sims

By Henry Reuterdahl

The writer of this appreciation of Admiral Sims has been his friend for many years. Mr. Reuterdahl is America's most distinguished marine painter. We are indebted to his brush for the portrait of the Admiral reproduced on this page



Vice-Admiral William S. Sims, U.S.N.

New York, June 1917.

A LITTLE while ago ex-President Taft said to a friend of his: "The ways of history are curious. When I was President, I reprimanded a naval officer for saying the very thing he is doing just now. That officer was Commander Sims, now Vice-Admiral."

On December 3, 1910, Sims, as commander of the battleship *Minnesota*, during a banquet at the Guildhall, given by the Lord Mayor of London to the visiting American Squadron, in the course of a speech remarked: "If the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood of your kindred across the seas."

A hundred years ago and more, Americans fought the British in high sea duels. It was clean, manly fighting, officers in cocked hats and gold lace, men stripped to the buff. To-day, American tars and British seamen are fighting side by side like a band of brothers, fighting the common enemy for world democracy and the freedom of the seas, fighting the Huns for decency and civilisation.

Canadian born, William Sowden Sims, Vice-Admiral in the United States Navy, leads the American squadrons, the first naval officer to get on the job. In the cabin of the U.S.S. *Melville*, or from a desk ashore, he directs the tactics of the new slayers of the U-boat, American fighting craft patrolling the Atlantic, searching for the U-boat sea-wolf. His destroyer officers and crews, doctrinated by Admiral Sims himself in thinking in "flotilla" terms, carry out the identical ideas which he formulated recently when in command of the American Torpedo Flotilla. His motto "Cheer up and get busy," made practicable what he is doing to-day. Admiral Sims belongs to the silent workers, the midnight oil-burners, the constructors of big things. So far as the public is concerned, he is the X of the American Navy, known to his confrères only, but, of course, well-known to the British Admiralty, and heretofore almost unknown to the man in the street whether in New York or London. When war broke out and the Navy Department laid down the strategy and tactics for the operations of the United States Navy in this war, it is safe to assume that orders were drawn for Admiral Sims to proceed abroad and confer with the Allied Admiralties, and later to command our first naval force in British water. With wisdom Mr. Daniels picked the right man. Because of the Admiral's high professional standing and his close affiliation with the British Admiralty he is the logical choice. But save for the bare announcement that the Admiral was to lead our naval mission in Europe, the American press had little to say about him, for the simple reason that they knew hardly anything about him. Naval officers rarely talk for publication—Sims never does.

Yarns of the great captains of industry have been spun; statesmen and clever politicians have had their laurels; but even the sketchiest story of the biggest man that the modern American Navy has produced is as yet untold. America's most distinguished naval officer is incognito to his own people. Few outside Army circles knew much of General Goethals until he built the Canal. In peace, we mildly ignore our military men, in war we build them arches of honour, and anoint them as heroes so that sculptors may make monuments and spoil good scenery. That is because we are unmilitary: we are not a seafaring people. Imagine Schwab, Hoover, Vanderlip or anyone of our leaders in civil life being practically unknown.

To a man, naval officers believe that Sims (whom I have known intimately for seventeen years) laid the foundation to the Navy's efficiency. He put the new American Navy upon the seas. He made it efficient. To revert to slang, he put "gun in gunnery." He made the ships hit the target and he tore to tatters the honest, but old-fashioned bureaucracy of yesterday. He destroyed, but he built up.

The old days! Beautiful, high-sparred ships, as graceful spots in the landscape, coiled ropes, lovely white decks, shining brass, skipper running a "taut" ship, with everybody scared to death of the "old man"; the quarter-deck often roped off so as not to disturb the slumbers of that worthy; the crew, when on liberty, more or less half seas over; "spit and polish." Nobody thought of war. Target practice just dirtied things up: "Chuck the blooming things overboard, why mess the decks." Such was the atmosphere of the American Navy when Sims became a midshipman, no better, no worse than any other navy.

When Sims, as a youngster, served in the *Tennessee*, a fine old wooden tub, he found the steerage, the quarters of the midshipmen, reeking with foul air from bad ventilation. He complained to the captain. "As humans we are each entitled to so many cubic feet of pure air," quoth young Sims, looking the old seadog square in the face. "The devil you say—get to your quarters, and remember, young squirt, that there ain't anything human about a midshipman," bellowed his superior. But Midshipman Sims wrote an official letter. His recommendation was of course disapproved by the skipper. But in due course of time the Navy Department saw the justice of the complaint and the steerage was made larger and properly ventilated.

As a junior, he performed his duties well, his shipmates say, but without any particular distinction. Like most officers of those days, he knew little of the great navies and with many believed that the American Navy was as good as, or even better than any. He was an instructor in navigation on a Philadelphia schoolship. But he woke up. As naval attaché in Paris during the Spanish War he got the inside touch of what the big navies were doing. He saw a great light. In 1900, a "young" lieutenant (42 years old) reported for duty on board the *Kentucky*, at Gibraltar, bound for the Far East. It was Sims, tall and black, with a Henri Quatre beard, looking more French than American. For three years, as naval attaché, he had sent hundreds of reports to the Office of Naval Intelligence. He had seen with his own eyes the superiority of foreign ships. His reports were truthful, but not nice reading for the conservatives at home.

America's naval success in the Spanish War over an enemy already defeated by his own weakness, inoculated all hands with an extraordinary conceit. And the naval decay that followed the Civil War was again repeated in a smaller measure after Santiago. With it came a contagion of self-admiration to which all hands fell victims. Fore and aft the haloes shone brighter than any bright work. The press took up the chorus and all at once we were made to understand that at sea we could conquer the world.

The *Kentucky*'s captain thought she was a fine ship. She was the pride of the Navy. Sims felt otherwise and unlashed his typewriter. With two fingers (the Admiral is still a two finger artist on the machine) he hammered the *Kentucky* to bits. He pointed out that, aside from floating, she was no ship at all, and he catalogued the battleship's defects. The report reached the Department. Sims argued over the ward-room table: "We should have shed tears when we launched her instead of sprinkling her with champagne." He became unpopular: he was called an "anarchist."

When Sampson's fleet returned to New York and the boom of guns and the shriek of whistles and the hurrahs rising over the arches of honour welcomed the heroes of Santiago, few were aware that only 4 per cent. of our shots fired against Cervera's fleet hit, and that no heavy projectiles struck home. The late Professor Algar, then the Navy's recognized authority on gunnery, wrote: "At the distance of 2,800 yards, nearly half the shots fired at Santiago went 100 feet to one side or another." Such poor shooting was not the fault of the "man behind the gun." He did the best he knew, and that he failed to do better was due to the workings of an inferior system. Guns improperly installed, and gun sights far from accurate, were part of it. Our naval renaissance began in the Far East. One of the keenest naval minds, Captain, now Vice-Admiral, Sir Percy Scott, commanding the British cruiser *Terrible*, was its godfather. Sir Percy Scott had originated a method of target practice where only actual hits on the target counted. The American way then was firing on a small triangular target, and imaginary hits were plotted on a profile of a ship. It was farcical, wrong in principle and did not establish the mechanical skill of the individual gun-pointer. The American blue-jackets took no more interest in gunnery than in scrubbing decks. It was throwing ammunition overboard. It was a 5,000,000 dollar ship making five dollars worth of hits, firing away thousands of dollars worth of shells. About that particular time one of our vessels during her annual fighting efficiency practice fired 12 shots with her 8 inch guns with no hits, 166 from the 4 inch guns with 4 hits, 269 with the 6 pounders hitting 3 times, in all 447 aimed shots of which 7 hit.

British Target Practice

Again Lieutenant Sims hammered his typewriter. He showed that the Scott system of target practice was based upon the individual sporting instinct of the blue-jacket, upon competition. He proved that the British could shoot and that we could not. In 1901, the *Terrible*, commanded by Scott, established the world's record, making 8 hits with 8 six inch shells. Night after night Sims wrote. A few of his friends helped to copy his reports and spread the gospel of straight shooting. The work was done after the day's duty, mostly on the quiet. In the East he wrote eleven papers. These were passed from ship to ship. The "anarchy" of "hits and holes" and "continuous aim" spread, and the thumb-marked pages of these reports were the beginning of the new era. But the Bureau system would not budge. It was its own judge as well as jury, and always acquitted itself. Sims' reports were again pigeon-holed.

Sims said before the House Naval Committee: "I used rather unofficial language because I wanted to tear something loose. I saw later that was a failure. So over the head of the Commander-in-Chief I wrote direct to the President. It was the rankest insubordination, but according to my ideas, when a situation like this arises, where you know that you are absolutely right, and where there is nothing doing, complete military subordination becomes cowardice." Every chance was against him. The Bureau system was heavily entrenched. President Roosevelt's own brother-in-law was a Bureau Chief. The popular impression then was that our ships were the best and that the man behind the gun was all right. Why be disturbed?

But to find out for himself, President Roosevelt ordered five battleships of the Atlantic Fleet to target practice. These ships fired two broadsides at a condemned light-ship. They hit the target three times. There was no answer. The Bureau system collapsed so far as gunnery and self-laudation went. The President called Sims back from China and put him in charge of the Navy's shooting. He became the Navy's first Inspector of Target Practice. Result, 50 per cent. of hits at the first practice—this at 1,500 yards at a stationary target—this distance about that time being supposed to be the minimum fighting range.

By infusing the same friendly competition that exists between football teams and fostering the individual sporting desire to excel, Sims transformed the Navy's target practice from a monotonous drill to a contest where each man's work counted, and where everyone took pride in his effort and did his best to beat the next fellow. Money distributions, trophies and other prizes have made an *esprit de corps* in training gun-pointers. They kept their guns on the target and learned that only hits counted. It became ship competing against ship, turret against turret, division against division, gun against gun.

Last year I was permitted to announce that during the winter's battle practice in Cuban waters, the American Fleet excelled in remarkable shooting. At 16,800 yards, the first leg at long range, all ships made 8.4 per cent. of hits. At 13,000 yards, 18.5 per cent. *The Dreadnoughts, at 17,155 yards, made 8 per cent., at 13,000 yards 20.28 per cent. of hits all in a moving target.* This year, again, the Fleet has bettered its own record, and beyond the expectations of gunnery experts. Let that be enough. And future naval historians will have to state that this probably unequalled performance occurred while Mr. Daniels was Secretary of Navy.

In the only interview on naval matters which Roosevelt gave as President of the United States, he stated to the present writer: "Commander Sims has done more for target practice than any other man in the United States. It is chiefly due to him that we shoot as well as we do. It is humiliating to think what poor shots we were during the Spanish War."

Captain Bradley Fiske, now Rear-Admiral (retired), wrote in the U.S. Naval Institute: "In regard to the officer who was instrumental in introducing this excellent target practice of ours, he was not an ignorant crank, but a lieutenant-commander in the navy of excellent reputation. He proposed, not a fantastic, highly expensive, and extremely scientific experiment, but simply that our navy improve its gunnery. Did the navy see? Not at all. Did any naval officer of high rank help? Not one. Who did? A civilian, President Roosevelt. The writer (Captain Fiske) does not believe that he ought to write what he thinks about this episode, but he feels that every naval officer ought to regret that we failed to manage so clearly our own business and that a reform of purely naval character, so simple and so good, should have had to be forced on us by a civilian."

Admiral Sims was at the Naval College, working for two years as a common student, taking the long course, studying the art of war in its highest form, writing essays on tactics and strategy, proclaiming the same conclusion as every other military student, that: "The advantage in expense would be greatly in favour of ample preparation in time of peace rather than the lavish, wasteful and inefficient expenditure that lack of preparation necessitates upon the outbreak of war." Relinquishing command of the *Nevada*, his last sea duty, he returned to the Naval War College, but as President.

Now, as to the man? Tall, slim, square-shouldered, over six feet, strong as an ox—with a sharp eye, not an American face, hair and beard streaked with gray, large forehead. Kind, witty, sharp, what the French call *charmer*. Fo'castle slang mixed with French metaphor (he spoke French like a Parisian). Never idle, seldom at the theatre, giving never a thought to display. He used to ride to the College on a bicycle, sometimes taking one of his children on the handle bars.

Traditions at sea have made discipline and authority dominate, and often replace common sense. But Sims' formula is as follows:

Always let your general mission be understood. The American is willing to co-operate when his intelligence is enlisted.

Invite suggestions, and consider them carefully.

Hold conferences for this purpose. I have known valuable improvements in seamanship, gunnery, radio, etc., to result from such suggestions from junior officers and enlisted men.

Make use of competition where practicable. It promotes interest in even the most strenuous drills.

Be sure you know thoroughly the subject of all your instructions. Knowledge of your job always commands respect from those associated with you.

Encourage your men to come to you for information on any subject, and take pains to look it up and supply it. Help them in anything they want to study.

Train your men in initiative by "putting it up to them" on all proper occasions, and explain why you do it.

When you have inspired loyalty in all your men, more than half your troubles will be over, for thereafter initiative will develop rapidly if you give it intelligent direction and adequate opportunity. Thus, you will have developed a team in which the men will speak of the officers of their division or ship as "we," instead of "they."

Maintain discipline with the minimum reference to higher authority. If you succeed in establishing the relations indicated by the above, you will hardly ever need to appeal to higher authority.

Always be considerate of inexperience. When admonition will correct a small fault, it is almost always a mistake to inflict punishment.

Be absolutely just in all your dealings with your men. Hardly anything tends more strongly towards loyalty. All kinds of men respond to the "square deal."

Never destroy or decrease a man's self respect by humiliating him before others. If his self respect is destroyed his usefulness will be seriously diminished. A man who is "called down" in the presence of others can hardly help resenting it.

Do not let the state of your liver influence your attitude toward your men.

Avoid, as you would the plague, hostile criticism of authority, or even facetious or thoughtless criticism that has no hostile intent. Our naval gunnery instructions state that destructive criticism that is born in officers' messes will soon spread through the ship and completely kill the ship spirit.

It was predicted at the time that Admiral Sims was establishing a reliable doctrine for the Torpedo Flotilla under his command that his policy would tend to create a new era of thought throughout the American service. His steps were taken in accordance with the precepts of the Naval War College. Sims agreed that of all the great captains of history Nelson was the leader whose precepts should be most followed. Nelson was personally nearest the hearts of his followers and his success was the greatest. The lesson Nelson taught was co-operation. Ahead of his day, Nelson saw that the leader is not apart from his people, but a part of them. He saw that if a plan is understood and the orders obeyed, it is not because the commander exercises authority, but because his comrades in arms talk to him, understand him and his purpose, and because initiative on their part to further the general plan, is better than blind and unintelligent obedience.

Never once has Admiral Sims believed that there could be other than one outcome of the war. The British sea power must win in the end. With the German Fleet in port or behind minefields, where it is perfectly safe from attack, and the British Fleet more than half the time at sea, and the thousands of ships on all oceans, the German chance for aggresiveness is without limit and the British small.

In planning the tactics and strategy of the American part in the war, Admiral Sims is working in England with friends. He has known Admiral Jellicoe for years. The big men in the British Admiralty are his personal friends. The British Navy I know thinks highly of him.

After the War

Dangers of a German Peace

By Albert Milhaud

M. Albert Milhaud, the writer of this plain-spoken article, is one of the most eminent Professors of the University of Paris. A historian, he has made a study of the diplomatic history of Europe, and for several years has been commenting on the politics of Europe in his contributions to the Paris journal, "Le Rappel." He belongs to that distinguished band from the Ecole Normale Superieure, which has given many famous men to the service of France, amongst them the present Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas.

M. PAINLEVE, Minister of War, in the course of a speech which was greatly applauded in the Chamber of Deputies, made a remark which deserves to be passed from the French Parliament throughout all the Allied peoples! "If to-morrow our will should seem to weaken and there should appear to be a crack in our military edifice, you will see the grinning face of Pan-Germanism replace Scheidemann's winning smile." In short, the French Minister thinks that if the Allies do not destroy German militarism once for all, the Pan-German conspiracy will wax more vigorous than ever, and only one course will remain open to the world that has grown weary of the struggle: to submit sooner or later, frankly or under some specious dissembling. Then we should be "organised" by the friends of the most sage Ostwald: organised! The darkness of night would descend upon a world whence the independence of the nations had been banished.

Is it so very difficult to realise that the day when Scheidemann's winning smile beguiled us into consenting to sign peace on the terms of a drawn game would be the day before Germany won a decisive victory?

It is the simple truth that no glittering sophistry can disguise, the manifest truth that a drawn war would be a German victory.

Scheidemann is far too good a patriot to suggest a "drawn game" to us if it were not to the advantage of his country. We are fairly entitled to indulge in speculation about the Germans, and often it seems almost impossible to think about them as one thinks about the rest of the human race. But so far as German patriotism is concerned there is no room for misconception. A man like Scheidemann, who is looked upon everywhere as a semi-Chancellor, as the inspirer and also the mouth-piece of Bethmann-Hollweg, would never propose to draw the game and conclude a blank peace unless it were bound to be to the advantage of his country.

One must, instinctively, suspect all German proposals, but one must be much more suspicious of those that seem to be moderate than of threats of frightfulness. The brutal threats of the Pan-Germanists are good for our cause; the mealy-mouthed advances of the Socialists are bad for it. The former make us angry, are warnings, put us on our guard against danger. The latter minister insidiously to our profound, sincere desire to see peace and concord restored to the world, and they delude us.

Every time a Pan-Germanist pamphlet is published we ought to make the welkin ring with our gratitude for these salutary, if insalubrious productions. The Pan-Germanist is the most honest German, because he is the most sincere. He is covetous, but he acknowledges it. He has premeditated designs upon our domestication, but he is quite candid about it. The Pan-Germanist most certainly is the German who is serving the cause of civilisation in the world the most effectually at the present time, for his incessant advertising puts the Allied Governments and peoples on their guard. If all the Allies had taken the menace of Pan-Germanism seriously before 1914, we should not still be in arms after three years of stern war. We all should have been armed.

The German Government is beginning to realise that the Pan-Germanists are looked upon by the Allies as heralds of danger. It seems to want to discredit them by means of attacks made upon them by its "Socialists." It has sanctioned judicial proceedings against some Pan-Germanists of note, as much as to say, "See, my dear Allied Peoples, I am not Pan-Germanist. I do not know him. I decline to recognise him." No one but a child would allow himself to be caught in such a trap. There are even children to-day who would be suspicious of such artless underhandedness. It is positively humiliating for us that the enemy can believe the Allies can be deluded so easily.

Whenever we read a pamphlet written by Socialists or by Germans whom we regard as Liberals, we must take care. These Socialists are either members of the majority and disloyal to the Government, or they belong to the minority and are of no repute. As for the German Liberals, they represent the lowest class in their country. Their utterances might give the Allies an impression that in the enemy land there is a sane public that deserves consideration. As a matter of fact, there is only a handful of national "nonconformists," and that quite inconsiderable crew is tolerated by the Kaiser in order to put us on a wrong scent. And so it is allowed to express itself pretty freely at a time when the Press itself informs us that the censorship is doubly secretive. If German authority opens the coop for the Liberal and Socialist chickens, it does so in compliance with a system of organisation of which the object is to mystify the Allies for the fullest advantage to the House of Hohenzollern. That is why the most objectionable Germans are much more useful to us to-day than the most liberal among them. The latter are designed by modern Fatality to infect us with the poison of sleeping sickness. It is a danger against which we must be ever on our guard.

Let us merely enquire what would happen if we were to cease hostilities in the present circumstances, under the delusion that both parties were going home having to pay their own costs, to use a legal phrase.

The Allied Nations, who were dragged into the war by compulsion, peoples who for a long time had been democratic, pacific and peaceful—Belgians, British, French, Americans, etc.—would spontaneously and automatically resume their intellectual and moral occupations, viewing the world in the alluring tints of the spirit of peace. Naturally the old forces, now under restraint, and methods of politics where considerations of internal order are paramount, would come into use again, and with all the more energy because of their long repression; their own natural elasticity would be given free play.

The old political parties would then resume their campaign. The least discerning of men can foresee how all the parties would proceed to bring indictments against the rest and also attempt to make good their own defence. But on the morrow of so much mourning and misfortune and misery, politics would not be confined to the clubs and to meetings held at specified hours; it would be in the streets and throughout every rank and grade of human society that debate would rage between those who said: "I did so and so and so," and those who retorted, "I told you ages ago that we ought to do something entirely different."

The confusion would be worse confounded, in face of the impossibility and the practical inutility of fixing pre-war responsibility, by the very serious economic and financial discussion regarding the cruelly heavy consequences with which every citizen individually would be menaced and under the necessity of submitting.

Political parties would argue over the equitable distribution of responsibility; citizens would object to the distribution of the war taxes as having been unequal and unjust, and they would squabble among themselves when they had to assess the charges—a most formidable burden—resulting from the war. In the midst of all the maelstrom of public affairs and of all these mutual recriminations we, as Allies, must manfully face the fact that in all the countries a number of fools and knaves will be found insisting that they have been the victim of Alliances and that they might have expected much better treatment elsewhere.

No good purpose will be served by emphasising the kinds of things to be considered. The same considerations that in each country will induce a man to indict his opposite neighbour who has resumed his normal way of living—to indict the party to which he does not belong or the district where he is not domiciled, will most certainly induce him to indict the Ally who is no longer with him, but has gone back to his own country and henceforth stands behind another frontier. When the common frontiers of the Alliance are broken down the separate frontiers of the peoples will become barriers.

Scheidemann's Peace

No one can fail to see that Scheidemann's peace would surprise us in these unsavoury quarrels and that Scheidemann's Government would exploit them at leisure for its own greater advantage. Will the enemy fail, after the war, to carry on from outside all that espionage, provocation and propaganda on which for years past he has spent hundreds of millions of money? Be very sure the ground would be well prepared for sowing dissension between the citizens of one country and their Allies of yesterday. With this object in view, the German would strive everywhere to create a movement of public opinion in favour of rapprochement with Germany. In every country where in 1914 he had any friends, he will strive to encourage them to renew a policy of agreement and closer relations with Berlin.

And would not this policy of reconciliation with the Kaiser's Government be represented as the best means of securing individual and separate immunity from a new war? No doubt all these negotiations would be difficult to conduct, for the Germanophils of 1914 have lost a good deal of their pre-war credit and sympathetic favour; German "frightfulness," the frenzy of Boche strategy and tactics, and the inhumanity of Teuton methods remain, and long will remain fresh in the people's memory.

No doubt these negotiations will be difficult to conduct—for a generation. Then we may expect the Germans to practice their art of writing history in their own manner, and humanity will not have seen the greying locks of the warriors of 1917, who by that time may be greatly changed by reflection. That will be the time when Germany will resume her forward march to Paris and to Calais. The Belgian frontier will still be commanded by German camps and by great German railway stations designed for purposes of invasion. And if the Alliances of 1914-1917 failed to achieve victory, who will believe in Alliances in, say, 1937?

Germany will have spent her inter-bellum period in effecting the overthrow of the Alliances. Perhaps she will "democratise" her army, permitting men to enter its commissioned ranks who hitherto have been excluded therefrom. She will not forget that the Pan-Germanists of to-day are for the most part Liberals obsessed with ideas of national greatness and of political progress of the middle classes. She will announce the "new births," to use Gambetta's phrase, and all that need be said will thus be said. Prussian militarism, which will not have been destroyed, will remain the object of a particular cult, for will it not have secured impunity for the aggressor Empire?

Impunity, moreover, is an inadequate expression. The aggressor Empire will have definitely achieved the conquest of its own Allies. It will have spread a net of domination over the whole of Austria-Hungary, over Bulgarians and over the Ottoman Empire, all of which she will have probed and tested to the bottom.

Thanks to the trick of the drawn game, Germany will be in a position to concentrate on any day she chooses, not merely the German army divisions, but the army divisions of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey wherever she may please to do so. She is entitled to concentrate them on the left bank of the Rhine, her most formidable military camp, where she will be a perpetual menace to Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, the North and the East of France, and the whole Atlantic littoral. If some day she succeeds in paralysing the Russian people by her intrigues, will not Germano-Turanian militarism consider the plan of hurling the formidable mass of its four coalesced armies against the West? And will it not seek by the rapidity of strategic successes to prevent the landing of the British Army and the preparations of the American Republic?

Can anyone really suppose that if Germany got out of the war not merely indemnified but supreme over the Allies, she would not attempt to bear down the little States, which would be reduced to a condition of hopelessness and moral vassalage by the powerlessness of the Alliance of 1914-1917 to conquer?

Can anyone fail to realise the weight that would lie upon the soul of the Neutral Powers if they learned that Germany had been able to emerge from this war with her arms unimpaired? Does not one feel that ultimately the Neutral Powers would succumb to the domination of the Germanophil party, and that the rout of the Pro Allies would be general? Thus, a blank peace, a drawn game, would mean for the British that no return was possible to the *status quo ante* of 1914, and that henceforward they must maintain a permanent standing army to defend Belgium and their own territory. For the French it would mean the final renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine and of all guarantee of security in the north and east. For the Americans, as for the British, it would mean the necessity of entering into the ways of eternal militarism. Yes; the armed watch would have to be maintained and to discontinue it would entail acceptance of Destiny, that is to say submission to German autocracy, more or less thinly disguised.

Germany reckons upon completing in peace her work in the war, if we do not exhaust her formidable militarism in the conflict now proceeding. She reckons first of all on penetrating into the economic and financial life of most of the European Powers. She reckons upon imposing her own commercial and financial domination upon them, and on securing world-wide prevalence for her marks, her firms, her agents, her agencies, her organisers. With sublime hypocrisy she will offer her assistance in the rebuilding of the ruins which she has made.

She reckons on setting up everywhere parties and groups who would take advantage of the general weariness to secure for her re-entry into countries whence her crimes ought to have banished her for years to come. Already, while the war is going on, she has tried to "work" opinion among the Allies. What will it be after the war, especially if she is adroit enough to assume an outward mien of democracy and succeeds in putting rather more out of sight the real preponderance of her Headquarter Staff and the Imperial Dynasty? And again, is not a cry of universal brotherhood going up already? Will not her *cameraderie* receive some sanction by this call of the heart to a less savage condition of things?

One would like to cry "Universal armistice! Let us forget! Let us forbear to pour out the precious blood of man! Let us away with ideas of war!" One would like to do this. But would not that be to betray the future, and would not the enemy already, by intimidation, have spread Pan-German domination a little wider over the world?

"We do not want the shameful peace which Germany offers us," said M. Ribot a few days ago. And so in France, as in England and in the United States and in Italy, there is only one policy and one will, in order to save the future of civilisation and of democracy—to save the independence of all the nations.

The Governments know that they must be willing to hold out and to fight a little longer yet—perhaps for a long time yet. The peoples must give their unanimous assistance to the unanimous Governments. Let us say it yet once more: *an indecisive peace, the non-destruction of German militarism, will mean the definite triumph of the Pan-Germanist conspiracy.*

Only military victory by the Allies can maintain the policy of the nations—peace, without and within each of the nations. The men whose wills weakened would be responsible for defeat.

The dramatic art of M. Brieux has a flavour of its own, not appreciated by everyone, but Mr. Charles B. Cochran is doing good service by presenting these modern French plays in London and staging them well. *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* is not by any means unrelieved gloom as many seem to think; there is a strong farcical vein running through it, and laughter at the Ambassadors Theatre is frequent. The standard of the acting is very high, the whole caste being good, but the heaviest burden falls on the shoulders of Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. C. M. Hallard; they are magnificent. It is a play not to be missed by anyone who makes a serious study of the drama.

Past and Future: Organisation

By Jason

THE creation of Joint Councils will mark an important stage in the development of our industrial organisation. It will give to those industries, where Trade Unions are well established, representative institutions. In this way it will enfranchise the workman and give to society the benefit of his knowledge and experience. It will increase the power of the industry, reduce waste, help to destroy the old view that the workpeople are a separate class, the mere instruments of the power and wealth of others. If this scheme is developed widely and full advantage is taken of its opportunities the setting up of these Councils will be a turning-point in our history.

But none of these consequences will follow unless the Trade Union is the basis of the scheme. We do not want to see new and rival organisations enabling employers, when they are hostile to Trade Unions, to play off one force against another. That would mean not strength but weakness, not co-operation but chaos, and civil war more bitter than any of the quarrels of the past. There must be no "Yellow" Unions in our workshops. The initial principle is to confirm what we may call the spirit of Trade Union law.

It is, of course, essential that the Government should accept this constitution for its own workshops and industries. In the Post Office, in the Dockyards, on the Railways which are now under Government control, and in all Government undertakings, the principle should be applied without delay. The Government cannot well recommend to other employers methods that they do not adopt themselves. Slowly and gradually we have come to see that the Government must be a model employer. We have recognised that principle in the case of hours and of fair wages, and in the case of a departure so important and so promising as this the Government must obviously set the example themselves.

Elements of Chaos

It happens that Government employment offers a specially favourable field, for it is relatively free from the difficulties caused by the number and variety of Trade Unions. In the case of the railways and the mines, now under Government control, and in the case of the Post Office and the Dockyards, there are forces tending to overcome the competition of different Trade Union interests, and to bring all classes of workpeople into line. It is easy to see that the elements of chaos and discord in the Trade Union world are a serious embarrassment and danger to the prospects of the scheme and therefore the experiments in Government employment will be particularly instructive.

In those industries where Trade Unions are weak, some special method is necessary. In most of those industries there exists a special machinery in the form of Trade Boards, established under the Trade Boards Act of 1908, an act for fixing and enforcing rates of wages in sweated trades. The operation of this Board has been reviewed by Mr. R. H. Tawney in an important book "Minimum Rates in the Tailoring Industry" and the experience of the Act shows that it has had two beneficent effects: in the first place it has promoted and encouraged Trade Unionism, and in the second the members of these Boards have developed a habit of discussing other questions than mere wage questions. This habit has arisen partly because it is their duty to fix conditions about learners and in this way they have come to regulate more or less the entrance to the Trade. The machinery of these Boards might be extended and certain further definite powers might be given to them. Before very long we may hope the Trade Unions in these industries will become powerful and representative. Meanwhile these Boards might be set up in certain sweated industries where they do not exist and in certain sweated sections or departments of organised industries.

When industry has its constitution there will be questions enough for its representatives to discuss and settle. We have referred to the questions that come under the term of scientific management. Methods of payment will naturally be discussed, subject of course to the maintenance of district rates. There have been numberless experiments in different methods of payment in Munition Factories during the war, and this experience will be available for the use and guidance of Workshop Committees. Here also it is of vital importance to have the men's views represented. It is the instinct of the employer so to arrange methods of payment as to obtain the maximum of work from a workman in a certain time. It is the instinct of the workman to steady and regulate this pressure, and it is the instinct of the Trade Union to substitute what we may call either a group selfishness or a group loyalty for a merely personal incentive and method. The payment that may be calculated to elicit the greatest effort at a given time may be unfair to the older workmen, and the Trade Union represents collective interest, as against the temptation to the individual to think only of his earnings.

Idle or Industrious

There was a good deal of discussion in the 18th century on the question whether workmen were idle or industrious. Bishop Berkeley said that if a traveller noticed that a man working in the fields stopped to gaze after him he was generally an Irishman: Cobbett said that the Englishman and the Irishman worked hard, but the Scotsman generally chose a light job such as peeping into melon frames. Neither of these statements can be accepted without caution, for Bishop Berkeley was trying to persuade Irishman to work harder and Cobbett shared Dr. Johnson's prejudices against the Scotsmen in England. Adam Smith laid it down that workmen paid by the piece tend to overwork themselves, and the important Interim Report on Industrial Efficiency and Fatigue, published by the Health of Munition Workers Committee, observes that workers, especially those newly introduced to industrial life, require protection against their own eagerness. The temptation to go on to the other extreme will be checked by the atmosphere of corporate responsibility for the success of the industry. It must be remembered that group loyalty, if it sometimes acts as a restraint, may also act as a stimulus. Gun-drill, for instance, becomes much more exciting in a battery when the sub-sections are pitted against each other.

The importance of giving the workmen a voice in these questions is very evident to anybody who has studied the paper on "Incentives to Work" published in the Interim Report on Industrial Efficiency and Fatigue, to which reference has been made. It is there remarked that no wage system known to the Committee takes any special account of the physiological fact that a natural inclination to work is followed by a desire for rest. Two officers at the front recently, for a friendly wager, competed in making equal lengths of a certain trench, each with an equal squad of men. One let his men work as they pleased but as hard as possible. The other divided his men into three sets, to work in rotation, each set digging their hardest for five minutes and then resting for a time till their spell of labour came again. The team which was so organised won easily. The second officer understood this physiological law and the first was ignorant of it; so was his team.

Value of Experience

But in a Munition Factory it has been found that the workpeople have arranged their own exertions with an eye to this law, of which they were aware not from any scientific analysis but from personal experience. A gang of workers, men and women paid on a time wage, were found employed from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. with two half-hour meal intervals, at the process of emptying and filling a series of presses. Each press, after being filled, has to be left under hydraulic pressure for 35 minutes, during which time other presses in the series are emptied and filled. The management calculated the number of presses to each series, which would allow the work to be done in 35 minutes at a reasonable pace: but the workers on their own initiative have adopted a different method. They work with a rapidity so organised that the series of presses is emptied and filled in less than 25 minutes after which they rest for ten or twelve minutes, until the time comes to begin again. The Report urges that the work of tending machines is very apt to cause physical and mental exhaustion, just because the speed of the machine largely controls the rapidity of output and the worker has therefore an incentive to strive to keep pace at all costs. In all work of this kind interpolation of rest pauses is essential, and the Committee urged that a proper method of payment would recognise this. This clearly is a case in which the experience and suggestions of workpeople are essential.

The subject of Welfare Work has come into prominence during the war because the Ministry of Munitions, called on to deal with the problems created by the sudden expansion of a particular industry on an unprecedented scale, has been obliged to consider the arrangements for the health and comfort of workpeople. Women and boys were taken into employment in great numbers, and in the early months of pressure many of the lessons learned so painfully in the Industrial Revolution were forgotten. Everybody was thinking of the firing line, where the Germans could drop a shell on our infantry whenever they wished, while we had to ration our guns day by day. It was a choice between lives and shells, and the authorities yielded to the temptation to suppose that long hours, Sunday work, and incessant overtime were the means to rapid production. We had to learn over again that all this is false economy, and that there is no sphere in which the law of diminishing returns exacts such certain penalties from those who disregard it. The circumstances under which this work has been done forced on the attention of the Ministry the whole question of provision for canteens, washing, rest rooms and other necessities of a decent working life in the factory. From this there developed a Welfare Section, and in many works a Welfare Supervisor is appointed whose business it is to see that the factory conforms to a certain standard in these respects and to give help and advice. This institution might obviously become a positive evil if it meant a new inquisition on the part of the employer; if the welfare worker becomes mainly a new pair of eyes for the management. But if the workpeople themselves control it, it becomes quite a different thing. It would represent the organisation by the workpeople of arrangements for their own comfort, and their enforcement of the kind of standard that would be imposed if our Factory Acts were brought up to date

Workshop Committees

The mention of the sort of questions that will be discussed under the new arrangement shows that the success and reality of the scheme are largely dependent on the Workshop Committees. Any tendency to concentrate authority and function in the District and National Councils would be fatal, for it would be followed by discord between these several bodies. The Workshop Committees would be in the closest touch with the actual life of the shop, and they must have initiative and power if the scheme is to be genuinely representative.

The creation of these Councils and Workshop Committees will mean the beginning of representative Government. It will mean that the general conditions on which the main body of the industry is agreed will be applied throughout the industry. But industry, organised for this purpose, will be a unit also for other purposes.

Take for example the recent establishment of the Board of Control for the cotton industry. The high price of cotton and the shortage of supply have caused a crisis. In the old days every encouragement was given to the chaos and confusion that arose in such a case, for the several firms were left to do what they could and many firms suffered while others actually might make profit out of the difficulties of the trade. Such a crisis occurred at the time of the famous Orders in Council (the answer of the Government to Napoleon's Berlin Decrees) when works were closed by the score and workpeople turned into the streets by the thousand.

It is obvious that an Industry ought to act together and pursue a common policy. The setting up of this Board is a recognition of this truth, and a recognition also of the truth that the workpeople ought to have a voice in deciding that common policy. It will put an end to speculation. For the Board will regulate the buying and selling of raw cotton, and it will have the most extensive powers. Buying and selling will be by licence, and licences will be granted solely by the Board of Control on which Trade Unions have full representation. Thus Labour is admitted to the control of commercial policy and not merely of industrial conditions. In this crisis it is emphatically true that economical policy will determine industrial conditions.

The same arrangement has been applied to the woollen industry in even greater detail. The Government had to find clothing for millions of men, and this entailed all kinds of changes and adaptations in the industry. From this there has grown up a system of control of the industry, which is in name state control, but in fact self-control. The Advisory Committee through which the Government control is exercised has full Trade Union representation. This Committee rations its firms and it also determines the margin to be allowed at each stage in the process of production as remuneration for the work performed at that stage. In its relations to the State the industry thus resembles a Guild. The centre of gravity is now the Advisory Committee, though the Government began by attempting to exercise its control by the old-fashioned methods of specialised officials. It is not improbable that this Advisory Committee will expand into a permanent organisation after the war.

The Government would have been well advised to adopt the same large view in setting up its railway management committee. If Mr. J. H. Thomas is fit to be President of the Local Government Board (and nobody questions it), he is fit to serve on a Railway Committee. There is no reason for discriminating between the railways and such an industry as cotton. Industries that have learned to act together in a crisis will not revert to the old disorganised methods.

Ministry of Industry

We have learnt something also about the use of central institutions or departments. Two Ministries have been set up during the War with whom future industry is specially concerned; Ministry of Labour and Ministry of Munitions. Now the idea of a Ministry of Labour is obviously false and misleading. The name suggests that "labour" is a separate class in the State for which separate laws are made and administered. It looks like an extension of the vicious principle of the Insurance Act. That Act introduced the principle that if a man has an income below a certain figure he can be compelled to do things which men richer than himself need not do. It says something for the unreality into which our politics had degenerated that so wrong a principle should have encountered so little opposition. To talk of a Ministry of Labour seems to imply that the workman instead of being an ordinary citizen belongs to some distinct world of his own, with its interests and its own concerns needing the special interference of the State. It is as if the democrats in the French Revolution had called for a Ministry of the Third Estate instead of demanding for the Third Estate the full rights of active citizenship. In the reorganisation after the war, the Ministry ought to be absorbed in a Ministry of Industry, a Ministry, that is, which concerns itself with industrial matters that are of interest alike to employers and to workmen.

Certain functions would naturally belong to such a Ministry of Industry, which is needed. It is agreed that the nation has a direct and vital interest in safeguarding essential industries, and in making secure the supply of essential raw materials. The organisation of Scientific Research, immensely stimulated during the war by the sheer necessity of discovering substitutes for products that we had imported from Germany, is recognised now as an administrative work of capital and paramount importance. What is wanted is some means of providing manufacturers and men of business with full knowledge of the latest results of experiences and research, of giving advice and guidance based on experience at home and in foreign countries. The Ministry would have, for example, a Costings Department which would work in conjunction with the Industrial Councils. It would be the business of the Department to issue reports, like the reports issued by the Bureau of Standards in the United States, showing what is a reasonable cost of production for each class of article and each process. Such a report would be a guide to the Government in placing contracts and in deciding what profits are excessive. It would be a guide to industry, for a manufacturer would learn whether his work was up to the average standard of efficiency and if not where and why he fell below it. It would be a guide also to collective bargaining on wages.

Such a Department would enable the Government to keep watch over the supply of raw materials and generally to help the efforts of industries to organise and improve their resources. Such action will be needed particularly in the period immediately following the Declaration of Peace. The shortage at the beginning of the war caused by a vastly increased demand will be succeeded after the war by a real shortage in relation to a normal demand. This will involve a strict control of raw material and not least, of shipping, to protect the nation and its industries from the dangers of famine.

It has already been announced that a Committee representing the chief employers' associations and the chief Trade Unions will be the central authority for advising on demobilisation, and such a Committee should become a permanent feature of the Ministry for the discharge of the functions assigned to the present Ministry of Labour. This Committee might be formed by representatives from Industrial Councils.

The working of the Trade Boards Act, the supervision of Employment Exchanges, the control of Unemployment Insurance, would all naturally belong to a Ministry of Industry.

The leading principle to be kept in view in the operations of this Department would be precisely the opposite principle to that of the Insurance Act. As much work as possible should be done through the representative associations of employer and workman, and as little as possible through the Department itself. In the case of Unemployment Insurance the principle of supplementing the provision made by Trade Unions which was recognised in the Act of 1909 should be extended, and the administration of the Employment Exchanges, locally as well as at the centre, should be associated with these representative bodies.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Wilkes and Liberty

FREEDOM must often wish to be saved from her friends. Men vigilant over the liberty of the subject frequently find themselves compelled to support undesirable and even unsavoury persons. If the authorities prosecute a speaker or writer under the effete Blasphemy Laws, the victim is normally a man with whom it is impossible to sympathise except theoretically: and censored journalists, authors and orators are, more often than not, madmen or malignants who have expressed views with which the majority of their defenders do not agree. Governments which desire to break a law or invade a principle commonly choose the most favourable ground they can find: and their opponents are obliged, for the sake of a general belief, to treat as heroes and martyrs men whom they would prefer not to touch with a barge-pole.

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John Wilkes (*The Life of John Wilkes*, by Horace Bleackley, John Lane, 16s. net), was the most remarkable illustration of this truth in all our history. The first great struggles in which "Wilkes and Liberty" was a battle-cry arose out of No. 45 of the *North Briton* and the *Essay on Woman*. "No. 45" was the culmination of a series of attacks upon George III. and Lord Bute, which no decent man would have written and which no decent man could approve: the final nastiness of it was the suggestion that illicit relations existed between George's mother and his Prime Minister. The *Essay on Woman* was one of several poems, remarkable only for the utter coarseness of their blasphemy and obscenity. Few of Wilkes's reputable supporters thought these compositions anything but what they were: and, in the heat of the conflict the wives of the very Whig magnates who were financing him and defending him in Parliament refused to let him into their drawing-rooms. But in each instance an important principle was at stake, or believed to be at stake. After "No. 45" Wilkes was arrested on a General Warrant which mentioned no names: and it was feared that this opened the door to the promiscuous apprehension of persons obnoxious to Ministers. And the *Essay on Women* had been printed and not published; its authorship (though now indubitable) was not definitely brought home to Wilkes; and the Government had only been able to get hold of a copy by means of bribes and espionage. A large number of those who backed Wilkes were politicians, delighted to find a stick with which to beat rivals in office; and he was also helped by the general dislike and fear of Scotsmen. But his great strength, throughout his fighting career, lay in the fact that the attacks on him were believed to be part of a general scheme for establishing a royal autocracy, working through a subservient Parliament. The aristocratic adherents of the 1688 settlement—oligarchs threatened with a loss of power—and the general public, anxious to preserve what freedom it possessed, were bound to mobilise behind Wilkes. For a dozen years, triumphant at the polls, in prison, in exile, or defying the ministers of the Crown from his throne in the Mansion House, he was the idol of democrats in England, and the inspiration of democrats in France and North America. The county of Middlesex returned him again and again when the House of Commons declared him incapable of election: given free choice, almost any other constituency of any size in the country would have done the same thing. Whenever he scored a success in his prolonged trial and lawsuits, he was drawn through the City by triumphant crowds; in the King's Bench prison he was almost buried under gifts of money and provender; his trips into the country were triumphant progresses; his electoral victories sent multitudes cheering through illuminated streets. He could bring tears of sympathy into innocent eyes, and for a good many years he was continually doing so. But his own view of the matter was summarised in a characteristic phrase: "I must raise a dust or starve in a gaol."

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We must, in fact, accept the description of him by the young Gibbon, who met him as a brother-officer in the Militia: "A thorough profligate in principle as in practice." From the beginning, when the son of the Clerkenwell distiller married a Buckinghamshire heiress for her money, induced her to make over her estates to him, and then separated from her, his career was one of unusual blackguardism. During his first election campaign, he denounced bribery in the loftiest way: in his second he spent £7,000, informing a friend privately that he proposed to get returned with the help of "palmistry." Whilst catering to the Nonconformist vote and getting elected as people's churchwarden at St. Margaret's, Westminster, he was one of the Medmenham monks, a confraternity whose debauches were for generations a legend amongst the Buckinghamshire peasantry. His immorality shocked even the eighteenth century. He frequently suggested his price to the Government of the day: now the Ambassadorship to Constantinople, now the Governorship of Canada, and now "a free pardon, a grant of £5,000, and a pension of £1,500 a year on the Irish establishment." He jeered, behind their backs, at the simple populace who made him the power he was, and at the end of his life, safe in the Chamberlainship of the City, he swallowed most of his old views and even became a pillar of the Throne. He was an abandoned libertine, an unscrupulous demagogue, and about as thorough an adventurer as has ever yet become prominent in English politics, which is saying a good deal.

* * * * *

But—or he would not have succeeded—he had his points. That he was, in a measure, a scholar, probably made very little difference, though it almost reconciled Dr. Johnson to him. That he was, in the social way, a gentleman, certainly made him tolerable to the more respectable of his political associates. But his greatest assets were his high spirits and his courage, and the wit that proceeded from the two. "Shame," said Gibbon, "is a weakness he has long since surmounted." He had never known what it was. He never hesitated because of a mind harassed by conscience. He was audacious in action, and always ready with the effective and impudent word. No misfortune depressed him and no personality or dignity abashed him. The crowd loved to picture him as a victim of circumstance, bankrupted and slandered by a Government of tyrants, standing up for the rights of a Briton against all the forces of birth and wealth: and he acted the part with astonishing dexterity, humour and charm,—and with an appreciation of the value of noble catch-phrases that would have served him even better in a later age. He was thoroughly "game"; he fought his duels as though they were games of billiards.

* * * * *

In spite of all his vices and his cant, in spite of a physical ugliness (he had a long thin, sallow, almost concave face, and squinting black eyes) which approximated to that of his near relative Sin, it was difficult not to be attracted by him when he was physically present. He belonged to the type, a favourite one with modern biographers, of the fascinating blackguard. And, as a politician, though he really cared nothing about the distresses of the disfranchised and disinherited proletariat which he used, he had unusual insight. The "Wilkes and Liberty" struggle gave birth to the movement which ultimately produced the Reform Bill; and all his life Wilkes saw that reform must come, and said that it should come. He predicted the French Revolution, and did his best to avert the American one: he was the direct cause of the obsolescence of the veto on the publication of Parliamentary Debates; and he was at every stage a very good judge of the abilities of statesmen. Modern Radicals must regard him as one of the most important of their ancestors: we all have scoundrels in our pedigrees, and it cannot be helped.

* * * * *

Mr. Bleackley tells his story well. His historical judgments are more sensible than we have any right to expect from the author of an illustrated biography; he has spent much time upon his documents; and he works in all the amusing anecdotes. But his English is not of the first order. His grammar is very seedy, and one frequently encounters sentences like "Being the most gregarious creature that ever lived, his room was nearly always full of company." He has a fine flow of clichés and the most exasperating habit of tacking epithets on to proper names. After scores of phrases like "the faithful Dell," "the sympathetic Sally," "the jovial baronet," "the genial Dashwood," "the genial John Wilkes," "the tactful John," and "the autocratic John," one yearns to come across a name standing alone in unqualified simplicity. Mr. Bleackley's one original enterprise in the way of expression is his coinage of the highly regrettable adjective "Wilkish." He had better, here, also have stuck to the stock.

Afternoons on the Irish Coast

By William T. Palmer

ONE has memories of many charming afternoons along the coast of Ireland. There is not a season, not a month of the year without its picture of wild nature. Such a budget of contrasts too. There was ice, green and blue and white, piled high along the Giant's Causeway. For ninety January hours a tempest from the cold North had raged, and now, after fury, came Peace, a rustling sea and the early sunset flooding the crags in crimson glory, magnifying their height, distorting their ruggedness. Out there on the waves a few gulls were resting, and a dark shadow along the horizon presaged the coming of winter migrants which the storm had halted among the Hebrides and along the western shores of Scotland. A tiny V of wild swans slanted across the sea for some food-bearing mud-flat about the mouth of the river Bann, but the ordinary shore-dwellers had been hustled away, either inland or to secluded bays far from this exposed outlook.

There were afternoons of grey February on Lough Foyle, where the white capped waves were never visible more than a boat's length ahead, and all the local knowledge of the natives failed to bring us within sight of the divers and rare ducks. The ears gained more than the eyes on such occasions—sometimes the whole cloud was vocal. There were company calls, and family chuckles: there were feeding cries and hungry queries: there were barks and whistles and quackings and rattles: there were alarm signals, and either a mighty flutter of wings told that the unseen birds had gone away through the fog, or a silence which told that the divers were making a submarine exit from our vicinity.

There were March afternoons when, chilled by the loughs of County Down, one waited for the evening passage of the wild geese—geese which quickly got to know that murder was not in the power of the solitary figure on the marshes, and which pitched well within observation distance. The sentry goose is apt sometimes to make a mistake on that point, and a pound of heavy shot crashing into the mass of scared birds is the penalty. There is nothing particularly striking about this coast unless one choose a firth, a river estuary, running up to the mountains of Mourne. March too is apt to be a month of boisterous weather.

The Passage of Migrants

But April brings forth the sun and the summer migrants Ireland is in the line of passage both for the birds retiring to the Arctic and Scandinavia, and for the new-comers which fare as far north as the farthest of the Shetland group. There are scores of migrant sea-birds off her coasts, many familiar in their season, others not usual to Britain. It is only in April, however, that one feels tempted to leave the shore for the woods and lanes and water-sides. Scores of tiny birds—warblers, linnets, etc.—have come and are busily settling themselves for the summer. The swift and the swallow are swinging through the air, but glorious about all is the flood of bird song. But the shore is not the place for music of this kind. Its birds are vocal either in discordant shrieks or wailing calls, with sometimes a sort of faded sweet pipe from the oyster catcher.

It is full May that calls one back to afternoons on the Irish shore. There are sea-birds on the rock towers, on the broad cliffs of Donegal: there are sea-birds on the stony shores of the bays of Connaught: there are sea-birds on the sands and marshes of Clare and Cork. Go where one will, there is the vigorous scream of alarm, the roaring of many wings as the bird colony rises from its chosen haunt. There is a darkness filled with white, rushing flakes—a veritable snowstorm of birds—as one walks along their shores. Eggs, eggs, everywhere, sometimes so closely packed that one steps with caution, and so cutely coloured and proportioned that a few feet off they are quite invisible.

June brings one more into touch with the birds of the Irish sea-crags. Out in the wilds the osprey has still its eyrie on some pinnacle where at a glance it may be informed of the moving shoals of small fishes. There are great shelves sacred to the nesting of the gannet or solan goose—a wicked looking bird at any time but most so when the climber comes suddenly face to face with it on its breeding station, and the long heavy beak is dashed towards his face. The great solemn chick is a still weirder sight—so utterly different from its parents, and the most helpless youngster among British birds. A young eagle will fan its wings into a flight for pleasure: the wren with its ridiculous wisps will adventure forth without counting the cost: but the young solan goose is a sulky creature indeed, and a real trial to its parents. Luckily or unluckily, twins do not occur in gannet-land, and the woolly overfed creature may be just the result of pampering continued by many generations of proud and foolish parents. There is far more cheerfulness anyway among the razorbills and puffins, the guillemots and shear waters which line some of the Irish sea-ledges.

Our most interesting memory is a visit to a lonely skerry off the Kerry coast where the stormy petrels make their home for a few weeks in the year. The low rocks slippery with sea-wrack made walking unpleasant, but there was a vast romance in being so closely in touch with the most daring, most familiar, yet most mysterious of sea-travellers. Few are its known nesting haunts, wide its range as the Atlantic sweep. No storm seems to disturb its life, for through the wildest day one may see it in glancing flight here and there over the troubled waters. Yet this tiny reef, so far from shore that the mountains of Kerry are a mere haze on the horizon, is its home. The few birds, scattered at our coming, were lost to sight on the swelling sunlit blue of ocean, yet one felt that their keen eyes were watching our every movement, that every white egg discovered added specially to the alarm of one pair of the watchers. The nests proved to be rough constructions of weed and grass, generally in holes or crevices where the mother bird might sit undisturbed by direct sunlight.

One has memories of soft summer surges off Tory Island and off primitive Achill, in many bays where sea-fishing as a sport (as apart from a trade) is practiced. In high July the birds of the shore and cliffs are at rest, for their tiny broods are self-dependent, and no close attention to the home is requisite. There is a lounging spirit abroad: the males and females flock separately, and dawdle over the sea where an illimitable banquet is at their service. The young broods, too, fly together and, after a few days about the home strand or ledge, launch forth into the unknown. There are thousands of pigeons in the sea-caves, and land-birds of all sorts from peregrines to skylarks on the grass ledges and among the rocks, so that the shore is not unfrequented. This great outward movement among the sea-birds is preparatory to the great migration—for most of our individual birds pass south with hard weather, their places being taken by kindred from the icy North.

It is during September that the southward tide is in full flow. It is hardly strange to notice that the birds fly least keenly with a following wind, particularly if it be powerful and carry along sheets of rain. Such a boisterous assistant ruffles up the feathers, drives the rain to the very skin, and soon the chilled bird falls exhausted. A succession of strong gales from the west brings Ireland its strangest visitors—birds which in summer frequent Greenland and even Iceland, but which normally take a course down the American coast for winter. Frequently birds familiar to the swamps and marshes of Florida come down on the Irish coast, tired, amazed, pausing for a while before continuing their route to the Tropics.

October is another slack month for the Irish bird-lover; but November rouses the shore and the bay to life. Knots and whimoral, scooters and divers, the sea sandpipers, come south in thousands together with the numerous sea ducks, and one turns to the sandy bays of the Eastern sea to welcome the coming of the wild geese. For centuries Ireland has been renowned as a great haunt for these, flying there from the Arctic Circle, from the nesting marshes round the Baltic. Wild swans too wing this way, but never in great numbers. On the western shore the winter strikes shrewdly in squall and storm, beating back the tiny birds from the salt water, causing even the strong ones to flinch in terror and majesty. Donegal, Connemara, Kerry, each has its wild areas, though in the far south of the land there is less of Arctic rigour in the breeze, and in every shelter the sub-tropical palms and aloes flourish.

The Irish shore is full of contrasts such as this. The sterile rocks of Antrim protect some tiny vale of rich pasture: the great cliffs of Galway stand boldly out against the Atlantic to keep in peace some silver-stranded bay by which nestles the brown village of the fisher-folk: the crags of Kerry fence in some such darling of the gods as Glengarriff, just as the misty Reeks charm away the tragedy of winter from the arbutus groves of Killarney. The wild west coast is a contrast to the peaceful pasture lands which shelve toward St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea. The song-birds which wing to Ireland for their summer quarters are balanced by the silent fieldfares and redwings, the discordant sea-farers of the winter months.

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IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS

Professor STOKES, F.G.S., writes as follows:—

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Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

FROM the somewhat mixed bag of an off season of publishing, I will pick first of all a noteworthy contribution from the Navy. Many people have heard rumours and a few lucky people have seen copies of *The Tenedos Times*, a periodical by means of which the Mediterranean Destroyer Flotilla kept up its spirits and incidentally raised funds for certain charities during the early days of the war. Here it is reproduced in permanent form for all the world to appreciate (G. Allen and Unwin, 21s.), and is again published to benefit a charity, this time the Officers' Branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. The extraordinarily good work both in colour and in pen and ink, especially the latter, by the late Commander J. B. Waterlow, should alone make the book a treasured possession. For the rest the letterpress contains much good topical jesting, and an abundance of verse serious and otherwise, including many excellent examples of the limerick, that popular stand-by of the ephemeral journal. Here is an example which for better appreciation should be accompanied by its spirited picture :

> A wonderful bird is the pelican ;
> His mouth will hold more than his belican ;
>   He can stow in his beak
>   Enough for a week—
> I can't understand how the helican !

Such is the spirited frivolity of the fighting man. Let us turn next to the solemnity of the man who stays at home.

* * * * *

There is an undoubted nobility of utterance in the poem, directly or indirectly inspired by the war, which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has brought together in a volume appropriately entitled *Plain Song* (W. Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net). With a classic simplicity and sureness of style, only halting now and then from a certain pedantry in the choice of words, Mr. Phillpotts sings of high endeavour and the cause of freedom. He deals only with the big and permanent things, and his deep reverberating tones may well be lost for a time among the higher pitched notes of the great mass of modern poetry. Yet I hope this message will be heard and listened to, for it helps to sustain an exalted mood in which nothing base and petty enters, and in which alone the lasting triumphs of the spirit are won. Here is a characteristic thought expressed with characteristic directness of rhetoric :

> And know the work that you are called to do
> Rests in your reach alone, beyond the ken
> Of any other. Who takes place of you ?
> Not in the compass of a million men
> Your duty lies : it shall be wrought by none
> If at your sovereign will it is not done.

* * * * *

The classical spirit in another mood is also evident in Mr. Oswald H. Hardy's volume of verse *In Greek Seas* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net). Here are the poems of a cultured traveller who muses in verse that often rises to considerable heights of executive skill. It is pleasant in the stress of the times to follow Mr. Hardy into his quiet bye-ways of thought, and allow oneself to be soothed by his true gift of harmony. I quote two verses from " On Shillingford Bridge," with its inevitable suggestion of " The Scholar Gipsy " ;

> . . . —too fast the cords that bind the soul,
> Too dim the path before our downward feet,
> Soon must we see the swift approaching goal
> With all our fond endeavours incomplete—
> Too late to learn, when we are past reprieve,
> A world we have not duly served, and all untimely leave.
>
> Yet not in sorrow would we leave the day,
>   Not in despair shrink from the allotted bourne,
> There follow who will tread a surer way,
>   Noting these little tracks that we have worn.
> So oceanward flows on thy constant tide
> And still the quenchless springs of God burst from the
>   mountain side.

* * * * *

The war from the point of view of the stay-at-home is with us again in *Your Unprofitable Servant* (W. Westall and Co., 3s. 6d. net). This is a picture of the war mood in England from the woman's point of view. The author may not have the X-ray power of Mr. H. G. Wells when he is seeing it through and through, but she has the power of clothing what she does see, which is considerable, with its proper complement of flesh and blood. Her book has a message of solace for women who have lost those they love in the war—a message the value of which a man cannot appraise, but which carries the countersigns of sincerity and simplicity.

How many people, like myself, after reading an exceptionally good article in the *Morning Post*, over the initials " E.B.O.," have formed the intention of cutting it out for their scrap-books, and forgotten to do it till the paper had been used to light a fire ? They can now rejoice with me that they did not waste their time fiddling with scissors and paste, for in *The Maid With Wings* (John Lane, 5s. net), they will probably find many of the things that they had intended to rescue from oblivion. At any rate, in these " fantasies grave and gay," they will be able to rejoice in a good selection of characteristic, and therefore delightful, work from the fertile pen of Mr. E. B. Osborn. They will also have an opportunity of appreciating the wide range of his knowledge and interests, the clearness and saneness of his style and the racy vigour of his prejudices. Let me express the variety of the book by describing three of the nineteen sketches that make it up. The fantasy which gives its title to the volume describes, with a fine sense of the romance of history, the apparition of Joan of Arc to a dying soldier. " The King of Hoboes," describing an interview with an American tramp, is both wonderfully dramatic and psychologically acute. It is worthy of a place beside some of the dialogues in *Lavengro*, among the classes of tramp literature. " Simplified Spelling " is a little " Battle of the Books," an account of a meeting of words presided over by " Damn " to protest against the proposed reforms of the Simplified Spelling Society. It is an earnest of much other good literary fooling in the book.

* * * * *

In *The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis* (John Murray, 5s. net), Mr. Roland Pertwee tells with great verve and ingenuity a series of tales of the adventures of a wealthy collector of objects of vertu and art. The villains of the tale are two dealers, Caleb and Paliser, who three times enter into unholy partnership to oust Lord Louis, and three times get ousted themselves. It is a thoroughly entertaining book.

" Britain's Effort " Exhibition

THE photograph on the opposite page is of a lithograph by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, now to be seen at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. It is part of an Exhibition entitled " Britain's Efforts and Ideals in the Great War, illustrated in sixty-six Lithographs by eighteen artists." Each artist takes a separate activity ; Mr. Nevinson, for instance, illustrates " Making Aircraft " in six lithographs. Mr. Charles Pears deals with Transport by Sea, Mr. George Clausen, with Making Guns, while Mr. Eric Kennington and Mr. Frank Brangwin illustrate how soldiers and sailors are made. Women have their artists. " Work on the Land " is delightfully depicted by Mr. William Rothenstein, and " Women's Work," by Mr. A. S. Hartrick. It is an extraordinarily interesting exhibition, and does undoubtedly bring home to the observer the wonderful energies and activities that have been stimulated and released by the war. Naturally, the subject is by no means exhausted, but it would require, not sixty-six lithographs, but as many as the number of the Beast, which is 666, to deal adequately with all the work of war. Britain's ideals are explained in a dozen allegorical pictures by a half-a-dozen different artists

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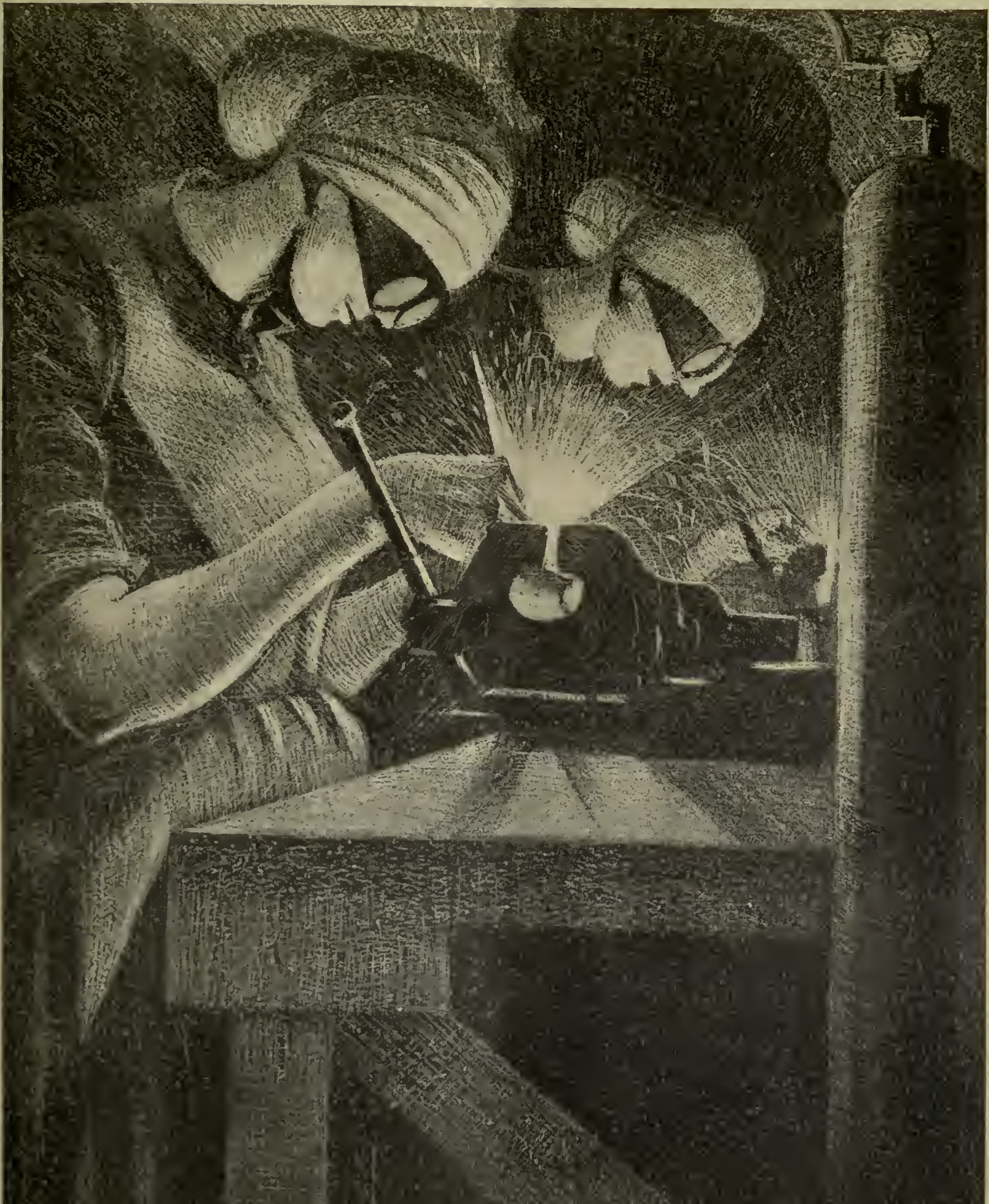

Making Aircraft

This picture by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, entitled "Acetylene Welder," appears in the Exhibition—Britain's Efforts and Ideals in the Great War—now being held at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, 148, New Bond Street

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.*

Overall House Frocks

Heaps of women now engaged in manifold duties about house and garden wear some kind of overall when first getting up in the morning. It is great economy to substitute this for a frock, not wearing the latter till later in the day and so saving it considerably. Ever since the beginning of the war one of the best known London shops has specialised in overalls and brought out many useful designs. Amongst the latest of these is a coat overall on unusually well planned lines, being exceptionally full and by no manner of means the skimpy, uncompromising-looking garment sometimes offered.

Bar the fact that these coat overalls button down the entire length of the front, they are on precisely the same principle as the coat frocks so many of us have already found invaluable. The becoming fullness tends towards this, for not only are they gathered at the front into a shoulder yoke, but at the back is a wide box pleat, so there is a very adequate width in the skirt. Round the waist is a trim belt, and there are two capacious looking pockets.

With perfect justice this model may be called an overall house frock, even apart from the fact that it is equally invaluable for war work away from home. It is made of soft finished robe cloth in brown, heliotrope, grey, white, navy or butcher blue, vieux rose and putty, and costs the exceedingly small sum of 7s. 6d., postage being paid in the U.K.

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A wanted development—and a welcome one—is rice flour. Some while ago it was said by a competent authority that people did not really realise the value of rice as an article of food. Not only is it nourishing and wholesome, but compared with other things it is distinctly cheap. Rice flour, moreover, is a patriotic thing to use. With its aid we can reduce bread consumption, for it makes into cakes, buns and biscuits which can all be used instead of bread, and all of which when well made can be quite excellent. Rice flour buns are particularly delicious.

Nor do the uses of rice flour end here, it can be used for the thickening of soup, and mixed with other flours it can form part of practically everything, so that once again the essential and scarcer cereals can be saved. Another point is that rice flour can be bought in quantities without any stigma of food hoarding attaching to the proceeding. There is plenty of rice in the country, and the relief of pressure upon the wheat stores will be welcome.

A famous London firm were amongst the first to see the possibilities of rice flour and are selling great quantities of it, their customers warmly backing them in the idea, and promptly taking advantage of it. Seven lbs. cost 2s. 3½d., fourteen lbs. 4s. 6½d., while 22s. 6d. is the price for 70 lbs. Organisers of V.A.D. hospitals and institutions all over the country will be glad to hear that larger quantities can also be had, 44s. 9d. being the price for 140 lbs., while 89s. 3d. buys 280 lbs., or a sack.

The Cheapest in London

Some amazingly inexpensive easy chairs with loose cretonne covers are doubly noticeable at the present day when most are so untowardly dear. In spite of war conditions and the increase of cost of production, these easy chairs keep to a moderate price in a way both unusual and refreshing. It could not be done, of course, but for the fact of the firm concerned being their own manufacturers, and thus having no middleman prices to contend against.

These easy chairs please in every possible way. They are very comfortable, very strong, very well made—just the type of thing, in fact, into which a man or woman can slip thankfully after a long day's work and spend a pleasant evening. For V.A.D. hospitals they are capital, several orders of this kind having reached the firm from all directions.

Perhaps, however, the cogent point is that this most comfortable easy chair can be bought for the incredibly small sum of 37s. 6d. This actually includes the loose cretonne cover, the whole thing in all its fresh daintiness and charm being sold complete. A cretonne covered arm-chair can be the pleasantest sight in a room, and these chairs ably fulfil that duty, the cretonne covers being very attractive, some being specially gay and bright with trellis roses and such-like charming things scattered over them.

Of Unsurpassed Value

Even after these words appear in print some days will still remain of the July sales, and one or two unsurpassed sale bargains are still going. Taking all the various conditions into consideration, underwear is one of the things amply repaying buying at this juncture. Some woven gauze merino combinations give a unique chance for they are actually being sold at 3s. 11d., a very special sale price.

Woven gauze merino is delightful for undergarments, and the ones in question fulfil every possible requirement. They wash well and are the most satisfactory things in the world to wear. These combinations are finished with a pretty lace edge and can be had with low necks or high necks and short sleeves. The value here is as genuine as it is remarkable.

Then there are some fancy ribbed combinations with crochet tops for 2s. 11½d., very elastic and good looking, while (if they are not by this time all gone) some delightfully soft lisle vests with fancy crochet tops are the most amazing offer yet encountered, two for two shillings being the wholly inadequate price asked for them.

The Coat to Have

Every woman wanting a raincoat should, before she makes her final choice, consider one of the best models ever presented or made. This is called the Ladies' Trench Coat and it is made by a famous firm of raincoat makers who, as soon as the war started, scored instant success with their splendid coats for the trenches. Men appreciated them so much that they in their turn recommended them to all their womenfolk who were promptly embarking on war work. This gave the firm the idea, and in a very brief while they originated a storm-proof coat for ladies on the precise principles of their trench coat for men.

This ladies' trench coat is capital from all points of view and has been built with the sternest eye to thorough efficiency and practicability. When the collar is turned up it can be fastened in absolute secure watertight position almost up to the ears. Security is rendered doubly sure by a clever yoke piece, this keeping the whole thing in absolutely taut position, while a storm strap also plays its protective part.

The coat wraps well over in front and is fastened round the waist by a smart looking belt, run through a buckle. It can be made with or without a detachable fleece lining, and apart from its weather-resisting properties is the most delightfully warm comfortable wrap into the bargain, and a boon that cannot be overestimated to women motorists and the like.

Patterns, prices, and illustrated booklets will all be forwarded on request.

PASSE-PARTOUT

A splendid site, just opposite Golders Hill Park, looking over Hampstead Heath, has been commandeered by the War Office for the Allies Hospital Benevolent Society. There is room for Hospital Huts to hold 1,000 men, and were they completed they could be filled to-day with men discharged from the Army, maimed and crippled, *who could be cured* if only they could be treated by special appliances, electricity, massage, whirling baths, etc., at far greater expenditure of time and money than the Army Hospitals can give.

The greater number of these crippled and semi-paralysed men are skilled workmen of essential value to the community. If cured they could take their places once more in the ranks of skilled labour. If left to wither away in a crippled condition they will only be able to undertake casual menial jobs or will become permanently unemployed, a reproach to the nation. Funds are urgently needed for the installation of the Hospital, for owing to the rise in price of labour and building materials the original estimates will have to be largely exceeded. Donations can be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bart., at the Office of the Society, 135/7, New Bond Street, W.1.

LAND & WATER

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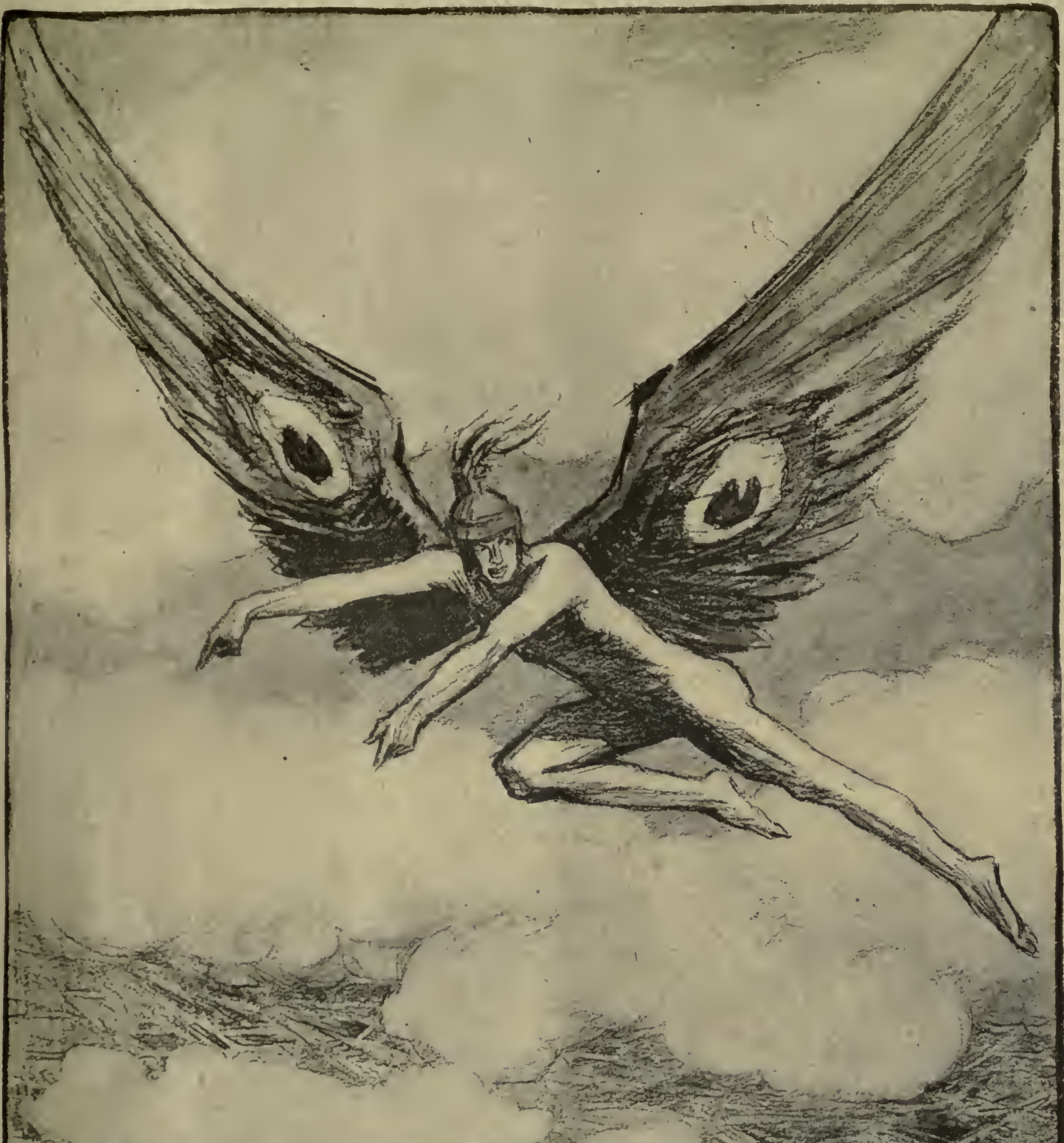

By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

The Eyes of the Army

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1917

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TRUTH ABOUT DEMOCRACY

WE shall have to be very careful in this country and throughout the Great Alliance, especially in the near future, of phrases which have become almost universal in the mouths of the politicians and which may well, if we abuse them, weaken our military effort. They turn on the use of the word "democracy." We are told that the Allied nations are fighting for "democracy"; that "the struggle is between democracy and autocracy," and even—most dangerous phrase of all—that our quarrel is not with "a democratic Germany," but only with Germany as at present organised under an autocracy.

There is a sense in which the first of these two phrases is true; but there is no sense in which the last phrase is true—and it is exceedingly important that we should distinguish between the spirit which inspires the one set of words and the spirit which inspires the other. It is true that the Alliance represents above everything the right of each conscious political community to its own life and the right of such communities to govern themselves. It is true that it is fighting, and has been fighting from the first moment when Prussia suddenly declared war upon Europe three years ago, for this principle; and it is especially true that the enemy, the two Central Powers, the reigning houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg-Lorraine each (though for different reasons) stand for the opposite principle. They claim that the consciousness of races and communities is weak, and that administration and material welfare will outweigh with men the mere ideal of local patriotism. It is further true that the gross violation of national freedom and of the right of a nation to its continued and independent existence have proceeded from the Central Powers and particularly from Prussia. Prussia for 200 years past has never varied from her declaration that she cared nothing for national rights and was only concerned with the advancement of her own power, especially as expressed in her dynasty.

All this is true. But when people go further and try to make it out that some particular scheme or experiment in human government, such as a Parliament to which the Ministry is nominally responsible, universal suffrage, etc., etc., is the test between the two belligerents, they are talking nonsense. The war is much more real than that, and in its present phase to discuss details of that kind is like arguing theology with a burglar who is not only that, but a burglar with a record of murder and on the top of that a burglar actively engaged in trying to kill you and your children. The issue before the Alliance, and especially before Great Britain, is an issue of victory or defeat in the field. There is no middle course. Since Prussia and her allies have thrown down a challenge to Europe, have enslaved Europeans and tortured them, massacred innocent non-belligerents and neutrals wholesale, have broken every old and honourable convention which regulated warfare between Europeans, and have, in general, rebelled against the moral standards of Europe, the issue is not whether our enemies or any part of them shall adopt this or that one of the many experiments in human government (all of them imperfect) which are to be discovered wrecked or surviving up and down the history of mankind. If the enemy maintains his defence up to the moment of obtaining a peace which leaves him militarily strong and able to renew his methods, then we are defeated. If we are defeated the civilisation of Europe is defeated with us, and this country in particular will never be proud or strong again. On the other hand, the defeat of the enemy in the field, whether the enemy at that moment of defeat is politically organised in one fashion or another, means the safe-guarding and the maintenance of all the things which we hold dear and of these things the *nation* stands far and above any particular political arrangement of democracy or parliaments, of "responsibility of Ministers" and the rest.

There is a strange and almost tragic lack of the sense of reality in those who introduce abstract conceptions of this sort at such a moment. It is an absence of the sense of reality which you never get in private or domestic affairs—men don't play thus with their health or their fortunes—but which there is always a danger of your getting in public affairs. And it is one to which men who have made politics their profession are particularly liable. Some men live in phrases, and though the personal objects in the careers they have undertaken had very little to do with the phrases they use, yet the use of those phrases becomes so much of a habit as to be a second nature. It is not second nature for the mass of men who are supporting the terrible burden of this war, and that is why it always jars upon the plain citizen and still more upon the soldier when he reads a long discourse of which such phrases are the backbone. The plain man, and particularly the soldier, has one object in view, which is the defeat of the enemy. He knows instinctively (and indeed the thing is perfectly obvious) that there is no such thing in an affair of this magnitude as a draw. No possible conclusion to the war is conceivable which would not either leave the enemy nation humiliated, broken and weak, or the British, the French, and their Allies burdened with a permanent sense of failure. That is the plain truth, and it is a truth which ought not to need reiteration.

The enemy, and especially the German enemy, and among Germans the Prussian in particular, who is the backbone of the whole of the enemy's resistance, has here and for a long time had an advantage over us. *He* is in no doubt at all about what he wants or about how to obtain it. He desires and has desired, from the moment when he saw that his first plan of conquest had failed, to obtain what he would call "an honourable peace." But a peace honourable to any party in such a struggle is necessarily a victorious peace. He has never wasted energy in defining and re-defining some abstract aim or other. *His* object has been and still is the very simple military object of maintaining his siege lines intact and of continuing his resistance to the pressure he suffers until those who exercise that pressure will have no more heart to continue the struggle. Any suggestion of compromise with that military plan is by so much a military weakness. It is a weakness to be avoided at all hazards.

There is one idea and one only which should fill every mind, it is the idea of the war. And the objects and methods of war do not translate themselves into terms of democracy or autocracy or any such thing, but into terms of military success or military failure—Defeat or Victory! It is at the peril of our national existence that we modify those simple terms with any extraneous matter, or weaken our resolve with the admixture of any side issue. The temptation to do so becomes the stronger as time goes on. The enemy realises this weakness of the Alliance and leaves nothing undone, overtly or covertly, but more particularly covertly, to confuse the plain issue. The success his propaganda has achieved temporarily in Russia is bound to encourage him to new efforts. We must beware of phrases—Defeat or Victory are the only words to bear in mind.

The War

The Action near Craonne

By Hilaire Belloc

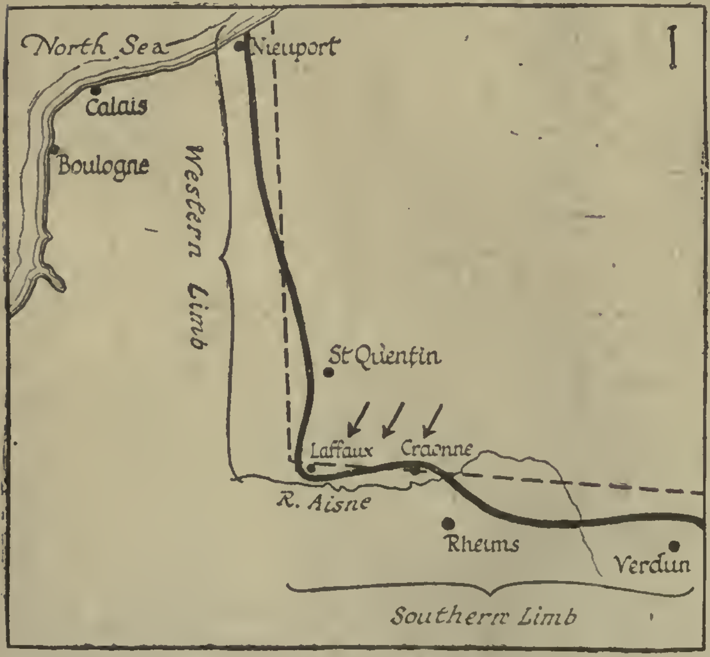
THE characteristic of this week, as of several weeks past upon the Western front, has been the concentration of German effort against the ridge above the Aisne, which is marked by the Chemin des Dames.

From the moment when the French showed their determination to accept on this ridge a purely defensive attitude and to "try" the enemy's strength, the enemy has attacked again and again. It may almost be said that his special and dangerous experiment of forming "storming troops" was made with an eye to this particular sector. He has launched something like 40 great attacks on this one line since he was driven from the last plateau of the ridge—that of Craonne—on May 4th. Until this last great battle opened his expenditure of perhaps 100,000 men had been without fruit. He had lost very heavily indeed. He had gained nothing: A tiny crescent here and there is matched by a corresponding small French advance elsewhere; his losses in prisoners about equal those of the French; his losses in men other than prisoners are far heavier.

What, then, has been his object in thus acting? Politically, it is the common-sense object of attacking the most exhausted of various enemies, even if oneself be more exhausted than he. That surely needs no comment. It is a perfectly self-evident policy. The German recruitment is annually 70 per cent. more than the French. The superior German exhaustion has compelled the Germans to borrow a year ahead of the French. The youngest lads they have to put under fire now are exactly a year younger than their youngest opponents. But if with their numerical superiority they could shake the numerically inferior French they might hope to break up the Western organisation arrayed against them.

That is the political aspect and motive of these continued and very expensive attacks. They are undoubtedly combined with a clumsy misunderstanding of the French temper at this moment. For it is simply inevitable that the Prussian should misunderstand any superior civilisation.

But apart from the political object there is a very clear strategic object.



The German line as a whole between the North Sea and Lorraine is a sort of set square. If either limb of the T goes there is disaster. The great threat, as everybody knows, and no one better than the enemy, is to the northern limb of the set square, and it is to this, at its extremity particularly, that the enemy's anxiety is directed. But if the other limb of the set square broke or fluctuated it would be impossible to hold the northern limb. He is therefore maintaining himself with all his energy upon this second or southern limb, at the point marked by the arrows, as a sort of preliminary to the main trial he must endure to the north, and as a sort of foundation for his attempt to resist that trial.

Now he cannot remain merely upon the defensive along this southern limb of the set square. He has not the men, and he has not the organisation for it, and he is inferior in artillery into the bargain. He is also inferior in observation. I do not know whether it sounds paradoxical, but it is a mere elementary truth of all warfare, that if you have lost good defensive positions or good defensive opportunities, you have to counter-attack more violently; you have to lose far more men; you have, in general, to make the machine work faster and more expensively in order to maintain the worse line behind the better line which you have lost.

That is the whole meaning of the Chemin des Dames during the last week, and during several weeks before. The enemy is upon the whole overlooked in the matter of mere ground. He upon the whole suffers a superiority of observation at his opponents' hands from the air. He suffers—take the line as a whole—from a considerable superiority against him in artillery, from a moral superiority, which can only be judged by those upon the spot and which I do not pretend to describe, and from a certain though moderate numerical superiority in men upon the southern limb as a whole. Therefore must he counter-attack with the more violence and the more tenacity if he is to hold at all.

One might put the matter a little theatrically, but not untruly, by expressing it in spoken sentences:

"I am standing in an angle facing west and south. I am expecting a tremendous blow upon the northern angle facing west. I must secure the southern face of the angle if I am to hold at all when this main attack comes. I used to maintain that southern face by defensive siege works, which I had strengthened for over two years, in which I long had superiority of artillery, and up to last April, little less than an equality in men, and complete power of observation over the ground approaching my positions.

"All these I have lost. I lost my observation ridge at the end of April; I have long lost my numerical superiority in men. I have been thrown back on a new and less perfect entrenchment; I am suffering from superior artillery fire, and, on the whole, superior observation from the air. Yet I must keep my southern face firm in view of what is coming against my western face. My only way of keeping my southern face firm is to keep up an offensive-defensive continually along the line of it. I must go on attacking to be able to hold at all. My chief anxiety is for men, and the task is terribly expensive in men; but I have no choice."

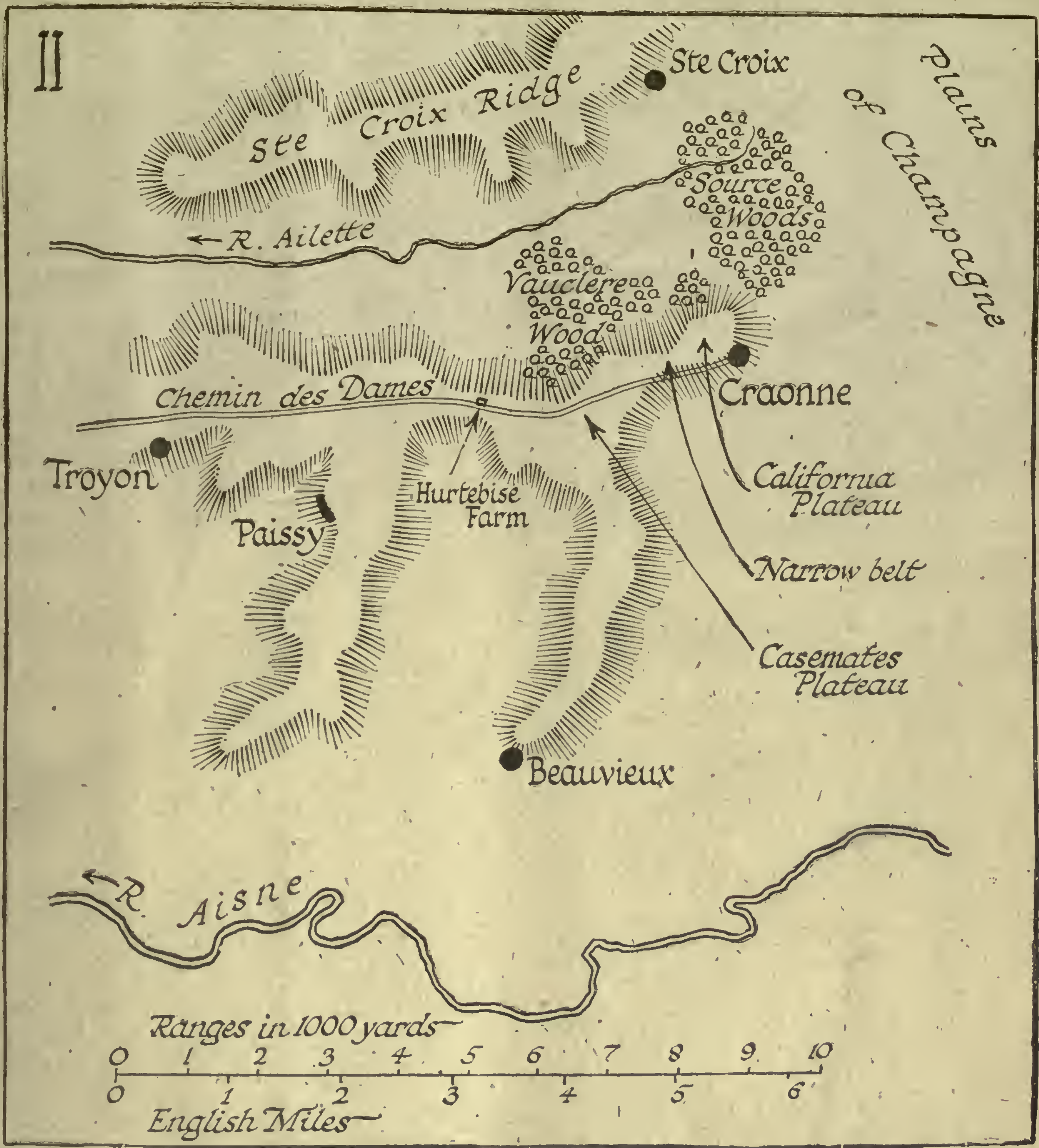
That, I think, is a fair statement of the position between that exalted platform of Craonne, which looks out over the plains of Champagne, and the prolonged forests of Coucy and the Ailette, where is that angle by Laffaux in which the German position turns a corner, and, from facing south against the halted and awaiting French line of the Aisne and Champagne, turns north to contemplate (with what legitimate anxiety the future will show) the steadily increased British force and its French admixture that is preparing the northern blow.

So much for the general nature of these repeated attacks by the enemy against the Aisne Ridge, attacks which might have been thought to reach their climax in the heavy disaster suffered by the Germans a fortnight ago, when three of their divisions were broken to pieces on a ten-mile front, but renewed with hardly more result so far in the fighting of this week.

That fighting merits a particular and detailed description, for it is a sort of model of all recent fighting in this district, illustrating its political and military objects; his *particular* object to-day being the plateau of Craonne, which is the extremity of the Aisne ridge and gives observation over all the Northern Champagne plain.

The geographical nature of the Aisne Ridge must first be grasped. It is a long and continuous height of something over 20 miles, running north of the Aisne River from Soissons eastward; and the particular portion which concerns us (and the Germans) just now is the last seven miles of it, which stretches from the village of Troyon to the little town of Craonne.

This last seven miles of the ridge may be compared in shape to the Greek letter Pi (π), or to a football goal; a beam supported upon two standards. The beam is the ridge itself, and the two standards or legs of the letter Pi are the lateral ribs of Paissy and Beaurieux running down southward toward the Aisne and sinking in height as they go. The ridge is of chalky formation, though the stone is so hard that it cannot be called chalk nor compared to our chalk downs. It is extensively quarried for building. If I am not mistaken



a great part of the stone used in the building of Rheims Cathedral came from the western end of it.

The value of this ridge for military purposes is twofold. In the first place, it is difficult of attack, because the slopes falling northward from its outer edge are very steep, and in the second place it gives perfect observation over the broad valley upon which the Germans were thrown back during the great offensive of last April. It does not, unfortunately, give observation over the whole country northward because, between it and Laon, there is another ridge (called, from the village at its foot, the ridge of Ste. Croix) which stands up against the sky and cuts off from the observers upon the Aisne Ridge the vast plains that stretch out round Laon, and the roads and railways whereby the enemy supplies this front.

Nevertheless, the possession of the observation posts upon the Aisne Ridge and the possession of its steeply guarded escarpment is of the highest possible military value. It compels the enemy, as we have seen, to use much larger numbers of men here than was the case when he was himself in possession of the ridge. It puts all his three parellels in this region under direct observation, and if it were lost the loss would correspondingly jeopardise the French line in that region.

The main ridge between Troyon and Craonne is far from being a simple narrow line, such as is, for instance, the ridge of Vimy and many other similar formations in Northern France and in this country. I cannot recollect any close parallel to it in England, but perhaps the nearest thing to compare it to is the southern end of the Chilterns.

The first or eastern half of that section we are considering, is fairly broad—from 500 to 1,000 yards and more between the clearly defined northern escarpment and the dip of the southern slopes that run down to the Aisne Valley. This broad part is followed upon its summit by the country road now famous as the Chemin des Dames. Its observation posts are in the hands of the French. Some 4,000 yards east of Troyon the ridge suddenly narrows, and 800 yards further on eastward comes to a knife edge as restricted as the Hog's Back which carries the Portsmouth road between Guildford and Farnham. This wasp waist of the ridge was marked in times of peace by the large farmhouse of Hurtebise ("Take-the-Gale") the ruins of which with their observation posts are in the hands of the French.

Eastward again from Hurtebise the ridge broadens out once more, though not so considerably as was the case in the Troyon district. It is nowhere on the level flat top as much as 500 yards across, and in places it is not a hundred. This eastern section rises gradually as it proceeds and is in all just 4,000 yards long—about 2½ miles—and it was against this part that the whole of the German effort of last week was directed. It consists in two portions. The plateau called "The Casemates," and the plateau just above Craonne (the highest of all) which bears the local name of "California."

Between the two the flat summit narrows to a waist only slightly broader than that of Hurtebise.

On these heights the French trenches are drawn. Roughly speaking the first trench follows the northern escarpment, with its observation posts coming in places down below the edge and along the face of the hill. The second trench follows more or less the summit, or centre of the flat, and the third roughly corresponds to the southern edge. The plateau of California at the extreme eastern end above Craonne is of a special value because it is the highest part, because it is a natural fortress, very difficult of access on all sides, and because it overlooks not only the valley to the north between it and the ridge of St. Croix, but all the vast plain of Champagne, the east of which it dominates as Black Down dominates the Sussex Weald or Shaftesbury the flats of Stour Valley.

The first portion of the northern escarpment is bare, but after a short distance varying from 50 to 150 yards, the lower slopes and the valley below are for the most part covered on this section of 2½ miles by woods which conceal the concentration for an assault. The largest body of wood is below the western part of this particular section, just under the Casemates Plateau and known by the name of Vauclerc. The escarpment of the ridge dominates the valley below (which is that of the Ailette) by about 300 feet; and the sharp slope is about 150 to 200 feet in dip.

It is quite clear that the Germans intended this time a complete operation which should put them in possession of the Craonne and Casemates Plateau. We can be certain of this both from the strict circumscription of the effort, from its determined character, from the quality of the troops employed, and especially from the very prolonged and intense bombardment. Further, the attempt is still continuing at the moment of writing.

The preliminary bombardment extended for over a week. There is evidence (from prisoners) that it was to have terminated, and the infantry attack to have been launched, two days earlier (that is Tuesday, the 17th), and its postponement may have been ordered for political considerations. The new Government in Germany—the new Chancellor, that is—was to make an inaugural declaration upon Thursday, the 19th, and it was perhaps designed that the carrying of the plateau should have come as welcome political news immediately after.

At any rate, the bombardment lifted just before 7 o'clock of the morning of Thursday the 19th and the infantry was launched to the assault.

This infantry, the first batch of it at least, which took the brunt of the fighting, was specially chosen. It was that 5th division of the Guard which was formed in the earlier part of this year, with whom were distributed elements of the "Storming Troops," a description of which was recently given in these columns. The French front trenches were held by troops from Indre et Loire—Tourangeaux.

Immediately after seven o'clock this 5th Division of the Guard which had, I think, been kept behind the lines up to that day, attacked the escarpment. The attack failed completely against the two wings, the Western and the Eastern; the narrow piece of ground between them was more difficult of defence because the direct observation of the barrage from the trenches behind was not possible, and here over a sector of a little more than a hundred yards the Germans obtained a footing in the demolished front trench. This did not give them, by the way, any observation posts, because the front trench at this point runs just below the escarpment. The few yards of ground thus seized were subject to a very heavy converging fire from the French right and the French left, which, as will be seen from the map, project upon either side. Following upon this converging fire the French counterattacked, apparently in the afternoon, and drove the enemy back to the lower part of the slope. While it was still daylight, at half past eight in the evening, the enemy returned to the assault, and all night there was a violent hand to hand struggle along the entire two and a half miles.

It is remarkable that the German communiqué issued that evening told us nothing of this very considerable action.

The next day, Friday the 20th, another division, which may have been the reconstituted 5th Brandenburg Division or the 6th,* and which was in any case composed of Brandenburg troops, was thrown in, in support of the shattered Guards. They appear to have come into action in the course of the night, for the action died down quite early, and during the greater part of the day nothing more was attempted by the Germans. On the night between Friday and Saturday there were a renewed bombardment and numerous infantry assaults, none of which got home, and during the day of Saturday there was another interruption in the enemy's infantry operations, an interruption filled with a continuous bombardment. On Sunday yet another division—the 15th Bavarian—was thrown in by the enemy after a particularly intense preparatory bombardment at daybreak, and perhaps portions of a fourth.

All the Western effort between Hurtebise and the "waist" to the east failed. Meanwhile there was a considerable concentration going on behind the German lines, part of which was caught in the open by the French observers and very heavily punished under direct fire from the batteries concealed under the southern slope of the heights, and it beame clear in the course of the day that the enemy was organising an effort of first-class importance. Not only had he added to his original Guards Division, a second, a third, and possibly a fourth division against that little point of 2½ miles since the opening of the battle four days before, but he was concentrating a great mass of artillery, many new batteries being located in the course of this last Sunday by the French observers. Before Sunday evening the enemy lost ground in front of the Casemates, but at the same time—just before dark—they got into the French front trenches on the northern edge of the California Plateau.

It seems from the last report that the French observation posts on the northern edge of the "California" plateau were even in enemy possession on Monday, but not the parts on the east overlooking the plain. As we go to press the action is continuing and would seem to be increasing in intensity.

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*As the paper goes to press a French dispatch gives the Division as the 5th Reserve—a Brandenburg formation.

The Russian Break

The Russian front has collapsed. That is the plain truth of what has happened on the 25 miles between, and north of, the two railways which converge on Tarnopol. To what extent the breach may be extended by the time these lines are in print it is impossible to say, but at the moment of writing its seriousness is best grasped by the eye.

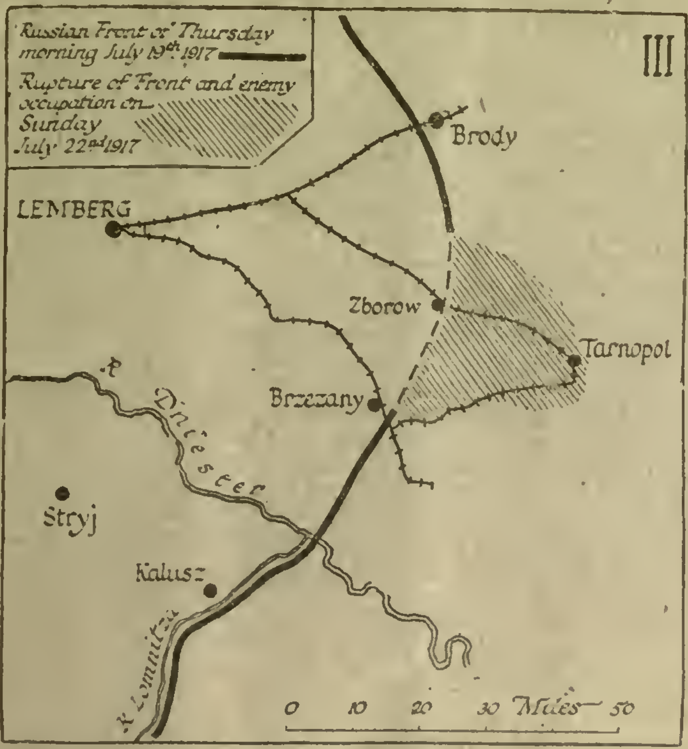
Let the reader look at the huge bulge on Map III. and he will appreciate what I mean. The Austro-German armies are already beyond the point from which Brussiloff started nearly 14 months ago, and the breakdown was due not to military but wholly to political circumstances. There was no faulty strategical disposition. There was no lack of munitionment or of guns. What was at fault was the human will and the political organisation of men.

It is the strongest object-lesson in the necessity of military discipline which the war has yielded: May it be laid to heart. It is not only the general discipline of any army which makes it strong, it is the permeation of that discipline throughout every detail of that army. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. A line is as strong as its weakest sector. The 7th army did magnificently in the first two days of July at Koniuchy and in front of Brzezany. The 8th army under Korniloff a week later did better still, and carried the whole line of the Bystryza, reached the Lomnitza and threatened Stryj. The 2nd army, which covered Tarnopol and ran through Zborow, may very well have contained elements as excellent as those of the 7th and 8th armies to the south of it, but because one element was rotten nothing could hold.

The 607th regiment appears to have held a portion of the trenches about 15 miles north of the Lemberg-Tarnopol railway, just on the watershed between the two river systems. Its sector was not broken by the enemy artillery, still less driven in by the enemy's infantry attack. It was simply abandoned by its defenders at 10 o'clock in the morning of last Thursday, July 19th, and the event is perhaps the most significant of the whole year.

The local reserves immediately behind were ordered to make good before it was too late. Instead of obeying orders they went into committee and moved amendments. Before evening, the four or five miles for which the original mutinous four battalions were responsible, was a clean hole in the Russian line, and the elements to the north and to the south had, of course, to retire if they were to save themselves from envelopment. The whole line was dissolved, and over a space of some 25 miles or more a precipitate retreat began and was indeed necessitated by the original act of mutiny upon the part of the 607th. It continued all Friday; by Saturday night the enemy's troops were in the very suburbs of Tarnopol and the Russian line in Eastern Galicia had ceased to exist in any true military sense. The salient created by the enemy was already thirty miles in depth; by Monday Tarnopol was in enemy hands.

What the further consequences of this piteous political breakdown may be we cannot yet tell. The facts as I have


Russian Front on Thursday morning July 19th 1917
Rupture of Front and enemy occupation on Sunday July 22nd 1917
III
Brody
LEMBERG
Zborow
Tarnopol
Brzezany
R. Dniester
Stryj
Kalusz
R. Lomnitza
0 10 20 30 Miles 50

stated them apply to the events recorded by both sides in almost similar terms up to the night of Saturday last, the 21st. As this paper now goes to press 24 hours earlier than it formerly did—a necessity imposed upon it by the labour conditions of the moment—we have no later news at the time when this article has to be set up.

The remainder of the news from the Eastern front is so far insignificant. There is a report that the 7th army is furthering its retirement south of Brzezany, and it is difficult to conceive how it can avoid such a movement, and the 8th army south of the Dniester has abandoned the last points it held beyond the Lomnitza and will in its turn feel the effects of what is going on fifty miles to the north of it. An artillery duel of some severity, followed by an infantry attack, took place in the north simultaneously with this all-important breakdown in Galicia. The German attack was successfully met by Siberian troops. The scene of the attack was the lake region north-west of Minsk. There was also a certain amount of fighting on the Dwinsk front, but compared with the Galician news these northern developments may almost be neglected.

There is only one point of relief in connection with that news. It is the point we have always made in these columns, and it remains true even in the face of such events as those of Tarnopol. It is, that in the presence of chaos the enemy cannot for the moment weaken his Eastern front. The situation is abominable but it is one degree better than it would have been had an organised nation with disciplined armies accepted peace. To-day it is clear that nothing that has so far happened upon the Eastern front yet permits the enemy to leave that front ungarnished. He needs, and will need, counting in the Austrian, Turkish and Bulgarian Allies, not less than a million and three-quarters between the Black Sea and the Baltic. With less than that—only a man to a yard—his line cannot be held, and no breakdown on the Russian side, nor even negotiations by any portion or fraction of what was once the Russian Empire, can guarantee him so far against the necessity for continued vigilance.

The Transformation of War—III

We were saying that the three great factors in the transformation of modern war were, first the change in scale which involved a change in quality—for the modern war is the war of a whole nation or of several nations combined ; secondly, the effects produced by the new violation of neutral rights ; and thirdly the effect of new instruments, particularly the internal combustion engine with its two great developments of aircraft and rapid road transport.

The second of these factors in the modern change, the innovation of neglecting neutral rights, has certain military consequences which have, as yet, only partially appeared. It is remarkable and greatly to the honour of Europe that so obvious an advantage to the belligerent who should undertake it, has been in so large a measure refused, and it is remarkable with what stubbornness this purely European tradition of the rights of neutrals (for antiquity outside a few small federations knew nothing of this principle) has survived. There has indeed been only one perfectly clear cut immediate and determined violation of what had for so long been a part of European morals, and that was the passage of the German troops through Belgium. Wherever else there has been such interference with what used to be thought the rights of neutrals, that interference has been partial and tentative and has reached even the degree which it now holds, very slowly. Such an experience gives a fair ground for hoping that even in the future, when a Europe profoundly changed shall have arisen out of the war, something will remain of the old conception that the rights of a nation within the European comity were comparable to the rights of a free citizen in a State. The German Government itself in committing the crime of invading Belgium admitted that it was a crime and proposed the plea of necessity, urging with a really childish simplicity that the invasion of France, which was its object, could not be accomplished in any other fashion. As a fact the military advisers of the German Government were here probably in error. It is doubtful in the light of what happened to the first fortresses that were attacked whether the Eastern barrier of the French frontier would have held. And if Germany lost the war at the Marne it was largely because she insisted upon executing so enormous a turning movement.

But at any rate, for the purposes of this discussion, the noteworthy point is that for the first time in many centuries territory of which the neutrality was specially guaranteed was violated. That which has been done once may be done again, and it behoves us to consider the military consequences of such an action.

The first and most obvious military consequence is its necessary effect of grouping the very largest military combinations together. This effect is produced by the combination of a number of tendencies. The small and weak nation upon the flanks of a strong nation knowing itself liable to invasion in spite of guarantees, must almost necessarily ally itself either to the strong nation which threatens it, or to some strong opponent with whose frontier it also marches. We might put the thing in a nutshell by saying that after this war the small nations upon the fringe of the Germanic group in Central Europe will either fall into the orbit of that group (in case the Allies fail to use their victory as they should) or, will fall into the orbit of those who have defeated the Germanic powers.

A very large number of strategic consequences flow from this. The gate of the Baltic will belong to one or other of two groups in Europe, as we have seen the entry to the Black Sea fatally fall into the hands of one of the two opponents. The same will be true of the Continental ports of the North Sea; the opportunities for supplies which these afford will either be left open to whatever governs Central Europe or will be removed from that Power.

Yet another military consequence is the overlooking of the smaller neutral territories in the matter of espionage or intelligence. It is hardly credible that two opposing elements will permit small or weak neutral territories to remain in the future what they have been in the past, a field of competition between the spies and counter spies of either party. We may almost use the word "necessary" and say that it will be inevitable—a question of national survival—for the victorious party to take measures for preventing the use of territory, however sacredly guaranteed as neutral, for the purposes of espionage by the defeated party.

To take another aspect of this thing. History will not fail to note that if Germany probably weakened herself by the violation of Belgium strategically, she none the less politically strengthened herself and has in that occupation the immediate though subsidiary advantages of near bases for attack by air upon this country. Whether that occupation, so long as it endures, also gives her naval advantage I do not know, but it may well be so. Had the Entente, taking as their excuse the violation of Belgium, immediately proceeded to a similar violation of neutral rights, their strategic position would have been enormously improved. In the matter of blockade alone, the immediate rationing of all the small nations of the North would have hastened the conclusion by months or years. A corresponding neglect of neutral rights would have given a perfectly open road into Serbia from the south and would have established bases for action against Austria in the Adriatic.

The Entente has suffered in a military sense heavily by its attachment to the older principle and by its great reluctance to detract even partially and tardily from that principle. But we must do ourselves the justice to record the truth, that this hesitation was mainly a moral one. There were, it is true, other elements. There was the desire to prevent any accession of strength to the enemy by throwing even the small nations into his arms; there was the peculiar position of the United States. There was the shortest and easiest communication with our Russian Ally, and so forth. But in the main the motive was that underlying the whole effort of the Entente, the preservation of Europe with its tradition and its conscience intact. For that is in the last analysis the great distinction between the two parties to this enormous quarrel. Prussia wholeheartedly, and with a greater or a less degree of reluctance her group of Allies, stands for the destruction of European traditions as being something in the way of Prussian power and expansion. The Entente stands for the preservation of that tradition. And that is why the war, quite apart from national patriotism, appears to the detached onlooker as a fight for the salvation or dissolution of Christendom.

That things will be quite the same after the war in this respect as they were before the war is unfortunately not to be hoped for. It will never be possible in future to leave the chances of a violation of frontier out of account. But we may reasonably hope that the novel infamy which Prussia has introduced into European warfare will be restricted within tolerable bounds.

We have an historical parallel for such a thing in three other enormities, each of which is associated with the name of Prussia: Attack upon a peaceful power without declaration of war (Frederick the Great's boast at the beginning of his career); the destruction of existing power by mere occupation, (Prussia's detestable partition of Poland—to use Frederick the Great's own phrase his "communion upon the body of Poland"); and the shooting of innocent hostages—of which 1870 was the precedent. All these things were introduced into practical war by Prussia, yet none of them permanently entered into our European morals.

A fourth might be added: The use of forgery in diplomatic relations. The war of 1870, for instance, was brought about by a deliberate forgery, the crime of Prince Bismarck who forged a telegram, purporting to come from the French authorities, in order to force war. Here was a precedent established in 1870 and one that went unpunished, nevertheless it did not enter into the general morals of European diplomats. On the contrary, the tendency of the decent nations was rather to forget that such a thing had happened. I well remember how, in the House of Commons some years ago, I pointed out that when Prussia next undertook a raid upon Europe she would probably do some gross breach of morals in the belief that such a breach would give her an advantage. But when I cited Bismarck's forgery in proof of this many dissented from this undoubted historical truth; many had not heard of it—so short is political memory. Perhaps after the war the nature of the animal and the necessity for destroying it will be better understood. Yet there would seem to be quite a number of fairly educated men going about who have not yet learnt the lesson, and who would trust a democratised Prussia (what a phrase!) for the third time, and observe with interest the continuation of that Power still strong in Europe.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Arthur Pollen, our Naval Writer, is giving a series of lectures in the United States. Next week we look forward to publishing a special article from his pen reviewing naval events and policy throughout the last year. He returns to England early in the autumn, when his naval articles will be resumed in these columns.

The Food Situation in Holland

By John C. van der Veer (London Editor of the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*)

NOT long ago a Dutchman said to me: "Coming from Holland to England seems coming from war to peace." In other words, he found in this country, after her three years war, the food question far less severe than it is in Holland, which all the time remained at peace. The same tale was told by many sailors of torpedoed Dutch steamers on their return to Holland. The Germans never believed us when we ridiculed their boast of being able to starve the British Islands by their illegal and barbarous submarine warfare. But they learned that homely truth recently from those returning Dutch sailors, who had perforce been living in England for a couple of years, until a Dutch steamer came to fetch them. Here they found plenty to eat, but a scarcity of food in their own country.

This striking fact is encouragement for the British people. Their hardships caused by the war are actually less than those endured by the people of neutral countries, who in time to come will be ashamed of having stood outside this great struggle for right and liberty. And their shame will be more penetrating, when they realise their ignominious acts of sustaining the universal enemy by supplying him so prodigally with foodstuffs and other things which he badly needed for carrying on the war. It deeply pains me to say, that Holland has in that respect sinned very much against the Allies, and particularly against Great Britain, whose honourable intervention in the war actually saved her from falling after Belgium a prey to German ambition. But the whole of our people, overwhelmingly as they are and remain in sympathy with the Allies, must not be blamed for the export policy, which sustained and even encouraged Germany in her struggle. On the contrary, the bulk of the Dutch people deserve more pity than reproach, for that very export policy has victimised them not less than it thwarted the object of the Allies. That is what I want to explain here.

I do not want to defend myself against the imputation of harming Holland. I claim to have my country's honour and highest interests far more at heart than some of my countrymen, who for the sake of private gain have during the war conducted a roaring trade with Germany, filling their own pockets but depriving the Dutch people of sufficient foodstuffs which their own soil produced, and at the same time provoking resentment among the Allied nations.

In view of the fact that Germany wantonly provoked this war, and carried it on atrociously, every nation ought to have boycotted her. Such moral policy does not agree with what is called neutrality. But the neutral countries of Europe have not even followed strict impartiality towards both groups of belligerents. Their export policy favoured Germany far more than the Allies. simply because Germany, being driven in a corner, offered them the highest prices. According to our official statistics, the total quantities of principal Dutch products in 1915 and 1916 exported to Germany and England were in metric tons (one metric ton is equivalent to ·984 British ton) as follows:

	To Germany.	To England
Potatoes	334,559	3,609
Potato Meal	128,514	13,837
Meat	131,467	25,445
Fish	316,219	747
Butter	68,088	4,657
Cheese	139,521	15,257
Eggs	55,548	8,535
	1,176,916	72,087

The figures omit the great quantities of foodstuffs smuggled into Germany during the last two years. But it shows that in that time Germany received of Dutch foodstuffs sixteen times more than England. The quantities were in the first quarter of this year far less unequal. Then Germany received from Holland 20,028 metric tons of meat, fish and dairy produce, and England 13,660 tons. The proportions were in the last two years scandalously in favour of Germany. Yet, she has not only destroyed a large part of the Dutch mercantile fleet and the finest ships, she has threatened the independence of Holland. On the other hand, Great Britain has not only at sea protected Dutch ships against German mines and submarines, she also safeguards the independence of Holland and her colonial possessions. Is it then any wonder that numerous Dutchmen feel very bitter about an export policy which has been favouring Germany far too much? My paper (the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*) has constantly opposed and denounced that export policy, and for commenting not the least too strongly on it, the Editor, Mr Schroeder, was arrested in December, 1915.

Now, what has Holland gained by that extraordinary large export of her own foodstuffs to Germany? Holland to-day is flooded with German money. It is true that she is to some extent dependent on Germany, particularly for coal and iron. But Germany intentionally made Holland dependent on her for those things, by sinking numerous Dutch ships and preventing our country getting coal from England. It is, however, not an exchange to which the trade between Holland and Germany points, it is rather profiteering on the part of some of our producers and commercial men. At the end of last year, the statistical Dutch weekly *In-en Uitvoer* (Import and Export) calculated, that during the first nine months of 1916, Holland sold to Germany between £23,000,000. and £25,000,000 more than Germany sold to

Holland. From this it can be realised how much German money Holland gained during the war. And as Germany stopped long ago sending gold to Holland, the balance was largely paid in notes, which are likely to become "scraps of paper" at or before the end of the war.

But even if all the millions which Dutch trade earned from Germany were realised at their face value, it cannot console the bulk of our people, who to-day are suffering from a food scarcity, which is mainly due to the large exports to Germany. Take the case of potatoes. Holland produces far more than she needs for home consumption. In ordinary times, about ten pounds of potatoes are weekly consumed per head of our population. Since more than a year ago, the large exports to Germany compelled our Government to ration our people in regard to potatoes. They had ultimately to be reduced to two or even one pound per week, and recently Amsterdam was entirely without potatoes. That caused riots, in which a few people were shot and many injured. It must, however, not be thought that our people are less law-abiding than the British people. They are rather more long-suffering. But while they were themselves without potatoes, they knew that large quantities were still going to Germany.

The Germans, with their usual falsehood, tried to cast the blame on Great Britain and incite our hungry people against this country. But the facts were too well known in Holland. The British Government at last took steps to stop the one-sided Dutch export to Germany. A commercial agreement was made some time ago between this country and ours, whereby the Dutch Government was left entirely a free hand to decide how much Dutch foodstuffs should remain in Holland for the Dutch people themselves. But of the quantities allowed to be exported, Germany and Great Britain were to get an equal share. About 20,000 tons of Dutch potatoes of last year's crop were already exported to Germany. But before Great Britain received her share of the old crop, new potatoes were sent to Germany. That unfairness the British Government did not allow, and no honest Dutchman blamed her. This country is perfectly willing to receive no potatoes or other foodstuffs from Holland, if none are sent to Germany.

The same unfairness is apparent in the export of eggs. In normal times the Dutch people can afford to eat on the average two eggs weekly per head of the population. Holland produces an abundance of eggs, and, before the war, used to receive also large quantities imported from Germany. Germany now sends Holland no eggs, but receives from her ever so many more. In consequence, eggs, too, had to be rationed in Holland. They are distributed through the municipalities, who, in the middle of February, could get no more than 13 per 1,000 inhabitants, instead of the normal consumption of 2,000 per thousand inhabitants. *And in the same month, not less than 622 tons of Dutch eggs were exported to Germany.* The same thing happens with vegetables, beans and peas. Our own people have to go short because of the large exports to Germany. That situation they have tolerated for two years. It is enough to make the most law-abiding people revolt.

And the more Germany gets the more she claims. If a finger is given to her, she takes both hands. She bullies Holland unceasingly, and may yet drive our country into the war. That this can never be on her side, is what every level-headed Dutchman fully understands. But the rulers of Berlin have a particularly urgent reason to dislike Dutch neutrality, now that Holland cannot supply them any longer with the same huge quantities of foodstuffs as before. The Germans perceive the certainty of losing Zeebrugge as their submarine base. I am sanguine enough to hope that Ostend and Zeebrugge will be wrested from them before the coming winter. Germany would then have only the Ems as her submarine base in the North Sea, and that prospect is as gloomy to her, as it is cheerful to Great Britain. The river Ems gets frozen in the winter and is at that period of the year inconvenient for a piracy campaign. Besides, the distance is so much greater and Great Britain can bottle up the Ems far easier than Zeebrugge.

Therefore the German rulers have their eye on the Scheldt, to compensate themselves eventually for the loss of Zeebrugge by removing the submarine base to Antwerp, whose harbour has since their occupation been of very little use to the Huns. Dutch neutrality bars that waterway effectively, and Germany can only make use of the Scheldt by violating Dutch neutrality, or by pushing Holland into the war on her side. She is just now trying very hard the latter policy by inciting Dutch feelings against England. I am, however, confident that she will never succeed in hoodwinking the Dutch people by gaining their active support.

The overwhelming part of the Dutch people have too great a contempt for Germany. Besides, the Dutch understand fully that they would as a nation, commit suicide by taking Germany's side, and ultimately share her doom. Holland could be effectively blockaded to cut off all her supplies from outside, and all her colonies would be taken away. Heaven help our rulers in that case. But, apart from all these grounds, I trust my own people too much to believe that they will ever allow themselves to be duped in becoming the ally of the ruthless invader of Belgium, who is also the arch-enemy of our free nation. Should Germany try to make use of the Scheldt, she will force Holland into the war against her. Much as I dislike the policy of the Dutch Government in submitting too readily to Germany's ruthless methods, I feel certain that they will never allow her to violate Holland's neutrality. And in view of the foregoing, it is rather significant that Queen Wilhelmina said recently in her speech from the Throne: "Our people may yet be called upon to exercise their utmost strength for their freedom and independence."

A Dreadnought of the Air

By E. Percy Noel

THE aeroplane of the type most suitable for the purpose of carrying the war into the heart of Germany is ready. To execute the programme that the British public demands and which military authorities in all Allied countries have come to believe highly important, it is only necessary to intensify the production of this aeroplane leviathan. It is ready developed, tried and proved. Of this I have had practical demonstration, thanks to the courtesy of the British Admiralty which authorised me to go as passenger on the trial voyage of one of these mammoth craft. Although it carries a load of several tons, this machine travels faster than any aeroplane regularly employed by the Allies during the first year of the war. It is provided with two engines of the maximum power known to successful air engineering. The wing spread is so expansive that eighteen full-sized men could lie along the planes head to heel and any one of them might walk on the ground underneath the lower plane without bumping his head. It has flown with twenty-five people aboard as easily as with three.

I saw one of these aeroplanes leave the ground for its air baptism, circle high and wing its way from the works to the naval station near by, just as it had left the assembling rooms, and an hour later without any alterations or adjustments, felt it lift into space with me aboard, to climb above the clouds and fulfil to the letter the Admiralty's requirements. Even before we glided smoothly down to a perfect landing, I was convinced that the big plane was a success, realised that its employment in magnificent numbers as long distance artillery in Germany was now only a question of months, while the beginning of its commercial use would date from the first days of victorious peace.

The other morning I received a telephone message: "The big machine will leave the works at 11 a.m." It was on the grass outside the great doors when I arrived, and Mr. Clifford B. Prodger, an American, who was to pilot it, was pulling on a tightly-fitting cloth helmet. In front of us was this Brobdingnagian thing of the air, so heavy, solid, even massive, that it seemed incredible it ever would leave the ground.

A mechanic in the fuselage fifteen feet above our heads asked: "Are you ready for the motors now?" and the pilot nodded assent. Then a most amazing thing happened. No mechanics touched the screws to put the motors in action, but very slowly and noiselessly the blades began to move by an unseen hand actuating hidden mechanism. After a complete revolution, one motor after another began to fire, their blades whirring on either side of the fuselage. Then, as a final precaution, these great engines were speeded up until the indicators registered the desired number of revolutions. There was a double blast of air of terrific force accompanied by the continuous roars of explosions and the rumble of gears that caused the screws to turn less rapidly than the motors. The test over, the mechanic emerged through a trap door in the floor of the fuselage and the pilot climbed in followed by other men.

There is a ridge some hundred and fifty yards distant. The machine must be in the air when it crosses that ridge, or crash. It is a tense moment for me as the huge aeroplane, released, moves ahead slowly at first, then goes on faster and faster. But before I can anticipate it the wheels leave the ground. They rise a few feet above, then move straight ahead, as if hesitating to go higher, until suddenly the nose points upwards and the enormous thing climbs steadily and rapidly on a long curve.

The weather was not agreeable. It was unsteadily windy Rain clouds hung low, occasionally sprinkling the ground with cold drizzle. All blue sky was hidden by high altitude clouds above which were probably more. It was black in the north-east, like a threatening storm. The wind was now twelve miles, now twenty an hour, I guessed. There were no machines in the air.

At luncheon before the start, I had asked : " What would you do if we met a Hun up there in the ten-thousand foot level ? "

" Dive," answered Prodger, " and as quickly as possible."

" You mean to say that you go out unarmed ? "

" We took gunners with us the last time, but we don't need them to-day. There won't be any Hun machines over in weather like this." And I thought no more about it until later when we were well above the third strata of clouds.

They offered me the seat of honour, the gun ring at the very nose of the fuselage in front of the pilot and the Naval Air Service officer acting as official observer of the tests. Or I could sit in the wireless and bomb-dropping room behind the pilot, where, entirely enclosed and comfortable, my vision would be limited to the ground below and horizontal glimpses through small windows. The after-gunner's position was highly recommended, and I took that. An officer climbed in after me through the large gun opening, and we mounted to what is called " the rack," a latticed floor above the main lattice, through which one has a direct down view of the earth's surface. Standing on the rack with the top of the fuselage under my elbows, I saw, looking forward, the head and shoulders of the pilot and observer, and another head in the gun ring beyond. Looking back, was the tail, with the rudders and elevators seeming very far away. Prodger raised his hand, the motors roared, and we raced across the field with very little jarring. That ceased entirely as the wheels left the ground and we mounted skyward.

Prodger, anxious to better the record time for the 10,000 foot climb, held the biplane's nose up to the limit. That made the big " bus " move through the air at about one-third less speed than could be attained on the level. Consequently the bumpy air was felt even in this huge craft. Bumps cause the machine to drop suddenly a few feet, which would be very disagreeable to anyone who was not sure that it was not any more dangerous than the swells at sea are to a good ship. The higher the speed of the aeroplane the less all air disturbances are felt.

Without knowing it we pass through the moving rain clouds at 1,200 feet, and at 1,800 look down on them. They are so light that they barely obstruct the view of the country, which begins to appear Lilliputian. Above are heavier clouds, still hiding the sun.

Tired of standing, I go below and get out of the rush of air. After amusing myself with the inter-communicating telephone, checking up our altitude barometer with the better instrument forward, I look about. It is a comfortable interior —comfortable except for these slats of a floor with an inch of open space between them, through which earth recalls its distant presence, and filmy rain clouds slip by.

In front of me is a magazine of " dummy " bombs, ready in their traps. What an array of power to wipe out the forces that make it possible for the enemy to continue to carry out that plan of subjugation, which already has caused so much misery in the world ! I could crawl by these projectiles, into the stations forward, the wireless and bomb-dropping positions, to the pilot's and observer's seat and the gunner's round hole in the nose of the fuselage. But I content myself with looking, watching the pilot's feet on the rudder bar, and his elbows as he actuates the wheel that controls the ailerons for lateral stability and the wheel post which keeps the elevator set at the best climbing angle our mighty engines permit. But to see movement I must watch closely, for there is very little, only fractions of inches.

I walk about this space, on the floor of slats, and inspect the various devices that Britain's skill has devised to compete with the ruthlessness of the enemy. Finally, my companion comes down and we shout into each other's leather-sheathed ears, one observation or another, and finally seat ourselves on the rack, while the engines roar and the air rushes by overhead.

" We could play cards, here, if we had any," he shouts and signs to me. But as we have none I take out a notebook, and demand the altitude.

" Seven thousand five hundred feet," he signals back. So I record as follows :

" On board His Majesty's Royal Naval Air Service plane No. X. Some where over England at 7,500 feet, June 25th, 1.15 p.m. Both engines turning nicely. Slight bump now and then as we mount, but steady on the whole. We are still on the way to 10,000 feet for altitude. Clouds above and below."

Yes, looking down through the photographic slots in front of me, I see only the white down of clouds; above through the aperture in the fuselage, the same. Then I climb back to the rack, and standing, peer over our sides.

In every direction clouds. Through those that are above the sun is just visible, a round white ball. But enough light filters through to illuminate the soap-suddy, cotton-like billows below. The wind cuts like a winter hurricane.

Below again, this time on the rack, where I lie down on my side, and, resting in comfort, watch the view from the window opposite. After a while I lower the unbreakable glass, but the air is too cold, and it soon goes up again.

Before I had looked down on gas tanks and factories as we passed over them, thinking how simple it would be to release those bombs and how difficult to miss such enormous targets. But now the comfort of the thing comes over me, and I imagine this same type of aeroplane after the war, on peaceful mission between continental cities. Instead of those bombs there will be room for more passengers, and the rack instead of being open to show the ground will be solid to lend confidence to the passenger. There will be a sort of promenade deck from the control room forward to some point aft of the present after-gunners' position, and below it seats or berths for passengers, who may enjoy the view, as I do now, through side windows all along the fuselage. Then—bang !

Like a small cannon firing close at hand comes this unnerving sound followed by others ; one side, then another at unequal intervals. Quickly I notice that we are pointing steeply down, that the motors are barely turning over. It was exactly what Prodger said would happen in case we met an enemy in the air.

So I climb to my feet while the fusilade continues. But before there is time to look about in search of an attacking Hun, I realise that the noise comes from the motors, which continue to fire spasmodically even after the ignition has been cut off. We have attained 10,000 feet and are on the way back to the aerodrome.

The air rushes by with new speed as we glide down from 10,000 to 6,000 feet in a few minutes, and there is so little noise that my companion and I converse without difficulty. There is only the grinding of the gears and the singing of the wind in the wires. At 6,000 feet we are able to see much of the surrounding country again. Prodger gets his bearings and heads across country on a slight decline, now flying on one motor, now on the other, and then again on both, to show how easily it can be done.

Not very long after I hear, " There's the aerodrome." We go down steeply with the motors barely turning and bank up on a steep angle, like a small machine, to land at the right spot, slip over a moving railway train not thirty feet below, and touch the turf as lightly as any aeroplane can, about one hour after the start.

" How do you like it ? " some one asked.

" That," I remarked, "is the longest-range, highest calibre artillery piece in existence, and I am very proud to have made its close acquaintance ; for surely it is going to do much to win the war."

This article is copyright in the U.S.A. by the " Chicago Daily News ".

The following lines (which are copyright) were specially written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to help King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill ; at the present time it is greatly in need of funds :

> Our children give themselves that we may live
> Unhurt behind the thunder of the guns.
> Is it so great a thing that we should give
> A little from our store to serve our sons ?

The Nakedness of the Land, by Mr. A. H. Savory (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 1s. 6d. net), is a concise statement by a writer who has had 28 years' experience of farming both as owner and occupier. Crammed with facts and conclusions, and most of the latter will be generally accepted by those competent to judge them. The burden of his text is illustrated by the very true couplet, quoted on page 3 :

> To make a pasture will break a man,
> But to break a pasture will make a man.

This, of course, was said when cereals were making remunerative prices, say 25 or 50 years ago. It will remain true so long as wheat is not below 60s. a quarter ; but the Government who are now trying to induce farmers to break pastures by proposing a guarantee (for a strictly limited period) are offering a premium to the scamp farmer by proposing to pay that guarantee—if any be payable—per acre instead of per quarter. To break up pasture, to run it for two or three years, and then to retire, will be a most profitable business. Such men will " make," but their successors will be broken. This is a useful little brochure to recommend to your townsfolk friends.

On Parole in Gelderland

By a Prisoner of War

TO live in comfort and security at the present time, unless one be singularly dull-minded, is very similar to possessing ill-gotten gains. The mind cannot be easy in the enjoyment of advantages to which there is no clear right, even though they may be the unwelcome and inopportune gifts of a capricious and omnipotent Fate. That must be the keynote of the life of an English officer interned in Holland; of those at least who crossed the border in October 1914, after the fall of Antwerp. The aviators taken prisoner since that date are in different case, for they have borne their share of fighting.

But we are reaping the advantages, such as they are, of the embusque, and there are no tares in our sorry harvest. The position is too good to be comfortable; we are having it both ways. We have no dangers to face, no privations to undergo, and yet no deserved contempt to shoulder. Did we not all come forward in the first month of the war? Did we not see service before the leaves fell in the first autumn of the struggle? No one can say that it was our fault that at Antwerp we were left behind, forgotten and cut off, with only one reasonable course before us. To crown the irony, because our adventure was swept into the political limelight, we came in for a full portion of sympathy, interest, and even ingenious praise.

Fortunately, that was a passing phase: we were a nine days wonder, for we happened before the nation was roused from the habits of peace. Then we were rightly forgotten. Tragedy, grim and immense, crowded us from the stage. Like some minor character in a preliminary scene of a great drama we spoke our few words and then left to return no more. We had played our part, a light one, without great labour or reward. Personal friends still sympathise politely, and one is grateful for their unsophisticated condolence. It is a salve, and as such is welcome, for after our long idleness we have no illusions about ourselves. Perhaps we are unduly cynical. It is well to feel that there are others who judge us less perspicuously.

Interned in Holland—free from danger and stigma! It is a fate that many unheroic human women would secretly desire for son or husband. Exile: yes. But no exile could be less wearisome. We are in a country of the same climate as our own, whose people are very similar to ourselves, and considerate to us beyond words.

At Groningen

No prisoners of war ever lived in a camp so well ordered as that at Groningen or enjoyed so many privileges of leave and means of amusement. It is not a particularly ennobling existence; a life with all necessities provided and little work or chance of advancement. Imprisonment is always hateful, but this is endurable as well intentioned effort can make it.

For the officers, existence in Holland has been even less irksome. We were separated from the men early in 1915 and incarcerated for a year in an obsolete fort near Utrecht. There at first, in damp restricted quarters, we felt the pinch of war. But soon it changed. The opening of well-furnished rooms, the coming of spring, and perhaps most of all the occasional granting of leave on parole, lightened our moderate burden. There were pleasant days in the long summer; days divided between the tennis courts, and "tip and run" pick ups, and bathing in the moat, or at times lazing solitarily half buried in the long grass on the elm-shaded ramparts. But when a year, all but a few days, was completed, after a maze of vague instructions we were ordered to give permanent parole. Some interned German officers were moved to our quarters soon after we left; but they did not take kindly to the life. Not all the philosophers of the Fatherland seemed able to sustain them.

"We hardly ever see the German officers. They stay in their quarters studying and drinking beer," said a friendly sergeant of the garrison on meeting some of our fellows a few months after we had left. Our warders had long grown accustomed to our frantic exertions at games, and the apparently aimless running round the ramparts. They even copied some of our amusements and defeated us in a tug-of-war.

Several of the German officers broke their parole, and for a time leave was stopped. There were constant quarrels between the Dutch officers and their charges, which finally led to violence, and a public inquiry at the Hague. The dramatic fracas among themselves, the bitter feuds and challenges to duels, so dear to the theatrical Teuton nature, became notorious, and a common laughing stock in Holland. Even one senior officer, an old student at a Prussian military school, and no special friend of ours, soon wished we were still there. Had we returned, however, there is little doubt he would have changed his mind, for his punctilious soul hated our unceremonious ways. But taken all round we had been on very friendly terms with our warders and with one another. Tennis, swimming, "tip and run" and in winter football in a disused magazine, had at least passed the time and kept our livers healthy.

But it was good to be free once more. Escape had long been humanly impossible and our confinement could serve no useful purpose. We were given a generous parole. Except for fortified areas, and places near the frontier, no part of Holland was forbidden us; and we were given fair boundaries wherever we chose to live. We have to report to the nearest military authority every Saturday morning, and may not leave our district without permission (which can be had for the asking) but beyond that there is no reminder of our durance.

Clogs and Baggy Trousers

Though we are close neighbours, and in normal times a large volume of trade passes between the two countries, very little of Holland is known in England. We are an untravelled race and the oddest notions about foreign countries prevail in our island. On the rare occasions on which the subject enters English minds, the Dutchman is thought of as an old fashioned creature in clogs, and baggy trousers and red or blue shirt. But in real life he is less romantic. Only the clogs remain of the imagined attire. Even these are laid aside on Sundays, and the Dutchman wears dark ready-mades and black or brown boots. In certain show places, and in out of the way villages, the women and even a few of the men cling to the old national costume. But it is little more than a picturesque revival, rapidly succumbing except where it is artificially preserved.

The Dutch women have round good-natured features, but in youth their colouring is rose petal and their eyes crystal blue. Occasionally they are very beautiful. Complexions whose tinting and texture would be remarkable in England are common enough. In Gelderland another type is often found, thinner in the face and body, with pale ivory skin and grey eyes big and serious. But here, and indeed all the world over, the beauty of peasants, dazzling for a few years of youth, is short lived as the wild briar on the hedges. When the freshness is gone there remains the placid kindliness, unchanged since it was portrayed by the great masters of Dutch art.

The scenery in Holland often reproduces quite faithfully the cheap prints of Dutch landscape so common in England. It is a flat country of unending field and pasture, interlaced with ditches and canals, studded with windmills, and tilled with meticulous care. Straight roads lined with evenly spaced trees draw a low curtain around the horizon. Nature is a puny thing, a subdued servant of man. But all Holland is not like this. There are tracts of heather and pine wood, and peat marshes given over to snipe and wild duck and herons. Gelderland, which stretches from the shores of the Zuider Zee to the German frontier, is a province of low hills, and moors with long stretches of fertile land. I look out, as I write, upon a tiny valley whose further slope—too low to be called a hill—is a bank of sombre elms and beeches. The gently delving ground before me is netted by a maze of hedges enclosing tidy gardens. Shrubs and fruit trees obscure the view, shutting out all but the red roofs of the cottages between our house and the oak shaded highway that threads through the valley. The garden leads into a quiet avenue of oaks and acacias—tall thin trees with scraggy branches.

Blue-eyed Patriarchs

The Gelderland peasants are a sturdy race, blue-eyed, and in later years bearded as patriarchs. The Dutch of the towns and lowlands are sleek and smug, but these sun-burned countrymen are free of bearing as the yeomen of Scotland. Rye and roots are their principal crops, which they till with a minimum of machinery. They reap and thresh by hand, while steam ploughs are unheard of. They are picturesque figures in their brown corduroys and short smocks of blue twill.

The valley of the Rhine, the Waal, and the Yssel is fair as the Garden of Eden. Overlooking it from the Gelderland hills the broad plain, flat and wooded and watered by the three rivers, stretches out further than the eye can see. Away in the distance lie the frontier hills, range beyond range, blue and misty as a landscape by Leonardo. In winter it is artificially flooded and becomes a huge sheet of water, like a bleak estuary, or a land whose dykes have yielded to the sea. It is the suggestion of ordered and yet exquisite nature, tamed and still beautiful, that is restful and pleasing to the eye. Humanity yearns for these pleasant valleys where life is easy and the curse of Adam lightened. It is the dreamland of romantist writing which one has seen clearly in the paintings of old masters. Even the brickyards and factories are no blemish; in fact, veiled by the distance their mellowed redness becomes a relief amid the variants of green. It is most beautiful in spring, when the great orchards are white with cloudy blossom and yellow kingcups gild the lush meadows.

Heather and Sand-Dunes

The tableland from which one views the extended valley is bare as the lowlands are rich. It is an ocean of brown heather rising and falling in long sweeps like Atlantic rollers after a storm. But these are rollers with miles between their crests, and they are often displaced by irregular spurs and ridges and hillocks. Here and there the heather is shorn away and gathered up to use as stable litter, while in exposed places the yellow sand triumphs over the sparse vegetation.

Fir saplings, grown in the more fertile places, are all that the soil can nourish. But it is a valuable crop, for the timber, cut in about its twentieth year, finds a ready market, chiefly as mine props. The brown purplish land, with its sombre pine woods hardly varies all the year round, except in August days, when the dry heather relents and wakes the dead ground to gay life. The pine woods stand grim and changeless, like dark armoured infantry awaiting a charge. In the summer a few light leaved birches, with feathery crests, fringe their ranks, like cavaliers amid a roundhead phalanx. One loves the sad hued pines for their immutable constancy. When the birches are leafless skeletons, no longer visible, the deep green needles patiently defy the onslaught of winter. The dumb lowering land extends no welcome to the stranger. The natives it seems to tolerate, and they harmonize with its severity. But it frowns eternally upon the pleasant valley and spurns the black-coated tripper from the plains. He is out of place here, dusty, hot and feeble; too weak to live where nature frowns. When nature is warm and beautiful she is very tolerant towards mankind, and his vileness is hidden, forgotten in the glory of vegetation and lower life. It is only in wild places, where less elemental force is expended upon the products of the ground, that man is moulded in grander form. The men of the hills have ever conquered the cities of the plain.

It is well to pass our easy exile in this country, often strangely similiar to our own land. Let the imagination wander and one is home once more. English is spoken very generally, for the Dutch are excellent linguists. Our sports and games are taking a firm hold, and the general sympathy of the people is with our cause. They are near enough to the frontier to feel the shadow of frightfulness yet not close enough to fraternise with the barbarian hordes over the border.

The arrival of the English mail has become a rare occurrence happening about twice a month. It has at least the advantage of placing us beyond the party clamour of our press. Ten or fifteen days old papers, with prognostications about events long past, make tedious reading. Perhaps one gets a clearer perspective from the less enterprising and less mercurial papers of this country. The issues of the war are not obscured by a mist of irrelevant politics and personalities. The Dutch critics are shrewd and alert. They are not deceived by absurd pretences and bombastic utterances on either side. Hollanders are, and have always have been, cautious and hard-headed—a little suspicious of dreams. Automatically they look for the ulterior motives behind the most altruistic deeds and promises. They never humbug themselves by the belief that sacrifices are made by statesmen out of pure generosity. The world is not governed, and seldom even guided by sentiment, and Dutchmen are stubbornly alive to the fact.

It is strange to live all this time in a land of peace, among a people that truly hates war. There is no war party in Holland, for war would mean destruction to at least a portion of the country, and there is no reason to suppose that they would be better treated than were their Belgium neighbours. The Dutch are on the very edge of the arena. If they fall from their precarious position they will be precipitated into the heart of the struggle. For them war is no mere diplomatic and economic move; it is a question of life and death. But in spite of shadows life goes on outwardly unchanged. The army is mobilised, but the soldiers are too well behaved to obtrude themselves. The unrestricted submarine warfare has certainly affected the country; fuel is scarce, petrol and paraffin are almost unobtainable. Fears of famine are expressed in some quarters, and bread cards have been issued. But all these things have fallen upon the country during the past few months. In 1916 there were few signs of the great war.

By an irony of fate, the news of the battle of Jutland came during a tennis tournament at Arnheim, the chief town of the province. All around were familiar English characteristics; the players, men and girls in cool whites, the more skilled self-consciously wearing loose blanket coats; the waist-high screens round the important courts; and the spectators seated and standing near, their dresses and sunshades like a bank of bright flowers. It was a charming ground, with fine pavilion, and beyond the courts stately beech trees threw their welcome shade. It is at functions like these that one realises the close kinship between Hollanders and English. The whole scene might have been laid in the tennis club of an English town. The courts were indeed of red rubble instead of grass, which grows poorly in the Netherlands, but against that the umpires from their varnished perches called the scores in English. One of our people had done well the day before and was playing in a final. We were waiting for this set when the news of the sea battle came.

The German Version

It was the German version of course; five of our capital ships and three armoured cruisers sunk! The German losses two small cruisers! Unbelievable! But there was no denial. A paper victory for the German fleet, and such it has remained. In neutral minds the English defeat is half believed in; at the best the battle is regarded as a draw in Germany's favour. Our enemies were prompt and clear in their claims, we were uncertain and tardy. The Germans blew their trumpet loudly; no matter if the notes were false, they drowned our own rather plaintive piping. This year there are hardly any tournaments. Balls are very scarce. Golfers, too, are feeling the hardships of war. Holland is still a land of pleasing trivialities, and this staid race is now frivolous in comparison to its death-ridden neighbours. As time passes the danger appears to grow less and they hope with increasing confidence that they will be able to keep out of the war.

The country is well organised and capably governed. There are few slums, little poverty, and less crime. Unlike the unwieldy nations around her, Holland has less need of Armageddon to sweep away the economic, social and political abuses and misunderstandings that, even before the war, were rending the Great Powers.

Public School Education

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR,—I have just been reading in LAND & WATER of July 12th an article by Mr. S. P. B. Mais on Public School Education. I do not know what experience he has of Public Schools, but I was a master at a public school for fifteen years, and I find many of his statements entirely without foundation.

He says that masters with a high degree, regard that degree as the zenith of their achievement, and believe that there is nothing for them to learn, that they did not concern themselves with modern history and politics and that they were miserably paid. All the statements seem to me the exact reverse of the truth. In refuting them I confine myself to my own experience, but I am sure that what I say is equally true of my colleagues, and of those masters at other public schools with whom I was intimately acquainted.

My "wretchedly inadequate salary" amounted to £1,000 a year when I went as a master at the age of twenty-three, and to £3,000 a year when I left fifteen years afterwards. Although I had hard work, I learnt French, German and Italian, as a master, and taught all these languages out of school hours to my pupils. For six years I taught modern history and political science to a class of the higher boys, apart from my other work, and immediately after leaving I was able to write a number of articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, from the knowledge which I had acquired as a master. With one colleague I read through the whole of the Divina Commedia, when our school work was done; with four or five others. I made a minute study of mediæval history. I was no exception to the general rule. It was at a public school that Wescott and Farrer placed themselves in the first rank of theologians, and that A. C. Benson founded the literary reputation which he has since extended.

What does Mr. Mais mean? I really have not an idea.—

Yours faithfully,

OSCAR BROWNING.

Pensione Saccaro, Siena, Italy,
July 17th, 1917.

The King has been pleased to contribute £200 towards Kin George's Fund for Sailors.

After the War

Past and Future: The Waste of Youth

By Jason

NOBODY who has compared a squad of town recruits and a squad of officers at drill, can fail to remark the contrast. He sees at once what a difference it makes to build, physique, tone and carriage, whether a youth has been brought up in fresh air, with healthy games, and good food, or whether it has been his fate to work during the years of adolescence in bad air, with little recreation, deficient food, under conditions that arrest development.

When we read of the exploits of our new armies in the Somme Valley or on the Vimy Ridge, we ought to form a picture in our minds not only of the heroism of the hour, but of the long and painful process by which thousands upon thousands of our soldiers have overcome this cruel consequence of their boyhood. For in the early days of training nothing is more striking to those who have had a healthy boyhood and youth than the difficulty that recruits from the counter or the mill find in standing the strain of a long route march or a hard day's work in the field. These were men who had lived habitually on their nervous energy, for whom some artificial stimulus of excitement was almost essential to prolonged exertion. They have made themselves soldiers by a moral discipline of which few besides themselves knew the cost, hardening muscles, limbs, and will, till they have the tenacity of iron.

Instruments of Industry

What is it that explains the difference between these two classes, a difference that shows itself most dramatically on the parade ground, but not less significantly throughout life? It is, fundamentally, that we think of the children of the comfortable classes as naturally entitled to education from the possession of minds and bodies which can be trained and developed, whereas we still tend to think of the children of the working classes as the instruments of industry, merely to be considered in relation to its needs and uses. The most important question that awaits our answer in reconstructing our society is the question whether or not we mean to release the life and prospects of our society from this, the most terrible of the legacies of the Industrial Revolution.

A century ago there was a good deal of discussion of the question of popular education. The light in which politicians regarded it is well illustrated by a speech made by William Windham, himself one of the best scholars in the House of Commons. "It was said, look at the state of the savages when compared with ours. A savage among savages was very well, and the difference was only perceived when he came to be introduced into civilised society." The President of the Royal Society, Davies Giddy, put the objection directly and with emphasis:

> However specious in theory the project might be, of giving education to the labouring classes of the poor, it would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their morals and happiness: it would teach them to despise their lot in life, instead of making them good servants in agriculture, and other laborious employments to which their rank in society had destined them. Instead of teaching them subordination, it would render them factious and refractory, as was evident in the manufacturing counties. It would enable them to read seditious pamphlets, vicious books, and publications against Christianity; it would render them insolent to their superiors: and in a few years the result would be that the legislature would find it necessary to direct the strong arm of power towards them, and to furnish the executive magistrate with much more vigorous laws than were now in force.

Most of those who were in favour of education were careful to explain that they only wanted the children of the poor to receive just so much education as would make them more useful to the rich. Mrs. Trimmer, regarded by many as rather advanced, defended herself on this ground: "It is not intended that the children of the poor should be instructed in language, geography, history, and other branches of a liberal education, but merely in such a knowledge of their native tongue as shall enable them to read the Scriptures: in the plain doctrines and duties of Christianity: and in those modes of conduct which may engage the favour of their superiors."

Put in this naive form this doctrine of the servile State, to borrow a term which Mr. Belloc has made classical, strikes the modern mind as a little too crude for a society of free men and women. But in greater or less degree this spirit has haunted our ideas about education ever since. This is apparent not only in the indifference with which we have left van boys, errand boys, bobbin boys, and all this world of youthful labour to the inexorable mercies of the market, but also in the grounds on which the extension of education was urged before the war. It was argued that our clerks ought to be more like German clerks, our workmen more like German workmen: it was only rarely that the argument was based on the wrong done to men and women by treating them as if their faculties were of no importance in themselves, or the injury done to the nation by leaving these great resources of character and intelligence undeveloped

New Value of Youth

The war, we may hope, has destroyed this spirit. For as our armies march to the trenches we think of our boys of nineteen not as the property of this or that employer, nor as the discarded instruments of this or that wasteful trade: we think of them as the arm of a nation fighting for its life. Yesterday they were hanging behind a van for fifteen hours a day, or doffing bobbins in a mill, or running errands in the street with a blank and empty future, and nobody asked what was to become of them or what was happening to their minds and bodies. The world went on its way as if it were the most natural thing that school life with its interest and its games and its opportunities and its ambitions should come to an end for all these children as soon as an employer could find a use for their fingers or their muscles. Then came the war, and the nation learnt to put a new value on its youth.

When peace returns will our boys be merely van boys, errand boys, riveters' boys, bobbin boys again, or will they be looked upon as the true riches of a nation? Are we going to say that it is only when we need their shoulders for a rifle or their fingers for turning a shell that we count our youth, or are we going to resolve that this hideous waste of the past is over and done with? There can surely be no doubt of the answer.

There are few people whose imagination is so dull and slow that the war has brought home to them no sense of shame and guilt for that past. The sacrifice of youth, with all its golden hopes, is the great tragedy of the war all over Europe, and thousands of Englishmen who have scarcely given a thought to the subject before the war, are determined that the youth of to-morrow shall have a fair chance in all classes of life. That reparation at least can be made to the youth of yesterday from whom their country has taken their all: to whom she had given nothing.

Accusing Facts

The accusing facts have been brought before the country again and again. The Consultative Committee of the Board of Education issued a report in 1909 on the lamentable deficiencies of our education system for all above the age of fourteen, in which it was pointed out that our industrial system was beginning to exploit for its own purposes the increased efficiency of boy and girl labour due to the improvement of our Elementary Education. "There are signs that the factory system (where its operations are not held in check by the conscience of the employer or by the regulations of the State) is beginning to seize upon the improved human material turned out by the elementary schools at the close of the day-school course. Certain branches of machine production are being so organised as to make profitable the employment of boy and girl adolescent labour in businesses which, while demanding some intelligence and previous school training, are in themselves deadening to the mind."

It is nobody's business to consider their minds; it is nobody's business to consider their bodies. It is nobody's business to ask what is going to happen to them when they grow too old for the particular temporary place that they fill in our system. We have begun tentatively with Advisory Committees of the Education Authorities and with Juvenile Committees associated with the Unemployment Exchanges. In the sphere of physical training we have a most promising institution in the Boy Scouts. But this provision barely touches the problem. It was stated in the report of the Consultative Committee that there were rather over two million boys and girls in England and Wales between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, and that three-quarters of these were, on week-days at any rate, under no educational care.

In the old days, apprenticeship provided technical and industrial training for a number of boys at this age, though of course it did nothing for their physical development. But modern apprenticeship does not fulfil these conditions. It generally begins at sixteen, two years after the boy has left school. As processes are more and more specialised, the knowledge that a boy acquires becomes more and more limited in its scope and less and less likely to turn a boy into an all-round workman. As for the large class of boys who are not apprentices their occupations are purely blind-alley occupations. They learn nothing, and when they come to manhood they are turned adrift to make way for another generation of victims. We have only to glance at the street corners of our towns to see the consequences of this inhuman system.

The bodies of the boys and girls who grow up without any provision for mental training are treated with a neglect that is nothing short of criminal.

No Recreation

In 1903 there was a scare about the physical condition of the nation prompted by the large number of rejections for military service. The Director-General of the Army Medical Service reported in a memorandum that from forty to sixty per cent. of candidates for the army were physically unfit. This panic led to the setting up of a committee which took evidence from a number of witnesses who could speak with experience and authority. One of those witnesses reported that there were not more than five per cent. of the youth of the industrial population who were materially touched or assisted by anything in the shape of a well-organised recreation agency out of school or working hours. The consequence of our neglect of the bodies of the children of the working classes was indicated clearly and dramatically in the results of certain researches submitted to the committee which showed that it takes three Rochdale boys to make two Rugby boys of the same age in weight and build. A comparison of boys in the textile towns and boys from the countryside tells the same tale.

For at this stage growth is an important index. The age of adolescence is the most resilient period of life, and if we want to estimate the ravages of overwork and neglect we shall not be able to trace the results in health during these years. They show themselves, so far as health goes, when these boys and girls are men and women of forty, in premature decay and old age. But they show themselves at the time in growth, for the cells demand food for two purposes: for repairing waste and for building up the body. If then food, which of course, in this connection includes rest and stimulus, is insufficient for the needs of the cells, all the nourishment received will go entirely to the repairing of waste, the more immediate need, and the building up of the body has to suffer.

Now if we think of these boys and girls as human beings, the first thing that strikes one is that the age during which they are neglected is the most important age in their lives. Modern psychology and modern medicine lay the greatest stress on the period of adolescence, as the period which more than any other determines the whole future of life. It is described as a new birth; the dawn of powers at once infinitely more important, infinitely more delicate than the powers developed in childhood. It is true to say that childhood is less liable to injury from its surroundings and conditions than adolescence.

It is arguable indeed that it would be better to begin education where at present it ceases for three children out of four, than to educate up to thirteen or fourteen and then turn children adrift at the most critical moment in their lives. This is the stage at which the imagination is buoyant and expansive, and impressions leave a lasting influence for good or for evil. Motor functions pass through momentous changes, and the smaller muscles that are used in the finer movements, closely associated with the activity of the mind, are at this stage specially liable to disorder. Growth is more rapid and more spasmodic than at any other age. For all these needs of adolescent nature we supply only an industrial life which is positively harmful, for modern industry from its very nature increases nerve strain and discourages the equable development of the larger and the smaller muscles. What education is given is given in continuation schools to which children come tired, and physical training and open-air games are almost entirely left to chance.

We have at this moment a rare opportunity for putting an end to this scandal. Large readjustmments will be necessary in industry after the war, and at such a time it is a relatively simple matter to introduce a half-time system up to eighteen If it is the law that everybody up to the age of eighteen shall spend half of his or her time in education, including in that term physical training, games, and a period of life in camp, industry will adapt itself to this change as it will adapt itself to the other changes necessary on returning to peace conditions. The recent report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on this subject after pleading in eloquent language for a complete change of outlook contents itself finally with a modest demand for eight hours a week. What is the value of eight hours a week, divided between general education, vocational education, physical training and games? Why, a boy in the public schools has more than eight hours a week for games alone. As for the disturbance to industry, certain leading employers have expressed the opinion that it is less disturbing to industry to have a half time arrangement than to withdraw juvenile workers for eight hours in the week.

A great deal is made of the hardships to the poor parent. It is the curse of the industrial system that it has made child labour an integral part of the working class income, and men and women brought up in that bad atmosphere are only too ready to accept the view that their children must be sacrificed just as they themselves were sacrificed in the past. The Trade Union leaders take a larger view and they are right. If we look solely to the economic consequences to the working classes, the reduction by one-half of the available juvenile labour will have two effects. It will raise the wages of juvenile labour, and it will raise the wages of adult labour. The supply of child labour has been an incubus on the working classes for a century. Industrial life is caught in a vicious circle. Children elbow out their parents, and in their turn grow prematurely old from spending the years of growth in the atmosphere and labour of the mill.

Cheap juvenile labour means unemployment for adults and lower wages for adults. The restriction of juvenile labour is therefore a cardinal condition of success in the struggle for the working class standard of life. There will no doubt be special cases of hardships for which provision must be made, but speaking generally, the gain to the working classes will be substantial and immediate.

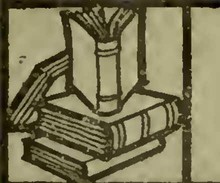
What of Industry?

And what of industry? Let us dismiss at once the objection that industry cannot afford this reduction of the labour at its service. We have withdrawn five millions of men from productive industry during the war, and we have been able to carry on because we have found all kinds of alternative resources. If half the children now working are withdrawn, is industry, which could perform the wonders we have witnessed, after losing millions of workmen, going to collapse on that account? Of course not. There is no danger of a labour famine. At present too much of the work of industry goes to boys and girls, and too little to adults. In this connection we have to remember that much of the work now done by youths can be done by disabled soldiers.

For the future industry stands to gain. This reform will do more than anything else to raise the standard of health, physique and intelligence of the mass of workers, and the reaction of this improvement on our industrial power can only be realised by those who know how much poor health and physique cost in the mill and workshop. Mr. C. E. B. Russell, the well-known writer on industrial life in Lancashire, who died last month, mentioned in his book on *Social Problems of the North*, that of the 11,000 young men who tried to enlist in Manchester in the year 1899, only 1,000 were found to be fit for the line. That fact gives us some clue to the kind of material which our present system turns out.

For the nation the issue is simple. The children born every year number nearly a million. The doctors who gave evidence before the Committee on Physical Deterioration, affirmed that 85 per cent. of those children are born strong and healthy. It rests with the nation whether those 85 per cent. shall grow up into strong and healthy men and women or not. If we put our heart into it, resolving that no child shall be employed more than half time, and that the utmost care shall be taken to provide all these children with decent education, healthy games, physical training, swimming, and a spell of camp life every year, we can make the people of these islands a race as vigorous and strong as the Australian soldiers whom we distinguish so easily in our streets. If we say, on the other hand, that industry forbids this, or that public opinion is not ready for a generous scheme, or that the idea of children as merely wage-earners has got such a hold on the mind of all classes that we cannot shake it, then we may continue as before, bringing up thousands of children for the prisons, the hospitals, the workhouses, the streets, for a life in which the happiness and vigour of purpose and self-respect is unknown. Can any patriot doubt whether it is worth while to spend money, time, trouble on turning healthy children into healthy men and women?

Nobody who has seen wounded and dying lads who have given life or limb for their country, can be satisfied with any ideal short of this or forgive a Government or Parliament that falters in so urgent a task.



Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Mr. Conrad's Masterpiece

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD is now admitted to be one of the greatest living writers in our language. It took him a long time to get his due from any but a small public. It is with something of a shock that one reads that *Lord Jim*, of which Messrs. Dent have just published a new six shilling edition, was written over seventeen years ago, and appeared in book form in 1901. What were the masterpieces which, in that year, overshadowed it? Why was not Mr. Conrad at that stage recognised as the equal of Hardy and Meredith, whose names, bracketed together, used to appear in the reviews *ad nauseam?* I speak with the freedom of one who at that period was not a professional critic.

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Lord Jim is the story of a man's successful endeavour to rehabilitate himself. The book opens with his failure. With a few other white men he is taking a crowded pilgrim ship, the *Patna*, across the Indian Ocean. On a perfectly still moonlit night she strikes a derelict and her forward compartment, screened only by a rusty old bulkhead, is flooded. Only the officers know. All over the deck the half-naked pilgrims sleep, sighing and moaning in the heat. The German captain and three companions hurry off in a boat: at the last moment Jim, undeliberately, automatically, jumps in after them. The ship, as it happens, does not go down; there is an inquiry, and the deserters have their certificates taken away. But to Jim the important thing is not this; it is the knowledge that he has failed to live up to the code: the loss of honour in other men's eyes and still more in his own; his unworthiness of his native civilisation and of the service. Wherever he goes, taking odd jobs in Asiatic ports, his story follows him; and once it has turned up, even though men are ready enough to palliate it, he vanishes. He goes always Eastward, always hankering for a chance of confirming his conviction that he is equal to the greatest calls that can be made upon him. And in the end, among savage Malays in the interior of an East Indian island, he gets satisfaction. He lives to know what it is to be absolutely trusted by men and dies celebrating a "pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct."

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There is no need in a review to disclose the details of this story. But those who think *Lord Jim* Mr. Conrad's greatest book will at least meet with no objection from the author, and Mr. Conrad's best is equal to the best of any other living man. As an achievement in construction, it is in the first rank. Mr. Conrad's method is, as usual, bizarre. The story is begun by the author; then taken up by his favourite narrator Marlow, who, on an Eastern hotel verandah, tells what he has seen of Jim, and what he has picked up from others, to a chance group of men lying on cane chairs in the darkness, smoking and drinking; and it ends with documents, written by Marlow and Jim, received by one of those listening men years afterwards, in a London flat. Each subsidiary contributor to the story is clearly described in his special digression, and there are constant side-stories. Yet the impression with which one finishes is one of unity, harmony, perfect proportion. There are one or two minor flaws, but they are so insignificant as to be hardly worth mentioning. The digressions are not too long; the pains taken with characters only slightly connected with Jim are not wasted, as they always contribute to the picture of the background against which he lived and the world which played upon his feelings and thoughts.

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The book contains a large, if floating, population of portraits. No figure, save Jim's, goes the whole way through. The others come and go under the rays of the lamp which follows him from Aden to India, from Hongkong to the Moluccas: smart captains, drunken outcasts, ships'-chandlers, merchants, hotel-keepers; "Gentleman Brown," the pirate; Egström and Blake, the quarrelsome partners; Stein, the tall and studious old German trader, with his quiet house, his great tropical garden and his collection of butterflies; and the notabilities of Patusan, the cringing Rajah, the mean half-breed Cornelius, massive old Doramin, with his ponderous elbows held up by servants, the mysterious and pathetic girl whom Jim marries, and Dain Waris, who reminds one of the noble young Malay in *Almayer's Folly*. Jim, himself, always remains a little vague. Mr. Conrad's preoccupation with his hero's dominant idea, as deduced from his actions by other people, had resulted in Jim being inadequately disclosed. But the more rapid portraits are all perfect. And in no book of Mr. Conrad's is a greater variety of scenes so surely sketched. There is little elaborate set description. The account of the pilgrim ship's voyage under the sun and moon across the flat ocean, "evenly ahead, without a sway of her bare masts, cleaving continuously the great calm of the waters under the inaccessible serenity of the sky," is magnificently, almost intolerably vivid. But when the narrative comes nominally from Marlow, the descriptions must be kept within bounds, lest the stretched illusion of speech should snap. Even so on almost every page some beautiful—and usually terribly beautiful—scene is bitten into one's mind, and the whole region of Patusan, the town on piles, the interminable gloomy forest, the moon rising between a chasm in the hills, the muddy waters, the marshes, the stagnant air, and the immense blue sea round the river's last bend, is pieced gradually together so that one remembers it as though oneself had been there. And it is all done in English of a grave music which, from one to whom our language is not native, is miraculous.

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I think, however, that the book's greatest quality is a moral one. Like the late Henry James, Mr. Conrad scarcely ever preaches, yet is in the best sense a didactic writer. He is capable of speculation about conduct: there is an immense amount of it behind this story. But he brings something else than curiosity and agility of intellect to the discussion. "Hang ideas!" exclaims Marlow, in a half-serious aside, "They are tramps, vagabonds knocking at the back-door of your mind, each taking a little of your substance, each carrying away some crumb of that belief in a few simple notions you must cling to if you want to die decently and would like to live easy." It is rather too stark a statement: but it is at least a half-truth. Take Jim's act of cowardice, for example. A good many of our modern moralists, with their mania for destroying the things by which men have lived well for countless generations, would probably argue that he did right in jumping into the boat. The others had gone; the ship, as far as he knew, would infallibly sink; there was no earthly chance of his saving the panic-stricken passengers if he stayed; and in any case a man is not responsible for an automatic impulse. Other and darker men would even argue that, as the representative of a higher civilisation, a strong and enlightened man, Jim was even doing his duty to the world by escaping instead of sacrificing himself for the sake of a lot of besotted and dirty Moslems on their way to Mecca. Such arguments, though not until our own time have philosophies been constructed out of them, are not new. They are familiar to every man in the shape of inner promptings. We have all lapsed; we all remember things we are ashamed of, cowardices which we cannot forget; and we are familiar enough with the voices which say, "What does it matter?" "To yourself you are the most important thing," "Forget it," "Why bother, since nobody knows," and, very subtly, "It is a man's first duty to be prudent." Circumstances made of Lord Jim, especially at the end, an extreme case. But all the same he was typical. A man's self-respect can only be restored in one way: by doing the second time what he has failed to do the first. A civilisation in which men should spend their time promiscuously undermining traditional loves and loyalties by imperfect syllogisms would rot to pieces. If you believe that, even at the risk of encountering the last and supposedly worst charge of being a sentimentalist, you take the romantic view of life: and you will have Mr. Conrad on your side. His books, in spite of all the blood and thunder, both metaphorical and literal, that there is in them, in spite of the black skies behind their lightnings, and the brooding sense of evil that pervades his meditations, are an incitement to decent living. I do not know what his nominal religion is, or if he professes any; he is obviously perplexed and oppressed by the cruelty and pain of things. But if he sees behind the world a pit "black as the night from pole to pole," he finds consolation not in the insane and pathetic assertion that he is master of his own Fate, but "in a few simple notions you must cling to," which the race, after some thousands of years of experience, has discovered to be more effective.

Some Rivers of Scotland

By William T. Palmer

FROM Tweed to Brora is a far cry. One has heard the music of many waters and believes that every river in Scotland has its own song. In the darkest hour one should not confuse the brawling of the Spey with the melody of the Tweed, the soft purling of the Forth with the murmur of Ythan, the sobbing chorus of the Dee with the majestic music of the Tay.

From the moors beyond Peebles away down to Berwick, the Tweed changes not its tune. Certainly the refrain swells and falls; it quickens, races, diminishes, slacks, but it never halts. The song ages and mellows with the length of the way. Streams come in from Cheviot and from Lammermuir without breaking, even for a mile, the constancy of the music. The silent Till is indeed the only stream which retains its character to the very edge of Tweed. The others come early within the magnetism of the great main stream.

The thin warble as the rivulet escapes from the moorland bogs becomes a mighty diapason, a veritable organ-swell as the mature flood sweeps through the lower salmon pools and then blends its voice in the mystic chorus of the sea. Tweed possesses true Scottish energy. It is never reckless of strength, never boisterous in rejoicing, never extravagant in desire or despair. Crags and ramparts of rock in its course exist, but to be assailed, turned and worn away. Tweed never wanders far, never slinks aside to avoid an obstacle. Its every curve is strong and full of purpose. Down the slopes of bare rock glides the river, down the gap where it has pounded the boulders into a ladder it thunders and tumbles. Even in its sternest hour, when the spate rises in might and volume, Tweed never forgets its pride, its dour purpose, its ancient respectability. If the inland rains command a rise, a rise there must be, but the river is swift to withdraw to its own domain. There is no mad riot, no surly sweeps over unresisting plains.

In this matter the Forth is a far different stream. One meets the waters from Balquhidder roaring and foaming down the pass of Leny. There is a merry lilt, a sportive dashing, as the stream dances away from the foot of the Trossachs. The Teith flows swift, merry and strong. But when all the streams from west and south and north reach the carse of Stirling, the Forth welds them into a river of muted voice. So minor is the lay that on a summer afternoon one may rest long by the Old Bridge before one is certain that the water has even the feeblest message at all.

Even in winter, in flood-time, Forth itself believes little in hurry. When the mountain torrents over-charge the river-bed the extra volume spreads slowly, lazily over meadow and ploughland. And when the stress is over, the flood seems just as unwilling to depart. Great pools and basins lie about for days, then soak tardily into the fields as the drains come into operation again.

The song of Tay is for the most part more boisterous, merry, and less responsible than either Tweed or Forth. The former is proud, the regnant stream of a fighting Border, its fords the historic gathering place for armies in battle array. The latter, looking up to Scotland's royal fortress, is more placid in its loyalty. Tay passes through wild country, though its lower course compares well for richness with either the carse of Stirling or the merse of Berwick.

One has heard the infant Tay singing softly through the snowdrifts on Ben Lui, and heard again its roar, as after its hours of check, it hurls its foaming, vicious force against the tide, and harries back the sea-water mile after mile. As the Dochart one has heard it chafing and splitting past the rock-island at Killin, which forms the last resting place of the Chiefs of MacNab, and as full Tay one knows it draining away from the great loch to pass through woodlands and pleasant pastures toward the sea.

Tay is, however, scarcely constant in its music. Even the main water sees many changes. It bickers down the old forest of Central Scotland to become almost mute in Strath Fillan: it shouts again with joy as it passes from the twin lochans with their memories of Bruce and John of Lorn. Its voice is lost altogether in Loch Tay. But the worst is still to come. There is a sad hour when riotous Garry, fresh from the steep plunge of Killiecrankie, overwhelms the quieter stream and hurls it along in spume and fury. But the genius of old Tay, though hustled aside for a moment, gradually reasserts its power, assumes a new leadership and song, and in time vanquishes completely the turbulent intruder from the wild glens, the bens, and lochs of the Grampians.

From source to mouth Tay is magnificent. Its surroundings are tinged with romance: it is a river system with a past. For decades the population of its glens has been shrinking: the higher standard of life, of work and of pleasure, has tempted its sons and daughters away. Yet the Tay, the Lyon, the Garry, the Tummel, the Earn, have implanted in each heart a song: "We haste away, yet truly, and for ever will we desire to return."

The Dee of Aberdeenshire marks a transition. It has come through a land of standing pines, of tall larches, of wild red deer and grouse and ptarmigan, through the sporting domains of kings and princes. Yet the song of Dee is humble: there is far more of royal pride in Tweed. There is in Dee an undercurrent of heavy music, but it is broken. It has not the full round voice of the Border stream, nor the muted cadences which mark the many lochs in the song of Tay. There is a hint, too, of the sad green forests which change neither winter nor summer. Tweed lives buoyantly through the bronze and rich green of oaks, which change their radiance with the passing of the year.

The voice of Dee has always the harsh croaking of melting snow, the eagle's wild cry, the raven's call for carrion. The lofty mountains about the springs of the river hold great drifts and masses all through the year. Its flood song is mighty and continuous—continuous not with the sullen swelling of Forth, but with a rich quality of its own drawn from the thousands of forest arches where the rootlets hold back and steady the flow of storm-water. One has listened to the flood music of Dee as the young stream rattled past the foot of Cairn Toul and avoided the steep pike of the Devil's Point, and it has changed only in volume except that a sobbing, dragging under-tone has been added by the waterfalls, narrows and rock-ladders, when the river bids one farewell at the harbour bar of Aberdeen.

As regards the twin river of the granite city, the Don, one can write little from personal knowledge of its upper reaches. As it comes down the dark defile above the bridge of Balgie, one detects a less happy melody. Can it be that the waters are disappointed, that the ocean is too soon reached? There is indeed little of similarity between the two streams. Dee races free and bright over an open course, but Don swings silently from one dark pool to the next, and without a note of triumph ebbs into the sea. Yet one would not be sure that the song of Don is full of weeping. No great river of Scotland sobs its way in the manner of certain streams of Wales and Ireland.

Spey is merely a huge torrent: its last level sweeps through Moray check not the rough glory of its voice. One has heard the midnight shouting of the river across a forest of dark pines and found pleasure in the sound. There is no snarl in the song, whether heard at Aviemore or out where Tay falls into the sea beyond Fochabers. It is just a devil-may-care lilt, the pipes played by a youth to whom strength has been abundantly given, but not yet the experience of war. Spey never reaches discretion. It is a river of mad pranks, of strong buffetings, of fords where the rushing waters seek without mercy to overwhelm both horse and rider. Spey has very little of the loch music in its song. The sobs and rashes are those of surging waterfalls, of cascades, of rock-ladders. There is long hastening down the glens, there is the swift rush through the forest, there is the sudden swirl as a great boulder bars the wary, as the bar of shingle sways the current this way or that.

Though the Ness is but a fragment of flowing water, it represents the tribute of a mighty land of mountains, of long glens, of a skein of lochs. From Glen Garry, from Glen Morriston, from Glen Urquhart, the great streams rush into Loch Ness, and that wavering crashing note which runs through the long cadences is a memory of the thunder-chasm of Foyers. In former times, there was no wavering in that staccato note: the great fall has since been robbed of most of its waters, and it is only in winter, when the dams are overflowing, that one is sure to hear the sound at all.

Space runs out too swiftly—it is like the northern torrents. There is Beauly and Conon, there is Carron and Oykell, there is Sihn from the heart of Sutherland. And, last of all, is Brora, typical of the sterile north. There is little of fertility now in the straths, less even of grass on the hill-tops. The song of the waters is in accord with surroundings. The Brora on a summer day has nothing of the lilt and laugh of the southland: its minor voices are but those of a torrent hushed by drought. Forest-trees are scarce, a wild melancholy solitude broods over the highlands. Can it be that Brora should be anything but gloomy? But the river speaks the high bravery of the north. Its gloom is a mere film over the nobler spirit. Brora is a true warrior to whom tears and moanings are but memories of childhood days.

The New Boy

By J. D. Symon

THE new boy, in a wider sense than that in which he makes his debut at school is the main factor in the problem of educational reform. Reconstruction of our teaching system, however ingeniously devised from the point of view of those who belong to the older generation, runs the risk of going astray, if the reformers fail to take particular account of their material, and, basing their scheme on retrospect alone, unconsciously give too much weight to the memory of their own boyhood. Even the wisest may fall into this insidious snare, for it is hard for men in middle and later life to get into complete touch with the mind of the growing boy.

This tragedy of age found perhaps its most poignant expression when Ibsen struck out the compelling image of the younger generation knocking at the door. Its tragedy lies in the implicit hostility of the new race to that which is passing away. It is the knock of those come to eject. Pushed thus to its logical conclusion, the figure is perhaps too cruel, too relentless. There are mitigations, merciful and rewarding, as every sympathetic schoolmaster knows. To him, if he is of the right sort, it is given to keep touch with the *genus* boy in a way that is in part denied even to parents. It is essential therefore that that educational reform of which so much is hoped, upon which so much is staked, of which so much is spoken, shall take full and just account of the person it aims at benefiting, the new boy.

For the new boy is very new. The rapid changes and extraordinary upheavals of recent years have produced a creature who differs more sharply from his predecessor of thirty years ago than that predecessor differed from his forerunners equally removed in time. It may be questioned whether any young generation, since the Renaissance at any rate, has sprung forward with so fresh and even revolutionary a vision as that which is now before us. This boy is the heir of an extraordinary time: his clear young eyes see old institutions crumbling and new institutions springing to birth. He notes a sharp cleavage with the past; the course of his own future has been suddenly altered. Two and a half years ago he was looking forward to college or business at the end of his school life: boys already at college were either engrossed in sport or beginning to awaken to the higher fascination of intellectual things. Across this quietly ordered path came the tumult of war, and hundreds rushed into the field. In an hour they had become men, and for many life itself was now a thing but of weeks or months. Before long what had been voluntary choice became the lot of all, and the boy who was fast approaching military age saw his school days numbered.

The Hazard of Life

The hazard of life assumed a definite meaning. Perhaps he had a future, perhaps not. One day he might gather up the broken threads of civilian training and pursue the path marked out for him in time of peace, but the whole outlook of youth was changed. A huge and not unwelcome adventure had intervened: the issue did not perhaps trouble him with any very clear realisation, but the influence has been inevitably formative. It extends to those younger boys, who will not be called upon to take up arms, except as a precautionary measure, and differentiates them sharply from their fathers. The old studies, the old pursuits will not suffice them. They "drive at practice"; even those who would have inclined in other days to the quiet walks of scholarship, in the humanist's sense, are looking a little distrustfully at merely bookish accomplishment. The boy must be caught with deft and wise management, if he is to be won back to the imperishable gifts of antiquity. Modifications there must be; but a scheme of education wholly utilitarian would make our last state worse than our first.

There is good reason to hope much from the present great hour of the educated theorist, spurred by war to new views and new activity. Among the many revelations of the time, none has come home to the nation with greater force than this—that our teaching system calls for vigorous revision and reconstruction. At last there is a real public interest in the question, which remained in the region of academic discussion, only dimly appreciated by the man in the street, until the shock of a national upheaval lifted the debate out of the merely professional and fixed upon it the attention of the average parent, always shy of the scholastic mystery and usually a little puzzled by the controversies of schoolmasters. But now, to the other wonders of the time has been added that of a public conscience fully awake to educational concerns. For the first time, paterfamilias, the man of affairs, who had come to look on education as an incident, necessary but expensive, a duty which he discharges vicariously with some distrust of his paid agents, realised that this thing touched him nearly. It was a work of national importance from which he could no longer stand aloof. He must get new light on the question. The newspapers, always sensitive to the public feeling, began to offer views and counsel of various quality. Some held a torch, others only a rushlight. But the movement, despite inevitable confusions, was healthy. The parent became convinced that amid the manifold reforms of the hour, it behoved us imperatively to set the school-house in order. And he must make the question his own.

Cry of the Pessimist

The movement, perhaps, did not arise entirely from the purest enthusiasm for intellectual things. Many who cried *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* were influenced only by pessimistic convention of the moment, which, under the stress of initial deficiencies in the field of battle, condemned and criticised all national institutions. It was a perversion of the maxim—*fas est ab hoste doceri*. The enemy, men cried, had in all respects done better; he was reaping the reward of his wisdom and foresight; we on the other hand were suffering punishment for faulty method. At first the attitude was too penitential; too often, as the discussion grew, the white sheet and candle were dropped only to be exchanged for the hammer of the iconoclast. This was very agreeable to those who considered the schoolmaster but a feckless body, out of touch with practical life, a dealer in mysteries useful perhaps to bookworms, but beneath the business man's concern. Gradually, however, equilibrum is being restored. In Mr. Fisher's hands the cause of reform is finding a direction which promises equal justice to the claims of the new and the old in education. The problem is not yet solved by a long way, but the omens are favourable, increasingly favourable.

Apart from the influence of actual war and all that it immediately involves, our new boy has been moulded in particular by the scientific and mechanical progress of the Twentieth Century. He has seen the conquest of the air and it has appealed to his imagination with a power far greater than that of the steam-engine, once his amiable desire. For the young aspiration to be an engine-driver fades with growing years. It hardly outlives the nursery. But the aeroplane has been not only a delightful pastime in the making and flying of models, but it has offered him an adventurous and splendid service, born in the very nick of time to help the country at her need. It calls for youth at its very best, the boy need not wait, he may begin the day he is of military age.

It is therefore the more urgent that the claims of scientific and of literary training shall be rightly harmonised. There is radical error in the popular conception that the two are eternally opposed, and the popular misunderstanding has been countenanced in quarters where the average man believes that wisdom is to be found. He listens gladly to the invocation of the blessed word science misused by the partially informed, and believes that it is the word of salvation for his sons. It is true that there never was a generation so apt to receive scientific training, and science must yet come by its own, if we are to prosper as a race, but its effect will not be dynamic, if it is summed up in mere text-books on dynamics or that which is familiarly termed "stinks." The concept must be something far wider, the proper application of scientific method to the whole of education, in which no part will be held contemptible because it is modern or ancient, or merely ornamental because it is literary. For what, after all, is *scientia* but "knowledge" and thence "skill?" And in skill and knowledge is comprehended the sum of the whole matter; this perilous but, if rightly guided, glorious remodelling of education for the welfare of the new boy.

FOR GOGGLES WIND-SCREENS & WINDOWS
TRIPLEX
THE ONLY SAFETY GLASS

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

GOOD reading for the holidays will be found in Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's latest collection of stories called after the first of them *The Black Office*, (John Murray, 6s.) The shortest tale in the book "The Smile in the Portrait," is worthy of Stevenson in conception and execution, and only falls short of being a perfect short story in its somewhat commonplace ending. For the rest the tales are full of gallant adventure and gay good humour, and comprise two stories of guinea smuggling to France, an episode in the life of Burke the "resurrectionist," an entertaining yarn based on Sir William Hope's passion for swordmanship, and the first, perhaps the weakest of the lot, which revolves round the secret examination of the mail bags under the Restoration in France. The book is worthy of the reputation of these popular writers.

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The new Library Edition of the War Speeches of the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, published under the title of *The Day and After* (Cassell and Co., 5s. net), contains a good deal of matter, particularly the important addresses on "The Paris Conference" and "The Empire's Future," that was not published in the previous edition. The book enables one to estimate at leisure the value of the contribution of the Prime Minister of Australia to the solution of the problems that the war has created or brought into prominence. The speeches are well worth reading, not only for that reason, but also because they reflect the vigorous spirit in which Australia went to war, and are, in that respect, more than the utterances of a single individual, however eminent. Mr. Hughes had a respectful, almost a servile, hearing in this country. Much of it was a well-merited mark of tribute to the great Dominion he represented. Some of it was due to his own personality, and a very considerable residuum was due to what he had to say. Of this last element of his successful "press" in England I speak with diffidence, but I am bound to say that the constructive element in his speeches seems to me singularly barren. Mr. Lloyd George, writing a "foreword" to the speeches at the time he was Minister of Munitions, employs metaphor appropriate to his office. "Read these speeches," he says, "and you will find that the sentences get home, and that their detonating quality is of the highest order. The percentage of 'prematures' and 'blinds' is imperceptibly low." I am inclined to think that the Prime Minister had a memory of hearing, but not of reading the speeches. I have no doubt that the speaker's vigorous personality charged them with a moving force. Except for their value in stimulating a martial enthusiasm (certainly a great exception), what do they signify?

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Whether or no constructive proposals are lacking in the speeches of Mr. Hughes, there is certainly a brave display of them in Mr. Harold Hodge's "tract for the times," *In the Wake of the War* (John Lane, 5s. net). "The war," says Mr. Hodge, "has brought home to the public mind, at any rate, two things: that party politics paralyse effective action, and that we have no permanent Imperial Government." Mr. Hodge developes these two points in a book of considerable power and uncommon interest. He begins with a lament for the downfall of the House of Lords and an exposure of what he regards as the present impotence of the House of Commons, on lines which have been recently much traversed, but which he follows with the well-marshalled arguments and the well-selected illustrations of the accomplished publicist. But the greater and by far the more important part of the book is taken up with an essay in constitution-building. Most people are vaguely of the opinion that the Dominions must be given a more permanent share in controlling the greater destinies of the British Commonwealth, but so far dim schemes of Federalism have alone been adumbrated. Mr. Hodge rejects Federalism as it is usually interpreted and provides a full blown constitution of his own devising. I will not unfold still less attempt to criticise his scheme. The important thing is that here are definite and detailed proposals, clearly thought out, which will form at the very least a solid basis for further discussion.

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Two other books, constructive in their ideas if less concrete in their proposals than Mr. Hodge's, may well be noticed here. They are called *The Coming Polity and Ideas at War* (Williams and Norgate, 5s. net each), and are the first two volumes of "a popular Library of Regional, Human and Civic Studies and their Application to Current Issues," which is edited by Patrick Geddes and Victor Branford and is called by the general title of *The Making of the Future*. Those who know the work of the editors, and few people by now are ignorant of the name and fame of Professor Geddes, will have some idea of the noble and fruitful doctrine of civism which is developed in these books, the first of which is written by the joint editors of the library and the second by Professor Geddes and Dr. Gilbert Slater. Till recent years the subject of sociology has seemed as barren as its name is hybrid. The reason for this is no doubt to be found in the materialistic or Prussian concept of it so well contrasted with the humanistic or French concept in the opening chapter of *The Coming Polity*. This book is in the main a little essay in method, showing by means of illustrations from the Thames Valley how a regional survey properly conducted, can be adapted to aid the urgently needed processes of political reconstruction and re-education. The authors pay, by the way, a tribute to Mr. Belloc as "one of the very best of our regional geographers, and this, long before he made his reputation as a military critic." In *Ideas at War* the authors take a general survey of the Mechanical-Imperial-Financial Age from which they deem that civility (as they call civilisation) is passing and express their hopes for the reconstruction of the world.

* * * * *

"H.M.S. *Cornwallis* was torpedoed and sunk by enemy submarine in the Mediterranean on January 9th, 1917." Acting Commander A. T. Stewart and her Chaplain, the Rev. C. J. E. Peshall have in *The Immortal Gamble* (A. and C. Black, 5s. net), written her obituary notice. With pride and affection they describe the great deeds in the Gallipoli campaign of their ship, which fired the first shot of the bombardment and played her part in the evacuation, described by a Canadian nurse as a "real slick vamooze." As a record of life on a battleship during the war, the book has a unique interest, especially as its authors write clearly and simply for the benefit of the land-lubber and realise how intimate touches, such as the latest word in vogue aboard, will interest us at home. Moreover, it is a contribution from a new point of view to what its authors call "The Saga of the Straits," which "will be sung by our people long years after all who gave it orchestration are dead and turned to dust."

AT THE SIGN OF LA BELLE SAUVAGE.

First and Last Things

Mr. H. G. Wells has just completed a New and Revised Edition of his older volume—"the frank confessions of what one man in the early 20th Century has found in life and himself." The spiritual theory set forth in "God the Invisible King" is here translated into practical terms. 6s. net

Memoirs of a Balkan Diplomatist

Chedomille Mijatovich, late Serbian Foreign Minister, provides "a document which will attract students of European history" (*The Times*). "He has met all the chief actors on the Balkan stage and conducts us behind the scenes of an ever-changing drama" (*Daily Telegraph*), telling us "how things happened" (*Chronicle*). 4 Photogravures, 16s. net

Germany Under Three Emperors

Princess Catherine Radziwill presents "a study by one exceptionally well-informed on the personal side of the development of Germany" (*Observer*), "tells many interesting things of the German spy system" (*Evening Standard*), "we very earnestly commend her remarkable book" (*Globe*). 8 Photogravures, 16s. net

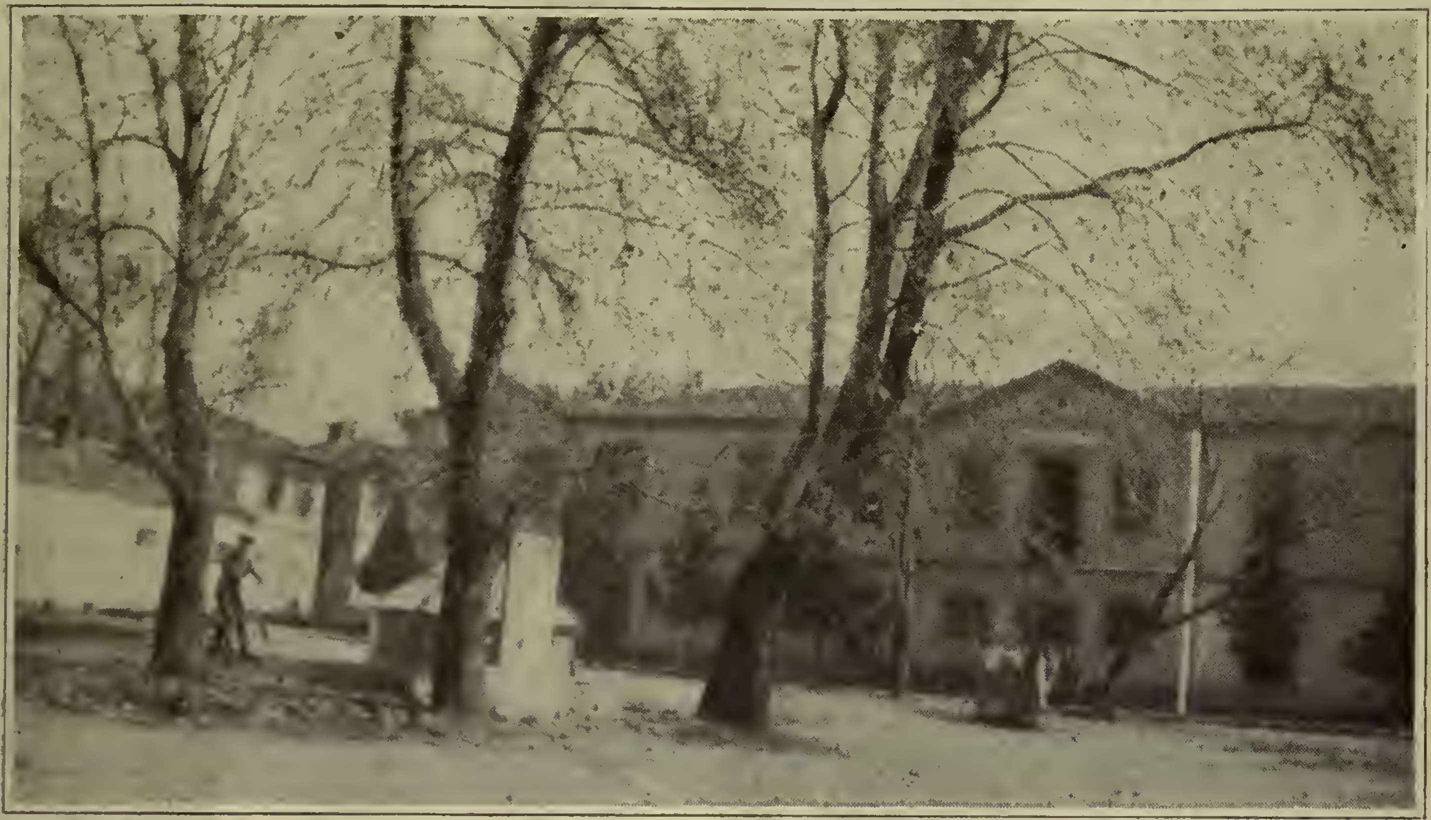
With Botha and Smuts in Africa

Lt.-Commander Whittall, R.N., Armoured Car Division, has given us "the best war book we have had this year" (*Morning Post*). It is "an authoritative account of what was accomplished by the military genius of Botha and Smuts, and the tenacity of their troops in desert and bush" (*Observer*). 2 Portraits and 2 Maps, 6s. net

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL, LONDON, E.C.4.

Sedes and its Marsh

By H. Russell Wakefield

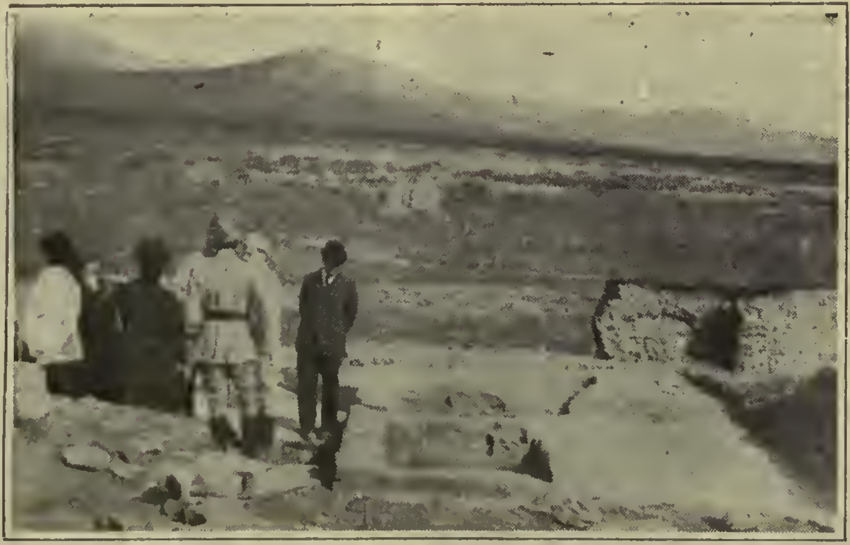


Model Farm, Sedes

SIX miles along the Salonika-Vasilika road, where the violet, shadowed and ever-cloudy mountains of Chalcidice run out to join the long promontory of Kara Burnu, is a little oasis of trees from out of which a little group of buildings peeps. This is the Model Farm, Sedes, one of the very few examples of modern progress the Old Turks gave to Macedonia. There is a long barrack-like building where the budding agriculturists lived and worked, forming with some rudimentary barns and out-houses a little square, in the centre of which is an ancient fountain, which is shown in the photograph reproduced here. The trees, which hem in this little square on all sides, are a paradise for birds, and one of the most certain and profuse springs for many miles round ever bubbles forth to refresh the flower and vegetable gardens, and to irrigate the neighbouring fields.

To the north the foot-hills terrace up to the brow of Old Hortäch, the king of that sector of the coastal range, famous for its charcoal. The arid rolling plain just reaches Sedes and then ends abruptly in vast desolate marshes, which run out to the tideless sea. It is a beautiful and lonely place and like all oases has the added beauty of emphasised contrast.

Quite near it the Serbian army landed last summer, so that it will have for evermore a place in the Sagas of that glorious race. It has too a tiny strategic importance, for in the event of a successful Bulgar invasion, should the line of the Lakes be lost it might be held as a strong place, guarding and flanking as it does the road to Salonika, though its garrison would inevitably end either in Valhalla or Sofia. It was partly for that reason that the writer's unit was sent to train there in the spring of 1916. Though quite near the city, it was splendidly remote, and off the beaten track of Staff cars, lorries and dispatch riders and all the wheeled hierarchy, which in the end remains the most abiding memory of active service, with the din and dust it stirs. There we remained six weeks and it is some tribute to its vague but potent charm that to more than one of us it remains one of the happiest, most care-free experiences of their lives—a quiet hour before the fiery suns, the choking dust, the thirst and strain, the burden and heat of the Struma valley.



The Mound in the Marsh

Before we left Salonika for Sedes, three of us bought guns, safe but uninspired weapons, for the marsh was known to be thronged with water-birds. The occasional half-days, when we had no duty, I always spent there. I can recall every dyke and every stream, almost every yard of that entrancing place. The snipe began three hundred yards from our front door, big wild birds, which rose in screaming wisps, and hurried in huge circles, rising ever higher till quite suddenly they would swoop in a "nose-dive" to the reeds.

All along that part of the coast are curious and unexplained mounds, obviously artificial, little editions of those on the Wiltshire Downs. One rose out of the very marsh itself, and the French sent a working party under an archæologist to excavate it; it is this party which appears in the adjacent photograph. They found several fine vases, many skeletons and tutti quanti, and the floor of what seemed to have been a tiny temple. The bee-eaters, surely the trimmest and most beautiful of birds, came in flocks and burrowed out their nesting holes where the French had loosened the soil.

Near this mound lived the wild geese, dignified and wary birds, who timed their rise to perfection, and left but few of their company to vary our diet. But snipe abounded especially the too confiding little jack, and only bad shooting or bad cartridges—and Salonika cartridges were vile sulphuric swindles—could prevent one speedily getting half a dozen on any good day. Once to my eternal shame and regret I shot one of those curious and aloof birds, the Loon, a specimen of which hangs downward from the boy's hand in that illustrated poulterer's hand-book, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." Before it died it raised its splendid ruff and pecked my face; though the shooting of it was half an accident, I still hate to remember it.

Further out came a long, almost impenetrable barrier of stiff bamboo reeds, through which a little river wandered, too wide to jump and too deep to wade, and always a problem. As one broke a way through the reeds towards it one could hear the water tortoises dropping into it like large stones. If one kept quiet they would soon begin poking out their little black heads to see if the coast was clear. These reeds made a good ambush for the duck, mallard, widgeon and teal, swishing by in their tense rush, and sometimes a flock of widgeon came lamenting down the sky. I walked countless miles with a No. 7 in the right barrel and a No. 4 in the choke, soaked through and splashed with many kinds of mud, but sometimes I had my reward.

Maize Fields near Sedes

The other side of the reeds the marsh was wilder, wetter and more treacherous, but still its splendid self. It ran right out to the sea, and after breaking through the barrier one was confronted with a mighty and lonely panorama. The scream of seabirds filled the air, the low sea moan came softly over the wastes, the rays of the sun struck up in dazzling, waving sparks from every pool and watery place. Far to the right, where the bay curved in, the little painted sailing-ships were heeling over to the baby breeze, and on the beach a line of dots showed where the big seine net was coming reluctantly to shore. To the east the lovely rhythmical curve of the shore ran out to Kara Burnu, where the top of the mast and funnel of the monitor on guard there miraged hazily above the horizon.

Officers Lines in the Forest

Once I remember hearing a band on a French battleship, close in shore, playing "La Reve des Grieux" from Manon, and the ebb and flow of that half lonely, half pathetic air seemed to complete and in no way break the lonely pathos of that forgotten corner of the world. Once too I was reminded that such places are fickle as the sea which rules them. Blown in by a southern gale, the sea rose up and flooded the marsh. I quickly found myself bereft of landmarks in a strange, sluicing hostile place. Three times I fell in up to my neck, and only those who know how quickly such shocks, such struggles and such anxiety sap the strength and moral of those who experience them, can appreciate with what relief I found at last, when it was almost dark, a possible way back. While I was struggling an aeroplane passed me not 200 feet up. I wondered if the pilot recognised my plight. I might easily have been drowned within his sight. But that was the only time the marsh played me false.

How good it used to be to come back home as the light failed, when the men would be singing round the fountain, when the roar of the frogs came in from the marsh and the baby owls were beginning their haunting and musical little talks in the darkening trees. Then dinner was ready and all was well! Later on, as the first warning of the coming heat, the marsh dried up, the snipe and duck disappeared, great swarms of mosquitoes took their place and it was no longer a good or welcome place. But there was bathing in a rippling purple sea, and one could lie out in a sun, not yet the merciless monarch of summer, and let the breezes blow through one till sheer bodily ecstasy overwhelmed the senses and produced that utter careless joy in living which was the birthright of an earlier age.

The storks came then and fussed round their ancient nests on the roofs and in the trees, and rattled their beaks with joy of return, till a great clatter filled the air. One tattered patriarch was resting on the barn roof after his long flight and staring down at the unwelcome activity and martial display around him, when a frolicsme French aviator swooped down on him and fired his machine gun in the air. The patriarch bristled all over and ruffled his feathers as if to say: "What sort of hell is this, anyway? What is that great and noisy bird droning past? Is this the reward of my domestic constancy?" He fluttered out to the marsh to think it over. Presently he returned, clattering his beak for his mate, and then they both began collecting twigs for the annual repairs and alterations. *C'est la guerre* was written all over him. Other memories one might recall of the pleasant weeks passed in this place that almost seemed to belong to another world—a world happier and more serene than this war-stricken planet.

By and by when all trees were rustling with leaves, and the earth had just settled down to its drowsy, summer stagnation, we had to say good-bye. We left with the deepest regret, our only consolation being that we resigned it to the Serbs. They were worthy of it. As we went away a little party of them were singing a soft Slav love song, which was so akin to the spirit of the place that it seemed like Sedes itself bidding us a long farewell.

Greek Regulars and Cretan Gendarmes

LAND & WATER

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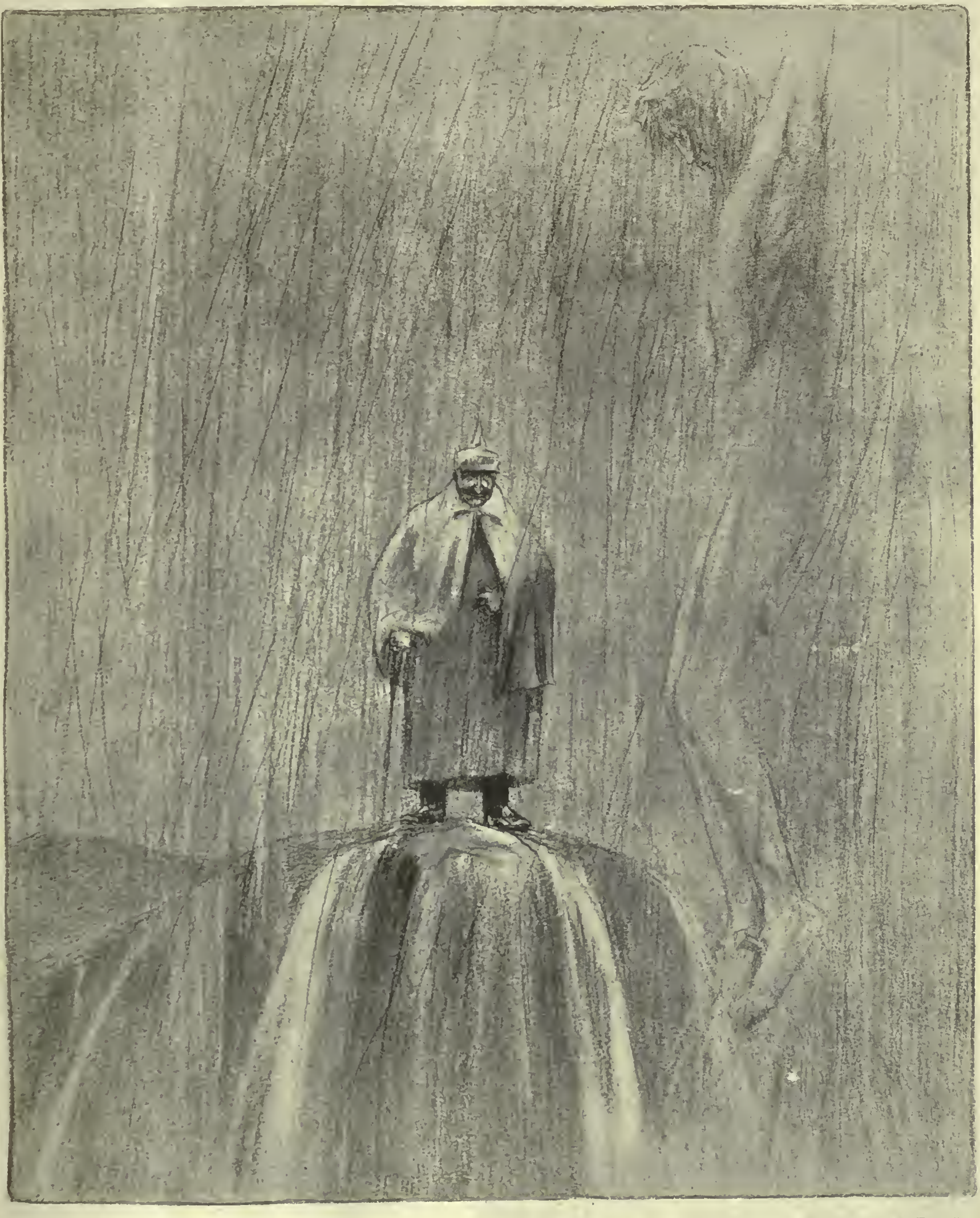


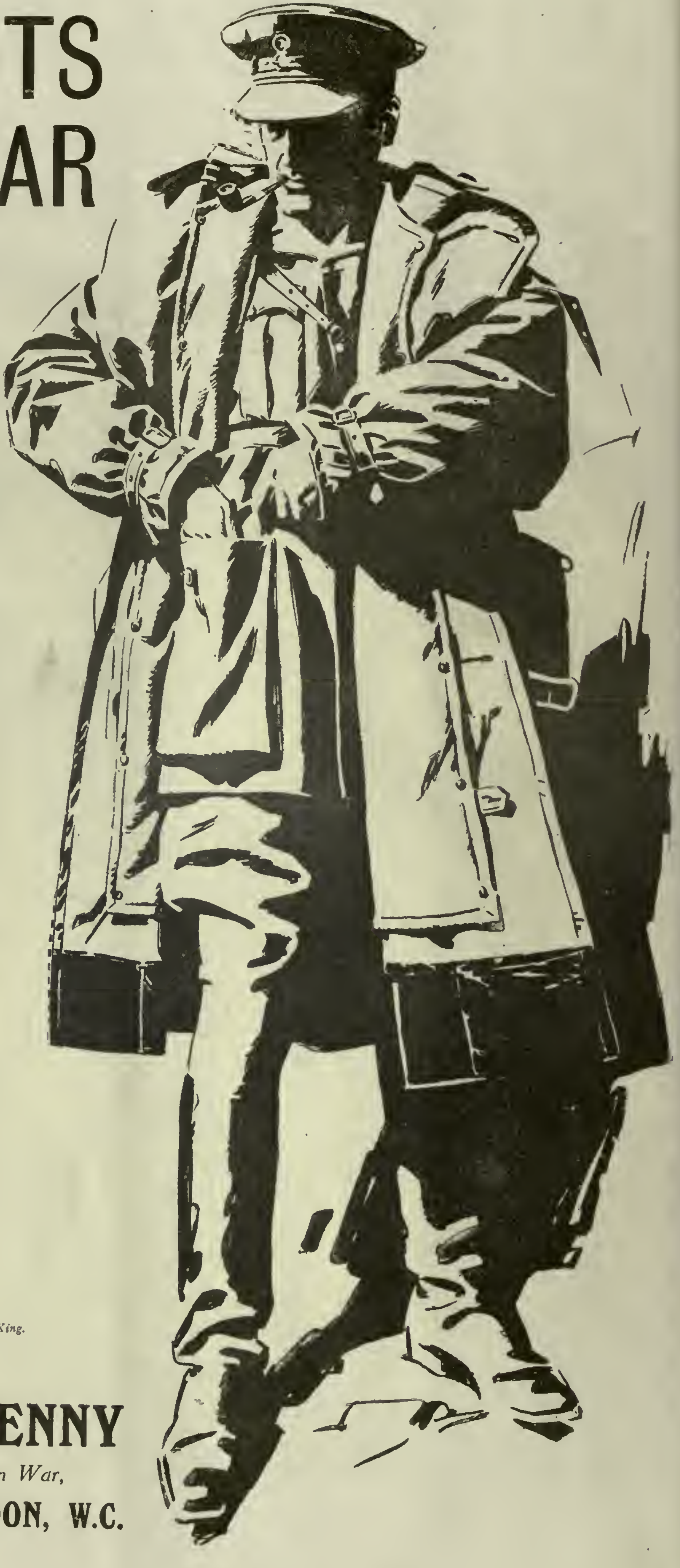
By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for "Land & Water"

After Three Years

On oceans of tears,
On desolate wastes,
On rivers of blood,
On mountains of dead,
On infernos of shame . . .
I will build my proud house of Hohenzollern.

NEARING ITS THIRD YEAR



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1917

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THREE YEARS OF WAR

THREE years of war—six and thirty months of unanticipated death and sorrow, agony and distress on every continent of this planet—it is an immeasurable period if gauged by the heart-pangs it has created, but if regarded from a higher standpoint and contrasted with other periods of warfare when the same weights were in the scales, barbarism and slavery on one side, freedom and civilisation on the other, then there is no need for despondency, not even if a full year or more has yet to be added to the tale. No one to-day dares to predict when the finish will happen; even that most reckless of prophets, the Kaiser, is silent; but the Allies are fully assured the end can only come when victory is complete.

The present German Chancellor, Herr Michaelis, boasted in his first speech to the Reichstag, that the territory of the Fatherland is inviolable. "If we make peace," he added, "we must make sure as the first condition that the frontiers of the German Empire are made secure for all time." Belgium may be overrun if necessity seems to demand it; France and Russia may be invaded by land and provinces snatched from them; England may be invaded by air and her civil population slaughtered, but the German Empire is to be inviolable for all time! These boastful sentences make it only too plain that there can be no hope of peace, of permanent peace with Germany—any sort of Germany, call it autocratic or democratic as they will—until her national conscience is convinced that she is no stronger than the other Powers, and that offences against international rights and common humanity will be punished, no matter how long it may take, by nations more powerful than herself. The Allies are fighting for a permanent peace; the reasons for Great Britain's entry into the war hold as good to-day as they did three years ago, and whatever the cost we shall not desist until the cause of right and justice has been won, and such heavy punishment inflicted upon the Bully of Europe that it will act as a deterrent for all time.

War is the Grand Assize to which nations are summoned. Germany, to do her justice, recognised this truth from the first, but with that overweening egoism which is to be one of the causes of her downfall, she counted confidently on the other nations failing to justify their existence. The British Empire three years ago was deemed an old overgrown giant, too lazy to move unless its own comfort or purse was in peril; now she is seen to be a young giant of inexhaustible vigour and resolution, who, while set on winning the war, has yet the time and energy to give thought to the problems of progress which are recognised to lie ahead. A brilliant series of articles from the pen of "Jason," have been appearing for some weeks in these columns, dealing with many of the more urgent industrial questions, and to-day this talented writer in a final article, makes a rapid survey of the advance which has been made in the industries and manufactures of these islands. He does well to remind us that three years ago—in the first months of the war—the internal danger we stood chiefly in fear of were the consequences of unemployment. Nobody did or could have foreseen the insatiable effects of modern war, and he does only justice to the ordinary citizen when he attributes to him and to her the extraordinary reserve of power and resourcefulness of which this nation has shown herself possessed. Mistakes have been made and will continue to be made in that most difficult of all modern problems—the management and control of free peoples. But here real progress has also taken place, and we ourselves firmly believe that with tact and good sense on both sides, to say nothing of patriotism and discipline, all the outstanding difficulties can be overcome.

The danger that seems to beset the nation at home at the present time is a too easy contentment with our achievements hitherto. This spirit does not affect the armies in the field; they recognise clearly the immensity of the task that still lies ahead of them, and their courage is as serene as ever. There is no question that it will be a great stimulus both at home and in the field for profiteering to be dealt with in an honest and straightforward manner; that is to say, in the way Lord Rhondda is handling it. Weeks ago the then Food Controller, Lord Devonport, admitted in Parliament that profiteering did exist, and gave one notorious instance. But there he stopped; the culprits were not named, nor was any action taken. This incident created a very bad impression throughout the country, which has been increased by subsequent events. At the same time, there has been an extraordinary response to the Government's call for increased production. Never have our wide acres and garden roods been more extensively cultivated; this joy of production, certainly on the part of allotment holders, promises to continue. It may be remembered that the years immediately preceding the war witnessed exceptional activity in gardening all over the countries, but energies were devoted more to flowers than to foodstuffs. Now that the true value of the latter cultivation has been comprehended, this increase of garden cultivation is likely to continue. And that most conservative of all men, the British agriculturist, has at last awakened to the significance of mechanical appliances, and is making much more use of them as Sir Herbert Matthews points out on another page.

LAND & WATER has taken this opportunity to place before its readers a record of the official crime and villainy of Germany's rulers. The proclamations of which we give to-day photographic reproductions, are in themselves overwhelming testimony of the callous and carefully premeditated brutality of the Teuton nature. Were it humanly possible for war ever to be discredited, then it will be admitted that Germany has done her best to accomplish it. After glancing through these Proclamations, read the letters from the American Legation at Brussels written home by Mr. Hugh Gibson, the First Secretary. Here will be seen what thoughts were in German minds before the invasion of Belgium had actually begun. If there remains the faintest doubt that this invasion was forced on Germany, these letters will sweep the last shred of it away. And other overwhelming evidence also exists. The Potsdam conspiracy, for particulars of which the country is indebted to the *Times*, sheds a new and baneful light on this subject. It is now made known that on July 5th, 1914, a meeting of the Kaiser and his principal supporters, both in Germany and Austro-Hungary, took place in the Palace of Potsdam, and there is circumstantial evidence that at this meeting it was decided to force a war on Europe.

By H. Walter Barnett

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B., etc., etc.

A Review of the Third Year of the War

By Hilaire Belloc

THE third year of the Great War comes to a close (according as we calculate from the first diplomatic or the first military act of hostilities) on July 31st or August 4th.

This third year of the war, if it be looked at in its largest aspect, will be seen to have been dominated by two great governing conditions.

The first of these conditions has been the relative decline of the enemy's numerical power, and this relative decline has applied not only to his effectives as a whole, but to his man-power in general, including his power of munitionment, and his power of further production. The general effect of this first condition, which is fundamentally determinant of the whole campaign, will be discussed in a moment.

Its effect has been profoundly modified by the second governing condition of the year, which has been the Revolution in Russia. This political movement, whatever its ultimate effects may be, has for the period under review changed all the calculation upon which the Allies have hitherto proceeded. The enemy enjoyed an almost complete repose between the Baltic and the Black Sea for many months. There was a proportionate drop in the curve of his casualties. He was able to reinforce to some extent his Western front while his Eastern front became a sort of great rest camp or "especially quiet sector" to which could be sent troops who had suffered from the superiority of the Western Allies.

There is the story of the third year. The war has been a siege since the enemy was thrown back on the Marne and had the door locked upon him upon the Yser. But it differed for long from most sieges in this: that it was a siege in which the besieged were at first numerically the most powerful and far superior in munitionment to the besiegers, and which had, therefore, to be most carefully conducted lest, in the process of exhausting the besieged, the besiegers themselves should break down.

It was a siege then, in which for at least the first year, a much stronger man was being kept down upon the ground by a weaker man. The second year was the year of conversion. It was the year during which the attempt of the besieged to reverse the siege conditions before it should be too late, was most violent. It included what may be called the four great sorties (though one of them began before the end of that year): The thrust to the East; the thrust to the Ægean; the thrust upon the sector of Verdun; the thrust against the Trentino.

In the military sense all those great sorties failed. The containing lines remained still containing the enemy. He had broken them nowhere, though he had come uncommonly close to breaking them in the effort at Vilna in the autumn of 1915; and though he had come again uncommonly close to breaking them at the very end of the second year, when he just failed to effect a rupture of the Italian lines.

The third year would have seen his destruction but for the political effect of one of these sorties, that against Russia.

Already before the third year opened the enemy had found on the Somme that superiority had passed to the Western Allies. Before the end of that tremendous struggle he was embarrassed as to reinforcement upon the West. Already upon the East, before the third year opened, he had seen forty divisions disappear under the hand of Brussilof. There remained to him just enough surplus vitality to carry out the restricted offensive against the new Roumanian front, and there then appeared to be nothing for him at all but a gradually losing battle during 1917.

He made, as we all remember, an open and detailed appeal for peace to his enemies at the close of 1916. That appeal was, of course, rejected, but (we shall do well to remember it to-day) it was not only rejected but was rejected in terms firm, wise and lucid. He had committed a certain crime. He must pay such a penalty as will forbid his ever committing such a crime again.

Had the situation remained politically what it was at the close of 1916; had we been dealing, through the opening season of 1917 with an unchanged and determined alliance against the common foe, the end was not only certain but was near, when the Revolution in Russia changed all.

The siege of the rebellious Central Empires and their Allies by the combined civilisation of Europe, lost its continuity. For months the largest sector of the siege ring ceased to "wear down" the force opposed to it: for months upon all the 1,000 miles from the Baltic to the Black Sea there was exercised no pressure upon the besieged.

In spite of this grave defection the increasing superiority of the older and better civilisation in the south and west impressed itself, when the Western offensive of 1917 opened. Every blow broke in his defences and was not recoverable. And the last weeks of the third year of the war saw him upon the West threatened with disaster from the increasing superiority of his foes. But the Eastern front was no longer calculable.

Russia and Roumania

The details of the year must now be tabulated in their order.

They resolve themselves clearly, as we have seen, into two parts very sharply defined by the outbreak of the Russian Revolution.

In the first part, during which every member of the Grand Alliance was working in concert with the rest, the pressure steadily increased upon the enemy until he saw disaster inevitable in the year 1917, called for peace and failed to obtain it, took to methods of desperation.

The second part saw a profound modification of these favourable conditions, the weight of the war thrown upon the Western Powers and the regular curve of its progress so disturbed that all previous calculations failed.

As the third year opened the great advance of Brussilof upon the East was approaching its term. The Germans had been compelled to throw in some forty divisions, but their action saved their Allies.

During the course of August 1916, Brussilof somewhat advanced his line, especially compelling Bothmer in the southern centre to retire somewhat, and before the end of the month the advance had been continued south of the Dniester sufficiently to include Stanislaus.

It was at this limit, as it were, of the great Russian offensive that the Roumanian Government decided to enter the field, and upon August 27th declared war upon Austria-Hungary, a declaration which was followed upon the next day, August 28th, by Germany's declaring war against Roumania. But Roumania was entirely dependent upon Russian communications for her munitionment. Was that munitionment loyally provided by the old pre-Revolution Government of Russia? It is a question which, of course, affects the whole character of what followed, but one which the present writer has not at this moment any ground for deciding one way or the other. At any rate, the upshot of the campaign was an invasion of Roumania, which occupied the capital and more than half the fertile land, and reached "the lines of the Sereth."

The Roumanian forces first proceeded to occupy the passes of the Carpathians and to attempt an invasion of Transylvania, a purely political effort, very ill designed from the point of view of general strategy, and excused by its originators to the other Allies on the plea that only the presence of Roumanian troops in Translyvania with its Roumanian population could make the war tolerable to the mass of the Roumanian people. As should have been foreseen, the Bulgarians quite shortly after the opening of the campaign, struck against the Dobrudja. Accompanied by Turkish and German contingents they moved up the Danube in an effort to reach the great bridge of Cerna Voda and destroyed four Roumanian divisions on the way, but a counter-blow delivered upon September 21st checked them.

Roumania, though already suffering heavily from the pressure of superior forces, still apparently retained a sufficient stock in munitionment to hold the mountains and the essential Danube Bridge. Meanwhile, this month of September also saw the continuation of the tremendous pressure which the Western Allies were putting upon the German Army in the battle of the Somme, [and the continuous bombardment which filled the month was crowned at its close by the advance to the highest points of the Ridge in front of Bapaume. The ruins of Combles were occupied and the battle up hill which was the first part of the Somme operations concluded.

The real effect, of course, of all that Somme offensive, which covered from first to last not less than five months, was the attrition of the enemy's forces, the infliction of casualties which were no less than 700,000 men. Progress of the Allied pressure and its severity is to be judged by the advance of the line into a further and deeper concave towards the ridge of Bapaume, and this continued uninterruptedly. The autumn mud just saved the enemy's line in front of the Bapaume Ridge, but left him with the knowledge that short of some great political change he could not hold upon the same line in the coming spring. October saw the beginning of that crisis in munitionment and supply which destroyed the power of the Roumanian army. It opened with a successful tactical move by the Germans north of the Red Tower Pass, which broke and forced beyond the frontier the Roumanian division holding it.

At the end of the third week in October Mackensen in the Dobrudja at last approached, and by a decisive victory captured immediately afterwards the railway line from the great bridge of the Danube to Constanza, and the bridge and the town itself. He advanced very rapidly to the north, and at the beginning of November had occupied virtually the whole of the Dobrudja, but he was not yet able to cross the Danube and the mass of Roumania proper was intact. This situation continued until the third week in November, when we first knew by a despatch from Berlin issued upon Saturday the 18th of that month, and dealing with the fighting of the day before, Friday, that the Carpathian line had at last been forced and that the southernmost pass, the Vulcan, has been completely mastered by the Austro-German army.

In the south there was an exactly simultaneous Allied success. After heavy fighting in the bend of the Cerna, the brunt of which fell upon the Serbian infantry and the French artillery, the lines in front of Monastir, known as the "lines of Kenali" were turned, and upon that same Friday, November 19th, Lieutenant Murat, the first French soldier, rode into Monastir. It was and it remains a considerable asset of a political sort in the hands of the Allies that this town, the prime object of the Bulgarian entry into the war, should have been taken. But no advance further proved possible. The mountain mass of the Balkans was an insuperable wall, and the pressure on the south was not sufficient to save Bukharest from the combined advance of the Turkish, Bulgarian, Austrian and German forces. The rapid Roumanian retreat over the plain of Wallachia threatened the capital more and more. Bukharest fell on December 6th, after a battle which at one moment seemed to have halted the invasion. The Danube was crossed as well at many points and that invasion proceeded until it reached the lines of the Sereth and was there halted.

Just after the open fighting season of 1916 had closed, the local actions in front of Verdun betrayed the new character of the Allied superiority upon the West and gave promise at the same time of what might become a new tactical method. In each a very intense but short bombardment was followed by a carefully rehearsed movement with limited objectives.

The first, in October, recovered the observation posts of the ridge, including the ruins of Douaumont Fort. The second carried the observation posts to the north and west of these, including that of Pepper Hill and the heights connecting it with the Douaumont Heights. In each the number of prisoners taken alone was greater than the numbers of French casualties, and each became the model for the fighting of 1917. General Nivelle was in command of this sector at the time, and it was in some measure the striking success of these local actions which led to his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the French armies in the following year.

Italian Pressure

On the Italian front the position during the third year—considering the war as a whole—was the successful holding of a number of Austrian divisions fluctuating between 25 and 35, and the successful maintenance of pressure uninterrupted from the Italian side against the enemy: pressure which gave proof of its character in the power to effect an occasional advance and to prevent any effective counteraction. Thus Gorizia fell into Italian hands at the very beginning of the third year, while later in the fighting season of 1917, an offensive on a considerable scale was to reach the crest of the Carso and the greater part of the ridge positions beyond the Upper Isonzo, though failing to carry the Hermada Hill on the Adriatic Coast, which is the principal position covering Trieste, and failing also to carry the culminating height of the Isonzo Ridge.

We must never forget the true character of the Italian front and its function in the Great War. It is not a front lending itself to an offensive nor one which would ever properly see the breaking of the siege line, but it is one which, so long as the organisation of the Eastern front by the Allies could be maintained, had the great value of crippling quite half of the Austrian forces. Meanwhile, the large Italian margin of man-power made it possible to lend troops for the extension of the line across the Balkan Peninsula.

At this moment, the opening of December 1916, a general review of the situation convinced every observer that in spite of the very real success in Roumania and the justified boast that the line had not been broken upon the Somme, the next year menaced the enemy with disaster. The British army was growing steadily over and above its replacement of temporary and permanent losses in the great battles; the French losses had been proportionately diminished in intensity by the increase of its Ally; most important of all, the power of munitionment which Great Britain had now developed and which was the key to all the future of the campaign, was rising upon a rapid curve which the enemy could not follow. Great slave raids, the utmost organisation of his resources, the occupation of French coal and iron fields, of Belgian and Polish machinery, were not sufficient to bridge the distance between his rate of effort and our own.

First Effort for Peace

Upon December 12th the German Government solemnly asked for peace. It was the first time it had openly admitted its peril. Many an effort had been made from the very first days of the Marne onwards to detach one Ally from the rest, but no general appeal had yet been attempted. It failed, and there immediately followed in the latter part of December and the January, 1916-7, those new dispositions which were due to a feeling of desperation. The 1918 class was called up; a great number of new divisions were formed; and most important of all, the German Government declared its determination to remove all remaining civilised restrictions from its use of the submarine. The German decision to use the submarine in this fashion may properly be compared to the declaration of the Terror during the French Revolution. It was the most extreme act of which the nation at war was capable, and it was a novel effect in the story of European warfare. The smaller neutrals whose ships were sunk and whose crews and passengers massacred with the same indifference as the enemy would extend to a Frenchman, an Englishman, or Italian would, it was calculated, fail to take any action in defence of their ancient and most essential rights. The risk was of a rupture with America. This risk the enemy was prepared to run upon two calculations, the one right, the other wrong.

He calculated rightly that his chances in 1917 were already so bad that he might risk their increase on the chance of really weakening the tonnage of the world. While his false calculation was that the variety of American opinion, the large body of American citizens German in origin, and many other factors, would, between them, keep America out of the war. Meanwhile, the enemy began with the evacuation of Grandcourt in the second week of February, his preparations for abandoning the salient of Noyon, and by so much shortening his line in the West.

That retreat, hastened by British pressure on the Bapaume Ridge, was over by the third week in March.

Capture of Bagdad

Meanwhile, there had taken place in Mesopotamia, a very considerable military event which, though subsidiary to the greater fields of war, was of the highest possible political importance to the British position in the East, and a severe blow to our Turkish opponent. Bagdad had been entered by the morning of Sunday, March 11th, by the British troops. After a prolonged preparation, the aim of which was to secure ample communication from the base upon the sea, the Turkish lines at Sanna-i-yat covering Kut on the north of the Tigris, were turned by an action fought above Kut from the south of the river upon February 15th, at the close of a further preparatory action which had stretched over nearly a week. Upon that day the whole of the south bank of the Tigris above Kut was reached. A further action upon Friday, the 23rd, secured the crossing of the river, the enemy was compelled to retreat precipitately toward the forces he had left behind to the north, and on the 24th of the month, Saturday, Kut was entered. What followed was among the most remarkable feats in the history of war. A space of 100 miles with no good road and no railway, supported only by an exceedingly winding and treacherous river with a very rapid current and unknown shoals spread throughout it, was covered by a large British force in weather already becoming too hot for the health of Europeans, and we owe to the engineers, more than to any other branch of the service, the surprising success that followed. Ten days only divided the first advance on Bagdad and the concentration in front of the town. It was, considering the circumstances, by far the most rapid effort in the history of the war, and proved at its conclusion also the most successful. On March 7th, the three Turkish divisions resisting the advance held the line of the Diala river prolonged westward in front of Bagdad. On the 8th and 9th this line was turned by a crossing of the Tigris and an attack along its eastern or right bank. The enemy abandoned the line of the Diala, though this was not crossed without severe fighting against his rearguard, and on Saturday, the 10th, the first elements of the British force entered and occupied Bagdad.

Contemporaneously with this action, with the retirement of the Germans from the Noyon salient, and with the last and successful efforts of the enemy to push forward somewhat in Roumania, coincidently also with the first appearance of the German class 1918 on the divisional organisations, after three or three and a half months of training, there took place the event which changed the whole face of the war, and that in a degree which to-day we are only beginning to realise. I mean the Russian revolution. Upon March 16th, 1917, Western Europe received a message from the new Revolutionary Government of Russia that the Czar had lost his throne and was a prisoner, and that the Government to which foreign Allied Governments must address themselves was the Ministry responsible to the Duma.

With the domestic nature of this great event we are not here concerned, but it behoves us, if we are to mark what followed, to appreciate what resulted in the matter of military discipline among the Russian forces, and for that purpose I beg my readers to admit some digression upon the nature of this element in military affairs, and the consequences of its dissolution.

REVOLUTION AND DISCIPLINE

To understand the effect of this event upon the purely military course of the war, it is essential to detach one's mind from all other than military considerations and to consider what it is that gives executive force to an army.

An army is an assembly of men working under conditions abnormal to human life. It is an assembly, the efficiency of which for its own purpose, depends upon exactitude and rapidity of movement. Secondly: An army is an assembly of men subject to an unnatural strain. Lastly, an army involves in its exercise perpetual inequality of treatment. Most must be subject to a few and of the few each, though commanding, must be subject to some other. Those individuals of an army selected upon a particular day for the most painful tasks are to suffer the greatest strain, suffer inequality as compared with their more fortunate fellows. Within the army one category will necessarily be more subject to pain, to peril or to death than another.

These three main characteristics of an army, which make it the exceptional thing it is among human assemblies, create the idea of military discipline which is for an army a sheer necessity. You must somehow produce a state of affairs in which each unit of the assembly acts for the advantage of the whole, and often bitterly to his cost, and as a result of immediate obedience to an order given.

Without this mechanical and unreasoning element the machine could not work. To put a simple case. One hundred men could not, through the highest patriotism or the most developed intelligence, form fours of themselves by voluntary action.

When we discuss the tactical or strategical elements of a military situation we take for granted the existence of military discipline.

The disappearance or the weakening of this element of discipline brings into military problems a point quite separate from all tactical or strategic judgment. I can say, for instance, in writing of the campaign of 1792: " The Prussian army cannot turn Dumouriez until they have reduced the fortress of Verdun which blocks their advance; therefore, there is full time for Dumouriez to call up additional forces."

That would be a sound strategical statement of the position a few days before Valmy. But it takes for granted that Verdun is held by a highly disciplined garrison and that the troops in its neighbourhood which can be called into its defence are of the efficiency which military discipline produces. As a matter of fact, discipline was absent and Verdun was surrendered almost without a fight. Sound, therefore, as the strategical statement would have been, it took for granted a moral element which did not exist.

Now it is the character of every democratic revolution to relax discipline at its outset. This is inevitable because no man can wholly disassociate personal from political freedom, and because to most men freedom means individual freedom almost alone. Freedom is obedience to a self-made law. Any nation or community hitherto unfree and attempting freedom, must destroy the old and hitherto existing form of authority. But the disappearance of the known and accustomed authority leaves the individual free to react for the moment in his own interests alone and to forget the common cause.

In the case of military discipline, what happens in the first stages of a democratic revolution is always the same. The foundation of that discipline is debated and therefore is relaxed.

So far as the purely military problem presented by the phenomenon is concerned, its chief factor after the extent of the relaxation is the duration in time of that relaxation. The most egalitarian democracy conceivable may impose—and many such democracies as an historical fact have imposed—the most severe military discipline upon its army. Superficially there is condradiction between the two things, but fundamentally there is not; for the members of the democracy may well grasp the paradox that in order to preserve their own freedom they must have a covering institution, the internal organisation of which is unfree; just as a fluid body which would keep together must be contained within a solid receptacle. It is not true, therefore, that a democratic revolution necessarily destroys or weakens the military value of its own army in a permanent fashion. *But it is true that it weakens it at the outset, and the duration of that period of weakness is all-important to the task which the army has to perform: For all military things are measured by number and by time.*

The Russian Revolution weakened this military factor upon the Allied side heavily, and that for a considerable period. The causes of this were as follows:

First: It came after a period of intense strain, affected armies which had lost enormously and had been compelled to months of retreat. The retreat was successful in a military sense. The integrity of the Russian armies was maintained and their line remained unbroken. But the individual soldier did not feel it.

Secondly: The Revolution of itself was conducted by a portion of the army, to wit, the garrison of St. Petersburg.

Thirdly: The democratic ideals underlying this Revolution were not, as in the case of the French Revolution, entirely concerned with the political emancipation of the whole nation, but very largely with the economic emancipation of the poorer citizens and with a number of ideals which had nothing to do with nationality and were indeed often opposed to that ideal.

Fourthly: The Revolution broke out in a community which was not homogeneous and affected armies which were not the armies of one nation.

Looking at what used to be called the Russian Empire upon the map, we may speak of the Russian nation as occupying in Europe no more than its north-central portion. Finland, already separated in its form of Government, formed no part of the Russian nation, nor did the Baltic provinces nor the Lithuanian, nor the Polish. The whole southern belt of Ukraine was in its majority a community different from the central part, though the degree of difference is a matter which we in the West cannot easily test. A large and active Jewish nation of several millions was at work throughout the west and south, German-speaking, not Russian at all.

The effect of this weakening of discipline upon the Eastern front was positively very grave; negatively it had less effect than might have been expected, and that for reasons that will presently be shown.

Positively, it did two things. It eliminated the Russian power for the offensive until an advanced date in the fighting season of 1917, and it permitted the enemy to use the Eastern front as a sort of " Rest Camp," to which divisions mauled in the West could be transferred and from which other divisions fresh from long repose could be brought against the French and English.

Effect on the Alliances

Military operations upon a considerable scale are possible upon the Eastern front when the ground has dried after the spring thaw, and this means, roughly speaking, May south of the Pripet marshes and June to the north of them. But it was not until July 1st that any action was undertaken, and when such action was undertaken, it was at once partial and troubled by mutiny. The northern armies did not move. The southern armies, though enjoying numerical superiority and better munitionment than they had had since the beginning of the war, saw their offensive movement immediately interrupted by internal disorders.

From the moment that the Revolution declared itself the enemy began withdrawing all that could possibly be spared from the Eastern front in the way of men and, of course, a much larger proportion of artillery and of munitionment. Perhaps as many as twenty divisions were thus affected. When the strain upon him began in the West, that is, from the first half of April, 1917, onwards, we find the enemy—not upon the large scale which popular imagination has conceived, but still in a degree sufficient to affect the Allied cause adversely—sending to the Eastern front for repose divisions which had broken down under the strain of the West, and conversely bringing divisions westward which had enjoyed the repose of the Eastern front and were fresh.

The positive side, therefore, the effect of the Revolution was very grave for the Allied cause, and heavily counter-balanced the Increasing Allied superiority in the West.

But on the negative side, the effect was less than migth have been imagined. I mean the numerical relief afforded to the enemy was not what it might have been under a war of other conditions. This war on account of the great numbers employed in it, has taken the form of immense siege lines, hundreds of miles in length and stretched out to touch upon either wing obstacles which cannot be turned, such as the sea or neutral territory. Such lines depend for their very existence upon continuity. If you will fight in this fashion, you cannot dispose of your forces save within a very narrow margin of movement. You cannot " watch " an enemy with a few detached bodies. You cannot threaten an enemy advance with a smaller force than may fall upon his flank, etc. The existence of the army and of the State depends upon the line remaining unbroken, and this truth continues to be true until the armed forces menacing that line are no longer in being. That their future action is doubtful, that their quality is deteriorating, does not absolve you from the necessity of at least holding the line with some minimum number of men—of leaving no gaps in it.

Now the eastern lines, excluding the forces in Macedonia, are made up of trenches which, in their total development, cover a thousand miles, their right reposing upon the Black Sea, their left upon the Baltic. Apart from the lowering in value of the opposing forces this line could be held by a very much smaller number of men than would have been necessary in another climate or in other geographical conditions. The presence of immense marshes in its centre, of very many woods, of broad rivers in places identical with the line and in the north of numerous lakes and swamps, supplemented the defensive organisation. Nevertheless it would be impossible to hold such a line at all with less than a certain minimum number of men, and that minimum was reached by the Germans and Austrians (helped by a certain number of Bulgarian and Turkish divisions) a month or so after the outbreak of the Revolution, that is, in the month of April of this year. Had the enemy attempted to hold the Eastern line with less than this minimum it would not indeed have cracked, for there was no pressure upon it. But there would have been gaps in it of which the enemy, should he move, would at once take advantage, and a line broken is a line destroyed.

In that phrase " should the enemy move," lay the whole problem. A definite separate peace with an organised government capable of imposing its will, is one thing. A weakened or distracted enemy is quite another. Such a peace would have permitted the enemy to bring very large bodies indeed westward and would have altered the face of the war in a fashion exceedingly different from that which we have witnessed so far in 1917. Though much of the German material used on the north of the Eastern line is bad, yet the balance of good material is so large that it would have formed at once a most imposing striking force to be used, whether for reaching the Ægean ports or as a menace to the Italian front or, more decisively, upon the West, and at the same time it would have provided a new reservoir of men for armies which approach this year the limit of exhaustion in such reserves. But an uncertain political situation is quite another matter. The Revolution having taken place, the enemy Governments could not count upon any enduring solution. An offer of peace from one section was not proof either that the remaining sections would remain passive or that some counter-move might not undo the faction which for the moment had proved most powerful.

Allied Western Offensive

At a moment when it was still uncertain whether the Russian Revolution would have this effect of dissolving the Russian military discipline or no, the French and British armies were pursuing their common task of maintaining the fullest possible pressure against the enemy in the West. The best and most immediately discoverable effect of their success in this task was the rapidity with which they followed up the German withdrawal to the St. Quentin line. So rapidly was the engineering work of restoring roads and communications proceeded with that the British attack, the opening of the 1917 offensive, was rendered possible as early as Easter; the preliminary bombardment was over upon the morning of Easter Monday, and at dawn of that day the infantry was launched against the Vimy Ridge and the positions to the south of them. The Vimy Ridge, with its power of observation over the plain beyond, was taken at a blow, and all the villages immediately in front of the British positions to the south fell upon that same day, April 9th, or within the two next days. Exactly a week later, on April 16th, the main French offensive was launched on the other side of the " corner " which the German line turned at the extremity of this great salient. It was delivered upon a very broad front of some fifty miles and met with greater opposition and attained its objectives with greater difficulty than had the British effort of the week before. But it succeeded in a struggle of five days in mastering the greater part of the Aisne Ridge, the main German defensive position to the west, and all the first defensive system east of Rheims. In the neighbourhood of Rheims itself the height of Brimont resisted all attempts at capture. But a little later the group of hills known as the Moronvillers Heights on the eastern extremity of this front between Rheims and the Argonne, and giving full observation over the vast plain of Champagne in the north, were mastered.

On June 5th an operation, highly localised in extent, but of capital importance, took place to the south of Ypres: It was the capture of the Ridge of Messines or " White Sheet " by the British. This action was of the first importance, not only for its immediate and ultimate results, but as an example of the advance made by the British army in the British organisation and of its complete superiority over the enemy. The time-table was perfectly observed; every objective reached at the moment set down for it; every post of observation upon the heights captured and easily maintained and, most remarkable of all, the total losses inflicted on the enemy were more than three times those incurred by the assailants. Indeed, the total British casualties were very little more than the number of valid prisoners alone brought behind the British lines.

The remainder of the month of June and nearly the whole of the month of July formed upon the West a period of preparation for the French and British armies, the results of which are still to be seen at the moment of writing and have not yet matured. But the same period was occupied by the enemy in a series of perpetual reactions very expensive to himself, but necessary to the maintenance of his line. In order to understand the cause and the nature of these, we must appreciate the fact that after July 5th, when the British had carried the Messines Ridge, the enemy had lost every observation post originally possessed by him between the Vosges and the North Sea, with the exception of the Pilkem Ridge, north of Ypres, and the two groups of hills in the immediate neighbourdood of Rheims, the Brimont Hill and Nogent l'Abesse. Exactly a year ago he had, between the Vosges and the North Sea, all the points of observation; he overlooked the French from the heights above Verdun, from Moronvillers, from the hills near Rheims, from the Aisne Ridge and from the heights south of Peronne. He overlooked the British from the ridge west of Bapaume, from the Vimy Ridge, from the ridge of Messines. In 1917 all this state of affairs was reversed. Having thus lost his fully-prepared defensive positions and his observation posts, he had no choice but to maintain himself by perpetual and expensive reaction; the fortunes attending these reactions were fluctuating; he had occasional local successes; he twice obtained a footing for a moment upon the Aisne Ridge, and also for a moment he recovered ground on the Moronvillers Hills. But he always later lost these advantages and had done no more than maintain himself in his inferior and consequently expensive new positions. Towards the end of this third year of the war he recovered by a coup de main the bridgehead which the British had just taken over from the French at the mouth of the Yser, while he had, at the very end of the period under review, upon July 19th, recovered a footing on the California Plateau, which is the highest point of the Aisne Ridge, overlooking the Champagne Plain. But three days later, these advantages were lost to him again and the whole of the ridge recovered. The battle still is continuing at the moment in which these lines are written.

So far as Russia was concerned, it was still uncertain whether the Revolution had paralysed offensive power or no when, upon July 1st, a powerful blow was struck by Brussilof against the eastern line opposite Brzezany, followed exactly a week later by a second blow, delivered south of the Dniester, which thoroughly succeeded in breaking the Austrian front here, carried the town of Halicz, reached Kaluscz and for a moment threatened Stryj with all the strategical consequences of such an advance. It looked for a moment as though the whole Austro-German front south of the Pripet was in danger. Unfortunately, at the very close of the period under review, the effect of the Revolution appeared in its worst form in units recruited from the capital. These regiments, belonging to the 11th army which covered Tarnopol and lay between Brody and Brzezany, notably the 607th, deliberately betrayed their trust and abandoned their positions. A wide gap opened in the whole Russian front, of which the enemy took immediate advantage, and rapidly spread to a sector of some 40 miles and compelled the withdrawal of the forces to the north and to the south. This disastrous movement is in full operation at the moment of writing these lines; whether or when it can be arrested, and what will be its ultimate result, cannot be told.

H. BELLOC

Letters from a Legation

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

Mr. Hugh Gibson was first Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels in July 1914. *These letters were written by him to his people in the United States describing the events as they happened ; they have therefore an actuality which no reminiscences could possess. They are exclusively published, with the consent of the State Department of the United States, in America by "The World's Work" and in Great Britain by* Land & Water. *For British readers these letters have peculiar significance, for they are from the pen of the man who did everything in his power to save the life of Edith Cavell Reference is made in them to M. de Leval, the Belgian lawyer and Legal Counsellor of the American Legation, who also strove so hard but in vain on that tragic occasion. Now we know that the American Legation at the beginning of the war accepted the charge of the Germans in Brussels "on the grounds of humanity." It will be seen from these letters that Mr. Gibson worked as bravely and as sincerely on behalf of German subjects who feared violence as he did for Miss Cavell. But in German hearts there is neither gratitude nor mercy. The scene in the Chamber of Deputies at Brussels on August 5th,* 1914, *is described so vividly that Mr. Gibson's letter is a historical document. Ominous are the words uttered by Herr von Stumm, Counsellor of the German Legation in Brussels on that day. "The poor fools," he said, referring to the Belgian people who dared to protect their independence ; "we don't want to hurt them, but if they stand in our way, they will be ground into dust." These Letters from a Legation will be continued in* Land & Water *for the next few weeks.*

Brussels, July 4th, 1914.—After years of hard work and revolutions and wars and rumours of war, the change to this quiet post has been most welcome, and I have wallowed in the luxury of having time to play.

For the last year or two I have looked forward to just such a post as this where nothing ever happens, where there is no earthly chance of being called out of bed in the middle of the night to see the human race brawling over its differences. When pounding along in the small hours of the night, nearly dead with fatigue, I have thought that I should like to have a long assignment to just such a post and become a diplomatic Lotos Eater. And at first it was great fun.

That phase lasted until I had had a thorough rest, and then the longing for something more active began to manifest itself. I sat down and wrote to the Department of State that while I greatly appreciated having been sent to this much coveted post, I was ready whenever there might be need of my services to go where there was work to be done.

July 28th, 1914.—Well, the roof has fallen in. War was declared this afternoon by Austria. The town is seething with excitement, and everybody seems to realise how near they are to the big stage. Three classes of reserves have already been called to the colours to defend Belgian neutrality. A general mobilisation is prepared and may be declared at any time. The Bourse has been closed to prevent too much play on the situation and let things steady themselves. In every other way the hatches have been battened down and preparations made for heavy weather.

To-night the streets are crowded and demonstrations for and against war are being held. The Socialists have Jaurès, their French leader, up from Paris and have him haranguing an anti-war demonstration in the Grande Place, where a tremendous crowd has collected.

An advance guard of tourists is arriving from France, Germany, and Switzerland, and a lot of them drop in for advice as to whether it is safe for them to go to various places in Europe. And most of them seem to feel that we really have authoritative information as to what the next few days are to bring forth and resent the fact that we are too disobliging to tell them the inside news. A deluge of this sort would be easier for a full-sized Embassy to grapple with, but as Belgium is one of those places where nothing ever happens, we have the smallest possible organisation, consisting on a peace basis of the Minister and myself, with one clerk. We shall have somehow to build up an emergency force to meet the situation.

I'm off to scout for some of that same news that I would give a good deal to possess.

July 30th.—No line on the future yet. Brussels is beginning to look warlike. Troops are beginning to appear. The railway stations have been occupied and the Boy Scouts are swarming over the town as busy as bird-dogs. A week ago there was hardly a tourist in Brussels. Now the Legation hall is filled with them and they all demand precise information as to what is going to happen next and where they can go with a guarantee from the Legation that they will not get into trouble.

July 31st.—We have at last got out a circular saying that the Legation cannot undertake to advise travelling Americans as to what they had better do ; that each one must decide for himself in view of the special circumstances governing his case ; and that the circular contains *everything* that the Legation has to say on the subject. They take that and then talk it over anyway—but at least they have an official statement of the Legation's position and cannot get away from that.

The Americans who are coming in are agreeable to deal with even if not always reasonable.

Saturday, August 1st.—Last night when I went home at about midnight I found the police going about with the orders for mobilisation, ringing the door bells and summoning the men to the colours. There was no time to tarry, but each man tumbled out of bed into his clothes and hurried away to his regiment. Two of my neighbours were routed out a little after midnight and got away within the hour. There was a good deal of weeping and handshaking and farewelling, and it was not the sort of thing to promote restful sleep.

This morning I got down to the chancery at a quarter past eight, and found that Omer, our good messenger, had been summoned to the colours. He had gone, of course, and had left a note for me to announce the fact. He had been ill and could perfectly well have been exempted. The other day when we had discussed the matter, I had told him that there would be no difficulty in getting him off. He showed no enthusiasm, however, and merely remarked, without heroics, that it was up to him.

Sunday, August 2nd.—Another hectic day with promise of more to come.

This morning I came down a little earlier than usual and found the Minister already hard at it. He had been routed out of bed and had not had time to bathe or shave. There was nothing to show that it was a Sunday—nearly twice as many callers as yesterday and they were more exacting.

Mrs. T— A— B— came in airily and announced that she had started from Paris yesterday on a motor tour through France and Belgium. Having got this far some rude person had told her that her motor might be seized by the Government for military purposes, and that an order had been promulgated forbidding any one to take cars out of the country. She came around confidently to have us assure her that this was a wicked lie—and needless to say was deeply disappointed in us when we failed to back her up. We had refrained from asking the Government to release our own servants from their military obligations and have refused to interfere for anybody else, but that was not enough for her. She left, a highly indignant lady !

The story is around town this afternoon that the Germans have already crossed the frontier without the formality of a declaration of war—but that remains to be seen. Brussels was put under martial law last night, and is now patrolled by grenadiers and lancers.

The money situation is bad. All small change has disappeared in the general panic and none of it has dared show its head during the past few days. The next thing done by panicky people was to pass round word that the Government bank notes were no good and would not be honoured. Lots of shops are refusing to accept bank notes and few places can make any change. The police are lined up outside the banks keeping people in line. People in general are frantic with fear and are trampling each other in the rush to get money out of the banks before the crash that probably will not come. Lots of the travellers who came here with pockets bulging with express checks and bank notes are unable to get a cent of real money, and nobody shows any enthusiasm over American paper. I have a few bank notes left, and this evening when I went into a restaurant I have patronised ever since my arrival, the head waiter refused to change a note for me, and finally I had to leave it and take credit against future meals to be eaten there. We may have our troubles when our small store is gone, but probably the situation will improve, and I refuse to worry. And some of our compatriots don't understand why the Legation does not have a cellar full of hard money to finance them through their stay in Europe.

Communications with such parts of the world as we still speak to are getting very difficult on account of mobilisations. This morning's Paris papers have not come in this evening

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and there are no promises as to when we shall see them. The news in the local papers is scarce and doubtful, and I hope for a word from Paris.

Word has just come in that the Government has seized the supplies of bread, rice, and beans, and will fix prices for the present. That is a sensible and steadying thing and should have a good effect.

On the way back from the Legation this evening I saw Below, the German Minister, driving home from the Foreign Office to his Legation. He passed close to me, and I saw that the perspiration was standing out on his forehead. He held his hat in his hand and puffed at a cigarette like a mechanical toy, blowing out jerky clouds of smoke. He looked neither to left nor right and failed to give me his usual ceremonious bow. He is evidently not at ease about the situation, although he continues to figure in the newspapers as stating that all is well, that Germany has no intention of setting foot on Belgian soil, and that all Belgium has to do is to keep calm.

The Ultimatum

August 3rd, 1914.—According to the news which was given me when I got out of bed this morning, the German Minister last night presented to the Belgian Government an ultimatum demanding the right to send German troops across Belgium to attack France. He was evidently returning from this pleasant duty when I saw him last night, for the ultimatum seems to have been presented at seven o'clock. The King presided over a Cabinet Council which sat all night, and when the twelve hours given by the ultimatum had expired at seven this morning, a flat refusal was sent to the German Legation. Arrangements were got under way as the Council sat to defend the frontiers of the country against aggression. During the night the garrison left the town and the Garde Civique came on duty to police the town.

The French Minister came in this morning and asked us whether we would take over the protection of French interests in case he was obliged to leave Brussels. That, of course, will require permission from Washington, which will be asked for without delay.

The influx of callers was greater to-day than at any time so far, and we were fairly swamped. Miss L——— came in and worked like a Trojan taking passport applications and jollying along the women who wanted to be told that the Germans would not kill them even when they got to Brussels. She is a godsend to us.

Monsieur de Leval, the Belgian lawyer, who for ten years has been the legal counsellor of the Legation, came in and brought some good clerks with him. He also hung up his hat and went to work, making all sorts of calls at the Foreign Office, seeing callers, and going about to the different Legations. Granville Fortescue came in from Ostend, and I should have put him to work, but that he had plans of his own, and has decided to blossom forth as a war correspondent. He is all for getting to the "front" if any.

Just to see what would happen I went to the telephone after lunch and asked to be put through to the Embassy in London. To my surprise I got the connection in a few minutes and had a talk with Bell (the second Secretary.) The Cabinet had been sitting since eleven this morning, but had announced no decision. I telephoned him again this evening and got the same reply. Bell said that they had several hundred people in the chancery, and were preparing for a heavy blow.

As nearly as we can make out the Germans have sent patrols into Belgian territory, but there have been no actual operations so far. All day long we have been getting stories to the effect that there has been a battle at Vise, and that fifteen hundred Belgians had been killed; later it was stated that they had driven the Germans back with heavy losses. The net result is that at the end of the day we know little more than we did this morning.

Parliament is summoned to meet in special session to-morrow morning to hear what the King has to say about the German ultimatum. It will be an interesting sight. Parliament has long been rent with most bitter factional quarrels, but I hear that all these are to be forgotten, and that all parties, Socialists included, are to rally round the throne in a great demonstration of loyalty.

August 5th.—Yesterday morning we got about early and made for the Chamber of Deputies to hear the King's speech. The Minister and I walked over together and met a few straggling colleagues headed in the same direction. Most of them had got there ahead of us and the galleries were all jammed. The Rue Royale from the Palace around the park to the Parliament building was packed with people, held in check by the Garde Civique. There was a buzz as of a thousand bees, and every face was ablaze—*the look of a people who have been trampled on for hundreds of years and have not learned to submit.*

When I saw how crowded the galleries were I thought I would not push, so resigned myself to missing the speech and went out on to a balcony with Webber, of the British Legation, to see the arrival of the King and Queen. We had the balcony to ourselves, as everybody else was inside fighting for a place in the galleries to hear the speech.

When the King and Queen finally left the Palace, we knew it from a roar of cheering that came surging across the Park. The little procession came along at a smart trot, and although it was hidden from us by the trees, we could follow its progress by the steadily advancing roaring of the mob. When they turned from the Rue Royale into the Rue de la Loi, the crowd in front of the Parliament buildings took up the cheering in a way to make the windows rattle.

First came the staff of the King, and members of his household. Then the Queen, accompanied by the royal children in an open daumont. The cheering for the Queen was full-throated and with no sign of doubt because of her Bavarian birth and upbringing—she is looked on as a Belgian Queen and nothing else.

After the Queen came a carriage or two with members of the Royal family and the Court. Finally, the King on horseback. He was in the field uniform of a lieutenant-general with no decorations, and none of the ceremonial trappings usual on such occasions as a speech from the Throne. He was followed by a few members of his staff who also looked as though they were meant more for business than for dress parade.

As the King drew rein and dismounted, the cheering burst forth with twice its former volume, and in a frantic demonstration of loyalty, hats and sticks were thrown into the air. Two bands played on manfully, but we could hear only an occasional discord.

Just as the King started into the building, an usher came out, touched me on the arm and said something, beckoning me to come inside. One of the galleries had been locked by mistake but had now been opened, and Webber and I were rewarded for our modesty by being given the whole thing to ourselves. In a few minutes the Bolivian Chargé came in and joined us. Our places were not ten feet from the Throne, and we could not have been better placed.

The King's Speech

The Queen came in quietly from one side and took a throng to the left of the tribune, after acknowledging a roarine welcome from the members of the two Houses. When the cheering had subsided, the King walked in alone from the right, bowed gravely to the assembly and walked quickly to the dais above and behind the tribune. With a business-like gesture he tossed his cap on to the ledge before him and threw his white cotton gloves into it—then drew out his speech and read it. At first his voice was not very steady, but he soon controlled it, and read the speech to the end in a voice that was vibrating with emotion but without any oratory or heroics. He went straight to the vital need for union between all factions and all parties, between the French, Flemish and Walloon races, between Catholics, Liberals, and Socialists in a determined resistance to the attack upon Belgian independence. The House could contain itself only for a few minutes at a time, and as every point was driven home they burst into frantic cheering. When the King, addressing himself directly to the Members of Parliament, said: "Are you determined, at any cost, to maintain the sacred heritage of our ancestors?" the whole Chamber burst into a roar, and from the Socialists' side came cries of, "At any cost, by death if need be."

It was simple and to the point—a manly speech, and as he delivered it he was a kingly figure, facing, for the sake of honour, what he knew to be the gravest danger that could ever come to his country and his people. When he had finished he bowed to the Queen, then to the Parliament, and then walked quickly out of the room while the assembly roared again. The Senators and Deputies swarmed about the King on his way out, cheering and trying to shake him by the hand—and none were more at pains to voice their devotion than the Socialists.

After he had gone, the Queen rose, bowed shyly to the assembly, and withdrew with the Royal children. She was given a rousing ovation as everybody realised the difficulty of her position, and was doubly anxious to show her all their confidence and affection. The whole occasion was moving, but when the little Queen acknowledged the ovation so shyly and so sadly and withdrew, the tears were pretty near the surface—my surface at any rate.

For several minutes after the Queen withdrew the cheering continued. Suddenly a tense silence fell upon the room. M. de Broqueville, the Prime Minister, had mounted the tribune, and stood waiting for attention. He was clearly under great stress of emotion, and as the House settled itself to hear him he brushed away the tears that had started to his eyes. He began in a very direct way by saying that he would limit himself to reading a few documents, and hoped that, after hearing them, the House would consider the Government worthy of the confidence that had been reposed in it, and that immediate action would be taken upon matters of urgent importance. He first read the German Ultimatum, which was received quietly but with indignation and anger which was with difficulty suppressed. Without commenting upon the German note, he then read the reply which had been handed to the German Minister. This was followed by a final note delivered by the German Minister this morning stating *that in view of the refusal of the King to accede to the well-intentioned proposals of the Emperor, the Imperial Government greatly to its regret was obliged to carry out by force of arms the measures indispensable to its security.*

After reading these documents he made a short ringing speech full of fire which was repeatedly interrupted by cheers. When he came down from the tribune he was surrounded by cheering Senators and Deputies struggling to shake his hand and express their approval of his speech. Even the Socialists, who have fought him for years, rose to the occasion and vied with their colleagues in their demonstration of enthusiasm. M. Broqueville rose again and said, "In the present crisis we have received from the Opposition a whole-hearted support; they have rallied to our side in the most impressive way in preparing the reply to Germany. In order to emphasise this union of all factions, His Majesty the King has just signed a decree appointing Monsieur Vandervelde as a Minister of State." This announcement was greeted by roars of applause from all parts of the House, and Vandervelde was immediately surrounded by Ministers and Deputies anxious to congratulate him. His reply to the Prime Minister's speech was merely a shout above the roar of applause: "I accept."

As we came out some of the colleagues were gathered about debating whether they should go over to the Palace and ask to take leave of the King. They were saved that labour, however, for the King had stepped into a motor at the door, and was already speeding to the General Headquarters which has been set up nobody knows where. That looks like business.

At the German Legation

When I got back to the Legation I found von Stumm, Counsellor of the German Legation, with the news that his chief had received his passports and must leave at once. He had come to ask that the American Minister take over the care of the German Legation, and the protection of the German subjects who had not yet left the country. I said that we could not undertake anything of that sort without authority from Washington, and got the Minister to telegraph for it when he came in from some hurried visits he had made in search of news.

While we were snatching some lunch, von S. came back with the German Minister, von Below, and said that some provisional arrangement must be made at once as the staff of the Legation would have to leave for the Dutch frontier in the course of the afternoon, long before we could hope for an answer from Washington. We did not like the idea of doing that sort of thing without the knowledge of Washington, but *finally agreed to accept the charge provisionally on grounds of humanity* until such time as we should receive specific instructions as to who would be definitely entrusted with the protection of German interests. In case of need we shall be asked to take over certain other Legations, and shall have our hands more than full.

At five o'clock we went over to the German Legation, which we found surrounded by a heavy detachment of Garde Civique, as a measure of protection against violence. We drew up, signed, and sealed a protocol accepting what is known as "la garde des clefs et des sceaux" until such time as definite arrangements might be made. The Minister and von Stumm were nearly unstrung. They had been under a great strain for some days, and were making no effort to get their belongings together to take them away. They sat on the edge of their chairs, mopped their brows and smoked cigarettes as fast as they could light one from another. I was given a lot of final instructions about things to be done—and all with the statement that they should be done at once, *as the German army would doubtless be in Brussels in three days.* While we were talking, the chancellor of the Legation, Hofrat Grabowsky, a typical white-haired German functionary, was pottering about with sealing-wax and strips of paper, sealing the archives and answering questions in a deliberate and perfectly calm way. It was for all the world like a scene in a play. The shaded room, the two nervous diplomats registering anxiety and strain, the old functionary who was to stay behind and guard the archives, and refused to be moved from his calm by the approaching cataclysm. It seemed altogether unreal, and I had to keep bringing myself back to a realization of the fact that it was only too true and too serious.

They were very ominous about what an invasion means to this country, and kept referring to the army as a steam roller that will leave nothing standing in its path. Stumm kept repeating: "*Oh, the poor fools! Why don't they get out of the way of the steam roller? We don't want to hurt them, but if they stand in our way they will be ground into the dirt. Oh, the poor fools!*"

The Government had a special train ready for the German diplomatic and consular officers who were to leave, and they got away about seven. Now, thank goodness, they are safely in Holland, and speeding back to their own country.

Before leaving, Below gave out word that we would look after German interests, and consequently we have been deluged with frightened people ever since.

All the Germans who have remained here seem to be paralyzed with fright, and have for the most part taken refuge in convents, schools, etc. There are several hundreds of them in the German Consulate-General which has been provisioned as for a siege. Popular feeling is, of course, running high against them, and there may be incidents, but so far nothing has happened to justify the panic.

This morning a Belgian priest, the Abbé Upmans, came in to say that he had several hundred Germans under his care and wanted some provision made for getting them away before the situation got any worse. After talking the matter over with the Minister and getting his instructions I took the Abbé in tow and, with Monsieur de Leval, went to the Foreign Office to see about getting a special train to get these people across the border into Holland, and thence to Germany. We plan to start the train on Friday morning at four o'clock, so as to get our people through the streets when there are few people about. We are sending word about, that all Germans who wish to leave should put in an appearance by that time, and it looks as though we should have from seven hundred to a thousand to provide for. It will be a great relief to get them off, and I hold my breath until the train is safely off.

This afternoon, as the Minister and I were going over to call on the British Minister, we passed the King and his staff heading out of the Rue de la Loi for the front. They looked business.

Several times to-day I have talked over the telephone with the Embassy in London. They seem to be as strong on rumours as we are here. One rumour was that the British Flagship had been sunk by German mines with another big warship. Another to the effect that five German ships have been destroyed by the French fleet off the coast of Algeria, etc., etc.

The Red Cross is hard at work getting ready to handle the wounded, and everybody is doing something. Nearly everybody with a big house has fitted it in whole or in part as a hospital. Others are rolling bandages and preparing all sorts of supplies.

There is talk already of moving the Court and the Government to Antwerp to take refuge behind the fortifications. When the Germans advance beyond Liège, the Government will, of course, have to go, and the diplomatic corps may follow. It would be a nuisance for us, and I hope we may be able to avoid it.

Germans are having an unhappy time, and I shall be happier when they are across the border. Nothing much seems to have happened to them beyond having a few shops wrecked in Antwerp, and one or two people beaten up here. One case that came to my knowledge was an outraged man who had been roughly handled and could not understand why. All he had done was to stand in front of a café where the little tables are on the sidewalk and remark: "Talk all the French you can. You'll soon have to talk German."

A Search for Wireless

August 6th.—This morning when I came into the Legation I found the Minister of Justice in top hat and frock coat waiting to see somebody. He had received a report that a wireless station had been established on top of the German Legation, and was being run by the people who were left in the building. He came to ask the Minister's consent to send a judge to see and draw up a *proces verbale.* In our own artless little American way we suggested that it might be simpler to go straight over and find out how much there was to report. The Minister of Justice had a couple of telegraph linemen with him, and as soon as Mr. Whitlock could get his hat we walked around the corner to the German Legation, rang the bell, told the startled occupants that we wanted to go up to the garret. And—then we went.

When we got there we found that the only way up to the roof was by a long perpendicular ladder leading to a trap door. We all scrambled up this—all but the Minister of Justice, who remained behind in the garret with his top hat.

We looked the place over very carefully and the workmen—evidently in order to feel that they were doing something—cut a few wires, which probably resulted in great inconvenience to perfectly harmless people further along the street. But there was no evidence of a wireless outfit. One of the men started to explain to me how that proved nothing at all; that an apparatus was now made that could be concealed in a hat and brought out at night to be worked. He stopped in the middle of a word, for suddenly we heard the rasping intermittent hiss of a wireless very near at hand. Everybody stiffened up like a lot of pointers, and in a minute had located the plant. It was nothing but a rusty girouette on top of a chimney being turned by the wind and scratching spitefully at every turn. The discovery eased the strain and everybody laughed.

Then there was another sound, and we all turned around to see a trap door raised, and the serene, bemonocled face of my friend Cavalcanti looked out on us in bewilderment. In our search we had strayed over on to the roof of the Brazilian Legation. It seemed to cause him some surprise to see us doing second-story work on their house. It was a funny situation—but ended in another laugh

The day was chiefly occupied with perfecting arrangements for getting off our German refugees. The Minister wished the job on me, and I, with some elements of executive ability myself, gave the worst part of it to Nasmith, the vice consul-general. Modifications became necessary every few minutes, and Leval and I were running around like stricken deer all day, seeing the disheartening number of government officials who were concerned, having changes made and asking for additional trains. During the afternoon more and more Germans came pouring into the Consulate for refuge until there were more than two thousand of them there, terribly crowded and unhappy. Several convents were also packed, and we calculated that we should have two or three thousand to get out of the country. In the morning the Legation was beseiged by numbers of poor people who did not know which way to turn and came to us because they had been told that we would take care of them. We were all kept busy, and Leval, smothering his natural feelings, came out of his own accord and talked and advised and calmed the frightened people in their own language. None of us would have asked him to do it, but he was fine enough to want to help, and to do it without any fuss.

A crowd of curious people gathered outside the Legation to watch the callers, and now and then they boo-ed a German. I looked out of the window in time to see somebody in the crowd strike at a poor little worm of a man who had just gone out the door. He was excited and foolish enough to reach toward his hip pocket as though for a revolver. In an instant the crowd fell on him, and although Gustave, the messenger, and I rushed out we were only just in time to pull him inside and slam the door before they had a chance to polish him off. Gustave nearly had his clothes torn off in the scrimmage, but stuck to his job. An inspired idiot of an American tourist who was inside tried to get the door open and address the crowd in good American, and I had to handle him most undiplomatically to keep him from getting us all into trouble. The crowd thumped on the door a little in imitation of a mob scene, and the Garde Civique had to be summoned on the run from the German Legation to drive them back and establish some semblance of order. Then Leval and I went out and talked to the crowd—that is to say, we went out and he talked to the crowd. He told them, very reasonably, that they were doing harm to Belgium, as actions of this sort might bring reprisals which would cost the country dear, and that they must control their feelings. He sounded the right note so successfully that the crowd broke up with a cheer.

In the course of the afternoon we got our telegrams telling of the appropriation by Congress of two and a half millions for the relief of Americans in Europe, and the despatch of the *Tennessee* with the money. Now, all hands want some of the money, and a cabin on the *Tennessee* to go home in.

There was a meeting of the diplomatic corps last night to discuss the question of moving with the Court to Antwerp in certain eventualities. It is not expected that the Government will move unless and until the Germans get through Liège and close enough to threaten Louvain, which is only a few miles out of Brussels. There was no unanimous decision on the subject, but if the Court goes the Minister and I will probably take turns going up so as to keep in communication with the Government. There is not much we can accomplish there, and we have so much to do here that it will be hard for either of us to get away. It appeals to some of the colleagues to take refuge with a Court in distress, but I can see little attraction in the idea of settling down inside the line of forts and waiting for them to be pounded with heavy artillery. While we may be in some danger I prefer to take mine in line of duty, and not as a pleasure.

Liège seems to be holding out still. The Belgians have astonished everybody, themselves included. It was generally believed, even here, that the most they could do was to make a futile resistance, and get slaughtered in a foolhardy attempt to defend their country against invasion. They have, however, held off a powerful German attack for three or four days. It is altogether marvellous.

Kindness to Germans

In the course of the afternoon we arranged definitely that at three o'clock this morning there should be ample train accommodation ready at the Gare du Nord to get our Germans out of the country. Nasmith and I are to go down and observe the entire proceedings so that we can give an authoritative report afterward.

When I got there I found that the streets had been barred off by the military for two blocks in every direction, and that there was only a small crowd gathered to see what might happen, about as hostile as a lot of children. I got through the line of troops, and in front of the Consulate found several hundreds of the refugees who had been brought out to be marched to the Cirque Royale, where they could be more comfortably lodged until it was time to start for the train. They were surrounded by placid Gardes Civiques, and were all frightened to death. They had had nothing to do for days but talk over the terrible fate that awaited them if the blood-thirsty population of Brussels ever got at them; the stories had grown so that the crowd had hypnotized itself, and was ready to credit any yarn. The authorities showed the greatest consideration they could under their orders. They got the crowd started and soon had them stowed away inside the Cirque Royale, an indoor circus near the consulate. Once they got inside, a lot of them gave way to their feelings and began to weep and wail in a way that bade fair to set off the entire crowd. One of the officers came out to where I was and begged me to come in and try my hand at quieting them. I climbed up on a trunk and delivered an eloquent address to the effect that nobody had any designs on them; that the whole interest of the Belgian Government lay in getting them safely across the frontier; called their attention to the way the Garde Civique was working to make them comfortable and to reassure them, and promised that I would go with them to the station, put them on their trains, and see them safely off for the frontier. That particular crowd cheered up somewhat, but I could not get near enough to be heard by the entire outfit at one time, so one of the officers dragged me around from one part of the building to another until I had harangued the entire crowd on the instalment plan. They all knew that we were charged with their interests, and there was nearly a riot when I wanted to leave. They expected me to stay there until they were taken away.

Soon after midnight Fortescue came in, rolling up in a cab looking for a place to lay his head. He had just come from Liège, where he had had a close view of yesterday morning's heavy fighting. He said the Germans were pouring men in between the forts in solid formation, and that these sheep were being mown down by the Belgians heavily intrenched between the forts. The Germans are apparently determined to get some of their men through between the forts and are willing to pay the price, whatever it may be. His description of the slaughter was terrible; the Germans were pouring one regiment after another into the gap like water in a river, but they never got through. To-day we hear that the Germans have asked for an armistice of twenty-four hours to bury their dead.

After we had hung upon his words as long as he could keep going, Nasmith and I got under way to look after our exodus. The *Garde* was keeping order at all places where there were refugees, and I was easy in my mind about that; my only worry was as to what might happen when we got our people out into the streets. Promptly at three o'clock we began to march them out of the Cirque. The hour was carefully chosen as the one when there were the least possible people in the streets; the evening crowds would have gone home, and the early market crowd would hardly have arrived. A heavy guard was thrown around the people as they came out of the building, and they were marched quickly and quietly down back streets to the Gare du Nord. I never saw such a body of people handled so quickly, and yet without confusion. In the station four trains were drawn up side by side; as the stream of people began pouring into the station it was directed to the first platform, and the train was filled in a few minutes. At just the right moment the stream was deflected to the next platform, and so on until all four trains were filled.

To be continued.

Military Events of the Week

By Hilaire Belloc

THAT upon which all attention is now concentrated in connection with the war is, of course, the preliminary bombardment which announces in Flanders an action upon the very greatest scale—upon a scale greater than the war has hitherto seen.

No discussion of this would be possible, or if it were possible, of no profit: we must await the event. But meanwhile it may be of some service to consider two subsidiary points which have been vividly present before the public during the present week—I mean the German actions against the French for the recapture of the Aisne Ridge and the conditions of the deplorable situation upon the Eastern front.

As to the first of these we have now very full details communicated by the French and admirably put before the English public by Mr. Warner Allen, from whose accounts, coupled with those of the French correspondents and military despatches, I depend for the analysis that follows.

It will be remembered that in the special effort of the last ten days the first great enemy attack was that of Thursday the 19th of the month, when the Fifth Division of the Guard tried after a long bombardment to seize the edge of the crest. They failed. The 15th Bavarian and the 5th Reserve, a Brandenburg formation, were thrown in, and on the 22nd (last Sunday week) some measure of success was attained. The French front line of trenches, which is here almost exactly coincident with the northern edge of the California plateau, was entered. A little later in the day the enemy got a similar footing in the French trench on the edge of the Casemates Plateau to the west. The preliminary bombardment had continued all the night between Saturday and Sunday, and was conducted by some 260 heavy pieces. The German batteries exercised a converging fire, standing upon a crescent from behind Cerny to the positions by Juvincourt, north of Berry-au-Bac. It was the heaviest bombardment the enemy has yet delivered upon any sector. What followed was a very good example of the inherent weakness attaching to such tricks as the segregation of storming troops, tricks that are never adopted until a high degree of exhaustion has been reached. The seizing of the French front trenches on the two plateaux was the work of these specially trained men, who were brought directly on to the field quite fresh without having suffered any previous bombardment or any of the fatigues of the front lines. So far so good for the enemy. But the segregation of the "storming troops," their relief from all previous strain, etc., means a corresponding depression in quality and vigour of the "ordinary" troops from whom the "storming troops" are taken away.

Therefore, when it came to occupying these captured trenches and consolidating them, the "skimmed milk" of the ordinary troops from whom the storming troops are chosen, had to do the work—and they were unequal to it.

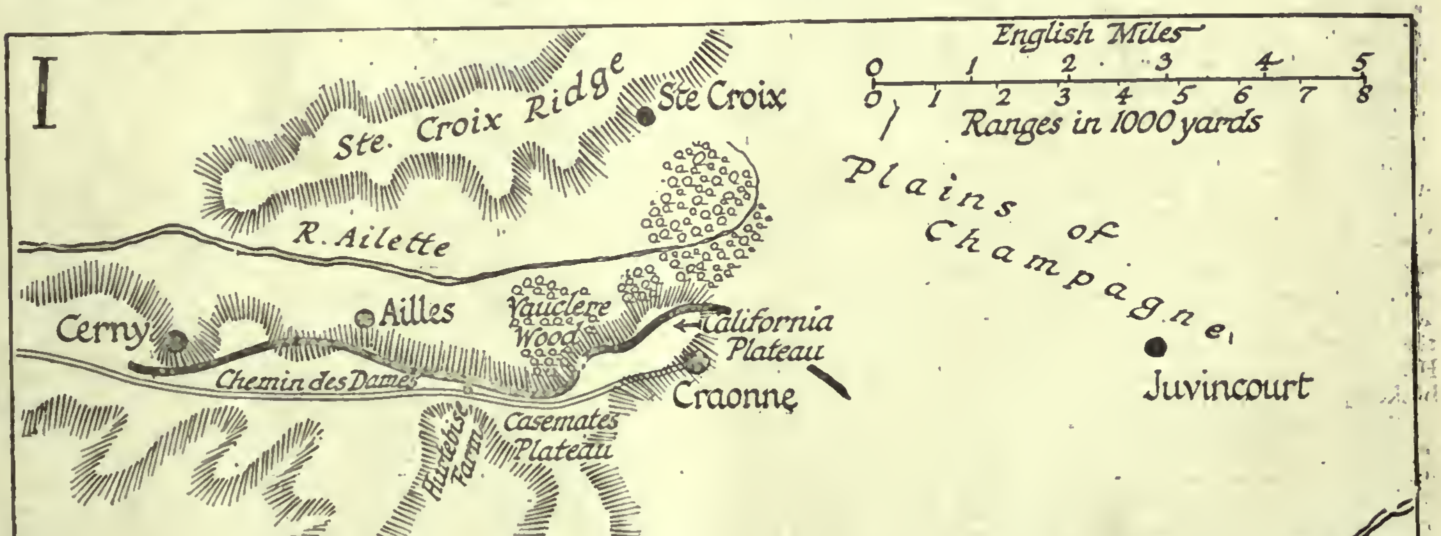
We know from captured documents and from the evidence of French prisoners taken and afterwards released, that the storming troops complained of the slowness of the ordinary troops in following up, and that the men of the ordinary forces complained openly in their turn of being given all the worst work, and of the privileges the storming troops enjoy.

The counter-stroke of the French, which took the form of a crushing bombardment upon the newly taken positions, was very violent, and we have proof that in certain German units, such as the 214th and the 215th regiments, the total losses that day, first and last, amounted to half the effectives present. Such figures are, of course, only on a par with losses on many other similar occasions in the latter part of this war, and most commanders could cite examples of worse punishment. Still, it is a very high percentage to come at the end of several days' efforts and proves the determination of the enemy to recapture the ridge even at this very high expense to himself.

The French did not re-act upon Monday the 23rd, a delay which probably gave the enemy to understand that they no longer had the power to do so, for he tried during the 23rd to extend his success westward. But on the morning of Tuesday, the 24th, a sudden counter-attack organised by the French command was launched, and was completely successful, and threw the Germans back again down into the northern slope of the ridge; the plateaux were again wholly in French hands, with the exception of a very small patch of less than 100 yards on the north-western edge of California.

On Wednesday, July 25th, exactly 24 hours after the French success, and therefore shortly after dawn, the enemy attempted to retrieve this defeat, but failed with very considerable losses. The next day, Thursday, but not until the evening, he attacked again further west beyond Hurtebise, got into the trenches there, and lost them again. This action, which filled little space in the papers, was on a large scale and was marked by one most interesting feature, which was that the enemy threw in no less than two divisions successively upon a front shorter than that which one division had hitherto sufficed for even in this crowded piece of fighting, when the whole effort has for now ten days dealt with a bit of down-land no longer than that between Reigate and Dorking, and the heat of it has been on a bit of the slope less than two miles long. On the Friday, the 27th, the enemy continued to attack, though with less energy and without success.

The whole series of operations was summed up on Saturday in a French official message, short but of great interest, which tells us that three of the five German divisions engaged in the



last ten days must already be replaced; that in the last attacks every man, including cooks and orderlies, was thrown in, and that the last assault, which established itself near the ruins of Ailles and held a little of the French front trenches, but failed to reach the summit, was the forty-fourth delivered against the Chemin des Dames since its capture by the French three months ago.

On Saturday there was some interruption of the effort, or, at the most, an attack that was repelled. On Sunday a French counter-attack in front of Ailles recaptured a short section of front trenches there which the Germans had held for three days, but as this section was in the northern slope, well below the crest, it had not, for either side, the importance of the observation posts further east on the Casemates and the California plateaux.

The whole affair—which is still in progress—closely resembles the last efforts in front of Verdun just before the great blow was struck on the Somme—and that for a very good reason; the enemy knows that much bigger things are preparing elsewhere.

No official estimate has been issued of the probable total German losses upon this comparatively short sector in the period under review—that is, since about April 24th—but a guess at about 100,000 in total losses, say 30,000 definitive losses, though it sounds high, has been suggested for the whole period on the line between Laffaux and the neighbourhood of Rheims.

We must not forget that even this very considerable German effort will be eclipsed by the news of the near future, and that it is, in spite of its intensity, a secondary point in the whole field of the war. But even so it teaches us certain lessons with regard to the present situation of the enemy. He has thus striven to recover the Aisne ridge, first because he must try to guarantee his southern rim of the great angle which he holds across northern France and Belgium. The holding of that southern rim firm is essential to his power of retirement. In a word, he is defending his pivot.

Next, he attaches great importance to the political effect of any success here attained.

Lastly, should he obtain full possession of the observation posts upon the ridge, he would transform the whole situation to his advantage. He would be able to hold the heights with a far less expenditure of men than he is now holding the valleys, and he would have security of movement free from direct observation in the eastern plain of Champagne.

Let us turn from this question of the Aisne Ridge to that of the Russian breakdown in Galicia.

The Russian Situation

Lamentable as have been the effects of the breakdown of all discipline in the 11th Russian army (*), there is a strategical aspect attached to it which distinguishes it from a mere disaster. This is the success hitherto achieved by the 7th and 8th armies to the south in effecting their retirement so far without being cut off. The breakdown of the troops covering Tarnopol led to an immediate enemy advance on that sector of nearly ten miles a day. After the first and disastrous collapse things went more slowly. Not because the 7th Russian army had recovered itself but because the enemy had not the power (—luckily for us!—) to reap the full harvest promised by the extraordinary situation—the extraordinarily favourable situation—presented to them.

It is clear from the positions upon the accompanying map that the enemy having once decided upon a very large operation—or at any rate an operation as large as his very much reduced forces permitted—was not merely striking where his reports told him that the discipline was bad and the military force of his opponent correspondingly weak, but was also striking where, if he could advance fast enough, he would get round the two Southern armies, cut them off from the centre and be upon their communications.

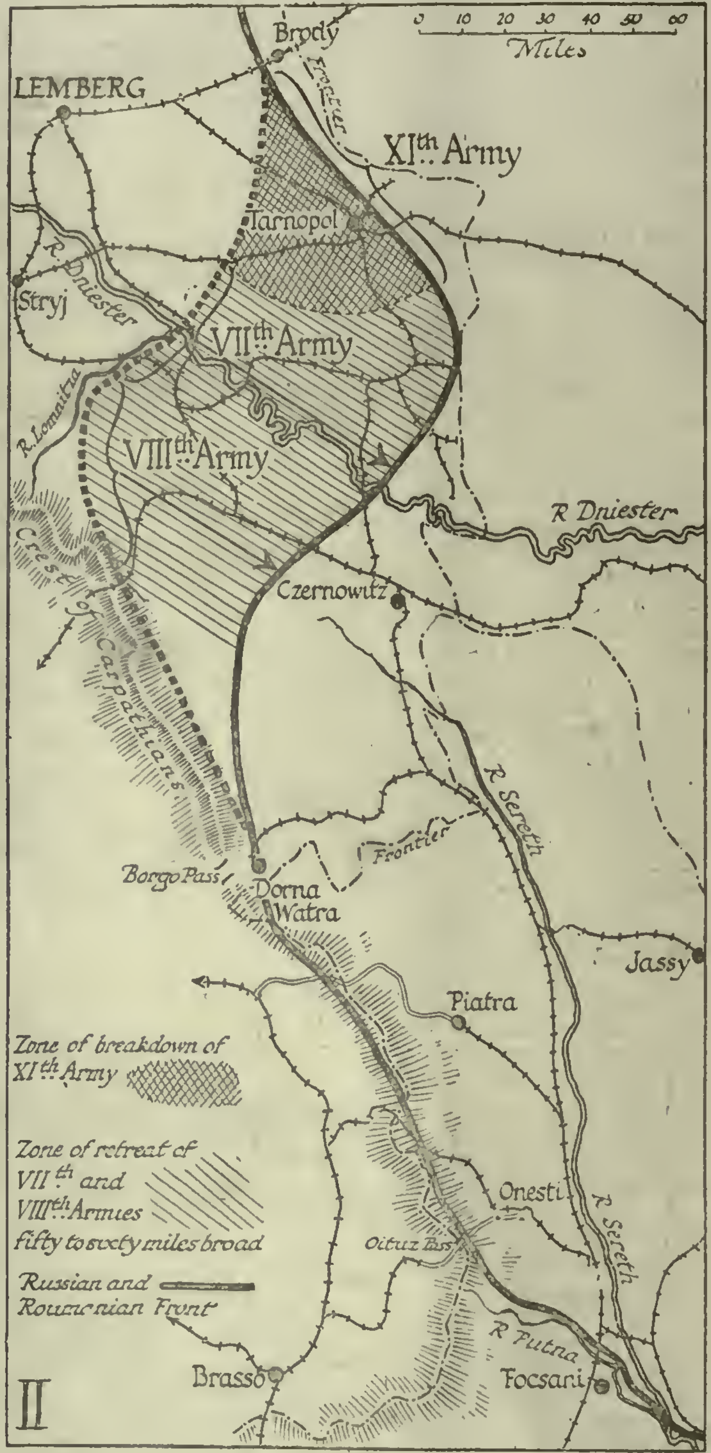
The advanced position of the two southern Russian armies, and especially of the 8th army south of the Dniester, was the obvious temptation to act in this fashion.

The Austro-Germans, with their Turkish Allies (of whom four divisions were present) having broken the whole Russian front of Tarnopol, reached that town and even pushed on to the frontier, were in a position, upon the map, to strike southward and eastward behind the communications of the southern armies and to achieve a very complete victory.

If any man were describing the situation as between two equal forces he could come to no other conclusion. The utter collapse of the line in front of Tarnopol ought to mean the military ruin of everything to the south.

Look at the map. The collapse of the XIth army put the enemy right on the flank of the VIIth and VIIIth; these were at his mercy—on the map. Yet at the moment of writing so complete a success has been denied to the enemy. The retirement of the two armies upon the Dniester has been effected in time—though only just in time. With the loss of Tarnopol they have lost one principal base of supply. If (as is probable) they have to go back behind Czernowitz they will lose another. But the essential thing is that the Austro-German advance, even though it be due, as it is to a complete military breakdown in certain units, has not produced a full rupture of the line, nor the presence of the enemy upon the railways and roads behind the retiring Russian force to the south.

Now, why is this? The answer would seem to be that the enemy is not in sufficient force to do what can only be called the normal thing under the circumstances.



The failure of the Galician centre in front of Tarnopol would never have taken place at all had it not been for the abnormal condition of the 11th Russian army, and particularly (as it would seem) of the Guards in this same critical point.

To the Roumanian advance against the densely wooded ridge of the Central Carpathians up the Putna valley no conclusive result can as yet attach. The numbers there are not sufficient and the defensive opportunities are too great. Some very thin screen, probably of bad recruitment, was left to cover the Oituz pass. It gave way before the stroke delivered against it. It was in bad moral condition or it would not have abandoned guns as it did, and the combined Russian and Roumanian forces pushed into the forests of the foothills and even up towards the main crest. But the result cannot be considerable in this southern field unless the main Russian forces to the north rally.

H. Belloc

(*) The number was wrongly quoted last week as "the 2nd," due to a simple but inexcusable error upon my part in reading "II" in my notes made some time ago as a Roman II.

The Growth of Democracy

By Principal L. P. Jacks

UNTIL the war comes to an end no one can measure its effect on democracy, nor, indeed, on anything else. There is a plain sense in which all these speculations are premature. No doubt the war has already caused profound effects in social and political life, and yet the end of the war when it comes may take a form which will wipe out the more important half of these effects and replace them with their opposites. It is a highly risky proceeding to interpret the meaning of a fact while it is incomplete, as the war now is; though that is precisely what many of our thinkers have been doing with a hardihood that is astonishing.

The truth is that the war may have one or other of two different meanings, and one or other of two opposite effects upon everything, according as it ends in the victory of the Allies or in that of the Central Powers. It may be said, of course, that the war has already lasted three years, and that with so big a fragment of it before us, and with so long an experience behind us, we may go ahead boldly with our measurement of its effects. But this is no answer. For the little that is yet needed to make the war into a completed fact is precisely what is going to make all the difference to the meaning of this big fragment now before our eyes. Or it might be said that these three years have already taught us political and other lessons which we can never forget, let the war end as it may. True; but a German victory, though it might not cause us to forget those lessons, would effectually prevent us from making use of them for a long time to come. The practical moral of this is plain. If any ardent democrat believes, as he well may, that the war up to date has brightened the prospect of democracy the world over, all the more reason is there that he should exert himself to the uttermost to bring the conflict to the one end in which these prospects can be realised, and to prevent it ending in the way which would wipe them out of existence, or, at least, defer their fulfilment for generations. It is too early for democrats to exult over the triumphs of their cause since 1914. The question is, will these triumphs stand? *They will not stand if the Germans win.* In that event democracy will be discredited, and all the more discredited because its recent extensions were unable to save it from overthrow. In this way, it is evident, President Wilson has read the practical moral of the situation. He sees that all these gains will not only be lost, but will accentuate the downfall of democracy if the critical events ahead of us should miscarry.

A Conflict of Principles

Viewed from the political angle of vision the war is clearly a conflict, perhaps the final conflict, between the democratic and the autocrat principles. It is the battle of the French Revolution fought over again, but on a vastly greater scale and between antagonists far more formidable to one another. In the course of the war both principles have developed their strength and at the same time displayed their weakness. Democracy has shown its power to unite great peoples, in themselves and with one another, in the pursuit of an ideal aim, and it has shown this at a moment when, for want of an ideal aim, the same peoples were rent and sundered, internally, by a multitude of petty quarrels. In this way democracy has revealed its strength. On the other hand it has shown the weakness which comes from divided counsels, from alternating policies and above all from mistrust of its great men. And yet it has not been daunted by the difficulties and misfortunes arising from these causes; but has held on to its task in spite of them all; so that we may say its weakness has served incidentally to deepen the impression of its strength. Autocracy presents the same double record. In the German model, at all events, it has displayed an immense efficiency in the pursuit of its aims. *Per contra* it has proved itself to be thoroughly immoral, and revealed its true nature as a principle of mingled treachery and violence in the life of nations, thereby condemning itself to everlasting mistrust.

Clearly it is futile to attempt any estimate of the effects of the war on democracy unless we consider at the same time its parallel effects on autocracy. The two things must be kept in mind together. It is the common practice of each of the parties to look at the matter exclusively from its own point of view, with the result that most discussions of the question exhibit the facts as far simpler than they really are. We are apt to be solely impressed by the phenomena on our own side. We see an immense consolidation of democratic peoples firmly united in defence of their principle and from this we draw the conclusion that our principle has already vindicated its right to rule the world.

But that is not the view of German autocracy. It has not lost faith in itself—at least not yet. It is waiting for the end of the war—that "little more" which is needed to turn the war into a completed fact—to prove that we are wrong. These German defenders of autocracy are pointing with pride to the results of their system, and, what is more, they are pointing with contempt to the results of its opposite. "What," they are asking, "has enabled Germany to put up this tremendous fight and to hold together as a single-minded unit through the strain and stress of these terrible years? What is the secret of our immense efficiency? It is autocracy which has enabled us to do these things. On the other hand it is democracy which is responsible for the inefficiency of our opponents—for the political difficulties of France, for the present chaos in Russia, for the inability of the United States to make up their mind until it was so late; for the unpreparedness of the British and for the ease with which we fooled them before the war; for the want of cohesion and continuity in their military policy, for the failure at Gallipoli, for the scandals in Mesopotamia, for the indiscipline of their working classes, for their domestic broils and dissensions, and for the way they sacrifice their great men."

German Arguments

These arguments are theirs, not mine. But though they are inconclusive at the moment, there is no denying that they would wear a very different aspect *if the Germans were to win.* There are millions of people in all countries, not excepting our own, whose faith in democracy is by no means assured even now, and it is doubtful if any vestige of their faith would remain with them in presence of a German victory. To meet this by saying that the Germans are *not* going to win is beside the question. Indeed it is something worse than a mere irrelevance. There are too many people about who assume that democracy, just because it is democracy, will triumph automatically by virtue of some Divine Right inherent in its nature. This is a most dangerous illusion, and if we indulge it we shall be beaten, and what is more we shall deserve to be beaten. The superiority of the democratic to the autocratic principle must not be taken as a fact established in the nature of things which of itself and by itself will decide the issue of the war. Rather is it the very question which the issue of the war is going to decide, and it will not be decided in favour of democracy unless every democrat puts the last ounce of his strength into the struggle. We are much to apt to think that our service to democracy is ended when we have spelt it with a capital D. Let us spell it with a small one for the present.

The question how far the cause of democracy—by which I mean the principles of representative self-government—has advanced during the war is extremely complicated and reveals, when it is narrowly examined, some curious paradoxes. If we consider the broad facts of the international situation the first to strike us is that the great democratic communities have made common cause with one another. The United States have joined in and Russia has become democratic. Nothing of course can give greater strength to a principle than the union of those who have it at heart, and with a union of this magnitude, engaged in a common task, before us, we have surely the right to claim that the three years since 1914 have witnessed the greatest triumph which the principle of democracy has ever won.

But when we consider the matter more in detail counter-considerations begin to make their appearance. How, for example, have we ourselves, in Great Britain, been governed since the war broke out? It were hardly too much to answer that representative self-government has been temporarily suspended. This was a necessity imposed upon us by the war. When war breaks out it is at once apparent to everybody that the conduct of its operations cannot be left to the mercy of popular voting. Authority and independent control are essential and these in a degree which has all the qualities

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Mr. Pollen's Article

We greatly regret that Mr. Arthur Pollen's Review of Naval Events and Policy, which was posted three weeks ago from New York, has not been received in time to include in this number. We trust it will reach us within the next few days, and we intend to publish it in next week's issue of LAND & WATER.

of dictatorship, though we carefully avoid giving it that name. We have no alternative but to put ourselves in the hands of our leaders, good or bad as they may be, and to entrust our destinies to their keeping—at least the only alternative is that of prompt defeat by any antagonist who was fighting under a unitary command.

The three years under review have indeed seen the growth of a body called the Union of Democratic Control, but I imagine that it must have galled the members of this body to observe that there never was less democratic control in the country than there is at the present moment. It has diminished by leaps and bounds; even the control of Parliament has become ineffective, until at last the directing power has fallen into the hands of a small group of men. Formally responsible to the people, these men are virtually irresponsible for the time being. They have put us—I believe for our own good—under discipline, they control the services of the State, they even fix prices and regulate supply and demand—to say nothing of taxation which we have to accept in the form in which it is imposed. The individual voter has become a nonentity. He must do what he is told and pay up what he is bidden—all maxims of "no taxation without representation," and such like, notwithstanding. In the meantime women have won the vote; and though this looks like another triumph for democracy, we must not forget that so long as the present conditions remain in force the women, like the men, will be unable to make effective use of the votes they are to have.

Of course it may be said that this temporary suspension of popular power has itself been conceded by the people for the special purpose of carrying on the war, and that our dictators are able to dictate only because the people have given them permission so to do for the time being. This, I think, is true; but it is also true that for a people to give up power, even for a short time, is one thing and to get it back again is another. This may not prove so easy, for many reasons

The Use of Power

One is that institutions (or individuals) when once they have acquired power are usually tenacious in retaining it, and are very apt to forget or even to defy the conditions on which it was originally entrusted to them. Another is that many of those who thus surrendered their power may not be eager to get it back. They may and often do come to the conclusion that on the whole things are better managed when they are left in the hands of a few highly qualified and efficient men. As to this much depends on whether the men in question show themselves to be highly qualified or not. If, for example, our present rulers make a great success of the undertakings they have now on hand and prove their efficiency by the results of their actions, I should expect that the kind of Government under which we have agreed to live during the war, and which is not strictly speaking democratic, would stand a fair chance of being continued for some time to come. It is true that up to date these men have not been sufficiently successful in giving confidence to this prediction. But the end is not yet. Our rulers have still a chance, if they are able to take it, of producing results which will give a considerable impetus to the belief in one-man rule, thereby weakening the central article in the democratic creed. At this point the outlook for democracy is confused and obscure.

I observe that many of our political thinkers, especially those with socialistic proclivities, are pointing with a good deal of satisfaction to the immense increase of State control which the war has rendered necessary. They point to the results of "England's Effort" as they have been described—for quite another purpose—by Mrs. Humphry Ward and other writers, and they draw from all this an object-lesson designed to show us what the State could do in times of peace. Many of them clearly anticipate that this system of State control, to which we have become habituated by three years of close experience of its working, will remain in force after the war and will be applied on a larger scale than ever to the solution of our social problems as a whole. Now this, of course, is conceivable if we suppose that the people will consent to make the temporary system of the war into a permanent institution for all time. But if we assume that they will refuse to do this, and insist on the restoration of parliamentary control and the settlement of State action by popular voting, then I venture to think the argument would fall to the ground.

The whole system of control and discipline under which we are now living would be impossible if every item of it had to be first submitted to the popular vote, and will become impossible as soon as the power of the vote is restored. It is easy enough to fix the price of potatoes if you empower a potato-expert to fix it and agree to abide by his decision. But if you make the price into a matter for public discussion, and give every citizen the right to bring forth resolutions and amendments as to what in his opinion the price should be, and wait until the matter has been thrashed out and all the contending parties have settled their differences, it is clear that all the potatoes will have gone rotten long before a decision is arrived at. This kind of thing is precisely what has happened to the Irish question, and what would happen all round if every matter of State control were taken out of the hands of the few and restored to the hands of the many. Indeed it has been happening, though not infrequently overlooked, throughout a very long period in the history of our legislation. Most of the measures that are passed into law do not represent what the people want, nor what any section of it wants, but only so much as is left over of what is wanted when the various contending parties have exhausted their rhetoric. The statute-book of the realm is a collection of these *residua*—we call them compromises. This result is probably the best attainable under the circumstances. But if anyone will take the trouble to study the whole process of which it is the result, he will soon see that this would never lead to any such system of State control as that under which we are now living. To get *that* we should have to trim our sails to another tack which would soon carry us into regions where democratic principles do not obtain.

Many-Sided Progression

Democracy, as we all know, means a free field for innovators. But it does not follow that there will be much innovation under democracy. The reason of this is that innovators, when they are given a free field, have a tendency to get in each other's way and to arrest each other's efforts. Political thinkers are in the habit of depicting the course of our history as the result of a conflict between the forces of order and the forces of progress. To this they ought to add the far more serious conflict which goes on between the forces of progress themselves, which is of course greatly to the advantage of those who stand by the old order.

Progress is not a like-minded thing, It is a many-minded thing, a jostle of tendencies and ideas, and often comes to an issue which none of the combatants intend or desire. The three years of war have brought this out in a very remarkable way—the way of contrast. On the one hand they have shown the like-mindedness of the democracies of the world in their determination to make good the essential principle of democracy—which is the right of all peoples to be governed by their own ideas of what they want. On the other hand they have shown with equal clearness that outside the sphere of war aims no great people now in existence knows precisely *what* it wants, nor has any definite conception of the end and aim of its life. In the light of these three years modern civilisation stands out as a thing which satisfies none of the peoples who have been parties to its creation. And yet when the question is raised, What *would* satisfy them? you either get no answer or—which amounts to the same thing—ten thousand divergent answers.

Now before any people can make up its mind how it wants to be governed it must first know how it wants to live—for the one thing depends on the other. The past three years have been forcing us back on this prior question, and the future of democracy turns on the answer it may receive. My own conviction is that the life we all want to live cannot be expressed in political terms at all, and that the greatest mistake in the past has been the attempt so to express it.

My faith in democracy is not based on the belief that it automatically gives us what we want. Nor do I think that it protects us from the disastrous consequences of not knowing what we want. But it does give us a chance to find out.

And part of the discovery has been clearly made during the last three years. The democratic peoples have come to realise, as never before, that they want to live at peace with one another and with all the world. War may be wanted by war-lords, kaisers, dynasties, armies, governments, but by the people—No! The discovery—or rather this new realization of a familiar truth—is of immense importance. It defines the first task of democracy. It provides a practical starting point for the new era.

But will that new era dawn? It will not, if the Germans are suffered to win the war.

The Fourth Year of War

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The Problem of Poland

By I. N.

THE third year of the war has been marked by a significant development of the Poland problem. The beginning of that year found nearly all Poland in the hands of the enemy, and the question of the nation's future undecided. Russia, which before the war possessed the largest part of Poland and held it during the first year, had not taken any definite step in the matter. After the Grand Duke's proclamation of August 1914, which seemed to promise wider and more definite intentions, the old Russian Government set about reducing the problem to the position of a purely internal affair. When Russia had retreated from Poland the Central Powers decided to profit by Russian inactivity, but any definite action on their part was long prevented by differences between Berlin and Vienna. While the Hapsburg Monarchy tried to obtain the annexation of the largest possible part of Russian Poland, Germany's aim was to bring the whole of the newly conquered Polish territory under her direct control. For more than a year the Kingdom of Poland remained divided between two zones of military occupation, German and Austrian.

At last, towards the end of the first quarter of the third year of war, Germany succeeded in bending Austria to her point of view, and on November 5th, 1916, a joint Austro-German proclamation was issued, establishing a Polish State, as a constitutional, hereditary kingdom, on the occupied territory. The German and Austrian parts of Poland were not meant to be included in the new State, and its eastern frontier remained undefined. Such a solution of the Poland problem could not possibly satisfy the Poles, whose aim had always been the reunion of all the Polish lands. Nevertheless it had one attraction; the Central Powers were the first to recognise the sovereignty of the Polish State, the refusal of which had been the chief grievance of the Poles against Russia. By this the Central Powers hoped to draw the Poles to their side and even to raise a Polish army which would fight in this war under German command.

The Poles, however, never trusted Germany, and saw in her the most dangerous enemy of their national cause. After the first favourable impression produced by the proclamation had worn away, conflict developed between the Poles and the German authorities. Whereas the Germans expected the Poles to be satisfied with the proclamation itself and to be ready to fight with them against the Allies, the Poles demanded the immediate organisation of the Polish State and the removal of the German authorities from the country. They postponed the formation of the Polish Army until the establishment of an independent Polish Government. They argued that a Polish army without a Polish Government would not be a Polish army at all, but simply a part of the German Army.

German Shams

It is true that there were some enthusiasts for the immediate creation of a military force, but they enjoyed neither a serious position nor great influence in the country. Some elements, more or less responsible, agreed, under the patronage of the German authorities, to form a provisional government under the name of the Council of State, but they looked upon it rather as a compromise, necessary in order to diminish the power of the German authorities in the country and thus to spare the population as much suffering as possible. The great majority of the Poles were opposed to that compromise and remained in a position hostile to German schemes. Their position proved correct, for the Council of State, after over half a year's existence, remained a sham government without authority, all power remaining in the hands of the German Governor. Little by little its more responsible members resigned; those who remained represented a very small political minority, glad to occupy the position of a government even without real authority.

A mortal blow was dealt at German schemes in Poland by the outbreak of revolution in Russia. Polish Socialists who considered it their main duty to fight against the old Russian regime and who had been the chief authors of the Polish Legion in the Austrian Army, now declared that they would not take up arms against the free Russian nation, on condition that Russia should not try to reconquer Poland. It must be borne in mind that the primary motive of the Polish minority, which sided with the Central Empires, was hostility against Russia, based upon the conviction that Russia would never agree to the independence of Poland. Therefore the proclamation of the independence of Poland by the Russian Provisional Government, issued on the 10th of March, 1917, robbed the Central Powers of their strongest argument with the Poles.

With the disappearance of Russian danger for Poland, Germany lost what remaining influence she possessed over the national elements in the country. Everything that represents the strength of national aspirations has turned against her. Only those non-Polish elements which sometimes pose as Poles and have the means of drawing weak men behind them, not caring for the future of the country and anxious to resume their interrupted business, work for an early peace, which would mean the German solution of the Poland problem. They have invented the definition of Poland as a neutral country in this war; through their co-religionists they have found strong support in Russia, and, which is even more curious, in the Western Allied countries.

Poland at the present moment may be said to be in the camp of the Allies more truly than ever since the beginning of the war. Among the masses in Poland under enemy occupation, feeling against the Germans is growing to such an extent that fears are entertained of an outbreak against the Central Powers. Those political parties which from the first days of the occupation were hostile to Germany and Austria, have increased in strength. Certain parties, such as the Polish Socialists, which formerly sided with the Central Powers, are now changing their position. It is a very significant fact that the well known Socialist leader, Pilsudzki, chief organiser and formerly commander of the Polish Legion in the Austrian Army, has lately been suspected of pro-Ally sympathies, and finally has been arrested for trying to cross the frontier with a false passport.

There is but one way to restore the peace of the world, and that is by overcoming the physical might of German Imperialism by force of arms.

Mr. Lansing. **July 29th, 1917**

The immediate duty before us is not to discuss in detail what kind of terms of peace we would like when the war comes to an end, but to continue the war with all the strenuous vigour which we can command.

Mr. Balfour. **July 30th, 1917**

We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

Mr. Asquith. **November 9th, 1914**

In Russia, where from 500,000 to 700,000 Poles are in the army, a military congress of Poles took place in Petrograd, at which a resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority for the formation of a separate Polish Army and at which a desire to fight against the Central Powers was warmly expressed. The Congress elected an Executive Committee whose task it is to carry out these decisions. In spite of all the counteraction of the Russian Pacifists, the Committee, supported by the military powers, hopes to achieve its purpose. At the same time the Polish representatives in the other Allied countries, including America, are working for the organisation of the Polish Army on the Eastern front and for the recognition of Poland as a belligerent and an Ally possessing official representation.

In German and Austrian Poland manifestations took place in May calling for the reunion of all three parts of the dismembered country, and Polish representation in the Austrian Parliament declared the necessity of the reunion of all Polish lands with an outlet to the sea. This declaration, being contrary to the German and Austrian policy, drew after it in the Austrian Upper House an accusation of high treason against the Poles.

The Poles understand that the independence of the Polish State, whatever its extent and its constitution might be, would be fictitious if German Poland with the mouth of the Vistula remained in Germany's possession. Poland then would have to depend on Germany for communication with the outer world, and, surrounded by German possessions to the

(Concluded at foot of following page)

August Moon

(To F. I. S.)

By J. C. Squire

IN the smooth grey heaven is poised the pale half moon
And sheds on the wide grey river a broken reflection.
Out from the low church-tower the boats are moored
After the heat of the day, and I await the dark.

And here, where the side of the road shelves into the river
At the gap where barges load and horses drink,
There are no horses. And the river is full.
And the water stands by the shore and does not lap.

And a barge lies up for the night this side of the island.
The bargeman sits in the bows and smokes his pipe,
And his wife by the cabin stirs. Behind me voices pass.

Calm sky, calm river: and a few calm things reflected.
And all as yet keep their colours: the island osiers,
The ash-white spots of umbelliferous flowers,
And the yellow clay of its bank; the barge's brown sails
That are furled up the mast and then make a lean triangle
To the end of the hoisted boom; and the high dark slips
Where they used to build vessels, and now build them no more.

All in the river reflected in quiet colours.
And beyond the river sweeps round in a bend, and is vast:
A wide grey level under the motionless sky
And the waxing moon, clean cut in the mole-grey sky.

Silence; time is suspended; that the light fails
One would not know were it not for the moon in the sky
And the broken moon in the water, whose fractures tell
Of slow broad ripples that otherwise do not show,
Maturing imperceptibly from a pale to a deeper gold,
A golden half moon in the sky, and broken gold in the water.

In the water, tranquilly severing, joining, gold:
Three or four little plates of gold on the river:
A little motion of gold between the dark images
Of two tall posts that stand in the grey water.

There are voices passing, a murmur of quiet voices
A woman's laugh, and children going home.
A whispering couple, leaning over the railings,
And, somewhere, a little splash as a dog goes in.

I have always known all this, it has always been.
There is no change anywhere, nothing will ever change.

I heard a story, a crazy and tiresome myth. . . .

Listen! Behind the twilight a deep low sound
Like the constant shutting of very distant doors.

Doors that are letting people over there
Out to some other place beyond the end of the sky.

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north and to the west, threatened by German attack from the Mazurian lakes and from Silesia, she would be at Germany's mercy. She would be obliged to obey Germany not only in her foreign policy, but even, to some extent, in her home affairs. The leaders of the nation realise that Germany would never willingly renounce her domination in German Poland, which would put an end to her expansion in the east. They know, therefore, that a really independent Poland, free in the management of her affairs and in her foreign policy, can only appear in Europe as the result of a great victory on the part of the Allies. Parallel with this development of the problem from the Polish point of view, the events of the third year of war threw a new light upon that problem from the point of view of the Allies.

Whatever may be the further development of the internal situation of Russia, it is certain that our eastern Ally is passing through what promises to be a long constitutional crisis, complicated by a social revolution (land problem) and, what is still more serious, by the strong separatist tendencies of the Finns, the Ukrainians and other races of the Empire. It would be a great illusion to believe that such a crisis can be settled easily and swiftly. Its probably long duration opens out to Germany unheard of opportunities for intrigues, with the aim of making Russia powerless, of exploiting her social and political difficulties, of playing up her different racial elements one against the other, and of thus obtaining the total mastery of Eastern Europe. We need hardly explain how disastrous the attainment of such a position by Germany would be, not only for Russia, but for the whole of Europe.

This danger can be prevented only by establishing a firm barrier between Germany and Russia in the shape of the Poland State. To be equal, however, to such an important task, Poland must be safeguarded against German influence, and must, politically and economically, be totally independent of Germany. The first condition of her independence is the possession of the Baltic coast with the mouth of the Vistula and the old Polish port of Dantzig. The time has come for the Allies to realise that, if their victory be not such as to force Germany to restore the Polish territories, even a formally free Poland would be controlled by Germany. She would be used by Germany as a bridge towards Russia in the same way as Austria Hungary has been used hitherto as a German bridge towards the Near-East.

Progress of Agriculture

By Sir Herbert Matthews

J. Newman, Berkhampstead

Ploughing Four Furrows with the Overtime Tractor

IT has become a mere platitude to say that the war is causing a national revolution, but like most platitudes it is an exaggeration. In the science of agriculture it has introduced the germs of a revolution, but at present the effect is usually more in the minds of agriculturists than in their general practice. It is true that a considerable number of men have already availed themselves of such help as they can get from motor ploughs, farm tractors, milking machines, and other labour-saving devices, but they are mostly the more enlightened men, who are always on the look-out for improvements. What is more promising, however, is that a much larger number of cultivators have, or are rapidly, divesting their minds of the old deeply-rooted prejudices against all innovations. The man who, four years ago, would have said: "No motor ploughs for me; they may possibly do some sort of work under certain conditions, and on some soils of which I know nothing, but they are no use on my sort of land," is now, perhaps, against his will, but more or less inevitably, coming to the conclusion that he must give them a trial. Those who understand the psychology of the British farmer will realise what an immense advance this means.

We have not reached this point without a curious interplay of many forces, as to which perhaps a few words may be of interest. After the refusal of the late Government to take any notice of the recommendations of Lord Milner's Committee, there was a long interval of nearly eighteen months during which no authoritative body took any action having as its object an increase in the supply of home-grown food. True, the Departmental Committee on the Settlement of ex-Service Men, dealt incidentally with the subject, and the Central Chamber of Agriculture on several occasions called attention to the need of a Government policy which would lessen our dependence on sea-borne traffic, and encourage home production by giving a feeling of security to producers. But they were looked upon as interested parties, and consequently not worth notice.

About the end of October, 1916, however, owing to various causes, and to a sudden epidemic which attacked the Government, and which took the form of creating a whole crop of new Ministers, a change took place. Having created the new Departments they had to be made to justify their existence. Among them was the Food Production Department, who at once became obsessed with the idea of three million more acres of arable land. It was no new idea to several hundreds of people who had studied the question for many years, but it was new to them, and had all the charm of novelty. It dominated everything else. Three million acres must be ploughed up, and it must be done at once: the serious shortage of men, horses and implements did not matter, nor did the necessity of subsequent cultivation cause any hesitation. There were so many counties in the country; they had each so many acres of grass and so many of arable; a simple sum in arithmetic settled how many acres each county must break up. What could be easier? The Defence of the Realm Act gave the necessary powers; it only needed working out on paper.

But as soon as the official programme was complete, the practical difficulties could be no longer ignored. So motor ploughs were promised, and eventually sent out. Men were frequently sent with them, but unfortunately they were, as a rule, expert with neither motors nor ploughs, with the result that not seldom a farmer has been turned from a convert to a pervert; or to one who will use a motor because he must, not because he likes it. This is much to be deplored, first because a perverted man is much harder to reconvert than he was originally; secondly, because inexperienced drivers do not look after their implements as they need looking after, nor do they teach their (possibly) unwilling pupils how to care for them; and thirdly, because work that is not well done does not tend to good crops. On the other hand, wherever the farmer or the driver happened to be an enthusiast they did good work, even if lack of experience caused extra trouble. Fortunately a number of such enthusiasts were found to exist. Every such instance has been and is, an educational centre which will help to overcome prejudice.

Now that the official mind has realised that three million acres cannot be broken up by a stroke of the pen, and that such land as is broken needs a great deal of cultivation, motor power will be turned to other work besides ploughing, and is therefore likely rapidly to increase the number of supporters. Especially will this be the case if discrimination be made in the selection of drivers: and as more experienced drivers have become available such selection is now possible. Probably no other side of farming has shown such a rapid development as the motor tractor, but as this form of power can be applied to so many operations it is only what might have been expected.

A considerable change is coming over the dairy world in the form of milking machines. Milk producers found the labour question a constant trouble for some years before the war: the necessity for constant attendance twice a day, Sundays as well as week days, made it continuously more difficult to find milkers. When something well over a quarter of a million of men answered the call to the colours, dairy farmers were at their wits' end, and though matters have been to some extent adjusted, partly through the patriotic action of women, who pluckily came to the rescue, it cannot be expected that these women will continue in any numbers when the call of patriotism ends with the war, while many of the men who joined the ranks will never return. Moreover, there will be some difficulty in retaining the existing supply of labour unless good wages can be secured—25s. a week will not suffice in many districts—and it is certain that a proper wage cannot be paid if milk is to be sold at less than sixpence per quart.

Realising these facts many have swallowed their prejudices, are employing power to do the milking, and many more are likely to do so in the near future. There is, however, one factor which will prevent milking machines becoming quite general. They cannot be used economically in dairies below a certain size, and a very large proportion of the milk supply is provided by small farmers and small holders. It looks as if the small producer must be undersold, and so crowded out, except where certain local conditions favour his existence. The prejudice of the dairy farmer in this case has not been without some reason, for until comparatively recently the machines offered for sale were not without their disadvantages. Necessity, however, has spurred the manufacturer as well as the user, and various improvements have been effected.

Numerous developments of lesser degree may be noted in the shape of an increased demand for hay-loaders, haymaking implements, and in fact for every kind of labour-saving machinery. Perhaps no new devices of outstanding importance (with one exception) may be recorded, but a much wider use of these previously found only in the hands of the most advanced men is undoubted. For instance, it is probable that in no single year will there have been so much spraying of potatoes in order to prevent disease. The exception referred to is a newly patented farmyard manure spreader, which I am told is a great improvement on all previous attempts in this direction, and which does the work, not only quicker, but gives a much more even distribution than hand work.

By courtesy of "Modern Farming"

Women Workers on the Land A.D. 500

Although on national grounds it was doubtless necessary to cancel the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England's show in 1917, its suspension will certainly have helped to retard invention, and even more to check the demand for the most recent improvements. This annual exhibition is a better method of bringing home to the minds of many thousands of people what the agricultural industry means to the country, and of demonstrating to producers the latest developments in implements and machinery than any other way that is practicable.

Industrial Developments : A Retrospect

By Jason

During the great war with France a century ago, nine men out of ten were engaged in the tasks of peace. If war had absorbed the energies of the whole people then as it does now, it would have been impossible for any nation to maintain the struggle from 1793 to 1815 with one brief break. As our population was under ten millions, about half that of France, it is clear that our man-power would have given out long before the peace of Amiens. But the great mass of the population during those years were engaged not in learning to be soldiers, nor even in providing munitions of war, but in building up our new industries. We were often in great straits, and after 1803, the rapid depreciation of paper money led to crisis and disaster. But the most striking fact about the war, is the concentration of our national energy on the production of cotton, wool and iron, and it was during these years that the foundations of our industrial supremacy were laid.

When the skies fell, in August 1914, many people not unnaturally imagined that the effect of war would be to disorganise industry and throw millions of people out of employment. Our industrial and commercial life depended on a great system of international commerce and credit, and so violent a disturbance as a great war involving most of Europe would clearly bring that system to ruin. We pictured what happened to our industry during the conflict between Napoleon's Berlin Decrees and our Orders in Council. It was the first time that our workpeople had felt the effect of the new commercial system, and at one moment thirty mills were silent in Manchester alone. At that time England and France tried to starve each other out and we had a foretaste of the methods to be used a century later. France was reduced to a search for substitutes which reminds us of our own devices to-day. "Premiums were offered at Vienna for substitutes for camphor, peruvian bark, and opium; and for the discovery of plants having the same virtues as senna, jalap and ipecacuanha. Many towns went unlit for want of oil. Peas, beans and lupins were dried for coffee; the leaves of the hornbeam were dried for tea and scented with the roots of the iris. Tea was planted in Corsica, which was nearly in the same latitude as China, and the results were announced to be a complete success. Experiments were made in extracting sugar from raisins, from chestnuts, from honey, even from seaweed."

England had learnt then what a price her population had to pay for the creation of world markets. To-day that price would be heavier, because the new system of Capitalist industry, international credit, and world-wide exchange was far more highly developed. If we turn to the early days of the war, we see that anxious minds thought chiefly about the most effective way of treating unemployment.

It would have been difficult for anybody at that time to imagine the spectacle Great Britain was to present one year, two years later. Nobody could have foreseen the insatiable effects of modern war. It had not occurred to the most optimistic mind that unemployment would be unknown in a great war: it had not occurred to the most pessimistic mind that everybody, men and women supposed to be too old, boys and girls known to be too young, would be needed to turn out the instruments of destruction. The strain of such a war is almost overwhelming. We have had to find an army of five millions: to supply that army and not that army alone, with munitions on a scale nobody had dreamt of; to produce for peaceful commerce enough to maintain our exchanges: to build ships to supply the wastage due to methods of war that before were almost unthinkable: to cultivate our own fields, knowing that every blade of corn mattered as it would matter to a city besieged. The whole nation is then on war work of one kind or another.

Such a transformation is a tremendous piece of national work, and the fact that it has been possible shows what a reserve of power and resourcefulness the nation possesses. The main credit for it must go, not to this or that authority, but to the ordinary citizen. If it had not been for his patience, his courage, his patriotism, this vast achievement would not have been possible. We are very apt in writing and reading history to look out for great names and leaders, and to forget that a nation's victories are not won by its generals alone. We have been lavish enough of titles and honours to generals, admirals and politicians, but we have often forgotten the deserts of the common soldier, the common sailor, and the common citizen. This war is above all the achievement of the common citizen who, whether he has become a foot soldier or a gunner or a sailor or a munition-worker, has responded to the call of civilisation with a noble readiness.

Not Service but Profit

The general spectacle of the national effort during these three years is inspiring and stimulating. But it carries also a warning. If our national resources have surprised us it remains true that our industrial system has found us out. The basis of that system is not service but profit; its motive power is not freedom, but discipline. When we turned to that system for the machinery to which to harness the energies of the nation we learnt something of its weaknesses.

The first and most conspicuous failure of the time has been the failure to deal with profiteering. Under the spell of the first emotions of the war, the Trade Unions abandoned all their claims for higher wages, and called a truce. If the Government had acted at once to stop profiteering, a great deal of trouble that came later would have been avoided. But the great doctrine of the industrial revolution (the theory that the enlightened self-interest of the trader corresponded by an unfailing law with the interest of the State) was too deeply embodied in the intellectual composition of our statesmen for any such measures to be taken, and the workmen who were prepared for any sacrifice and surrender of their claims, saw that for other classes business was to be very much as usual. The Government said it was unfortunate that prices were rising, but that it was impossible to control this tendency. Thus, the poorer classes learnt that the law of sacrifice had its limits, and that there were people whose destiny it was to make fortunes out of the sufferings of their neighbours. The spell was broken.

The atmosphere of contention has clung to industry in consequence. The Government had to choose between the two courses. Either industry was to continue as usual, in which case the elements of strife that belonged to the industrial system remain, or industry was to be transformed by placing employers and workmen on some basis of service, eliminating all profit and putting everybody on the footing of the soldier. Such measures would have excited some opposition from all classes. They needed courage and imagination. But we may say that all the efforts of the Government to create social and industrial peace have been efforts to find substitutes for that measure.

The various measures that have been taken in this direction have included the setting up of a Committee of three for adjustment of wage disputes (this Committee made 1,500 awards during 1916); the introduction of the principle that war profits had some special liability in the excess profit tax; the arrangements for controlling shipping; the new and important system of Government purchase associated with the Contracts Department, and the several attempts to control prices, in the case, for example, of coal and food. Not all of these problems have been solved, far from it. But we have travelled some distance from the early days when Ministers threw up their hands and exclaimed that no Government could lay a finger on the great law of profits.

The conversion of the national energy to the one task of providing for war, has been a gradual process. It was some months after the outbreak of the war that the Government of the day realised that munitions could not be left to the War Office. The business of the War Office was to raise and train armies. For the other tasks of providing equipment, amunition, guns and the vast apparatus of modern war, the Department had neither the experience nor the qualifications that were wanted. A separate Department was necessary, the Ministry of Munitions was established, and Mr. Lloyd George became the first Minister. What the scope and range of the Ministry have become we may gather from Dr. Addison's speech in the House of Commons at the end of June. The Ministry was primarily concerned with munitions of war, but it has developed into a Ministry of Industry, for the war has brought one problem after another into the light.

When the Ministry was established rather over two years ago, it was as Dr. Addison described it, a munition shop. It is now in addition a great Department of Industrial research, manufacturing not only 18 pounders, heavy guns, tanks, aeroplanes, but machines for agriculture, devising schemes for supplying material for which we were dependent on many countries. Potash is a case in point; the Germans thought we should be dependent on them after peace, but by mobilising our scientific resources the Ministry has discovered a process for obtaining great quantities of potash, and Dr. Addison can assure us that his Department would be able to provide every ounce of potash that the glass trade requires, and very largely to meet the need of agriculture as well. Our capacity for providing sulphuric acid is fifteen times what is was before the war; a fact of great significance for our industry in the future. Before the war we could rely on British resources for only about 10 per cent. of the optical glass we require, most of the rest came from Germany or Austria. We are now in a position to supply our own needs, and to give substantial help to our Allies. We have been compelled to bring our men of science into play for the purpose of war, and their work will last for the purposes of peace. A great stride forward has been taken in modernising our methods and arrangements.

This has been the most successful side of the work of the Ministry of Munitions, and it represents an achievement of which the nation may be proud. The Ministry has been less fortunate in its handling of the labour question. Here there have been two disturbing forces at work.

First the Government tried to adapt the industrial system to the National emergency. Now the industrial system, as the articles that have appeared in these columns have attempted to show, sets up a permanent atmosphere of conflict. An integral part of that system is the Trade Union organisation and tradition, for they represent the defensive resources of the workpeople created and developed by generations of struggle. A Minister about to call on that system for a supreme effort would naturally prefer to have so much plant and so much labour power at his disposal so that he could economise power, time, space, transport whenever possible. But before the engineering industry could be simplified in this way a revolution was necessary, and that revolution threatened the Trade Union rights which the workpeople had acquired at great cost, to which they clung as the guarantee of their liberties for the future. Most of the trouble in the munition works has turned on this question. The Government entered into solemn negotiations with the Trade Union leaders, and the first agreement to surrender their rights so far as war work was concerned, was an agreement between the Prime Minister and the Minister of Munitions on the one hand, and the representative of the A.S.E. on the other.

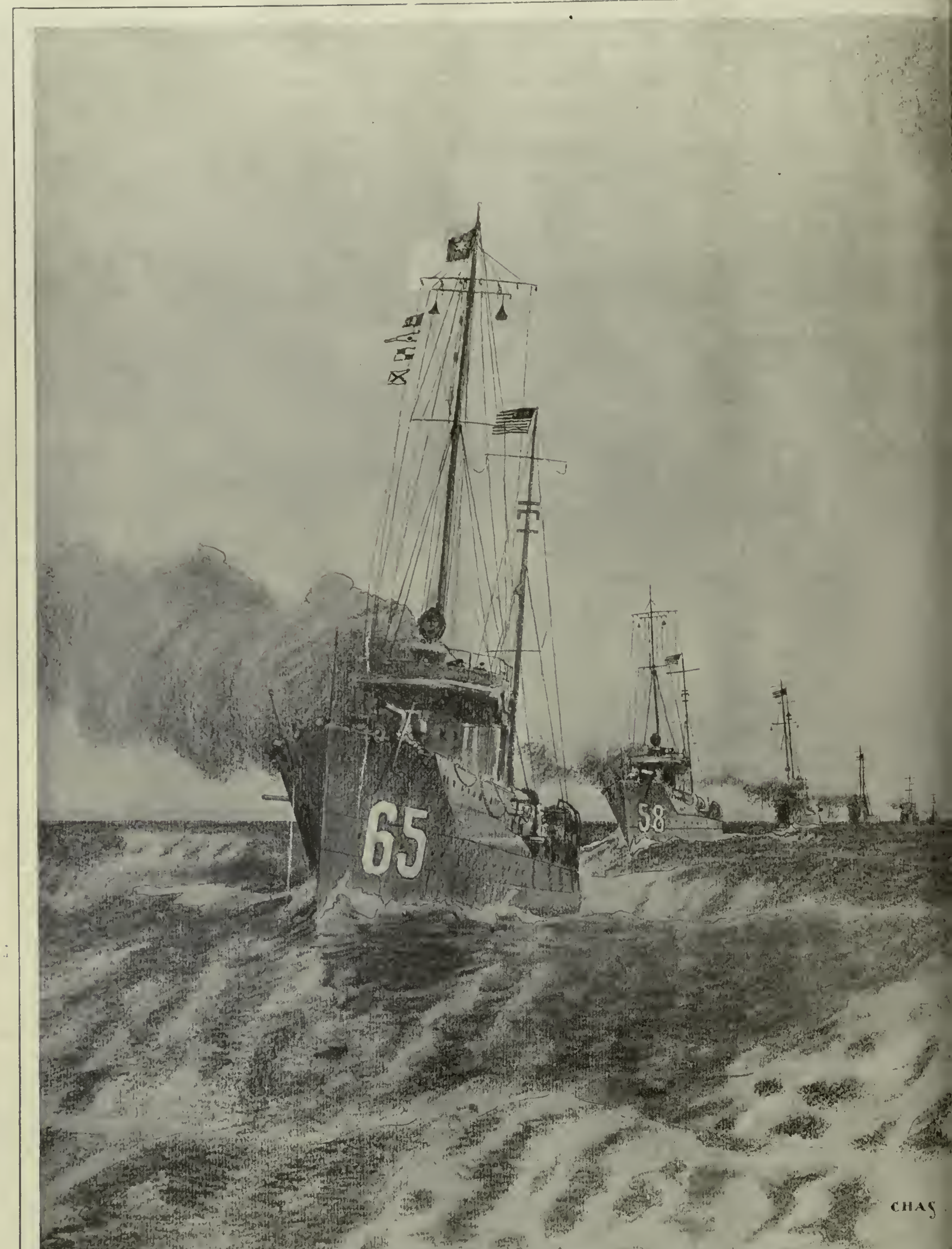
The Trades Unions

Later the Government called on the Trade Unions for a further and more dangerous surrender. The submarine campaign and the general depredations of the war make economy of labour in all directions essential, and one method of economy was to extend dilution to private and commercial work. This was a very big demand, and it was presented with little care or tact. The workpeople were already suspicious, and their suspicions were aggravated and inflamed. It was believed in many munition centres that the Government were conspiring with the employers to get rid of Trade Union customs altogether, and the language of some of the newspapers and politicians dwelling on the obstructive character of these customs, encouraged this belief. Meanwhile it must be remembered the old antagonistic relations of workpeople and employer had not been abolished. On the contrary, they were emphasised in the mind of the workpeople because this reserve power, the right to strike, had been withdrawn.

The situation would have been eased if the Government had known how to bring the workpeople into co-operation. Early in the war, joint advisory committees had been set up, representing workpeople and employer, for stimulating the production of munitions. The Government were urged to take this committee for their model. Unfortunately, Mr. Lloyd George preferred more bureaucratic methods, and instead of developing this committee, he created a new machinery of Munition Tribunals and Labour Officers. The Tribunals have become intensely unpopular.

This, then, was the first disturbing force; the spirit of the old industrial system. The other was the new element of compulsion in the workman's life. The Military Service Acts, and the Munition Acts between them destroyed the personal freedom of the workmen. We know enough by this time of the working of the Acts and Medical re-examinations to realise that the way in which conscription has been administered has not tended to reconcile the working classes to their new burdens. The Trade Card scheme, which, in its existing form is open to serious objections of principle, represented some modification of a power which seemed to the workman arbitrary and indiscriminate. The Government wanted to get rid of the scheme because it hindered the supply of recruits and in this case, as in that of the extension of dilution, they acted in such a manner as to make the workpeople still more distrustful of their aims.

For these reasons the close of the third year of war found the nation better equipped and organised in material than anybody could have expected, but less united in spirit than it would have been if the Government had been more democratic in its methods. But the war has prepared men's minds for changes, and in this respect also, lessons have been learned for the future.



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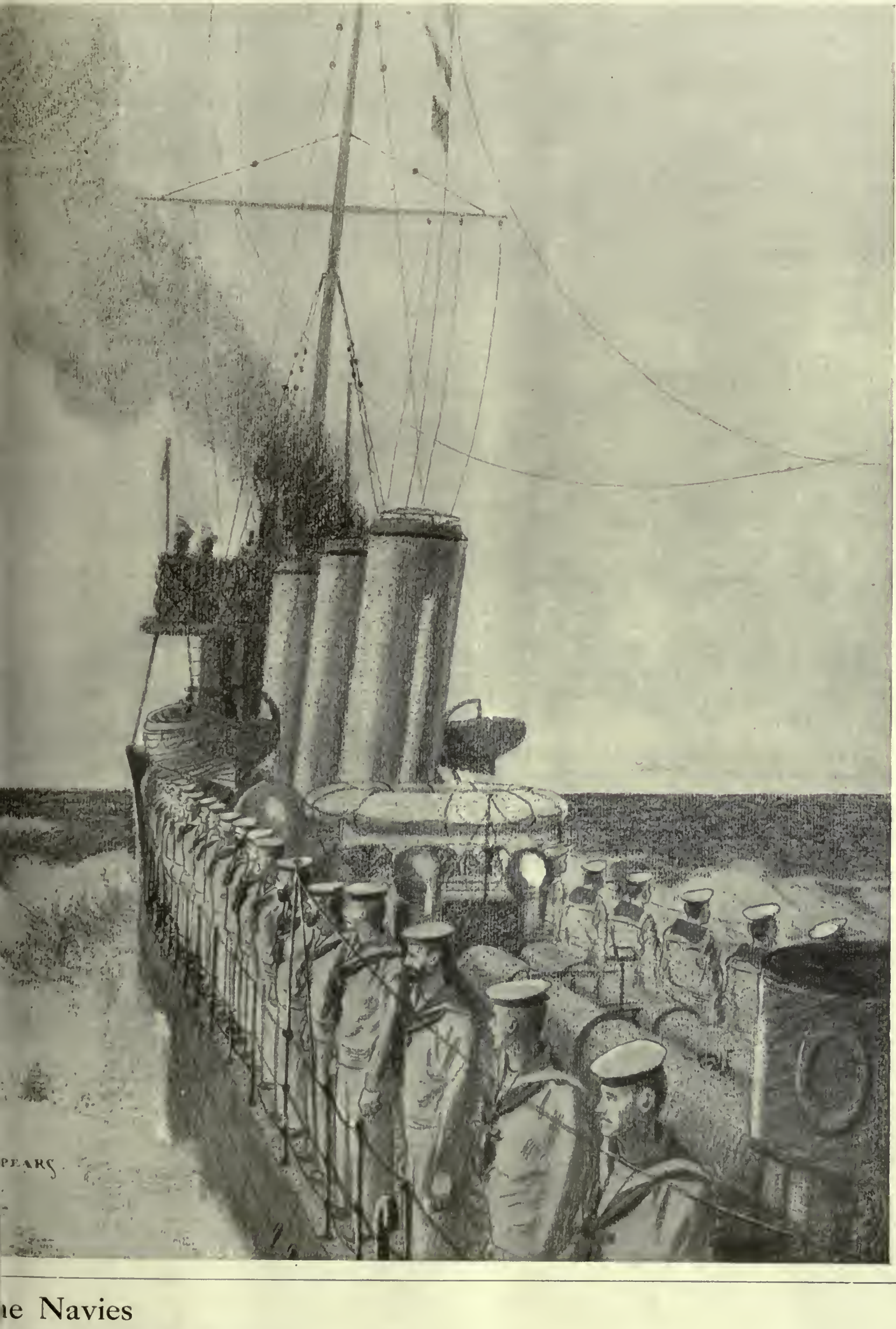

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The Rise of the R. F. C.

By B. C. Fellows.

IT is not easy, without giving information which should be withheld, to give a coherent account of the Royal Flying Corps—the R.F.C. as it is known to everyone in these last two years of war. This résumé deals generally with the administrative expansion which has taken place and in no part touches on the technical developments of modern aerial science. It took the nation the first year of war to realise the problem which faced it, and so great was the stress of public affairs, that even then many of those with whom the ultimate decision of yea and nay rested, were unable to appreciate the possibilities which modern aircraft gave to the power with imagination enough to grasp the opportunity thus offered.

To those who have been associated with the R.F.C. during its amazing expansion in the last few years, so much that seemed visionary is now rapidly becoming fact that there seems no limit (metaphorically) to the possibilities of modern aircraft in war. The start of the war saw one squadron at Montrose, a central flying school on Salisbury Plain, and the administrative offices at Farnborough. One year later, in August, 1915, we see an Aeronautical Directorate established at Whitehall, Farnborough still the administrative and training centre, but other training organisations now in being with headquarters at Gosport and Salisbury Plain respectively. From a single squadron at Montrose, we find squadrons dotted throughout the greater part of England, though the geographical limits at this time were still bounded by Birmingham, in the north, Norwich in the east, and the South-Eastern Coast-line.

How different is now the case; is there a country district in all England and Scotland where the aeroplane is not known and the distinctive uniform of the R.F.C. not a common feature? Let us pay tribute to the debt which the Corps owes to the firm and efficient hands which controlled its early destinies, both at Farnborough and at the War Office. Probably no new organisation has been luckier in its birth-throes than the R.F.C.; to the satisfaction of all, the same capable hands which guided its policy in its early days, are still a dominant power in its councils.

First Real Expansion

It was about June, 1915, that educated England, beginning to awake to the necessity of conscription, saw her manhood generally being enrolled in a great national army; it was in August, 1915, that the first real expansion of the R.F.C. in the field took place. Round about this date, the star of Farnborough began to pale and the Headquarters of the Training Organisation were instituted in London, General Officers were appointed to command the force in France and the Training Brigade at home, the whole co-ordinated under the G.O.C., R.F.C., who guided the destinies of the Corps from Whitehall.

Time passed, and early in 1916 we find the R.F.C. in France consisting of several Brigades, with a Major-General commanding the whole, a Brigade in the Middle East, with its forces far flung from Salonika in the West, to Mesopotamia, East Africa and India in the East, a vast training organisation at home under its own G.O.C., and a host of departmental depots for repair and store purposes.

It is interesting to note here how from three rooms at Whitehall in 1914, the Aeronautical Directorate was forced by its expansion to take new premises in Albemarle Street, then to move *in toto* to De Keyser's Hotel (happily renamed Adastral House), and finally, in February of this year, to occupy the vast premises of the Hotel Cecil. It is sufficient to add that the expansion throughout has been on corresponding lines. This expansion at Headquarters was forced on the R.F.C. by the necessity of coping with the ever-increasing demands made on it by the numerous expeditionary forces it had not only to feed but constantly to reinforce and expand. The history of the development of the R.F.C. both at home and abroad is wonderful indeed, and those who have lived and toiled in the midst of it cannot yet grasp its true significance. Historical perspective, the only true gauge, is necessarily lacking.

It is not my purpose here to do more than sketch lightly the progress which has been made and to pay some slight tribute to the great minds who have guided its destinies throughout these crucial days.

In July, 1916, the Air Board was instituted, a new era began, and an attempt was made to co-ordinate the two air services, whose aims and ambitions had necessarily to some extent overlapped, more especially in the manufacturing market, and the claims which the increasing demands of Home Defence made on each. The country was lucky to have the brains of Lord Curzon to deal with the questions then raised, and the seed which he sowed during the five months of his reign at the Air Board will be reaped by his successors. More than that, his prestige was such that the War Cabinet know now, as they would never have known otherwise, how vital to the future of our Empire is an efficient Air Service. It is not too much to say that the foundations of a future Imperial Air Service were then laid, and more important than all, the duties allocated respectively to the Naval and Military Services were, for the first time, clearly defined, and responsibility definitely apportioned. Discussions, moreover, proved how necessary it was to have a single control of the output of both engines and aeroplanes; all this, together with the placing of supply under the Ministry of Munitions, was consummated in the reorganised Air Board of December, 1916. No praise can be too great for the spade work done by the late President and his able coadjutors in the late summer and autumn of 1916.

Home Defence

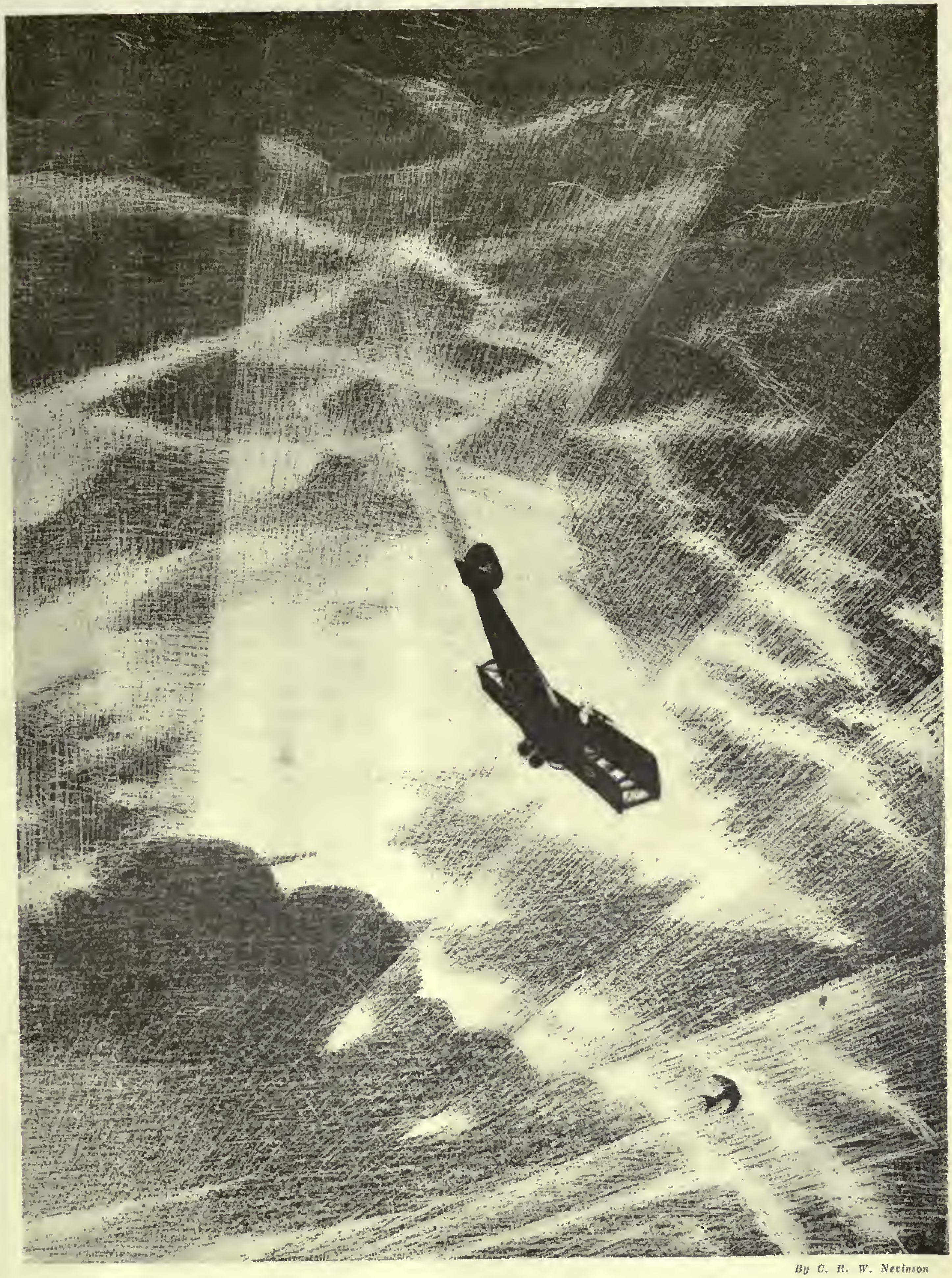
In an article of this nature figures and places must necessarily be used with reserve, and without them it is hard to bring home the expansion which has taken place. To take Home Defence alone, though new and difficult conditions have now to be met, there is no doubt the antidote is already to hand, and the aeroplane raids of June and July 1917 will rank with the destructive Zeppelin raids of 1916 as an evil that has been met and conquered.

To many of us the answer is not primarily in reprisals or counter bombing, but in the defeat of the hostile forces in the air. Anything else is a makeshift. Look at the position when the Zeppelin raids of the summer of 1915 occured; we had resources to meet them which can only be described as pitiable, and yet we conquered, and not at the expense of the army in the field. Similarly the present menace will be countered and overcome in the air and at no distant date. The present public anxiety is justifiable, but in fairness to our airmen, it must be stated that the twin-engine Gotha biplane, with which the recent raids have been carried out, is no light thing to tackle.

Apart from the forces specifically allocated to Home Defence, we can say very roughly that the R.F.C. is to-day ten times the size that it was two years ago. As it increases in size, so necessarily must the dependent organisations and depots which feed it. It is comparatively easy to decide on an increase of say twenty squadrons, but think of what that means; it entails twenty new training squadrons for the upkeep of pilots, new repair depots, and new Store Depots. More and more does the R.F.C., like its sister arms, become the province of specialists; our men must have their special wireless training establishment, their special photographic training establishment, their special armament training establishment. It is not sufficient now-a-days to teach a man to fly and then send him out to fight, he must pass prescribed tests in all the special training phases he passes through, and be finally polished off and taught the use of his weapons in the air at the special training schools which have been instituted for the purpose. All that training can do to secure the life of a pilot or observer in modern war conditions is done. In no branch has progress on scientific lines made greater strides; the casualties are heavy, the strain on pilots is great, but the training organisation expands *with* the development of the forces in the field, and not *behind* it, and therein lies the secret of its success.

We are all inclined to concentrate in the West, and probably rightly so, as the main theatre of the war, but we cannot neglect our commitments in the East, and one of the many long-sighted moves initiated by the Aeronautical Directorate at the War Office, was the installation of a training organisation in the near East, to meet the requirements of these other theatres of war. At this school of military aeronautics, the young pilot is taught the theory and ground part of his training; here are to be found elementary and higher training squadrons, and, finally, a school of aerial gunnery in which he qualifies for being a service pilot.

It is not a little wonderful that all this has been evolved during the present war, and, in fact, wholly within the last two years. Think again what it means; all the pilots for Salonika, Mesopotamia, and East Africa can be trained there and the time and risk of sea-passage to England saved. Such too is the equableness of the climate that this training can



By C. R. W. Nevinson

Swooping on a Taube

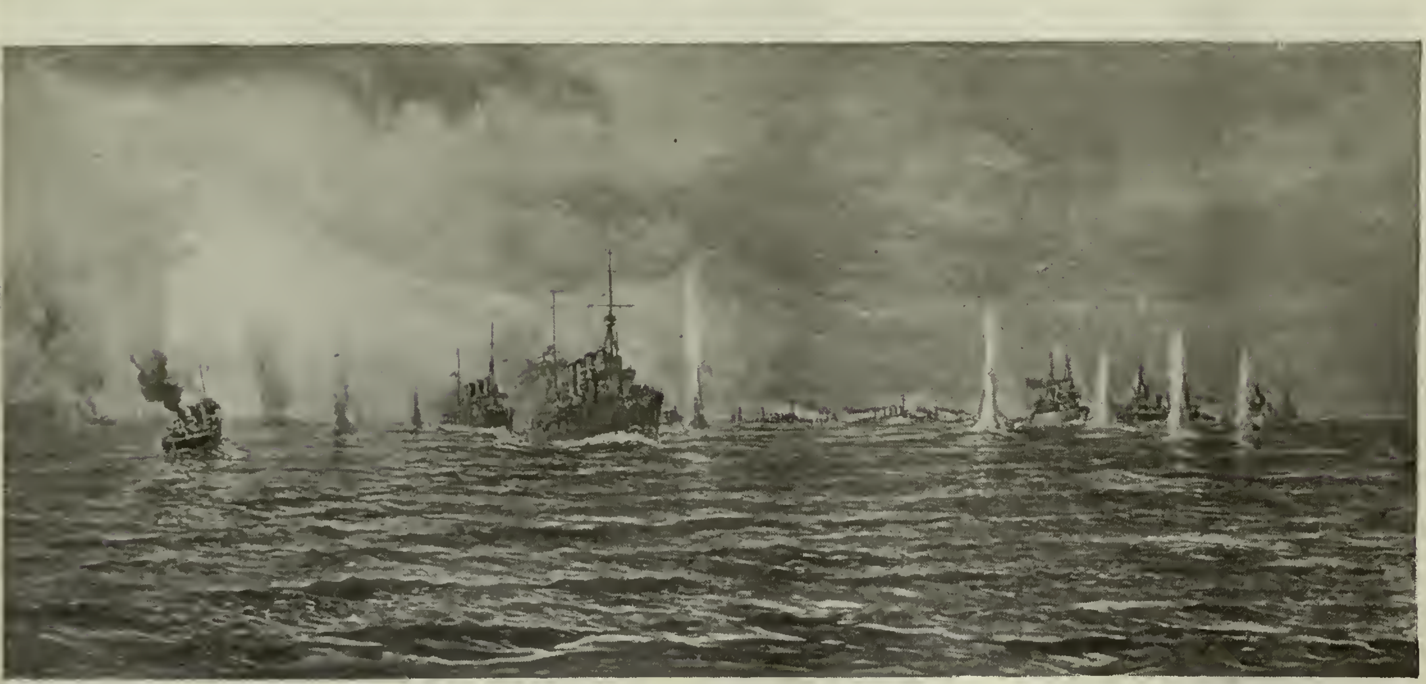
proceed year in and year out, and a valuable winter source of supply for other theatres provided.

No account of the expansion of the R.F.C. in these two years of war is complete without reference to the increasing share taken in it by our overseas dominions. South Africa, Canada, and Australia have all played their part, each with an enthusiasm and devotion consonant with the resources at their command. South Africa led the way with the despatch of a South African Squadron for service in East Africa.

This very month units of the Australian Flying Corps are taking their place in the line on the Western Front, though for more than a year past, their corps has played a leading and gallant part in the Middle East. Canada is meanwhile developing a vast training organisation, and rapidly evolving a complete and independent Flying Service of her own, ready to stand in the near future alongside our war-tried squadrons.

Sea-girt island that we are, and menaced as we may be by submarines, bright indeed lies the Empire's future so long as all parts continue to contribute their quota to the long line of air heroes, who have given their lives, aye, and more than their lives, the memory of those lives, on the altar of their country's service.

The Battle of Jutland



From a Drawing by H. L. Boyle, Commander, R.N.

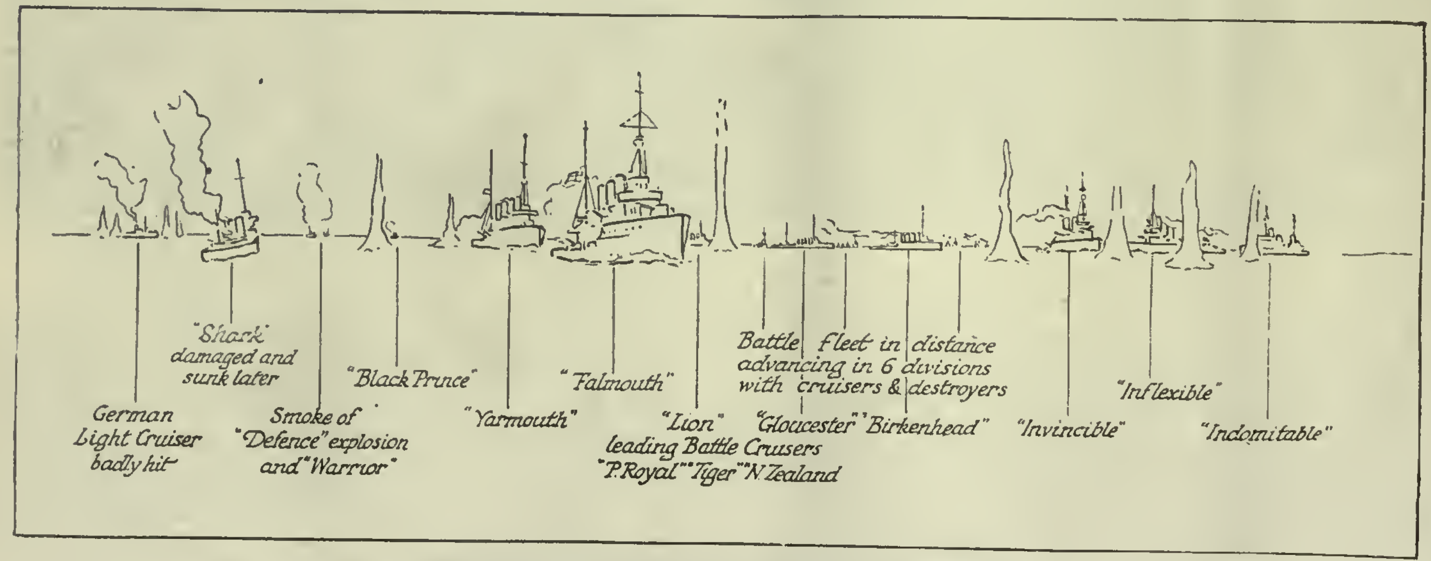
Off Jutland, 6.21 p.m., May 31st, 1916

THIS picture of the battle of Jutland is from the painting by Commander H. L. Boyle, Royal Navy. The moment chosen by the artist is that when the battle cruisers under *Lion* and *Invincible* and the third and first Light Cruiser squadrons effected a junction with the main Battle Fleet and attached cruisers. The Battle Fleet is just starting to deploy into line, and can be seen in six divisions in the far distance. The third Light Cruiser squadron (Rear-Admiral T. D Napier) is in the foreground. *Falmouth* and *Yarmouth* are followed by *Birkenhead* and *Gloucester*, the latter pair having been thrown out of formation by the ill-fated *Defence* and her consorts, shown in the left distance of the picture, and afterwards by the desire to avoid fouling the range of the third Battle Cruiser squadron, under Rear-Admiral Horace Hood in the *Invincible*.

This squadron is shown on the extreme right receiving the first salvoes of the German battle cruisers, which were then at 8,000 yards distance, but these enemy ships do not come into the picture being too far to the left. Shortly after this the *Invincible* was hit by one of these salvoes and blew up. Sir David Beatty, in his despatch referred to this fine incident in these splendid words: "I ordered them to take station, which was carried out magnificently, Rear-Admiral Hood bringing his squadron into action ahead (of *Lion*) in a most inspiring manner worthy of his great naval ancestors."

Lion leading the battle cruisers *Princess Royal*, *Tiger* and *New Zealand* is shown to the right of *Falmouth* in the distance. On the left in the foreground is the destroyer *Shark*, whose name will always be linked with that of Commander Loftus Jones, V.C. It was this destroyer, crippled by previous action, and on fire, which is now known to have been referred to by Rear-Admiral Napier, of the Third Light Cruiser squadron, as follows: "Here I should like to bring to your notice the action of a destroyer (name unknown) which we passed close in a disabled condition soon after 6 p.m. She was apparently able to struggle ahead again, and made straight for the *Derflinger* to attack her." On the extreme left of the picture is the German light cruiser which received the fire of every squadron in turn. "We particularly admired the conduct of those on board a disabled German light cruiser which passed down the British lines shortly after deployment under a heavy fire which was returned by the only gun left in action." These words of Sir John Jellicoe, pay a well earned and generous tribute to this gallant enemy.

This picture gives a good idea of the weather conditions prevailing at the time. The sun was unable to struggle through the "weeping" fog clouds, and the sea at first a glassy calm soon became churned up and broken by the wash of a hundred ships driving forward at full speed.


"Shark" damaged and sunk later
German Light Cruiser badly hit
Smoke of "Defence" explosion and "Warrior"
"Black Prince"
"Yarmouth"
"Falmouth"
"Lion" leading Battle Cruisers "P. Royal" "Tiger" "N. Zealand"
Battle fleet in distance advancing in 6 divisions with cruisers & destroyers
"Gloucester" "Birkenhead"
"Invincible"
"Inflexible"
"Indomitable"

Explanatory Diagram of the Ships Engaged

The Mark of the Beast

"He that leadeth into Captivity shall go into Captivity; he that killeth with the Sword mnst be killed with the Sword—Rev., Chap. XIII. v. 10.

MUCH has been written concerning the terrors and brutalities of the occupation of invaded territories by German Armies, but nothing will bring home so impressively the reality of this horrible aspect of war as it is waged by the Teuton like the following official Proclamations. Let any British householder ask himself what would be his feelings, had the document printed below been left at his door by a squad of Hun soldiery under a Prussian Non-commissioned officer? And most assuredly this would have happened if a German Army Corps had made good its landing on these shores, which was quite within the possibilities of this war at one time. This return was, of course, drafted in Berlin, long before the war began. Regard its thoroughness; there is nothing in a home, be it castle or cottage, which makes life pleasant or even endurable which is omitted from it. This return has to be filled up "without any omission or dissimulation." And it concludes with this ominous sentence: "The German military authority reserves to itself the right to verify the correctness of the above declaration." It is obvious this return was prepared by the German War Office in order to simplify and also justify looting. And we know the extent to which it has been acted on.

Through all these official documents, even the mildest of them, there runs that tone of cold-blooded cruelty, which is always and ever the mark of the bully. At the bottom of page 32 there is the proclamation issued at Charleroi in September 1914. It begins correctly enough: "The people of the town are from this day under the authority and protection of the German Army." The orders and restrictions are reasonable in war time until we come to the fourth paragraph:

> At night the inhabitants must keep a light in the rooms overlooking the street and the doors of every house are to be always open in order to give the authorities of the Imperial German Army free access to the habitations.

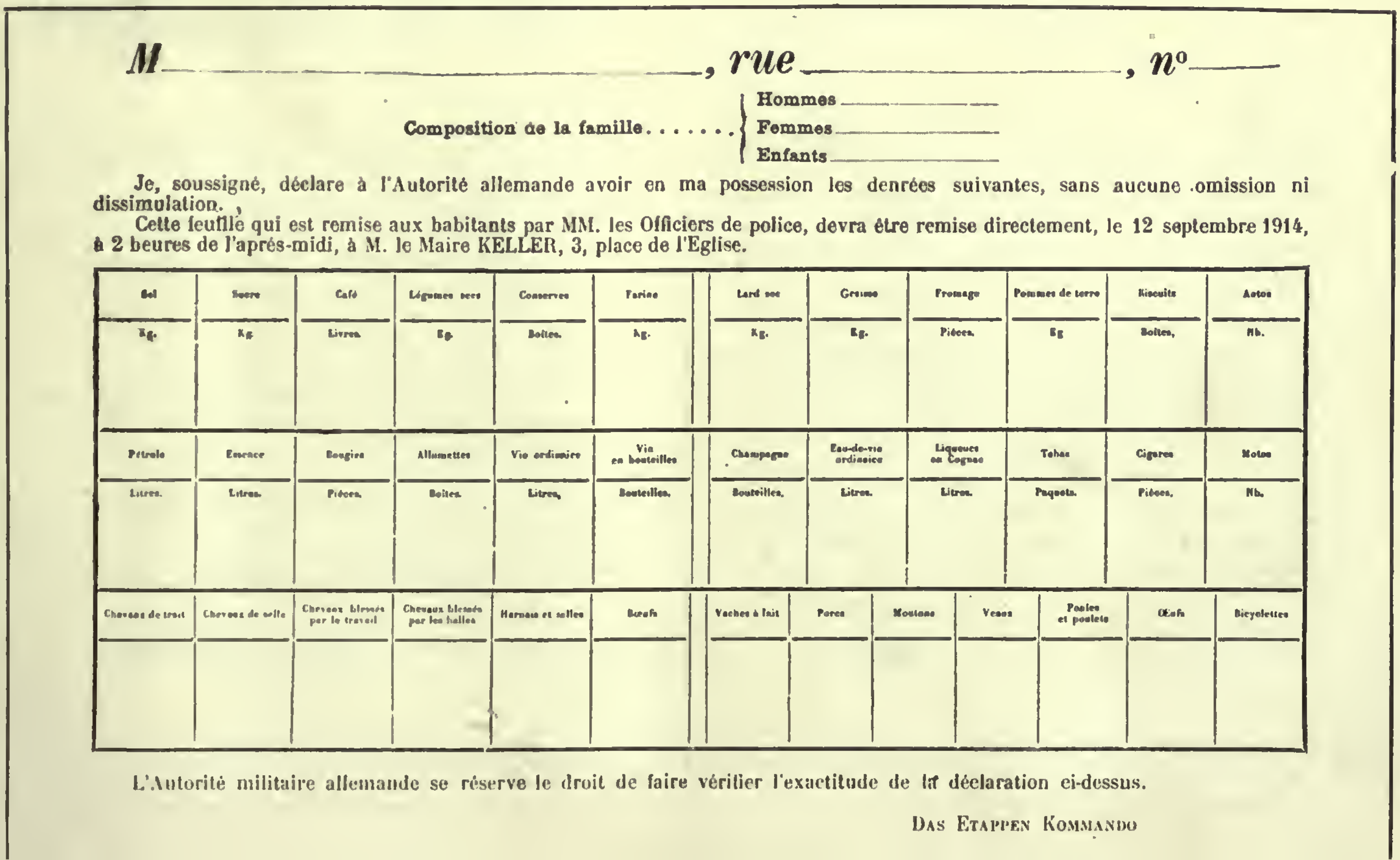
This, so to speak, is a standardised clause, for it appears in almost every German proclamation to invaded towns. It was premeditated in peace time. Its effect in war was clearly seen by those responsible for it. Its true object is not to protect the Imperial German Armies, but to place the women of the invaded towns at the disposal of the German soldiery. There was no pretence about it in practice. The purpose of war must ever be to destroy: but to defile is only the practice of barbarians at war. There must be personal punishment for these gross and deliberate crimes.

From a historical point of view, the two most interesting documents in this budget are General von Emmich's original proclamation to the people of Belgium (p. 28) and the proclamation by General von Bissing, Governor of Brussels, announcing the death sentence of Miss Edith Cavell (p. 33). It will be noticed that in the latter it is distinctly stated that Miss Cavell and M. Bancq had been killed before the proclamation was issued. Four persons (two men and two women) were condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude, and seventeen others to varying periods of penal servitude. It will be the duty of the Allies to rescue these and other inhabitants of occupied territory, who have been sentenced to periods of imprisonment.

The series of proclamations issued at Luneville at the beginning of the war form an instructive comparison. Here, again, the bully starts off by assuming a mild tone. The first proclamation dated August 28th, 1914 (p. 30), certainly begins with a series of falsehoods, but afterwards in bolder type, the German General Goeringer appeals for good order in the town and a return to normal life. He states expressly that "the German army makes war on soldiers and not on French citizens. He guarantees to the inhabitants complete security of their persons and their goods." No exception can be taken to the orders, penalties and restrictions that follow. They are severe, but reasonable under the conditions. But contrast with this proclamation the requisition order issued less than ten days later by General von Fasbender, of the Bavarian army. What guarantee for their goods have the inhabitants of Luneville in face of this brutal demand. Everything, it will be noticed, is to be of the first quality, otherwise the whole township is to suffer. Read also the notice issued by the Mayor of Luneville, evidently under German dictation.

Lastly, we come to the Lille proclamations of last year. The first one (top p. 34) suggests that the German authorities are sincerely solicitous for the well-being of the peoples of Lille. One might assume that the order, harsh though it be on the face of it, was forced by circumstances on the military authorities. But glance lower down the page and you will see that this is not in the least the intention in the German mind. An hour and a half is the extreme limit of time permitted to these wretched people to prepare themselves to go unto captivity. The annals of war from the most remote ages can show no more callous and total disregard of human rights and needs. There is no question that the former proclamation was issued as a blind to the latter. Should victory rest with Germany, the latter would be denied or discredited, and only the former would be acknowledged by them.

In publishing these original documents, for the French text in every case is an exact photographic reproduction of the actual Order printed and issued by the German Commanders, LAND & WATER believes it is rendering a public service. It places on record indisputable testimony of German official crime, cruelty and injustice in the districts which Germany's armies have invaded.



***M*__________________, *rue*______________, *n°*________**

Composition de la famille . . . . . .
Hommes__________
Femmes__________
Enfants__________

Je, soussigné, déclare à l'Autorité allemande avoir en ma possession les denrées suivantes, sans aucune omission ni dissimulation.

Cette feuille qui est remise aux habitants par MM. les Officiers de police, devra être remise directement, le 12 septembre 1914, à 2 heures de l'après-midi, à M. le Maire KELLER, 3, place de l'Eglise.

Sel	Sucre	Café	Légumes secs	Conserves	Farine	Lard sec	Graisse	Fromage	Pommes de terre	Biscuits	Autos
Kg.	Kg.	Livres.	Kg.	Boites.	Kg.	Kg.	Kg.	Pièces.	Kg	Boites,	Nb.

Pétrole	Essence	Bougies	Allumettes	Vin ordinaire	Vin en bouteilles	Champagne	Eau-de-vie ordinaire	Liqueurs ou Cognac	Tabac	Cigares	Motos
Litres.	Litres.	Pièces.	Boites.	Litres,	Bouteilles.	Bouteilles.	Litres.	Litres.	Paquets.	Pièces.	Nb.

Chevaux de trait	Chevaux de selle	Chevaux blessés par le travail	Chevaux blessés par les balles	Harnais et selles	Bœufs	Vaches à lait	Porcs	Moutons	Veaux	Poules et poulets	Œufs	Bicyclettes

L'Autorité militaire allemande se réserve le droit de faire vérifier l'exactitude de la déclaration ci-dessus.

DAS ETAPPEN KOMMANDO

AU PEUPLE BELGE

C'est a mon plus grand regret que les troupes allemandes se voient forcées de franchir la frontière de Belgique. Elles agissent sous la contrainte d'une nécessité inévitable. La neutralite de la Belgique ayant ete violee par des officiers français qui, sous un déguisement, ont traverse le territoire belge en automobile pour pénétrer en Allemagne.

BELGES !

C'est à mon plus grand desir qu'il y ait encore moyen d'eviter un combat entre les deux peuples qui étaient amis jusqu'a présent, jadis même alliés. Souvenez-vous des glorieux jours de Waterloo où c'étaient les armes allemandes qui ont contribue a fonder et a établir l'indépendance et la prospérité de votre Patrie.

Mais il nous faut le chemin libre Des destructions de ponts, de tunnels, de voies ferrées, devront être regardées comme des actes hostiles.

BELGES !

Vous avez à choisir ! J'espere que l'armee allemande de la Meuse ne sera pas contrainte de vous combattre. Un chemin libre pour attaquer, c'est tout ce que nous désirons.

Je donne des garanties formelles a la population belge qu'elle n'aura rien à souffrir des horreurs de la guerre, que nous payerons en or-monnaie les vivres qu'il faudra prendre au pays, que nos soldats se montreront les meilleurs amis d'un peuple pour lequel nous eprouvons la plus haute estime, la plus grande sympathie.

C'est de votre sagesse et d'un patriotisme bien compris qu'il depend d'eviter a votre pays les horreurs de la guerre.

Le General Commandant en Chef l'Armee de la Meuse,

Von EMMICH

Défense d'Arracher

Autorité Militaire Allemande

Le Maire de la Ville de Lunéville invite formellement les habitants, sous les peines les plus sévères, à s'abstenir de tous signaux aux aéroplanes ou représentants quelconques des armées françaises.

Il serait très imprudent, même par simple curiosité, de suivre avec trop d'attention les évolutions des appareils qui survolent Lunéville, de chercher à communiquer avec les avant-postes français

Les sanctions immédiates consisteraient, de la part de M. le colonel Lidl, commandant d'étape, à s'assurer d'un nombre considérable d'otages, aussi bien dans la classe ouvrière que dans la bourgeoisie.

Autant pour empêcher ou réprimer des manœuvres criminelles en temps de guerre que pour assurer la sécurité des troupes allemandes et de la population civile.

Les postes spéciaux de police, munis d'un drapeau blanc. doivent recevoir jour et nuit les communications qui leur seraient faites à ce sujet.

Le Maire de Lunéville,

KELLER.

Imprimerie de Lunéville, 47 rue Gambetta

AVIS AU MAIRE

Ordre de Réquisition

La Commune de Lunéville fournira jusqu'au 1er Septembre 1914, sous peine d'amende de 300,000 fr. en cas de refus ou d'opposition :

1° 100,000 cigares, ou 200,000 cigarettes, ou 5,000 kilos de tabac;
2° 50,000 litres de vin (en tonneaux ou en bouteilles);
3° 1,000 kilos de thé ou de cacao;
4° 10,000 kilos de sucre;
5° 1,000 kilos de café torrifié;
6° 1,000 bas de laine;
7° Une quantité de savon, de papier de toilette ou de papier coupé, un grand nombre de mouchoirs et de couteaux;
8° 10 kilos de glycérine;
9° 10 kilos de graisse.

J'ajoute expressément que tous les objets à livrer doivent être de première qualité et que dans tous les cas contraires la Commune en serait rendue responsable.

Toute réclamation passe pour nulle et non arrivée.

Crion, le 29 Aout 1914

Le Commendant en Chef du 1er Corps bavarois d'armée de réserve :

Von FASBENDER.

Imprimerie de Lunéville, 47 rue Gambetta

Translation :

TO THE BELGIAN PEOPLE

It is to my greatest regret that the German troops find themselves compelled to cross the frontier of Belgium. They are acting under the constraint of inevitable necessity, the neutrality of Belgium having been violated by French officers who, in disguise, have crossed Belgian territory in order to invade Germany.

BELGIANS! It is my greatest desire that there may yet be means of avoiding a conflict between the two peoples who were friends up to now and who not long ago were even allies. Remember the glorious days of Waterloo, when German arms contributed to the foundation and establishment of the independence and prosperity of your Fatherland. But we must have a free passage. Destruction of bridges, tunnels and railways must be regarded as hostile acts.

BELGIANS! The choice rests with you! I hope that the German Army of the Meuse will not be compelled to wage war against you. A free passage to attack is all that we desire.

I give formal guarantees to the Belgian population that it will have to suffer none of the horrors of war, that we will pay in gold for all provisions it may be necessary to obtain from the country, and that our soldiers will prove themselves the best friends with a people for whom we entertain the highest esteem and the greatest sympathy. Upon your prudence and intelligent patriotism it depends to spare your country the horrors of war.

(*Signed*) Von Emmich,
Commander-in Chief of the Army of the Meuse.

Translation :

NOT TO BE TORN DOWN

German Military Authority.

The Mayor of the Town of Lunéville formally requests the inhabitants, under threat of the most severe penalties, to abstain from making any signals to aeroplanes or any other representatives of the French armies. It would be most imprudent, even from mere curiosity, to watch too closely the evolutions of machines flying over Lunéville or to attempt to hold communication with the French advanced posts. The immediate consequence would be, on the part of Colonel Lidl, commanding the station, the seizure of a considerable number of hostages, taken from the working classes as well as from the bourgeois.

Both to prevent or restrain action that is criminal in war-time and to ensure the safety of the German troops and of the civil population. The special posts of police, provided with a white flag, are to receive by day and by night the communications which will be made to them on this subject.

Mayor of Luneville,
Keller.

Printed at Lunéville, 47, rue Gambetta.

Translation :

NOTICE TO THE MAYOR

Requisition Order.

The Commune of Luneville will supply, by September 1st, 1914, under penalty of a fine of 310,000 francs in the event of refusal or recalcitrancy :

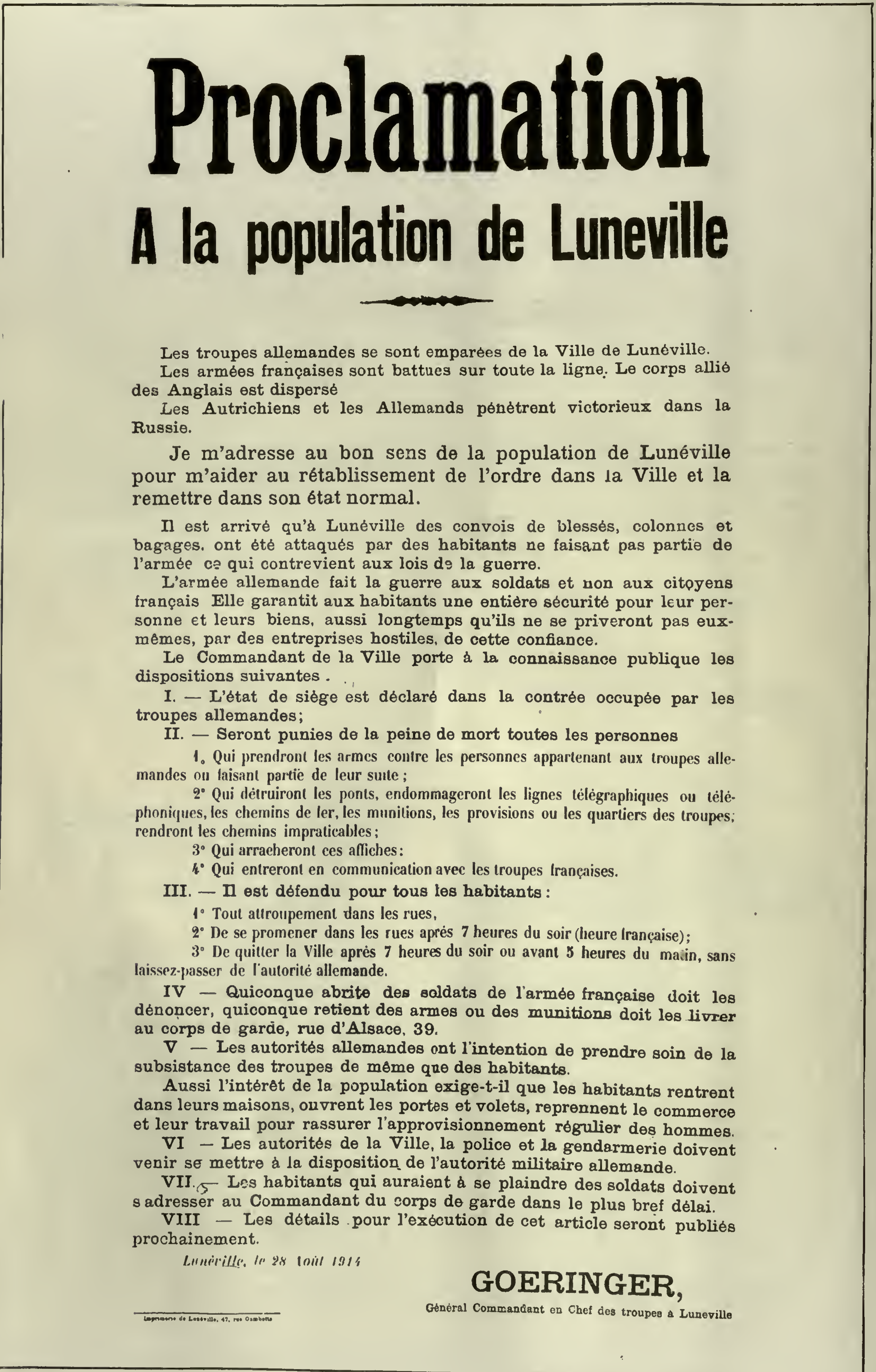
1.—100,000 cigars, or 200,000 cigarettes, or 5.000 kilos of tobacco ;
2.—50,000 litres of wine (in casks or in bottles) ;
3.—1,000 kilos of tea or cocoa ;
4.—10,000 kilos of sugar ;
5.—1,000 kilos of roasted coffee ;
6.—1,000 woollen stockings ;
7.—A quantity of soap, toilet paper or perforated paper, a large number of handkerchiefs and knives ;
8.—10 kilos of glycerine ;
9.—10 kilos of tallow.

I add expressly that all the articles delivered must be of the first quality, and that if they are not the Commune will be held responsible therefor. All protestations will be disregarded as null and void.

Von Fasbender,
Commander-in-Chief of the 1st Bavarian Corps, Army of Reserve.

Crion, August 29th, 1914.
Printed at Luneville, 67, rue Gambetta.

N.B.—1,000 kilos = say, 2,200 lbs. 1,000 litres = say, 220 gallons.



Proclamation

A la population de Luneville

Les troupes allemandes se sont emparées de la Ville de Lunéville.

Les armées françaises sont battues sur toute la ligne. Le corps allié des Anglais est dispersé

Les Autrichiens et les Allemands pénètrent victorieux dans la Russie.

Je m'adresse au bon sens de la population de Lunéville pour m'aider au rétablissement de l'ordre dans la Ville et la remettre dans son état normal.

Il est arrivé qu'à Lunéville des convois de blessés, colonnes et bagages, ont été attaqués par des habitants ne faisant pas partie de l'armée ce qui contrevient aux lois de la guerre.

L'armée allemande fait la guerre aux soldats et non aux citoyens français Elle garantit aux habitants une entière sécurité pour leur personne et leurs biens, aussi longtemps qu'ils ne se priveront pas eux-mêmes, par des entreprises hostiles, de cette confiance.

Le Commandant de la Ville porte à la connaissance publique les dispositions suivantes .

I. — L'état de siége est déclaré dans la contrée occupée par les troupes allemandes;

II. — Seront punies de la peine de mort toutes les personnes

1° Qui prendront les armes contre les personnes appartenant aux troupes allemandes ou faisant partie de leur suite ;

2° Qui détruiront les ponts, endommageront les lignes télégraphiques ou téléphoniques, les chemins de fer, les munitions, les provisions ou les quartiers des troupes; rendront les chemins impraticables;

3° Qui arracheront ces affiches:

4° Qui entreront en communication avec les troupes françaises.

III. — Il est défendu pour tous les habitants :

1° Tout attroupement dans les rues,

2° De se promener dans les rues après 7 heures du soir (heure française);

3° De quitter la Ville après 7 heures du soir ou avant 5 heures du matin, sans laissez-passer de l'autorité allemande.

IV — Quiconque abrite des soldats de l'armée française doit les dénoncer, quiconque retient des armes ou des munitions doit les livrer au corps de garde, rue d'Alsace, 39.

V — Les autorités allemandes ont l'intention de prendre soin de la subsistance des troupes de même que des habitants.

Aussi l'intérêt de la population exige-t-il que les habitants rentrent dans leurs maisons, ouvrent les portes et volets, reprennent le commerce et leur travail pour rassurer l'approvisionnement régulier des hommes.

VI — Les autorités de la Ville, la police et la gendarmerie doivent venir se mettre à la disposition de l'autorité militaire allemande.

VII. — Les habitants qui auraient à se plaindre des soldats doivent s'adresser au Commandant du corps de garde dans le plus bref délai.

VIII — Les détails pour l'exécution de cet article seront publiés prochainement.

Lunéville, le 28 Août 1914

GOERINGER,

Général Commandant en Chef des troupes à Luneville

Imprimerie de Lunéville, 47, rue Gambetta

Translation of Proclamation on opposite page:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF LUNEVILLE.

The German troops have occupied the Town of Lunéville. The French Armies are defeated along the whole line. The Allied English army is dispersed. The Austrians and the Germans are pursuing their victorious march into Russia.

I appeal to the good sense of the inhabitants of Lunéville to assist me in re-establishing order in the Town and in restoring it to its normal condition. Instances have occurred at Lunéville of convoys of wounded, columns of troops and baggage trains being attacked by inhabitants not belonging to the army, which is a breach of the laws of war.

The German Army makes war upon soldiers and not upon citizens. It guarantees the inhabitants perfect security of their persons and property so long as they do not deprive themselves of that confidence by hostile attempts. The Commandant of the Town draws the attention of the public to the following ordinances :—

I.—A state of siege is proclaimed in the country occupied by the German troops.

II.—Penalty of death will be inflicted upon all persons (1) Who take up arms against individuals belonging to the German troops or attached to their suite. (2) who destroy bridges, damage telegraph or telephone lines, railways, munitions, provisions or quarters for the troops, or make roads impracticable. (3) who tear down these posters. (4) who enter into communication with French troops.

III.—The inhabitants are forbidden ; (1) to gather in disorderly crowds in the streets. (2) to walk in the street after 7 p.m. (French time) (3) to leave the Town after 7 p.m. or before 5 a.m., without a permit from the German authority.

IV.—Any person sheltering soldiers belonging to the French Army must lodge information against them, and any person in possession of arms or munitions must deliver them to the guard-house, 39, rue d'Alsace.

V.—The German authorities intend to watch over the maintenance of the troops in the same manner as over that of the inhabitants. It is therefore in the interest of the population that the inhabitants should return to their houses, open their doors and their shutters, and resume their business and their work, in order to ensure regular supplies for the men.

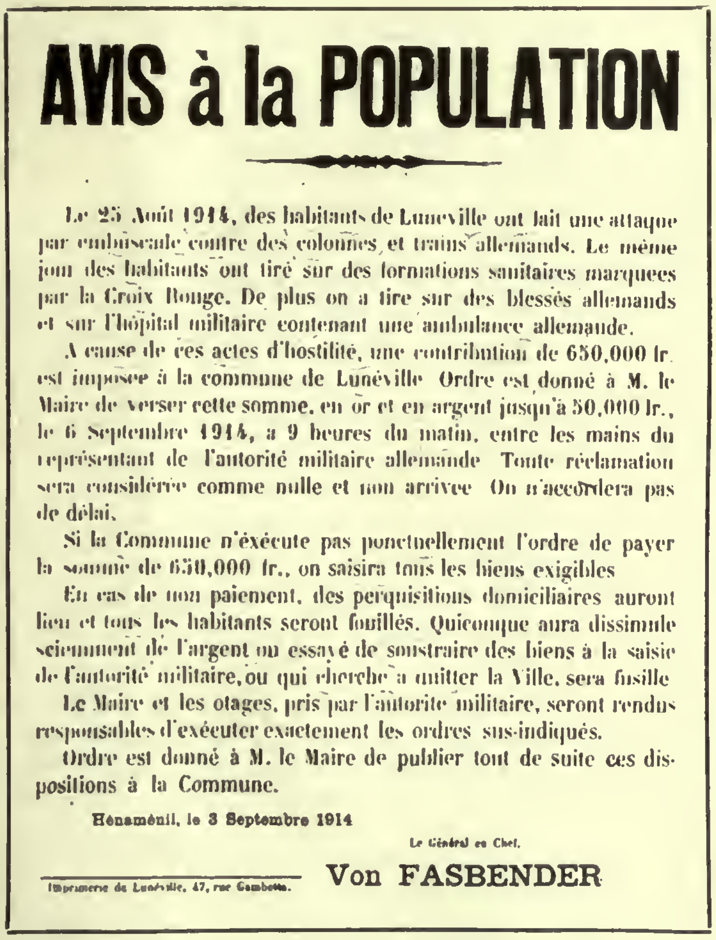
VI.—The authorities of the Town, the police and the gendarmerie, must place themselves at the disposal of the German military authorities.

VII.—Inhabitants who have any complaints against the soldiers must appeal to the Commandant of the guard with the least possible delay.

VIII.—Particulars with regard to the carrying out of this article will be published shortly.

GOERINGER,
General Commanding-in-Chief the troops at Lunéville.

Lunéville, August 28th, 1914.
Printed at Luneville, rue Gambetta



AVIS à la POPULATION

Le 25 Août 1914, des habitants de Luneville ont fait une attaque par embuscade contre des colonnes et trains allemands. Le même jour des habitants ont tiré sur des formations sanitaires marquees par la Croix Rouge. De plus on a tire sur des blessés allemands et sur l'hôpital militaire contenant une ambulance allemande.

A cause de ces actes d'hostilité, une contribution de 650,000 fr. est imposee à la commune de Lunéville Ordre est donné à M. le Maire de verser cette somme, en or et en argent jusqu'à 50,000 fr., le 6 Septembre 1914, a 9 heures du matin, entre les mains du représentant de l'autorité militaire allemande Toute réclamation sera considérée comme nulle et non arrivee On n'accordera pas de délai.

Si la Commune n'éxécute pas ponctuellement l'ordre de payer la somme de 650,000 fr., on saisira tous les biens exigibles

En cas de non paiement, des perquisitions domiciliaires auront lieu et tous les habitants seront fouillés. Quiconque aura dissimule sciemment de l'argent ou essayé de soustraire des biens à la saisie de l'autorité militaire, ou qui cherche a quitter la Ville, sera fusille

Le Maire et les otages, pris par l'autorite militaire, seront rendus responsables d'exécuter exactement les ordres sus-indiqués.

Ordre est donné à M. le Maire de publier tout de suite ces dispositions à la Commune.

Hénaménil, le 3 Septembre 1914

Le Général en Chef.
Von FASBENDER

Imprimerie de Lunéville, 47, rue Gambetta.

Translation :

NOTICE TO THE POPULATION.

On August 25th, 1914, the inhabitants of Luneville made an ambushed attack upon German columns and trains. The same day, the inhabitants fired upon sanitary formations, distinguished by the Red Cross. Further, German wounded and the military hospital containing a German ambulance have been fired upon. Because of these acts of hostility contribution of 650,000 francs is imposed upon the commune of Luneville. Order has been given to the Mayor to pay this sum in gold and in silver up to 50,000 francs, on 6th of September, 1914, at 9 o'clock in the morning, into the hands of the representative of the German military authority. All protestation will be disregarded as null and void. No extension of time will be granted.

If the Commune does not punctually carry out the order to pay the sum of 650,000 francs, all exigible property will be seized.

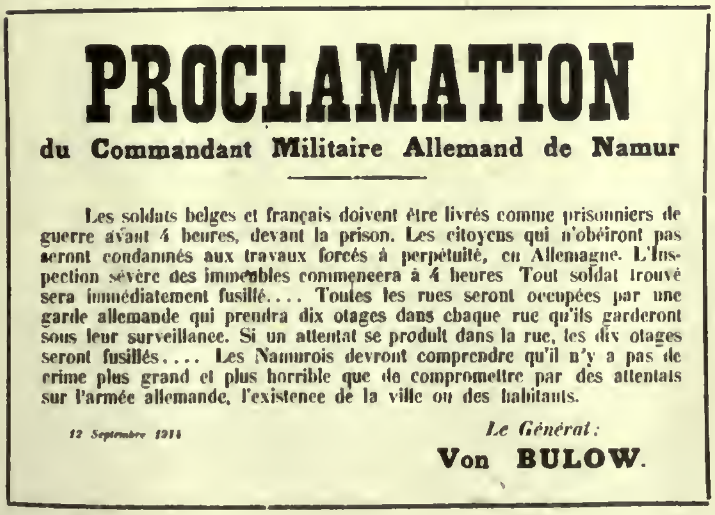
In the event of non-payment, domiciliary perquisitions will be made and all the inhabitants will be searched. Any person wilfully concealing money or attempting to remove property from seizure by the military authority, or trying to leave the Town, will be shot.

The Mayor and the hostages taken by the military authority, will be held responsible for the exact fulfilment of the above orders. Order is given to the Mayor to notify the Commune of these ordinances immediately.

Henamenil, September 3rd, 1914.

VON FASBENDER,
General-in-Chief.

Printed at Luneville, 47, rue Gambetta.



PROCLAMATION

du Commandant Militaire Allemand de Namur

Les soldats belges et français doivent être livrés comme prisonniers de guerre avant 4 heures, devant la prison. Les citoyens qui n'obéiront pas seront condamnés aux travaux forcés à perpétuité, en Allemagne. L'inspection sévère des immeubles commencera à 4 heures Tout soldat trouvé sera immédiatement fusillé.... Toutes les rues seront occupées par une garde allemande qui prendra dix otages dans chaque rue qu'ils garderont sous leur surveillance. Si un attentat se produit dans la rue, les dix otages seront fusillés.... Les Namurois devront comprendre qu'il n'y a pas de crime plus grand et plus horrible que de compromettre par des attentats sur l'armée allemande, l'existence de la ville ou des habitants.

12 Septembre 1914

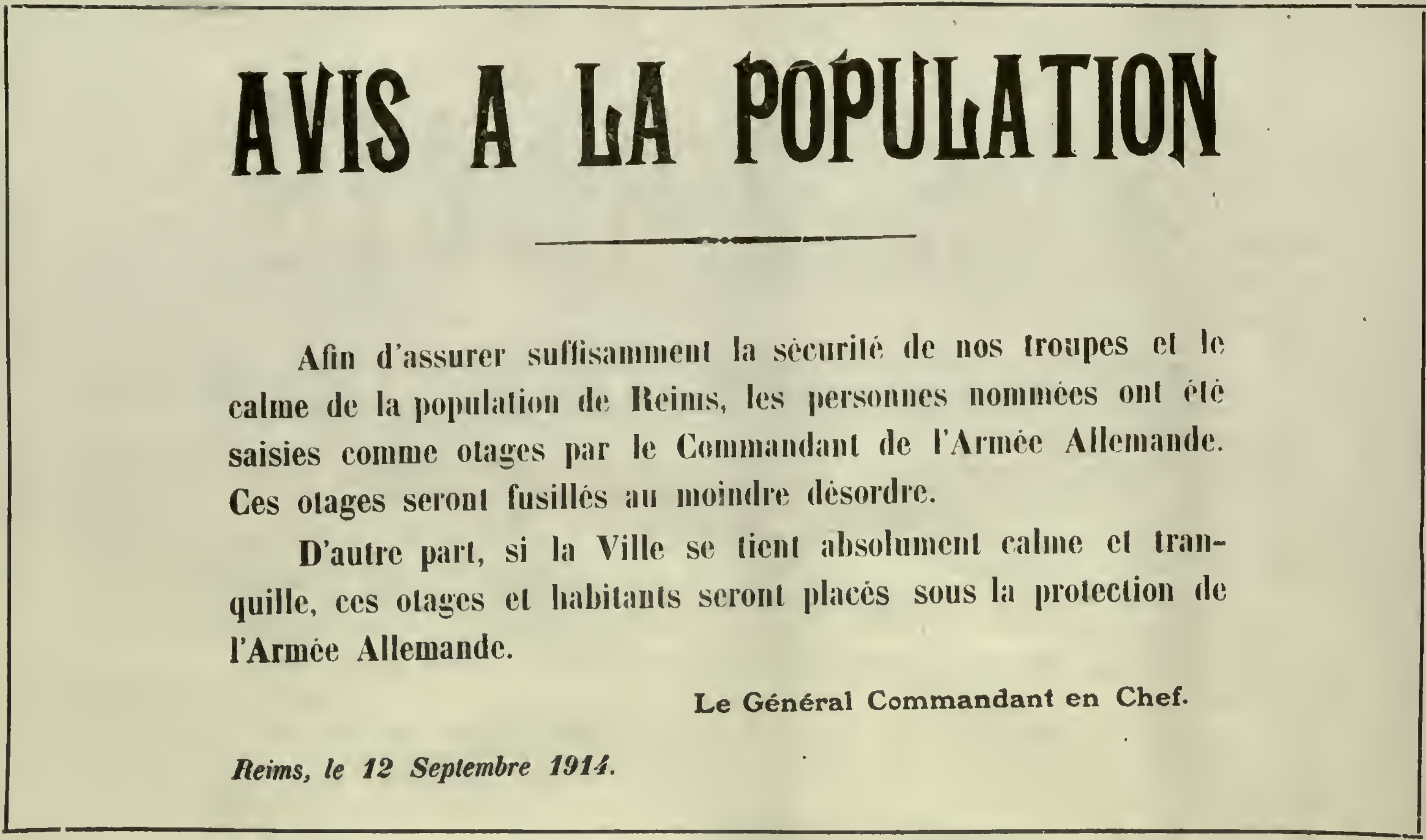
Le Général :
Von BULOW.

Translation:

PROCLAMATION OF THE German Military Commandant of Namur.

All Belgian and French soldiers must be delivered up as prisoners of war before 4 o'clock, in front of the prison. Citizens who disobey will be condemned to hard labour for life in Germany. A strict search of the houses will be begun at 4 o'clock. Any soldier discovered will be immediately shot . . . All the streets will be occupied by a German Guard who will take ten hostages in each street whom they will keep under their supervision. If any outrage occurs in the street the ten hostages will be shot . . The people of Namur must understand that there is no crime greater and more detestable than by outrages upon the German Army to compromise the existence of the town or its inhabitants.

12th September, 1914. *General Von Bulow.*



AVIS A LA POPULATION

Afin d'assurer suffisamment la sécurité de nos troupes et le calme de la population de Reims, les personnes nommées ont été saisies comme otages par le Commandant de l'Armée Allemande. Ces otages seront fusillés au moindre désordre.

D'autre part, si la Ville se tient absolument calme et tranquille, ces otages et habitants seront placés sous la protection de l'Armée Allemande.

Le Général Commandant en Chef.

Reims, le 12 Septembre 1914.

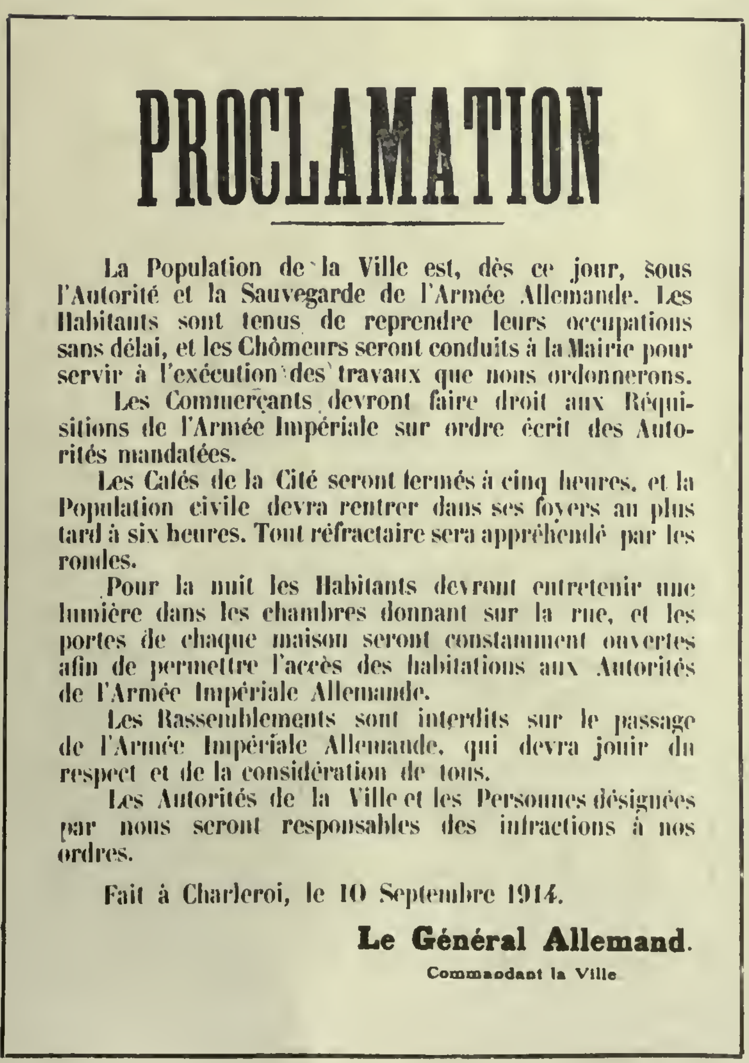
Translation :

NOTICE TO THE POPULATION.

In order to guarantee adequately the security of our troops and the tranquillity of the population of Rheims, the persons named have been seized as hostages by the Commander of the German Army. These hostages will be shot at the least sign of disorder. On the other hand, if the Town remains absolutely calm and tranquil, these hostages and the inhabitants will be placed under the protection of the German Army.

THE GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF.

Rheims, September 12th, 1914.



PROCLAMATION

La Population de la Ville est, dès ce jour, sous l'Autorité et la Sauvegarde de l'Armée Allemande. Les Habitants sont tenus de reprendre leurs occupations sans délai, et les Chômeurs seront conduits à la Mairie pour servir à l'exécution des travaux que nous ordonnerons.

Les Commerçants devront faire droit aux Réquisitions de l'Armée Impériale sur ordre écrit des Autorités mandatées.

Les Cafés de la Cité seront fermés à cinq heures, et la Population civile devra rentrer dans ses foyers au plus tard à six heures. Tout réfractaire sera appréhendé par les rondes.

Pour la nuit les Habitants devront entretenir une lumière dans les chambres donnant sur la rue, et les portes de chaque maison seront constamment ouvertes afin de permettre l'accès des habitations aux Autorités de l'Armée Impériale Allemande.

Les Rassemblements sont interdits sur le passage de l'Armée Impériale Allemande, qui devra jouir du respect et de la considération de tous.

Les Autorités de la Ville et les Personnes désignées par nous seront responsables des infractions à nos ordres.

Fait à Charleroi, le 10 Septembre 1914.

Le Général Allemand.

Commandant la Ville

Translation :

PROCLAMATION.

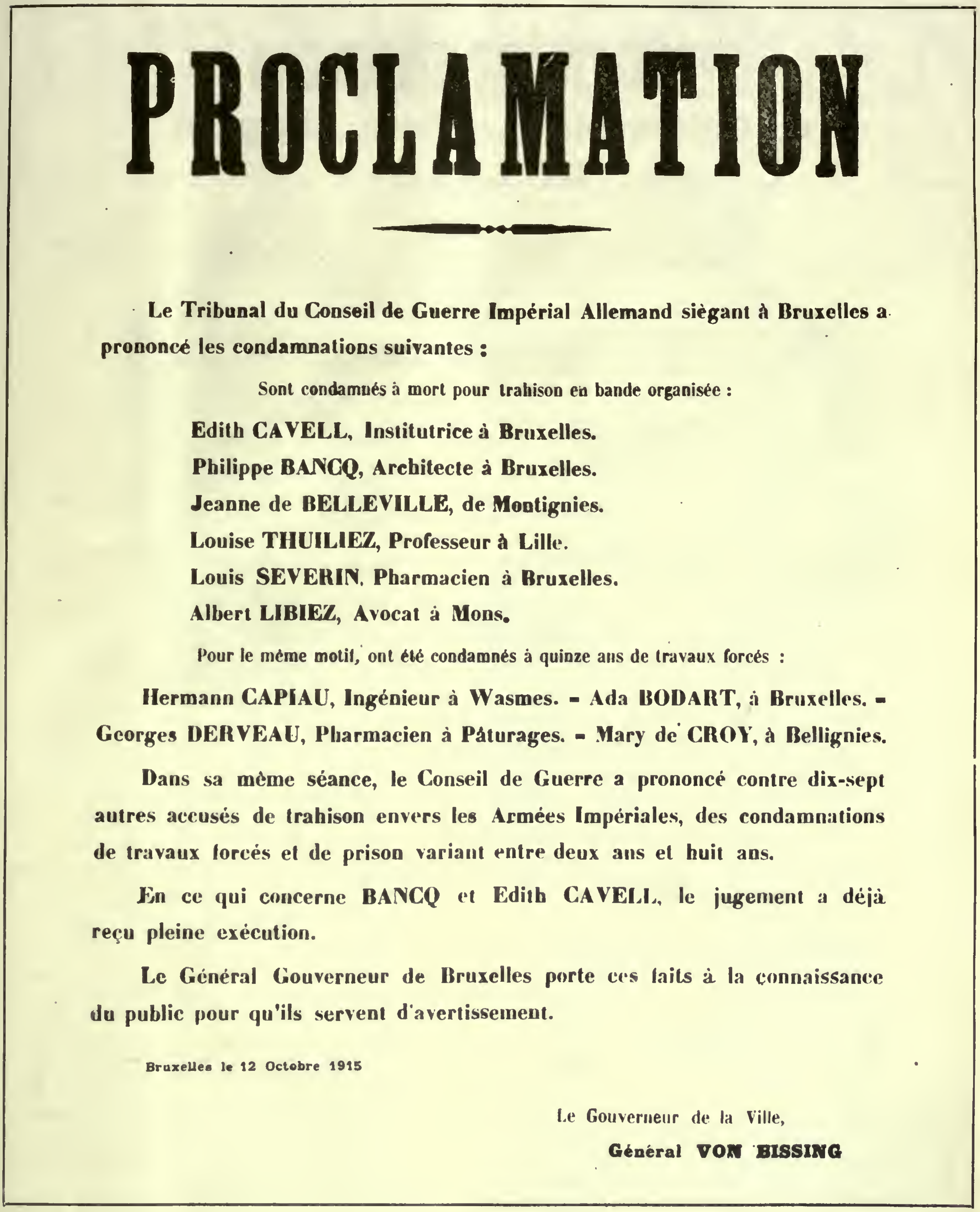
The population of the Town is, from this day forward, under the Authority and Protection of the German Army. The inhabitants are required to resume their occupations without delay and all who are out of work will be taken to the Town Hall to assist in the performance of such work as we shall order. Tradespeople must comply with the requisitions of the Imperial Army on the written order of the constituted authorities.

The cafés of the town will be closed at five o'clock and the civil population must return to their homes at six o'clock at the latest. All persons disobeying this order will be arrested by the patrols. At night the inhabitants must keep a light in the rooms overlooking the street, and the doors of every house are to be always open in order to give the authorities of the Imperial German Army free access to the habitations. Crowds are forbidden to assemble in the way of the Imperial German Army, which must be paid respect and consideration by all.

The Town Authorities and Persons nominated by us will be held responsible for any infraction of our orders. Given at Charleroi, September 10th, 1914.

THE GERMAN GENERAL

Commanding the Town.



PROCLAMATION

Le Tribunal du Conseil de Guerre Impérial Allemand siégant à Bruxelles a prononcé les condamnations suivantes :

Sont condamnés à mort pour trahison en bande organisée :

Edith CAVELL, Institutrice à Bruxelles.
Philippe BANCQ, Architecte à Bruxelles.
Jeanne de BELLEVILLE, de Montignies.
Louise THUILIEZ, Professeur à Lille.
Louis SEVERIN, Pharmacien à Bruxelles.
Albert LIBIEZ, Avocat à Mons.

Pour le même motif, ont été condamnés à quinze ans de travaux forcés :

Hermann CAPIAU, Ingénieur à Wasmes. - Ada BODART, à Bruxelles. - Georges DERVEAU, Pharmacien à Pâturages. - Mary de CROY, à Bellignies.

Dans sa même séance, le Conseil de Guerre a prononcé contre dix-sept autres accusés de trahison envers les Armées Impériales, des condamnations de travaux forcés et de prison variant entre deux ans et huit ans.

En ce qui concerne BANCQ et Edith CAVELL, le jugement a déjà reçu pleine exécution.

Le Général Gouverneur de Bruxelles porte ces faits à la connaissance du public pour qu'ils servent d'avertissement.

Bruxelles le 12 Octobre 1915

Le Gouverneur de la Ville,
Général VON BISSING

Translation :

PROCLAMATION.

The Tribunal of the Imperial German Council of War sitting at Brussels has pronounced the following sentences :

Condemned to death for conspiracy in treason : Edith Cavell, Nurse at Brussels : Philippe Bancq, Architect at Brussels : Jeanne de Belleville, of Montignies : Louise Thuiliez, Professor at Lille : Louis Severin, Chemist at Brussels : Albert Libiez, barrister at Mons.

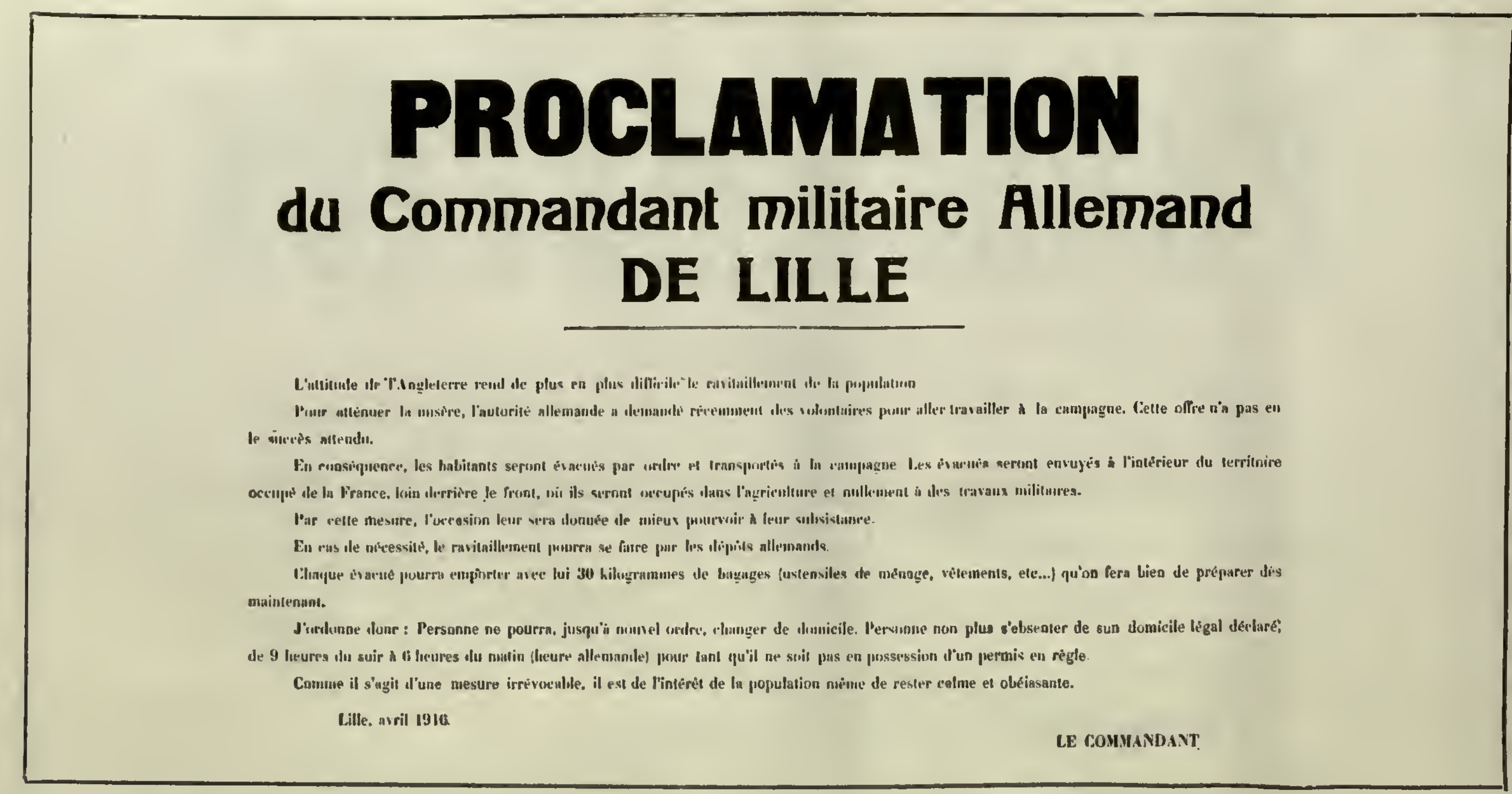
Condemned to fifteen years' hard labour for the same crime : Hermann Capiau, Engineer at Wasmes ; Ada Bodart, of Brussels : Georges Derveau, Chemist at Paturages : Mary de Croy, of Bellignies. At the same session the Council of War pronounced upon seventeen other persons charged with treason against the Imperial Armies sentences to hard labour and to imprisonment ranging from two to eight years.

In the case of Bancq and Edith Cavell, the sentence has already received plenary execution.

The Governor-General of Brussels brings these facts to the knowledge of the public in order that they may serve as a warning.

Brussels, October 12th, 1915.

General von Bissing,
Governor of the Town.



PROCLAMATION

du Commandant militaire Allemand DE LILLE

L'attitude de l'Angleterre rend de plus en plus difficile le ravitaillement de la population

Pour atténuer la misère, l'autorité allemande a demandé récemment des volontaires pour aller travailler à la campagne. Cette offre n'a pas eu le succès attendu.

En conséquence, les habitants seront évacués par ordre et transportés à la campagne. Les évacués seront envoyés à l'intérieur du territoire occupé de la France, loin derrière le front, où ils seront occupés dans l'agriculture et nullement à des travaux militaires.

Par cette mesure, l'occasion leur sera donnée de mieux pourvoir à leur subsistance.

En cas de nécessité, le ravitaillement pourra se faire par les dépôts allemands.

Chaque évacué pourra emporter avec lui 30 kilogrammes de bagages (ustensiles de ménage, vêtements, etc...) qu'on fera bien de préparer dès maintenant.

J'ordonne donc : Personne ne pourra, jusqu'à nouvel ordre, changer de domicile. Personne non plus s'absenter de son domicile légal déclaré, de 9 heures du soir à 6 heures du matin (heure allemande) pour tant qu'il ne soit pas en possession d'un permis en règle.

Comme il s'agit d'une mesure irrévocable, il est de l'intérêt de la population même de rester calme et obéissante.

Lille, avril 1916.

LE COMMANDANT

Translation :

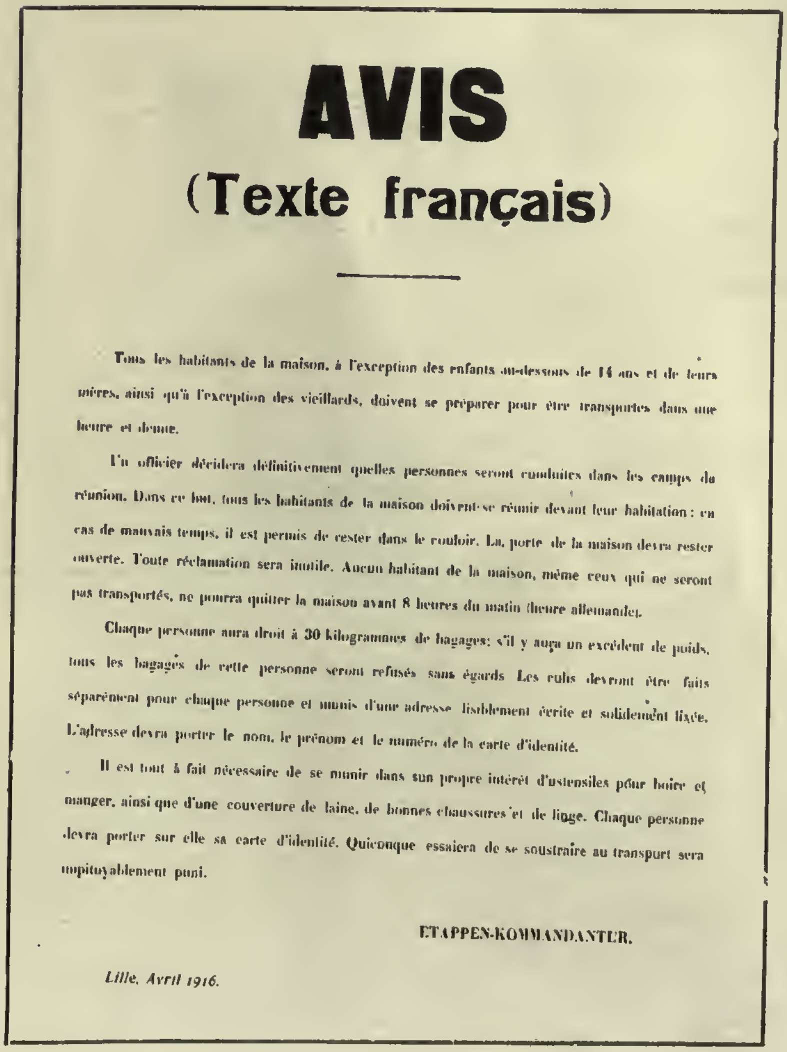
PROCLAMATION OF THE GERMAN MILITARY COMMANDANT OF LILLE.

The attitude of England makes the provisioning of the population more and more difficult. In order to relieve the distress the German Government recently asked for volunteers to go to work in the country. This offer has not had the success anticipated. Consequently, the inhabitants will be evacuated by order and removed to the country. The evacuated persons will be sent to the interior of the occupied French territory, far behind the front, where they will be employed in agriculture and in no way on military works. This measure will give them the opportunity of making better provision for their subsistence. In case of necessity it will be possible to obtain provisions from German depots. Each evacuated person will be allowed to take 30 kilogrammes of luggage (household utensils, clothes, etc.), which it would be well to prepare at once.

I, therefore, make order as follows: Pending further orders, no person shall change his residence. Further, no person may be absent from his declared legal residence between the hours of 9 p.m. and 6 a.m. (German time), unless he is in possession of a permit. Since this measure is irrevocable, it is in the interest of the population itself to remain calm and obedient.

Lille, April, 1916.

THE COMMANDANT.



AVIS

(Texte français)

Tous les habitants de la maison, à l'exception des enfants au-dessous de 14 ans et de leurs mères, ainsi qu'à l'exception des vieillards, doivent se préparer pour être transportés dans une heure et demie.

Un officier décidera définitivement quelles personnes seront conduites dans les camps de réunion. Dans ce but, tous les habitants de la maison doivent se réunir devant leur habitation : en cas de mauvais temps, il est permis de rester dans le couloir. La porte de la maison devra rester ouverte. Toute réclamation sera inutile. Aucun habitant de la maison, même ceux qui ne seront pas transportés, ne pourra quitter la maison avant 8 heures du matin (heure allemande).

Chaque personne aura droit à 30 kilogrammes de bagages; s'il y aura un excédent de poids, tous les bagages de cette personne seront refusés sans égards. Les colis devront être faits séparément pour chaque personne et munis d'une adresse lisiblement écrite et solidement fixée. L'adresse devra porter le nom, le prénom et le numéro de la carte d'identité.

Il est tout à fait nécessaire de se munir dans son propre intérêt d'ustensiles pour boire et manger, ainsi que d'une couverture de laine, de bonnes chaussures et de linge. Chaque personne devra porter sur elle sa carte d'identité. Quiconque essaiera de se soustraire au transport sera impitoyablement puni.

ETAPPEN-KOMMANDANTUR.

Lille, Avril 1916.

Translation :

NOTICE.

(FROM THE FRENCH TEXT.)

All the inhabitants of the house, with the exception of children under fourteen and their mothers, and of the aged, must prepare to be deported within an hour and a half. An officer will decide definitely what persons are to be taken to the concentration camps. For this purpose all the occupants of the house must assemble in front of the house; in the event of bad weather they may remain in the passage. The door of the house must remain open. All protest will be useless. No occupant of the house (even those who are not to be deported) may leave the house before 8 a.m. (German time).

Each person will be entitled to 66 pounds of luggage; if the weight is in excess of this the whole luggage of the person concerned will be refused without consideration. The packages must be packed separately for each person and provided with a label legibly written and firmly affixed. The label must bear the name, Christian name and the number of the identity card. It is absolutely necessary that each person should, in his own interest, provide himself with eating and drinking utensils, a woollen blanket, good shoes and linen. Every person must bring his identity card. Any person endeavouring to avoid deportation will be punished without mercy.

ETAPPEN-KOMMANDANTUR.

Lille, April, 1916.

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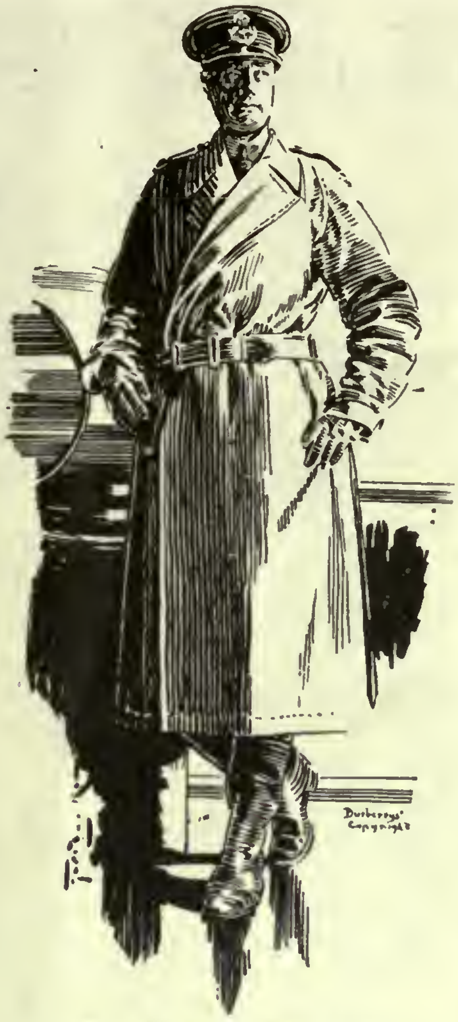

The Naval Tielocken
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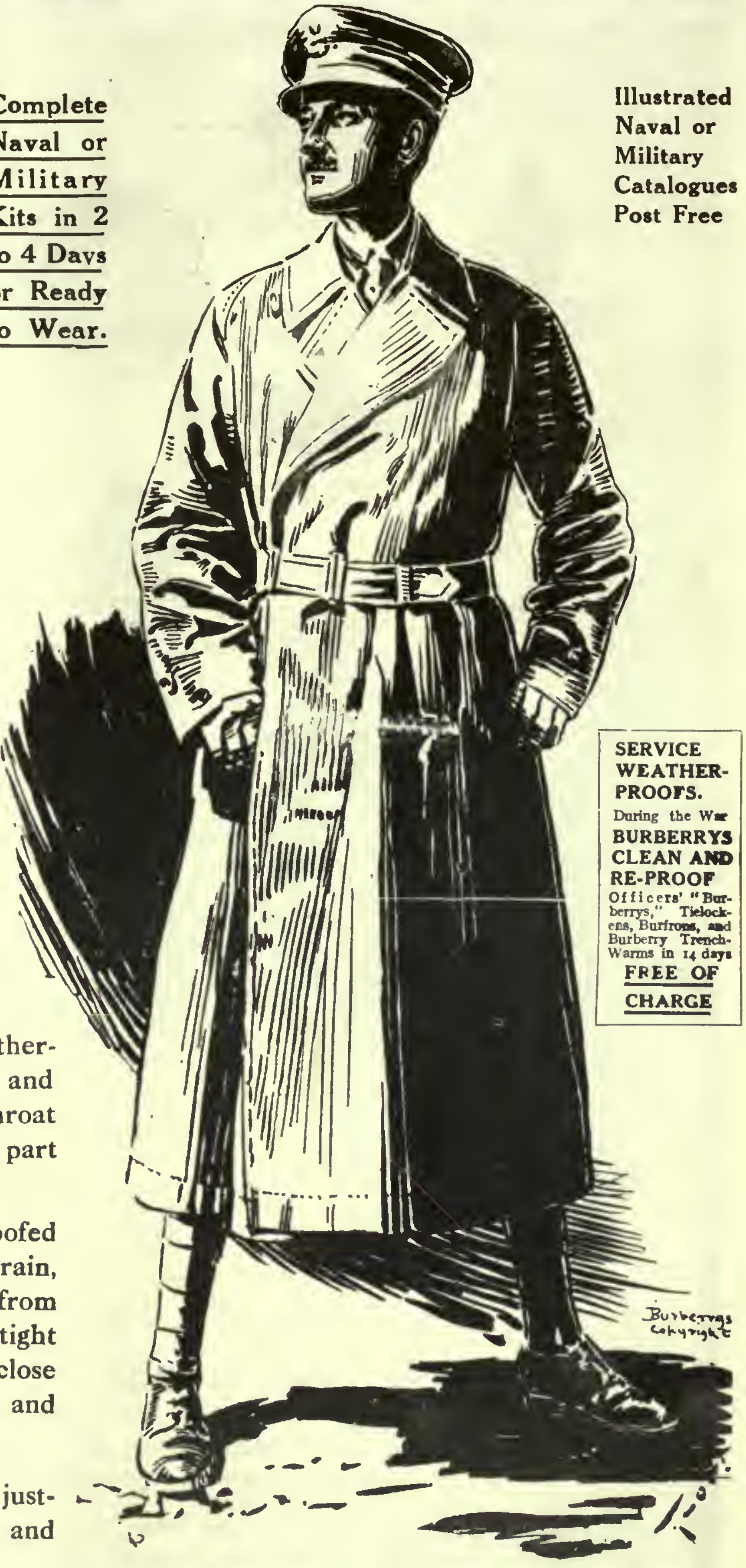

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Another distinctive advantage is its quick adjustment. A strap-and-buckle holds it securely and well—no buttons to fasten or lose.

The collar can be worn (1) open as illustrated; (2) closed to the throat like The Burberry; or (3) turned-up, when it forms a close-fitting storm collar that prevents any possibility of water trickling down the neck.

Practical Evidence of the Efficiency of The Tielocken

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"My Tielocken is perfect; quite the most useful rain-coat I have ever had. I recommend the 'Burberry' to all my friends." —G. N. GODDARD.

"I was able to resist the bad weather, brave the cold, sleep on the ground, remain the whole night under rain, without getting wet, thanks to your proofed overcoat." —D. GASTON.

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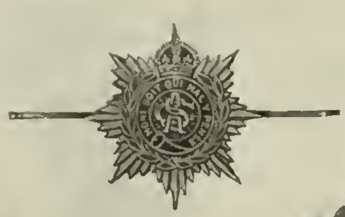
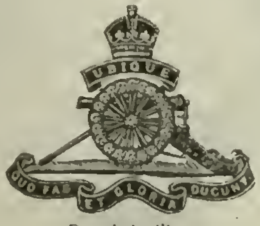
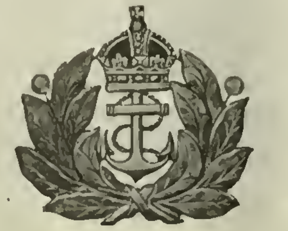


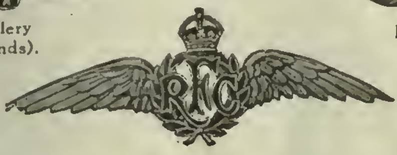
Army Service Corps.



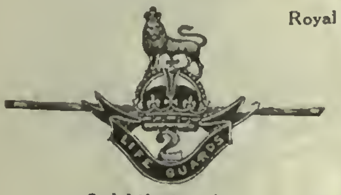
Royal Artillery (Set Diamonds).



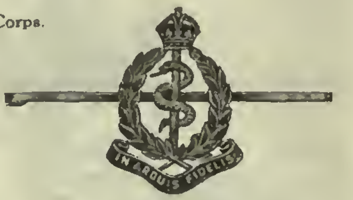
Royal Navy.



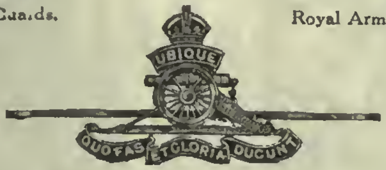
Royal Flying Corps.



2nd Life Guards.



Royal Army Medical Corps.



Royal Artillery.

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Welfare on Wheels

Photo Swaine.

The Hon. ARTHUR STANLEY, C.B., M.V.O., M.P.,

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Red Cross Society, recently wrote in "The Times":—

"It is almost invidious to mention any names when all are doing so splendidly, but perhaps I may acknowledge especially the good work of the Salvation Army Cars.

"We value very highly, not only their cars, but also the men who are sent with them, who have a marked influence for good upon all with whom they come in contact."

THE SALVATION ARMY HAS IN THE WAR ZONES A FLEET OF 30 MOTOR AMBULANCES. EACH CAR IS MANNED BY SALVATIONISTS WHO COMFORT THE WOUNDED IN THEIR EXTREMITY.

ADJUTANT MARY BOOTH, writing from the War Zone in France, said:—"How proud I have been of our ambulances! Many times at official inspections our men have been commended for the manner in which they have kept their cars. What a splendid thought it was to have Salvationists to run our cars—plain, simple, working men, without any nonsense, and with the real Salvation Army spirit."

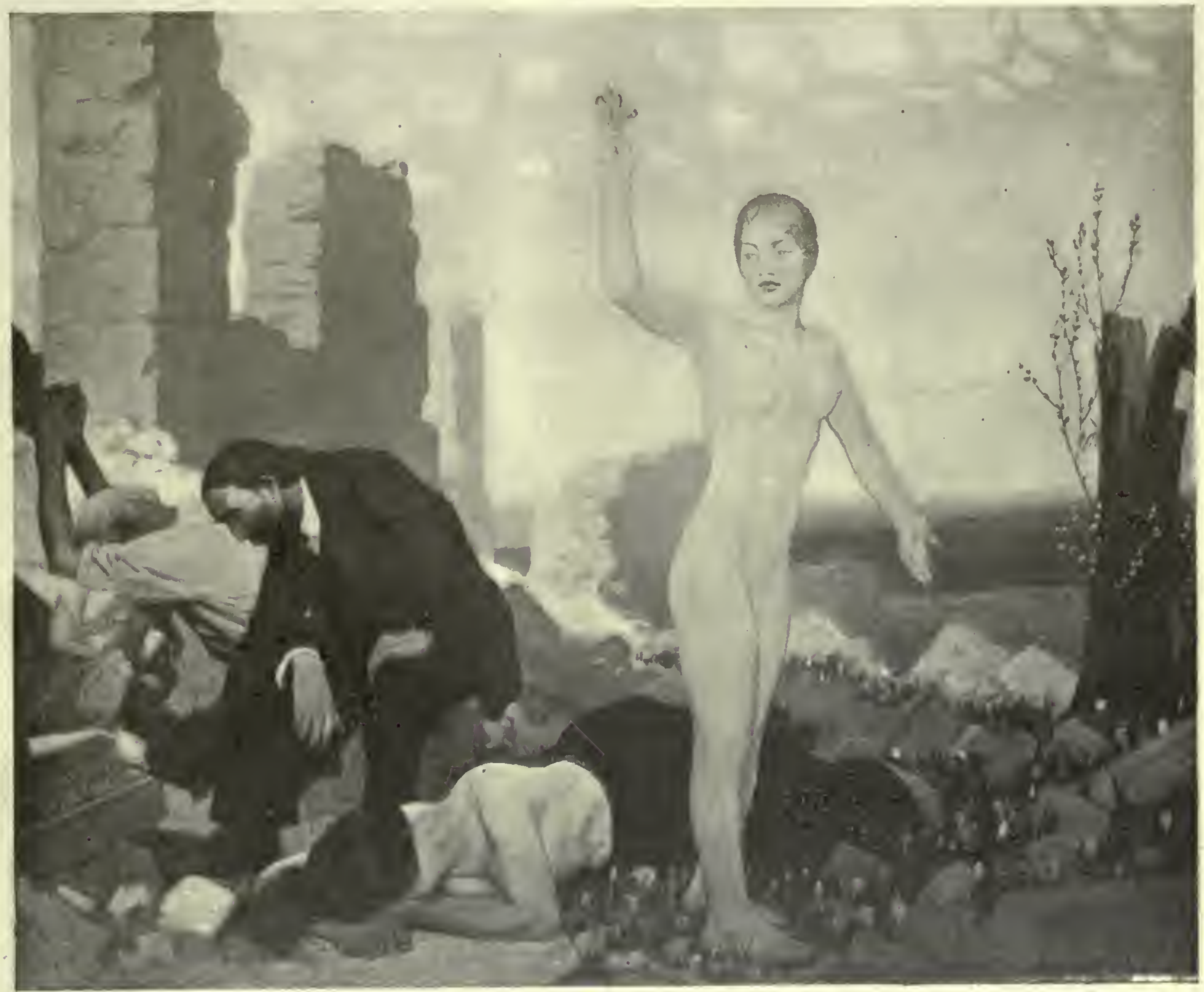
FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO EXTEND OUR WAR SERVICE

Cheques should be made payable to GENERAL BOOTH, crossed "Bank of England Law Courts Branch, War Fund a/c," and sent to him at QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA UNIT
BRITISH SOCIETY
SALVATION ARMY AMBULANCE No 6

Art and War: A False Comparison

By Charles Marriott



By George Clausen *From a photo by Messrs. Dixon*

Renaissance

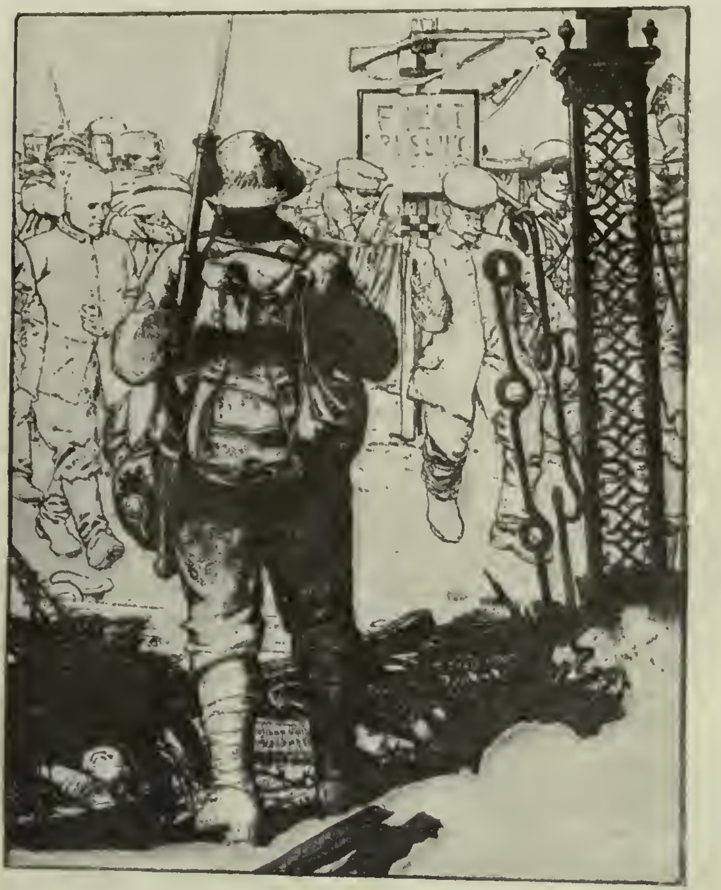
THE deeper effect of war upon art is not to be learnt from its direct expression in painting. Leaving out the question of opportunity, it does not follow that the artist most strongly moved by the war will paint war pictures. Rather the contrary. Military and aggressively patriotic poetry is generally written by sentimental civilians. When the fighting man writes poetry, he writes about green fields. Exactly the same thing happens in painting; and if we could follow the deeper reactions of the human spirit, we should find, probably, that the pictures of the last three years most truly "inspired" by the war were flower studies and pastoral landscapes.

The cosmic reason underlying these truisms is fully discussed in Emerson's Essay on "Compensation," and it will be enough here to glance at the relationship between art and war. Thoughtless people try to make it a comparison, and solemnly debate which is the more important of the two. You might as well ask whether cooking is more or less important than a thunderstorm, or "Paradise Lost" than six o'clock. The two things are not comparable. Art is a constant activity of the human mind, and war is an emergency. This should help us to answer the question, proceeding from the false comparison, whether or not great artists ought to be exempted from serving in war. If Shakespeare were writing *The Tempest*, and the room above caught fire, so that a child's life was in danger, we should expect him to drop *The Tempest* and risk his own life to save the child's. We should be disappointed if he didn't. But we should not proceed to argue that *The Tempest* was less important than a fire in a three-pair back. True, the war is bigger than a fire in a three-pair back, and more is at stake than the life of one child; but the size of the occasion does not affect the urgency of the duty or the quality of the sacrifice. A man can do no more than give, or risk, his life for another; and any Englishman who dies for another, equally dies for England. The moment you think of war as an emergency a dozen doubts are cleared up. Was Rupert Brooke "wasted?" As much and as little as if he had died in the attempt to save a guttersnipe from the Regent's Canal.

At the very beginning of the war, long before they were obliged by Act of Parliament, artists in general responded so fully and freely to the call that the question can be touched upon without embarrassment. As commonly debated it throws an interesting light on popular misunderstandings of both art and war. Proceeding from a false comparison—of the relative importance of art and war—the moment the question is asked it is swamped in irrelevancies. The other day somebody dragged in Leonardo da Vinci. But Leonardo da Vinci was "called up" because, rightly or wrongly, he was believed to be the greatest gunnery expert in the whole world. With every admiration for the living artist whose case was being debated, I should doubt if his military value were equal to that of Generals Haig and Petain combined—which would be an understatement of the military value, real or supposed, of Leonardo da Vinci to the Florentines.

The morbid desire to compare art and war really proceeds from sentimentality; the same sort of sentimentality that prompts people to neglect flowers instead of growing potatoes. Cracking up war by crying down the amenities of life may be a satisfying emotional exercise, but it does not cut much ice from a military point of view. The war will not be won by not painting and not looking at pictures or by neglecting flowers; it will be won by fighting and by growing potatoes.

Soldiers and artists, the only really practical people in the world, feel this in their bones; and in the intervals of hard fighting they turn to flowers and pictures quite shamelessly. All the soldier-artists who have spoken to me on the subject, and they included three at least who have died for their country, regarded the war as a tiresome interruption. An interruption but an imperative call. Therefore, they joined up at the earliest possible moment: to help to get it over. But, and this seems to be an important distinction, they recognised that the interruption was mechanical only. Their creative and critical activity they carried with them into the fighting line. The truth is that nothing, not even a world war, can stop art. It can only check production. The artist is incurably an artist; while he breathes he observes and creates. He will note the colour of the very explosion that cripples him, or turn a phrase in a bayonet charge.



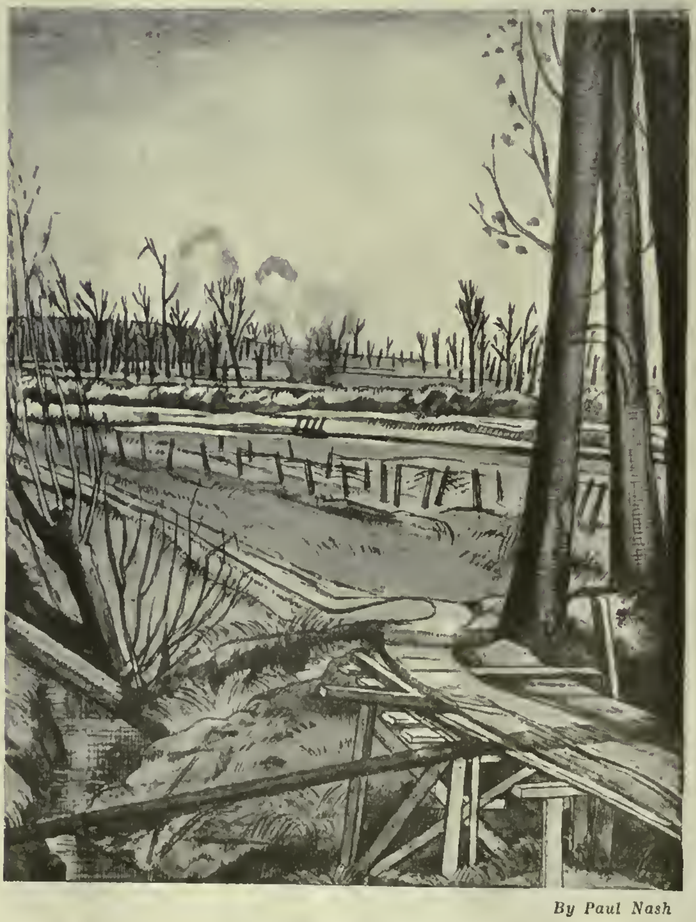
By Eric Kennington

Field Dressing Station

All this, which may seem like a digression, helps to explain why the only tolerable war pictures of the last three years are virtually landscapes or portraits. The only exception that I can think of was "Renaissance," by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., in the Academy of 1915, and which we are permitted to reproduce here. Whether the artist intended it or not, that picture itself was an assertion of the proud and unique independence of art; since art is the only human activity that shares with the vital processes of Nature, symbolised by the springing flowers and budding tree, complete immunity from the destruction of war. Like Old Mother Earth, as a soldier said, art "carries on" regardless. If all the flowers and trees in the world were blasted the earth would still punctually respond to the spring; and if all the books and pictures in the world were burned the creative impulse would still survive, and without a scrap of paper or canvas it would somehow find expression. But, except "Renaissance," I cannot remember any reasonably good war picture of the last three years that is not of the kind reproduced in these pages; a more or less matter-of-fact representation of places or persons. All the "heroic" exercises that have appeared in the Academy and elsewhere, when they are not frankly pot-boilers, give the uncomfortable impression of attempts to make art respectable in war-time by putting it into khaki. Art will not submit to apologies. You must take it or leave it; and if art is a superfluity in war-time, it is never so superfluous as when it mimics on canvas what is taking place in the field. Exactly the same is true of literature; and I have read no descriptive writing about the war that did not weaken and obscure the impression made on my mind by the official reports in the *London Gazette*. If you cannot rise to an imaginative interpretation of the war, for which the time is hardly yet, you had better stick to the bare facts or paint or write about something else. Personally, I do not think that art is a superfluity in war-time; and I believe that most fighting men would agree with me that, apart from careful reporting, from a strictly military point of view, you will help things on more with a pastoral landscape than with a battle scene.

For one thing, when they go beyond the bare facts, which are seldom picturesque, war pictures almost always glorify war itself, a thing that the real fighting man never does. Wishing to convey the atmosphere of war, they confuse the spirit of man with the occasion of its exercise. War is the occasion of noble deeds. So is cholera; but that does not make cholera itself anything but a beastly disease. War shocks men into a sense of reality. So will an earthquake, or even a railway accident. We did degenerate in peace, but that was not the fault of peace. It was because we did not know how to use peace properly. We thought that national prosperity was a matter of buying and selling.

The great issues of the war could only be expressed in painting in a symbolical design; there remain the facts, and it is well that they should be stated coldly. In war as in peace art is a criticism of life, and by sticking severely to the facts art places war in a proper perspective; distinguishing clearly between the occasion and the human spirit that rises to meet it. Nothing could be more significant than that in this war the professional battle painter is nowhere. All the good work has been done by "plain" artists on active service. Equally significant is the fact that, on the whole, the best work has been done by men who are at least touched by the newer movements in painting; that is to say men whose interest in art is acutely technical. This, by the way, is an amusing comment on a recent gibe against the "Futurists, Cubists and Vorticists" who want to hide behind their "creations." The generally accepted leaders of the "Futurists, Cubists and Vorticists" in this country are—or were—Gaudier-Brzeska, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Well, on the outbreak of war Gaudier-Brzeska joined the French Army in circumstances that, in themselves, needed courage of the highest order, and after two promotions for gallantry was killed in a charge on June 5th, 1915; Mr. Nevinson served with the Red Cross in Belgium and France from the autumn of 1914 until he was invalided out of the Army; and Mr. Wyndham Lewis is now with the artillery in France. Nobody, least of all these men themselves, would pretend that they did more than their colleagues of different schools; but they have not hid behind their creations, and their creations and those of artists in sympathy with them instead of, as gracefully suggested, being used to frighten the enemy into thinking he had "an attack of 'D.T.'" have given us the firmest impressions of the war to date. Nor is this surprising to anybody who has given to the newer expedients in painting more than the glance of self-sufficiency. Rightly or wrongly applied they proceed from the wish for a more intense reality than is to be got by "realism," and—as is common in art—their impulse anticipated the spiritual meaning of the war itself by several years. Reduced to



By Paul Nash

Wytschaete Ridge

DEWY WINE

IT HAS BEEN STATED WITH AUTHORITY THAT AN ORDINARY MAN DRINKS WINE NOT BECAUSE OF A DESIRE FOR THE ALCOHOL IT CONTAINS, BUT BECAUSE OF ITS FLAVOUR AND SOOTHING EFFECTS. JUST SO! THE PRIMARY DESIRE OF THE NORMAL MAN IS FOR WATER—FOR

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Some men keep fit and well without the help of alcohol, some drink and enjoy, on suitable occasions, pleasant beverages of both kinds—alcoholic and not so, and some with the sense of taste crisped have become deaf, as it were, to the delightful messages of pure water, refreshing fruits, touching spices, and the sugar-cane, and cry out even in public places that there is no real palatable temperance drink.

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Charms the sense like a stream of melody—
Like a stream of immortal melody drifting
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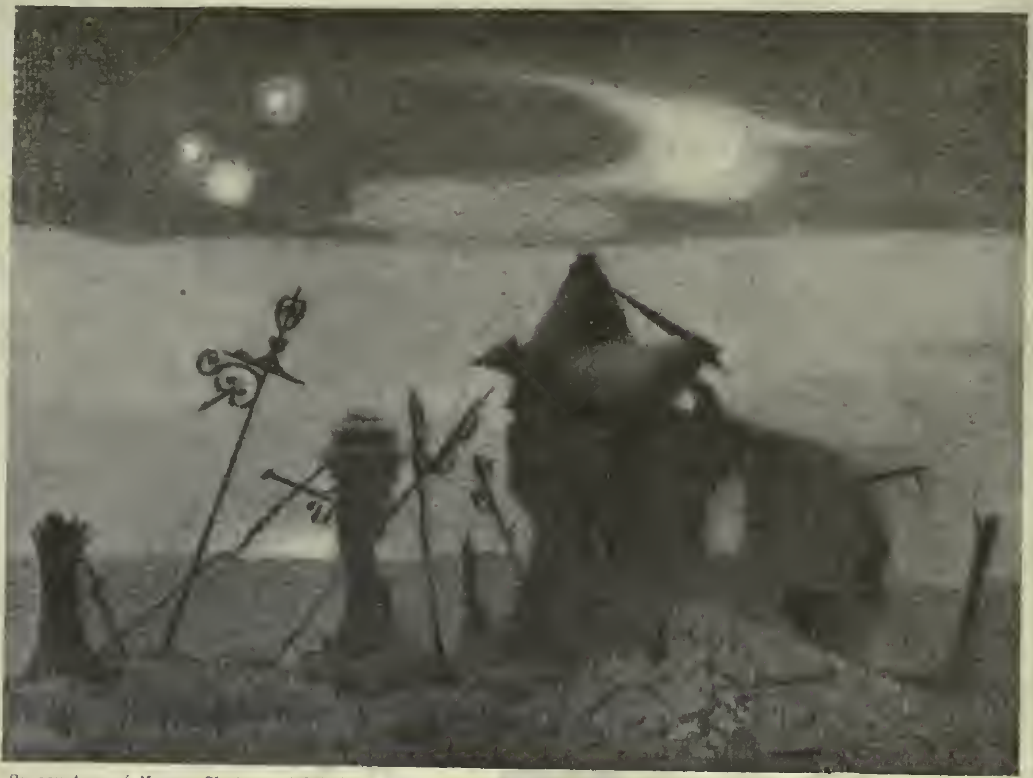
philosophical terms this war is the assertion of reality as against "realism" in all human relationships.

Gaudier-Brzeska did not live to make his record of the war in pictures, though I remember a few drawings of his at the Goupil Gallery that by their extreme economy gave me a more intense appreciation of the mechanical forces employed in it than anything I have seen before or since; but we are indebted to him for certain remarks from the trenches so illuminating in themselves and so pertinent as revealing the attitude of the typical artist to war that I shall make no apology for quoting them here.

> I have been fighting for two months and I can now gauge the intensity of Life. . . . With all the destruction that works round us nothing is changed, even superficially. Life is the same strength, the moving agent that permits the small individual to assert himself. The bursting shells, the volleys, wire entanglements, projectors, motors, the chaos of battle do not alter in the least the outlines of the hill we are besieging. A covey of partridges scuttle along before our very trench.
>
> I have made an experiment. Two days ago I pinched from an enemy a Mauser rifle. Its heavy unwieldy shape swamped me with a powerful image of brutality. I was in doubt for a long time whether it pleased or displeased me. I found that I did not like it. I broke the butt off and with my knife I carved in it a design through which I tried to express a gentler order of feeling, which I preferred. But I will emphasise that my design got its effect (just as the gun had) from a very simple composition of lines and planes.

"I pinched from an enemy a Mauser rifle. . . . I found that I did not like it. . . I broke the butt off. . ." This does not sound much like the effete young man that elderly Academicians and newspaper funny men would present to us as the typical Vorticist. In parenthesis he fights and dies for his country; but his earnest attention is given to "a very simple composition of lines and planes." If we must have comparisons that, I think, puts very neatly the relative importance of art and war to the artist or indeed to anybody who believes that Life and not Death is the "moving agent."



By courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus

Fricourt Cemetery

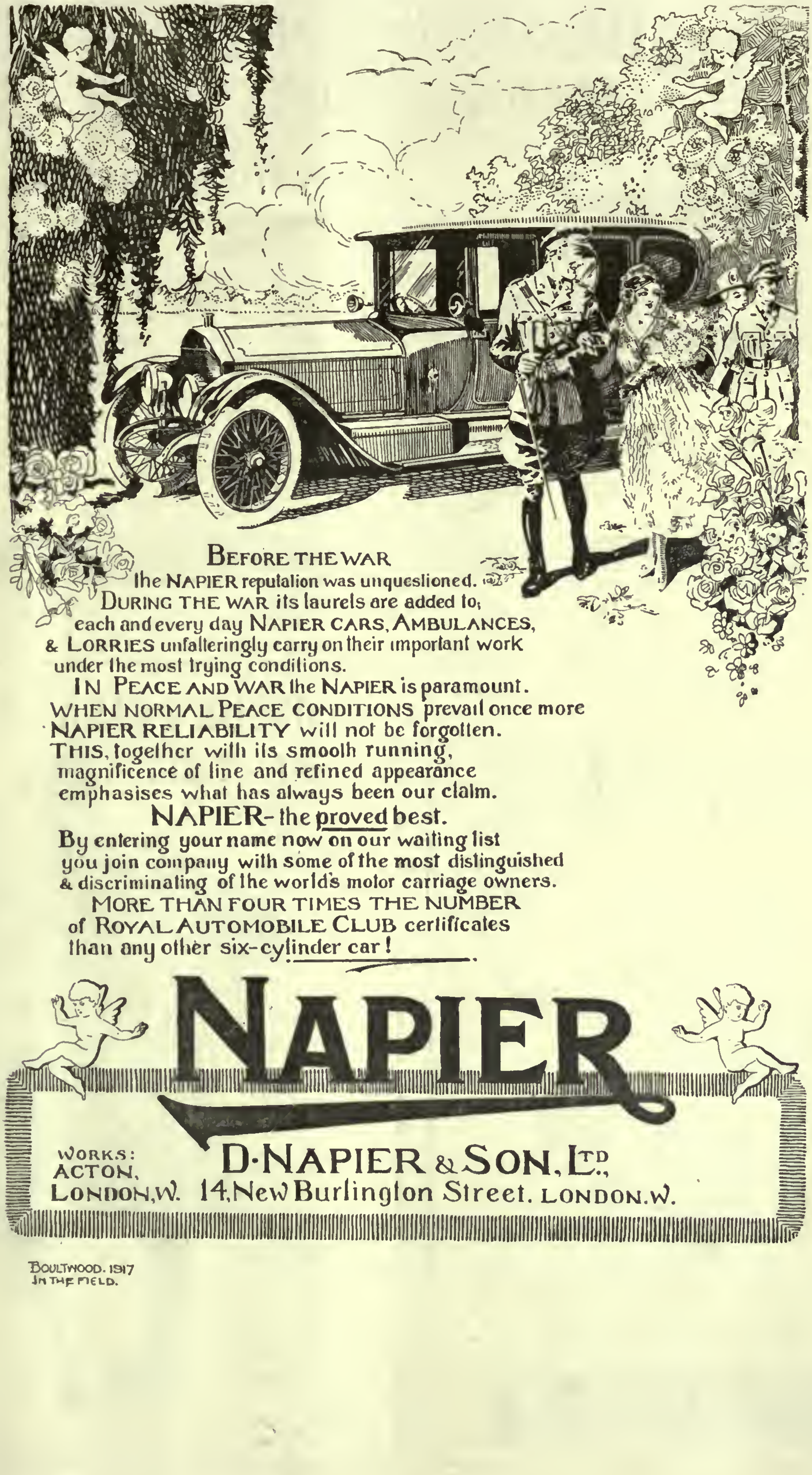
By Keith Henderson

It is to Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson that we owe some of the most vivid realisations of the war in both its human and its mechanical aspects. For the work of so young a man his paintings have an extraordinary solidity of character. Describing pictures in words is not much to the point, and it is enough to say that this character is due mainly to "simple composition of lines and planes"; to the clinching-up of visual impressions by reality as conceived by the mind. Just because optical illusion is not aimed at the illusion of reality is achieved; and you feel and hear the scenes depicted as well as see them, witness for instance the picture of aeroplanes reproduced on page . Not less admirable than the technical skill of the artist is his moral attitude. He neither glorifies nor belittles the facts of war. Only once did he fail; and that was when in a painting of the child victim of a shell he was betrayed into sentimentality. Art knows nothing of accidents.

With different means there is a like solidity in "The Kensingtons at Laventie, Winter 1914," by Mr. Eric H. Kennington. Long after the details of the picture are forgotten the design lives in your mind; which, in a picture so full of detail, is a triumph of art. The reality here is that of human character, so that every man in the picture becomes a personal acquaintance. You would know him out of uniform; and thus, without comment, Mr. Kennington has emphasised the truth that war is not in itself a great reality but an arbitrary interruption.

If the war had produced nothing but the work of Mr. Nevinson and "The Kensingtons," it would have been firmly recorded in art, but—leaving out the mass of "official" drawings and paintings—it has found interesting expression elsewhere. Though Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. Keith Henderson might not confess to any label it is obvious that their work is Post-impressionistic in the sense of sharing in the general reaction from optical realism. But the important thing is that, like Gaudier-Brzeska, they bring to the war a definitely artistic preoccupation which gives to their impressions both consistency and credibility. For, paradoxical as it may sound, you are never so likely to get the truth about anything as when the observer translates the facts into terms with which he is familiar. The valuable witness is the butcher, baker or candlestick-maker *qua* butcher, baker or candlestick-maker. Mr. Nash has always been remarkable for the singular matter-of-factness of his landscapes; the imaginative matter-of-factness of the child to whom park-railings are something eternally new and strange. In a sense his drawings domesticate the war. They confirm your secret belief—shaken by picturesque correspondents—that trees in France are very like trees in England, and that both are much more extraordinary than your sophisticated vision allowed you to perceive. With a more deliberately decorative intention, Mr. Keith Henderson deals with coloured lights and explosions and I for one shall never have done thanking him for the note to one of his drawings. "The black stuff is shrapnel. The pink clouds are sent up by crumps, as they explode among the remains of brick houses." Yes, it takes art to reduce the mechanical facts of war to their proper proportion; to show what a little thing is Krupps It is precisely the lack of artistic matter-of-factness that slightly prejudices the work of Mr. E. Handley-Read, for all its obvious merits. You feel that he is interested in the war sentimentally rather than artistically. He is out to mourn over the ruined landscape. In a sense he flatters war. To look at his drawings is a little like listening to a man telling the tale impressively.

But, when all has been said, these works and the many good military portraits—notably those by Mr. Orpen—are reflections rather than expressions of the war in art. The moral is that war, while claiming the artist as man, must leave him free as artist or prejudice his value. "Art is long," the deeper reactions of the human spirit take time to find artistic expression. If anything were needed to demonstrate this truth it can be found in the present exhibition of "Briton's Efforts and Ideals in the Great War." The superiority of the works illustrating the "efforts" to those attempting to express the "ideals" must be evident to everybody. Yet there is no reason to suppose that the ideals were done with less conviction. The well-known story of the housemaid who began to sweep under the mats as a result of religious conversion is true of every human activity under any quickening influence; and it may be that the total effect of the war upon art will be only to make it more truly artistic, leaving subject and motive unaltered. Art is more true to life and more persistent than war. Kings and Kaisers can make and end war; but not all the Kings and Kaisers can make or end art or control that free exercise of the human spirit which makes art at once an expression and a criticism of life.



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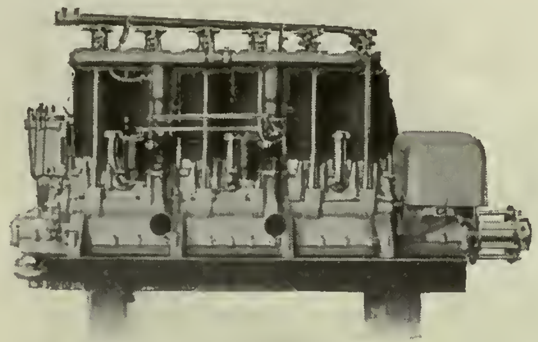

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The Russian Revolution

Its Religious Aspect

By Sir Paul Vinagradoff

THE political and military aspects of the Russian Revolution have been, for obvious reasons, very much to the fore. The British public has heard a good deal about the Provisional Government and Soldiers and Workmen's delegates, about Maximalists and Minimalists, and other important matters. And undoubtedly, this influx of political news corresponds to the prevailing interests of the moment among Russians themselves. At the same time, it must not be forgotten "that man does not live on bread alone, but also on the word of God." There is a stream of spiritual life running on, as it were, in the subconscious existence of society. The riddle of the world is not likely to be solved by the German onslaught; problems of morals and religion still present themselves to the human mind amidst the distracting confusion of national and social struggles. In Russia particularly there is a wide scope for ethical and religious movements. It is one of the most characteristic national traits that, in spite of all personal sins and failings, there is a deep-rooted consciousness of moral responsibility among the uneducated as well as among educated people in Russia. This practical idealism, if one may use the expression, does not allow any one to escape from the troublesome inquiry into the aims and reasons of human existence. Some cling to the mystic traditions of the Church, others seek satisfaction in social work, others, again, devote their lives to a struggle against injustice and oppression. Even the worst, those who give way to the temptations of cupidity or sensuality, often display sudden revulsions of feeling. Tolstoy's Nehludoff is as typical a representative of Russian psychology as Dostojevsky's Raskolnikoff.

We may be sure that before long Russian society will turn with intense interest to the problems of life's inward significance. The religious impulses have never been entirely thrown into the background in the thoughts of the people. A profound fermentation has got hold of the immense masses in the domain of religion, and the process is likely to be the more momentous because the established Church is unable to satisfy the spiritual cravings of the nation. Now that the links between the State and the Orthodox confession have been broken, the conditions of religious life have to be resettled on a new basis, and no one can predict what shape this resettlement is likely to take. The other day, one of the liberal Bishops, Andrew of Ufa, made an appeal to the Old Ritualists for a reunion of the Synodal Church with the Old Believers, but the latter refused to entertain such an appeal, because, as they said, they had nothing to seek or to change: they had kept up their freedom of creed and ecclesiastical independence through centuries of persecution. This proud reply makes it necessary for the established Church to achieve its own salvation, and this can hardly be done without a great reformatory movement. Of the various heterodox sects, rationalistic like the Stundists, or mystical like the Chlysti (Christs), it is needless to speak: they were kept down in old days by the power of the secular arm; public prosecutors and tribunals had to apply to them rules of criminal legislation. They are sure to prosper and to spread under the régime of liberty.

Intellectualism and Mysticism

Apart from that, there is one fundamental difficulty to be overcome by modern Russia, a difficulty which has faced Russian intellectuals from the very time when Western civilisation was introduced into Muscovy by Czar Peter. How are Western methods of science and civic life to be reconciled with a traditional folk-lore which has grown in the atmosphere of Old Russia? When the eighteenth century with its rationalistic conceptions of philosophical despotism had passed away, the leaders of Russian thought became conscious of the necessity of arriving at some synthesis of discordant elements. Hence the struggle between Slavophiles and Westerners, a struggle which is still going on in a sense, in spite of the fact that the original formulæ of the contending parties have been worn out and cast aside.

A most important aspect of that struggle was concerned with the different attitudes of the two groups in regard to religion. The Westerners were to a great extent carried away by the agnostic tendencies of European civilisation; they sided with the materialists, positivists, sceptics, pessimists. The Slavophiles reproached their opponents with neglect of the one thing that matters—of faith in a wise and just God, and they saw in this fundamental error the natural punishment for national apostasy. Here is a passage from a letter written by a prominent Slavophile, Y. Samarin, to a great leader of Westerners, A. Herzen.

> "If there is no spiritual freedom in the sense of a free determination, there can be no talk of civil or of political liberty —if man is not able to emancipate himself from the yoke of material necessity—every form of external constraint, every kind of despotism, every triumph of the strong over the weak may be justified."

From a scientific point of view the argument is not cogent: the parties were talking of different things. Herzen was trying to explain consciousness, and to reduce it to its natural causes, while Samarin was connecting consciousness with moral responsibility. One was considering causes, the other considering aims. But this difference of point of view is certainly significant.

Dostojevsky's Gospel

Dostojevsky in the *Brothers Karamasoff* takes up a similar thread. He makes his great inquirer, John Karamasoff, characterise in the following way the interdependence of religious faith and of morality. "There exists nothing in the world to make men love their neighbours; if there has been love on earth, it is not the result of a law of nature, but of a belief in immortality. Destroy in man the belief in his immortal existence and not only love, but vitality itself, the striving to continue the world's life, will be dried up. For every individual who does not believe in God and in future life, moral law is bound to be converted into the opposite of the former, religious law. Selfishness and wickedness will not only be permissible to man, but actually become the necessary, reasonable and noblest outcome of his situation."

The stumbling block for all such attempts lies in the fact that it is easier to feel the sting of spiritual hunger than to satisfy it nowadays. In the eighties Tchekhov came forward with his tales of disappointment and demoralisation. His neurasthenic personages seem, at first sight, to be distracted by the numberless minutiæ of every-day existence, carried away by contemptible appetites, contemptible indolence, contemptible dreams. But there is more than lack of character and of purpose in the aimless movements of this unhappy throng.

At the back of all their weaknesses looms the despair of men who have outgrown the guidance of a traditional ideal but have not the strength to discover a new guiding star and to devote their lives to it.

In the *Dull Story*, a famous professor, a prominent scientist, who has led a successful and useful life, and has been in communion with many generations of pupils, finds himself powerless and speechless in front of the simple problems of his daughter's and his adoptive daughter's lives. He notes in his diary, in view of approaching death: "there was no ruling idea in all my work," and without such a ruling idea, all the pieces of painfully collected knowledge are fragments lacking a central shaft. Such confessions of disillusionment may have been suggested by personal failures, but their bearing is in truth much deeper.

I am not sure that a lurking horror of the same kind has not overshadowed the mind of many a Western thinker—it has certainly been felt by Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Well regulated, successfully active Western life affords greater possibilities for diverting human attention: the Western middle class is clinging to every day business, sport, light literature, journalism politics . . . . In the East the problem remains the same, but it takes a more powerful hold on men's imaginations. What is the meaning of this dance of generations? Can nature, or history, or divinity answer the query? The highly-strung Russian intellectual often loses his head over it. As Tchekhov's "Ivanov" expresses it: *it is a curse to be a Hamlet on a small scale.* With Tolstoy the quest for a spiritual meaning and for a life in harmony with it, assumed the shape of a reaction against science, art, artificial culture of all kinds. To quote only one among his many invectives, let me remind my readers of the following passage: "Science and art in our days are not the reasonable activity of mankind as a whole, dedicating its best strength to the service of science and art, but the activity of a small circle of men who have made a monopoly of this occupation: call themselves scientists and artists, and have perverted the meaning of science and art and are merely using them to amuse their little circle of good-for-nothings, and to preserve them from dreary dullness."

Tolstoy is, of course, out of touch with the guiding ideals of genuine scholars—the search for truth for its own sake, the conviction that truth is sure to bring its reward in the shape of practical applications, the perception of the immense changes which have been wrought by scientific and philosophical progress in life and thought. But, in spite of the violence and injustice of his invectives, Tolstoy kept hammering at one all-important point—at the necessity of justifying all studies of detail by their connection to the central problems: why do we live, what is our relation to the universe? How does our reasoning mind fit in with nature? Such questions cannot be solved by scientific methods alone, and pass from the domain of knowledge into the domain of religion.

As a matter of fact, though Russian society has joined the ring of European nations too late to join in the Reformation, it has not escaped the spiritual trials of the present critical period, and it is hardly too much to say that one of the tasks set to Russia is to take an active part in the evolution of religious thought. The task is as vital for the intellectual leaders as for the mass of the people. It is on that soil that the elements of the nation so long estranged from one another, are likely to meet.

A Farm in Flanders

By Centurion

THE air was drowsy with the scent of the flowers of the downland—wild thyme, harebell, eyebright, yellow bedstraw and creeping cinquefoil. A "Lulwork skipper" opened and closed her orange-wings upon the golden petals of the ragwort as though fanning herself in the swooning heat. Between the chalk cliff on which we lay, and the Purbeck limestone of the opposing headland, the coast curved inland in a sickle-shaped bay whose waters gleamed blue as sapphire in the July sun. The surface of the channel was smooth as molten glass, save when the propeller of a patrol-boat left a furrow of white foam behind her. The complete absence of motion combined with the transparency of the air to give Nature something of the fixity of Art; we seemed to be looking at a water-colour painting. Borlase and I lay at full length on the down, smoking our pipes and enjoying the view with the proprietary pride of two West countrymen and that sensation of unlimited opulence which seduces every officer on leave, a sensation which is wholly subjective and has nothing to do with the state of one's account at Cox's. In fact, it often leads to overdrafts. And like the enchanted disciple on the Mount we talked of building tabernacles—after the war.

"No building for me!" I said. "I will buy me a certain manor-house, whose walls are as jasper—walls of old red brick sun-ripened like a peach, gabled roofs, mullioned windows, oak panelling. . . . Damn these flies!"

"And I," said Borlase meditatively, "will buy a farm in Flanders."

"A farm in Flanders! Not you, my son! Don't I know them! Cold tiled floors, walls of mud and timber, a courtyard whose chief decorative feature is a midden-heap, a landscape of pollarded willows and slimy dykes with an obscene estaminet in the middle distance. And no cubbing either!"

"I didn't say I should *live* there," said Borlase slowly. "But I shouldn't like to feel it belonged to anyone else."

"Where is it?" I asked languidly as I watched a golden-brown fritillary fluttering ecstatically. Borlase was gazing out to sea beyond the white cliffs of the Needles to the distant haze which masked the coast of France.

"D'you know the bit of country between Richebourg and Festubert?"

"Do I not?" I said feelingly. "I lost my way there once and all but walked straight into the German trenches."

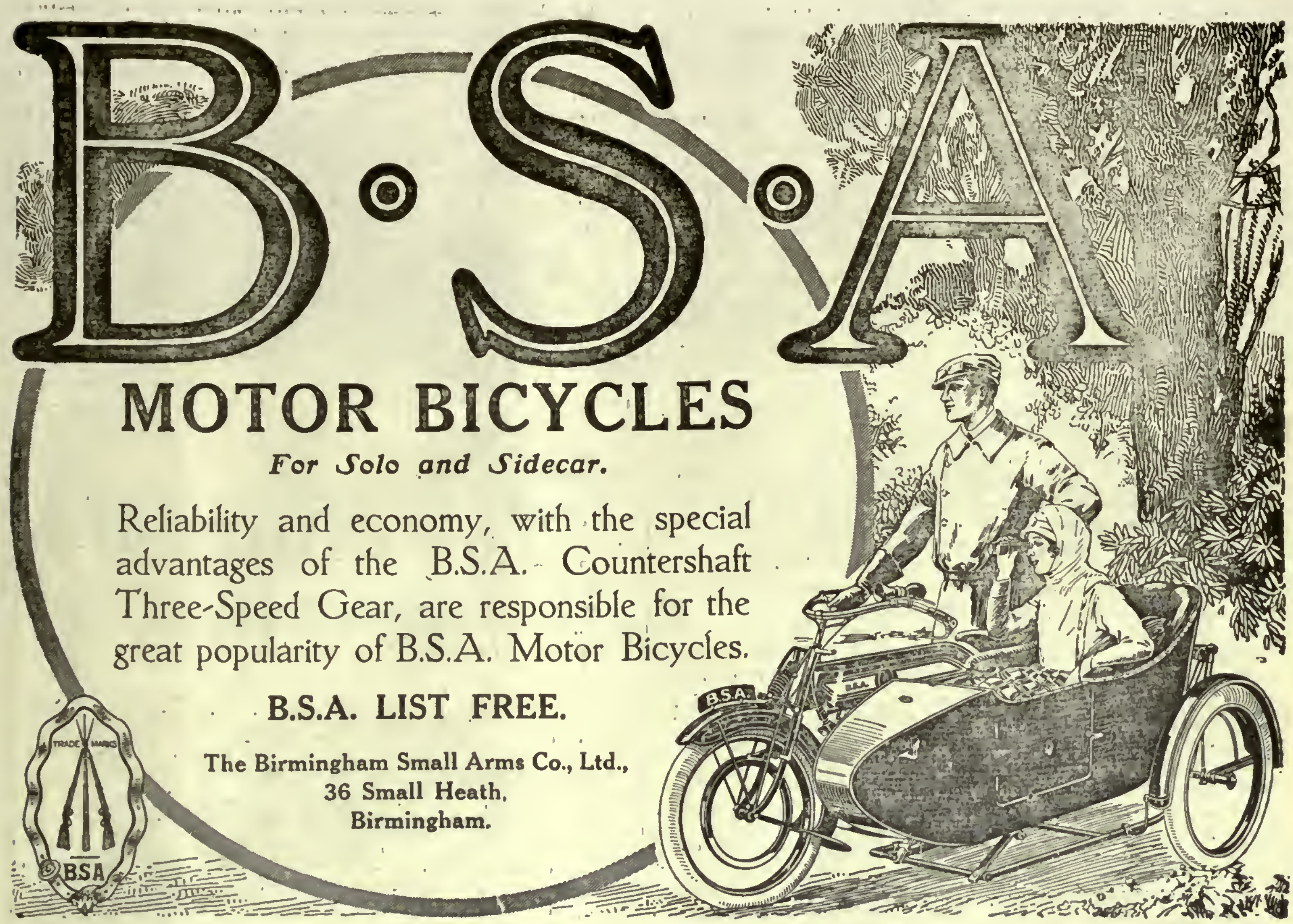
"Well, it's there. The last time I saw it—and jolly glad I was to see the last of it—it was mostly dust and ashes; a Jack Johnson knocked it endways. It was our headquarters and was back about 300 yards behind the trenches—very unhealthy. The Huns use to 'search' up and down on either side of us with their smaller howitzers, first up one side of the road on which our house stood, then down the other, as methodically as a gardener with a watering-can. I used to watch their black and yellow bursts creeping nearer and nearer with a kind of ugly fascination and wonder whether the next would get us. We had no cellar and didn't like to bolt to our funk-hole across the yard for fear we should give the show away. They got T———— that way—I found his boot afterwards. . . . We moved into that sector at the end of 1914, having been in the whole show from the beginning at Mons. We'd done our bit too in the big sweep of October when Smith-Dorrien tried to roll up the German right resting on La Bassée. We were in those eleven days' fighting round the sugar-factory at Lorgies and after that were moved up and down the lines in a sort of game of "General Post," acting as reserve to the division—one battalion to a division! That was what was meant by 'reserve' in those days. We'd trek after a week or ten days in the trenches and settle down in billets and get the camp-kettles going for a hot tub, and within a few minutes along would come the order 'Be prepared to start for—— at half-an-hour's notice.' And we'd start.

"That went on till we settled down more or less at the spot I've spoken of. We found fairly good fire-trenches when we took over, but that was all. There were no communication-trenches—we relieved by sections over the open ground—no support trenches and no reserve trenches. And here, like Cæsar, we went into winter-quarters, except that Cæsar rested and we didn't. No one who has not gone through that first winter out there, will ever realise what the Old Army endured. We had no wire at first, and consequently had to post extra sentries at night. We had no flares—till we invented that stunt of sodium in jam-tins. We had no trench boards, and no pumps, and when the water got into our trenches it rose steadily till our men stood more than knee-deep in a compost of icy mud and water, which gradually stiffened round their legs like concrete. Our company sergeant-major lost both feet that way. There were no four-day reliefs in those days; we were relieved about once every ten and even then at least half the battalion, and sometimes the whole of it, were kept up in close support all night in case of a sudden attack. We were always on the defensive and the Hun knew it. Raids were out of the question—we hadn't the men to spare and, as you'll remember, raids were never thought of till the November following, when the New Army had taken the field. Besides, we had no bombs.

"But we couldn't take all the taunts of the Jager battalion opposite us lying down, and it was then that we started experimenting with the 'jam-pots' made by the sappers. We used to call our bombers 'Tickler's Artillery,' and if they didn't terrify the enemy they certainly succeeded in terrifying us. You remember the kind of thing?—one of Tickler's jam-tins with a little gun-cotton priming in the middle, a fuse which one lit with a match like a pipe, and for a charge pounded crockery, belt-buckles, shirt-buttons, ten-centime pieces; in fact, anything we could lay our hands on. It was the best we could do. . . . Of course, we had none of your portable Lewis-guns, only the old heavy machine-gun of gun-metal weighing 58 lb., and only two to the battalion at that. As for trench-mortars, no one had ever heard of 'em except the Hun, until the sappers sent up their improvised stove-pipes—five out of six were duds, and the sixth gave the show away.

"And night and day the Hun pounded us with his artillery—sprayed us with shrapnel and blew us up with H.E., and there were our howitzers behind us eating their heads off for want of stuff. When things got a bit too warm we'd telephone back praying the O.C. of a battery of 18-pounders to dust the Huns up a bit, and what constantly happened would be something like this—I'd spot some Huns with my field-glasses about 600 yards away making a M.G. emplacement at their leisure; I'd ring up the battery, and they'd put in four shells, two short, two wide, then a dead stop; I'd ring up again and the answer would come: 'Sorry, we've fired the ration—four a day is all we're allowed.' Then the Hun, after waiting a bit, would proceed to concrete his emplacement at his leisure, and after that there was the devil to pay.

"I tell you it was heartrending—we were like Dervishes with spears up against a machine-gun; our men had nothing except their courage and their musketry—but they never once got the wind up and they put the fear of God into the Huns. It was just as bad for the gunners. I remember old Haig-Smith, the O.C. of the Battery, showing me once, almost with tears in his eyes, his boxes of ammunition: all the duds saved up like talents in a napkin since the South African War and marked 'Singapore,' 'Hong-Kong,' 'Perth W.A.,' and the Lord knows what else. That battery was put on



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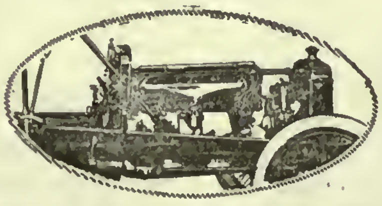

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low diet and for some unexplained reason it had to be taken like medicine once every 24 hours; if the gunners saved it for an emergency they had to return it like an unexpended Treasury balance; so they used to fire it off after tea on principle if it wasn't wanted earlier. Comic! wasn't it?

"This went on for weeks, and week by week I saw my pals, fellows who'd been at Sandhurst along with me, men I'd played poker and hunted with for years, knocked out one after the other, also my best N.C.O., who'd taught me all I knew, the men in my company—all knocked out. I remember in one morning we lost ninety men killed or mortally wounded when about fifty yards of trench were wrecked and B company split into two halves, left half being cut clean off from the right where the communication trench joined the front trench. There the wounded lay—and rotted. You see that damned M.G. emplacement of theirs commanded the whole of it, so it was certain death to try to get the wounded away.

"I tell you that when I considered the heavens in the fire-trench at night and watched the eternal bombardment of Ypres like a blast-furnace in the sky, I used to ask myself what the old country was doing, and whether it had completely forgotten us. We used to read of strikes in South Wales and on the Clyde, and speeches by stipendiary M.P.'s in the House jawing about 'militarism' and threatening revolution if the Government ever dared to introduce compulsory service, and I tell you I felt sick. 'Militarism!' It was militarism we were up against, evil incarnate. D'you remember the girl P—— found near Richebourg after the Germans had done with her? D'you remember what we found in Warneton? D'you remember—but, of course, you know. How much does an M.P. get? Double the pay of a company commander, isn't it?

"We heard of K.'s new army, of course, but hope deferred made our hearts pretty sick, and it used to be a standing joke with the battalion to say: 'It's rumoured that Italy and the New Army are about to definitely abandon their neutrality.' A silly joke, I admit, because we might have known that the authorities at home were working night and day to get a move on and succour us. And at last, like the dove to the ark, there came two Territorial regiments—attached to us for instruction. Topping fellows they were, too! And, then, as winter gave way to spring, and spring to summer and the floods subsided in our trenches, the New Army began to arrive. We could hardly belive it at first. And it grew and grew like a grain of mustard-seed. And all kinds of fancy things came with it—Stokes guns, and Mills bombs, and Lewis guns, and stacks of shells. By that time I could cheerfully have said *Nunc Dimittis*, for I knew we were saved. I felt old, very old, like the Johnny in the Bible, but like him I could have said, 'Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace.' I tell you I could have wept for joy as if I'd sniffed a tear-shell. But by that time. . . ."

Borlase stopped and gazed out to sea in silence. He was silent for so long a time that at last I gave him a cue.

"Yes, I know," I said. "I've been there. But I can't see why you want to buy that filthy farm. You know you said it was all dust and ashes by now."

"So I did. But you see all my pals are buried there. Only the O.C. and myself, we, even we only, are left. . . . No! I shouldn't like to feel it belonged to anyone else."

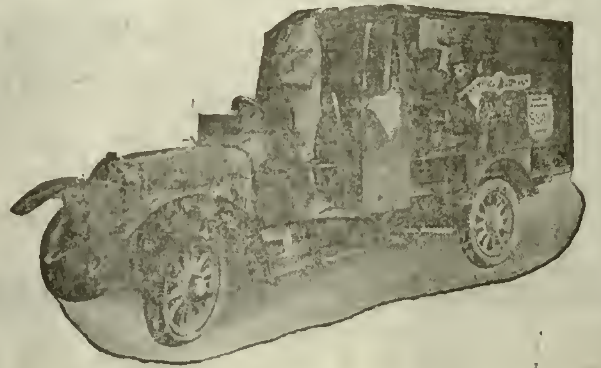
"Flying"

In the current number of "Flying," Mr. F. W. Lanchester continues his series of critical articles dealing with the recent air raid and the problem of the defence of London. He discusses the advantages and disadvantages of formation flying, and adumbrates several new and suggestive lines of thought with regard to our fighting and range finding.

Professor W. G. Duffield, D.Sc., also continues his series of articles on meteorology, dealing with the air currents and eddy circulation. Mr. H. Belloc contributes an important article entitled, "The Battle for Observation," which has a direct bearing upon the struggle for the command of the air now in progress on the Western Front.

There is also a trenchant article advocating Reprisals, by "Raider," which will provoke a good deal of controversy. The author is a "Pro-Reprisalist" of the most uncompromising brand, and he bases his argument upon strictly logical premises. There are many other interesting features, and the number is one of the best produced by "THE ONLY PENNY FLYING PAPER."

Early this autumn Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish *Letters to Helen; The Impressions of an Artist on the Western Front.* The book will consist of a series of letters which Lieutenant Keith Henderson wrote home from the front during the battle of the Somme, and will contain twelve coloured pictures, including the one of Fricourt Cemetery, which appears on page 40 with the permission of the publishers.



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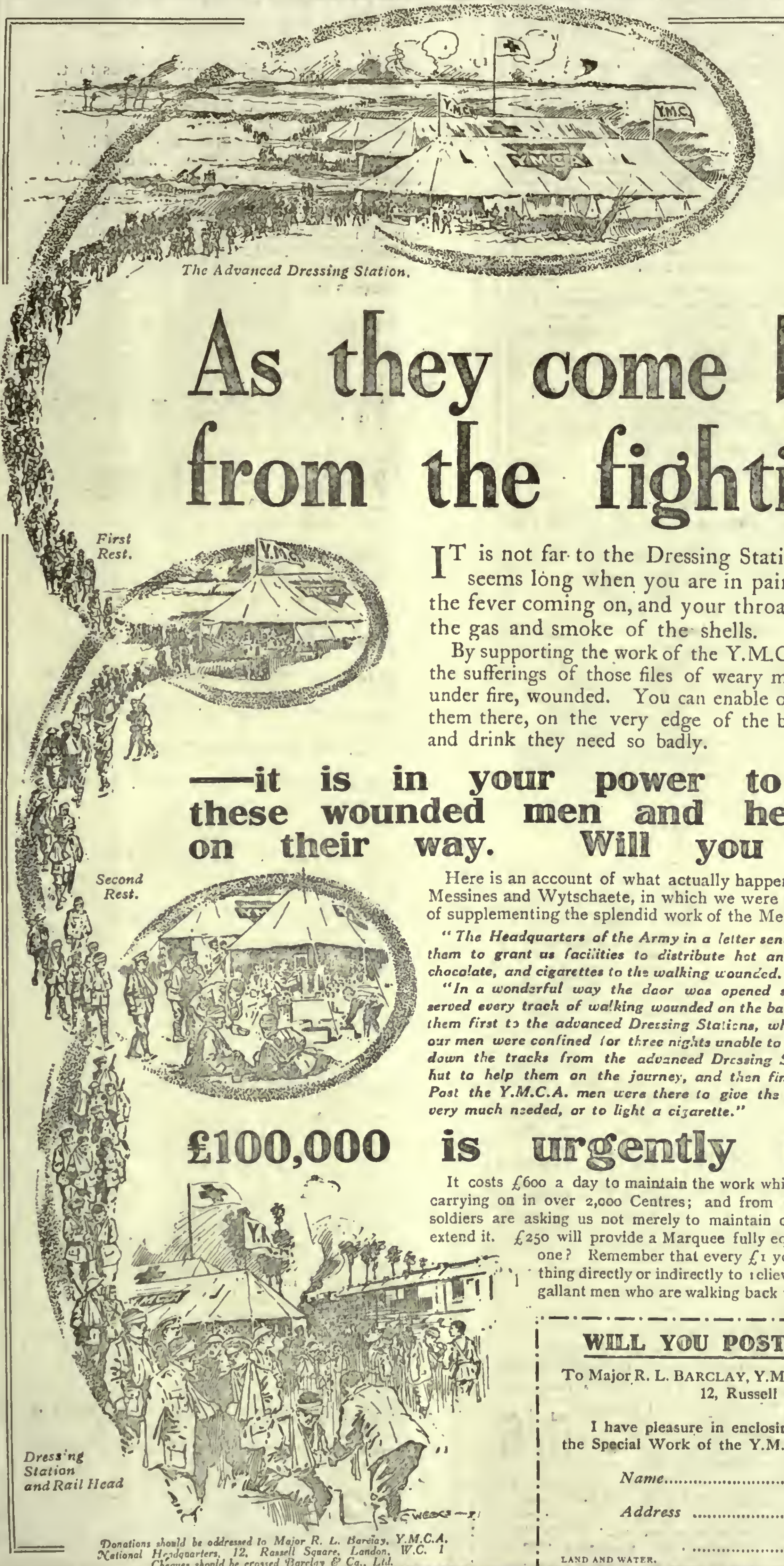
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Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

HOWEVER opinions may differ as to the value of the moral drawn in *The Unseen Hand in English History* (*National Review* Office, 6s.), there can be no doubt that in it Mr. Ian D. Colvin has made as able, ingenious and interesting a piece of historical reconstruction as in his previous volume, *The Germans in England*. His theme is that "the political organisation and policy of a State cannot be separated without error in thought and disaster in practice from its economic life." His *Unseen Hand* is of material interest, and he argues that a nation's chief preoccupation should be that its own unseen hand, and not that of an alien, should control its chief acts of State. There always is and always will be an unseen hand in politics. Adam Smith, who "borrowed from French philosophy an ideal world and an ideal past," did not realise this. "List was too well acquainted with history and affairs to make such a mistake." So Mr. Colvin endorses the views of the German Tariff Reformer, and writes a racy and informative history of England from the time of the Tudors to illustrate his case. In this history the climax of England's greatness is reached in the Methuen Treaty, of which Mr. Colvin says: "If France was cruelly revenged in the gout of Chatham and the pricking toes of many other noble Englishmen, may we not say that they suffered gladly in a great style for a great cause?" It is always interesting to study history from various view points, and Mr. Colvin's sincerely held materialism forms a useful hypothesis for the explanation of many historical conundrums and the placing of many incidents in fresh relations to one another.

* * * * *

Mr. Ian Colvin and the Princess Catherine Radziwill are at one in finding personal motives behind the events of history, but whilst the former deems the ruling motive self-interest, the latter in *Germany under Three Emperors* (Cassell and Co., 16s. net) seems to hold that emotional caprice chiefly controls the actions of men. Her book is in the main a study of Bismarck, and its leading theme, worked out with some inconsistencies, is that the present policy of the German Empire is in the main the outcome of his work, though he himself was rather a consequence than a cause of Prussian development. Moreover, the present policy is "Bismarckianism without Bismarck," an "imitation" which "was to bring savage ruin to the world, despair to millions of human beings, destruction everywhere." Apart from generalities, the book has, like its author's recent work, *The Tragedy of a Throne*, some interesting glimpses of personalities, especially during the last twenty years of last century. As in the previous book, Herr von Holstein, Bismarck's lieutenant, plays a considerable part in the story.

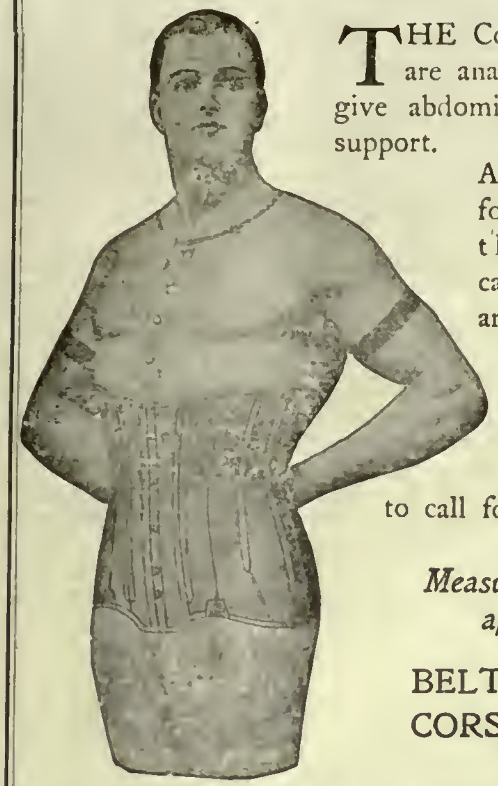
* * * * *

Here is a book of somewhat unusual sketches from the Front. *The Kitten in the Crater* (C. H. Kelly, 3s. 6d. net) is by a Methodist Chaplain to the Forces. In the sketch which gives its title to the book and in those which follow it the Rev. Thomas Tiplady moralises, usually with good sense and always with sincerity and broadmindedness, on incidents seen and observations made during his work in France. That the author must be a preacher who can drive home his "points" is to be gathered from numerous passages such as this from "Tommy's Idea of the Churches." He is developing the theme that real goodness is unconscious. "Has anyone," he asks, ever claimed to be as good as Christ? I forget whether Mr. Bernard Shaw has or not. . . . The wife needs to be pitied whose husband knows he is a good husband. Her heart is probably very near to breaking." I do not share altogether Mr. Tiplady's spiritual point of view and I am often made uncomfortable, through a different and perhaps less sincere habit of speech, by his manner of expressing it, but I can swallow a good deal of what seems to me like sentimentality for the sake of the wholesome food for reflection which this book contains.

* * * * *

We are not yet prepared in England to comfort ourselves with a sense of achievement, but there is no reason why we should not ask the world outside to believe that we are perhaps doing more than a casual reading of our own newspapers would suggest. I take it that that is the true inwardness of *Towards the Goal* (John Murray, 2s. 6d. net), in which Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in a series of letters to Mr. Roosevelt, describes something of what England has done and is doing in the war. Mr. Roosevelt responds nobly in a preface in which compli-

(Continued on page 50).



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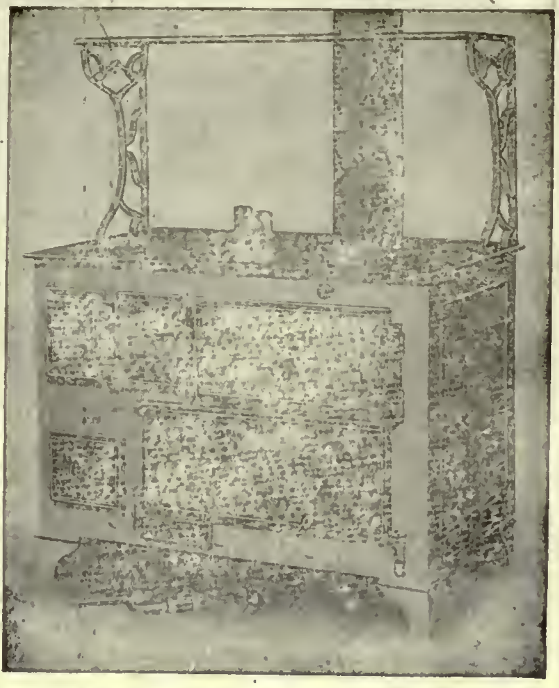

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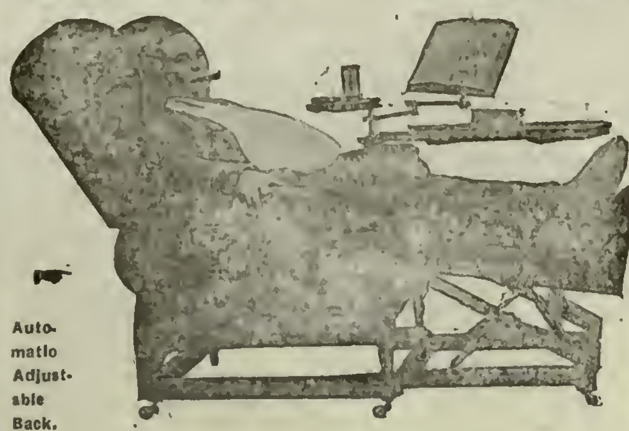

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The Problems of War Control: after Three Years' Experience. By A. CARSON ROBERTS.

London: Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co., Ltd., 1, New Street Square.

(Continued from page 48)

ments to this country are as lavish as in an after-dinner toast. Of the main part of the book I will only say that Mrs. Humphrey Ward has brought to her accounts of visits to the front that power of observation and of visualising a scene that one expects, but does not always get, from a successful novelist. Two pictures in the book stand out most vividly in my recollection of it. One describes Miss Polk, an American woman, engaged in a humane work of rebuilding the ruined village of Vitrimont. The other gives an account of an interview with Sister Julie, the heroic nursing sister of Gerbéviller. This is a worthy sequel to *England's Effort*, no mean service in kind rendered by an author of distinction to her country.

* * * * *

The war appears to have brought into well-deserved popularity two little pre-war books which I have before me in cheaponed editions. *Wayside Lamps* and *Wayside Neighbours* (Longmans, Green and Co., 1s. net each) are collections of tales and sketches, evidently founded on fact, by an officer's wife, who went through many sad experiences in the South African War, where she did much to alleviate suffering and with great tenderness brought words of love and hope to the sufferers. Mrs. "Atkins" loves the Army and its best traditions, and her tales are chiefly of courage and endurance, qualities which she says in her Preface "have become almost universal." These tales will bring to many readers a help which I should not like to lessen by finding faults, for they have a very genuine ring about them and reflect the great and simple faith of the teller.

* * * * *

The message of the author of *Wayside Lamps* and its Sequel has the merit of wholesomeness—a merit which I fancy Dr. Charles Mercier is right in denying to the spiritualism of Sir Oliver Lodge. The grave danger that the mind unnerved by sorrow is likely to be permanently injured by the growing habit of having recourse to mediums and the other witches and spook-mongers of the modern world is the initial justification of Dr. Mercier's book. In *Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge* (The Mental Culture Enterprise, 4s. 6d. net), Dr. Mercier subjects "The Survival of Man" to a searching logical analysis. He exposes once again the solemn frivolity of the usual "manifestation," questions with considerable force the good faith of the so-called scientific attitude of some of the modern professors of spiritualism, and makes a challenge which, if not answered, must be regarded as unanswerable. At any rate, I recommend those who have been led by "Raymond" and "The Survival of Man" to dabble in the black art, to listen to Dr. Mercier before they proceed any further.

* * * * *

Of the school of Crashaw and Blake, Lord Braye bewilders one's critical judgment by the very simplicity of his Muse, whether she is speaking English or Latin. We do not often in *Lines in Verse and Fable* (Longmans, Green and Co.) get knock-out blows like

> . . . the caterpillar on the leaf
> Repeats to thee thy mother's grief;

Lord Braye's attitude of mind is partly explained by his being out of sympathy with his country:

> Once an isle of faith
> But for three centuries of pride and power
> The Grand Insulter of the Sovereign See.

He denounces the prevailing spirit of Europe in lines which occasionally reach a high level of eloquence:

> All Europe shuns the things which are God's own;
> They rush to suicide—crime ultimate,
> Strangers to grace and foreigners to prayer,
> And aliens to the Kingdom of the Lord.

He particularly laments the destructive use to which the discovery of flying has been put by mankind, and his feeling is intensified by having witnessed the death of the first "victor in the Empire-air":

> Poor Pilcher, when unconscious thou didst lie,
> Breathing last sighs within these very walls,
> No prophet, save his soul had been aflame
> With song tumultuous such as came of old
> From dread Ezekiel, could have then devised
> Such fell employment for thy wondrous wings.

On the presentation of the Freedom of the City of Belfast to Sir Edward Carson, an interesting interlude took place. It was suggested that the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen belonging to the Lord Mayor, and which was used by Sir Edward to sign the Roll, should be auctioned for the benefit of the Ulster Volunteer Hospital. This was readily agreed to by the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Thomas E. M'Connell, J.P., promptly mounted his seat and offered the pen for sale. Spirited bidding took place, the hammer eventually falling in favour of Mr. Robert Barnett of Belfast, at a bid of £200.

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Proprietors of STROMNESS DISTILLERY,
ORKNEY, SCOTLAND.

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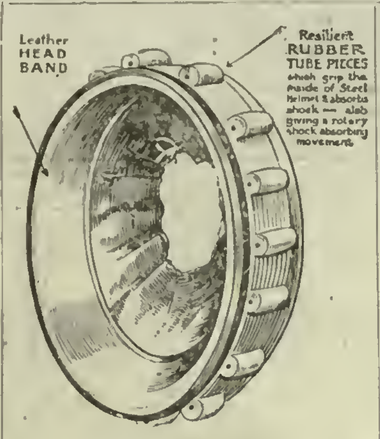
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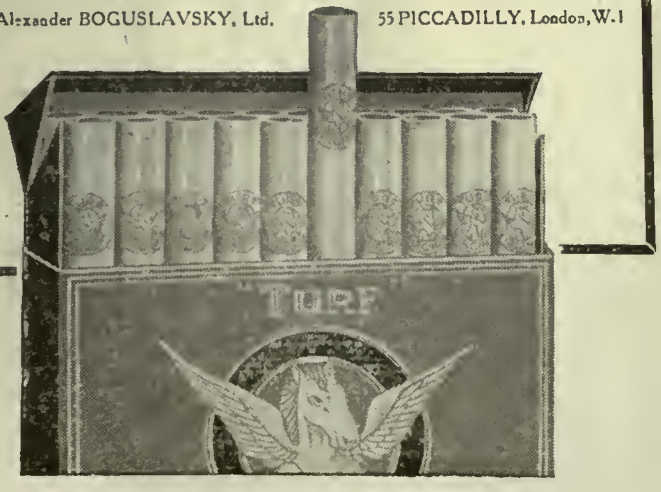


DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

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.*

War Time Table Cloths

Table cloths of the finer types have now, under the pressure of circumstances, grown something of a luxury. Carefully chosen substitutes can, however, be very successful as two somewhat startling innovations show.

For country cottage or breakfast use, checked dust sheets of unusually good quality are being used as table cloths by some enterprising folk, this departure from the beaten track of things being brilliantly successful. They are in red and blue and white check, last clean much longer than the generality of table cloths; and when at last soiled need no elaborate laundrying, but can be washed out easily—and without starch—at home. These dust sheets wear and wash, wash and wear with unfailing regularity; and can be recommended to all whose stock of table linen is either unsatisfactory or is running low. They cost only 7s. 6d. or 10s. each.

Yet another unusual but commendable idea is the turning of some hemstitched huckaback full-bleach linen towels into table cloths. These are particularly suitable for kitchen use, though they have been elevated into dining room regions. They are hemstitched at either end, are a yard and three quarters square and are being sold off at 8s. 6d. each. For quality they are simply unsurpassed, and they should be secured before the present supply runs out.

This metamorphosis was suggested to the firm concerned by one or two originally-minded customers, and a very happy notion it has proved.

Russian Wood Trunks

Anyone perplexed by the difficulties of porterage, and the restriction of luggage, should send for an invaluable leaflet, describing and illustrating some Russian three-ply wood trunks and boxes. They only weigh from four to six lbs., so at a pinch it is quite possible to carry them oneself.

Light though they are, however, they are absolutely unbreakable; and in look they resemble polished satinwood. They are made on the premises of a certain London firm, and the business done in them is stupendous, people seeming to find in them their precise requirements.

New Things in Collars

Those who are tired of the ordinary detachable collar, in lawn, crêpe de chine, or something equally frail and perishable, will be pleased with some new examples in more durable fabrics, yet smartness itself withal. A famous firm are making them in soft surfaced flannel cloths, also in gabardines. The last named are biggish collars, just the thing to wear with a coat frock, and are in white, grey, and beige colour. They keep clean quite a long time, at least, the grey and beige colours do, and in wear are both charming and satisfactory.

The flannel cloth variety are made in a smaller shape, specially designed to fit neatly over the collar of a tailor-made coat, and cost but 3s. 6d. They are in white and very distinctive looking, being edged with a bold blanketing stitch in blue, mauve, white, or black.

Something of this kind improves the look of the average coat and skirt almost unbelievably, being one of the small additional touches, minute in themselves, yet all important.

The Art of Dustless Sweeping

Quick and easy cleaning of a house is in these days of infinite importance, and any means to this end are more than welcome. "Dusmo" does undoubtedly minimise the sweeping—and also dusting—of carpets and rugs in a quite wonderful way. It is a kind of powder, and should be laid in a straight line on the carpet and then swept to the other end, going the right way of the weave. Then it is simply gathered up in a dust-pan, the carpet being well swept and fresh looking all through this easiest of processes. Not only does it keep carpets free from dust, but it preserves the colour, and helps them to keep new-looking in the most satisfactory way.

The astonishing thing about "Dusmo" is that even after it has been used and must consequently be full of dust, it

(*Continued on page* 54)

Secrets of Beauty.

THE CREAM OF MODERN BEAUTY ADVICE.

By *MIMOSA.*

A "Blackhead" Secret.

BLACKHEADS, oily skins, and enlarged pores usually go together, but can be instantly corrected by a unique new process. A tablet of stymol obtained from the chemist, is dropped into a tumbler of hot water, which will then, of course, "fizz" briskly. When the effervescence has subsided, the face is bathed with the stymol-charged water, and then dried with a towel. The offending blackheads, of their own accord, come right off on the towel, the large oily pores immediately contract and efface themselves naturally. There is no squeezing, forcing, or any drastic action; the skin is left uninjured, smooth, soft, and cool. A few such treatments should be taken at intervals of three or four days thereafter in order to ensure the permanence of the pleasing result so quickly obtained.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

THERE are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable, and plenty of reasons why hair-dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist two ounces of concentrate of tammalite, and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights, and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

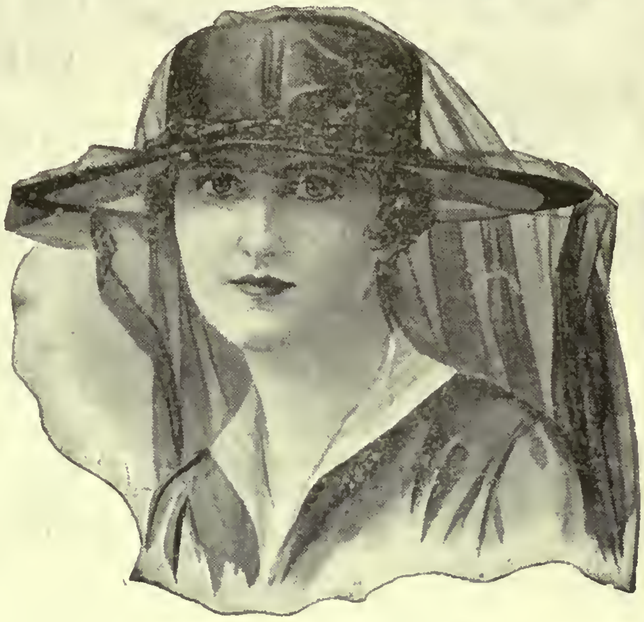
WOMEN annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair-roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair-growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of pheminol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

IT is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics, the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this, there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercolised wax, instead of cosmetics, they would have natural, healthy complexions.

A Strange Shampoo.

I WAS much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful, glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead, she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ¼-lb. sealed packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful, even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.



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E21. Charming Widow's hat in black soft glacé silk, with a soft white Georgette lining, trimmed dull jet beads and long soft veil .. .. .. 2½ gns.

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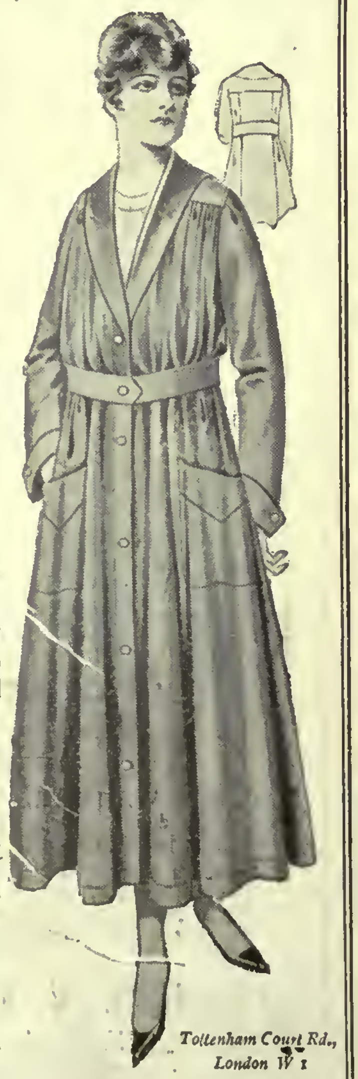

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THIS COAT HAS "CAUGHT ON" BY Sheer Merit

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Gamage Summer Trencher

and thanks to its superlative qualities as a "Service" garment, it has proved a huge success. Officers who have tested its merits are recommending it to others in all quarters as a model of durability and perfect comfort in Military wear.

The Gamage Summer Trencher is a SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTION

Inasmuch as the fabric used in its construction is scientifically treated to ensure the maximum degree of rain resistance. *Then too*, it is cut and made on scientific principles.

Its extreme lightness is another point in its favour.

Lined same material as outside of coat & interlined oilskin

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Badges and Buttons included.	
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The "AQUATIC"

Fully luminous

Warranted 3 years

The ONLY Watch that can "Live" in Water.

Read This:

Extract from report of Editor of "Kit and Equipment" in "Land & Water" of July 19th:—"The said watch was taken, with full consent of the makers, fully wound up, and dropped into a tumbler, face upward: the tumbler was then filled up with water and stood away for the night . . . In the morning it was forgotten, and that watch stayed at the bottom of a tumbler of water for just twenty-five hours—and when the water was poured off and the watch taken out, it was still keeping perfect time. ***As a matter of fact, it is keeping perfect time yet.*** It is a real and valuable discovery for naval men, who want a watch that is not affected by damp and spray."

Price, as illustrated:—

In best WHITE METAL case, fitted with luminous hands and dial, first-class Swiss lever movement with 15 jewels, complete with leather strap ... £2:15:0

In extra strong SOLID SILVER case, fitted with best quality luminous hands and dial, first-class Swiss lever movement, 15 rubies, Breguet spring, cut balance, complete with leather strap and silver buckle ... £4:10:0

LAWRENCE & LAURENCE, LIMITED,
Watchmakers to the Admiralty.
38, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

(Continued from page 52)

will not begrime the hands. That all the dust has been collected there is shown by the changed colour, but it can be sifted through the fingers—for curiosity's sake—and not a trace of this will show. As a labour-saver it is simply immense, for, not only does it almost automatically clean a carpet and create no dust, but it prevents dust rising in the untoward way it frequently does. Dusting thus also, is a facilitated matter.

It should be noted that "Dusmo" must not be sprinkled over the carpet, but—as already mentioned—laid in a thin line instead. Without doubt it is an improvement and a far more up-to-date version of the tea-leaves people frequently used. It can be bought in packets costing from sixpence, ninepence, half-a-crown and upwards.

The Comfort of Beach Backs

Many people now are wending their way to the seaside, and a little contrivance conducing much towards comfort may appeal to them. Everyone knows that long days on the beach without a support for the back are apt to become a tedious matter, while taking down a chair can be equally tedious. With a beach back it is a different thing altogether. Leaning against one of these small portable affairs hour after hour can be passed in utmost comfort and ease. It is made either in striped or in Green Willesden Canvas, and there is an adjustment at the back so that the back can be fitted to any angle best suiting its user.

In spite of general increase this year, these backs have gone up but little—if at all—in price. In striped canvas they cost 4s. 9d., 6s. 6d. being the cost of the green Willesden variety. A strip of canvas stretching on the ground for sitting on adds immensely to general comfort, all folding quite compactly and flat for transit.

A Help in the Kitchen

A small matter, but one nevertheless which is getting its full share of attention at the National Economy and Welfare Exhibition, is the "Handy" pot-scraper. This is the invention of a lady who had suffered from the usual inadequate methods of cleaning pots and pans, and determined, if possible, to improve on them. She took the result to the people now selling it, they saw its possibilities, and it has spelt success for all concerned.

It is a wooden contrivance, in shape like a many-fingered hand, and it is quite invaluable for cleaning all enamel ware. For one thing it does not chip the enamel like so many scrapers do; for another, there are no small pieces to break off and get scattered amongst the food. One tribute to the "Handy" pot-scraper's success, is that many people buying one come back to get others, either for future use themselves, or to distribute amongst their friends. Wherever it goes it wins followers, and the old laborious methods of pot cleaning are relegated to limbo!

Being wood, it can very easily be washed and kept clean, and here, once more, is a strong point in its favour. The old wire type of brush was not only difficult to clean, but after a time became positively distasteful to use. Here, on the contrary, is a straightforward affair, one of the small things which mean out of all proportion results, while the price is a mere 4½d., postage being free.

A War Worker's Bag

Women doing munition or any other form of war work, may find a special lunch bag a convenience. Those on a well earned holiday will also welcome it, for it is made, not only to take a light lunch—sandwiches and the like,—but is specially planned to hold a thermos flask as well.

It will also hold books; there is a pocket for a railway ticket, the size is 11½ by 11 inches, and it is remarkably light and easy to carry.

The leather and workmanship are too good to allow of its being sold at any ridiculously low price, but it is the sort of thing that will last for many years of use. PASSE-PARTOUT

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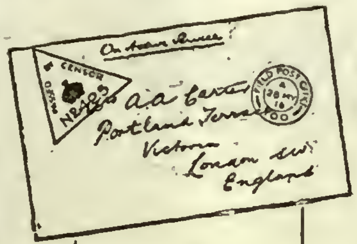

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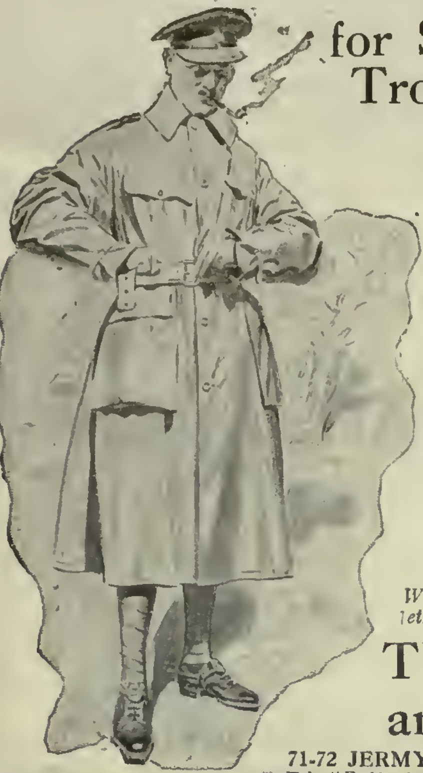

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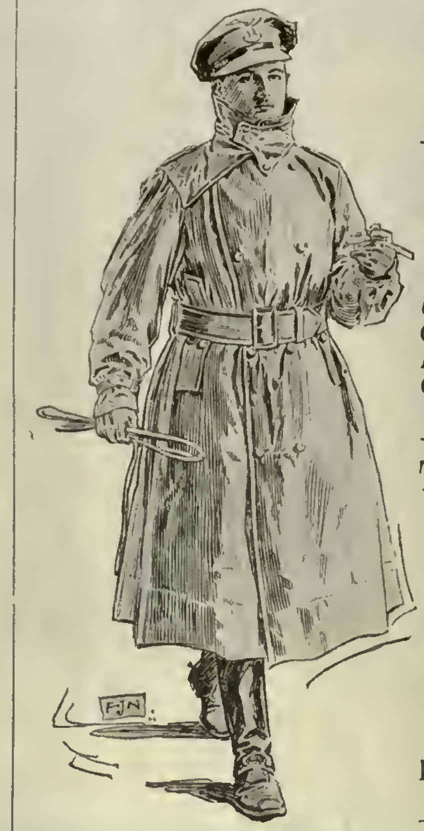

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Detachable Fleece 30/- extra.

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British Warm Coat	95/-	Breeches, Bedford Cord	55/-	Best Whip	90/-
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with or without back curtain.
Fitted with waterproof lining and greaseproof shields,
16/6
The accepted design for both home and active service wear grips the head without pressure, and will neither blow nor fall off.

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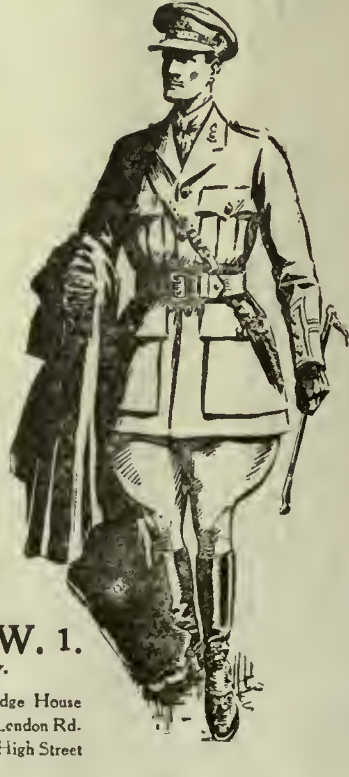

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ALDERSHOT *Tel. 137 Aldershot* 11 High Street

Kit and Equipment

We shall be pleased to supply information to our readers as to where any of the articles mentioned are obtainable, and we invite correspondence from officers on active service who care to call our attention to any points which would be advantageous in the matter of comforts or equipment, etc.

Letters of inquiry with reference to this subject should be addressed to KIT AND EQUIPMENT "Land & Water," Old Serjeant's Inn, 5, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Three Years of Kit

It was inevitable that three years of active service should bring about changes in the form of military equipment, but, at the beginning of those three years, few would have predicted that the changes would have been so many and so far-reaching. One great cause of change has been the difference in the form of war—it was anticipated, at the outset, that the efficacy of modern military machinery was such that trench warfare had become an impossibility, while the effect of modern gunfire, combined with the absence of the element of surprise, and tremendous increase in the size of armies, has driven the combatants deeper into the earth, instead of bringing them to the surface and keeping them there. The outcome of this has been the trench coat, one of the most revolutionary, changes in military clothing for a century, and another outcome has been the necessity for waterproof boots—in the old days, as long as a pair of boots was hard-wearing and had a reasonable aptitude for keeping out the wet, nobody bothered as to whether the leather was definitely proofed against wet, but now officers require that their field boots shall be of such quality that the wearers can stand in mud and water with dry feet—not only do they require this, but, thanks to good design and good material in footwear, they get it.

Another notable development is the collection of "gadgets" that has grown up—field cookers, combination of mess-tin and water-bottle, ingenious writing cases, combination of map-case with fitments for reconnaissance work, and half a hundred other things that make for increased efficiency. Yet again, the old pattern of waterbottle, badly designed and very often as badly made, had nearly disappeared, giving place to a greatly improved pattern, and the haversack has undergone a change for the better. Also in sleeping kit the kapok-lined bag is steadily displacing the old and heavy "Wolseley" pattern valise, which was cumbrous, involved much time and trouble in packing and unpacking, and was merely a one-purpose article forced to serve two uses, instead of being—as is the kapok-lined article, a definite two-purpose thing in which the one use does not interfere with the other.

It is virtually safe to prophesy that many of these changes will survive the war, and the new articles will become standard military equipment—with the trench coat and the sleeping bag this may be counted as a certainty. The new pattern water-bottle too, deserves and will almost certainly get more than a war-time vogue—even on peace service, the officer of to-morrow will have a very different and far more serviceable equipment than that of the army which took the field and made history in 1914. As a negative good effect, it may be remarked that the old-time "greatcoat," an excellent water carrier and a very good thing for every purpose but that for which it was intended, has almost completely disappeared. May it never come back to general use.

One effect of the war, in equipment and kit as in all else, has been a forcing up of price, and that, it is to be hoped, will not settle to permanency. It is for the present inevitable—labour and materials alike cost far more than in pre-war days, and the consumer must pay the difference, as always. To-day, as always, it pays to get the best, and the saving of a few shillings in kit or equipment is not economy, but mere niggardliness, since very many articles of equipment are just as vital to the preservation of health—and sometimes of life itself—as good food or good tactical ability.

The attitude of many firms that specialise in military kit and equipment is summarised in the remark made by one of them. "It isn't altogether a matter of profit," he said. "The boys out there deserve the best of everything, and it's up to us to give them the best all the time." Many firms have risen to this view of the matter, and have proved themselves worthy of absolute trust from the man in uniform. Many of them are seriously handicapped through sending their men to the army—one, for instance, sent thirty men out of a total of thirty-one employees of military age—but they are carrying on with the conciousness that there is a certain measure of "national importance" in their work, and it is very largely due to their ingenuity and resource that the man in uniform is far better equipped for his work to-day than he was in the

(Continued on page 58)

Hazel & Co
FOUNDED 1815

MILITARY OUTFITTERS
and
CAMP EQUIPMENT MAKERS
For all Services
Climates & Conditions.
Catalogues on Request
TUNICS, SLACKS,
BREECHES, WARMS,
CAPS, PUTTEES,
BOOTS, LEGGINGS,
TRENCH COATS,
SAM BROWNE BELTS,
WEB EQUIPMENTS,
CAMP KIT & NECESSARIES,
TROPICAL & INDIAN OUTFITS.
High Grade Kit only,
at Moderate Prices.
4 · PRINCES ST.
HANOVER SQ.
LONDON · W.1
Telephone
MAYFAIR 4071

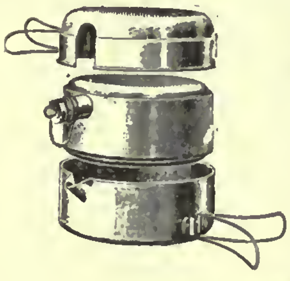
The Officer proceeding to France, Salonika, Egypt, Mesopotamia, or India requires Kit suitable for the various climates. The House of Hazel with a century's experience of Service Clothing, and, knowing what is required, supplies it and guarantees satisfaction.

The Officer at home, when commissioned, requires Kit which will stamp him as a gentleman of taste, and not clothing turned out by factory methods and low-grade labour in the interest of "economy."

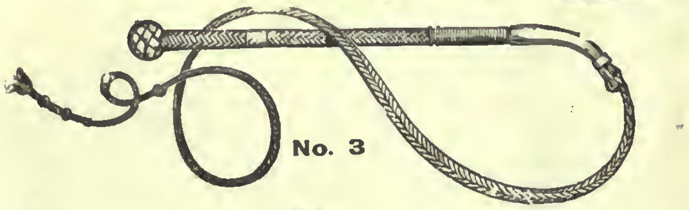
The House of Hazel does not accept Cadet Contracts and caters solely for individual Officers of all ranks, who prefer Clothing and Equipment which will reflect credit on the suppliers and the users.

Specialists in Flying Outfits.

The "S & A" "Eatanswill" Combination Mess Tin and Water Bottle.
(Swaine & Adeney's Patent).



The size is the same as usual cavalry mess tin, but slightly deeper. The capacity of the bottle is two pints.
Aluminium mess tins, nickel bottle, silver plated inside, with patent air-tight stopper, in khaki canvas cover-carrier with shoulder slings or with swivel hooks for attaching to belt **£1 17 6**



No. 3

LOADED STICKS and WHIPS.

No. 1A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap, length 30 inches or 36 inches **£2: 10: 0**

No. 1B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap, length 36 inches. **£2: 2: 0**

No. 3.—Officer's Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong **£1: 18: 0**

Ditto, plaited all over, kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong ... **£1: 15: 0**

HAVERSACKS

Extra large and strong, made from an officer's design, 12/6

Ditto, with leather base 18/6

Detachable sling 2/6 ex.

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY,
By appointment to H.M. The King
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON. W.

To Officers who are tired of sweltering in rubber or oil-proofed Coats

Discard them!
and buy an

"OMNE TEMPUS" TRENCHER

Genuinely *Rainproof without* rubber or oil-silk, made from fine close-woven Khaki *wool*—not cotton—and proofed by the secret "Omne Tempus" process, which allows free passage of air, though denying admission to rain.

Ready for wear in your size, or made to your measure.

"Omne Tempus" Slip-on. £3 10 0

"Omne Tempus" Trencher £4 17 6

A testimonial letter selected from hundreds that we can show you:—

W. D——, Captain, writes:— 5th April, 1916.

"You will be glad to know that my 'Omne Tempus' has given me every satisfaction. It has been put to many severe tests during the wet winter we've had out here, but it has never failed me. In my opinion every officer who goes on active service ought to have an 'Omne Tempus' with him. It is the only coat I have found which really does keep out rain; it has none of the disadvantages of the ordinary macintosh and it is also light and warm, so that it can be worn as a light overcoat at night in summer."

SAMUEL BROTHERS, Ltd
221/223 Oxford St., W. (Close to Circus)
65/67 Ludgate Hill, E.C. (Near St. Paul's)

OVERCOATS FOR
RACING, DRIVING, TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR.
WATERPROOF RAGLANS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Our TRENCH COATS are made with DETACHABLE FLEECE or KAPOK LININGS. Kapok Lining is very LIGHT, is guaranteed WATERPROOF and VENTILATES naturally.

BRITISH WARMS.

MAJOR —— writes:—" . . . The Coat you made for me is the best I ever had. A Coat by day and a Bed by night. I have never once been wet under it. . . . ."

SPECIALITY: ALL KINDS OF OVERCOATS FOR EVERY KIND OF PURPOSE.

SIMPSON & LONDON LTD.
Estab. 1800.
SPORTING AND MUFTI OVERCOAT MAKERS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
103 REGENT STREET LONDON W 1.

KIT AND EQUIPMENT

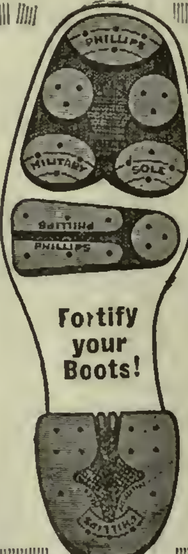
(Continued from page 57)

first months of the war. "On indent from Ordnance store" has followed the designs of private firms, but it would be hard to find one instance in which it has led, and in spite of Government supervision and advantages which private firms cannot obtain, in many cases the "on indent" supplies are not of such good quality as those obtainable in the ordinary way—field glasses, on the word of an artillery officer, form a case in point, while one has only to look at a pair of "indent" boots to see the difference between "reach-me-down" and made to measure. And on active service the trite maxim—"Only the best is good enough" will hold good for just as long as such a thing as active service exists.

Rubbers

By the word "rubbers," the man on the other side of the pond understands waders of gum boots, but there is a much smaller form of rubber shoeing which is even more useful, and that is the rubber pad to save the sole and heel of a boot. If you get the right kind, you do not merely prolong the life of a pair of boot soles and heels for some slight period; you render them so wear-resisting that they will last just as long as the uppers, as has been proved by actual experiment with a pair of first-class marching boots. This form of rubber is made up into pads which are vulcanised to exactly the right degree, and which have an amazing amount of hard wear in them; in addition to this, they give a grip and resiliency to the tread in walking or marching which saves fatigue to a very great extent—they not only add to the life of a pair of boots, but considerably increase the comfort of the wearer. It is merely a case of knowing what kind to get and where to get them.

The Hymans—the unique new pocket Range-Finder—may be had on trial for one week on receipt of cheque for price (£3 complete in case). Inland postage 1s. Price refunded if returned in good condition within time stated. Descriptive pamphlet free from the manufacturer, Chas. Hymans (Dept. F.) St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge.—(Advt.)



Capt. M—, B.E.F., France, writes:—
"Your Soles are absolutely O.K."
Sir H. H. A. HOARE, Bart., writes:—
"They are in every way thoroughly satisfactory."

Phillips' 'Military' SOLES AND HEELS

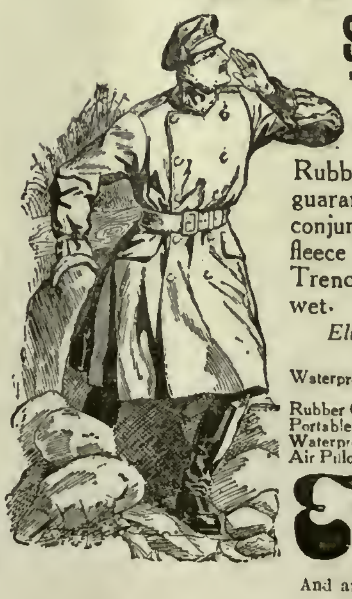
¶ Thin rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

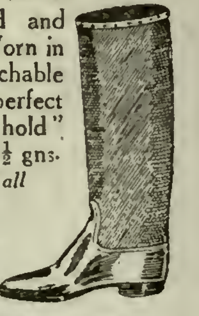
¶ They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather. Ideal for Golf.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.
STOUT (Active Service) - - 4/9 per set.
LIGHT (Town Wear, Golf, etc.) 3/9 ,,
LADIES (General Wear) - - 3/0 ,,
With slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send pencilled outline of sole and heel, with P.O. for Sample Set, to the makers. Sent Post Free.

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, Ltd, (Dept. F.3)
142-6 Old Street, LONDON, E.C.1.





ELVERY'S
Stormproof Trencher

Elvery's New Stormproof Trencher is actual Rubber Waterproofed and guaranteed reliable. Worn in conjunction with detachable fleece lining forms a perfect Trencher and will not "hold" wet. Price 3½ gns.

Elvery's are replete with all Waterproof Kit.

Waterproof Knee Leggings, 10/6 & 12/6
Rubber Gunboots, - 25/-
Portable Baths in Cases from 21/-
Waterproof Gloves, - 7/6
Air Pillows, Basins, &c.

Waterproof Specialists Est. 1850.
Elvery's Limited
31 CONDUIT ST.
LONDON, W.1.
One door from New Bond Street,
And at Elephant House, Dublin, and Cork.

By Appointment
to
His Majesty
The King.

"Aquascutum"

Waterproof
Coat Specialists
for over
50 years.

TRENCH COAT

The Most Reliable Military Waterproof Produced

Self-Praise is no Recommendation.

READ what an Officer says about Aquascutum.

"March 30, 1917.

"My old Aquascutum I have had out here since the end of July, 1916, and it has given every satisfaction.

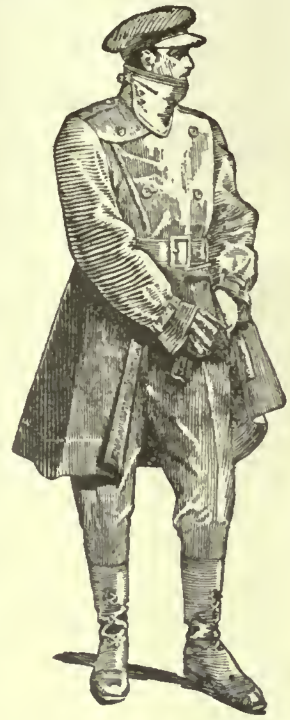
"It has given perfect protection against rain, snow, sleet, icy cutting wind and liquid mud right through this Winter Campaign, which is acknowledged by all to have been the worst of the three as regards weather conditions."

The original may be seen by anyone interested.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

Sold in all principal towns by our recognised Agents.

TRENCH COAT Only Height and Chest Measurement required.



Regd.

VALISE.

Dispenses with Wolseley and Blankets.

Waterproof Bed & Valise in One.

VERMIN PROOF. *WEIGHT ABOUT* 10 *lbs.*

CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT, AND TO STAND HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD.

Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on - 5½ Gns.

Extract from Officer's Letter B.E.F.—

"I am convinced no sane man seeing your Valise and another make side by side would fail to take the former. We've been moving about a considerable amount during the past few months, packing up at a moment's notice and pushing off and having to 'travel light,' and I've seen what a business other men's batmen have packing stuff into Valises other than Aquascutums, and how when it's needed for use everything has to be tipped out and a bed made, whereas I simply say to my man 'roll up,' and the whole business is finished in a few minutes—and at the other end of the journey it's simply a matter of unrolling, 'et voilà'!"

The original of above may be seen by anyone interested.

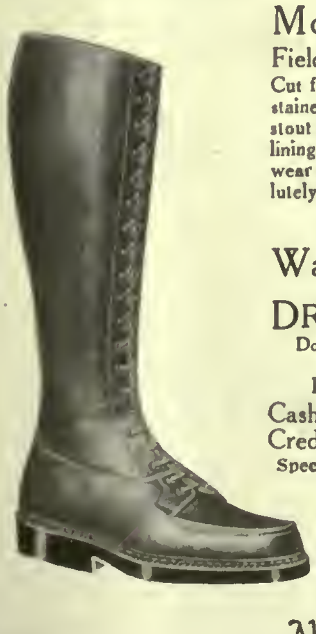
"Aquascutum" Ltd.

100 REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

McAfee's

38, DOVER ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

Makers of the best quality Footwear only. Original Designers of models combining neatness with comfort.



Model No. 55.

Field or Trench Boot.

Cut from the best French brown stained calf, good plump skins, stout in substance, requiring no lining, will stand the hardest wear and keep out the wet absolutely, being made with

McAfee's
Waterproof Welts
and
DRI-PED SOLES

Double wearing, Waterproof, Light and Flexible.

FROM STOCK:

Cash Price: £7 7s. 0d.
Credit „ £8 8s. 0d.

Special Orders to Measure 10/- extra.

Sketches and self-measurement form on application.

Alan McAfee Ltd.

(A. B. McAFEE, Sole Director)

Compact Light Tents.

"BIVOUAC" TENT.

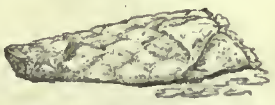
(Regd. Design.)

Made in three sizes. Weight of smallest only 22 ounces. Above illustration will give some idea of what it will stand in the way of hard weather and rough usage. White, green or brown roofs.

"MOTOR" TENT.

(Regd. Design.)

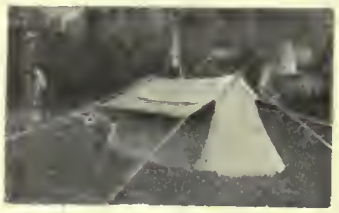
Weight complete with poles, pegs and lines, only 7 lbs. As supplied to officers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards for Active Service at the Front. Roof in green or brown.



Our "COMFY" SLEEPING BAG.

(Regd. Design.)

The Warmest and latest Sleeping Bag, designed to pack up very small. Weight from 1½ lbs. Stuffed real eiderdown.



"IMPROVED GIPSY" TENT.

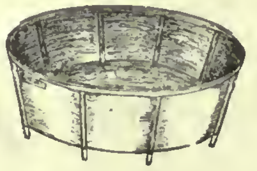
(Regd. Design.)

Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent-base. Roof in white, green or brown colours. Weight only 40 ounces.

We specialise in supplying light-weight tents for service in the field, as already supplied to thousands of Officers of the British Expeditionary Forces

"LITEWATE" FOLDING BATH

(LIGHTEST ON THE MARKET.)



OPEN

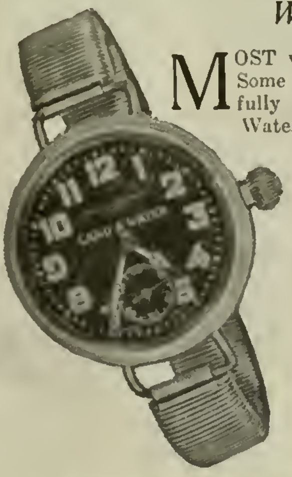
FOLDED

Measurements—Open: Diameter 28 ins., depth, 12in. Closed: Diameter 10 ins., length 13 ins. Width of parcel 4½ ins. Weight (complete with 8 wooden supports) Only 15½ Ounces.

LIGHTWEIGHT TENT Co. (Dept. L), 61 High Holborn, London, W.C.

The "Land & Water" Wrist Watch

With unbreakable glass and luminous dial



MOST wrist watches are "gay deceivers." Some are always in a hurry. Some are lazy; and some are steady and sure, telling the time truthfully year in and year out. Of the last kind is the "Land & Water."

The "Land & Water" is one of the greatest achievements of the watchmaker's skill. It is the finest quality timekeeper obtainable and has been proved by practical tests in the trenches equal in accuracy to a 40-guinea chonometer. For Naval and Military men it is the ideal watch. It is built to stand the jars and jolts inseparable from the conditions of modern warfare. The screwing-in of the movement into the specially built silver case, which is different to the ordinary way, renders the watch far more dust, damp and waterproof than any other pattern. The movement is fully jewelled and fitted with micrometer regulator for extra fine adjustment. Each watch is adjusted and compensated for all positions and temperatures and is backed by a two years' guarantee from the makers—a firm with a century's good name at stake.

Read this from the Trenches

Messrs. Birch and Gaydon:—Dear Sirs,—I thought you might like to have some details about the wrist watch I purchased from you eighteen months ago. I have just arrived back in London on leave after fifteen months in the trenches. The hands of the watch have never been set since I left England, and on checking the variation, I find that the watch has gained **less** than two minutes in the fifteen months. During this time the watch has always been on my wrist, and has been through many attacks in the Somme Battle, including the taking of ————, etc., and on countless occasions has been subject to very severe damping.—A. H. H., 10th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.

The "Land and Water" Wrist Watch, with unbreakable glass and luminous dial, post free...	**£4 0 0**
Special non-magnetic Model, white dial ...	**£4 10 0**
9-ct. Gold Model, white dial only	**£8 0 0**

Stevel Wristlet Extra.

Stevel Wristlet (as illustrated), self-adjustable. Fits all wrists—slender or stout. No straps, buckles, or other inconveniences. Enables the watch to be slipped up the arm at wash-time, or turned face downwards, thus doing away with dial protectors. Strong and durable.

Nickel-plated, post free 2/3. Silver-plated, post free 2/9. Gold-plated, post free 5/3.

Obtainable only from

Birch & Gaydon, Ltd.

Technical and Scientific Instrument Makers to the Admiralty & War Office,

(Dept. 4.) 153 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3, *WEST END BRANCH (Late John Barwise):* 19 Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1.

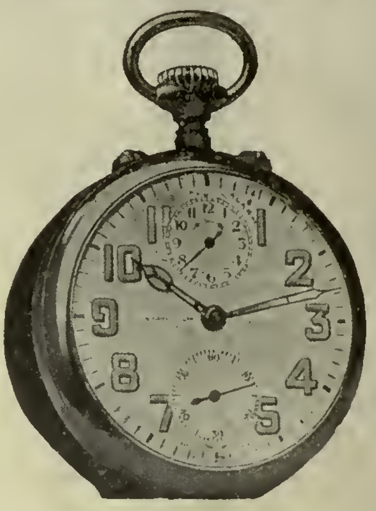
The "Q" Pocket Alarm Watch

With luminous dial

This Watch is a remarkably accurate timekeeper, the movement being of the best quality, fully jewelled, perfectly balanced and compensated for all temperatures. It is particularly recommended for the use of officers in timing attacks, bombardments, etc. Equally suitable for civilians who, if they possess it, need never depend upon memory for punctuality in keeping appointments. The back of the case opens so that at night-time the watch may be stood at bedside ready to awaken you in the morning. The alarm is simple to set, and at the very moment of the appointed time a lengthy repeater-like sound will compel your attention. Should you fail to hear it (which is hardly possible unless surrounded by noise), its vibrations are unmistakably insistent.

Each Watch is fully guaranteed by the makers.

Oxydised £4 4s. Silver £5.



To the attack!

EACH morning finds the Briton preparing for the attack; the daily onslaught upon his enemy—the stubborn beard.

There is only one effective way to a pleasant and easy victory, and that is *lather—and still more lather.* For lather that will not dry on the face; generous, creamy, fragrant lather.

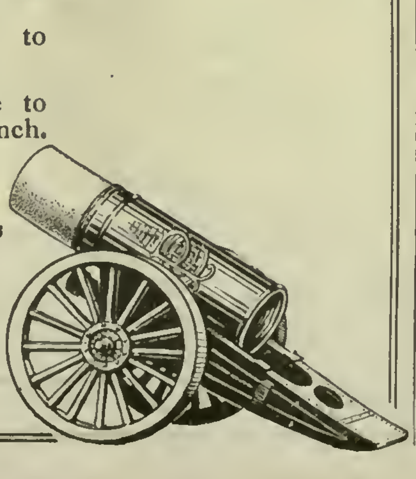
PRICE'S

REGINA

SHAVING STICK

will add a pleasure to your shave.

It lasts long, is usable to the last fraction of an inch.



Of all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

PRICE'S,

BATTERSEA, S.W.11.

This advertisement, which appeared in 1912, is inserted to remind you of a Sunbeam performance that has never been equalled by any car.

"'Twas a famous victory"

GRAND PRIX RACE

JUNE—1912

(THREE LITRE CLASS)

1st SUNBEAM

2nd SUNBEAM

3rd SUNBEAM

DISTANCE ... 956 MILES

AVERAGE SPEED 65 M.P.H.

COUPE DE RÉGULARITÉ

WON BY **SUNBEAM** TEAM

Note THIS WAS A SCRATCH RACE—NOT A HANDICAP.

"Beyond doubt, the greatest feat in the history of motor racing."—*Illustrated London News.*

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd.

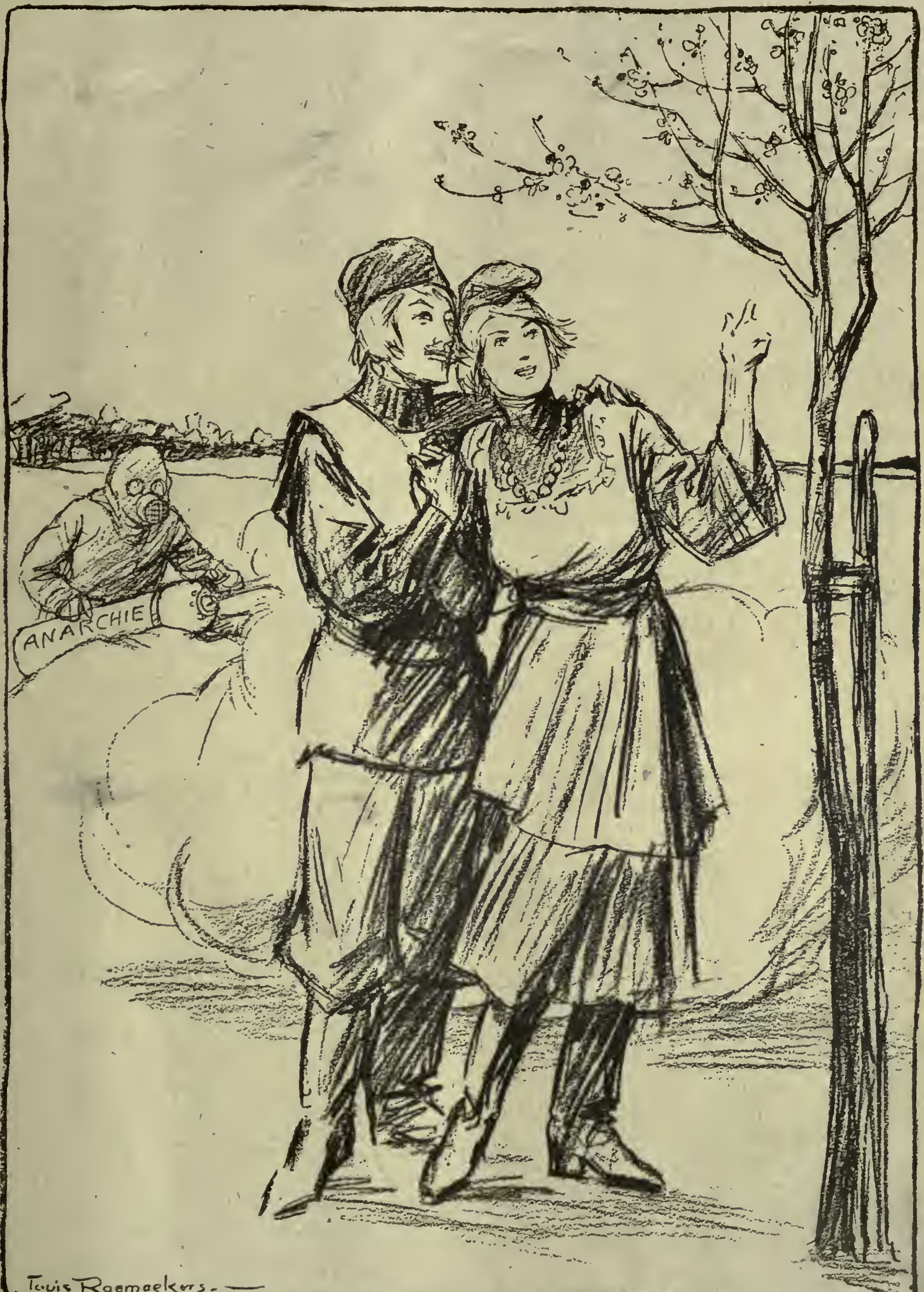
Head Office and Works: WOLVERHAMPTON

Manchester Showrooms: 112 DEANSGATE

London and District Agents for Cars. J. KEELE, Ltd., 72 New Bond Street, W

LAND & WATER

Vol. LXIX No. 2883 [55TH YEAR] THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1917 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE SEVENPENCE


ANARCHIE
Louis Raemaekers

Copyright "Land & Water."

Anarchy

Germany's Poison Gas Attack on New Russia

By Appointment to His Majesty The King.

"Aquascutum"

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

TRENCH COAT

The Most Reliable Military Waterproof Produced

Self-Praise is no Recommendation.

READ what an Officer says about Aquascutum.

"March 30, 1917.

"My old Aquascutum I have had out here since the end of July, 1916, and it has given every satisfaction.

"It has given perfect protection against rain, snow, sleet, icy cutting wind and liquid mud right through this Winter Campaign, which is acknowledged by all to have been the worst of the three as regards weather conditions."

The original may be seen by anyone interested.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

Sold in all principal towns by our recognised Agents.

TRENCH COAT **Only Height and Chest Measurement required.**

Regd.

VALISE.

Dispenses with Wolseley and Blankets.

Waterproof Bed & Valise in One.

VERMIN PROOF. *WEIGHT ABOUT* 10 *lbs.*

CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT, AND TO STAND HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD.

Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on - 5½ Gns.

Extract from Officer's Letter B.E.F.—

"I am convinced no sane man seeing your Valise and another make side by side would fail to take the former. We've been moving about a considerable amount during the past few months, packing up at a moment's notice and pushing off and having to 'travel light,' and I've seen what a business other men's batmen have packing stuff into Valises other than Aquascutums, and how when it's needed for use everything has to be tipped out and a bed made, whereas I simply say to my man 'roll up,' and the whole business is finished in a few minutes—and at the other end of the journey it's simply a matter of unrolling, 'et voilà'!"

The original of above may be seen by anyone interested.

"Aquascutum" *Ltd.* 100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.
To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'

INDOOR WORKERS

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most reliable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man *swallows*, but from what he *digests* that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and always get up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1917

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THE STOCKHOLM CONFERENCE

THERE should not be a Stockholm Conference. The more closely the reasons for it are analysed, the more certain it becomes that the Conference is part and parcel of German propaganda, not to secure a German peace—at least not at this stage—but to weaken the resolution of the Allies in the rightness of their cause and to create the illusion in their minds that after three years of warfare which has drenched Europe in blood they may now safely consider the means of terminating the daily loss of life and the infinite distress. It may be stated without fear of contradiction that there is no thinking person who does not desire the war to end as soon as may be, but the Prime Minister defined correctly this attitude of mind when he stated at the Queen's Hall on Saturday: "War is a ghastly thing; but not as grim as a bad peace." We have therefore the choice of two, and only two alternatives—war or a bad peace? Can there be any hesitation in our decision. Two years ago, or even a year ago, there might have been some wavering, but not to-day. At that time Germany had no wish for peace, she still believed the victory was in her grasp that would make her the ultimate arbiter of the destiny and fate of civilisation. Now that she realises this is impossible, she works for breathing-time, for a few years of repose in which she may again fool Europe while she prepares for Europe's enslavement. Wherefore she raises the cry, "Is it peace?" through all the subterranean channels which she has cunningly prepared by a system of subornation extending over a long period of time; and the only answer that the Allies can make to her messengers is the old one: "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me."

The Stockholm Conference is to come before the Labour Party Conference to-morrow, when the question whether or not British Labour delegates shall attend will be decided by voting. Feelings run strongly, but the mass take the common-sense view that any parleying with the enemy at an International Conference is impossible at this juncture, seeing that this fact will be used by Germany, no matter how strongly the Allies' case may be stated, to the disadvantage of the Allies. Undue emphasis is laid on the sentiment of Russia. We have to face the truth, far from agreeable though it be, that popular sentiment in Russia at the present time is in a state of chaos. The signs of renewed order have not been unfavourable during the last few days, but it would be madness for the other Allies to weaken their position under the mistaken idea that by so doing they will hearten and encourage Russia. These are the troubled waters in which it has always delighted Germany to fish; everyone knows now that the Balkan unrest was deliberately fomented in order to further the world-might policy of the Kaiser and the Pan-Germans, and no one can doubt that internal unrest in Russia is being employed for the same purpose. If only the British Labour Party can be deceived into believing the presence of delegates will render assistance to the cause of order and defence at Petrograd and Moscow, Berlin will be happy, for she herself has no delusions regarding the currents and cross-currents which are flowing so strongly in the dominions of her northern enemy. In this direction she looks for salvation, for the miracle that shall save her from the punishment which the Alliance is now capable of inflicting, if the war continues to be prosecuted with vigour and determination.

The formation of the German Imperial Government, under the new Chancellor Herr Michaelis, should leave no doubt in British minds that Germany is as she always has been, a despotism. The idea of placing power in the hands of the people is as far as ever from the thought of her rulers, one reason being that the people do not in their hearts desire the power. The war was willed by the German people in the firm conviction that it would extend and greatly increase the material wealth and prosperity which three previous wars had bestowed on them. They accepted willingly the discipline imposed by their rulers as the price of prosperity; and in the last three years they have carried out without regret or hesitation the most brutal and barbarian orders on the assumption that they were necessary for victory. Victory delays, but in German minds this does not mean defeat hastens. The German people undoubtedly do long for the war to end, but they have no genuine desire that their form of Government shall change. Recent events in Russia bear testimony to the well-drilled orderly Teuton nature that the rule of the All-Highest is the best for national efficiency and personal comfort under normal circumstances which will return presently. It is an utter fallacy to assume there exists a natural craving in the breasts of German citizens for a form of Government to which we apply the word democracy, often erroneously as Dr. Jacks pointed out last week. We have to prove the higher worth of democratic ideals if the German people are to be converted to our way of thinking, and that proof can only be established by the complete military defeat of German despotism. Until it has been utterly discredited on the battlefield, where the foundations of its power were laid, it is folly to expect the people on whom it has bestowed in the past so many good things, so far as this world goes, to withdraw their trust. To quote Dr. Jacks: "It is too early for democrats to exult over the triumphs of their cause since 1914. The question is, will these triumphs stand? *They will not stand if the Germans win.*"

There can be no gainsaying this truth, and it is for this reason that the Stockholm Conference seems entirely out of place in so far as the Allies are concerned. Their aims have been most clearly defined in the plain and unambiguous words which the President of the United States has both spoken and written. "What would the future of the human race be worth if the deliberate and calculated barbarism of our enemies overran the world?" asked Mr. Page, the United States Ambassador in his eloquent speech at Plymouth on Saturday. In his official position Mr. Page has had before him documentary evidence not available to the world at large, and he declares once again the war was thrust upon us. Last week we referred to the secret Potsdam Conference of July 5th, 1914, and now the *Daily Telegraph* gives us the wording of the lying message which the German Emperor with his own hand wrote to President Wilson on August 10th, 1914, and which was sent to him through Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin. To quote Mr. Page's words again: "This is a time of the heroic cleansing of the earth of that ancient and deadly malady, military despotism"—despotism which turns into mockery truth, justice, honour, freedom, in a word every ideal for which humanity has been prepared to lay down its life in the past. And now Germany's rulers "appeal to the pity of the world they set out to subdue." We have to be on our guard against this last danger, which is as formidable a peril to the future peace of the world as any with which the nations have been menaced by Germany in the past.

The War

Opening of the Flanders Battle

By Hilaire Belloc

IN order to understand events of the past week in front of Ypres, we must clearly seize the change which has come over the nature both of offence and defence since the prolonged actions upon the Somme.

The Allies in the West are greatly the superior of the enemy in numbers and in power of munitionment. Short of some further and still greater change in the affairs of Russia they will remain superior. It is the object of the Allies now, as it has been for more than a year past, not to stand up against pressure expected or unexpected in any sector but, exercising that pressure themselves upon any sector they choose at will, to continue it, either unbrokenly upon that sector or first upon one sector and then upon another, until the enemy's power of resistance shall be broken.

The great Somme offensive had the effect of very seriously weakening the enemy upon the West. He was only just able to recruit in time to prevent a complete break, and even as it was, though he was saved by the weather, he was compelled to his first partial retirement before the next fighting season opened. Roughly speaking, the method of attack during the Somme and the method of defence were these: the offensive carried on an almost continuous bombardment and forced first one line and then another of the defensive in increasingly deepening and broadening crescents. The blows followed each other at considerable intervals, and each was heavily expensive in men.

The defensive held each line successively in great strength and incurred a somewhat larger expense in men in the process.

During the winter interval the relative superiority of the Allies in munitionment and guns increased, and this year a new plan developed upon both sides, a plan the character of which was clear after the close of the first spring offensive in front of Arras and in Champagne.

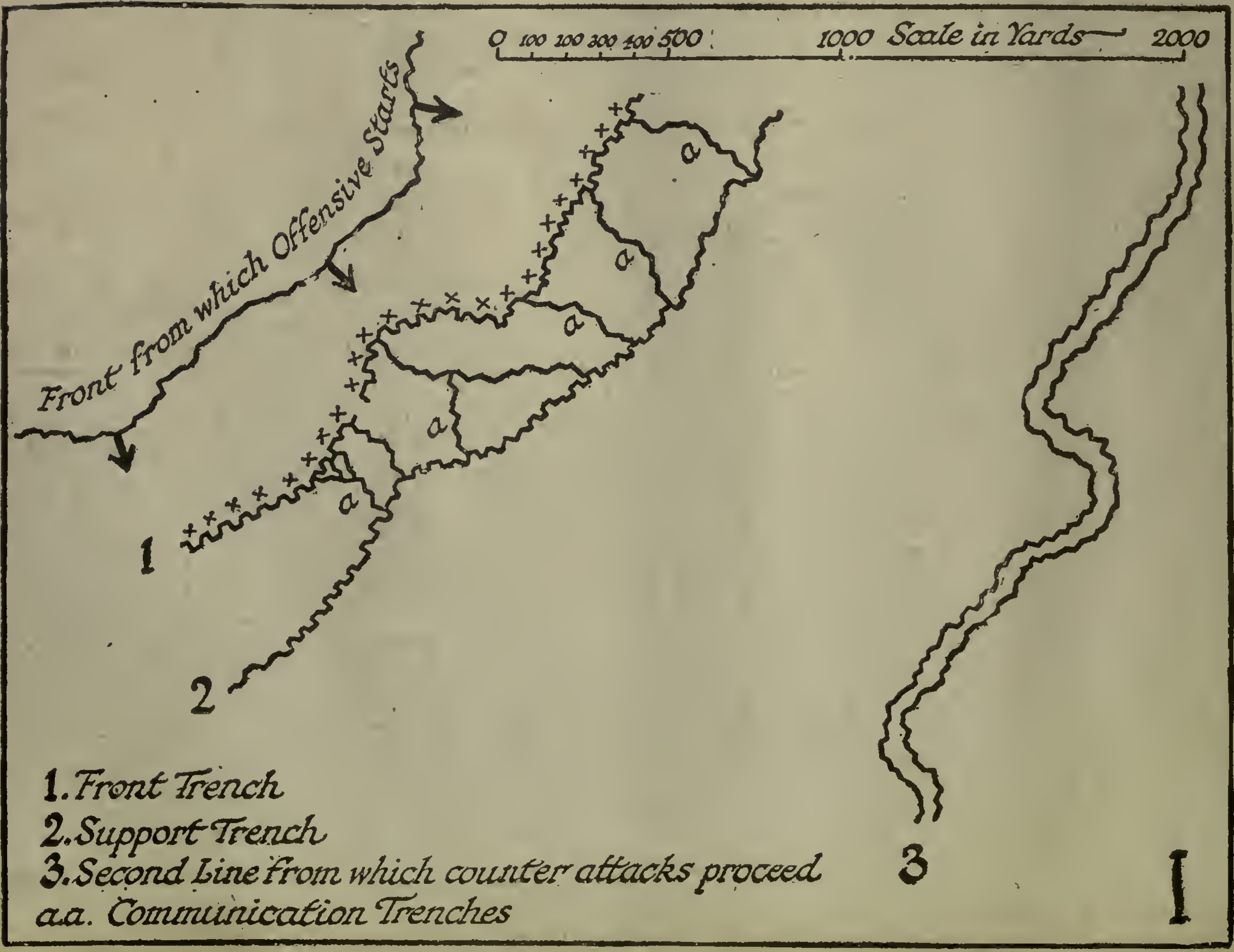
This plan was to fix limited objectives, the occupation of which would involve a comparatively short advance; to break the elaborately organised enemy front *completely* over a given stretch of the line, by prolonged and accurate bombardment; to occupy this limited belt immediately, and then to prepare the next blow upon such defences as the enemy should have organised behind. Such blows, each strictly limited, but following each other fairly rapidly, would by their limitation be far less expensive in men; would compel the enemy to highly expensive counter-attacks, and should, in general, make his inferior forces lose at a much greater rate than the superior forces pressing him. The culmination of such repeated blows would ultimately leave him in a situation where he could not maintain his line.

To meet this plan imposed upon him by the superiority of his opponent the enemy proposed this system of defence: To hold his elaborate front organisation as thinly as possible, to preserve by the saving thus effected considerable reserves upon a second line, say, on the average 2,000 yards behind the first, or more; to admit thus the impossibility of holding his elaborately organised front line under the first attack, but to attempt its recapture by strong and necessarily expensive counter-attacks while the assault was still in confusion after its first success.

All the fighting for the Aisne Ridge has shown these characteristics and they will appear without doubt during this great battle of Flanders which has just begun.

It is clear that the success of the offensive will depend upon the rapidity with which it can organise each successive blow, and upon its ability to compel the enemy to lose men in a far heavier proportion than do his assailants.

It is equally clear that the success of the defensive will depend upon its power of retarding such blows and of inflicting loss upon the assailants during counter-attacks beyond those assailants' calculations. The longer the period between attacks the better the opportunity of the defensive to organise new lines, and if the old first line can be recaptured by the


0 100 200 300 400 500 1000 Scale in Yards 2000
Front from which Offensive Starts
a
a
a
a
a
1
2
3
1. Front Trench
2. Support Trench
3. Second Line from which counter attacks proceed
a.a. Communication Trenches
I

counter-attacks the expense is worth while because it compels the assailant to do his work all over again.

* * * * *

The preparation for the Flanders battle was the flattening out of the salient at Ypres and the capture of the Wytschaete or Messines Ridge. This was the action of the first week of last June. It was the most carefully worked out and the most successful of all the offensives, local or general, undertaken since the Allies acquired superiority in the West.

The main battle was prepared for during the ensuing seven weeks; the last two of them were taken up with a very heavy bombardment upon the sector chosen between the Lys River and the beginning of the marshy country 25 miles to the North at Steenstraate (Stone Street) upon the Yser Canal, just at the point where the marshes begin to broaden out and make any action still further to the north impossible.

This bombardment was of an efficacy and upon a numerical scale hitherto unknown even in the present war. It was aided during the long spell of clear weather by the superiority which the Flying Corps had established in the air, and its severity may be tested by the fact that in a few days before its close no less than six divisions had to be withdrawn and relieved upon the enemy's side.

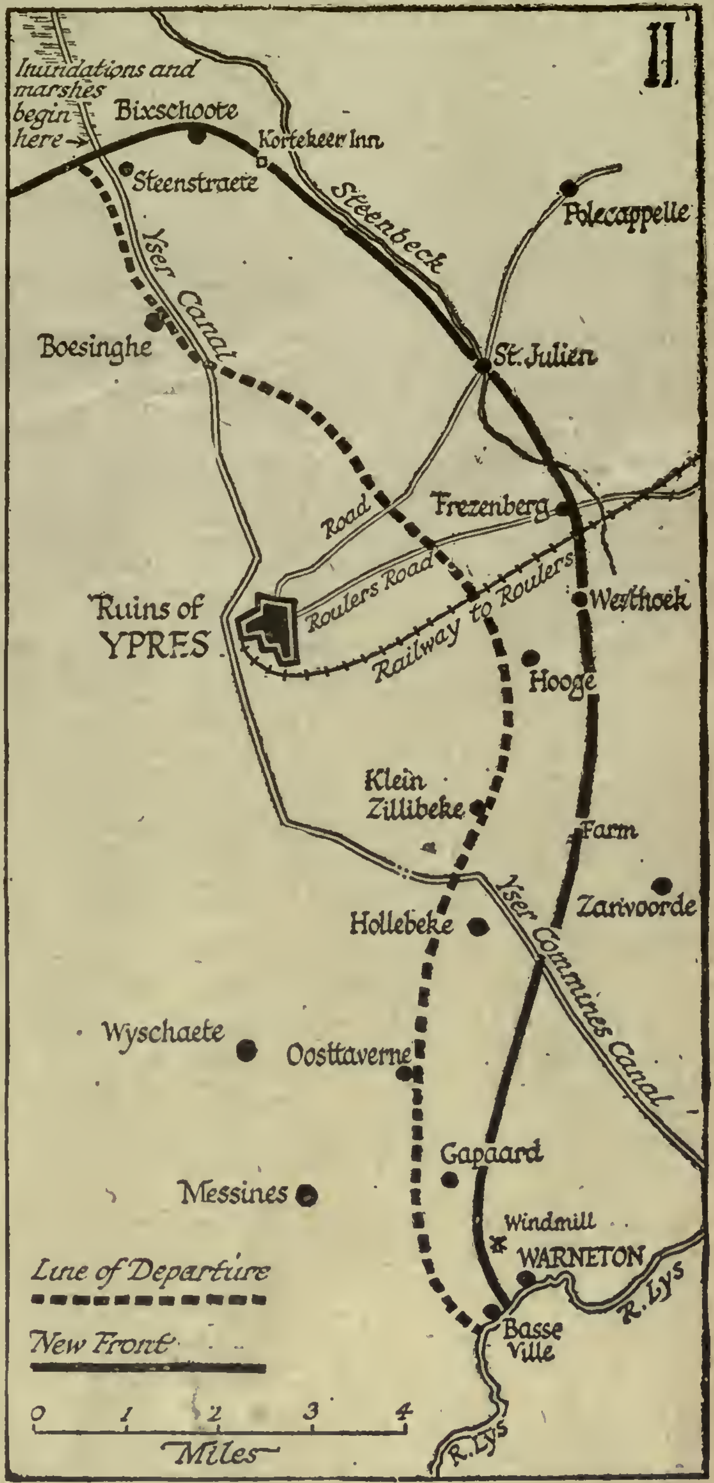
No small part of this bombardment, and not the least efficacious part of it, was in the use of gas shells. It has been discovered, for instance, from prisoners, that while the 52nd Reserve Division was relieving the 6th Bavarian Division in the night before the infantry assault, that is, in the night of Monday, July 30th, the whole relief fell into confusion through the effect of gas, against which it seems, the enemy helmets were not a sufficient security, and one battalion of the Bavarians remained unrelieved throughout. There is evidence of another striking success of the use of gas two days before, upon the 29th, some survivors of which fell into the hands of the British during the battle. Historians will be interested to note that these worst effects of gas, delivered from the Allied side, struck the enemy in exactly that region astride of the Poelcappelle Road where the enemy first used this invention in April, 1915, succeeded in breaking the line by the surprise it caused, and only failed to get through because he had not the initiative to seize the great opportunity offered him.

The bombardment reached its culminating point of intensity after three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 31st. At ten minutes to four it lifted and the infantry was launched along the whole line, their objectives being in the north between the crossings of the brook variously called the Steenbeck and the Hannebeck; in the centre the first German organisation, which is a continuation of this Hannebeck line, and in the south the same first line organisations right down to the Lys. The order of battle would seem to have been, following the very vague indications afforded by the despatches, as follows:

On the first 2,500 yards or so, from just north of what used to be the Steenstraate bridge over the canal to a point just north of the ruins of Boesinghe, were two French divisions under General Anthoine. Immediately on their right would seem to have been the Welsh troops opposite Pilkem, and upon the sector where the Allied line crosses the Yser Canal, and begins the trace of what used to be the Ypres salient. Next, it would seem, Scotch troops; in the centre English troops taking one down the newly-conquered line past Hooge to the neighbourhood of Oostaverne and somewhat to the south of it; thence afterwards the Anzac troops, the Australians to the north and the New Zealanders on the extreme right down to the river Lys. We have been told that in the very centre near Hollebeke, just south of the canal, troops from Middlesex were engaged.

The morning of Tuesday broke dully, threatening rain, and the clouds were lying so low that observation was almost impossible. Indeed, as will be described in a moment, this was the first great battle fought in the West (since the new conditions began), without the power of observation from the air. But the aircraft did other service. Not only preparatory to the action in spotting, but in raiding enemy aerodromes and roads and in flying low and attacking enemy troops even upon the march. Impossible as were the conditions for observation, there seem to have been few occasions during the latter stages of the war in which the new arm did better in its offensive character. It has become a cavalry which has six times the speed of the old cavalry, ten times its endurance, and the added power of jumping anything in front of it.

The morning attack by the infantry all along the line from dawn to about noon on Tuesday the 31st, reached all the objectives marked out for it, and the first despatch sent by Sir Douglas Haig in the early afternoon registered this success.



The French crossed the canal in the night, carried the ruins of Steenstraate behind it, then took Bixschoote, the Kortekeer Inn, close to the Steenbeck, and occupied successfully an advance line about 4,000 yards in length, or a little less. The Welsh carried the ruins of Pilkem and came down towards the brook on the further side, while the English troops in the centre reached to St. Julien (which is another crossing of the brook), Frezenberg, Westhoek, the farm midway from Klein-Zillebeke to Zandvoorde, carried Hollebeke, and reached the canal beyond (this last being the work of the Middlesex troops) while to the south the Australians under the Hill of Messines advanced as far as the windmill nearly half-way between Gapaard and Warneton, and the New Zealanders on the extreme right took the Warneton suburb of La Basseville. The first line enemy organisation had fallen over the whole distance in the first attack.

Among the incidents in this principal part of the action we must note the Welsh troops destroying the 3rd battalion of the Prussian Grenadier Guards during their capture of Pilkem. The division to which these German troops belonged, the 4th Guards Division, was caught actually in process of relieving the 23rd Bavarian Division during the night between Monday and Tuesday, and to this must in part be ascribed their very heavy loss. The French troops to the north of the Welsh pushed on beyond the objectives assigned to them, and during the morning got leave to reach the Steenbeck itself. Their departure was a difficult one. They had the canal to cross and bridge (as had the British troops immediately to their right) and it is a country in which trenches are almost impossible and in which most works show above ground, while the slight rise immediately in front of them beyond the canal is cut with isolated woodlands. A similar advance beyond the objectives assigned took place on the part of the English along the Roulers Road at Fezenberg. At this point certain English troops penetrated to the line where the enemy had withdrawn his field guns, and put nearly a score of these out of action before falling back. To the south of Frezenberg, in the wooded country which begins at Westhoek, the fighting was very stubborn and the resistance of a strength corresponding to the enemy's opportunities for defence in such a region. But the line even here occupied all the enemy's first defensive organisation, and by the early afternoon, the first phase of the operation ended.

At that moment the rain, which had threatened all morning, began to fall. The wind also had risen, and it was in something like a storm that the next phase of the battle opened. This phase took the form of violent counter-attacks launched by the enemy throughout the whole of that afternoon and the succeeding night.

These counter-attacks lasted all through Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and it is by their failure that the character of the battle must be judged. The ceaseless rain, which continued throughout those days, accounts in great part for the impossibility of following up the blow. But even if there had been no rain these great counter-attacks would have taken place, and it is fair to say that the conditions to which the rain reduced the ground was almost as hard upon the enemy and his infantry reaction as it was upon the British and the bringing up of their guns.

Of these great counter-attacks the first was launched against the sector between St. Julien and the Roulers railway. It occupied the late afternoon and was repelled with very heavy losses. But it was resumed with fresh troops at evening and during the night succeeded in compelling the retirement of the British troops holding St. Julien on to the rising ground above, to the west of those ruins. At the same time another very strong counter-attack was launched immediately in the neighbourhood of the railway and to the south of it. This attack got a footing in Westhoek before nightfall, but was forced back again during the darkness.

The rain continued heavily throughout the night and throughout the following day, Wednesday, August 1st. During that Wednesday the positions lost at St. Julien were recovered, as were also those astride of the railway to the south. Whether Westhoek was completely recovered or not it is impossible to discover from the despatches sent. At any rate, the British troops were in the western part of the ruins. Thursday was full of fresh counter-attacks, the strongest of which was the attempt to re-take St. Julien. It failed. By Friday night the whole of the line stood again, as the Field Marshal tells us in his despatch, upon the positions occupied during the first advance. During the whole of that Friday the heavy rain still fell, turning the flat Flanders land into a quagmire and making a pond of every crater hole. The strain imposed by such unexpected weather at such a time, and upon ground so torn, has been described as greater than that suffered at any other period of the war. With Saturday the weather began to clear, and at the moment of writing we have Sunday's account of the bombardment beginning again against the new German line. Eight guns have been taken and over 6,000 prisoners.

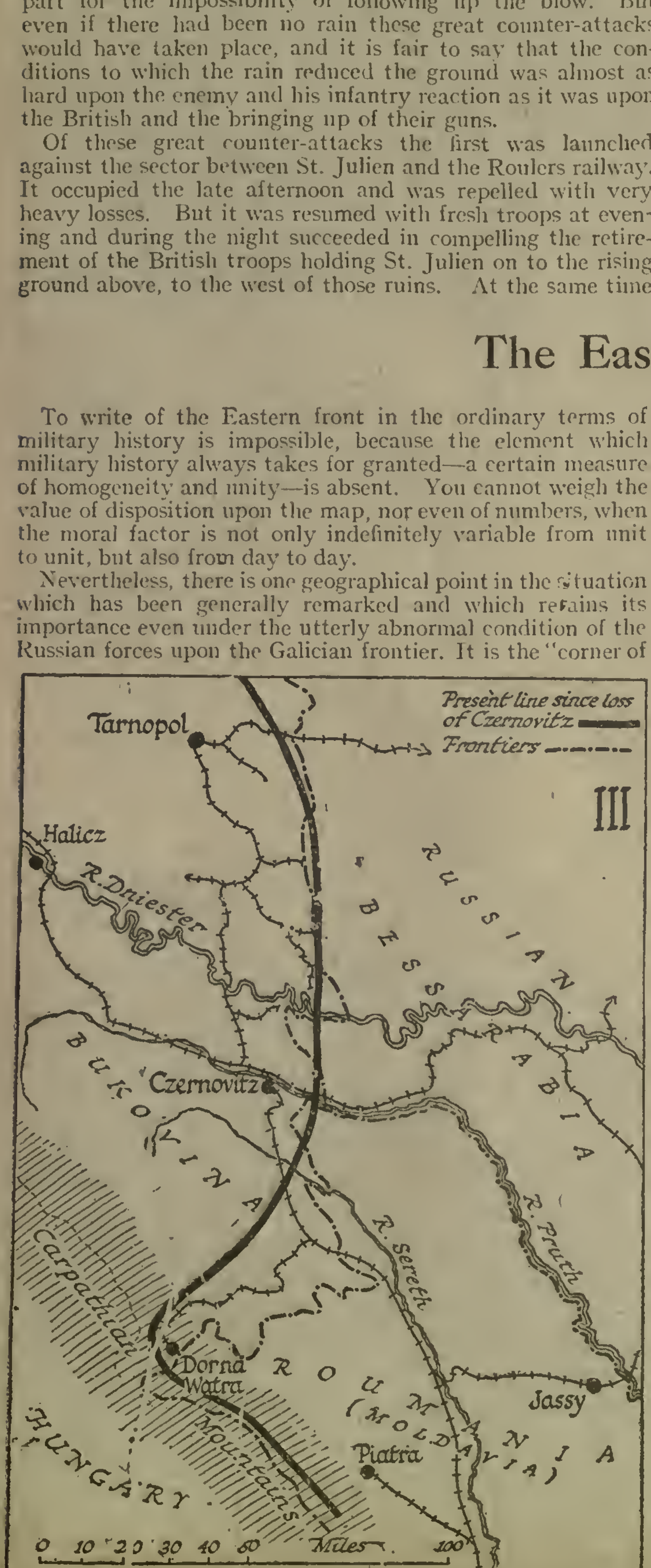
At this point we must leave the account of the Flanders battle. Upon our side it has secured the whole of the enemy's first strongly-organised position, including its support trenches over a front of 25 miles, and it is the obvious preparation for further blows. The enemy by representing the Allies as desirous of reaching much more distant objectives, can present, and has presented, the whole affair as a check.

The immediate future will decide, with proofs much stronger than verbal or written ones, the debate between these two contentions.

The Eastern Front

To write of the Eastern front in the ordinary terms of military history is impossible, because the element which military history always takes for granted—a certain measure of homogeneity and unity—is absent. You cannot weigh the value of disposition upon the map, nor even of numbers, when the moral factor is not only indefinitely variable from unit to unit, but also from day to day.

Nevertheless, there is one geographical point in the situation which has been generally remarked and which retains its importance even under the utterly abnormal condition of the Russian forces upon the Galician frontier. It is the "corner of Dorna Watra," the point in the Carpathians where Roumania and the Bukovina meet. This point is the pillar, as it were, upon which turns the defence of all Moldavia, that is, of all the remaining half of politically independent Roumania, which has hitherto been shielded against invasion.



If the retirement of the Russian line compels the abandonment of this corner (and the last news shows that it is already shaken) the issues from the mountains into the Moldavian Plain are in danger of passing one after the other into the enemy's hands. The political result of such a catastrophe would be the almost complete occupation of Roumania by the enemy; the strategic result would be the loss of an easily defended line, that of the Central Carpathians and the substitution for it of a line difficult of defence, requiring for the holding of it a greater number of men. The *Upper* Sereth is not a formidable obstacle and has never, I think, been used as a defensive line in the very many campaigns seen by this region in the past. The Pruth behind it is a better line by far, but to stand upon the Pruth would mean the abandonment of all Roumania.

The reason that this Dorna Watra corner is so important is the orographical character which it bears. It is a sort of knot in the mountains from which the streams descend in radiating lines—a knot which separates the Carpathians to the north of it from the mountains to the south, and therefore what I have called it, a "pillar." The last good crossing of the hills from the Hungarian Kingdom into the Bukovina goes just north of this knot or pillar, but to the south of it for a long way the defence of the densely wooded mountain range is easy and has, as we know, been successfully maintained by the Russians and Roumanians throughout all the vicissitudes of the past year. Let the Dorna Watra corner be lost and this easily defensible line is turned and probably lost.

We are not acquainted with the principal element of all. That is, the forces of which the enemy disposes in this region, but it is difficult to see how the very advanced point now formed by this corner where Hungary, the Bukovina, and Roumania meet can long remain in the hands of the Russo-Roumanians, with the Russian retreat continuing as it does.

Czernowitz was abandoned last week, and with Czernowitz the defensive in this quarter lost two very important assets. In the first place, it lost a large and important depot of stores and munitionment. In the second place *it lost the main road and railway which form the lateral communication behind the defensive*, The lateral communication was the main road and railway of the Sereth valley. Now though the main railway goes on beyond Czernowitz to Halicz and so to Lemberg, and though good railway communication behind the Russian line was lost quite recently in the retirement, when the Second Army broke and drew back with it in a flood the 7th and 8th, to the south of it, yet so long as Czernowitz held there was still ample road facility for using that town as a terminus, and southward from it working the road and railway of the Sereth valley in support of the defensive line which was holding the Carpathians from 40 to 50 miles westward. With Czernowitz gone this road and railway lead nowhere. They would still be of full service if munitionment and supply came up from the south, but they do not, they come down from the north.

The armies in Roumania are dependent upon the bases in Southern Russia and Kiev, and after the loss of Czernowitz they can only be supplied through Jassy by a very roundabout way.

The only favourable element in the situation is the obvious numerical weakness of the enemy. If he had been at the strength at which he was a year ago, he would, as we saw last week, have certainly destroyed the 7th and 8th Russian armies, for the breakdown of the second army had put him right upon their flank and even behind it, so that it seemed a matter of not more than two or three days before he should appear upon their communications and cut them off. That he was not able to do this was certainly not due to any strength in the Russian second army, which was in rout, and had not yet begun its stand upon the frontier. It was due simply to lack of means in the pursuit. The same weakness may prevent the enemy from taking advantage of the present situation in the corner of Dorna Watra.

Not a bad test of the future situation will be the point of *Piatra*. If the line has to fall back through northern Roumania so as to uncover Piatra, the northern valleys issuing from the Carpathians are in possession of the enemy. If Piatra continues to be held it means that the enemy is not in sufficient strength to reap the fruits of his opponents' breakdown.

The Importance of Calculation—I

Amid a great deal of correspondence which I have received upon the figures of enemy losses and man-power published from time to time in these columns, I find a certain proportion the tone of which is somewhat as follows:

"Of what use in this stage of the war is the publication of such estimates? They are only calculations upon very imperfect evidence, while the war itself and the progress of events do not bear out what the estimates promise."

In other words, a certain proportion of my readers believe this sort of calculation to be at the best of little service to our judgment of the situation, and at the worst fallacious.

I say "a certain proportion" only, for naturally the greater part of those who write to one about these figures are serious students—who know the fundamental importance of numbers in war and who have carefully followed the responsible studies appearing in the Continental Press. These are usually concerned with details—as, for instance, the evidence for and against the presence of class 1919 in the depots as early as the first week of *May* (everyone knew that the first batch would not be actually in the depots earlier than the end of April or later than the beginning of June).

This "certain proportion," however, has its importance, and I would like to address myself to those composing it, both the comparatively few who have written to me personally and the much larger number who have acquired the same impression from the popular Press—I mean the impression that calculations of this sort are either so imperfect as to be negligible, or, even if fairly accurate, are unimportant. I must, of course, as often before, beg the reader's indulgence for a certain amount of repetition which is inevitable, because previous statements will have been missed by some and forgotten by many more.

There are two distinct elements in this feeling of doubt. The first concerns the accuracy of the statements made; the second the value of such statements to our judgment even when they are proved to be fairly accurate.

I will deal with these elements separately. First, then as to the *accuracy* of such statements:

The various sorts of statistics published, whether in these columns or in any other survey of the war, are based upon different kinds of evidence and enjoy different degrees of certitude. They are of two kinds: Statistics of the enemy's *positive* strength—his total army, his fighting force, his man-power at any moment, his recruitment—and the *negative* element, his losses.

In the first of these there are four categories of different degrees of accuracy.

(1) Estimates of the whole "ration strengths" of the enemy at any moment are based upon knowledge that is very full and checked in numerous ways. When we say, for instance, that the German Empire (which provides about half the total belligerent force opposed to us) is maintaining a ration strength of somewhat over 5½ millions, we are saying something which is certainly not wrong by 10 per cent. It is a figure that is taken as a sort of common knowledge by everyone dealing with the subject.

(2) When we say that the strength in *organised fighting units*, that is, the strength of the field army properly so-called (as distinguished from the services auxiliary to the fighting bodies) is 3½ millions, we are again upon quite firm ground. The enemy is possessed of much the same knowledge with regard to ourselves, and we certainly of full knowledge with regard to him in this respect. The average strength of full units is known, and by far the greater part of such units at any moment have been identified, and their positions can easily be dotted down upon a map. All sorts of information from the indication of divisions in contact with our forces by the interrogation of prisoners, the consultation of captured documents and the many other forms of intelligence available, concur to this result. There are moments when the margin of error is greater, as, for instance, when the enemy is moving considerable bodies of men, or when he is in process of making new formations. But his fighting strength is known upon the average within a very small margin of error.

This second category just mentioned is, of course, one of the two bases of all such estimates, for, according to the fighting force employed and the nature of its activity will be the proportion of losses and the size of drafts required to repair them.

(3) The annual power of recruitment, the "crops of men," is known still more accurately as to its maximum. All the belligerent powers are able to make the test for themselves and to reason without danger of error, that any other belligerent power, enemy or Ally, will be able to find *not more than* such and such a number of youths capable of service at such and such an age. At any rate, this calculation is always easy in the case of nations which keep accurate census tables, and which are known to be making the fullest effort possible. In such estimates, then, one always supposes the enemy to be able to get *all* the young men available—all that proportion which will pass the doctor. In point of fact, the real number raised is less, but one remains on the safe side by standing to one's maximum. For instance, one says of the German class 1919, most of which is already called up and the rest of which will be called up in the present summer, that it can yield some 500,000. It may yield considerably less, but it will not yield more, and we set it down at that figure.

(4) The only remaining class of recruitment is the men "combed out" from auxiliary or civilian employment.

This is much the most doubtful figure. The estimates made of it have to allow for a considerable margin of error, and the political and other conditions governing such "combing out" change from month to month with the situation of the enemy. It is difficult to ascertain with accuracy how far the enslavement of occupied territories relieves him, and he is himself, like every other belligerent, compelled to continual changes of estimate in the number of valid men he can afford to take away from civil or auxiliary work. Evidence is frequently forthcoming of men having been taken away from such and such work behind the army, of the numbers so taken having proved excessive and dangerous, and of the consequent necessity of returning some of them back from the army to their former work.

But though the category of "combing out" is the least certain and the one subject to most fluctuations and errors, there are these two things to be said about it at the present moment. First: that it is and has been for now more than a year, a very small category of the whole, and that therefore the errors in it do not greatly affect the errors of our total estimates; and secondly: that the power of further combing out men has for many months past ceased. Perhaps the moment of greatest error in this respect was in the central period of the war, say from November 15th to August 16th. It was then that the novel and detestable policy of enslavement first began to be generally practised and the Allies naturally underestimated at first the length to which the enemy would push such an atrocity. The first serious "combing out" for the German forces took place, it will be remembered, in the month of October, 1915. The process continued with various experiments and shiftings from the army and back to the army until the end of last year. The present year was not far advanced when a point had been reached after which no further recruitment from this source was possible.

It must be remembered, of course, that any considerable political change at once affects this category. The occupation or abandonment of any considerable piece of territory, help direct or indirect from a neutral, etc., changes the balance, but as things now are and have been for many months, accession of strength from this quarter is closed.

So much for the statement of enemy strength. We always specialise upon that of the German Empire, first because its proportion to the total belligerent force against us is known (it is one-half) and therefore it is an exact criterion ; secondly because our information upon it is so much more extensive and accurate than our information upon any other section of the forces opposed to us.

The other limb is the rate of loss, and the bridge uniting the two is the estimate of men in depot at any moment, and coming in as hospital returns for recruitment month by month as the war proceeds.

The estimate of enemy losses in any one action or over any recent and *short* period of time, is largely a matter of guess-work, and the tendency is nearly always to exaggerate.

The only positive evidence available at first is that afforded by prisoners and perhaps a few documents—captured on the field. Then, shortly afterwards, comes the tabulation of divisions withdrawn, coupled with our knowledge of the average loss which a division is expected to stand before it is withdrawn. Later comes our knowledge through other forms of intelligence ; lists printed within the enemy countries, newspaper reports, corroborative evidence of other kinds (much of which is necessarily secret) and at last, after a considerable period of time, the process of calculation gets narrowed to within comparatively small margins of error.

For instance, we know now to within a very small margin of error what the enemy lost in his five months of effort against the Verdun sector. It was, with less than 10 per cent. of error either way (and probably within 5 per cent) a loss of somewhat over 100,000 a month, the total losses being in the neighbourhood of 520,000 or rather more. To put it another way : it would surprise all those very many men whose business it has been to collect and co-ordinate evidence upon the matter, if some years after the war (supposing full information to be then available) it was found that the total losses were as much as 550,000 (excluding, of course, sickness and accident), and if the numbers were given as low as 500,000 we could prove positively that there was concealment. In the same way, after a sufficient time for the gathering of much evidence, it is estimated that his losses during the five months of the Somme were in the neighbourhood of 700,000, though this figure, being more recent, is perhaps subject to a slightly larger margin of error.

When we come to general losses over a very great period of time we can get still more accurate results. We are more certain, for instance, of such an estimate as appeared in these columns in the early part of 1916, giving the German losses up to the end of December before, than we are of the losses in any particular action or set of actions.

This category, then, of general losses, is a dependable one within a great degree of accuracy, though that degree lowers in proportion as the events with which we are dealing are recent.

The second element in this limb is the rate of hospital returns. Of general losses, a very great number return to *some* kind of service, and after the experience of so many months of war this proportion is known. It is a little over 60 per cent. Of 100 men who appear in a total list of casualties and sick, some 40 or perhaps a little less, but not much less, are out of the war for good.

That phrase " any capacity " is, of course, liable to misconstruction. There is nothing to prevent your keeping a hopelessly mutilated man, or a man whose health is permanently injured, in uniform and upon the ration strength, and you can, if you choose, give him some sort of work to do which is of little service to the army, but which gives you some excuse for not destroying him. Political considerations here come in and vary the proportion so retained.

But though this introduces an element of error in the paper strength of your opponent, the error is of no practical consequence. Whether, for instance, a man unable to take any active exercise, but helping to keep accounts in a hospital, is on the ration strength or is employed as a civilian, is, for the purposes of military calculation, quite unimportant. The real interest lies in an estimate of *the proportion that can be used again in active service* and here the calculation is subject to considerable difficulties. But we have certain rules.

In the first place, it is clear that the real interest again lies in the numbers who can return to *the same active service as that which they were discharging before*, not to auxiliary service of any kind, nor even to services less exacting than those they first performed, but to the very same service. For instance, a man may have been once in the units which in rotation hold the front trenches. He suffered severe illness or mutilation which forbid him to be so used again, but he may none the less be used for services which are of an active military sort. He may be attached to transport or even to certain services in connection with the heavy artillery behind the lines, such makeshifts do not fill the gaps. The fighting line depends on the recruitment of its infantry actively engaged.

Another rule which we must bear in mind in connection with this difficulty is that the proportion of men returnable has, paradoxically enough, increased with the duration of the war. When the strain was less severe a man suffering from such and such a disability would be discharged or put on to easy auxiliary work ; to-day he will be forced into harder work and even perhaps into the original active service from which he was evacuated as sick or wounded.

Roughly speaking, one may say that, of a total casualty list, while some 60 odd per cent. return to some sort of service, little more than 40 per cent. returned in the earlier part of the war to exactly the same service as they fulfilled before, and even to-day not more than 50 per cent.

For instance, when we said in these columns last January that the Germans " had in sight " for the fighting season of 1917, up to some date in August, about a million, of whom half a million were already in the depots, it was allowing for hospital returns which may have been wrong by say, 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. But as these hospital returns will form less than half the whole, the total margin of error was only one of 3 per cent., or 4 per cent., the rest being the last of the combings out who had been put into depots and the class 1918, the numbers of which were accurately known.

It will be seen from the above that this kind of calculation, even where it is applied to losses which are less certain than establishment and total man-power, is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes of judgment. It is not as absolute as an honest balance-sheet in business or a census return, wherein there is virtually no margin of error at all, but it is far more accurate than, let us say, the estimate of the rate at which a piece of railway transport can be conducted, or the probable mortality rate of a great city in some forthcoming period. To give a parallel instance which will be familiar to everyone : It is not as accurate as the Government forecast of a harvest made a week or two before the grain is gathered, but it is much more accurate than such a forecast made at the end of June.

Proofs of Accuracy.

Finally, we must note that the accuracy of such estimates is constantly checked and corroborated by the event.

For instance, evidence of a hundred different kinds co-ordinated results in this estimate of German losses alone to the end of 1915, after the first 17 months of war. Losses in death, counting all those who have died that were ever on the ration strength, about one million ; definitive losses, that is, losses in dead and prisoners and hopelessly sick and mutilated, just over two millions ; losses including those who cannot go back to the same active service as before, a good deal—say, a quarter—over three million. It will be remembered that this was very fully gone into in the articles appearing in Land & Water in March 1916.

Turn to the estimates of the second 17 months, that is, up to the beginning of June of this year, and you find all these figures increased by somewhat over 75 per cent., but not 80 per cent. You are less certain of the last 17 months than of the first, because the time is more recent, but within that margin of error you are corroborated by the nature of the fighting. German wastage has not gone on at the same rate because of the long months during which no pressure was exercised upon the enemy between the Baltic and the Black Sea, where the Germans had one-third of their army.

The estimates are again checked and corroborated by the rate at which the new classes are called up. Each such summons has come accurately within two or at most three weeks to the time-table suggested by the estimates.

Thus, if the losses had been what they were presumed to be, class 1918 in Germany ought to have been called up at the end of last year, and class 1919 not earlier than the end of April and not later than the beginning of June of this year. The known events in both cases corroborated the estimates previously made.

We may take it, then, that these general estimates appearing from time to time of enemy (and particularly of German), strength—which strength is a function of (a) total man-power, (b) losses, and (c) recruitment—are accurate for all practical purposes. The margin of error is not what you would get in most business estimates, and the totals are working hypotheses so near to truth that they correspond to the results that should flow from them.

But even if they have this accuracy, are they worth making ? Are they of value to our judgment of the war and therefore to the maintenance of civilian tenacity and sound sense during the strain which the nation is undergoing ? That is the second part of the proposition with which I shall deal next week.

H. Belloc

Naval Review of the Year

By Arthur Pollen

THE third year of the war opened with the public complacently content that all was well at sea; and there was nothing at that moment to suggest that it would not so remain. We were still in high spirits as to Jutland; we were still buoyed up by the belief that just as we had beaten the submarine in the autumn of 1915 and in the spring of last year, so could we defeat it again if the enemy chose to repeat an experiment that had failed so often before. We had, in short, established our sea command so far as surface ships win it. We had no reason for supposing that the U-boat could take that command from us. Our complacency and our confidence were destined to be somewhat rudely shaken.

First, in August, September and October came the first questionings as to the policy our Higher Command was shown by Jutland to have evolved and imposed upon the fleets at sea. Until a year ago those whose business it was to interpret the naval war to their lay countrymen had accepted the official verdict on the events of May 31st as final. The dispatches had thrown no new light on the disposition, the deployment or the evolutions of the Grand Fleet in the critical hours between 6 and 8.30 p.m. The Admiralty, to whom alone all the facts were known, had expressed an unqualified approval of the whole proceedings, and the public accepted the view, first, that all it was possible to do in the search for decisive victory had been done, and secondly, that it was the thick weather, and the thick weather only that had saved the enemy from annihilation. Besides, on two important aspects of the thing the more we learnt of the battle the more satisfactory did our results appear to be. Our losses, though heavy, and possibly heavier than the enemy's, were not to be explained by any superior gunnery skill on his part. The three battle cruisers were known to have fallen each to single lucky hits. Not one of them had been overwhelmed by gun fire, or shot to pieces. It was not the lightness of their armour that explained their fall, it was just a defect, and an accidental defect, in their construction that explained each catastrophe.

The British gunnery might not have been the best conceivable in method, but it was something that such evidence as was available showed that the enemy's was certainly not better, and probably not so good. In the other matter, no comparison between the two fleets was possible at all. At every stage of the action, whether it was when *Engadine* sent up the sea plane to scout for von Hipper, and the scouting had to be done at short range and at less than 1,000 feet elevation; or when Bingham with *Nomad*, *Nestor* and *Nicator* led the attack on Sheer's line, when the two German fleets joined up; or when the destroyer attack was delivered previous to the appearance of the Grand Fleet, or when Arbuthnot led down on the head of the German line; or when Goodenough, Sinclair and the other squadron and flotilla leaders pushed their reconnaissance and attacks right home to close quarters and in broad daylight, in innumerable instances the British Fleet had shown daring, a fighting spirit and a seaman-like quality of which the enemy gave no examples at all. Finally, it was for a third time proved that in the Admiral of the battle cruiser fleet the British navy possessed a sea leader of the highest quality. And it was quite in the tradition of the British Navy at its best that the Commander-in-Chief, himself shut off from playing the great rôle of victor, should have borne so generous a testimony to the glorious work of his more fortunate subordinates. So that, although we had, of course, been disappointed that Jutland had not resulted in the utter annihilation of the enemy's main forces, it had yet given solid grounds for high satisfaction. If the enemy had any ulterior object in venturing out on the 31st May, this purpose had been thwarted, and thwarted finally. He had been proved incapable of fighting the Grand Fleet to a finish; he had shown no superiority in fighting methods; he exhibited no parallel to the fighting spirit of our men. We had, then, every right to be proud and no reason for being critical.

Elliot and Fry.

The Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, K.C.B.

But during the next three months our contentment underwent a process of gradual disintegration. A former First Lord of the Admiralty let a startled world into the unpleasant secret that Whitehall had gone to war and kept at war in the belief that, as we could enjoy all the fruits of victory without being victorious, and as we could not fight out a battle to the end without risking ships, it was mere common sense to avoid close action and, therefore, in thick weather to abandon the only hope of victory, and for the excellent reason that victory was unnecessary, and the loss of ships might be fatal. It had, of course, often been said that for years past the strategic ideas of our Higher Command had been entirely defensive, where attack should have been our chief preoccupation, and offensive only in the field of war in which our overwhelming interests lay in the evolution of protective measures. We had built, equipped, armed and trained our fleet on the principle that if it were only large enough it would never have to fight. Our only aggressive policy has been in developing the submarine, for which if our hypothesis is right, we would have no targets to attack. Mr. Churchill not only gave substance to all the old doubts; he made it appear that it was on the purely defensive principle that Jutland had been fought. We were at once laid open to the charge that the enemy had challenged us to fight and that we had not dared to accept the challenge. It was made to look as if "Safety First" had been the slogan of Whitehall.

It is not surprising that we found the process of this disillusion dispiriting. What made this process all the harder to bear was that it was during these months that, for the third time, the spectre of the submarine rose in formidable shape before our eyes. At this time a year ago we believed implicitly that the 1915 campaign had ended because we had discovered the formula by which the underwater attack on trade would be brought to defeat. The five weeks campaign of March, April and May, of the spring of last year, did not undeceive us. Ostensibly, the Germans had abandoned their effort because Washington had sent the ultimatum, but most of us, I think, supposed that, in yielding to America, Berlin was assuming a virtue imposed by necessity. Nor was it altogether unreasonable that we should take this view. For a week or two things had looked extraordinarily black.

Ships were being destroyed at the rate of two and one half and three a day. But the intensity of the attack had fallen away before President Wilson intervened, though not, perhaps before his intervention was assured. It was comforting to think—on the facts as we know them—that it was indeed our own counter-measures that had brought the shipping losses to less than one a day before the American ultimatum was delivered. And it was a natural conclusion to form on such knowledge as we possessed.

No Antidote

Of the details of Admiralty methods and as to the scale of Admiralty preparations we were, of course, completely ignorant. But pre-war discussions had made it appear that fast and numerous patrol vessels were a perfect antidote to underwater war. War confirmed this view. Between August, 1914, and December of the same year the enemy's efforts to reduce our fleet's strength by torpedo attrition had been thwarted, and, as we suppose, solely by nets, by mines, underwater bombs, and destroyers—the counter-measures with which we were already familiar. The transport routes had been perfectly protected from the first. It looked then as if the formula that spelled success was known, and that it was a mere question of numbers to apply that formula over as wide an area as possible. And, as there had never been the least doubt that the enemy would attack upon the largest possible scale, it was natural to infer that our counter-preparations would correspond.

Quite early in 1915 the conjecture was published that the enemy might produce one submarine a week in 1915, and three a week in the following year, and as he began the war with nearly thirty ready for sea, and twelve in various stages of completion, and as a fairly close estimate of his losses could be made, it should not have been difficult to foresee his probable strength in underwater craft at any time towards the end of 1916, nor how it would increase. We had, besides, had a fairly full experience of both kinds of submarine war—the ruthless and the more civilised. The enemy had sometimes attacked everything in sight, and then for whole periods had confined himself to attacks when some chance for safety could be given to the crews. Those who knew the truth about the two orders of campaign should have been able to judge the extent to which sheer ruthlessness could add to the enemy's piratical efficiency. In August, 1916, therefore, it was perfectly reasonable to assume that the anti-submarine formula was known, that the scale of the enemy's preparations had been foreseen, that the difference which ruthlessness would make was understood, and that the incomparable shipbuilding and engineering resources of Great Britain had been drawn upon to their limit in preparation for the inevitable day when Germany would make her last effort to ward off a military defeat by an effective sea blockade.

That this effort was inevitable was clear from the first. There was not the least ambiguity about the threat of 1914, and the surrender of 1916 was unequivocally conditional. This was not indeed forgotten in August. But it did not cause anxiety, precisely because we assumed that as the attack was inevitable, an adequate defence would certainly be ready.

A Rude Awakening

September, October and November brought a somewhat rude awakening. As the glory of Jutland faded from our view, a new portent occurred which added doubts as to the future and destroyed the illusion of the past. As December and January went by with no mitigation of the losses, thoughtful observers began to wonder what would happen when, after the peace overtures had failed, Germany must make her final effort. Then, in February, the great effort was made. It is not necessary to recall the monotonous story of the last six months. It is sufficient to contrast the doubts and anxieties of to-day with our complacent optimism of a year ago. Our command of the sea—in the historic sense of command of the surface of the sea—is still as absolute as it was, in that we can forbid the enemy either to trade or invade. Our defence of our own surface ships against underwater attack seems still to be reasonably perfect, so far as the ships of war and the transports on the military lanes are concerned. But the merchant shipping of the world, whether British, Allied or Neutral, is being destroyed at an alarming rate.

Three years ago the enemy relied upon the attention which mines, torpedoes and Zeppelin bombs would inflict upon our ships of war, in his hope of reducing the balance of sea power. This hope he was compelled to abandon. He is trying the slower method of sapping our fighting strength. Could he have qualified fleet power and won a sea action, victory on the whole field of war would have been his—and instantly. He is trying to get the same result, and by the same means—directed at a different target. He must deny us the sea he cannot use himself, or perish. His effort could not be made except at a cost of atrocious cruelty and outrage—and it has put him at odds with all the world.

The question is, can he bring our shipping to the danger point before he is himself exhausted, and therefore militarily defeated on land? Only those can answer who know his power of further resistance, and our power of doing without shipping.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Forestry Development

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

Sir,—There is a great danger of some rash gigantic afforestation scheme being hurriedly embarked upon which will ultimately involve the country in colossal losses. It is generally hinted that a movement is on foot to introduce, perhaps in a modified form, some such scheme as that recommended a few years ago by the Coast Erosion Commissioners, and it seems necessary that the public should realise beforehand what such a scheme would have involved.

It was a scheme for planting nine million acres of more or less waste land; and it was admittedly based on German statistics. The State Forests of Saxony which gave the *very best results* of any coniferous forests in Germany were instanced as showing what results could be expected. Unfortunately, however, it appears that the figures were misapplied, for if pre-war British prices of timber are applied to the volume data of the Saxon forests there is incontestable evidence to prove that if the nine million acres of land had been afforested, and if the undertaking had been financed at 3½ per cent. interest, the country would have been involved in an ultimate *net loss* of about *twelve hundred million pounds* by the time the area was in proper working rotation. The writer appeals to all those who are now advocating vast afforestation schemes to weigh carefully these facts.

So also, the Commissioners estimated that the land they proposed to plant was then yielding 15 lbs. of mutton per acre, and though they omitted to reckon the sheep's wool, yet if this be added, the land was, at pre-war prices, producing a revenue of about 13s. per acre. Is it wise to sacrifice a real yearly profit for that which must result in a direct loss, and which requires a large capital to be locked up in enterprise for seventy to eighty years?

The poor lands of this country can be made to produce a great deal more food if capital, labour, and brains are expended thereon, and the resulting profits will accrue quickly as compared with afforestation. However, all who are not prejudiced will agree that some afforestation is necessary as an insurance against submarine menace in the future. But the facts must be faced. The loss involved, that is the cost of the insurance, must be openly stated. In the past there has unfortunately been a concerted attempt to hide from the country any real evidence about the finances of forestry, and schemes have been suggested based upon such hypertrophied data that the promoters have defeated their own object.

In the writer's opinion afforestation for the next five years must be confined to re-planting or re-sowing the areas recently denuded of timber, and which are therefore unsuited to farming. The existing forest area should be sufficient to provide an insurance or reserve stock of timber when once it is properly grown, *if only* future fellings are controlled with this end in view. But even if it were not thus sufficient it could be supplemented by storing imported timber equal in amount to one or two years' supply. This would be far more economical than trying to produce the greater part of it at home by planting nine million acres and sacrificing a yearly revenue from meat and wool of nearly six million pounds sterling.

If Great Britain were again involved in war in 30 years time, what would be thought of the economists who had sacrificed the food and wool from nine million acres and in return could only point to woods, the oldest of which would only provide pit props; whereas the majority would have no economic value for another 20 or 30 years?

The writer has no wish to prejudice any sound scheme, but his recent investigations when valuing for sale some 400,000 cubic feet of timber, including some of the best grown Scots Pine in England, have convinced him that the greatest caution is necessary. Unfortunately we cannot produce all our food and timber at home, thus the nation must choose between farming and forestry—the plough or the planter's spade.

July, 1917. P. TRENTHAM MAW.

Heron Court Estate Office.

Letters from a Legation

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

These letters from a Legation which were begun in LAND & WATER *last week were written home by Mr. Hugh Gibson, First Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels at the beginning of the war. They are now published with the consent of the State Department of the United States. In the opening letters Mr. Gibson describes the events that followed on the declaration of war, his interviews with the German Minister in Brussels, and the State visit of the King of the Belgians to the Chamber of Deputies. At the request of the German Minister, the United States Legation took temporary charge of German subjects in Belgium, and it fell to Mr. Gibson's duty to arrange for the deportation of a number of them from Brussels by way of Holland. He had gathered together these German refugees at a building near the railway station. He continues :*

BRUSSELS, August 6th—After starting the crowd into the station and seeing that there was going to be no trouble, I set off with an officer of the Garde Civique to see about other parties coming from some of the convents. They had not waited for us, but were already moving, so that when we got back to the station they tacked on to the end of the first party, and kept the stream flowing.

As fast as the trains were filled the signal was given, and they pulled out silently. I stood behind some of the Garde Civique and watched the crowd pour in. The Gardes did not know who I was, aside from the fact that my presence seemed to be countenanced by their officers, and so I overheard what they had to say. They were a decent lot, and kept saying : *Mais c'est malheureux tout de meme! Regardez donc ces pauvres gens. Ce n'est pas de leur faute*, and a lot more of that sort of thing.

It takes a pretty fine spirit to be able to treat the enemy that way. A lot of people in the passing crowd spotted me, and stopped to say good-bye, or called out as they went by. It was pathetic to see how grateful they were for the least kind word. I never saw such a pathetic crowd in my life, and hope I never may again. They hurried along looking furtively to right and left, with the look of a rat that is in fear of his life. I have seldom pitied people more, for that sort of fear must be the most frightful there is—simple fear of physical violence.

To-day trains have been coming in all day with wounded from Liège and the lot—Belgian and German—are being cared for by the Red Cross. The Palace has been turned into a hospital and the Queen has taken over the supervision of it. Nearly every big hotel in town has turned its dining room into a ward and guests are required to have their meals in their rooms. Some of the big department stores have come up finely in outfitting hospitals and work rooms, clearing out their stocks and letting profits go hang for the time being. The International Harvester Company cleared out its offices here and installed twenty-five beds informing the Red Cross that it would take care of the running expenses as long as the war lasts. The hospital facilities have grown far faster than the wounded have come in, and there is an element of humour in the rush of eager women who go to the station and almost fight for the wounded as they are brought off the trains.

A Truly German Message

Sunday, Aug. 9th.—I got this far when the roof fell in last night.

During the afternoon yesterday I got out to attend to a few odds and ends of errands—and as always happens when I go out things began to happen. I came back to find the Minister and Leval wrestling with a big one.

A curious telegram had come from the Hague quoting the text of a message which the German Government desired us to present to the Belgian Government. Here it is in translation, a truly German message :

> The fortress of Liège has been taken by assault after a brave defence. The German Government must deeply regret that bloody encounters should have resulted from the attitude of the Belgian Government towards Germany. Germany is not coming as an enemy into Belgium, it is only through the force of circumstances that she has had, owing to the military measures of France, to take the grave decision of entering Belgium and occupying Liège as a base for her further military operations. Now that the Belgian army has upheld the honour of its arms by its heroic resistance to a very superior force, the German Government beg the King of the Belgians and the Belgian Government to spare Belgium further horrors of war. The German Government are ready for any compact with Belgium which can be reconciled with their conflicts with France. (See No. 70). Germany once more gives her solemn assurance that it is not her intention to appropriate Belgian territory to herself, and that such an intention is far from her thoughts. Germany is still ready to evacuate Belgium as soon as the state of war will allow her to do so.

Of course we were loath to present anything of the sort, but the thing had to be handled carefully. After some pow-wowing I went over to the Foreign Office with the message and saw Baron van der Elst. I told him seriously that we had received a very remarkable telegram which purported to contain a message from the German Government ; that it bore no marks of authenticity, and that we were not sure as to its source ; but that we felt that we should be lacking in frankness if we did not show him what we had received. He seized the message and read it through, his amazement and anger growing with each line. When he had finished he gasped for a minute or two, and then led me into the next room, to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Davignon, to whom he translated the telegram aloud. When they had finished discussing the message and I had a pretty clear idea as to the Belgian attitude toward the proposal—not that I had had any real doubt—I asked him : "If the American Minister had delivered this message what would have been its reception ?" Without an instant's hesitation M. Davignon replied : "We should have resented his action and should have declined to receive the communication."

That was all I wanted to know and I was ready to go back to the Legation.

I took Baron van der Elst home in the car and had the pleasure of seeing him explain who he was to several Gardes Civiques who held up the car from time to time. He was very good natured about it and only resented the interruptions to what he was trying to say. His son is in the army and he has had no news of him. As he got out of the car he remarked that if it were not so horrible the mere interest of events would be enough to make these days wonderful.

When I got back to the Legation and reported the result of my visit we got to work and framed a telegram to Washington giving the text of the German message, explaining that we had nothing to prove its authenticity and adding that we had reason to believe that the Belgian Government would not accept it. The same message was sent to the Hague. This pleasant exercise with the code kept us going until four in the morning.

Belgium's Indignation

The king to-day received through other channels the message from the German Emperor in regard to peace which we declined to transmit. I have not seen its text, but hear it is practically identical with the message sent us, asking the King to name his conditions for the evacuation of Liège and the abandonment of his allies so that Germany may be entirely free of Belgian opposition in her further operations against France. I have heard among Belgians only the most indignant comments on the proposal and look forward with interest to seeing the answer of the King which should appear to-morrow.

The town is most warlike in appearance. There is hardly a house in the town that does not display a large Belgian flag. It looks as though it were bedecked for a festa. Here and there are French and British flags but practically no others. Every motor in town flies a flag or flags at the bow. We fly our own, but none the less the sentries who are stationed at all the corners dividing the chief quarters of the town and before all the Ministries and other public buildings stop us just the same and demand the papers of the chauffeur and each passenger in the car. We have passports and all sorts of other papers, but that was not enough, and we finally had to be furnished by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs with special laissez-passer. This afternoon I slipped out for a breath of air and was held up and told that even that was no good until I had had it viséd by the military authorities. It is said that these strict measures are the result of the discovery of a tremendous spy system here. According to the stories which are told, but of which we have little confirmation, spies are being picked up all the time in the strangest guises.

Yesterday, according to one of these yarns, four nuns

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arriving at the Gare du Midi were followed for some time and finally arrested. When searched they proved to be young German officers who had adopted that dress in order to conceal carrier pigeons which they were about to deliver in Brussels. Wireless outfits are said to have been discovered in several houses belonging to Germans. I cannot remember all the yarns that are going about but, even if a part of them are true it should make interesting work for those who are looking for spies. The regular arrests of proven spies have been numerous enough to turn every Belgian into an amateur spy-catcher. Yesterday afternoon Burgomaster Max was chased for several blocks because somebody raised a cry of *Espion!* based on nothing more than his blond beard and chubby face. I am just glad not to be fat and blond these days.

The gossip and "inside news" that is imparted to us is screamingly funny—some of it. The other day the news came that the Queen of Holland had had the Prince Consort locked up because he was pro-German. The next day she had him shot.

As things shape up now it looks as though we were the only life-sized country that could keep neutral for long, and as a consequence all the representatives of the countries in conflict are keeping us pretty well posted in the belief that they may have to turn their interests over to us. We shall probably soon have to add Austrian interests to the German burdens we now have. If there is any German advance some of the Allied Ministers will probably turn their legations over to us. The consequence is that we may see more of the inside of things than anybody else. Now, at least, we are everybody's friends. This is undoubtedly the most interesting post in Europe for the time being, and I would not be anywhere else for the wealth of the Indies.

(*To be continued*).

Merchant Seamen

By N. M. F. Corbett.

THE North wind flays them or, in wrath,
Shatters their frail ships with his breath.
Fog-wreaths becloud them and their path
Is fraught with peril, sown with death.
Yet with unconquered hand and eye
They guide our freighted argosies
That England may be fed thereby,
There are no words for such as these.

The slinking death that lurks unseen
Beneath the sea's unruffled face
From mine or coward submarine
That stabs and flees without a trace
Cannot affright them or restrain
Their keels from furrowing England's seas
Wherefore our foemen boast in vain:
There are no words for men as these.

The shrieking winds, the sateless seas,
Bear witness to the deaths they die.
The gulls have seen their agonies
In open boats. The pitiless sky
That mocks their failing sight, is spread
In flaming splendour o'er their graves
And sees the Merchant Flag, blood-red
Stain at the last the encroaching waves.

No ribbons on their breasts they bear;
No gilded scroll records their names;
Who daily out or homeward fare
From Falmouth, Mersey, Clyde or Thames,
And in frail ships to sea go down
With none to mark their perilous ways
Save where, perchance, in some grey town
A lonely woman waits and prays.

Yet in this hour of England's need
They come to serve Her still the same:
The lion-hearted, sea-dog breed
No foe may daunt, no sea may tame.
Unconquerable as they live
Unconquered, drowning in the seas.
What words of homage can we give?
There are no words for such as these.

A Flying Episode

By Morley Sharp

The Reprisal

THE sun rose gradually over the hillside and shone on the hangars of the aerodrome, and the loose canvas flapped lazily in the early morning breeze. Above in the clear air circled two planes, rising ever higher and higher, "getting their altitude" before proceeding eastward to the battle-zone, where the thunder of the guns had, with the advent of day, increased tenfold. Others could be seen far up in the sky, darting to and fro, turning and diving, while the white puffs burst ever and anon close to them, showing the effect of the shrapnel, ten thousand feet aloft.

In his office sat the Squadron-Commander, a Major still several years below thirty. He was a short wiry little man, and his face bore the expression of one who had early learnt to laugh at death. The look in his restless grey eyes belonged to no particular age, and his dark hair was slightly tinged with grey. He was engaged, over an early cup of tea, in looking over the pilots' reports of the previous day while the Recording Officer, seated in a corner, strove to stifle his yawns over a newspaper.

A knock at the door roused the sleepy gentleman, and the Orderly Officer entered and saluted.

"Well?" said the C.O.

"There's a Boche overhead, sir," replied the young officer, "manœuvrin' to bomb us."

"What the ——!" exclaimed the C.O.

"Two of ours are engagin' him, sir," replied the Orderly Officer, "he's that fast new plane of their's that's been over two or three times and ——" but the C.O. had gone through the door of the office, and the Recording Officer was making tracks to follow him with all speed.

Outside, groups of officers and mechanics stood gazing upwards at the three planes, whose continued humming sounded loud above the roar of the guns. The C.O. strode up to a group who were stationed outside the mess. The senior Flight Commander saluted.

"That's that one of their's, sir," said he, "which came over yesterday. I think he reckons he's found us out. He came right over the top of our fellows—must have been fifteen thousand at least. He's coming down now to aim."

All eyes remained riveted on the three planes, which circled and dashed hither and thither, while the tap-tap of their machine-guns sounded faintly to the spectators.

"He was right over us once," said the senior Flight Commander, "and we thought he'd got us. It was just when he first arrived. They seem to be keeping him off now. Hah!"

"Look out!" yelled the C.O., and every officer threw himself flat on the ground, as the large German plane separated itself from the two others and made straight over the aerodrome.

A dull thud close by, and nothing more. A few seconds and everyone was on his feet, some looking round to see where the bomb had fallen, others up at the planes again, as the large Boche made off, hotly pursued. Cries of "a dud," "Didn't explode," "Where is it?" "Good shot," "What was it?"

A figure appeared from between the hangars and came quickly across to where the C.O. was standing. It was the Sergeant-Major and he held an envelope in his hand:

"It was a weighted sand-bag, sir," said he, in answer to the Major's look of enquiry, "fell be'ind the second 'angar, sir, an' burst as soon as it touched the ground. That's what was inside of it, sir."

The C.O. took the envelope. It was addressed, in typewriting, to the Commanding Officer, Royal Flying Corps. He opened it and read the contents. They were as follows:

> *"A squadron of fifteen of our aeroplanes have carried out a successful attack on London. Many bombs were dropped with considerable effect. All our machines returned safely."*

The C.O. slowly tore the message up and scattered the pieces on the ground. Then he looked up again at the two planes in which his officers were chasing the bearer of it, and his teeth clenched and he held his breath.

The three were now some distance away, speeding towards the German lines, the Boche in front with his pursuers close behind. The rattle of their machine-guns was prolonged, though very faint. The spectators strained their eyes. Suddenly a shout came from several. It was the sight of the Boche plane falling slowly but surely while its pursuers remained aloft. Lower and lower it came until the difference in height between it and the two others had become several thousand feet. Then it was that, as those on the ground watched, they saw it burst into flames and fall like a stone.

A grim smile overspread the C.O.'s features as he turned away and went back to his office.

Literature and Art

A Novel at Seventeen

By J. C. Squire

THE difficulties of writing good school stories are matters of commonplace observation. The boy cannot see everything and, as a rule, cannot write: The man forgets much and sentimentalises much. The dilemma will never be completely avoided: But Mr. Alec Waugh's *The Loom of Youth* (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a remarkable attempt. The book, Mr. Seccombe explains in an amusing introduction, was written at the age of seventeen by a boy who left school since the war began, and is now in the army. The school is easily identifiable. Mr. Waugh, it is true, makes a weak attempt to throw the reader off the scent at the start by saying that "Fernhurst" is in Derbyshire: but, if that be so, his hero must have had a remarkable cross-country journey when, on p. 154, he set out to get there from Waterloo Station. At any rate, Mr. Waugh was there; he has described his life there, the place, the masters, the boys, the games, the curriculum and the gossip in immense detail, and with a passion for accuracy. And he saw things and wrote English as probably no other boy of his year in any school could have done. He writes too exuberantly and rapidly to keep his language always at its top level, and his progress, and ours, is rather impeded by a superfluity of dialogue. But at his best he manages his material like an old hand. It is a most astonishing feat.

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Mr. Waugh is in violent reaction against the common conventional pictures of school life. With charming straightforwardness he makes his hero himself discuss the question:

> It was rather unfortunate that, at a time when he was bubbling over with rebellion, Arnold Lunn's book, *The Harrovians*, should have been published. This book, as no other book has done, photographs the life of a Public School boy stripped of all sentiment, crude and raw, and is, of its kind, the finest school story written. It may have many artistic blunders; it may be shapeless and disconnected, but it is true to life in every detail; and Gordon was not likely at this time to be conscious of technical mistakes. Of course, a storm of adverse criticism broke out at once. Old Harrovians wrote to the papers, saying that they had been at Harrow for six years, and that the conversation was, except in a few ignoble exceptions, pure and manly, and that the general atmosphere was one of clean, healthy broadmindedness. Gordon fumed. What fools all these people were!

Here is a critical mind working, impatient of humbug and eager for truth. The attitude is not peculiar to clear-sighted schoolboys: it was precisely that sort of feeling that led to the reaction against the Victorian novel and produced the modern realistic novel which, in spite of "leaving nothing out," is often less like life than Dickens himself, not to mention Jane Austen. Mr. Waugh himself uses the word "photograph"; and the defects of photography are evident. It is in obedience to his theory that Mr. Waugh inserts an amount of promiscuous profanity, perhaps a little in excess of the truth, and innumerable descriptions and conversations which are, in a manner, more accurately recorded than anything that has ever appeared in a school story, but which are not proportioned according to their interest and significance. If one's life for a day or a week were fully recorded by a combined cinematograph and gramophone, one would not find the result had much in common with Hamlet or the Elgin Marbles. Selection and proportion are necessary to produce not merely an effect of beauty, but one of truth. If Mr. Waugh, fifteen years hence, should write another book, in precisely the same spirit of candour and with precisely the same desire to explore, it would lack some merits that this book possesses, but it would also catch aspects of the truth that this book insufficiently emphasises. It is always difficult, when in the middle of things described, to see the wood for the trees, and it is made more difficult if one is determined, on theory, that not a single tree should be overlooked.

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But, of course, he does not produce a photograph: he was not old and hardened enough to do that, even if anyone can—which is doubtful. He is a most exceptional being, an enthusiast and at heart, a fierce romantic. So is his hero, Gordon Caruthers—we may note that the whole-hog realist would have called him Henry Wilkins Simpson. He is followed from the age of thirteen (when, a point that I feel sure no adult novelist has remembered, he is struck, on his first day, by the "unending stream of bowler hats") until he leaves to enter the Army, an athlete, a scholar, and a blood. That he is not a normal boy is natural: it would be difficult to write a novel about him if he were, for he would have next to no thoughts. But he is abnormal even among unusual boys. The author, at seventeen, quotes not merely the classical authors, but the latest and youngest of living writers. So Caruthers and some of his friends have tastes cultivated to a quite exceptional degree. Wilde, Shaw and Chesterton crop up in their daily conversation. "Marlowe had been right," reflects Caruthers at a crisis of thought, and his holidays at Hampstead produce reflections like "Near John Masefield's house was the garden where Keats had written his immortal *Ode to a Nightingale*":

> Tester had been right; he had wasted himself; he had been blinded by the drab atmosphere of Public School life. And as he read on, while the summer sun sank in a red sea behind the gaunt Hampstead firs, read of the proud domineering soul of Manfred, visualised the burst of passion that had prompted the murder in *The Last Confession*, felt the thundering paganism of the *Hymn to Proserpine*, he was overcome with a tremendous hatred for the system that had kept literature from him as a shut book, that had offered him mature philosophy instead of colour and youth, and that tried to prevent him from seeking it for himself. . . . What a system, what an education.

The quotation is rather an extreme one. Mr. Waugh does not really desire boys to spend all their time visualising murders and listening to thundering paganism. His invective is not unmitigated; he has, for instance, a great admiration for his headmaster. And one would be giving a false impression if one did not make it clear that his polemic is only occasional, and that most of his pages are filled with life-like descriptions of daily life. But Mr. Waugh does not leave us in doubt that his principal object is exposure and reform. And one can understand what he feels.

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He is, mentally, in rebellion. He has few positive suggestions to make, perhaps, save that athletics should be less glorified and that English literature should be taught—suggestions with one or both of which many schoolmasters agree. But his real trouble is that he feels cramped; that he is haunted by a sense of the pettiness of his daily occupations, the triviality of his companions' interests, the realisation of the difference between what life is and what it might be. The vehemence of his attack upon the "system" is, I think, possibly accounted for by a failure to realise that the limitations of life at school are, to a large extent, the limitations of life everywhere. Public school curricula and public school masters might both be improved—like almost everything else in our civilisation—but no improvement is going to produce a whole race of boys who read the world's literature at sixteen, write remarkable books at seventeen, and at the same time play games well and escape priggery. And it would be unfair to test any system of education solely by its reactions upon such exceptional beings when they find themselves caught in its toils. Time will probably teach Mr. Waugh this. He will know, later on, better than he does now, what events made the deepest and most permanent impressions on him: some of them may prove to be casual sentences of which he thought he took little notice. His conceptions of the malleability of human beings will be modified; he will still appreciate, but not quite so highly, the value of an early acquaintance with the works of Mr. Compton Mackenzie; he will discover that what was one boy's poison may often have been many boys' meat; and he will, standing more outside, see in his old friends and his old self charms and virtues, and in his old life foundations of moral qualities which he naturally did not perceive when he was a boy himself. His crowd were healthier than he knew, the masters were not quite such asses as they seemed, and even the games, in retrospect, will appear to have both more importance and more beauty than they had to a rebel. But it is at least evident that almost in spite of himself, Mr. Waugh, like his hero, both enjoyed them and excelled in them. And it is equally evident that in spite of all his diatribes, he passionately loved his school. He might reflect that there is much to be said, in spite of a defective "system," for the spirit of an institution which gets such a hold over the affections of even the most detached and enlightened as does the English public school. The French convict in Guiana does not find his heart-strings tugged by memories of dear old Devil's Island.

Books to Read

By Lucian Oldershaw

OF all recent books dealing with contemporary events Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson's *The Rebirth of Russia* (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), is the most worth reading. It deals in a vivid, picturesque and informative manner with the greatest event of recent times. The author is modest about his own work. "This little book," he says, "has no serious historic pretensions. It is frankly journalistic—the record of momentous events chronicled, hot on the heel of happening. It was my good fortune to be among the first to reach Petrograd after the Great Upheaval. I found the capital delirious with freedom—the people still blinking in the light of the sudden deliverance. I saw the fruits and the follies of the new liberty." So with the deft touches of the experienced journalist Mr. Marcosson proceeds to outline the events of those historic days in March and to give, from personal observation, interesting sketches of the leaders of the Russian Revolution.

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It is good reading, this red-hot record of the Russian Revolution. It seizes on the events that seemed vital at a period of intensive activity. It is a book of those first impressions which are likely to be the right impressions. I do not know if the author is accurate in every detail, or if his judgment of individuals is to be relied on. But there is, after all, not much room for error of detail in a book which records a series of big events; the mountainous Rodzianko acting as Mirabeau to the Duma when refusing to assent to its dissolution; the Czar, with a fountain pen borrowed from Gutchkoff, a man of many adventures, but none so epoch-making as this, writing out the manifesto that signed away his power; and "the man Kerensky," who has a chapter to himself, electrifying now the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council, now the Finnish Parliament, and again a fashionable Red Cross working-party, with his sudden appearances and impassioned speeches. Mr. Marcosson pays due tribute to Lvoff, the organiser of the Union of Zemstvos, to the idealistic and self-sacrificing Milyukoff and to the other courageous makers of the Revolution. But even in those first days of the great change he always comes back to Kerensky, and let us hope that his final summing up of the latest lawyer-politician will come true. "The man," he says, "who was the cement of the Revolution will remain the rock of Reconstruction."

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The unconquerable spirit of France exhibits itself, in one case from a general and in the other from an individual point of view in two books I have just been reading. The one is *Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de La France* (Paris, Emile Paul, 3fr.50), in which M. Maurice Barrès shows how Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Socialist and Traditionalist have united to fight for France, and how in fighting for France each is fighting for his faith. M. Maurice Barrès is perhaps the best-known to English readers of all the eloquent exponents of the patriotism of his country, and it is only necessary to say that his latest book is written in his usual strain of fine enthusiasm based, according to the habit of his countrymen, on an appreciation of reality. Such a book will help to crystallise the new unity of France. Would that someone with the same faith and the same vision would do the same for our country before it is too late.

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My other French book is *Under Fire*, by Henri Barbusse (J. M. Dent and Sons, 5s. net), one of the most remarkable of French documents of the war, and well worth translation into English, a difficult task with which Mr. Fitzwater Wray has struggled, on the whole satisfactorily. The book, dedicated "to the memory of the comrades who fell by my side at Crouij and on Hill 119, January, May and September 1915," is a detailed record of the experiences of a French soldier and the men of his squad from the time of mobilisation. It is particularly interesting to the English reader, because it gives fuller information about the French army than is usually to be found in such books. The book is full of incident, humorous and horrible, mostly horrible, for the author is a realist who dwells little on the glories of war. But the most wonderful and illuminating part of the book is the dialogue, the talk chiefly of the soldiers among themselves, describing their contempt for those who manage to evade active service, or, lying wounded in the mud discussing equality and whether the horrors of war will be sufficiently remembered even by themselves to prevent war ever happening again. This is the constantly recurring theme of the book: "There must be no more war after this!" And yet in spite of this preoccupation of the author's with the very present beastliness of fighting, there shines through the book the splendour of the common man when he faces discomfort, wounds and death for the sake of an ideal.

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After reading two such books as the above, I was naturally thinking of all that France meant to Europe and to civilisation generally, when I took up a little book by a Danish Professor, which pays gracefully and sincerely the tribute which our great Ally has earned. *France* by Christophe Myrop (Heinemann, 1s. net), published on behalf of the French Red Cross, is a book that might well be adopted as a text-book in our schools. The titles of a few of its chapters, "Christian Ideals," "Le Panache," "Gloria Victis," "Beauty and Gaiety," and "The Land of Liberty," reveal the scheme of the book, which is of the nature of a series of essays on the leading characteristics of the country honoured. The author writes simply, but with dignity. He chooses his literary illustrations from well-known sources, Le Chanson de Roland, Rostand, Victor Hugo, and he records what every schoolboy should know, but does not know about France. So let every schoolboy read it!

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News from No Man's Land (Kelly, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net) comes to us with an introduction from General Sir William Birdwood, which would of itself entitle it to a hearing. It is the work of the Rev. James Green, the Senior Chaplain with the Australian Imperial Force, and is primarily intended for his own flock. "I can only hope," says the author, "that reading what the Padre has to say may cheer them in some lonely places, or help them to be happy though miserable in some indifferent billets." The stories of the Western Front with which the book opens will doubtless be full of memories for such readers. The essay on "The God of Battles" carries with it the authority of a Chaplain for the kind of religion that appeals to the soldier at the front. What will perhaps chiefly interest the general reader, however, is the author's visit to London in the guise of Macaulay's New Zealander and his being chiefly struck with its crazy collection of chimney pots, from which he manages to extract a moral.

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It may, under very favourable circumstances, be a pleasant thing to see ourselves as others see us. *La Mâchoire Carrée* or *The Square Jaw* is a series of newspaper articles by two French journalists with the British troops in France, and is published both in French and English, (Nelson and Sons, 1s. and 1fr.) M. Henry Ruffin and M. André Tudesq write in a lively and picturesque style about last year's British offensive. I recommend English readers who would avoid a certain feeling of awkwardness in listening to the compliments paid to our country to read the French version in which they seem to come more naturally. Only one thing in the book worries me, and that is the title, which seems to be based on some misapprehension, for, say the authors, in talking of the English soldier's determination to see the war through: '*S'il n'en restait qu'un, il serait celui-là car—c'est lui qui le dit et on doit le croire—il a 'la mâchoire carrée.'*" Do English soldiers ever speak of their "square jaws"?

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"The little progeny claims to be as vigorous and well-shaped as any in the world of latter-day English verse, exceptions being made in the case of certainly one, perhaps a second, and possibly a third writer," So writes Mr. Paul Hookham of his little volume of verse, *Two Kings* (B. H. Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net). The surprising thing, after this bold claim, is to find the poems in question neither very good nor very bad. There are one or two effective lyrics, including a recruiting song that has an unusual lilt about it. The long blank verse poem which gives its title to the book is particularly common-place. It is all of a piece with the following reminder of the Conqueror's speech in Tennyson's *Harold*:

> I am the first of our proud Norman line
> To find this people out. There's that in them,
> Celt, Roman, Saxon, howsoe'er it comes,
> That, conquer as we may is quite unconquerable
> A stolid obstinacy untamable,
> That bends its one clear thought to one clear point.

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The Great Gift, by Sidney Paternoster (John Lane, 6s.), is a readable political novel on the theme of the stalled ox. Hugh Standish attained one of those marvellous successes, first in business and then in politics, which would a few years ago have seemed impossible save in fiction. But he starved the emotional side of his nature, and when love came into his life, it was not reciprocated. It is an obvious theme, but it is worked out with considerable narrative power and a freshness of outlook that is engaging.

British Art and the Village Church

By Charles Marriott

ART is long, and you must begin at the beginning: with life. We are all talking about reconstruction just now, and it is agreed that people must be got back to the land, that village industries must be revived, and that as a complement or a preliminary to these necessary changes village life must be made possible for intelligent people. I am not speaking now of the obvious questions of housing and transport, but of the less obvious though equally important questions of amusement and social intercourse. It is here that differences of opinion are likely to arise, with all sorts of experiments and consequent waste of time and energy. As to the first of the necessary changes there can be no difference of opinion. It is proved by the cold logic of the facts, otherwise the activities of the submarine. If the war has demonstrated anything it has demonstrated beyond any shadow of doubt that in the long run, and finally, the man who really matters is the man with the hoe.

How to secure him in large numbers and how to house and feed him are not matters for private individuals. These things will have to be settled by legislation, and necessity will show the way. But unless all public houses, concert halls and picture palaces are to be run by the State the question of amusement and social intercourse will be left to private enterprise; that is to say, they will become incidental to private profit, and suffer accordingly.

Some sort of communal action is needed and the question arises, upon what basis and under what directions? In any question of the sort it is as well to refer to history. Let us look back to the time when, unless all the books are wrong, village life was possible to intelligent people. What was the basis and what the direction? Again, unless all the books are wrong, the answer is emphatic and simple: the Church. But, indeed, we do not need the books to tell us that; a walking tour in any English county is enough to convince anybody with eyes in his head that the full story of possible village life, with all its pleasant associations of art, music, the drama and dancing, is written in our village churches. Ruskin called the cathedral "a Bible in stone"; meaning that it summed up in simple terms for simple folk the whole history of man's relations with the visible and invisible universe; in respect of the narrower field of village life the humbler edifice might well be called a Whitaker.

In our sentimental regard for the village church we are apt to overlook its enormous practical importance. Not only the one-time centre of social life, but as the origin and school of many of those arts and crafts upon which and not upon "business," as our astonished eyes have lately recognised, the welfare of the nation finally depends. In so far as civilization is not based upon the man with the hoe it is based upon the man with the chisel and hammer; and it was in the village workshop in close connection with the village church that the man with the chisel and hammer learnt his craft. If the church did not actually command his labours it gave him the subjects and motives without which his craft would have been a mere whittling of sticks and beating of iron. And wherever a village craft, equally with such draggle-tailed survivals of organised amusement as "Paste Egging" in Lancashire, and "Guise Dancing" in Cornwall, has kept alive, you will find at the bottom of it a religious connection.

Many years ago I was tramping from village to village in Bedfordshire with the object of getting orders for photographs of churches, of which my employer had the negatives. In one village I came upon a complete survival of the village craftsman. He was an old man, deaf, blue-eyed and pink-cheeked, with a warbling voice and not a hair on his face. His workshop stood in a sea of Shirley poppies and other annuals, and all about it were fragments of old grey stonework from the neighbouring church. He was painting a blackbird in full song upon a spray of hawthorn on a tile for what he called a "jardineer."

"That is the way a blackbird stands when he sings," he said with a chuckle. "It took me a long time to see exactly how the little rogue set his feet and held his head. When I paint a bird you may be sure that every feather is quite right."

My photographs turned him on to colour. With a cunning little leer he pulled out a drawer under his desk.

"Look here," he whispered, "here's colour! When they restored the church yonder they took out the old windows and put in new ones by a London firm. Abraham and Isaac, and Joseph in the Pit; all done in washed-out reds and greens and browns. This is some of the old stuff. I took it. Ah, yes—colour!"

He fingered the glass like a miser; lifting a handful and letting it fall, bit by bit, jingling into the drawer.

"Have you seen the church yet?" he asked me. I said that I had not been inside.

"Well, when you do go in, look at the panels in the chancel roof. I did them, in stencil; they are very beautiful."

He went on to tell me of the many jobs he had done for the church; painting, carving and carpentering. As he said, it was only a "public building" that allowed a man to use the best materials and put in his best work.

Again, I know a little church in Gloucestershire where not only the ironwork but the brass processional cross was made by the village blacksmith; and everybody must know instances where something done for the church was the only opportunity for the local craftsman to make full use of his invention and skill. But, you will say, these are not more than interesting survivals. True, but they are survivals of a state of things that was once common. They are the relics of what it is no extravagance to call the British school of arts and crafts; the community of painters, glaziers, carvers, broiderers, and metal-workers who, not less than the Italian schools of painting, were primarily dependent upon the Church for the development of their skill.

The more one looks into it the more one is inclined to believe that English village life, as distinct from the mere negative of town life, with its complement of arts and crafts and organised amusements, in a word, "England," ended with the Reformation—or at any rate, the seventeenth century. An instinctive recognition of this is amusingly confessed in an unexpected quarter. In country places it is quite common to find good Nonconformists who are proud of the local church; and it is always the Pre-Reformation character of the church, in so far as it has been preserved, that appeals to them. And, if you come to think of it, Nonconformity itself was not a reaction from the Pre-Reformation Church but from something made in Germany. There is more than a secular meaning in the Royal rejection of Teutonic names and titles. But, lest I be thought prejudiced, any living body of religious belief might serve as a working basis for the revival of village life and the amenities that belong to it.

What it amounts to is that if we are to have a real revival of village life we must get back to some definite basis upon which it can be organised. Deliberate "revivals" of this or that particular village art, industry or amusement, such as morris-dancing, will not do; nor will parish reading or recreation rooms or concert halls. No intelligent person is going to put up with "parish entertainments." Admirable in themselves, these institutions and diversions lack the broad and deep foundations of their originals. The men and women of the middle ages were united and organised in their arts and amusements but not by them; the arts and amusements themselves were definitely related to a common something of which the symbol, if not the occasion, was the village church. Well, in our village churches we still have the machinery for the revival. One emphasises the churches, the buildings themselves rather than the clergy, because they are beyond all differences of private opinion, whether religious, professional or æsthetic.

"Rally round the churches," might prove a more effective cry than "Rally round the Church." The concrete is more powerful than the abstract. There is magic in things, material things, particularly material things that have been and are to be used by generations of men and women. Faithfully as the majority of our clergy minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of their parishioners, the character of their services, except in places where full ritual is observed, has not encouraged them to take full advantage of the material resources of their churches, with their extraordinary appeal to the imagination and reconciling power. For, just as the technical element is the real reconciling factor between the creeds of classical and scientific education, so I believe that a common interest in some example of human craftsmanship will often settle differences that verbal discussion would only accentuate. The Anglican and the Nonconformist masons will get hot over doctrine; they can hardly differ about a piece of good stonework. Somehow or other we have to get back England. We might do worse than begin by concentrating on the institution that best preserves the continuity of English life; in which the fact and sentiment of England are combined in concrete form as they are combined in nothing else: the village church.

The Long Green Path

By J. D. Symon

IF the streets of midsummer London try the wayfarer's feet overmuch, let him, if leisure serve, try the Long Green Path.

It is so obvious as to be easily missed. Men and women take it in part every day and are glad thereof, but its full charm is known only to those who realise it as one and indivisible, and who set themselves to pursue it from end to end, missing nothing. For it is possible even in the very heart of London to enjoy a good three miles or so of pleasant country strolling in which one's feet are only for an insignificant minute or two condemned to tread hard gravel and stone, or softer wooden paving-blocks. There is no mystery about it, except the perennial mystery of that walk's perfection, which is revealed to those alone who make it a definite pilgrimage from start to finish, beginning, as the reader will have guessed, at Storey's Gate and ending at the little wicket a few yards beyond the northern entrance of the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens.

In these days of higher railway fares, when the country ramble comes more seldom to careful townsfolk who think strictly in terms of War Economy, here is compensation—*rus in urbe*, a veritable foretaste of that sylvan London raised to the nth power of which William Morris dreamed in *News from Nowhere*.

The present stress has for the moment made the entrance into this earthly Paradise somewhat less attractive than it used to be. We miss the ancient cool shimmer of the lake in St. James's Park as we tread the sward that once with its attendant waters cheated us into fancying it some riverside lawn at Maidenhead or Pangbourne. Where the waves once danced stands a comely enough temporary Ministry, quite inoffensive as times go, with a fine old family servant, choice product, one fancies, and offshoot of Whitehall, on guard at the door. But even he, the double, almost, of an Imperial statesman, and the glimpses of white-bloused girl clerks, eternally industrious, through the open windows, cannot wholly reconcile us to the loss of the " moving waters at their priest-like task of pure ablution." Still, it is necessary for the imperious hour, and no patriot dare complain.

When Dusk Falls Misty

Here, at the opening of the walk, escape from town is impossible: the green belt is still too narrow, and the bald huddle of Queen Anne's Mansions will not be denied. On a day of crystal atmosphere that fashionable warren hits the eye uncomfortably. It is only when dusk falls misty that Queen Anne lives. Then the piled outline of the building loses its gaunt and forbidding detail, the mass alone remains in veiled silhouette, towering above the gardens with an odd, yet very close, resemblance to Edinburgh Castle, as seen on a hazy evening from Princes Street.

The grass is almost continuous, if you know how to steer among the paths and avoid too many crossings. Three at most should be your brief tribulations on the gravel walks, and with soft and cool going you are at the Victoria Memorial all too soon. Here the Long Green Path suffers its first considerable interruption, and some dodging of motors and taxis intervenes, but that is soon over, and the Green Park offers another delightful stretch of turf to the wayfarer. It seems to exclaim with Stevenson, " Come up here, Oh dusty feet," as you cross to its gently rising slope. If it does not finish the distich, adding " Here is fairy bread to eat," that is only because of late years no open space of London dare compete in fairy lore with Kensington Gardens. It is there that Sir James Barrie and Peter Pan hold fairyland in fee simple, and their right and title no wise mortal will dispute. But for all that, even the Green Park knows its midsummer magic. Not perhaps in the day-time; it is too open, its glades are scarcely sequestered enough, hardly glades at all, and it has no falling water, but in the gloaming, and after, when the lights twinkle in Piccadilly and friendly beacons gleam from the tall houses of St. James's Place, this stage on the Long Green Path rises above its daylight monotony. It remains, however, the least intimately friendly of all the parks, when the best is said, and what it has of romance comes, perhaps, almost wholly from the buildings around it on the north and east. By association, that is, not by intrinsic beauty. And at one point, in certain weather, there is a glimpse almost of Italian landscape; trees and the campanile of Westminster Cathedral alone visible; the point is from the little gate close to a hotel. It is another of London's infinite surprises, her curious mimicries of other cities and lands. For here, could we but grasp it, is Cosmopolis.

The last serious interruption to the green road occurs at the top of Constitution Hill, but the traveller can persevere to the very end across a small triangle of turf behind the gate; and go out to the roar of Hyde Park Corner, past " Cavallinton," as the Italian colonists in London, with a neat portmanteau word, call the Wellington Statue. They have, by the way, their own descriptive nomenclature for every place, Regent Street " Stradone del Campanile Aguto"—" Pointed Steeple Street "; Notting Hill, " Paese delle Lavandare"—"Washerwomen's Land," but this is mere irrelevance. The longest and most charming stretch of the Green Path is now before us, and lucky is the traveller who hits that trail on a day when the red hawthorns beyond " that disgraceful Achilles Statue " (as a now old play had it) are in bloom. But even later in the season, when that touch of colour is absent, the Park is never failing. Now begins the country illusion in earnest; the houses recede until at last at a point almost due north of the eastern balustrade of the Serpentine and just beneath that swell of ground where two well cared-for guns enjoy a temporary lodging and threaten aerial intruders, London of bricks and mortar has vanished utterly away. Look where you will, no urban accessory breaks the sylvan landscape; only the low sustained growl of traffic seeming to wheel in an endless circle around this happy woodland where the sparkle of sunlit water makes dancing points of light between the foliage, betrays the nearness of a roaring city.

He who would know Hyde Park in her perfection should evade the wide and windswept northerly spaces where the way seems long and may be tedious; he should evade also the drive beside the Serpentine. *Medio jucundissimus ibis* (the adaptation won't scan; no matter) and the right track is on the turf behind the Royal Humane Society's House or Pavilion, where all sorts of unexpected dips and dells vary the pathway. Two fences must be climbed here, but that is also in the day's work, and there is no trespass in the act. The trees grow more nobly here in finely considered grouping and at length, if you keep an eye open for the contours of the ground, you will discover just eastward of the Magazine a neglected amphitheatre, or rather a Greek theatre, where 30,000 spectators (the Athenian number) should one day sit by companies upon the green grass to see some Shakespearean Pastoral, *As You Like It* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for choice. Perhaps if we have any heart or money left to celebrate the Peace by a National Festival, this hint may come to fruit. Curious that in the hey-day of pageantry this retreat was not chosen for the London Pageant, which came, if memory serves, to nothing.

Once more and for the last time is it now necessary to endure a little bit of harder going, across the bridge and so on into Kensington Gardens by the gate beside the tea-chalet. The old narrow path to the right, where the water-fowl used to beg at the fence, is now barred by a sentinel, above whose head stretches a placard warning us that the ground is sacred to a training school. It matters not, for that way the long green path did not lie. The alley had to be kept faithfully and led only to the stony splendours of the ornamental garden, best seen at a distance and very wonderful from the bridge in certain lights, but not germane to this day's adventure.

And so to Kensington Gardens and a long luxury of richer turf and glades more perfect in their rustic counterfeit and more charming than any former part of the way. Of Kensington Gardens, left to the last fag end of space, piety bids us be silent. For they have their laureate; the ground is strictly preserved and poachers need beware, lest Sir James and his big dog dispute the passage. But if the right word is beyond our humble power, duty calls us to worship for a little at the shrine of Peter Pan with its elfin riot around the pedestal, that little latter day renewal of Arcadian pieties in honour of the Arcadian god, reincarnate in a 19th century child. And this Pan is kind and welcoming to wayfarers: he delights not to leap out and scare them with rude shouting from the way. Strangely enough he owes his being, his sanctities, to the law that closes the gates after nightfall. *Procul, O procul este, profani!* He could not dwell in neighbour Hyde, that night-long thoroughfare.

On then a little further; over the Broad Walk and there is still a yard or two more of the Long Green Path. But it hurries too quickly to an end. The furthest gate cannot be too long averted, for there must be no turning back or undue loitering, since time is of the essence of this contract. The Bayswater Road and its buses are upon us. The last possible step has been taken on the Long Green Path. An easy but steady pace has measured this pleasantest of London by-ways in (my watch says) just one hour and three quarters of enchanted time.

The Commodore

By William McFee

HE was one of those Scotsmen who had come down into England about the time Blair began to build those immensely heavy and solid triple engines of his at Stockton-on-Tees, engines still thumping and wheezing their way about the oceans, old-fashioned, deliberate, and very dependable. He was, in fact, one of Blair's guarantee-chiefs at one time. A guarantee-chief, be it known, is a chief put aboard a new tramp steamer by the engine builders for the first six months, to guarantee an efficient consummation of the contract. There used to be money in it. But the Commodore of whom I speak, while putting the brand-new *Benvenuto* through her paces decided that he would remain in the employ. He did.

When I knew the *Benvenuto* a dozen years ago she was so old I could scarcely believe the brass plate on the bulkhead. She was nearly as old as I was. But the Commodore was still in the employ. He had been away at intervals, trying various schemes for getting rich; but he had always come back. At the time I was in the company they had about a score of vessels, from decaying old crocks like the comfortable *Benvenuto* to smart, new hurry-up freighters like the *Aretino* and the *Petnecchio*, and Mr. Gowrie, the Commodore as we call him, had been at various times chief of them all. And I used to wonder why he had not been appointed superintendent, until I learned that the Superintendent himself had been second with the Commodore. Yes! And it wasn't that the latter was so old. He was then an active, alert, and extremely competent man of fifty-five, and whenever a new ship was launched, he was kept ashore to take her over at the end of the six-months guarantee. The fact was, he was too valuable afloat. Moreover, at sea the Commodore's ineradicable vice of uttering forcible truths spiced with sardonic humour did no harm. Indeed it did good, for part of the time I was third with him, and I had to sit under the rich stream of acrid wisdom that poured from his lips.

For he knew the world. He had knocked about. He had had shore billets in China and Nicaragua. He had put his money into a repair-shop in Rotherhithe and gone into bankruptcy in some style. He had won a lottery prize in Havana and lost it all in a bank failure. He had read deeply in many directions, and he could talk. He was a good mathematician, one of those men to whom algebraic formulæ are merely semi-transparent screens behind which a shy truth is vainly trying to hide. And I remember one joyous New Year's Eve, when the *Curio*, *Petnechio*, *Aretino*, *Mario* and *Malvolio* were all in Genoa together, and we had marched back to the harbour seventeen abreast singing "Auld Lang Syne," I caught sight of old Gowrie taking a turn up and down the deck, his big pilot-coat with its collar up against the keen night air. I stepped aboard and made a light remark excusing the hilarity that was now audible further on along the quay. The chief nodded, and I heard a distinct mutter of *haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" And he told me afterwards that his father had been dominie in Perthshire and had often waled him for his poor success in the classics. And then the railway came up to Perth and the dominie discovered that there were other things in the world not near so dead as Latinity.

But the dominie had built well, for his son had a keen eye and a long nose for the meretricious. "Heh, Hinny!" he would say to a new fourth "What'd ye call that?" and the "hinny" would have to do it again. And part of his lack of success on shore was due, I believe, to his sardonic contempt for the rewards meted out to the cunning and the subservient and the knavish. He would jerk out tales as he walked to and fro in a half-gale in the Irish Sea, we sheltering in the lee of the engineers' quarters. He had a habit of walking rapidly away from you, head down, as though he had taken leave of you for ever, and then, stopping abruptly, begin to talk over his shoulder, moving his hand in a passionate way as though he were taking the words and throwing them down the wind at you. He would jerk out tales, as I said, and the burden was the bizarre disparity between merit and reward.

He told me once that a politician or civil servant whose work involved as much responsibility, skill, tact and knowledge as a ship-master's or engineer's, would be getting £2,000 a year. And I daresay that was a very moderate estimate of the case. He was getting £200 himself. Not that he coveted wealth for its own sake. He was, if anything, an idealist, for he had a vehement conviction that neither wealth nor birth nor cunning was any adequate substitute for achievement. Sometimes he would pose as a disappointed man, and I remember one evening in Liverpool, sitting in the engineer's mess after supper (for it was my night on duty) and hearing him tell his wife how once he had been full up to the eyebrows with ambition. He would jeer at me for studying, and then incontinently express regret at having abandoned it himself. His wife would soothe him by saying softly, "Oh, nonsense, Jack," and he would turn on her with a flash of his sardonic humour: "*You* don't care so long as the half-pay's safe," he would say, and she would look at me as though to ask, "Did you ever see such a man?" I never had, and he made a very profound impression on me, so that when I heard the tale of his latest exploit, his caustic individuality illuminated the whole thing and made it real. For he is still at sea, though he must be sixty-five. I once expressed astonishment to his wife that he did not retire, but she said he was so restless they were glad to see him out of the house.

A year or more ago he was chief of the *Malvolio*, eight thousand tons dead weight, bound westward after discharging oats at a Mediterranean base. She was flying light, of course, doing eleven knots and unarmed. At seven o'clock on a Sunday morning a submarine emerged about two thousand yards abeam and fired a shot warning her to stop. The commander immediately put the helm over to bring the enemy astern and sent word of what was happening to the engine-room urging full speed. Pa Gowrie was already below in his pyjamas, opening the expansions to their utmost limit and ordering the spare bunker doors to be raised, for he had about fifty tons of Norfolk Virginia steam coal (the famous Pocahontas brand) which he was saving to catch a tide. And then he went up on deck, where things were happening, for the enemy had found the range. The mizzen mast had been struck just below where the wooden top telescopes into the hollow steel part, and had collapsed; but as she carried no wireless this was nothing. The mate, standing on the high poop, had been nearly blown over board by a shell which buried itself in the ice box and exploded, flinging timber, sheet-lead, sawdust and beef in all directions. On the bridge the man at the wheel and the carpenter, who was taking orders from the "old man," had been killed outright. The commander had taken the wheel for the time, and he informed the commodore that he was going on for the present. The latter went back to his room and put on his working serges.

Down below he found the other engineers clustered about the starting platform discussing the situation. His orders were that they should carry on in the engine room while he took charge of the fires. When he reached the stokehold he discovered nobody to take charge of. The firemen had all gone up on deck. Pa Gowrie in his young days had been an expert fireman. He knew coal. He used to tell me the curse of the modern engineer was he didn't know coal. In this case he was in his element. He grasped a shovel and flung door after door open. There were nine fires in all and three fires to a man is a good allowance. Pa Gowrie worked through the lot. Now and again a shell would strike some part of the ship and explode, but he went on with the job. Then he took the slice, a long bar of inch and three-quarters steel flattened at the end, and proceeded to loosen the clinker from his bars. The sweat ran in streams from his lined, obstinate yet dignified features. Suddenly with a terrific bang, a shell tore through the 'tween deck bunkers which were empty, ricochetted against the beams and ventilators in the fiddley and fell thump on the plates a couple of yards away from him. Pa Gowrie regarded it over his shoulder as he worked. When he had slammed the fire door to, he took a shovel and scooped the sinister pointed twelve-pound visitor into a bucket of sea-water standing under the ash-cock. Then he went on. He could hear, above the hum of the furnaces, the steady seventy-eight a minute beat of his engines. The third engineer dashed in to give the news—shell in the after hold just above the water line. The enemy were nearer too. Pa Gowrie had nothing to say to that. He relighted his pipe with a live coal and nodded. Watch the bilges, he advised. The third said "Aye," and sprinted back to the engine-room. It was very exciting.

High up above him, Pa Gowrie could see a black weather-cloth which he knew to be the back of the bridge. Suddenly a bearded face looked over the black cloth, a big bearded mouth opened and let out a far away yell "There, Chief?" "Yes, what's the matter?" asked the Chief in a sort of surly defensive tone. He was always defensive in talking to skippers. "Game's up. Come on out of it. Rudder's jammed."

It appeared that they were going to take to the boats which were already in the water, one of them in splinters. You might imagine that this was the end of the story. Not at all. After stopping the main engines and easing the safety valves, the engineers, shepherded by Mr. Gowrie, trooped up on deck, and slid down into the boats. It may be conceded that the Chief had abundant material in this adventure on which to exercise his sardonic humour as they pushed off and began rowing for the North African coast. But it never caused him to deviate in the slightest from his conception of what ought to be done. The enemy, having finally managed, after using enough ammunition to demolish a large town, to sink the *Malvolio*, a very ordinary unarmed tramp streamer, disappeared on the horizon, for this was before he thought of the delightful sport of practising on lifeboats.

The three boats of the *Malvolio*, two lifeboats and a cutter, put up their sails, and, favoured by fair weather, made the desolate coast of Morocco early next morning. Four of the crew, including the second officer, had been killed. Several were badly hurt and useless in a boat. Both the friendly fishermen and the bloodthirsty tribesmen of fiction were absent from the picture, and the old man, anxious to get himself and the ship's papers back to London as soon as possible, decided to make for Europe in the boats. Fortunately for them they were no sooner under weigh than a Spanish coasting-steamer overhauled them and took them into Almeria, an iron-ore port midway between Gibraltar and Cartagena. Here, to their intense astonishment and disgust, they were "interned until the end of the war."

Even this is not the end of the story. The first steamer that arrived to load iron ore was British. What passed between the commander and the bedraggled, unshaven crowd from the *Malvolio* is not known; but when the British ship, loaded to her marks with iron ore, left Almeria, the *Malvolio* crowd were aboard of her, in defiance of all the printed regulations on the back of the ship's articles.

They landed at Cardiff, and Pa Gowrie, after a hurried visit to his startled family at Penarth, where he lives, went on with the others to London, where they presented themselves before the owners, who, very glad to see them, promised them billets as soon as they could get another ship.

So that even this is not the end of the story really, for the *Cortegiano*, a nice new tramp, with a useful twelve-pounder gun astern, passed through Port Said the last time I was there, and the commodore was chief.

Beyond Bagdad

By L. Harrison

"PLEASE arrange to proceed immediately to Samarra . . ." And this order came before I had had anything like time to assimilate Bagdad. The Staff still cherishes the fond delusion that I came out here to interest myself in the little dust-up with Abdul. It is as well to allow them to assume the purity of my patriotism, and to conceal the fact that an inveterate curiosity was the true mainspring. But it is rather above the odds to have to tackle another hundred miles or more, seeing that I already suffer from acute mental and visual dyspepsia. "Please arrange!" So easy to write, in the grateful cool of a spacious office. (We do ourselves rather well in Mesopotamia now, some of us.) But for the poor beggar who has to tear round in a grilling sun, chasing distracted people, all short of transport and temper, and all equally engaged in the pleasant task of "please arranging," these polite words are but a prelude to perfervid profanity.

However, fortune sometimes smiles. A timely glimpse of a hospital ship banking in on the other side of the river; and all things were made easy. The boat was stopping to take on ice for the front—yes, this *is* still that same starved and neglected Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force—almost at my door, mooring to the same dust-storm that surrounded and enclosed me. I could board in the evening, and move off the following morning for Sindiyah.

And so past the gardens north of Bagdad, which had been my morning walk for a week back, pleasant places with mulberries in full fruit, and pink and white oleanders glowing out from the groves of orange and palm, to Moazzam, a moderate sized town four miles away. There was the inevitable mosque, with its blue-tiled dome and single minaret; and houses along the river front, from the barred windows of which the ladies of many harems made merry remarks to us. We replied, but as neither understood the other, no great progress was made. Had we met the same ladies in the street, they would have drawn their garments ostentatiously over their faces, and filed past us in silence with demure and downcast eyes.

Opposite Moazzam, standing some way back from the river, is Kazimain, a great place of pilgrimage, graced as it is by one of the four great shrines of Islam. This mosque, with its two central domes, four graceful minarets (all these covered with gold-leaf, and gleaming in the sun), and a clock tower, is a most striking sight as one turns a bend of the river eight miles below Bagdad. But here, passing within a mile of it, the fringe of palms cuts it off from view and we catch only aggravating glimpses.

Another ten miles of gardens, and we break out into the open, with irrigated grain fields, and squeaking, groaning water-hoists working at full pressure. The more lordly tillers of the soil have pumps worked by oil-engines, but most people still use the hoist. It is a primitive, but quite ingenious affair. Two date-palm trunks are set obliquely into the bank so as to project over the water, with cross-pieces at the top and at the bank level, upon which wooden rollers, like big cotton-reels, revolve. A big leather bag, with a spout like a tea-pot's, is lowered into the river by two ropes, one attached to the bag itself, and passing over the upper roller, the other to the end of the spout, and passing over the lower roller. The two ropes are fastened to the heavy collar of a pony or cow, which runs down an inclined plane into a pit, lifting the bag. As the bag is hoisted to the top of the gallows, the spout is pulled out over the entrance to the water channel, and the contents pour down to run out into the fields. Some of the hoists are multiple affairs, with three or four ponies working in a single pit.

A great deal of the grain, wheat and barley, stands ready for harvesting, a short-strawed crop, but heavy in the ear; and at one point we see the elaborate tents of a Bagdad merchant who has come up to contract for standing corn. At a later date he will unload on the British Army at a handsome profit. No wonder the Bagdadis welcome us with open arms!

From Yahudiyah to Kasirin, at both of which points we have small posts, there is a ten mile stretch of gardens, and the little Gurkha is having the time of his life on milk and eggs, dates and oranges, bought, after much enjoyable chaff and chaffering, from Arab women and girls. Shrewd and enterprising are these local producers. They reckon more glibly in annas and pice after a few days than I myself after a full year. They pick up the essential Urdu, and the girls go round the camps with their copper vessels balanced upon their heads, calling *Acchcha Doudh* (good milk), *Acchcha Doudh* (good milk), *Acchcha Dadin* (good curds.) Milk and curds the Indian understands, and he spends his money freely. We should be free from scurvy this summer.

We reach the clearing hospital at Sindiyah at nightfall and find old friends, with whom, only a few weeks since, we had had some happy partridge shooting away down Aziziyeh. Fortune still favours me, for I find that a convoy of motor launches is going on up to Barurah in the morning. I get all the gossip. The ration-sheep, a great fat-tailed beast the size of a bullock, which is the hospital mascot, is going strong; McGuffin, most intelligent of pi-dogs, who has remained behind at Aziziyeh, has grown to the size of a Great Dane; Lot's Wife, who was sitting on eggs under the O.C.'s table, has a sturdy family of nine chicks, and the cow and calf, which were added to strength after being deserted by their frightened Arab owners, were "all *tik and acchcha*"—a hospital catchword.

After breakfast in the morning, I went on by launch. A little above Sindiyah the character of the river changes. It is no longer bounded by two fairly high banks, but has a vertical scarp alternately upon one side or the other, according

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Gardens above Bagdad

to the scour, opposed by a flat plain of fairly large extent and an over-grown sand-spit, behind which, sometimes as far as a mile away, one can see the old river bank. At intervals the stream divides round a low sandy island, and at some points the original banks are as much as three miles apart, though the stream or streams, occupying the bed are quite small. These old-time sand-spits afford good grazing, and the Bedouin with their striped tents and fat flocks are dotted all over them.

We pass the mouth of the Shatt-el-Adham, the scene of some recent heavy fighting, and reach Barurah, which is as far as my launch goes. But again luck is with me, and I get permission to take it on another five miles to Sinijah, on the other bank, river-head for the moment. Arrived there, I meet yet another friend in the O.C. of the Field Ambulance, and we discuss further possibilities. There is no sick convoy in from Samarra, so no motor ambulance is available. A convoy of cars bringing down officers, who were going on leave, was expected during the afternoon. Perhaps if I interviewed the Camp Commandant . . .

The Camp Commandant knew nothing about the cars, which was only to be expected seeing that they arrived half-an-hour later, and their occupants boarded a boat he was holding back for them. I could proceed with the ration convoy at 5 a.m. on the morrow to Bailad station and go by train. In the face of such "official reticence" there was nothing more to be said. So I returned lugubrious to the Ambulance, and was comforted with tiffin, for I was sick of ration convoys. But the tables were turned. One of the cars belonged to the very man to whom I had to report; it came over to the Ambulance with a note asking for shelter and sustenance for the driver. So I proceeded comfortably in the morning, magnanimously obliging two other officers by giving them a lift in *my* car at the humble request of the Camp Commandant.

Next morning I pushed off by motor car for Bailad station, which is closer to Sinijah than to the village of Bailad. The latter lies midway between railway and river, and we see it from a distance of five miles, dark palm gardens surrounding a mosque. The road hugs the railway from Bailad on, and lies over old river gravels for most of the way. It is strange to see stones lying about in such prodigal profusion after a whole year of never seeing a stone at all. Such nice smooth, round, water-worn stones, too. I yearn to take back a car full to heave at pi-dogs in Bagdad.

A Typical Ox-Cart

Soon after leaving Bailad we arrive at an ancient bridge over the Dujail Canal, built by Caliph Ali Mansur, so I am told, upwards of a thousand years ago. It is of very solid brickwork, its three arches indicating that the canal must, in the past, have been a much larger and more important stream. The modern canal runs under the central arch only. This arch has fallen in, so the bridge is no longer serviceable and we cross by a much less pretentious structure. But, apart from this, the bridge is well preserved, and the inscription in relief, which runs the full length on both sides, is perfect.

Bridge over Canal

Five or six miles further, over gravelly undulating desert, we reach a high bank lying across our road, and running away out over the horizon. This is a remnant of the ancient Median wall, and, with the Dujail Canal, and some minor banks in the neighbourhood, it afforded the Turks a very strong position for the defence of Istabulat Station, two miles behind. The Turks made their last serious stand here, and we had a stubborn fight before winning through. But a few traces now remain of the struggle. Some little heaps of booty collected up against the railway line, a few dead horses, and a large area strewn with our shrapnel cases, and pitted with occasional shell-holes—that is all.

Istabulat Station is itself a heap of ruins, having been blown up by the Turks before their retirement. The ancient city of Istabulat is not much more than a heap of mounds and stands upon the bank of the river some six miles nearer

Mosul

Samarra. It is the first of a series of ruins, mostly dating from the days of the Caliphate, which stretch away from Samarra in all directions. How one regrets to have forgotten all one's ancient history! In this country there really should be an official archæologist attached to each unit, to explain places and events as we move along. But for many of the relics the explanation would appear to have been lost, and there is a curious fascination about those ancient remains that have left no impress whatever on history. It is appalling to think of the number of civilisations that have waxed and waned beneath the indifferent eyes of the inscrutable Arab, who has been in them, but not of them. The Arab makes one feel very small. We are fighting in what the Turk is pleased to call Turkish territory, and we have won what we shall hope to call a British province. But at the back of the Arab's eyes there is a look of calm, contemptuous assurance. Turk and Briton are passing phases. There have been many before, there will be others anon. They come, and strut awhile, and go. The Arab cringes to them, or harries them, according to expediency and opportunity, and without discrimination. But he has been the continuous possessor of his own country, and he is sure that he will always so remain.

Meantime, we get our first glimpse of Samarra, by far the most striking of all the towns of the Tigris It stands back a little on the high bank, a hundred feet above the river. It is small and completely walled, and is absolutely dominated by its noble mosque, which is for the moment all we see. A well-proportioned dome, gleaming gold in the sun, flanked by two slender and graceful minarets, with a second tiled dome a little away from the main group, the whole standing in bold outline, poised on rolling gravel hills, it is a picture different from anything we have seen before in this country. Behind the town stands up an enormous tower, a real tower of Babel, with a wide spiral path winding to its summit. Here is where our amateur archæology seizes its opportunities. My companion informs me that this is the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian, and comments on the wide sphere of activity of an emperor who builds a wall in Britain, and is buried in Mesopotamia. Seeing that my map shows the tomb of the Emperor Julian, a large mound a few miles further off, I suspect some confusion of ideas.

Later inquiries establish the fact that (a) this is a monument to Caliph Haroun al Raschid! (b) it is simply a fort and watch-tower of the days of the Caliphate; (c) it is but three hundred years old, and has nothing whatever to do with the Caliphs. How much nicer this is than hearing one cut and dried explanation! One feels, too, that if none of these alternatives suit the mood of the moment, one is at perfect liberty to go on guessing until something really attractive suggests itself.

Some miles above Samarra, on the right bank, there stands a fine bold ruin of very solid brick, with enormous underground vaults. My map calls this "All Ajik Ftit (ruined)," but our amateurs tell me that its name is the "Abode of Love," and that here, in the days of Al Raschid, a languorous lady projected the glad eye upon a desirable cavalier dwelling in what is now "Lequel (ruin)" upon the further bank. Details of this romantic episode are lacking, and I fear the unromantic map makes out a better case. Certainly it seems more like fort than bower. Near Lequel a Teuton gentleman had his headquarters with a Decauville railway running from his courtyard out to the scene of his excavations, between Julian's Tomb and the spiral tower. He has departed, leaving behind him "forty-two boxes all carefully packed"—to be precise, there were thirty-four—of which we have assumed possession. If this campaign has achieved nothing else, it will at least have saved the world from the intolerable burden of another monument of German erudition.

Gorge in the Upper Tigris

Had I possessed an orderly mind, I should have reached Samarra railway station first. But perhaps it is not a bad point at which to close this rambling narrative. Here the Turks have blown up the station buildings and workshops and made an attempt to wreck all of the sixteen engines standing upon the rails. This they wished to do by blowing all the cylinders of one side, but in their haste they did not notice that the engines were not all facing the same way, and so, with a little readjustment, we have been able to get some of the engines in working order, and we have our Bagdad-Samarra express train duly running.

The Turk is licking his sores at Tekrit. He has two or three steamers with him, but they will not be able to come down stream until the winter. We have all his railway material. His means of transport are limited to camels on land, and rafts on inflated goat-skins on water. It is not very likely therefore, that he will make any attempt to recover Bagdad before the autumn, and even then we shall have him at a very considerable disadvantage. But until then we shall probably be left to perspire in peace through the rapidly approaching hot weather—the thermometer is somewhere about 110 degrees at the moment of writing, but that is not hot weather in Mesopotamia—with high gravel banks upon which to camp, a clear river rippling and rattling over its shingle bed, plentiful supplies arriving daily by train, and always Samarra to feast the eye upon. It is not too bad beyond Bagdad.

Bagdad

LAND & WATER

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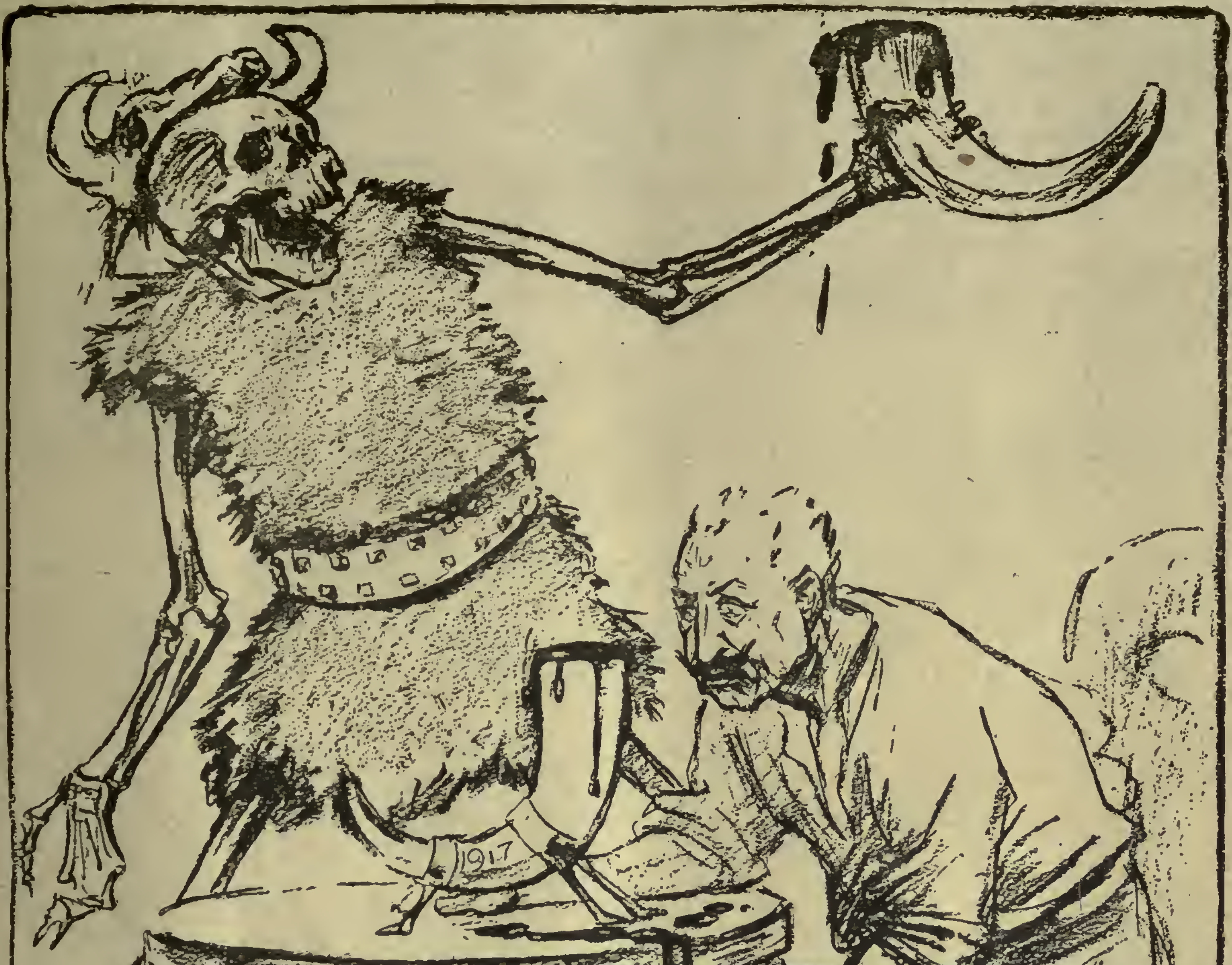
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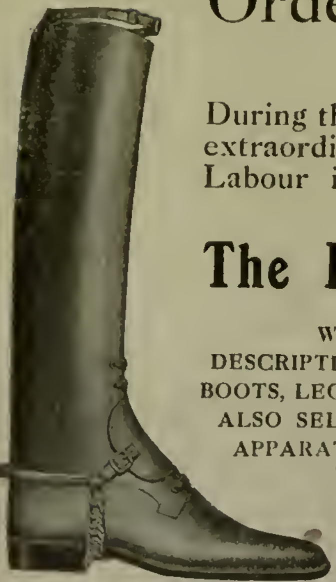

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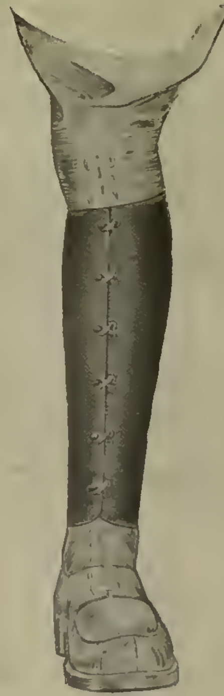

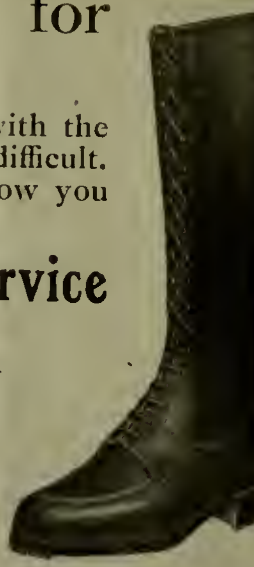

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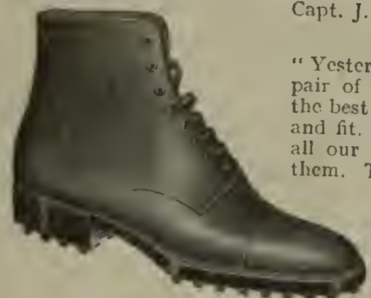

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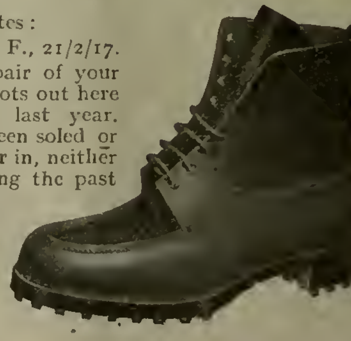

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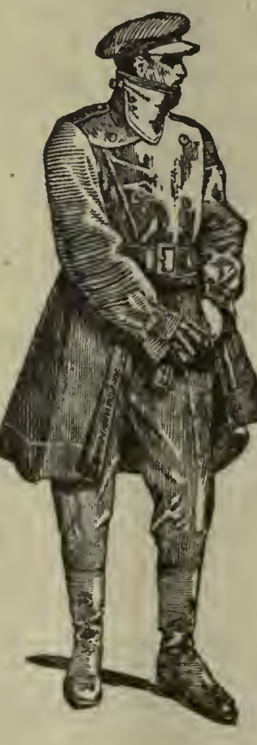

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THE CASE OF MR. HENDERSON

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 these 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, Sûdekum, 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, Sudekum, 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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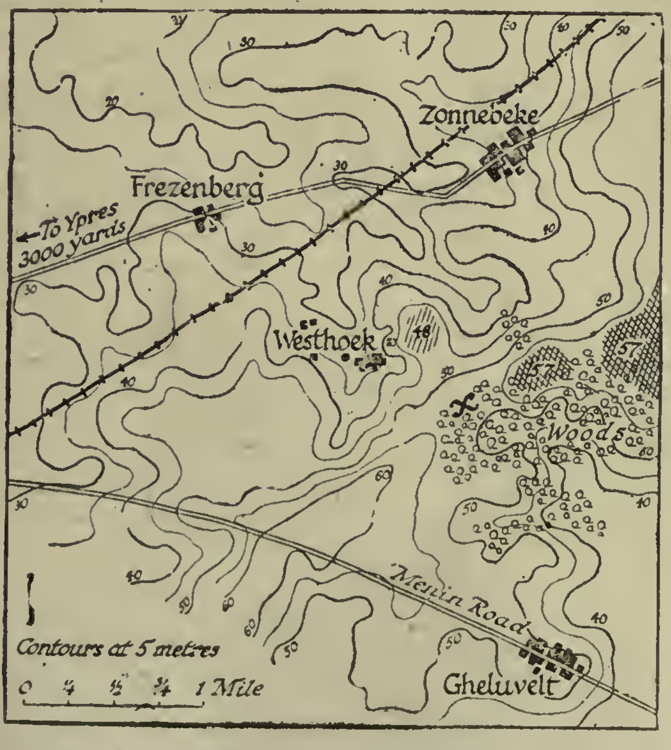
P.S.—Since the above article was written Mr. Arthur Henderson has made his defence in the House of Commons. Not even his best friends can consider it satisfactory. For some strong reason, which he cannot have fully disclosed, he honestly thought it more important to use his influence in favour of guiding 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.

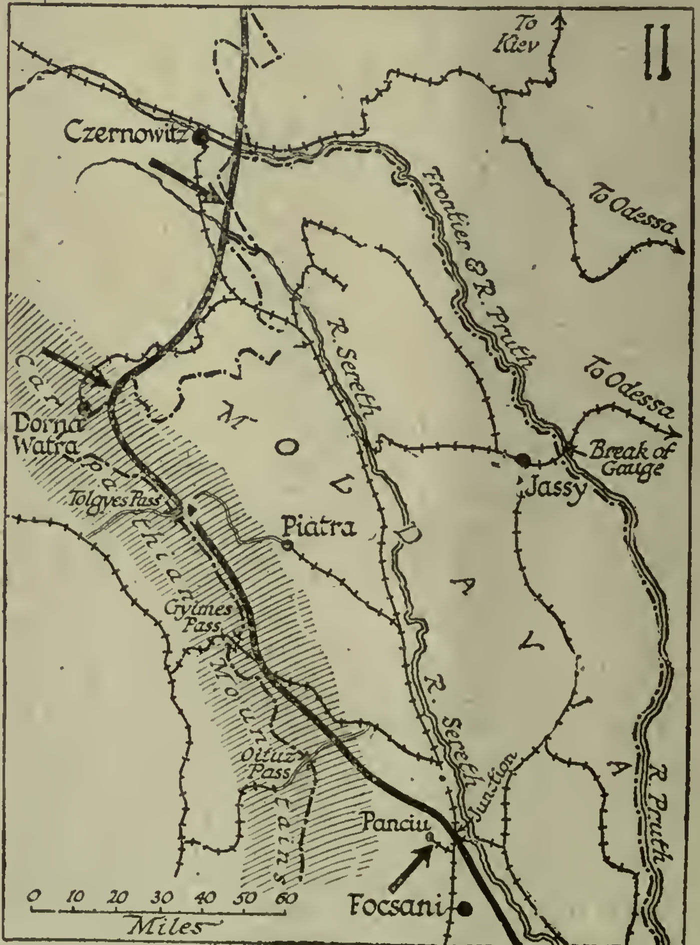
As to the first of these what is happening is fairly clear. The offensive of July 31st obtained possession of all those points which lie in a crescent north and east of Ypres and overlook the plain beyond. The seizing of this dominating line was the first and most immediate object of the blow delivered 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.



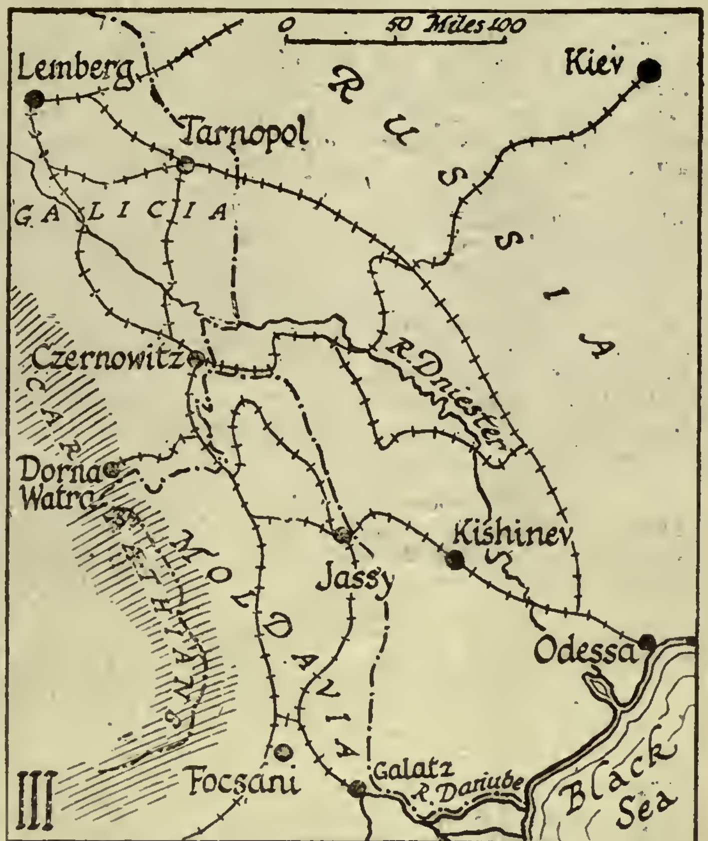
With the abandonment of Czernowitz the Russo-Roumanians lost their principal depot and, what is equally important, the terminus of that lateral road and railway down the Sereth, which supplied their armies defending the Central wooded Carpathian range from the Dorna Watra corner to the neighbourhood 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 farseeing 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 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.

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[*] 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."

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

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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.
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> 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 working-man, 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.

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[*] *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 Hute," 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 I 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 Delav 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 Solm, 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 ;

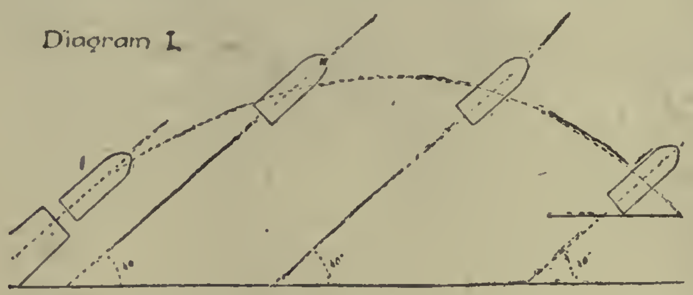
(b) A shell drifts to the right ;

(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 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.)

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 shuttlecock. 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 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.

Diagram III.

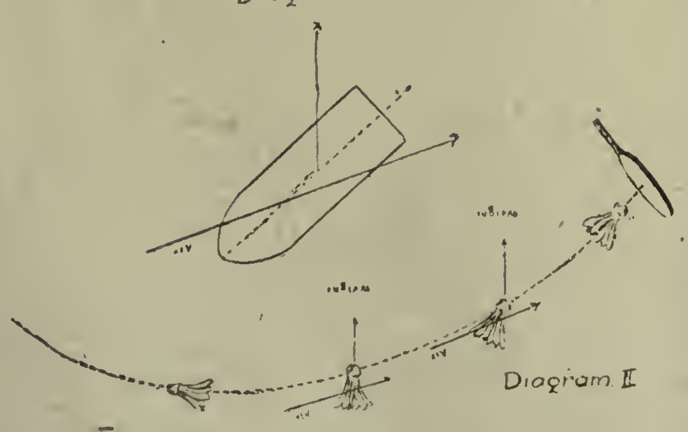


Diagram II

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 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.

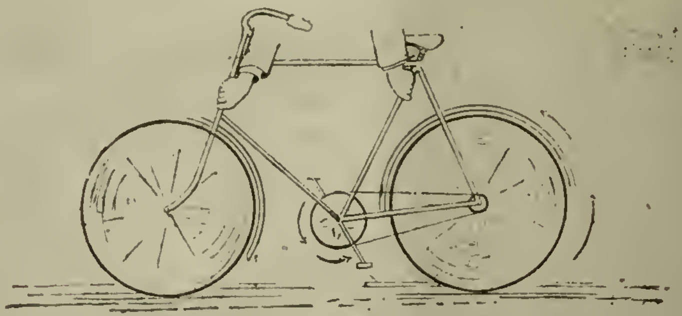
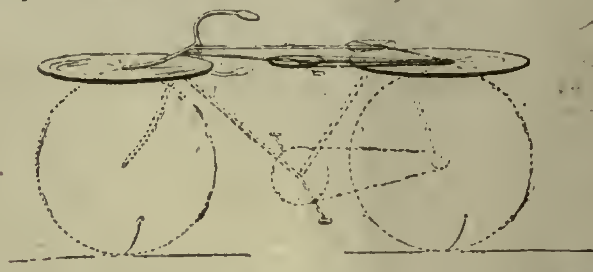


Diagram IV



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.

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."

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.

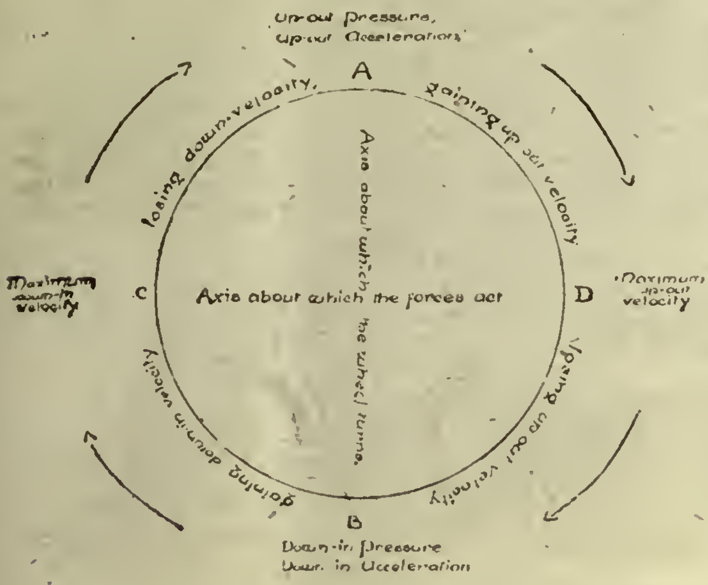


Diagram V

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

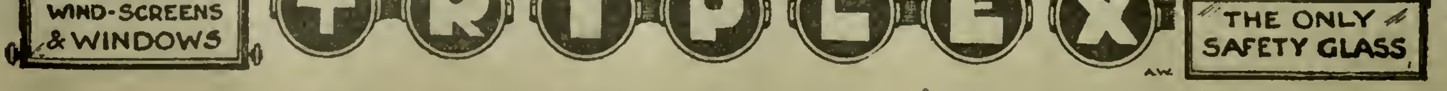
The other is *Lyrics for Sport* (B. H. Blackwell, 1s. 3d. net), by R. P. Keigwin, who has made some reputation as a writer of occasional verse. He deals with cricket, golf, football (both amateur and professional), and rackets; and writes useful mnemonic verses for Naval Cadets. The lady (American, I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

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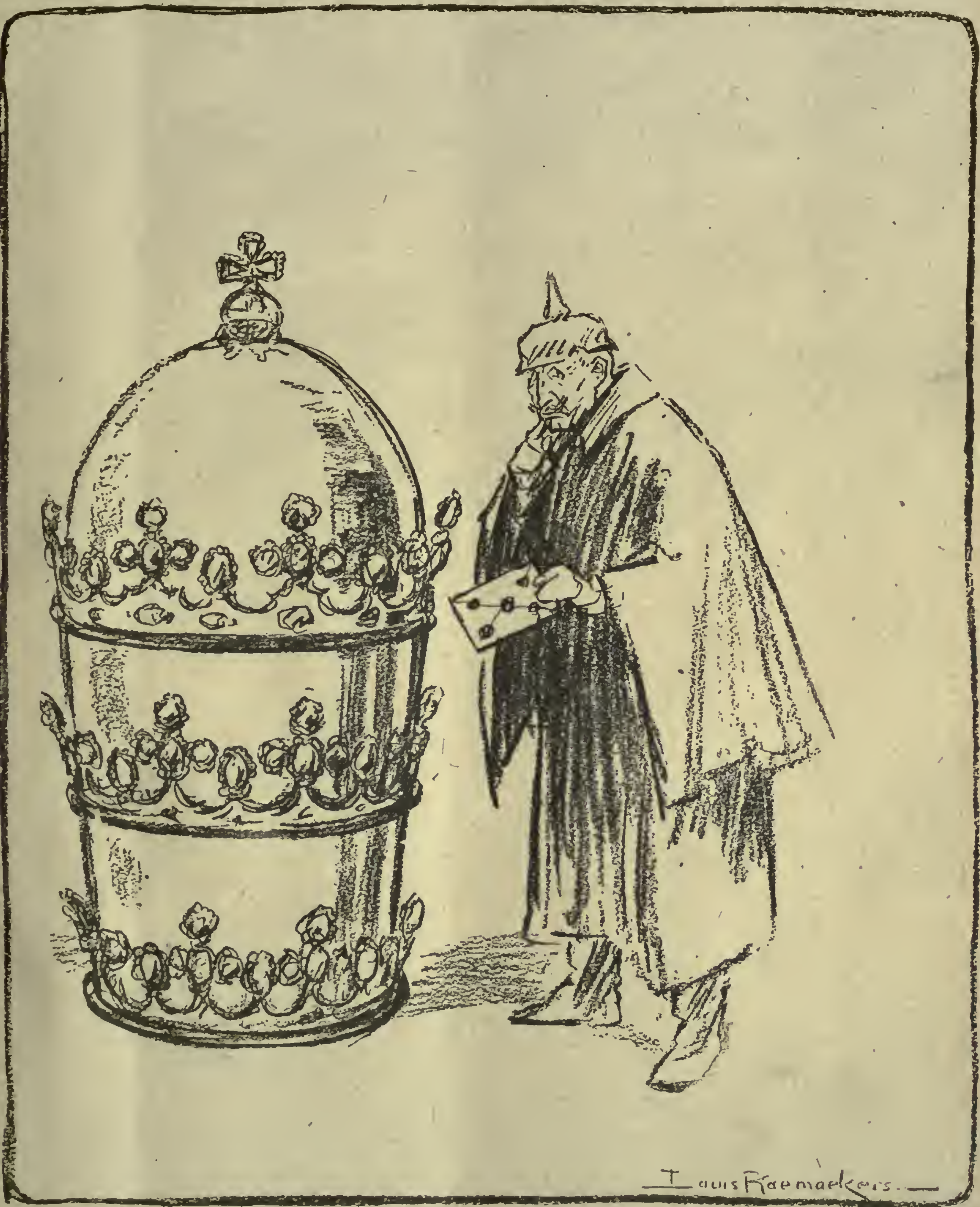

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The Papal Crown

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 Arràs.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1917

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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 Liége 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

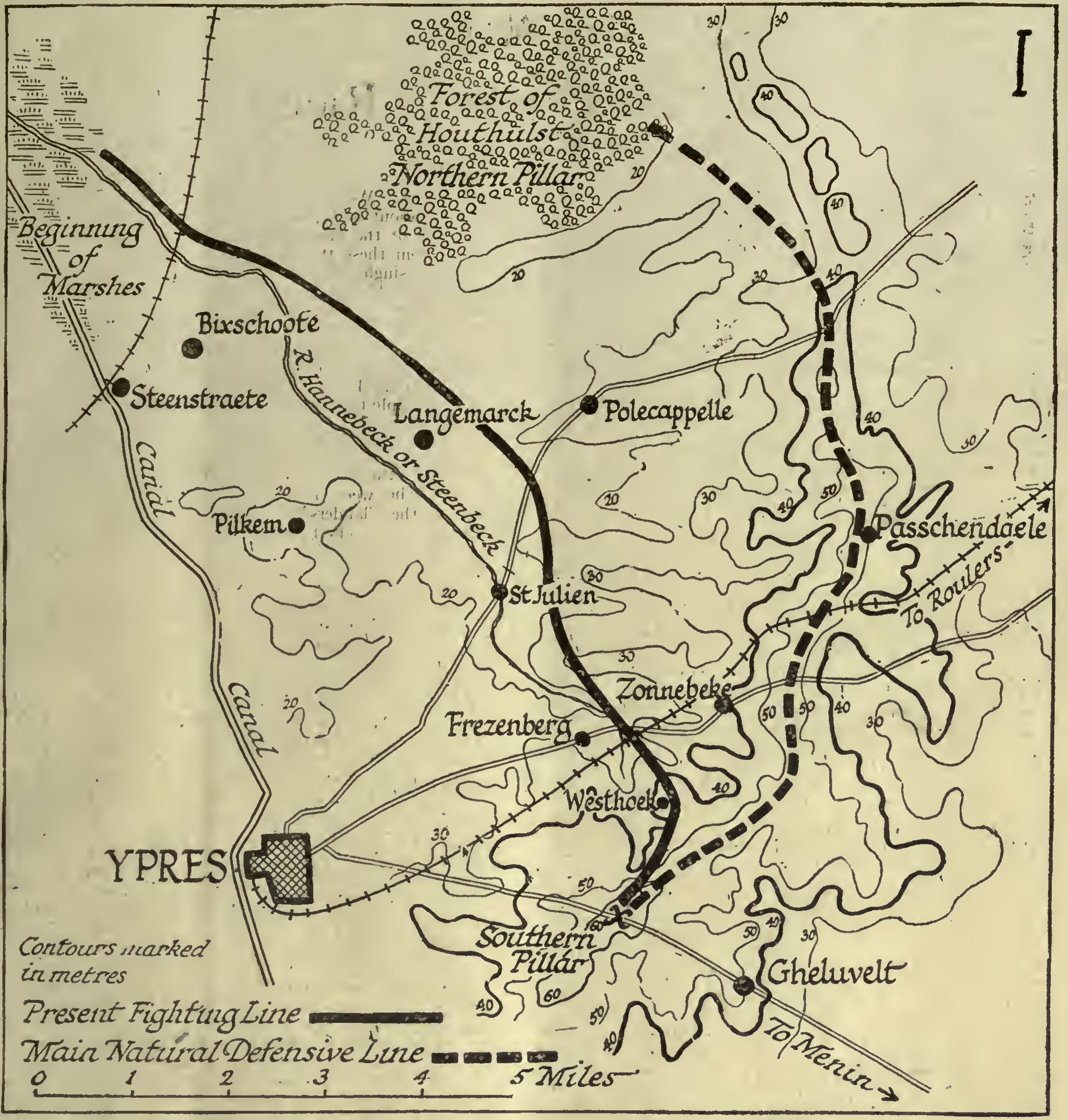
Apart from the two offensives in front of Verdun and on the Isonzo the week has been marked by successful operations upon the Flanders front extending the large crescent-shaped salient which, based upon the old Ypres salient, is now the principal British sector of offence against the enemy's line.

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 Honthulst 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


I
Forest of Houthulst
Northern Pillar
Beginning of Marshes
Bixschoote
Steenstraete
R. Hannebeck or Steenbeck
Langemarck
Polecappelle
Canal
Pilkem
Passchendaele
To Roulers
St Julien
Zonnebeke
Frezenberg
Westhoek
YPRES
Southern Pillar
Gheluvelt
To Menin
Contours marked in metres
Present Fighting Line
Main Natural Defensive Line
0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles
20
30
40
50
60

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.

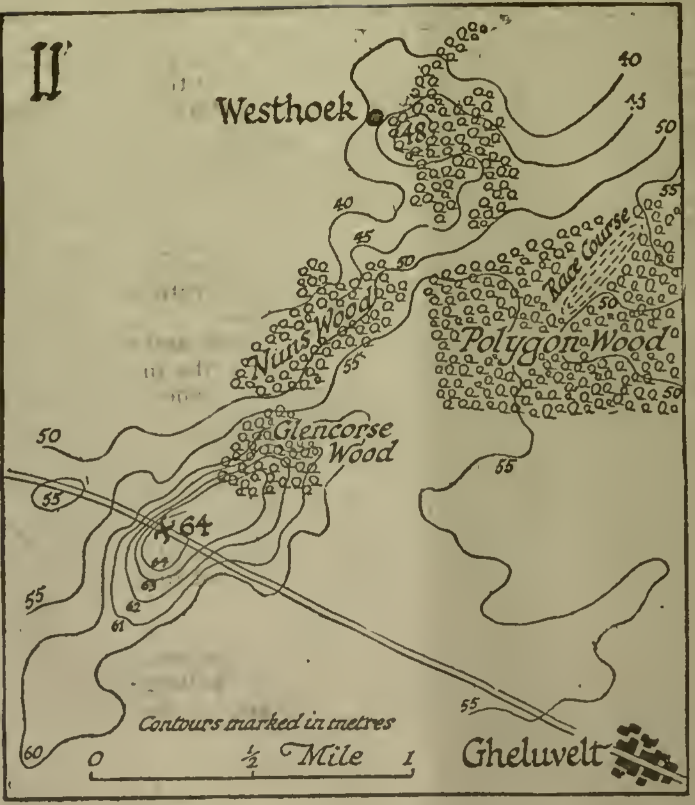
The dominating hummock is an oval rather more than a mile long, lying, as I have said, astraddle of the Menin Road and marked by the 60 metre contour. The best Belgian maps are contoured to a metre, that is, every yard of ascent is shown, and I have within this hummock of land marked the four metre contours 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 uncompromisingr claim to break all right and to assert what she pleased to he 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 re-assert 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, *degommê, 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.

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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.

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*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 iron-stone 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.

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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.

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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."

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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."

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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 overrating 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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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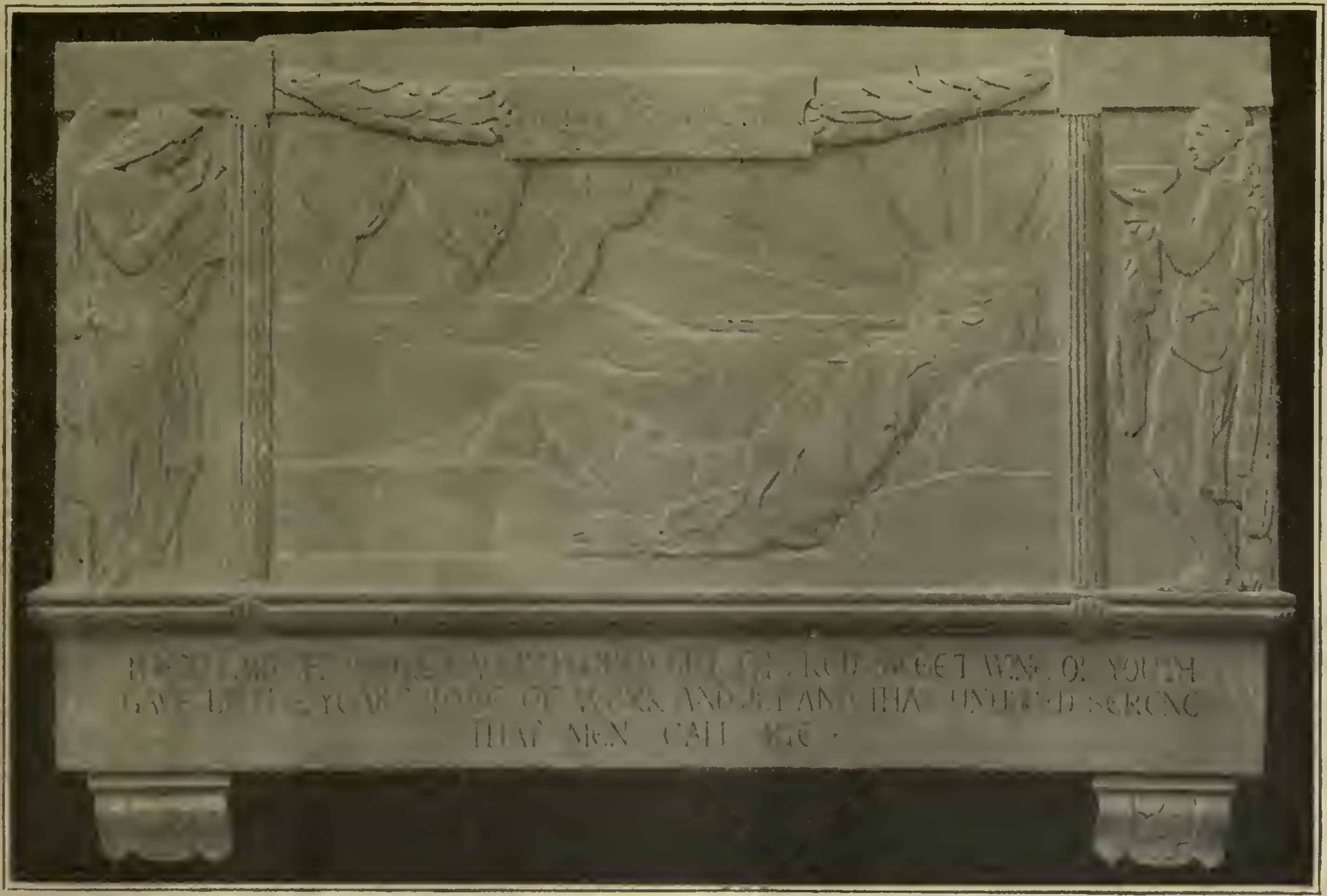
In *The Public School System* (Longman, Green and Co., 1s.), Mr. V. Seymour Bryant adds a seasonable book to the great educational controversy. After examining carefully the time-table of our preparatory and public schools, he urges various reforms, chiefly in the direction of teaching more English in 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.

FOR
GOGGLES
WIND-SCREENS
& WINDOWS
TRIPLEX
THE ONLY
SAFETY GLASS

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.

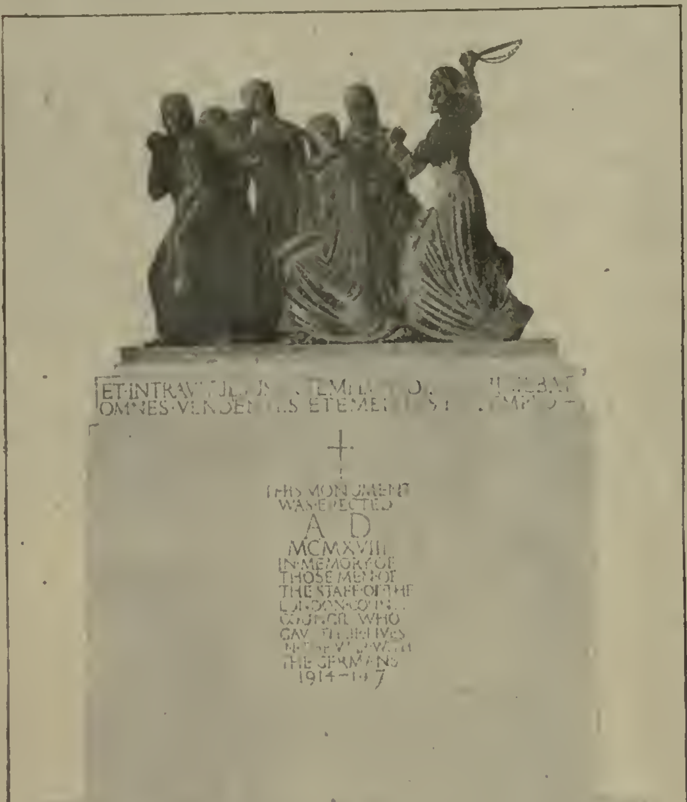
What, in short, was the tap that caused the trouble? To all appearances, and this is where the danger lay, it was a very respectable brew. It is a common belief of childhood that all dogs are male and all cats female; and the generation to which I belong was largely brought up in the belief that, broadly 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 Railwdy 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.

LAND & WATER

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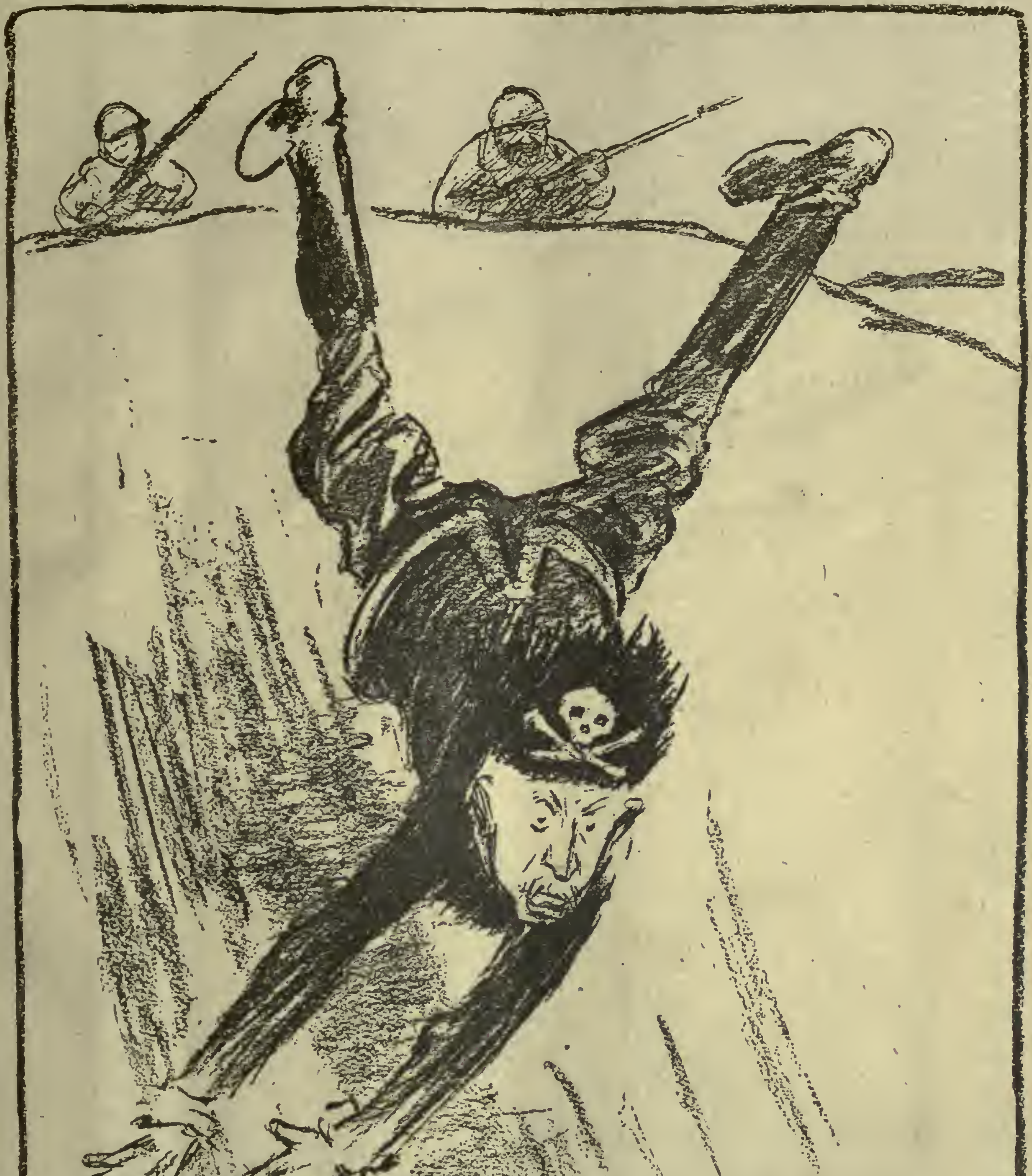
Louis Raemaekers.

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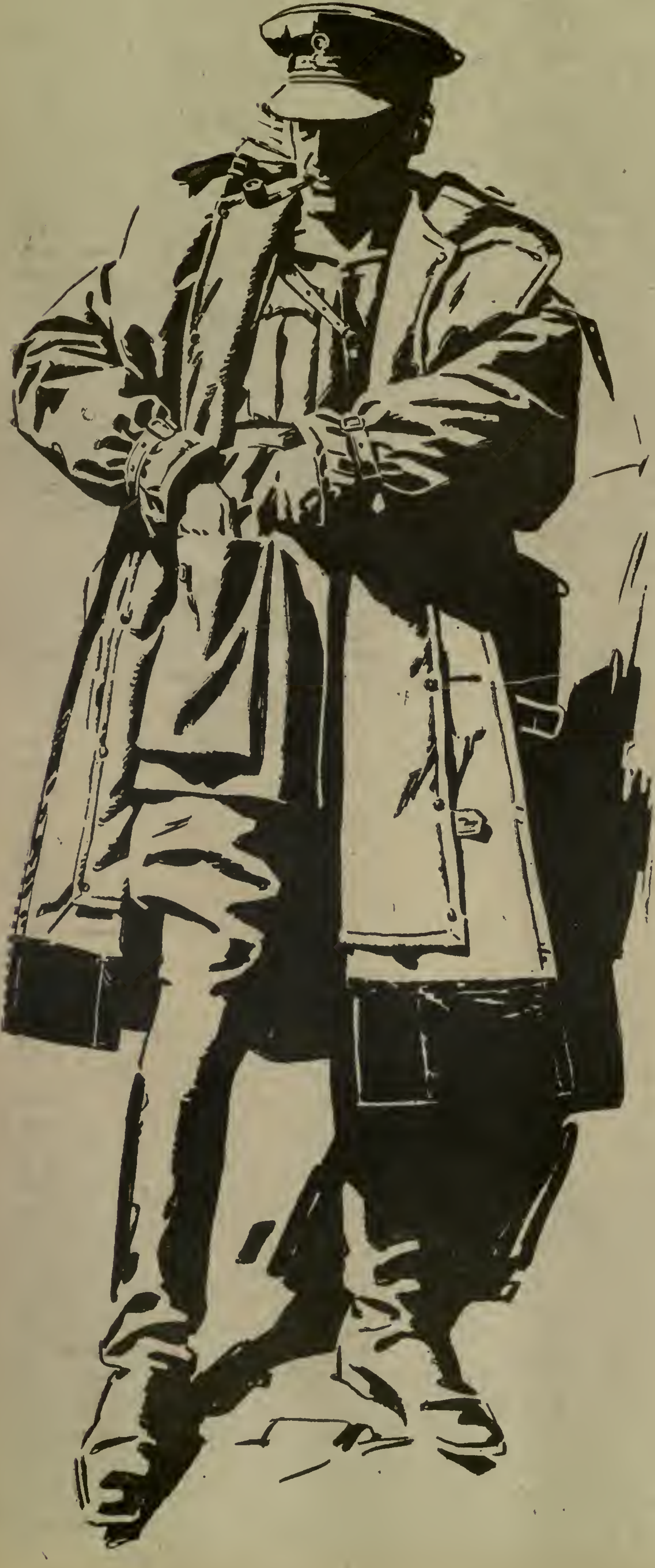
The Crown Prince leaves the Talou Ridge to occupy a second line of defence



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1917

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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.

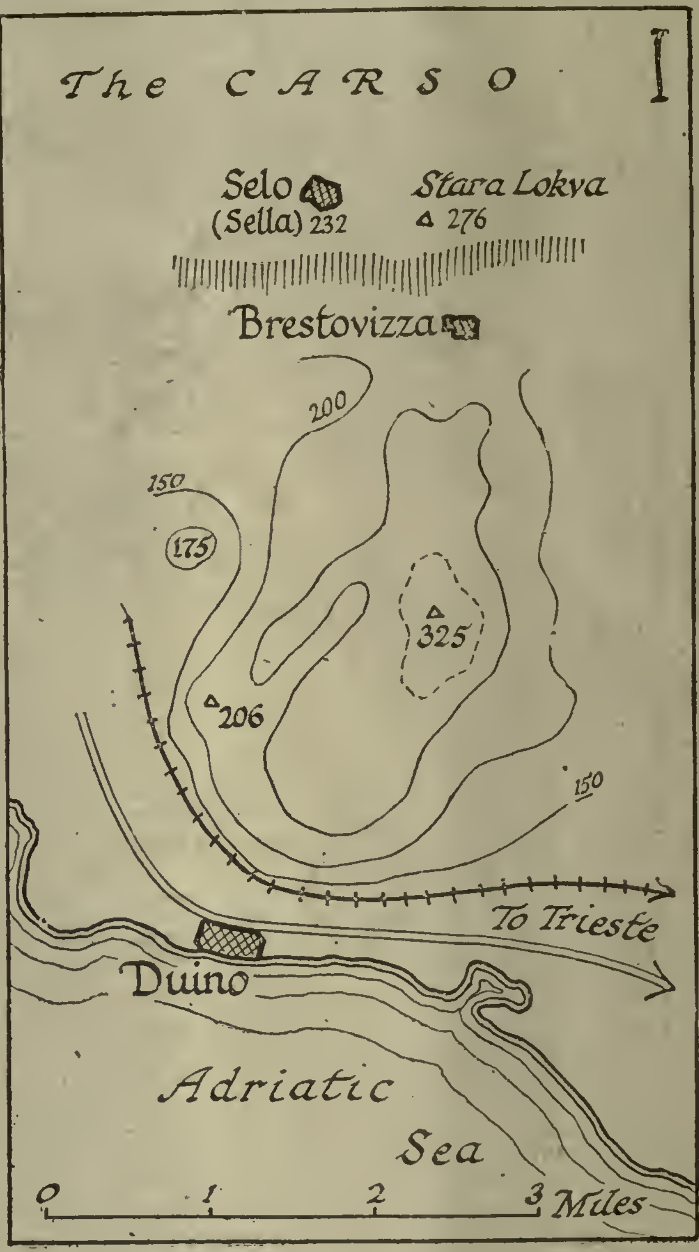
In general then, a dominating height, giving full observation and presenting an obstacle to advance against it is, to-day, an asset to the party occupying it. It weighs down the scale of his side. It increases the efficacity in that slow work of reducing then enemy's line by attrition, moral and material, 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.

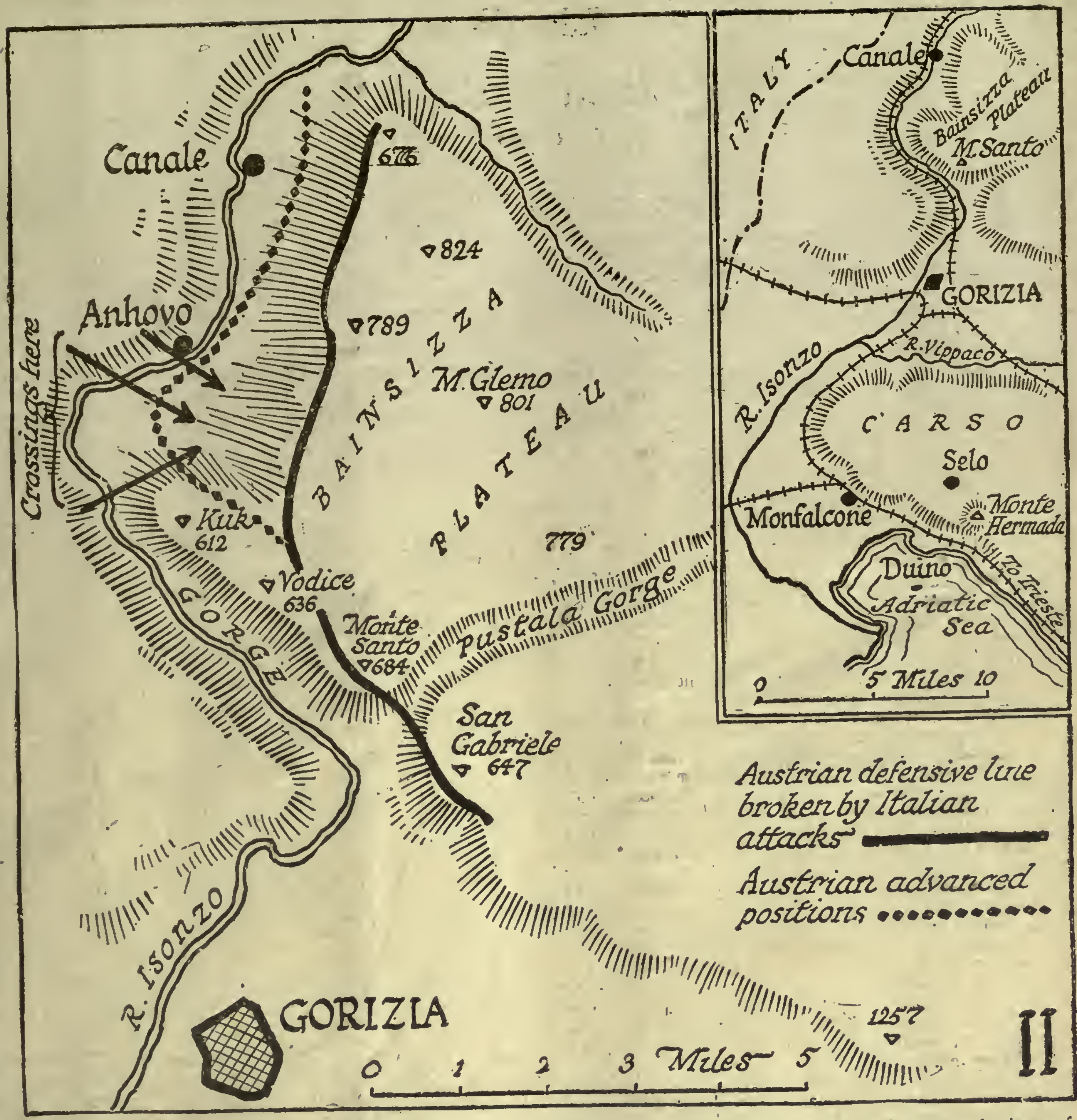


The readers of this paper will remember our short descriptions of the Hermada during the fighting earlier in the summer, when once before it was attempted to master that height.

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


Canale
Anhovo
Crossings here
Kuk 612
676
824
789
BAINSIZZA PLATEAU
M. Glemo 801
779
Vodice 636
Monte Santo 684
Pustala Gorge
San Gabriele 647
GORGE
R. Isonzo
GORIZIA
1257
0 1 2 3 Miles 5
II
ITALY
Canale
Bainsizza Plateau
M. Santo
GORIZIA
R. Isonzo
R. Vippaco
CARSO
Selo
Monfalcone
Monte Hermada
Duino
Adriatic Sea
To Trieste
0 5 Miles 10
Austrian defensive line broken by Italian attacks
Austrian advanced positions

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.

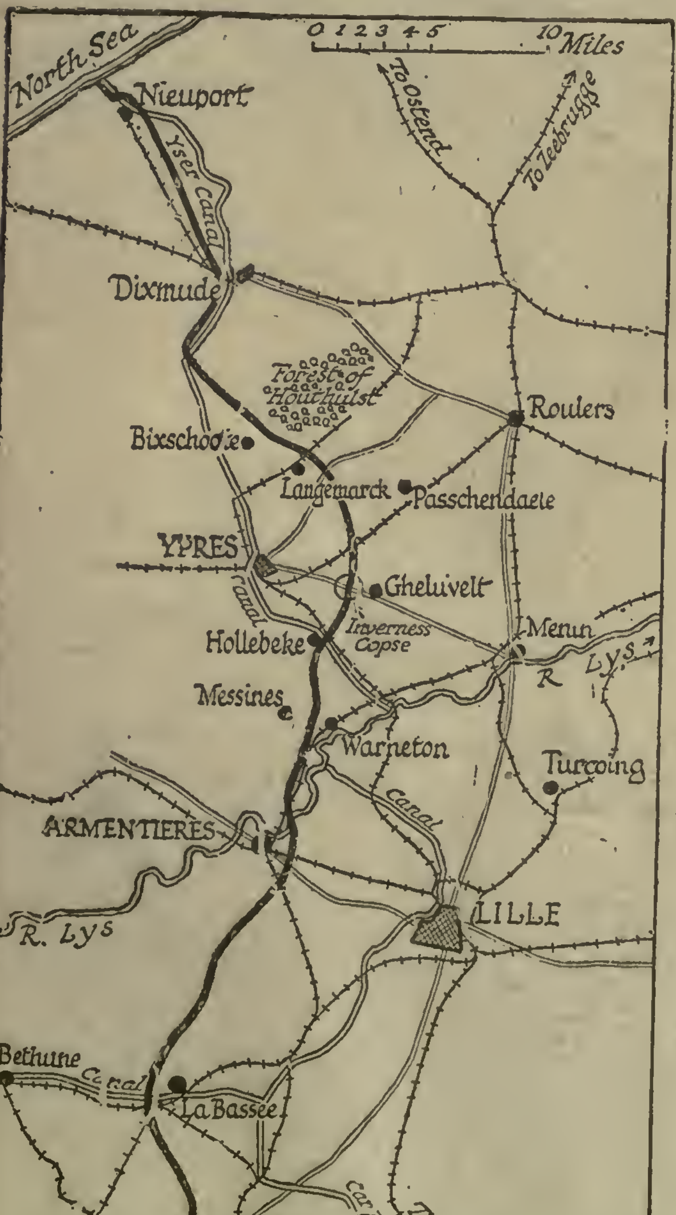
One of the characteristics of these Italian successes is that the enormous and novel pressure our Allies have been able to bring to bear upon all the Isonzo front is due not only to the vastly increased artillery (they are said to have something like 7,000 guns in line between the Alps and the Sea) but 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

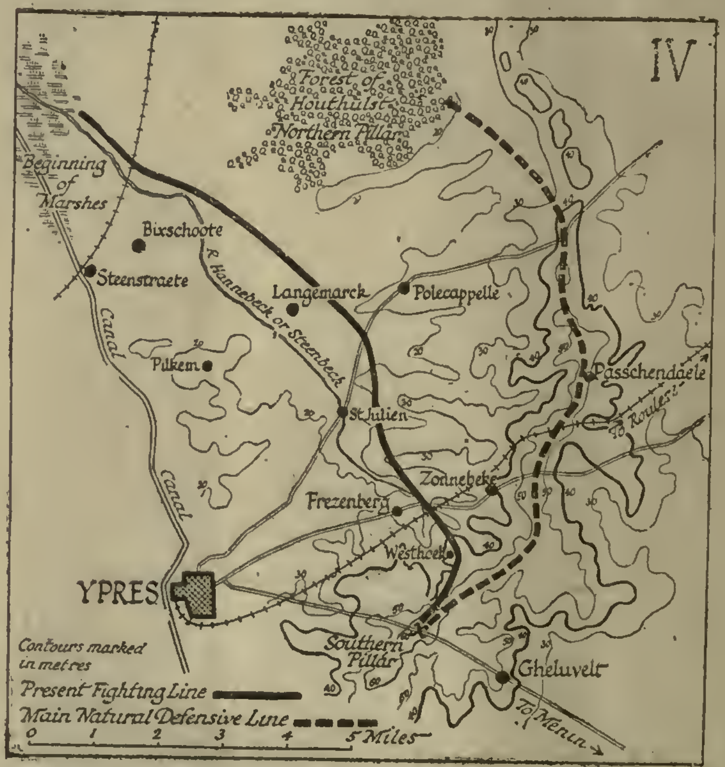
Two actions have specially marked the British work this week in Flanders. The first has been the expensive but successful effort of the Canadians at Lens. The second, the fighting for the "Southern Pillar" of the German position in front of Ypres, described last week, the higher ground below Gheluvelt.

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.


North Sea
0 1 2 3 4 5 10 Miles
Nieuport
Yser Canal
To Ostend
To Zeebrugge
Dixmude
Forest of Houthulst
Roulers
Bixschoote
Langemarck
Passchendaele
YPRES
Gheluvelt
Canal
Hollebeke
Inverness Copse
Menin
R. Lys
Messines
Warneton
Turcoing
ARMENTIERES
Canal
LILLE
R. Lys
Bethune
Canal
La Bassée
LENS
Canal
To Douai
III

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.


IV
Forest of Houthulst
Northern Pillar
Beginning of Marshes
Bixschoote
Steenstraete
Canal
R. Hannebeek or Steenbeek
Langemarck
Polecappelle
Pilkem
St. Julien
Passchendaele
Roulers
Zonnebeke
Frezenberg
Canal
Westhoek
YPRES
Southern Pillar
Gheluvelt
To Menin
Contours marked in metres
Present Fighting Line
Main Natural Defensive Line
0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles

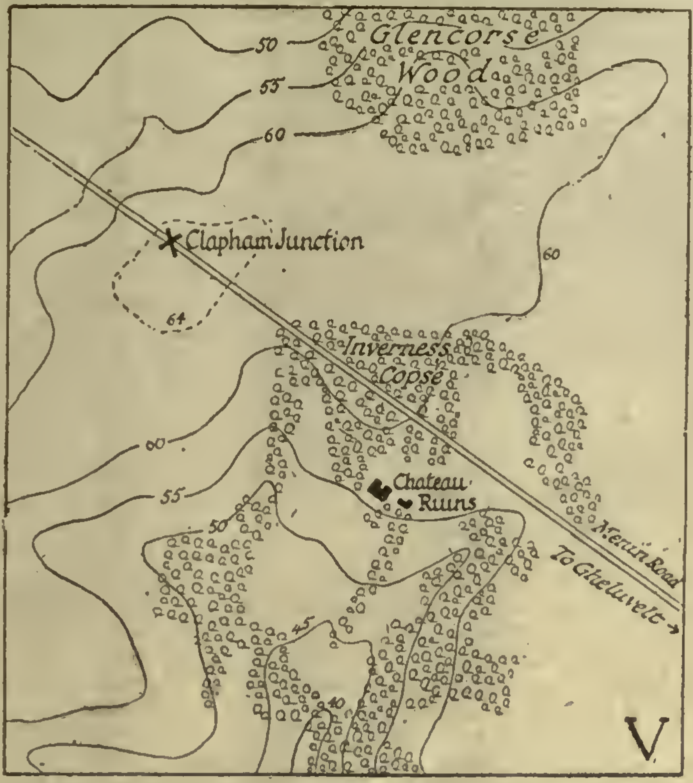
The chief centres of activity in this close struggle for the ruins of Lens are the slight summit on the main Lille road on the north, called Hill 70, now firmly in British hands (for the recovery of which several attacks have been launched by the enemy from the shattered suburbs to the south and east beneath it), and the big slag heap on the other southwestern 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.

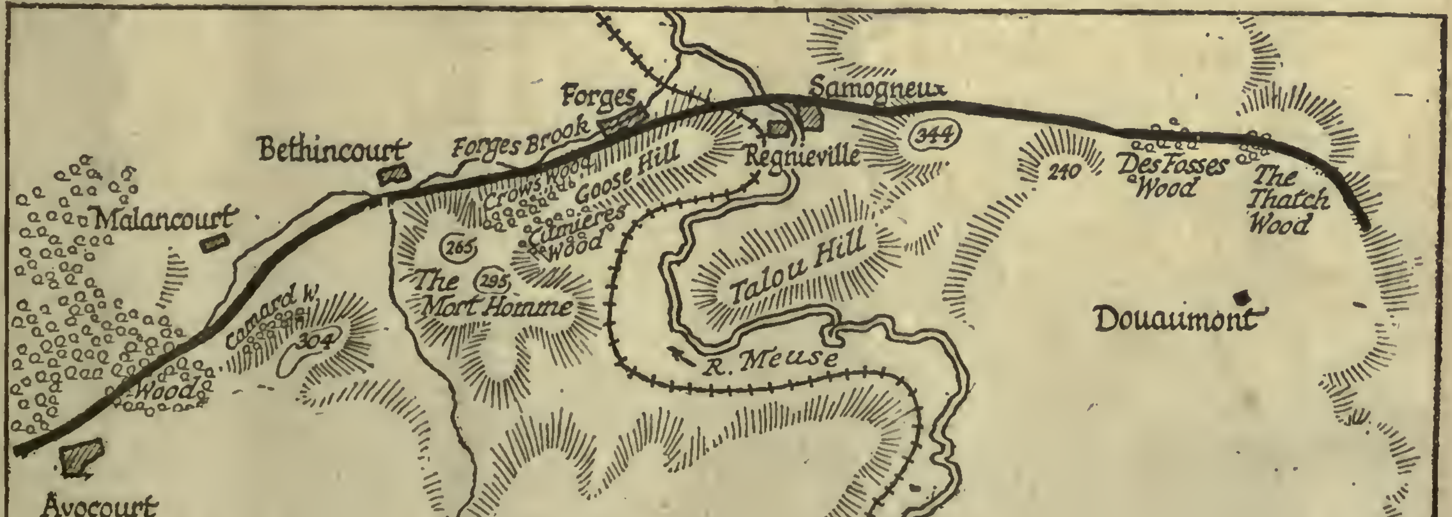
To those who have the opportunity for following the most important element of all in the fighting—the comparative losses—(an opportunity denied, of course, to the student at home) the really significant factor is the price which the enemy has paid in thus attempting to cling to the higher ground. The 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 superfically 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 sojourn 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

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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 Koudacheff, 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'Annunzio 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, whch 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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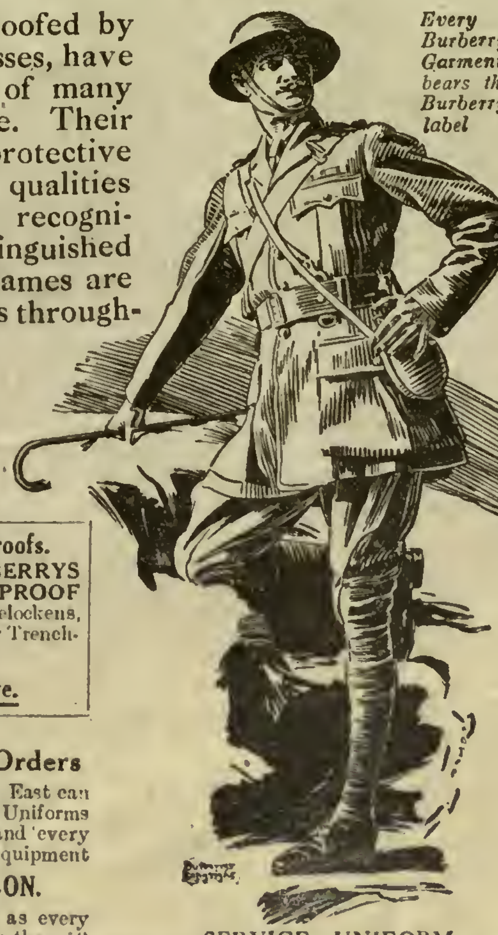

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and before the choice of Roman society, was like one of those readings in the days of powder and peruke, when poets were still elegant, and a part of society's amusement. D'Annunzio, small, blond, at once eager and discreet, with the air of a perfectly 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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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."

* * * * *

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."

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

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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 sitting 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

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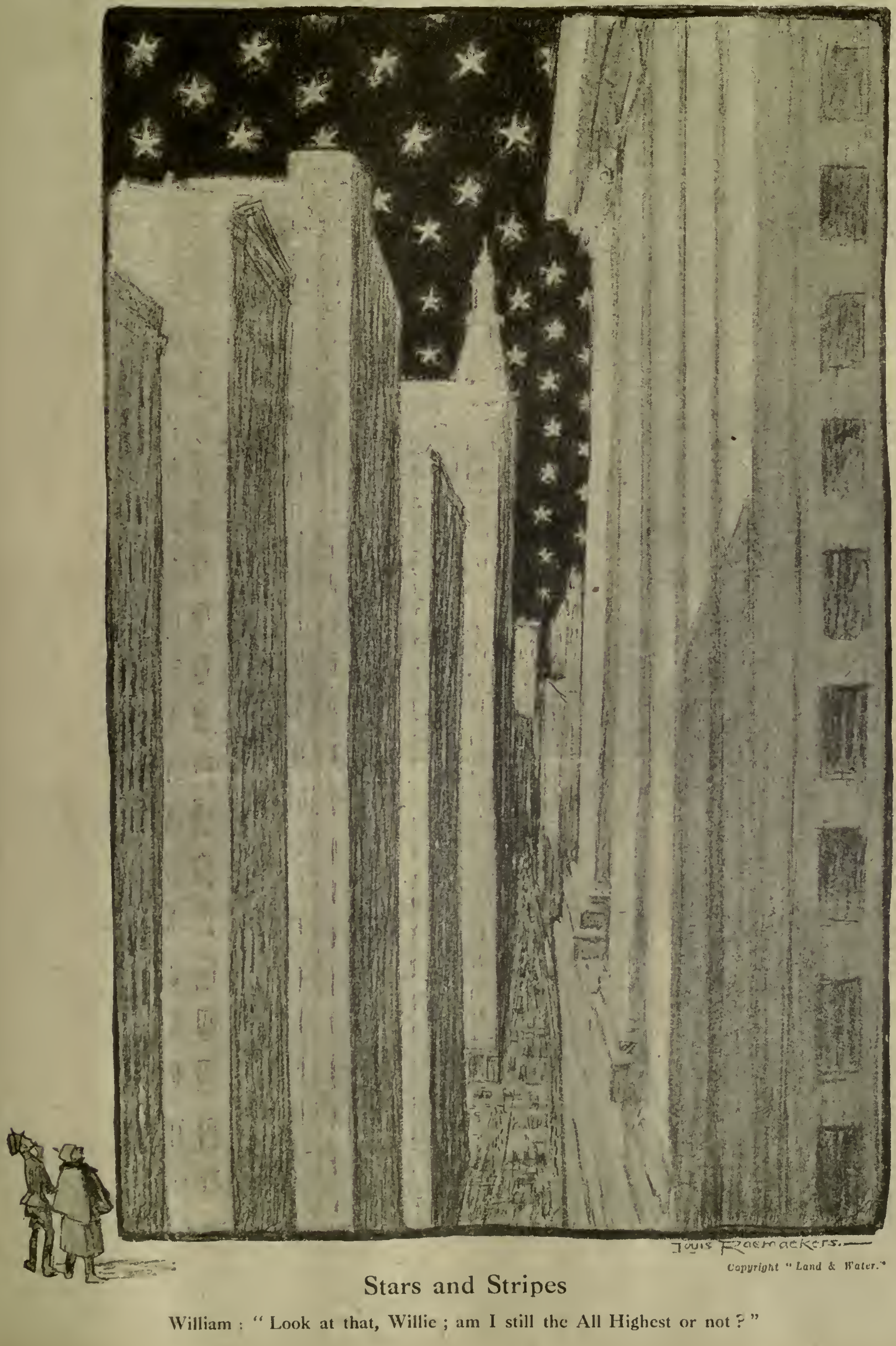
Louis Raemaekers.

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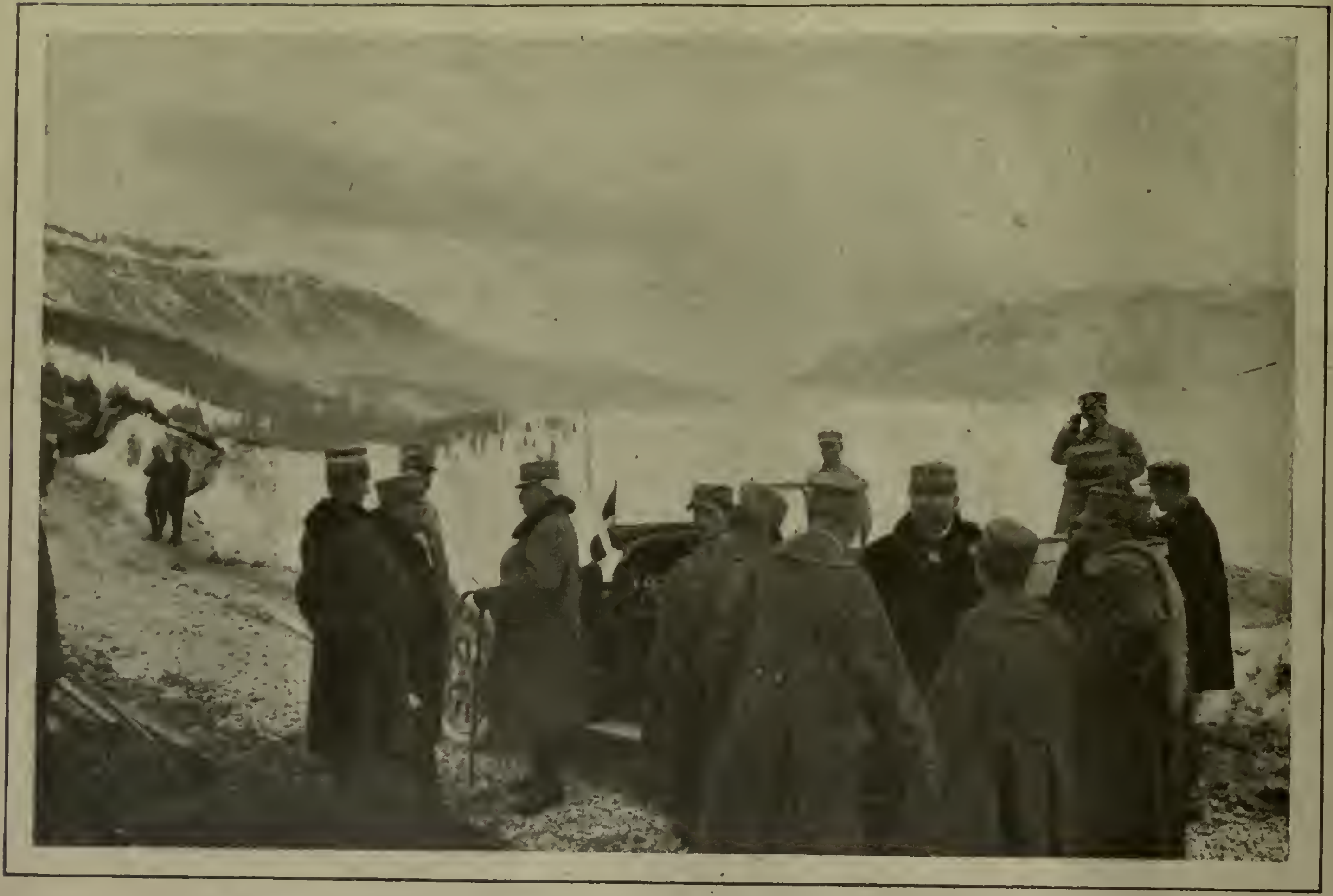
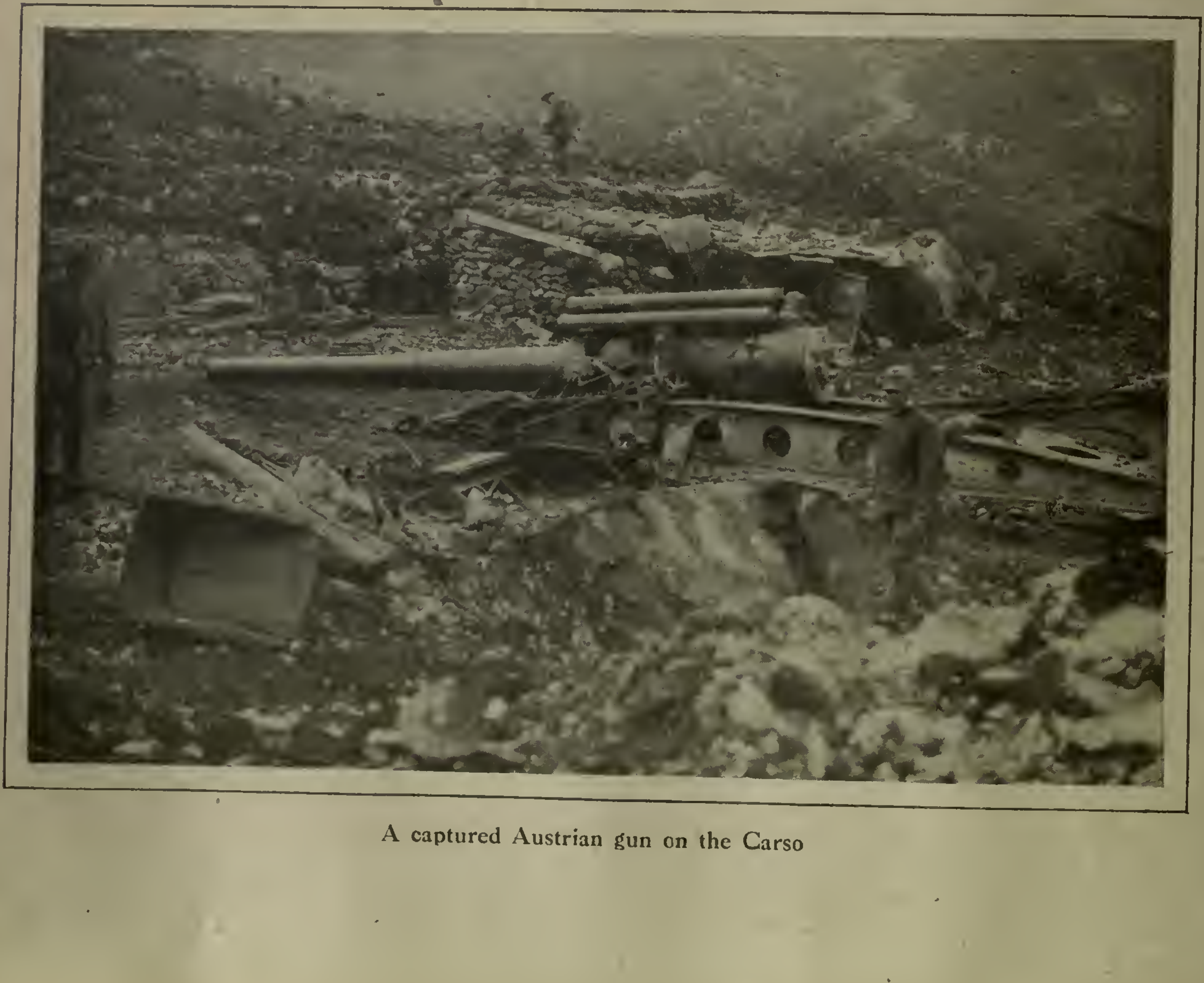
Stars and Stripes

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

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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 Gabriele, 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 Quecant; 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.

* * * * *

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

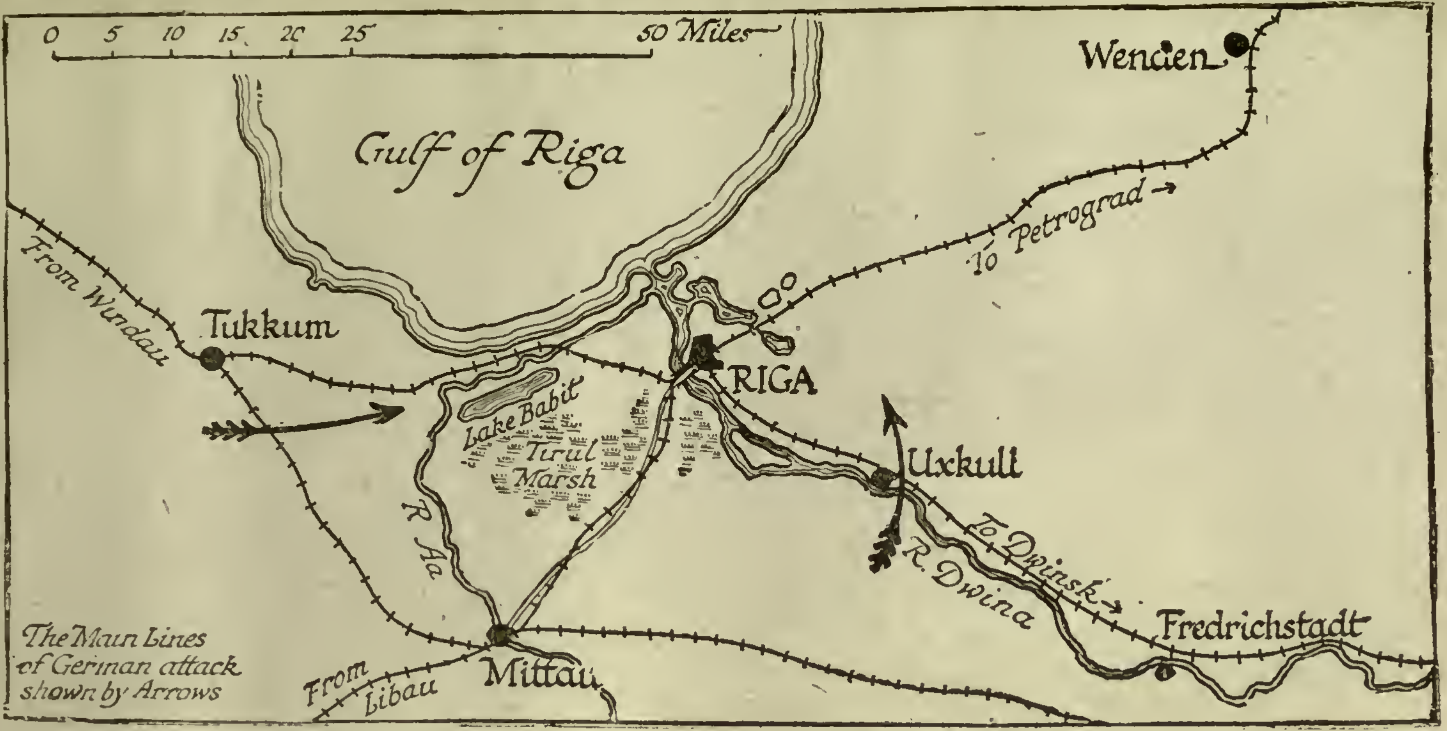
The state of affairs on the East front is abnormal, and so long as that state of affairs continues there is no basis on which calculation can be applied. It is a very remarkable fact that in the renewed campaign in Moldavia, Mackensen has met with no success whatever save what was presented to him by 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



The Main Lines of German attack shown by Arrows

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.

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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.

While south country seaside resorts are crowded to suffocation in September, there are parts of Blackpool where, if one desire it, comparative solitude can be enjoyed. At the same time, for those who delight in the fascination of crowds, there is plenty of amusement and of crowds to be found at the Lancashire resort, where every conceivable amusement is provided, and the invigorating quality of the air tends to add to one's enjoyment. Blackpool offers every variety of holiday from the quietest to the most strenuous.

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

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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 5,435,000 (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 widespread 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 bloomin 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

"Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He!
Old fat Fritz, you can't see me."

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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 :—

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> "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.

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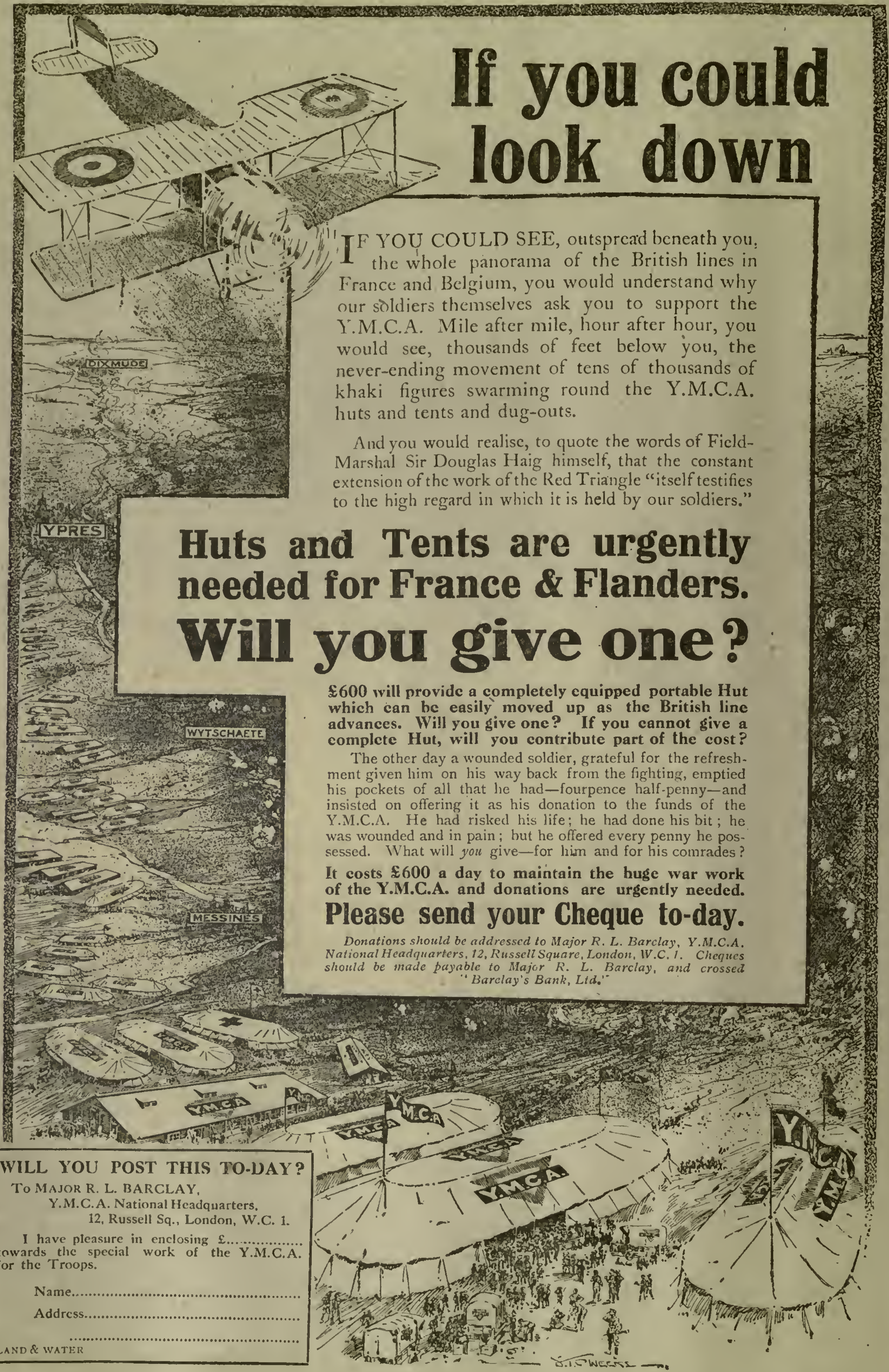
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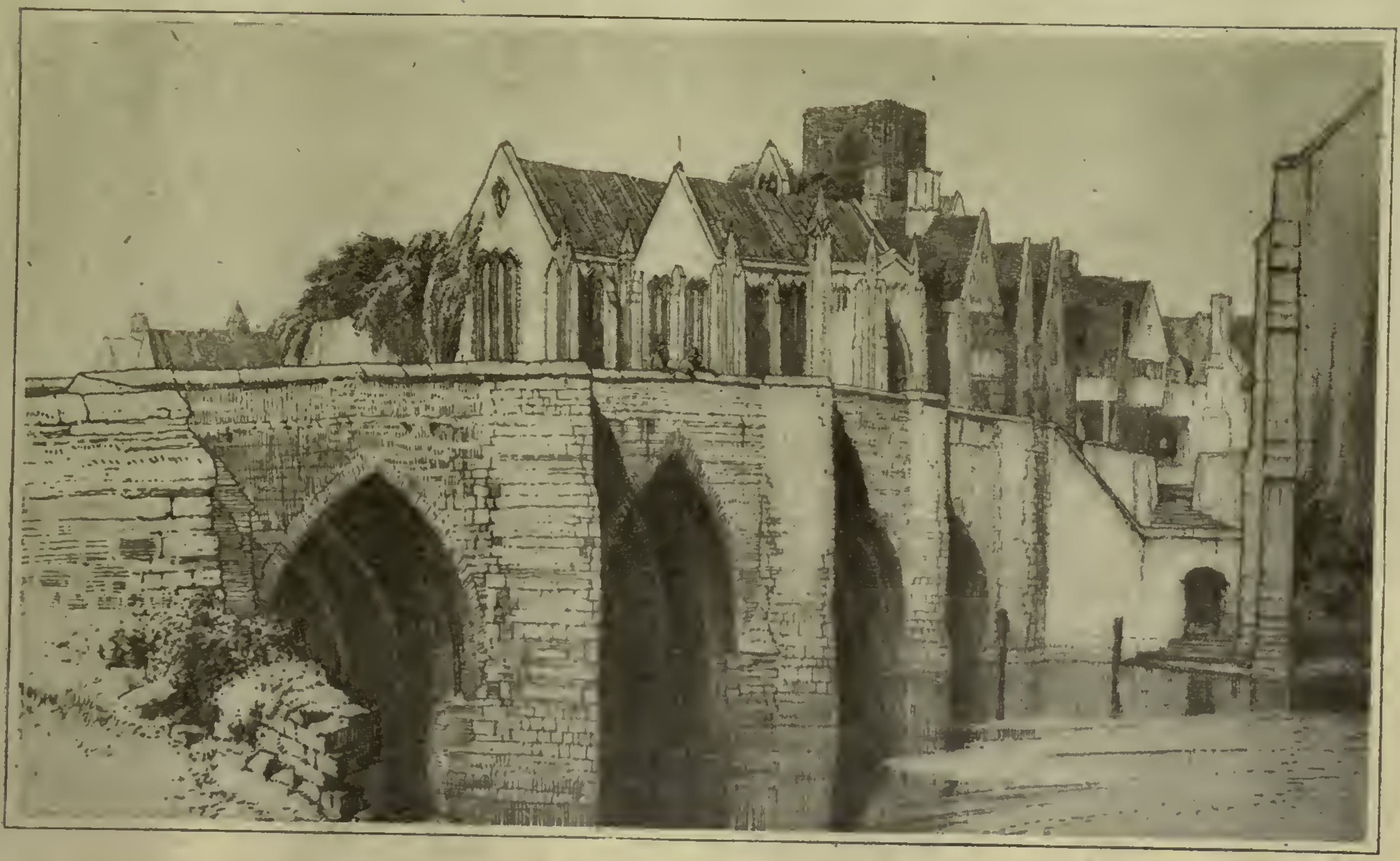
LAND & WATER

A Vision of England

By Charles Marriott

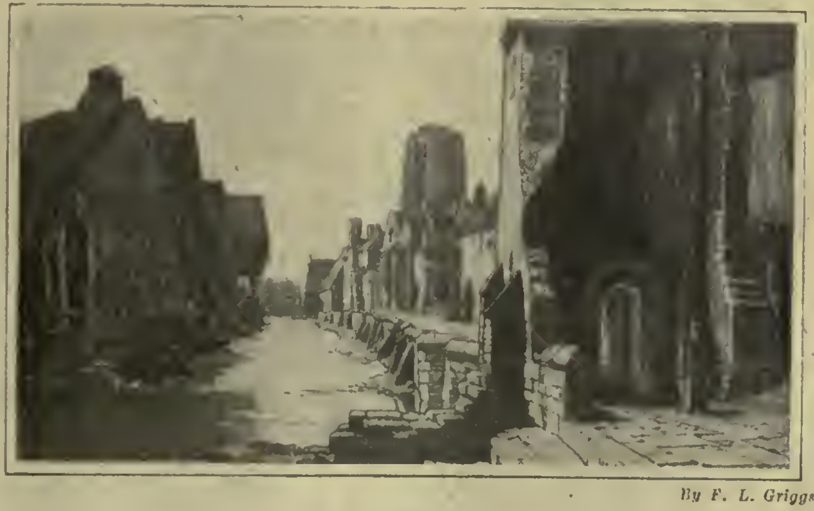


*The Pool

By F. L. Griggs

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.



The Ford

By F. L. Griggs

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, 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."

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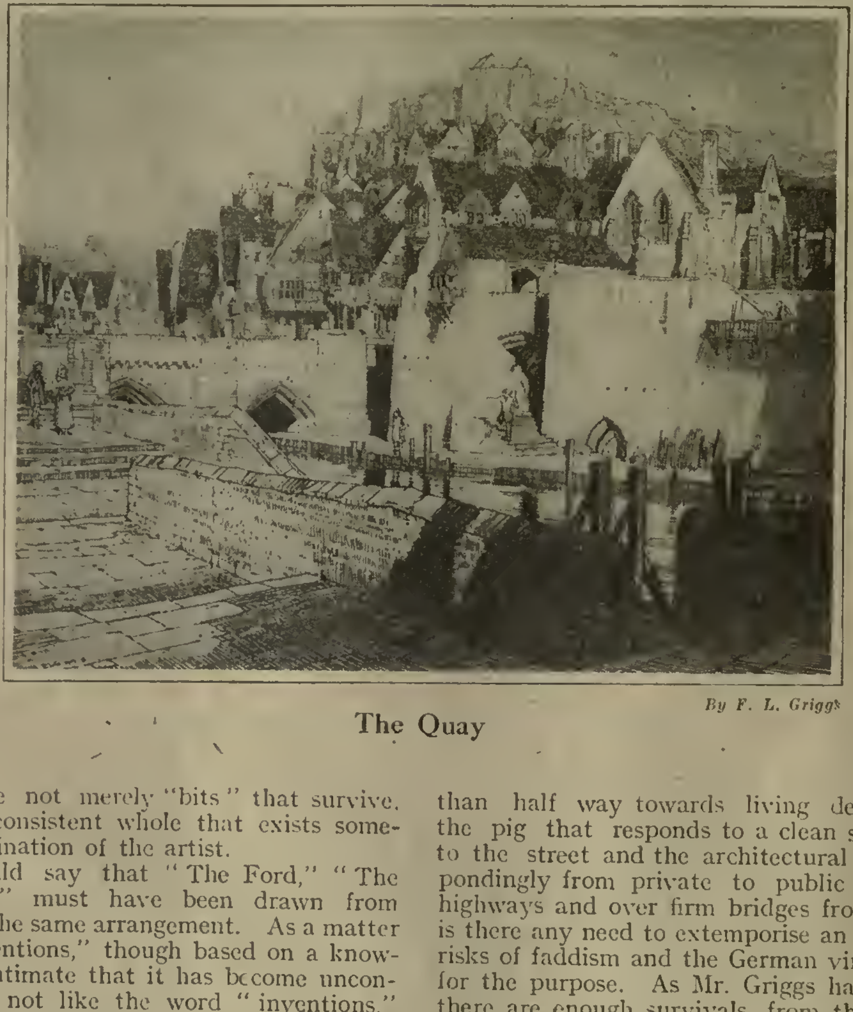
When the Englishman, in that sense, becomes articulate in language or line the results are not only absorbingly interesting in themselves but extremely valuable as propaganda. The England of the future will owe much more to certain writings of Rudyard Kipling, G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc than 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.

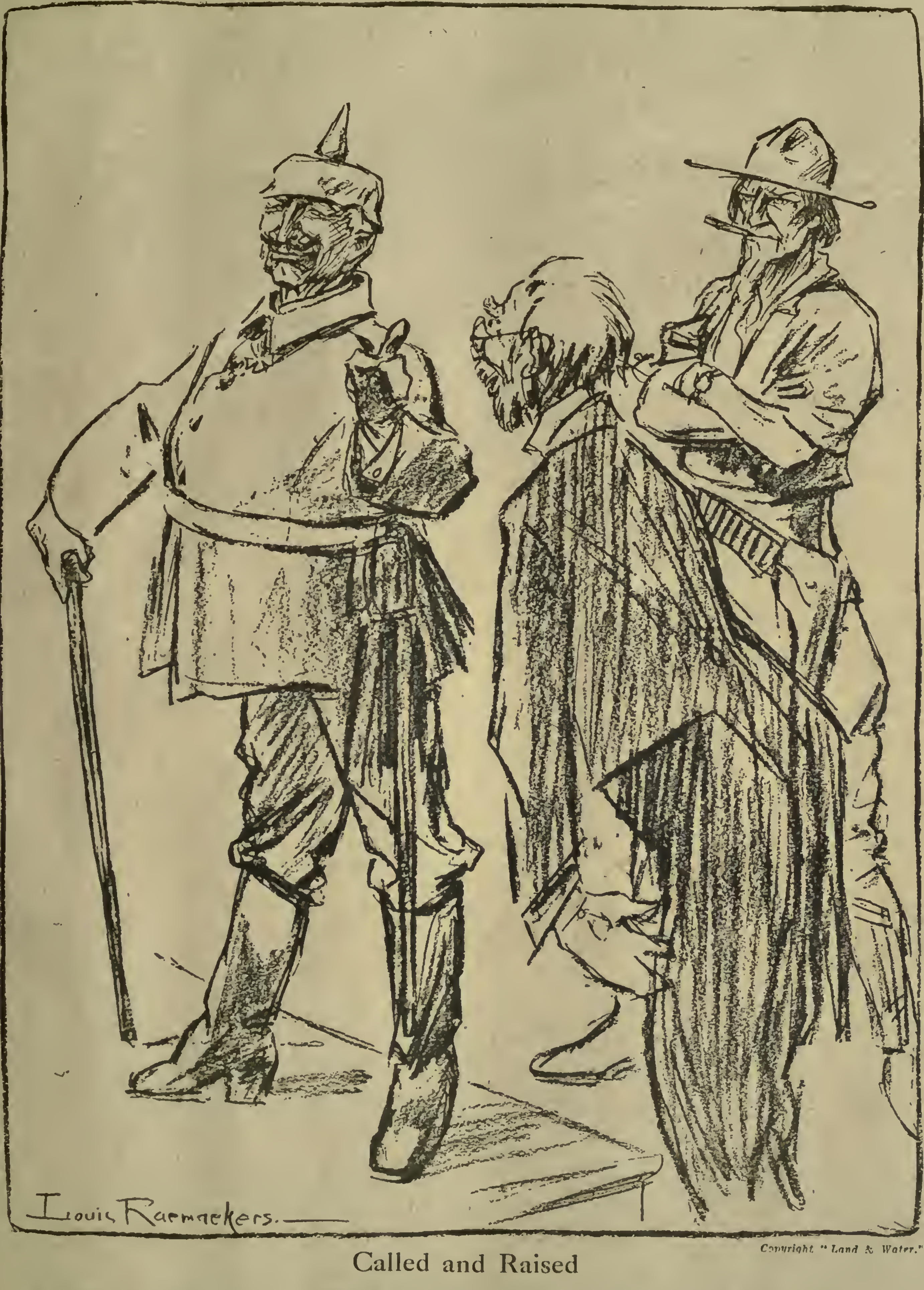
Living in London we are apt to forget England and how much of it still survives in country towns in a form that could easily be brought up to modern requirements. On the whole, it is better to join hands with the past than to jump into the future. Life is, after all, an old business. The "audacity" recommended 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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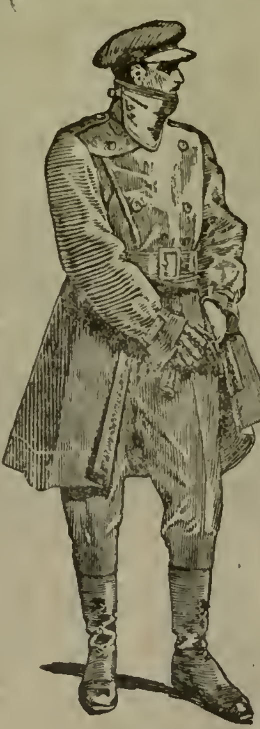

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1917

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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 bring 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.

* * * * *

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.

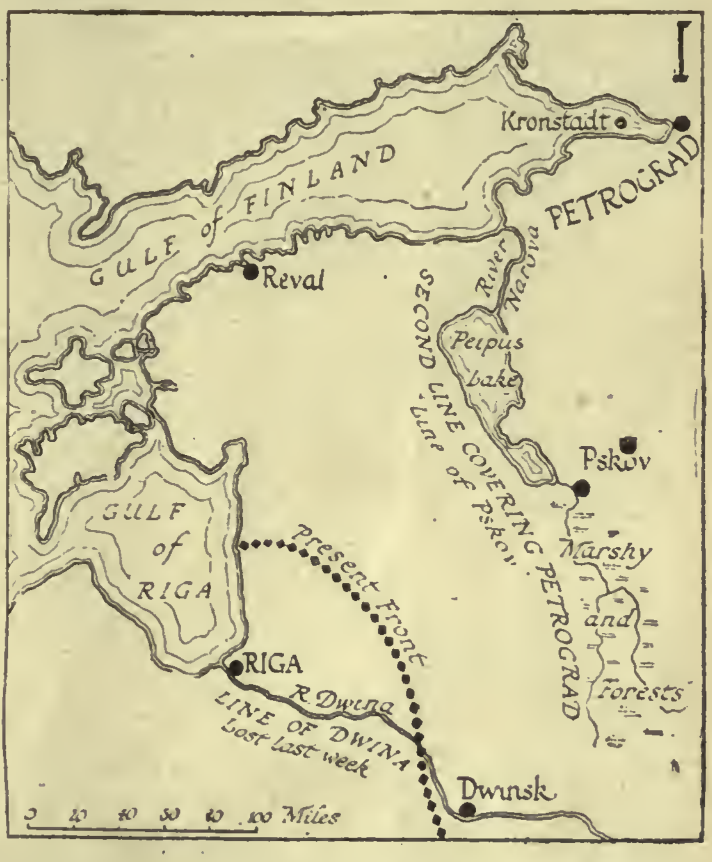
OCCUPATION OF RIGA

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.

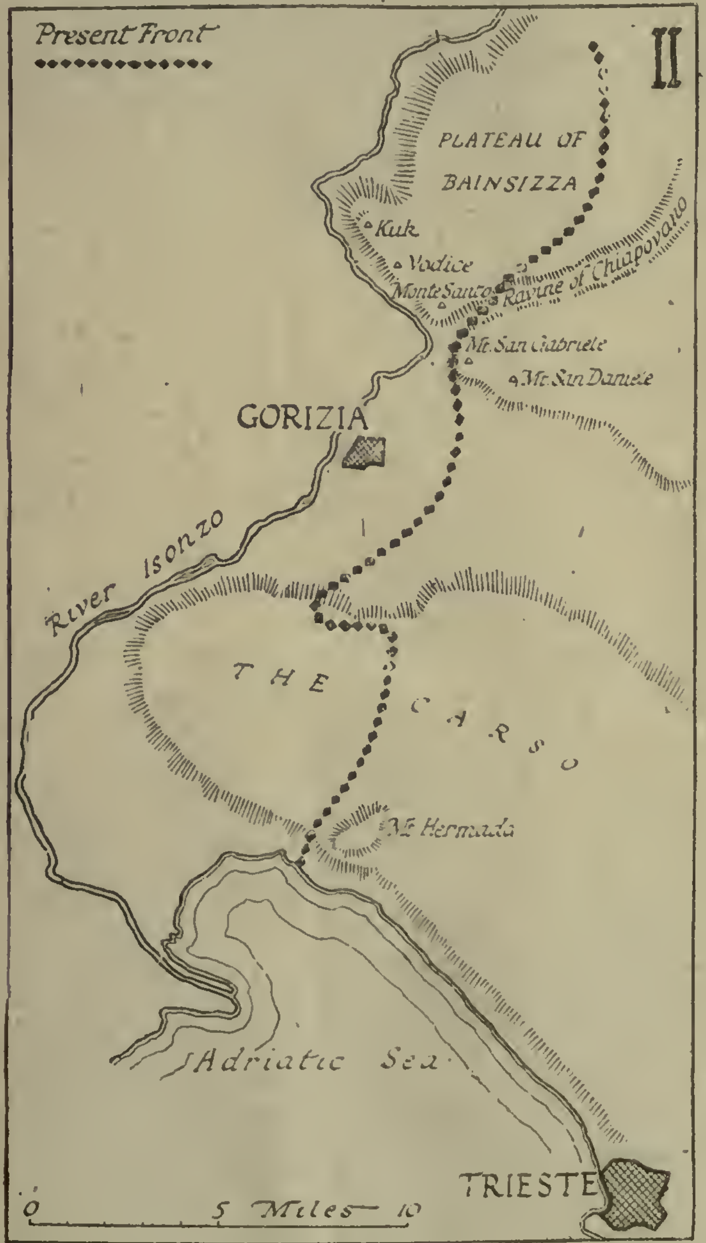
More than that cannot be said. It has been suggested in the Press that the loss of the Dwina line was due, not to any bad breakdown in the moral of the defence, but to "the enemy's superiority in artillery." The phrase is meaningless. The Russians have been supplied with artillery superior to that which 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 pen-holder 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 ot 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 vittles 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 posr 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-pet. 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 Church Army is offering a three months' course of training at its 750 acre farm in Essex, with the object of enabling men honourably discharged from either of the services, partially disabled or otherwise, to earn their living as workers on the land. Even in cases where men do not intend to take up such work as a livelihood, a time spent on the land cannot fail to be beneficial to them. It is a good scheme. Full particulars can be obtained of the Secretary, Discharged Soldiers and Sailors Department, 56, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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.

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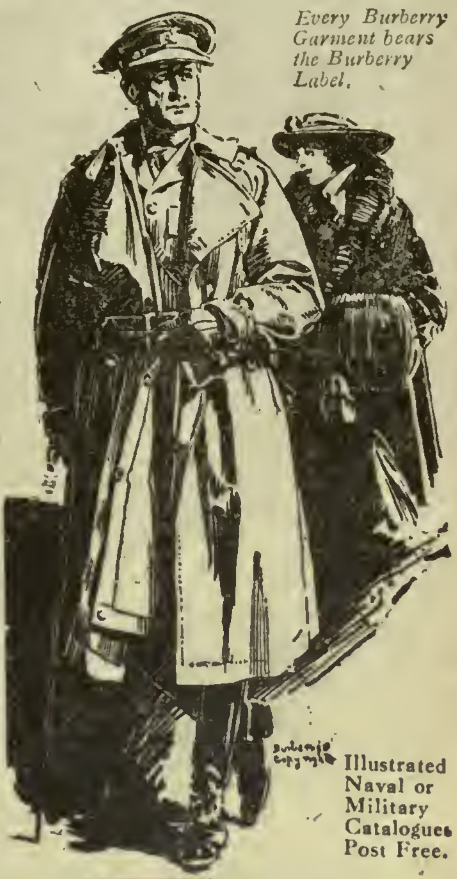

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Novels of the Autumn

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.

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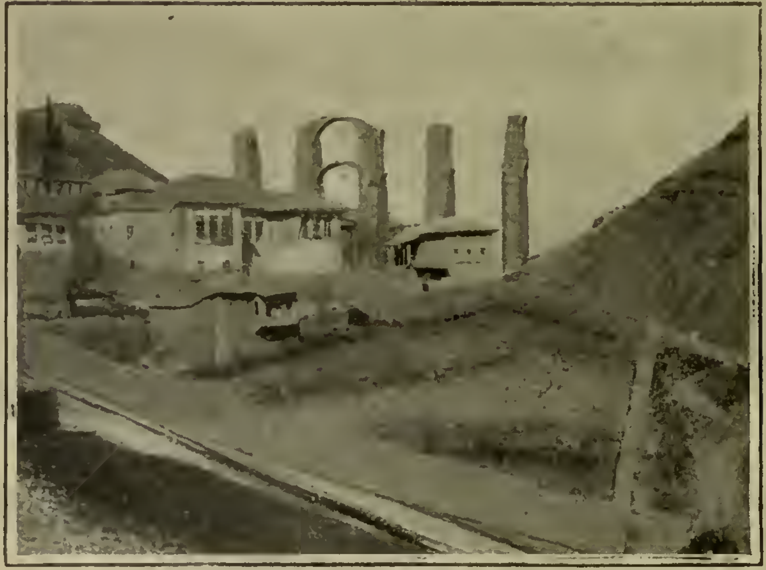

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DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

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.*

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.

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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.

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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

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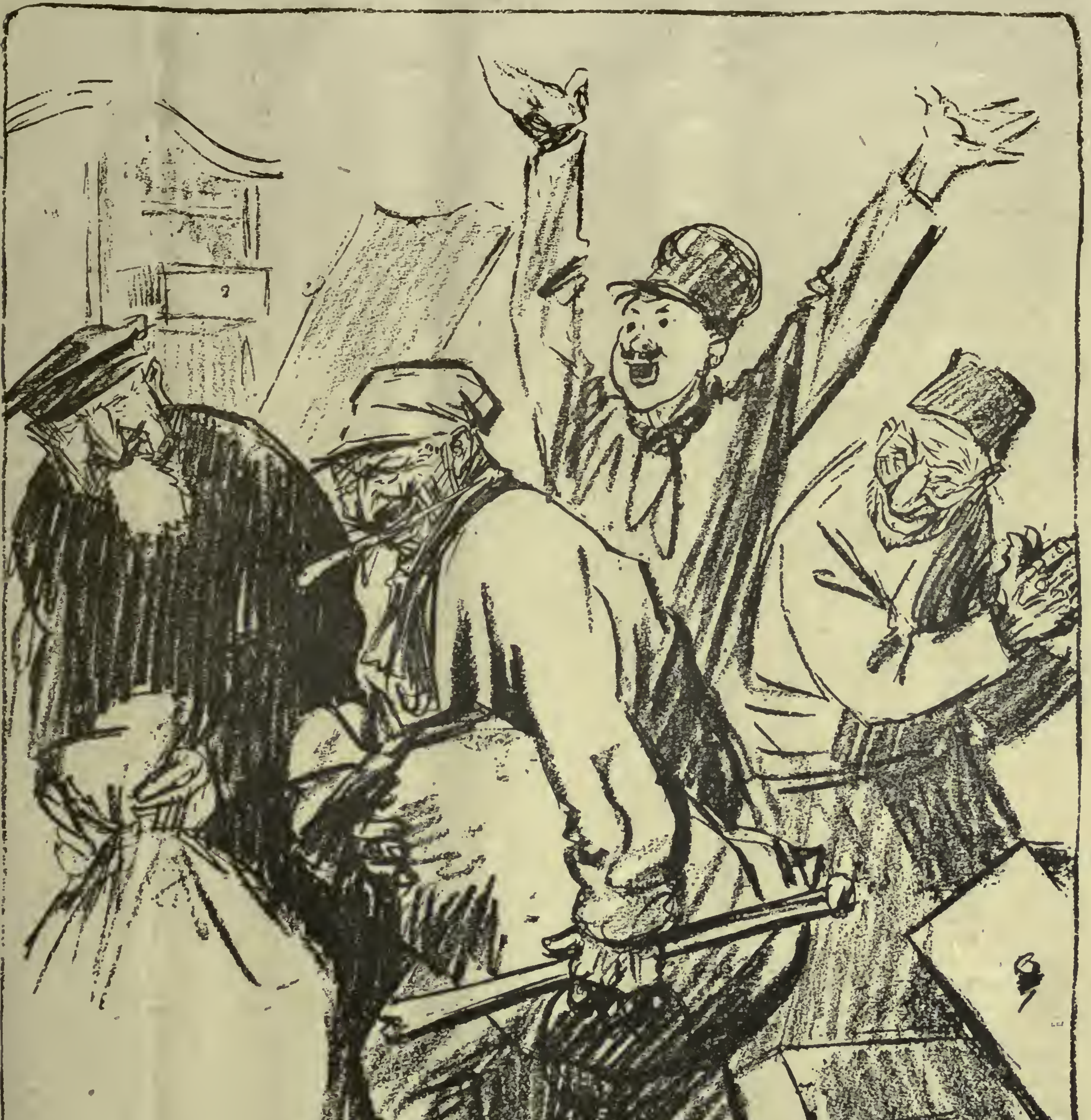
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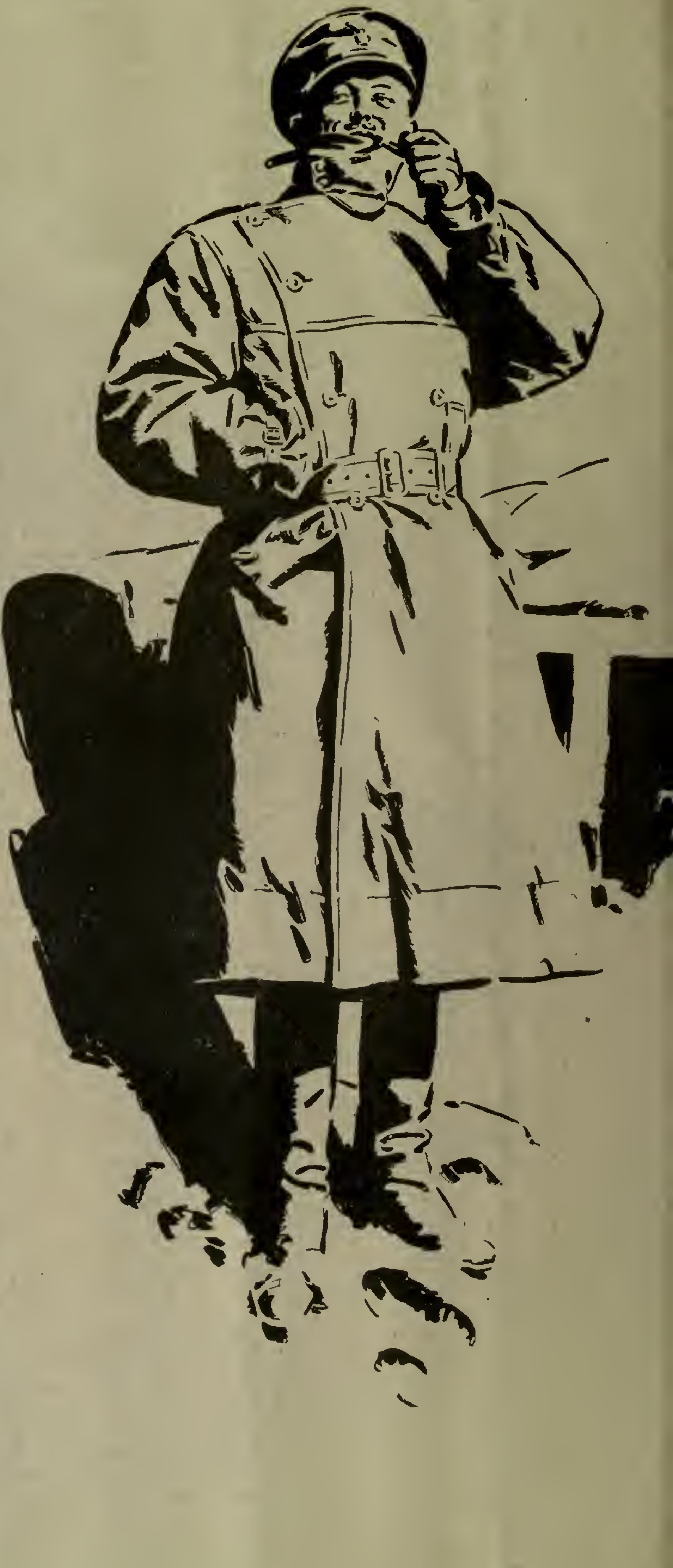
The Papal Peace Proposal

Austria: Hurrah! We have only to leave the countries we have already ransacked



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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917

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A Journal from a Legation

in next week's "Land & Water"
will contain Mr. Hugh Gibson's narrative of

The Last Hours of Edith Cavell

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 Amsterdammer* 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 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.

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* The common phrase used in our textbooks "Western Alliance" is not found among contemporary writers. The original belligerents are usually named by these 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.

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 force 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

A Journal from a Legation
in next week's "Land & Water"
will contain Mr. Hugh Gibson's narrative of
The Last Hours of Edith Cavell

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 — — — — — 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 *laisser-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 acquantaince 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 side 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 vieherungen* (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 "facts" 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.

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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.

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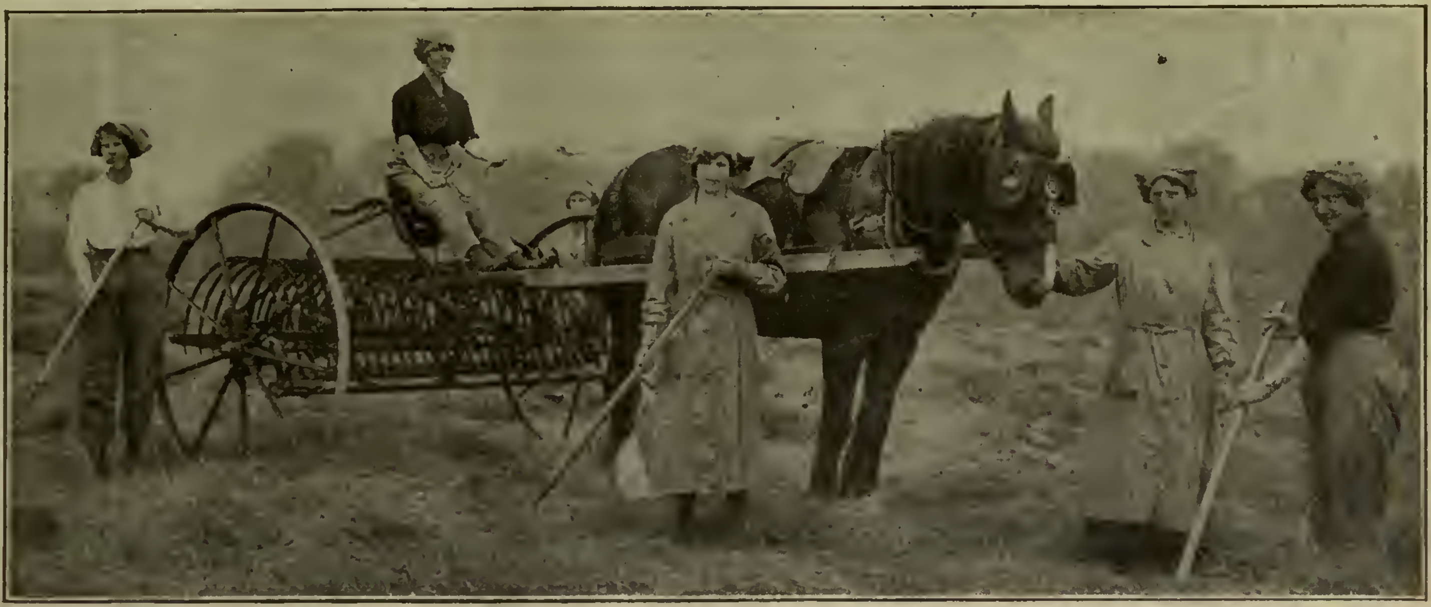
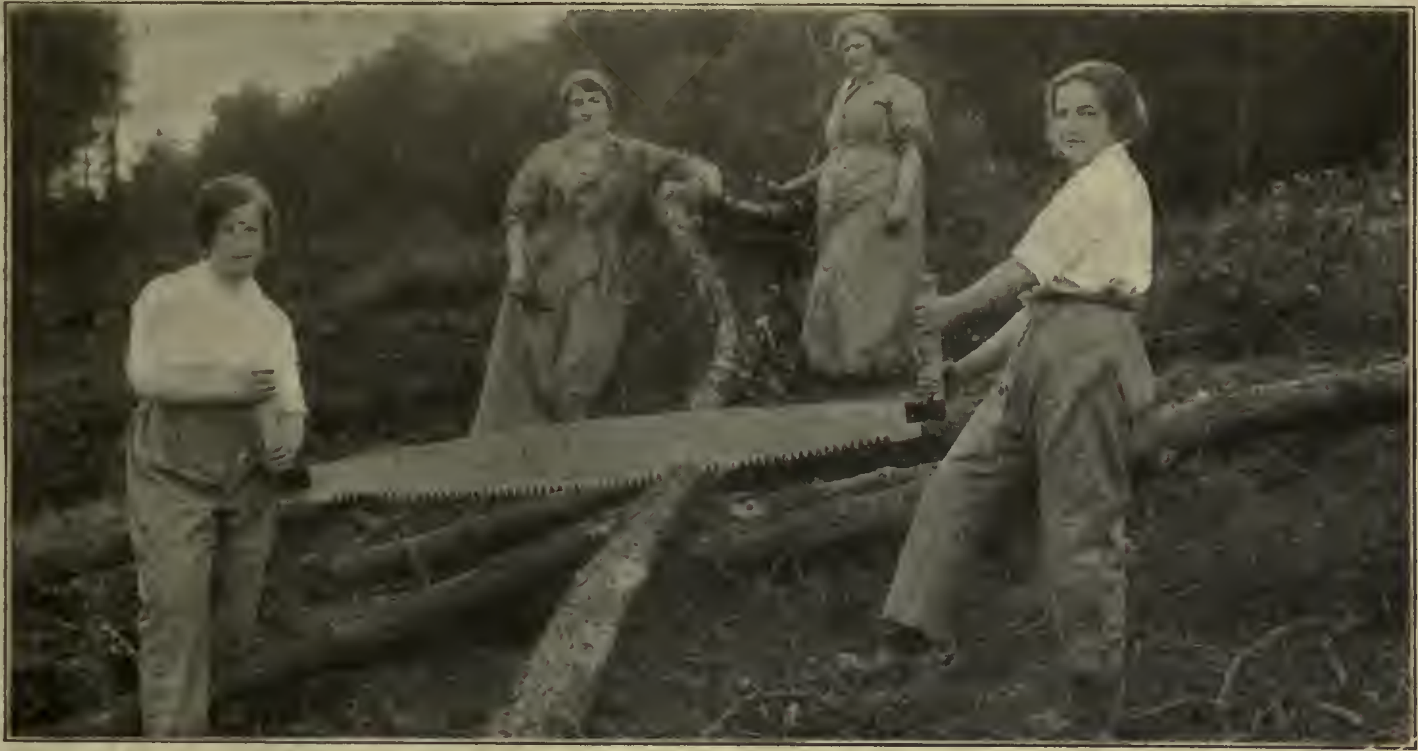
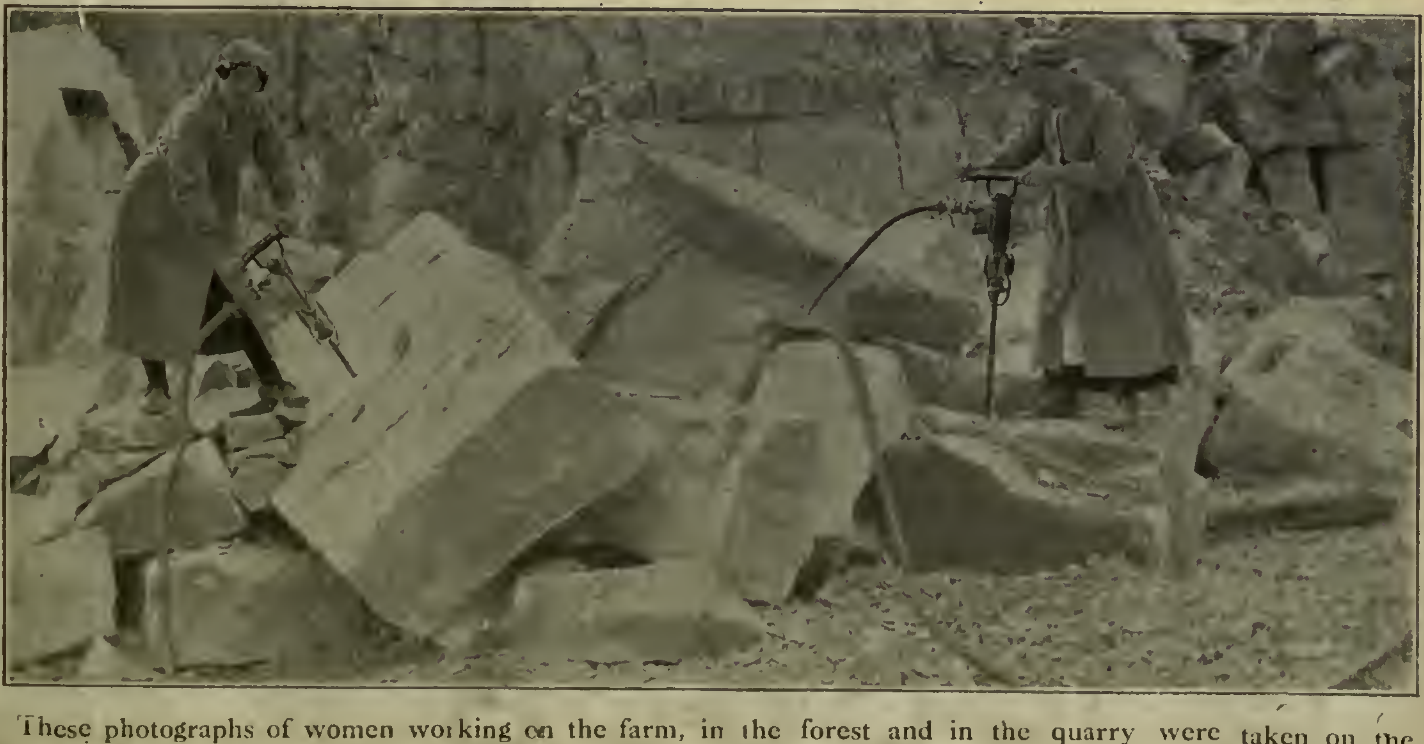
Women's Work on the Land







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

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.*

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

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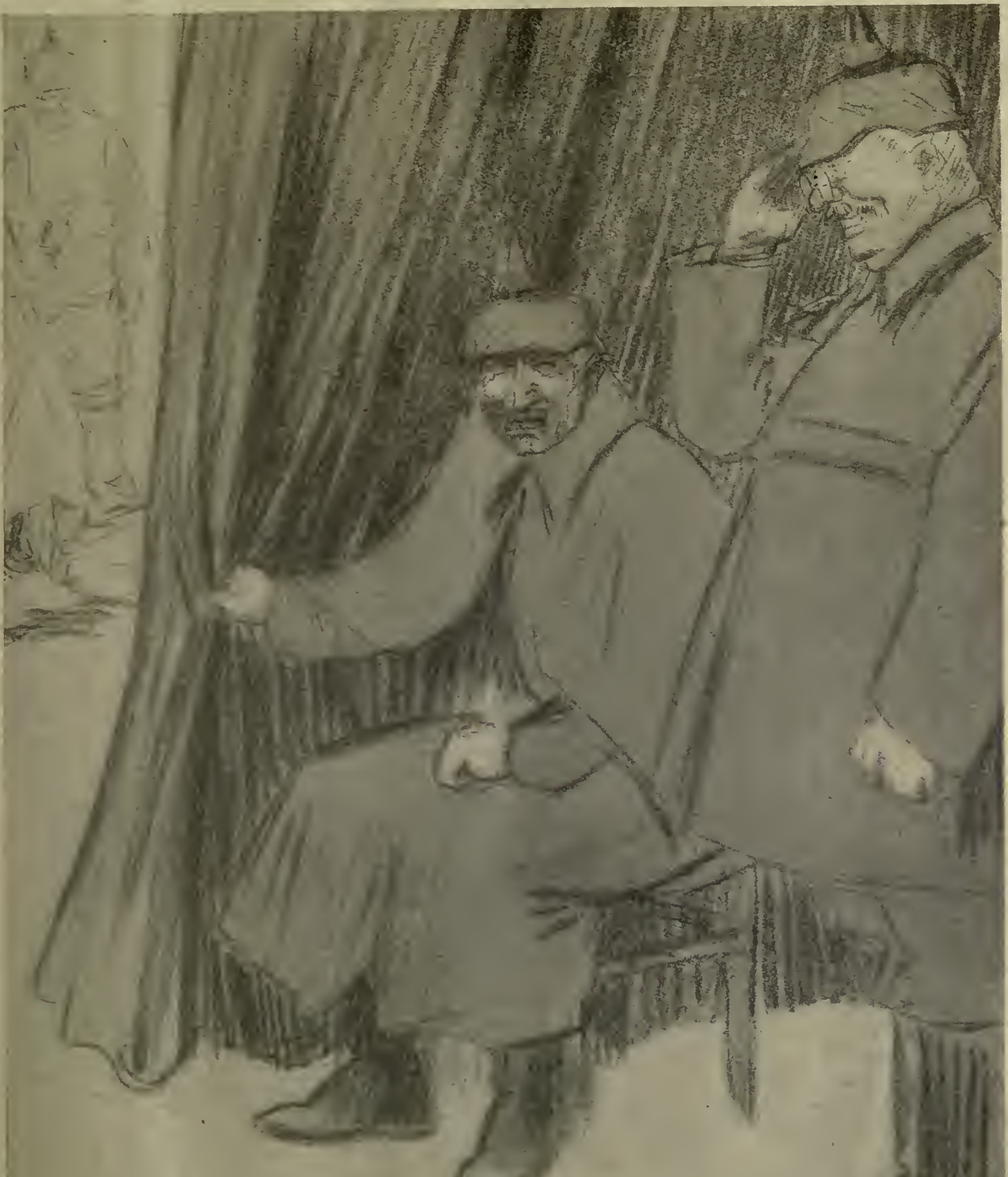

Edith Cavell

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.

The verdict of 18000 British Officers

NOT because we, as its makers, know it to be incomparable; not merely for the reason that the War Office gave it their official recognition, do we say to officers, "Wear a Thresher." But we do ask them to judge by the verdict of their comrades in arms; to follow the lead of those 18000 British Officers who have found in their Thresher Trench Coats perfect protection and campaign comfort.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1917

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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

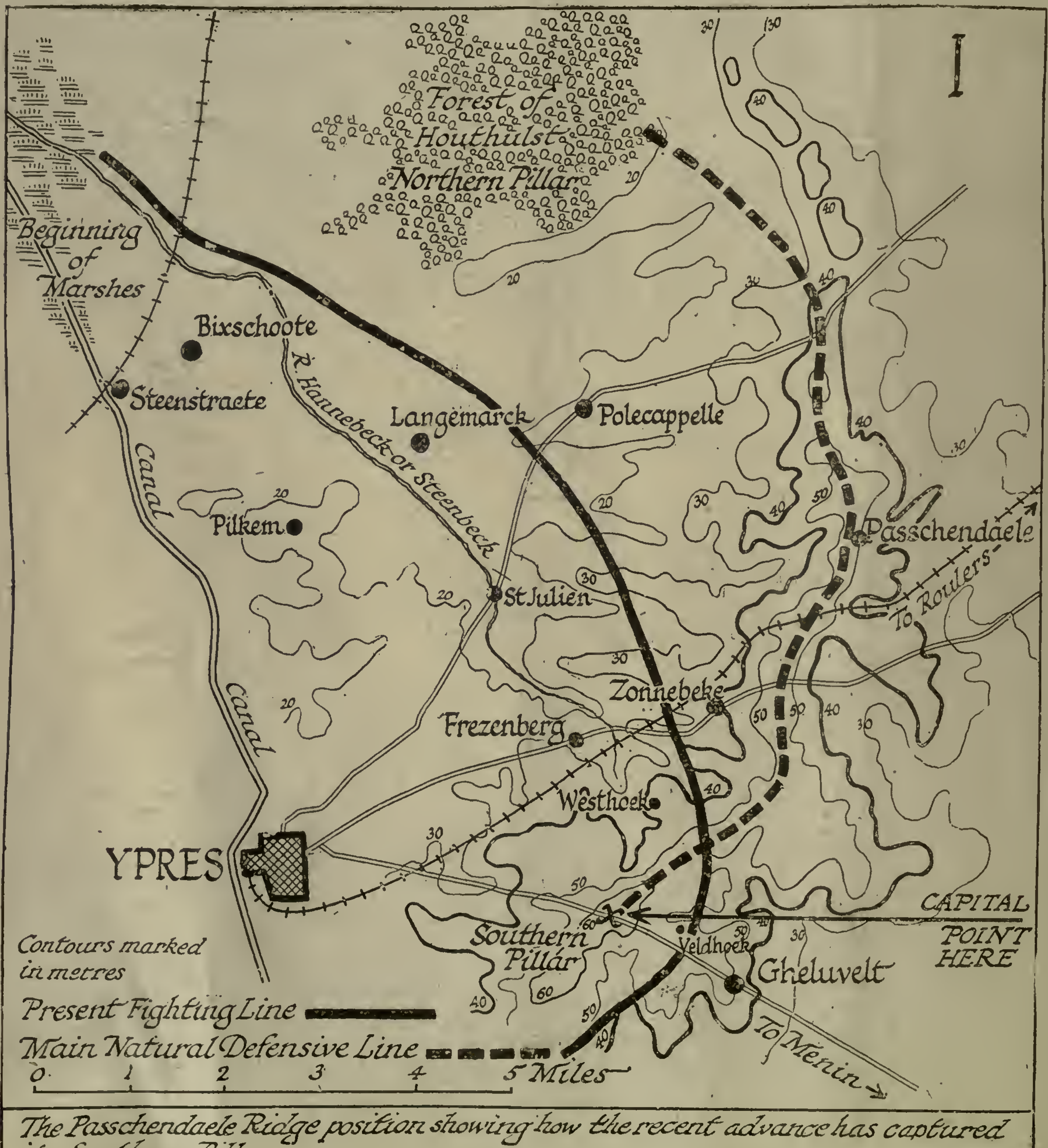
By Hilaire Belloc

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


I
Forest of Houthulst
Northern Pillar
Beginning of Marshes
Bixschoote
Steenstraete
Langemarck
Polecappelle
R. Hannebeck or Steenbeck
Canal
Pilkem
St Julien
Passchendaele
To Roulers
Zonnebeke
Frezenberg
Westhoek
YPRES
Southern Pillar
Veldhoek
Gheluvelt
CAPITAL POINT HERE
To Menin
20
30
40
50
60
Contours marked in metres
Present Fighting Line
Main Natural Defensive Line
0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles

The Passchendaele Ridge position showing how the recent advance has captured its Southern Pillar

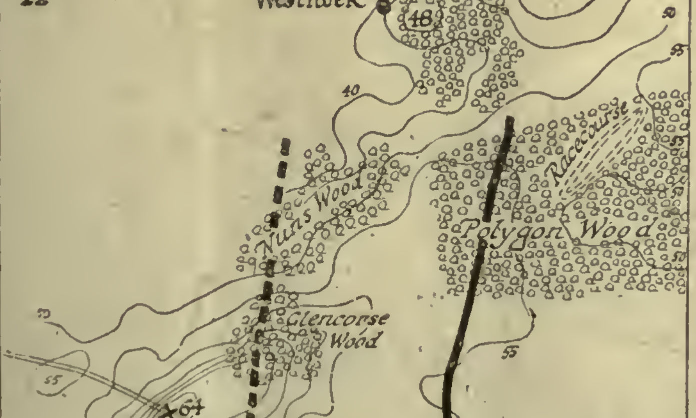
It is wooded and marshy. The artificial water of what was once the Herenthage chateau has spread under the shell fire (and probably also through the artificial work of the enemy) into big sheets of shallow mud and water, which the army has called the "Dumbarton Lakes," and the clay soil of the woods 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.

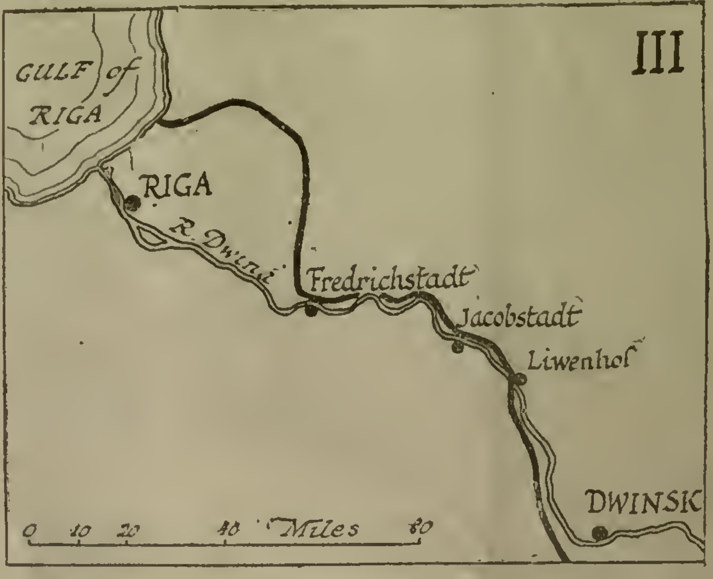
You cannot have your cake and eat it too. The moment you begin to rely upon small isolated posts you postpone in some degree your timing of counter-attack. You interfere with your power of lateral movement, and you create a front line which is more brittle than the old. Perhaps also, if we are to judge 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, unndoubtedly, 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 preecisely 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 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.

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*This was just one hour and twenty minutes after the sentence had actually been pronounced. There is no need for comment.

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."

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.

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*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 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 whole-hearted 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.
>
> 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."

* * * * *

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' layin' 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, or 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.

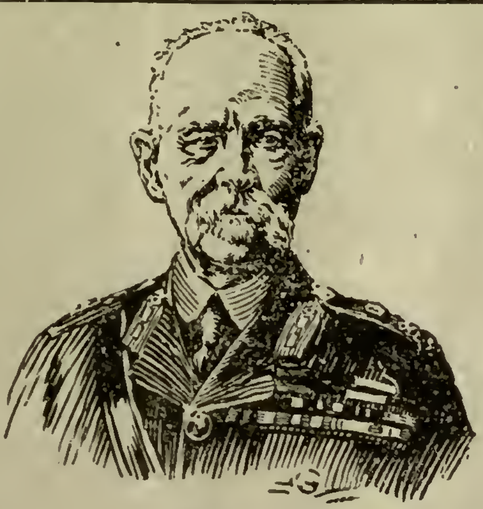
Back in the Aid Post later he heard from one of the Jocks who had been down there in the smoke somewhere between the machine guns and the wood, that the front line was already well consolidated. He heard too that the German counter-attack had been cut to pieces, and that the open ground before our new 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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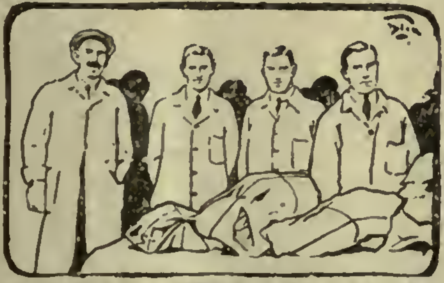

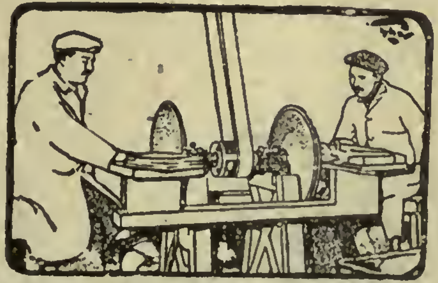

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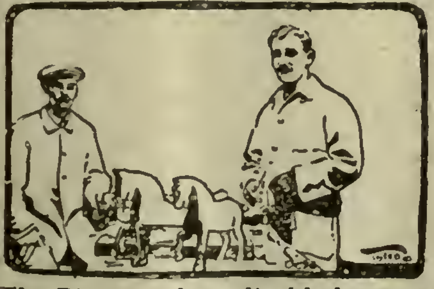

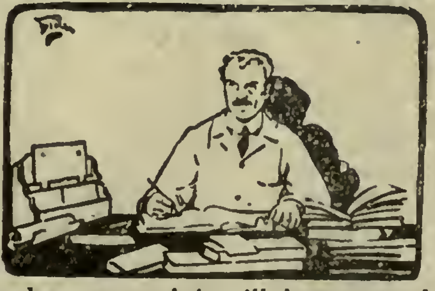

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The British Firing Line

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.

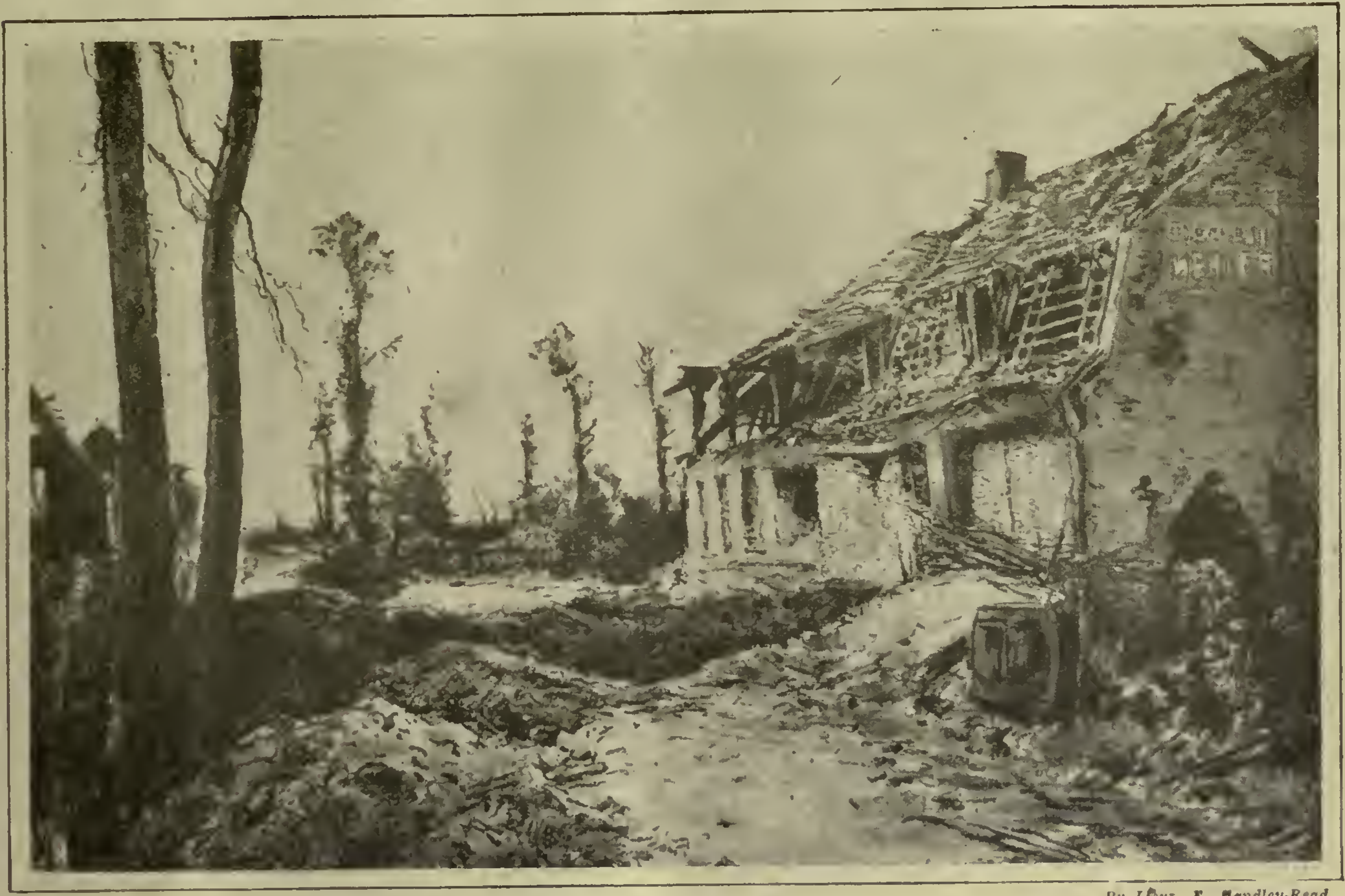
Even the remarkable absence of the human element from his drawings is due, not to negative indifference to the human side of the war, but to positive concentration upon the landscape side of it. There never was an event, or series of events, of which it could be said with more point: "You cannot both 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.

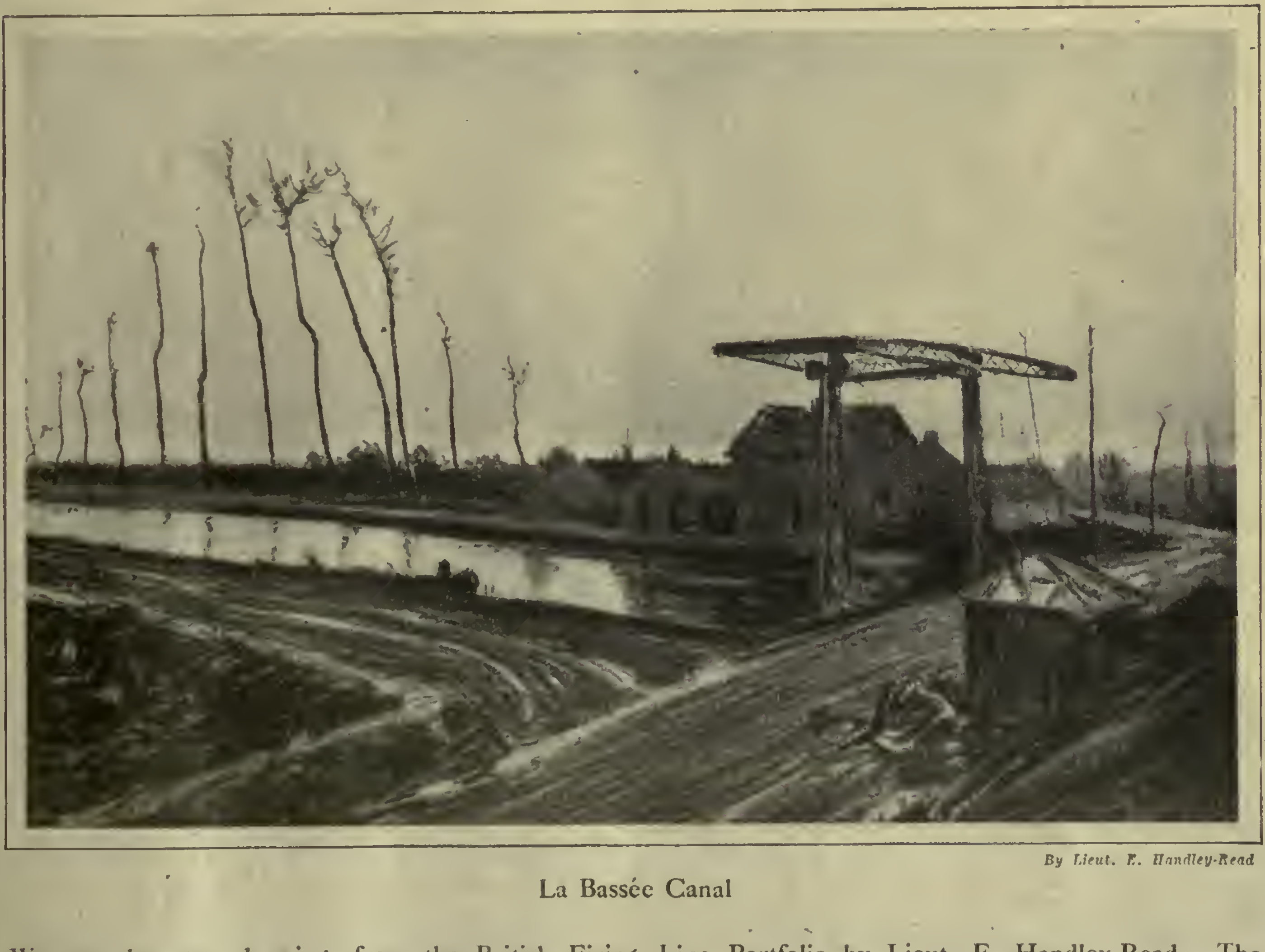
Copies of Lieutenant E. Handley-Read's Portfolio, price £5 5s, are to be obtained from "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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 Portfolio contains twelve engravings in colour, with an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and is published by George 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.

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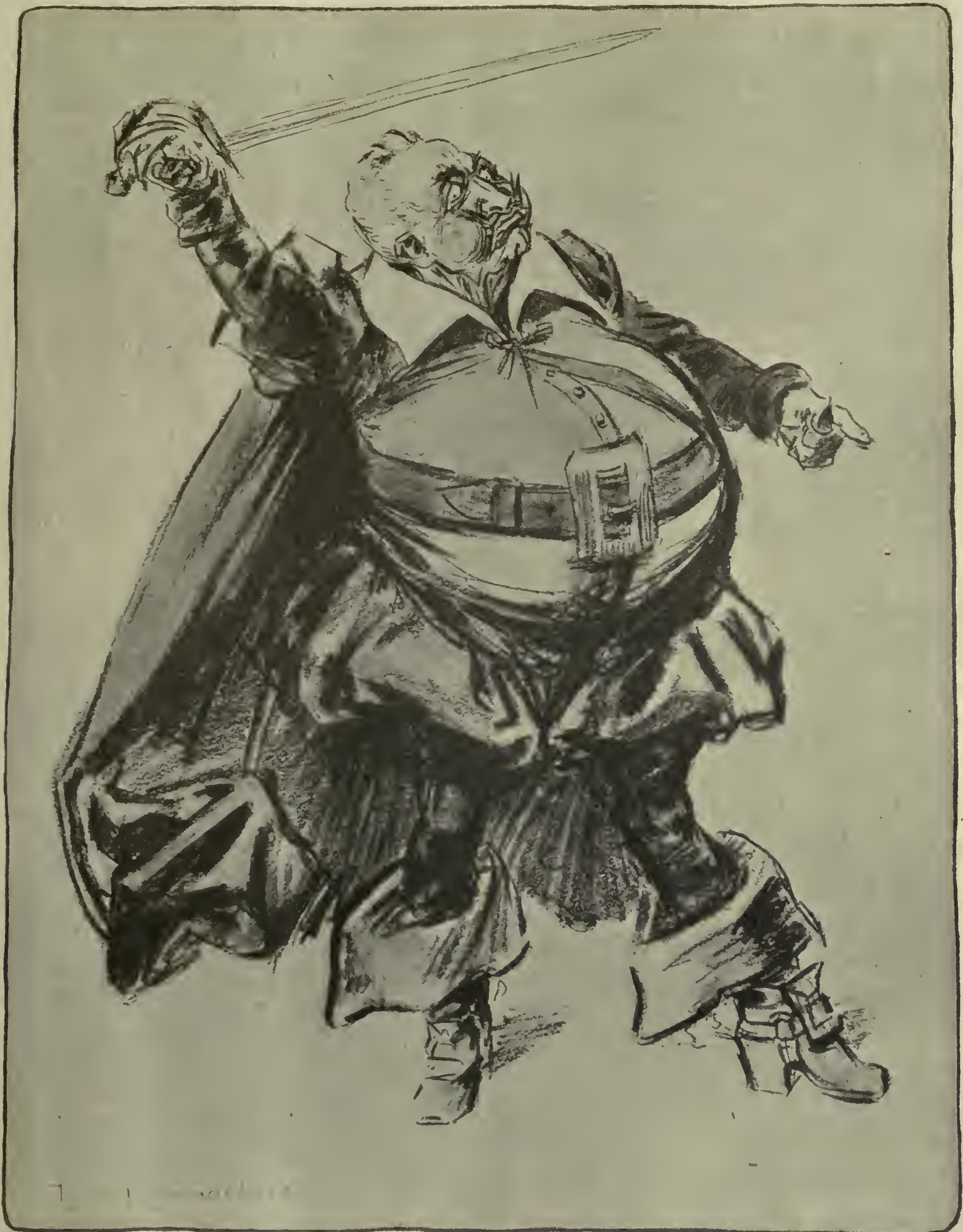

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1917

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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 $\frac{7}{10}$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 itself "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 neutral 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.

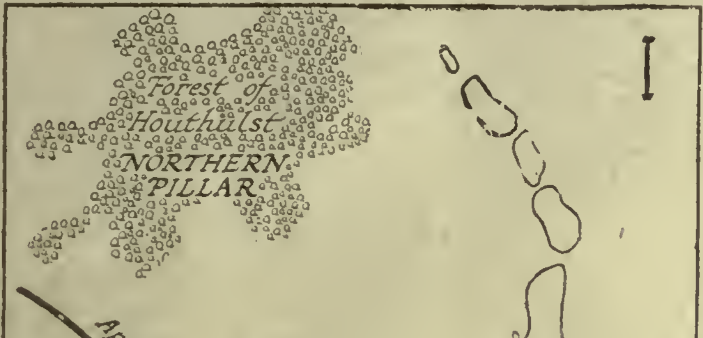
In the fighting of this summer and autumn he might have continued this method. He did not do so because the British superiority in guns and munitionment of every kind is now not only so great, but so rapidly increasing that what was dangerously expensive on the Somme would have been disastrous in Flanders. 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.

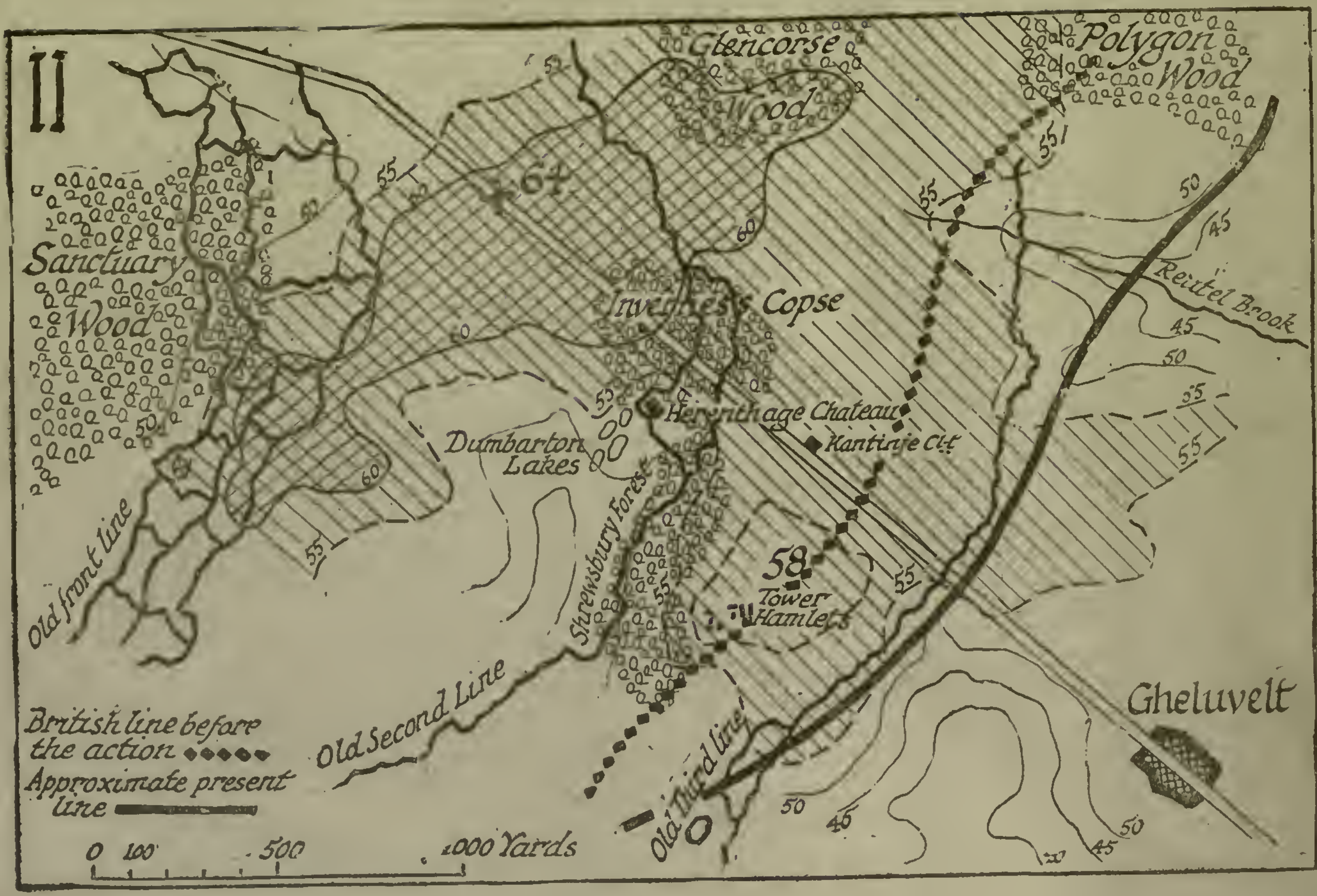
About a thousand yards behind this came the second line which in those days of continuous trenches upon the enemy's side was very strong, though not so elaborately organised as the front line; it covered Glencarse Wood, ran through Inverness Copse, used the ruins of Herenthage Chateau, and so curled 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


II
Glencorse Wood
Polygon Wood
Sanctuary Wood
64
Inverness Copse
Reutel Brook
Herenthage Chateau
Kantinje Ct.
Dumbarton Lakes
Shrewsbury Forest
58
Tower Hamlets
Gheluvelt
Old front line
Old Second Line
Old Third line
British line before the action
Approximate present line
0 100 500 1000 Yards
55
60
50
45

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.

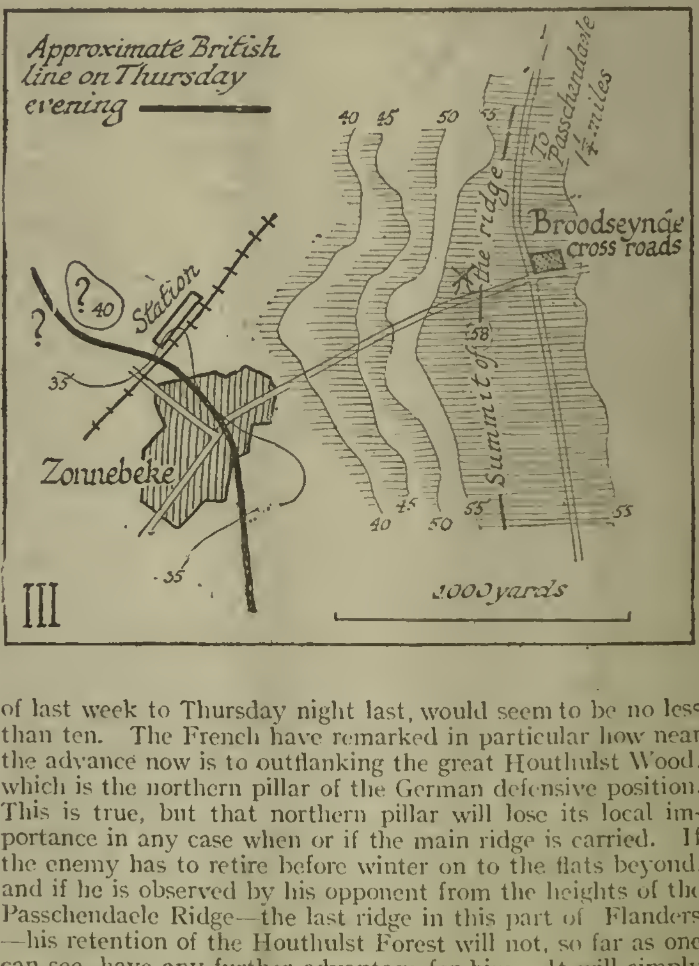
Further to the north again came the chief advance of the day, the capture of the ruins of Zonnebeke, and the establishment of the British line upon the first slopes of the Passchendaele Ridge proper. At this point, however, the German counter-attack somewhat thrust back the line, leaving the British 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 crossroads 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 Reutelbeek 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.


Approximate British line on Thursday evening
III
Station
?
? 40
Zonnebeke
Broodseynde cross roads
To Passchendaele 1¼ miles
Summit of the ridge
58
40
45
50
55
35
1000 yards

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.

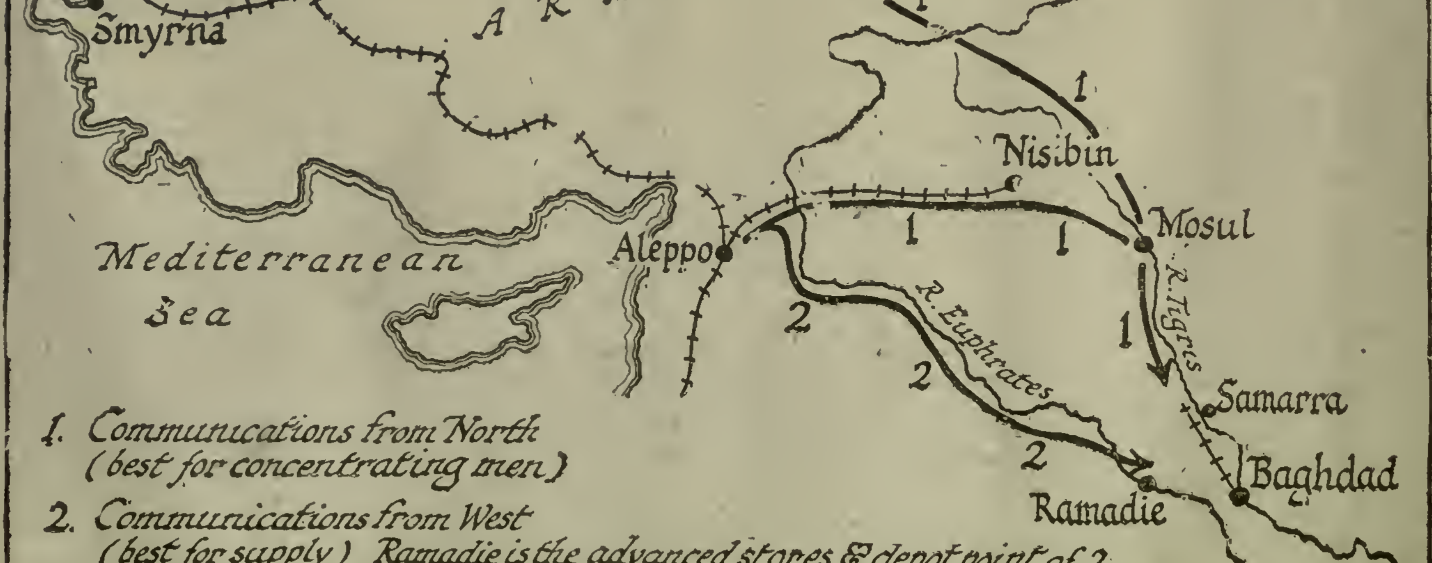
At any rate his plan appears to have been this double and converging attack. Sir Stanley Maude's victory of last Friday forestalled this plan by restoring on both sides the advanced base of the attack from the west along Euphrates. The Tigris and Euphrates rivers are at their nearest in the region of 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


Black Sea
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Nisibin
Mosul
Aleppo
Mediterranean Sea
R. Euphrates
R. Tigris
Samarra
Baghdad
Ramadie
1
2
1. Communications from North (best for concentrating men)
2. Communications from West (best for supply) Ramadie is the advanced stores & depot point of 2.

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—f'r 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 e'nander*!"

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.

* * * * *

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, gins, 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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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."

* * * * *

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.

FOR GOGGLES WIND-SCREENS & WINDOWS
TRIPLEX
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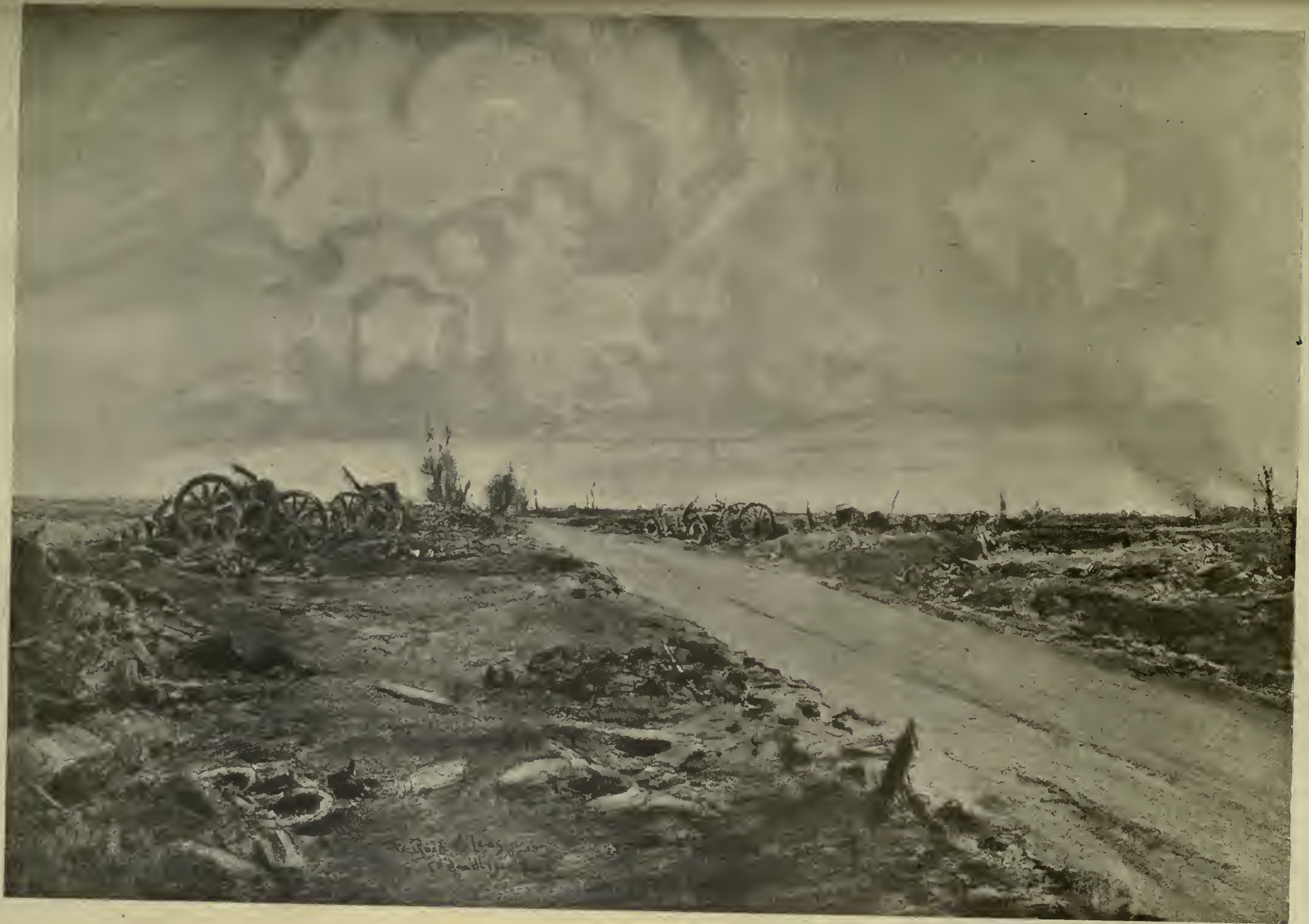


By Captain E. Handley-Read

The British Firing Line: 'The Road to Loos'

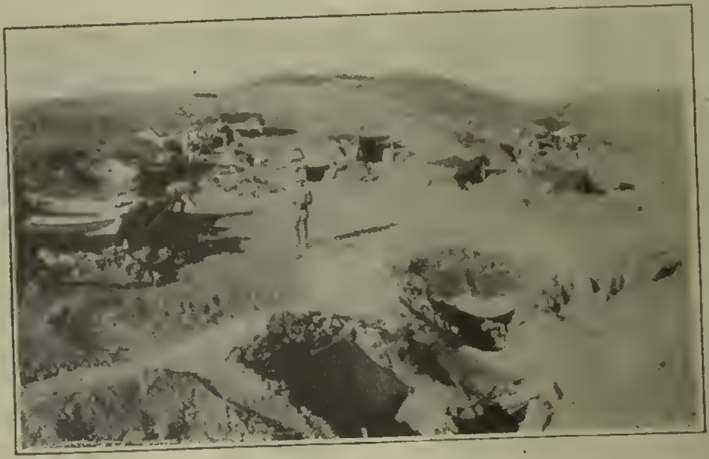
We reproduce another drawing from the British Firing Line Portfolio by Captain E. Handley-Read. The Portfolio contains twelve engravings in colour, with an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and is printed by George Pulman and Sons, for the Leicester Galleries. Copies of this Portfolio may be obtained, £5 5s. each, on application to The Publisher, "Land & Water," 5, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

The Campaign in Palestine

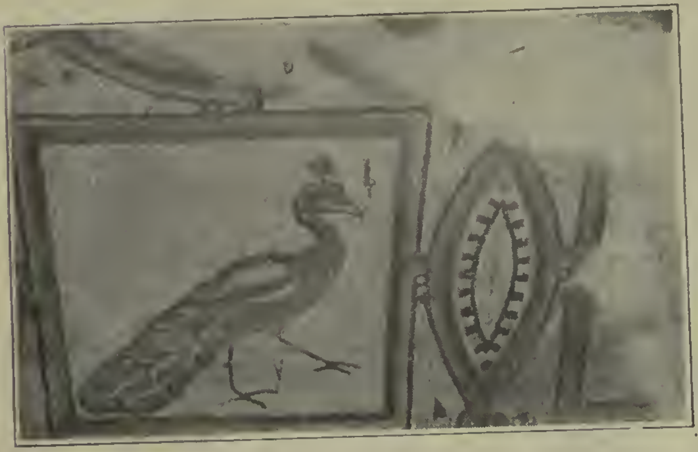
Our Front Line near Gaza

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

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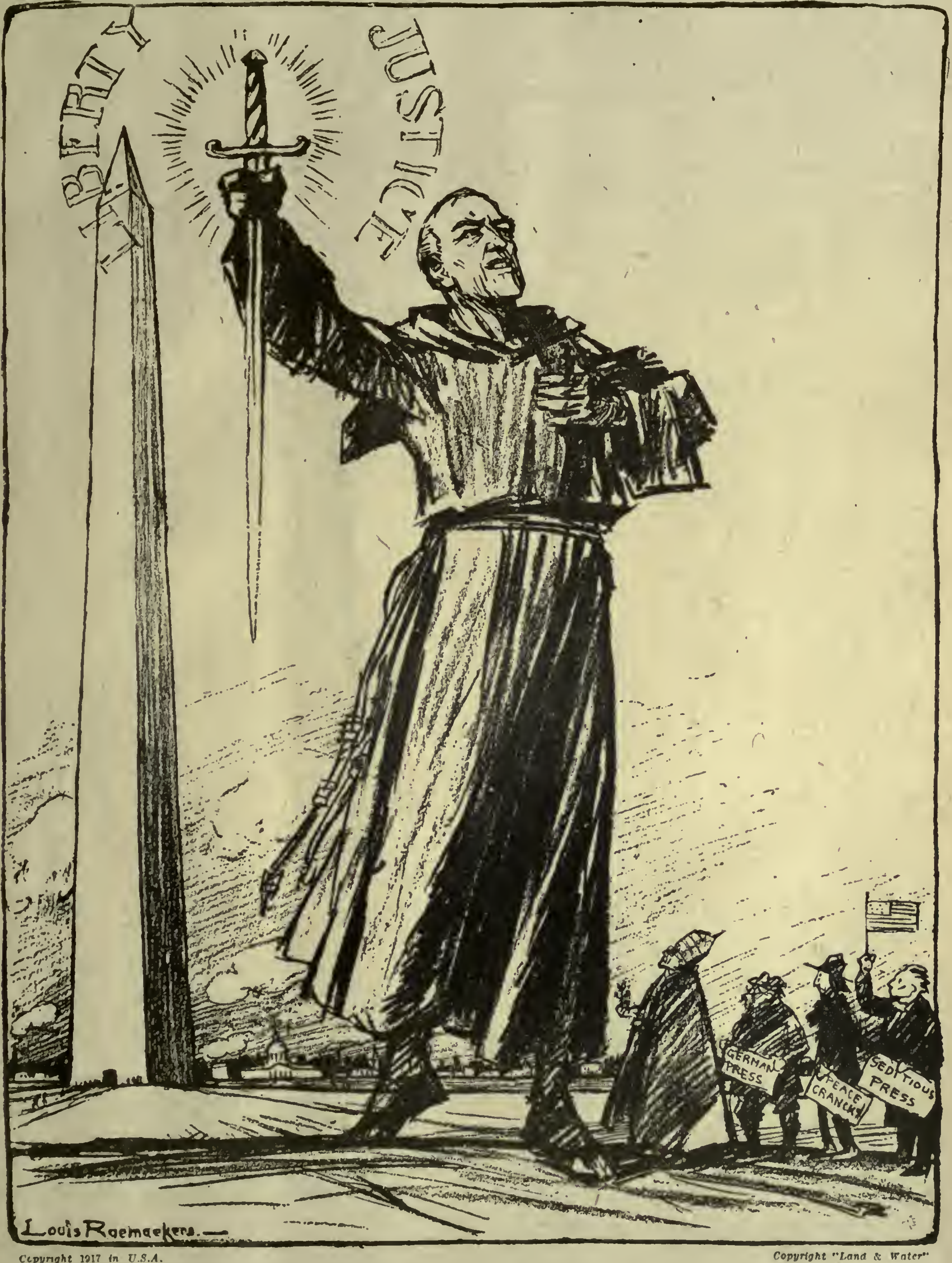
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Louis Raemaekers.

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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 if 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

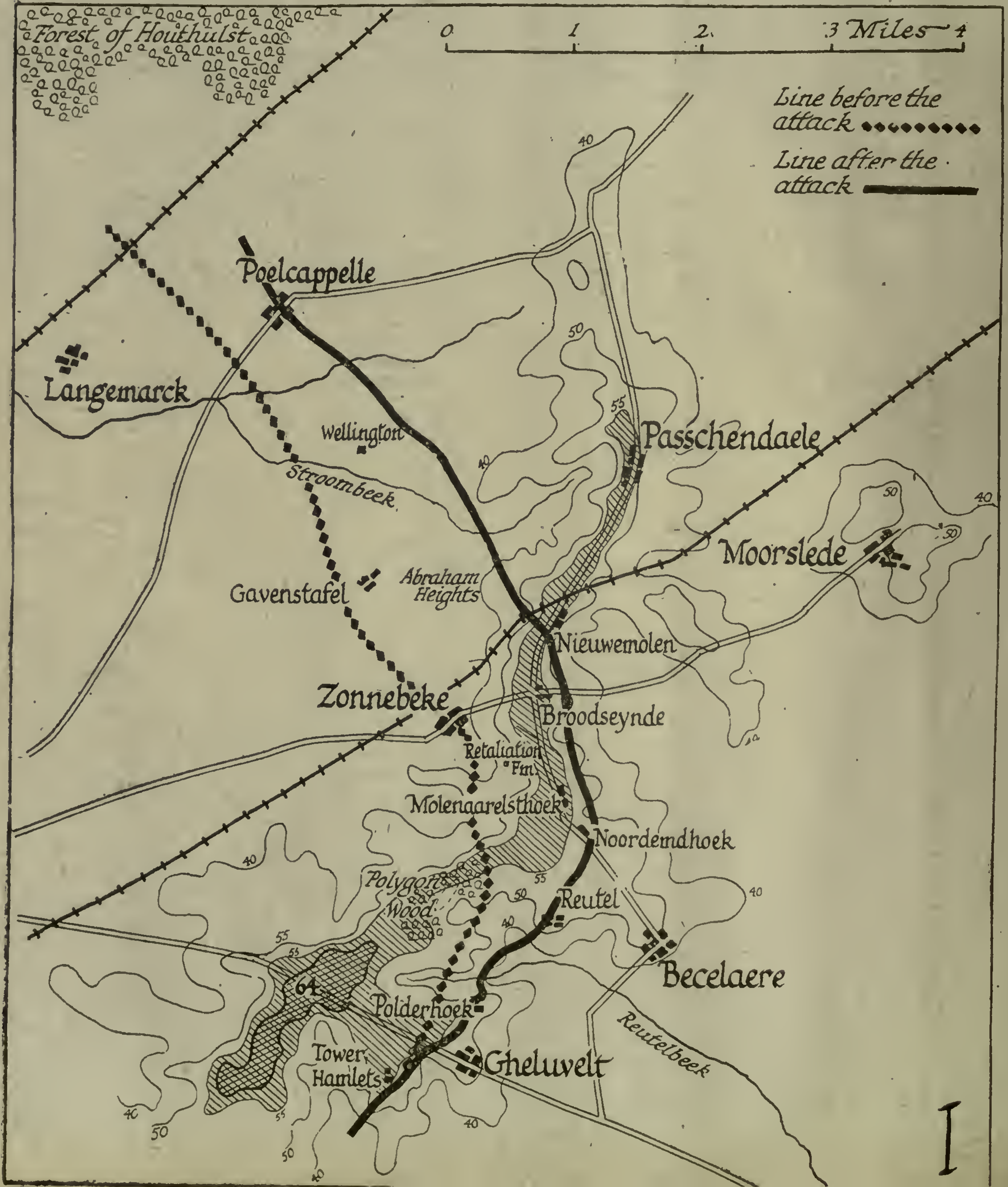
Haig's Third Blow

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


Forest of Houthulst
0 1 2 3 Miles 4
Line before the attack
Line after the attack
Poelcappelle
Langemarck
Wellington
Stroombeek
Gavenstafel
Abraham Heights
Passchendaele
Moorslede
Nieuwemolen
Zonnebeke
Broodseynde
Retaliation Fm
Molenaarelsthoek
Noordemdhoek
Polygon Wood
Reutel
Becelaere
Polderhoek
Tower Hamlets
Gheluvelt
Reutelbeek
64
40
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I

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 token 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.

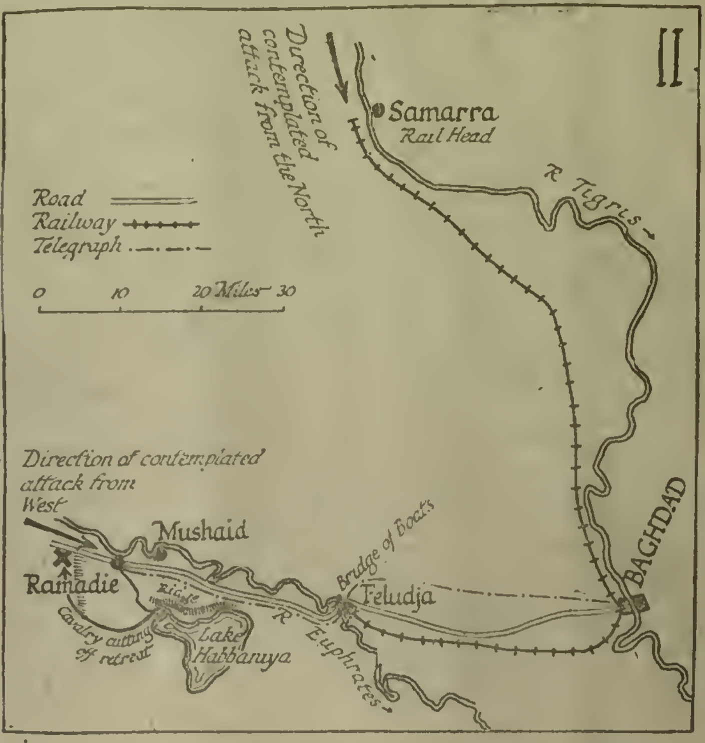
But for the matter of that, confusion was the note of the enemy's line almost everywhere after the first shock, and particularly from Zonnebeke southwards where the German attack was to have been delivered had not the British forestalled it. The considerable concentration of men here, caught first by 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 fa 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; *domovitye*.

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 Kilmucks, 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-Westfälische Zeitung*, the organ of Krupps, signed "A Hamburg Merchant." Herr Ballin might well have been the writer. The following are extracts:

> 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 month 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 your 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 life-boat. 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 perfect 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.

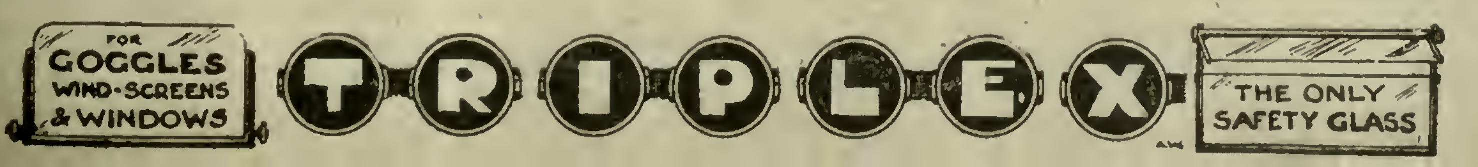
Here is no war. Aeroplanes go droning overhead on their missions to and from the line. We have field days—a sort of Olympic game. By night you may see the anti-aircraft shrapnel bursting far away to the eastward. The other evening, many miles distant, a captive balloon could be seen slowly falling in 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 craterfield—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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

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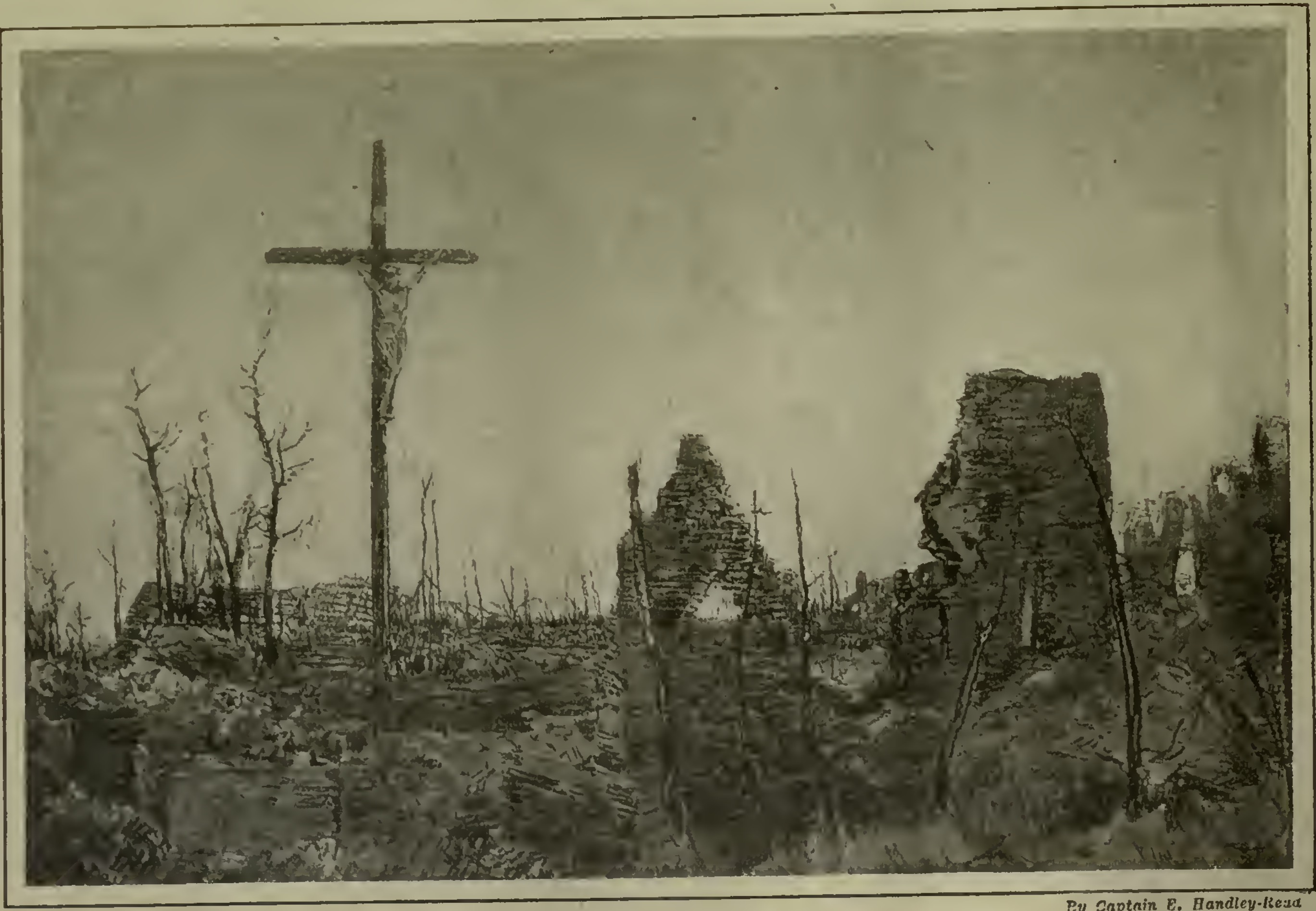

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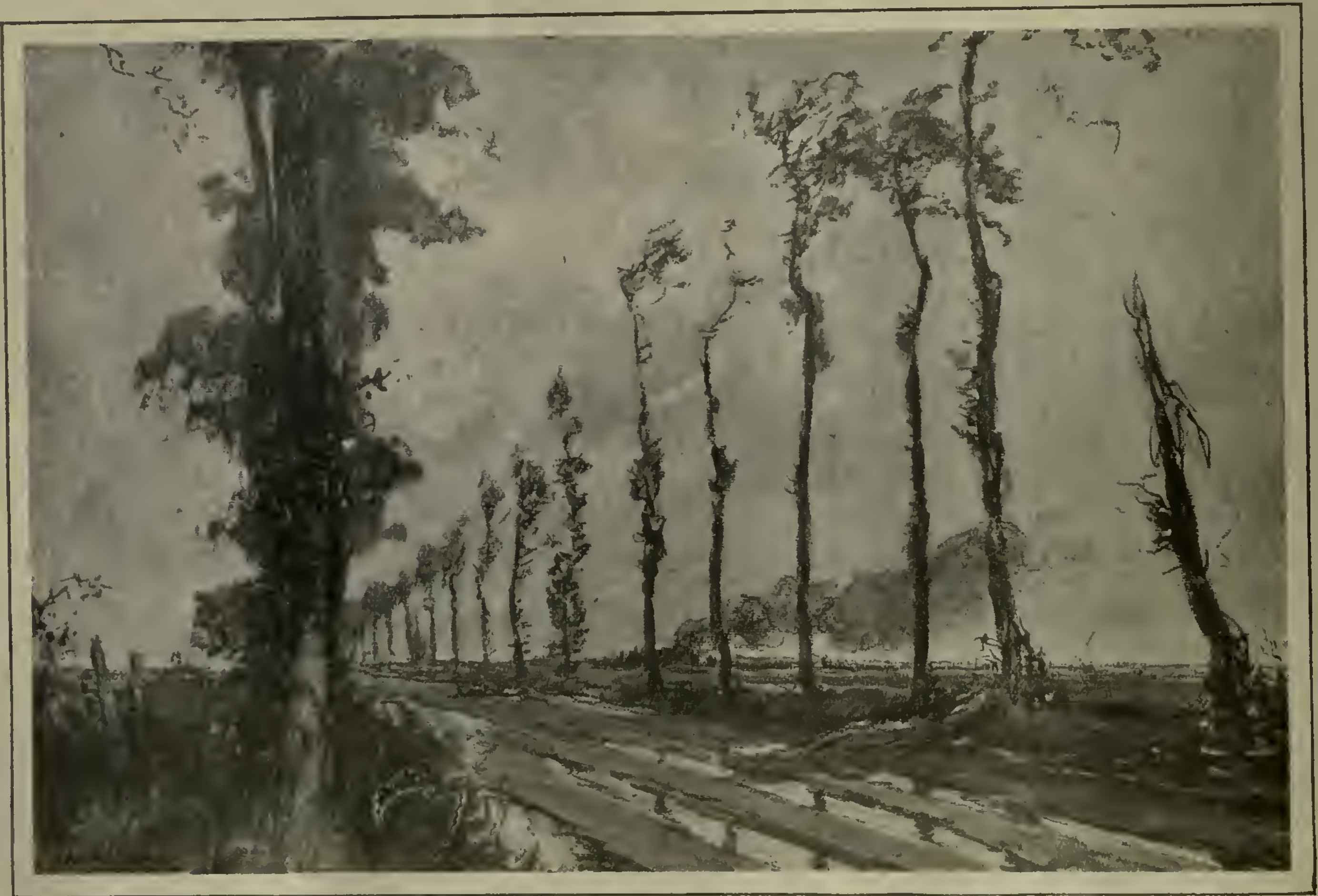

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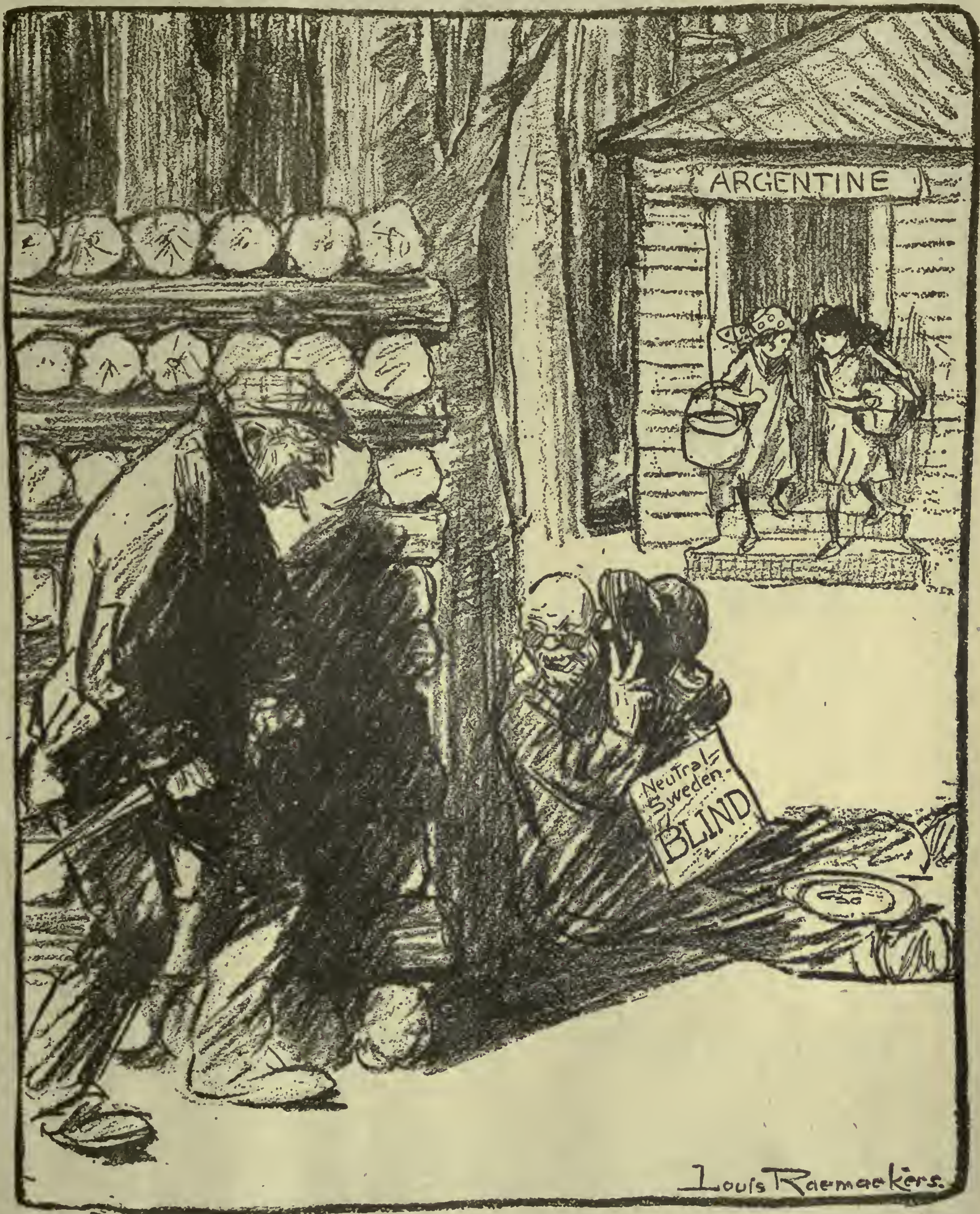
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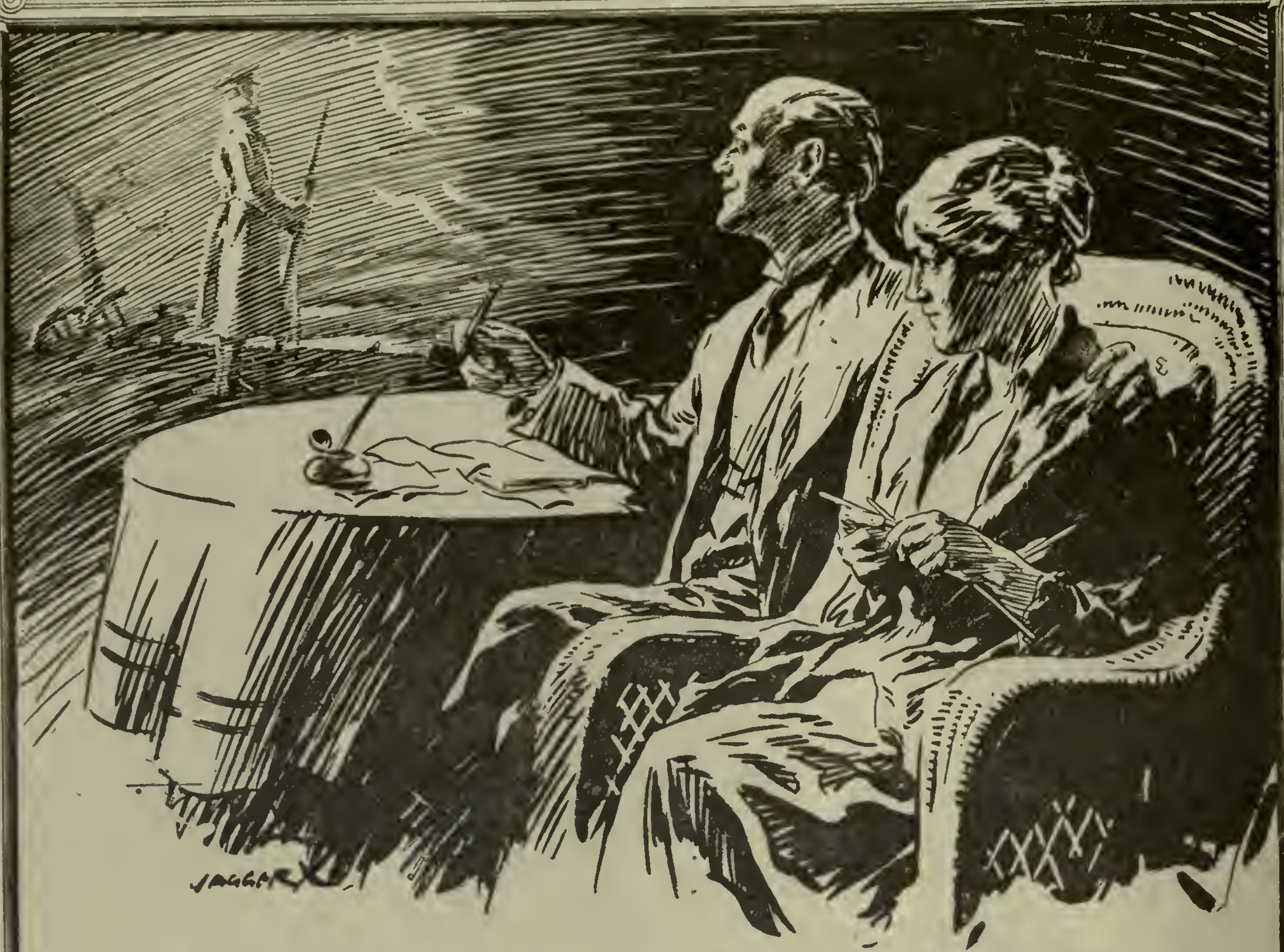

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FERMENT OF REFORMATION

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.

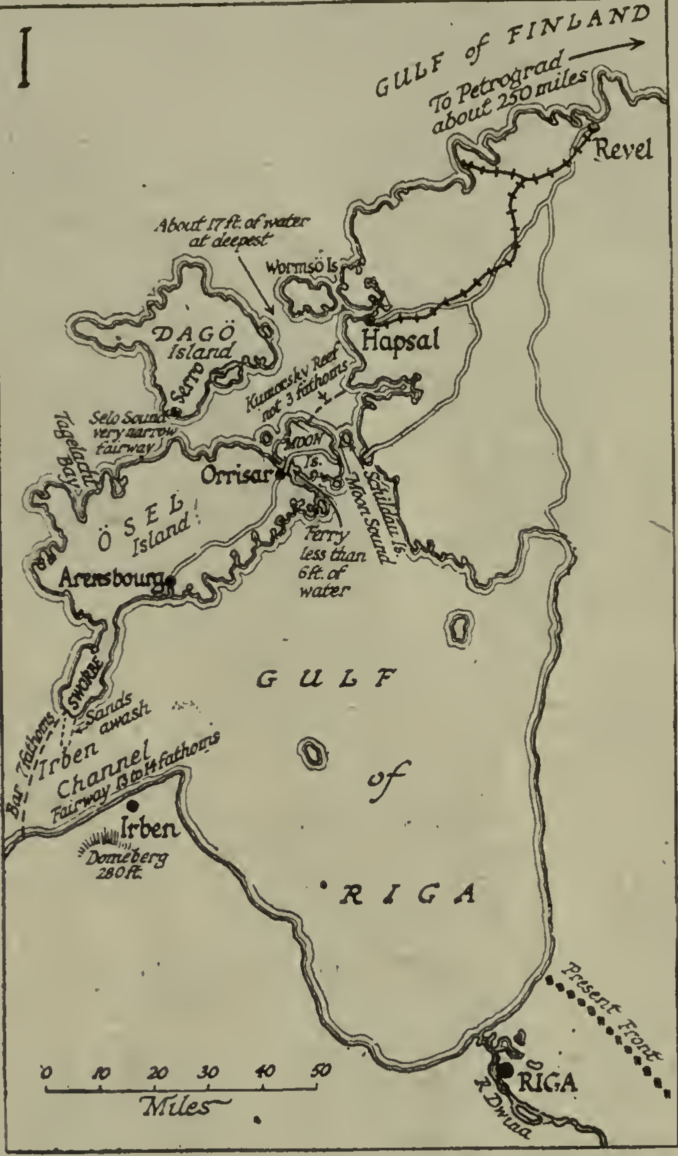
But the nation and the Government have to see that more opportunities are given to the working-classes to develop their lives on right lines; we have to introduce into this land, overburdened with so many false social traditions, to say nothing of mean streets and meaner habitations, an entirely new 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.

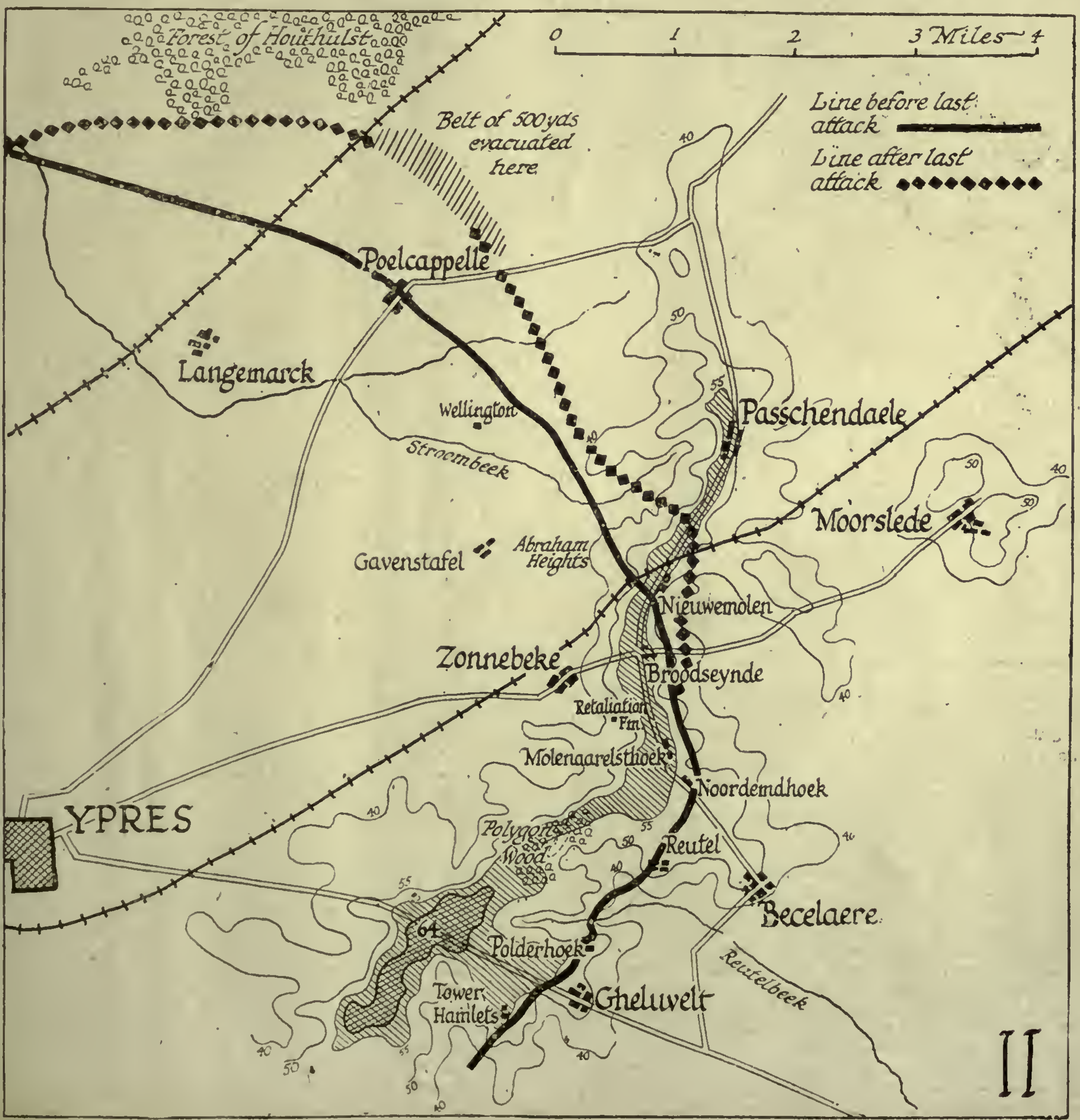
On Tuesday, October 9th, was fought an action the news of which reached London too late for inclusion in our last issue. It was the first of these two last blows and was struck from the south of Houthulst Forest in the north to the eastern slopes of the Ridge just south-east of the Broodseinde Cross 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


Forest of Houthulst
0 1 2 3 Miles 4
Belt of 500yds evacuated here
Line before last attack
Line after last attack ◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
Poelcappelle
Langemarck
Wellington
Stroombeek
Passchendaele
Moorslede
Gavenstafel
Abraham Heights
Nieuwemolen
Zonnebeke
Broodseynde
Retaliation Fm
Molenaarelsthoek
Noordemdhoek
YPRES
Polygon Wood
Reutel
Becelaere
Polderhoek
Tower Hamlets
Gheluvelt
Reutelbeek
40
50
55
64
II

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

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

"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 water-gate, 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,

's 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 springs 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 accumulated a most wonderful fund of native folk-lore, fables and traditions.

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* Journey.

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.

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*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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

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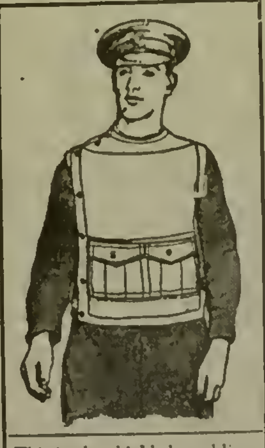

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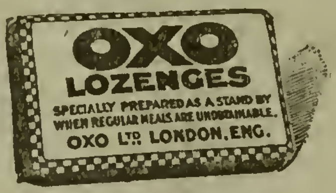
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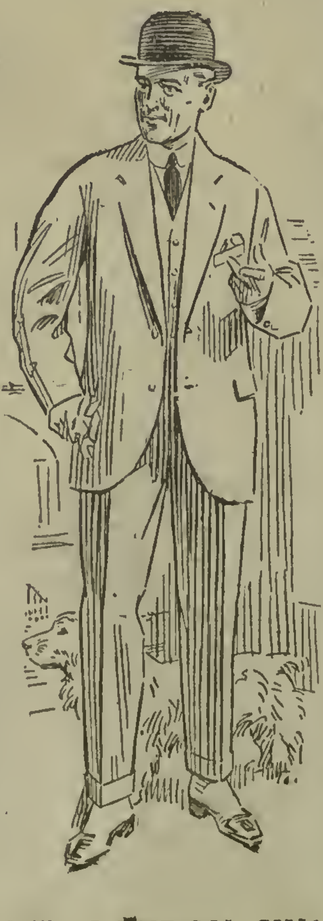

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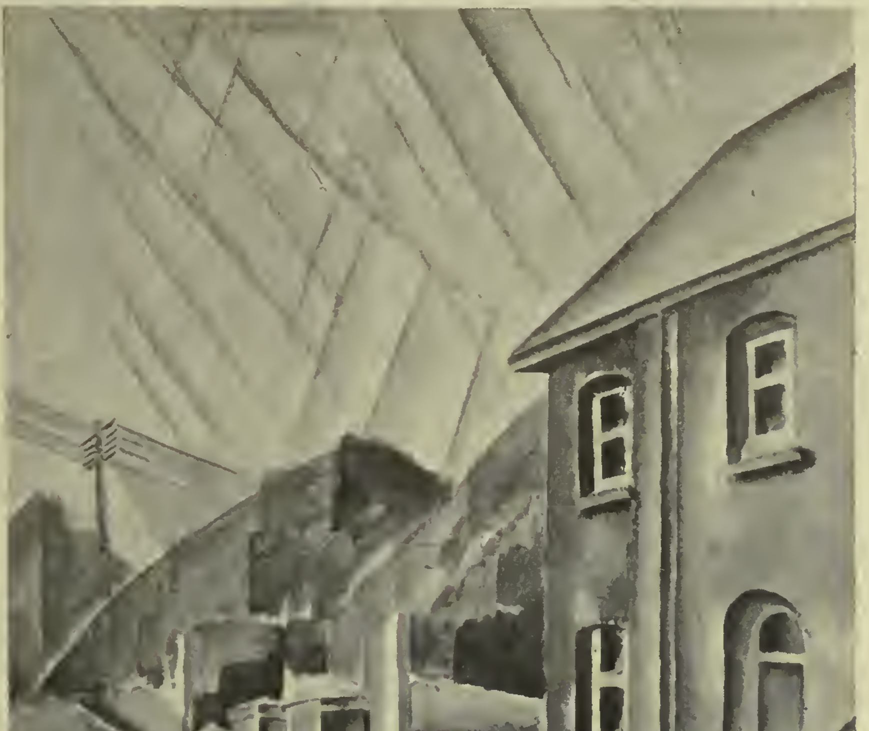
The New Movement in Art

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.



By E. McKnight Kauffer

The Policeman's Cottage

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.

"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.

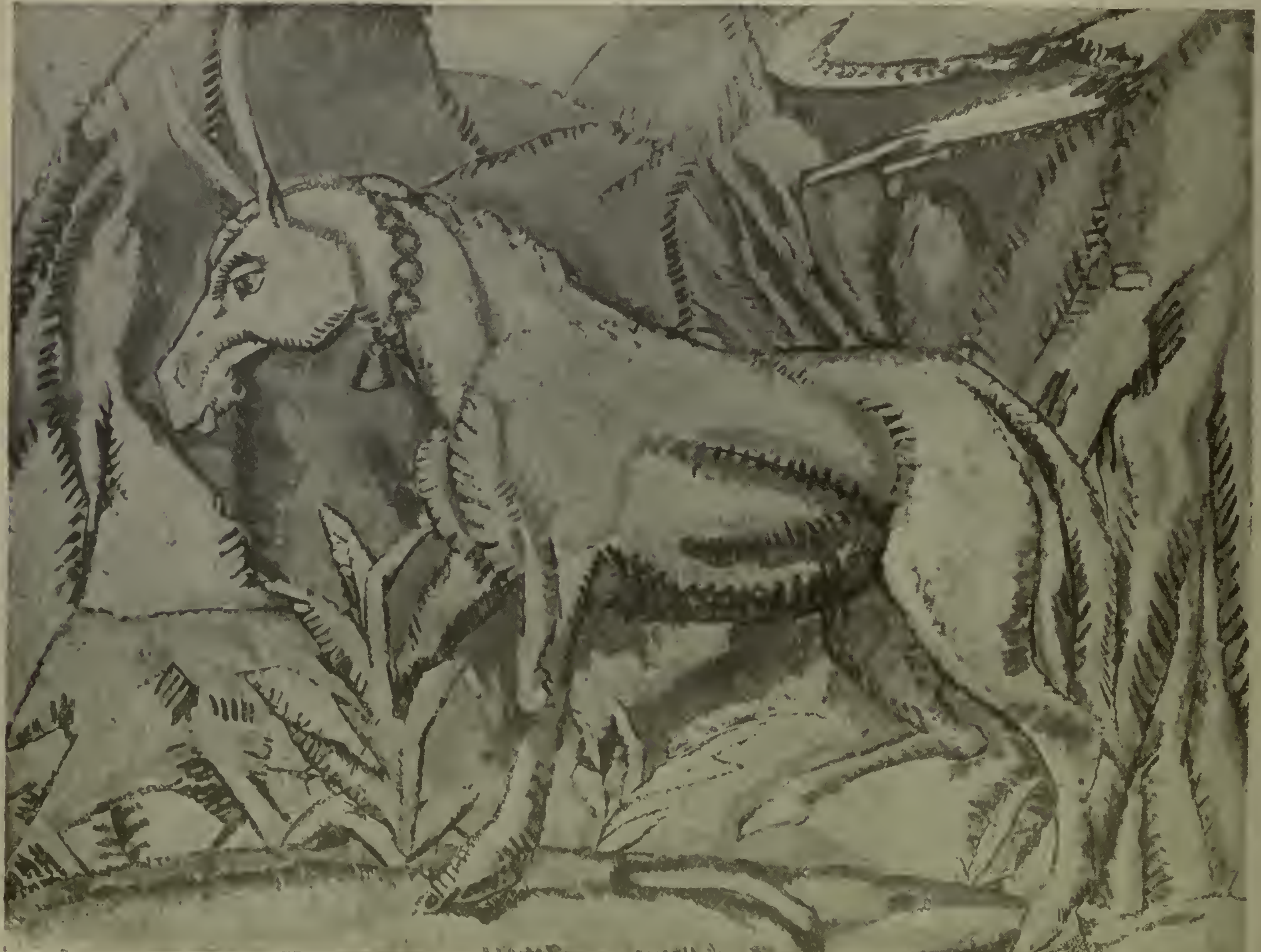
One consequence of this new trust in conceptions that I have never seen remarked is the rehabilitation of materials. To put it crudely the pictures look more "painty" and the sculpture more "stony" than perhaps the visitor has been accustomed to see. But a moment's consideration shows this to be inevitable. 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.



The Ass

By Duncan Grant

LAND & WATER

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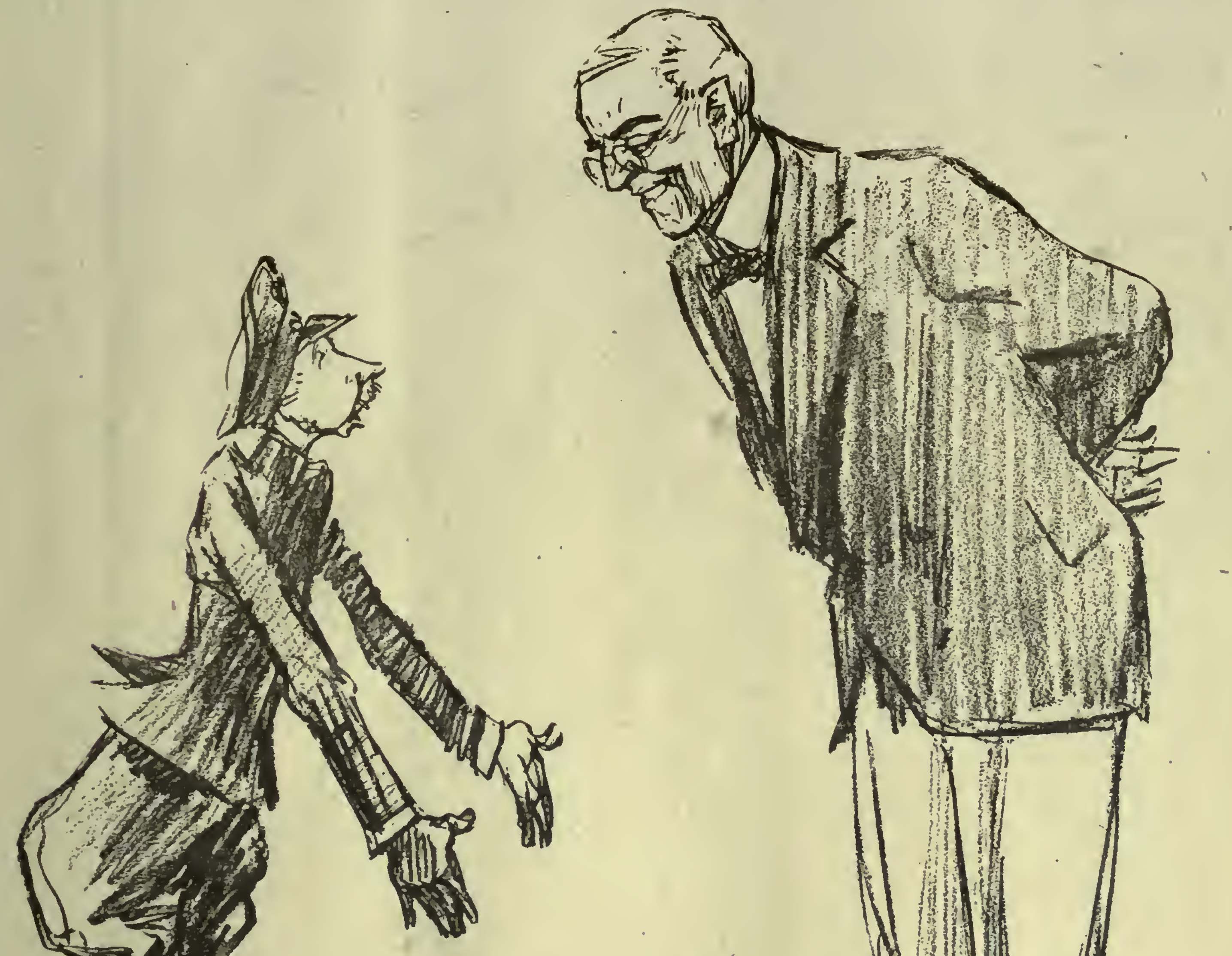

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Willy: "Don't you think I deserve the support of the German people?"

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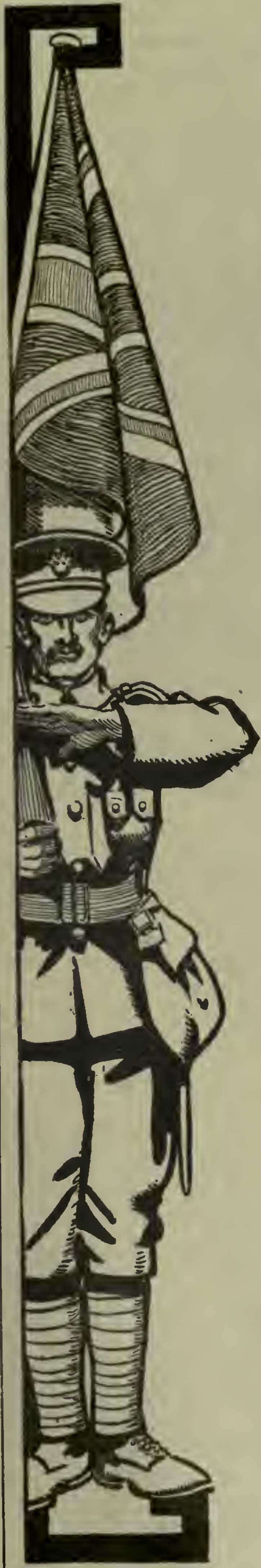

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1917

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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.

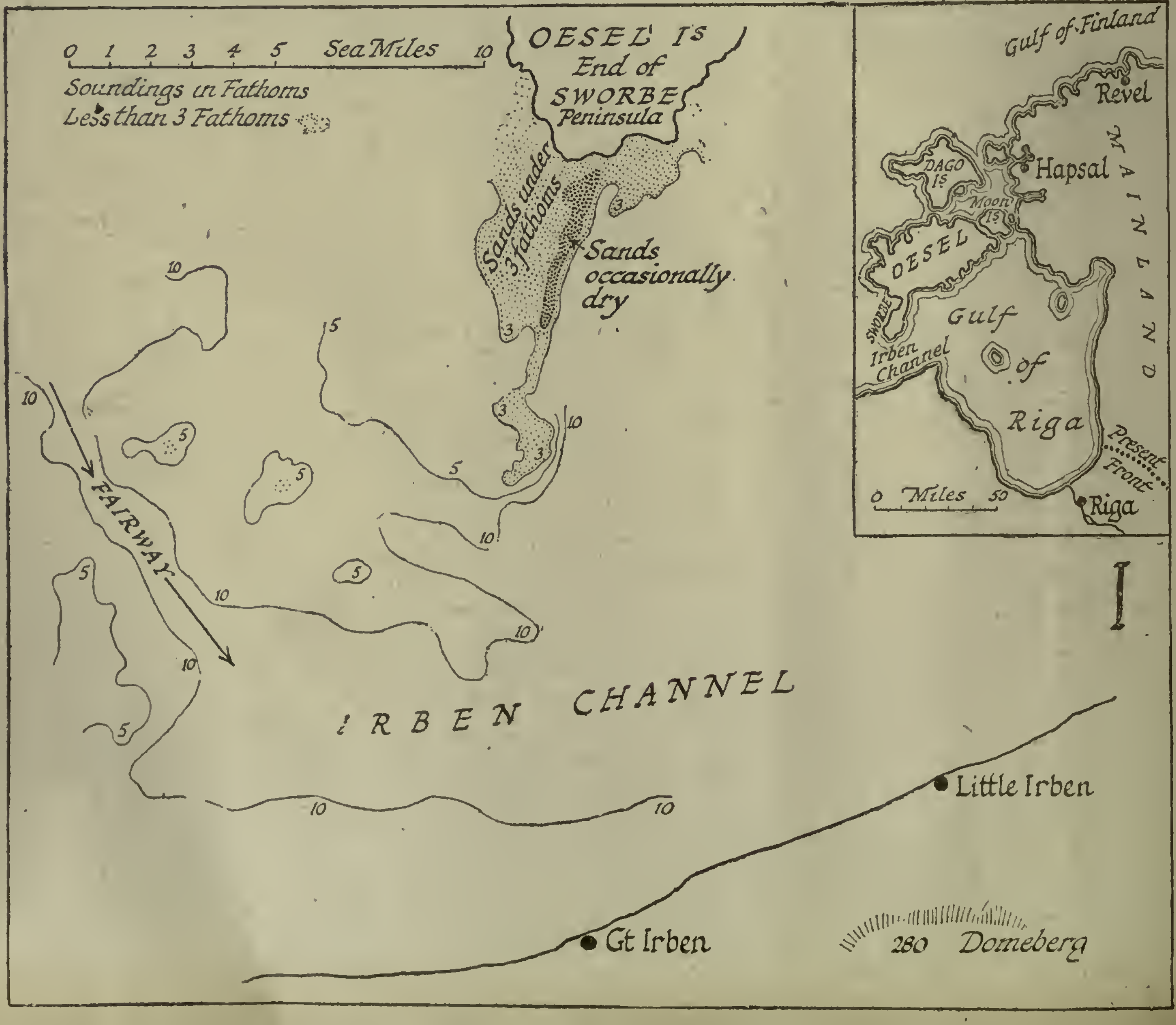
The only entrance into the Gulf of Riga for large vessels—for vessels that have to keep an eye on the five-fathom line—is the Irben Channel between the southern end of Oesel Island, that is the Sworbe Peninsula, and the opposite Courland Coast which, from the so-called "Dome" Hill, 280 feet high, is 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.

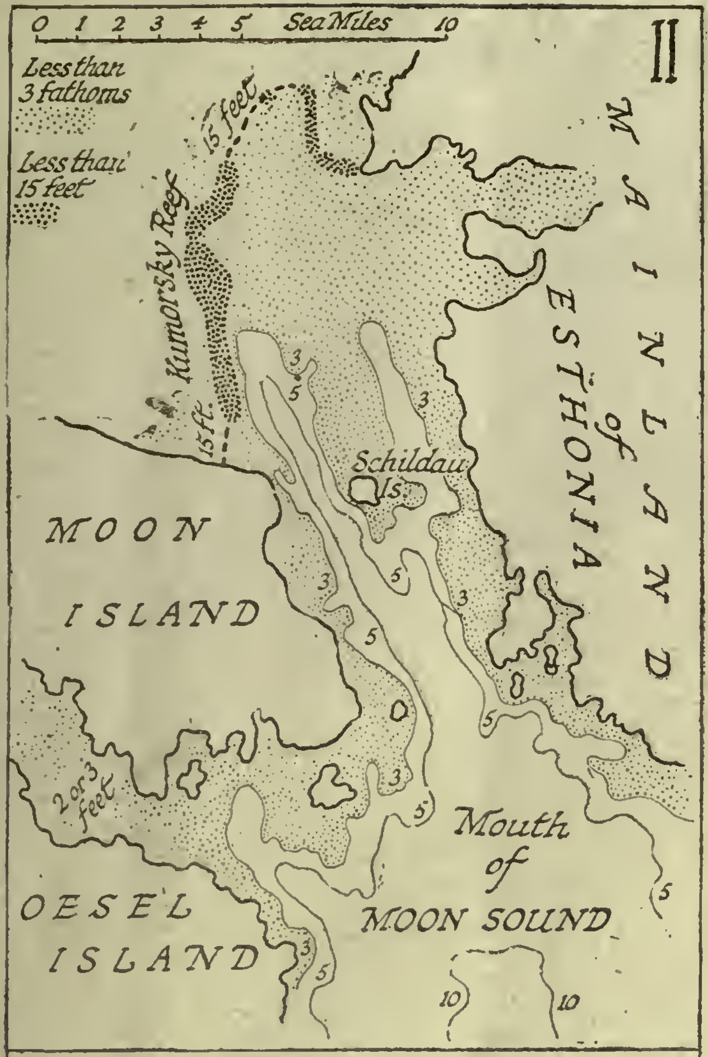
Even so the mines in the Channel could not be directly swept away from the open sea, and that was why the island of Oesel was attacked. Its capture was easily effected, and once the Sworbe Peninsula had been swept there were no Russian guns commanding the Channel, but in their place *German* guns protecting 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 MOON SOUND

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 ven on occasion consulted by him, though the advice they give s 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 be 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. Belowstairs 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!

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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-

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*(L'Ame francaise 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.

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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.

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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.

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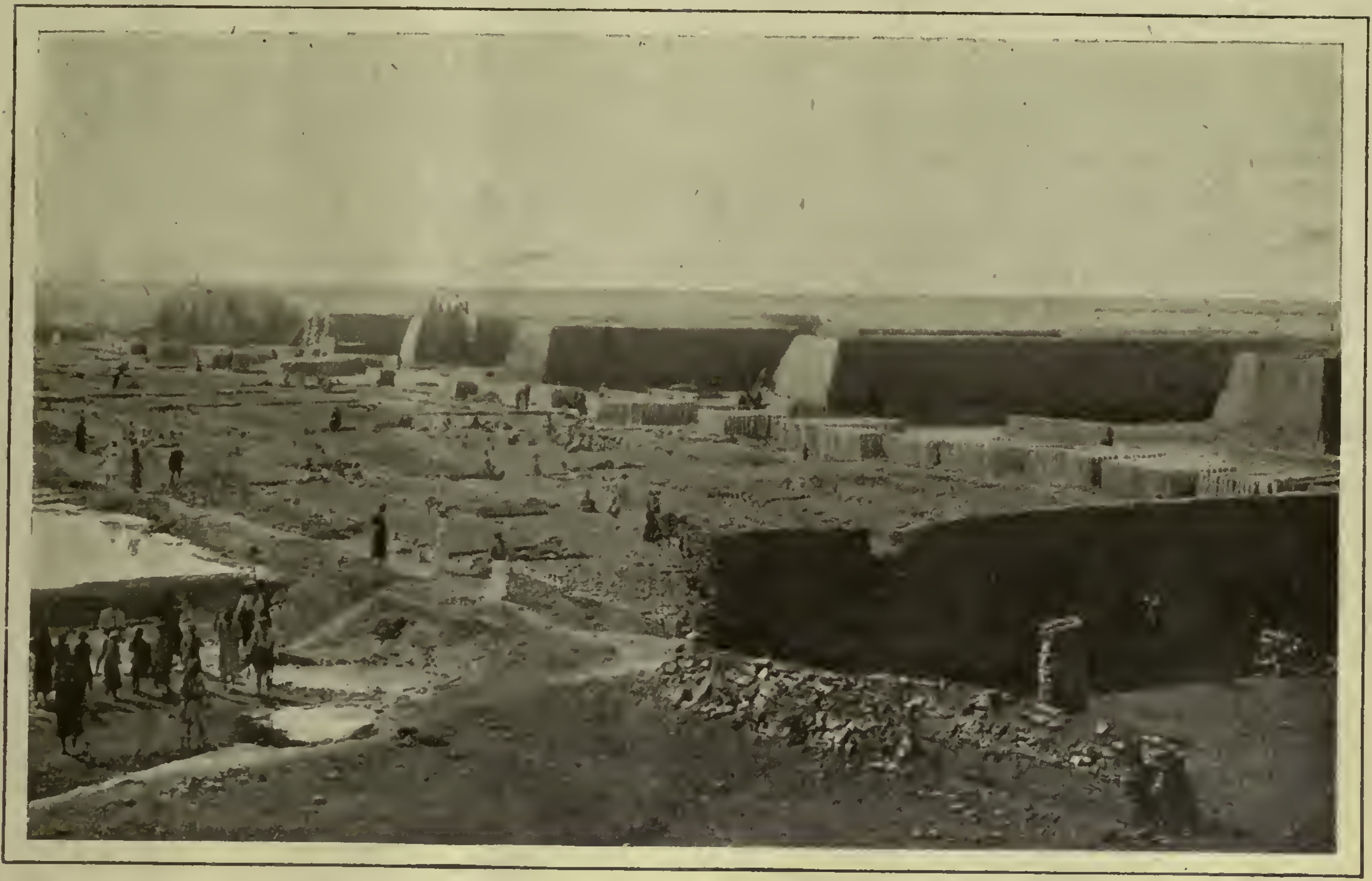
Behind the Firing Line
The most remarkable and vivid impression of the battle area in France and Flanders is to be obtained from the series of engravings in colour by Captain Handley Read, just published by the Leicester Galleries.
A limited number of copies of this Portfolio may be obtained, price £5 5s. each, from "Land & Water," 5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

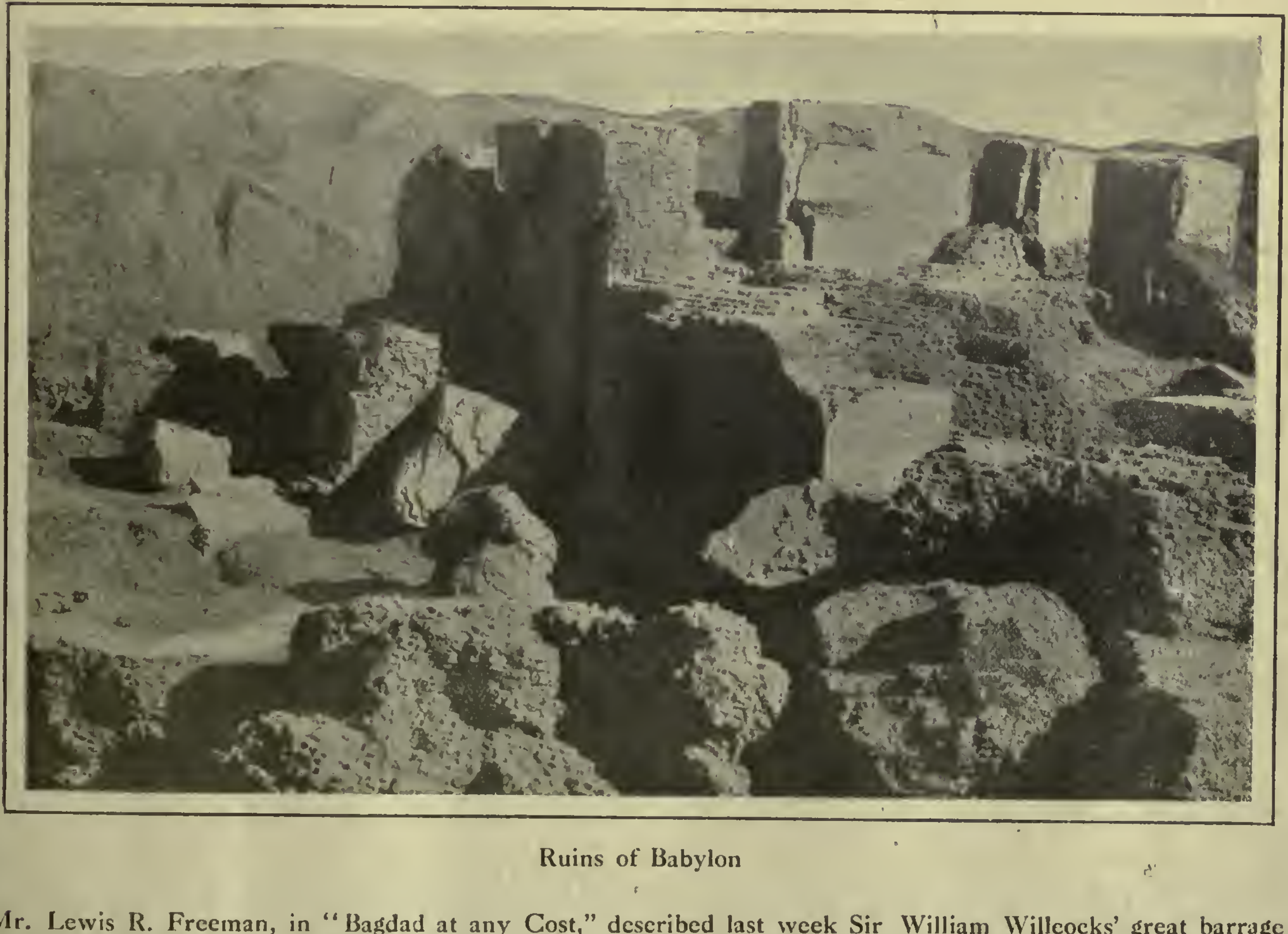
THE NATION'S FUND FOR NURSES.

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.

The price is all in its favour, being the moderate one of 2s. 9d., an extra shilling being needed with country orders on account of the extra packing and postage.

The Latest Frock Overalls This winter will see women busier than ever at all kinds of war activities, the cold weather months always enabling an added outburst of energy in this way. For women workers of varied descriptions—canteen workers, munition workers, and for those doing equally useful things in the household or an office, some frock overalls have specially been designed. And capital in truth they are, the precise type of thing nearly every woman now finds indispensable.

These frock overalls are really like a coat frock, so completely do they cover up their wearer. Clad in one of them, a woman can do anything without the least concern over her clothes. It is really a practical working kit, built upon attractive lines, but with its main watchword utility.

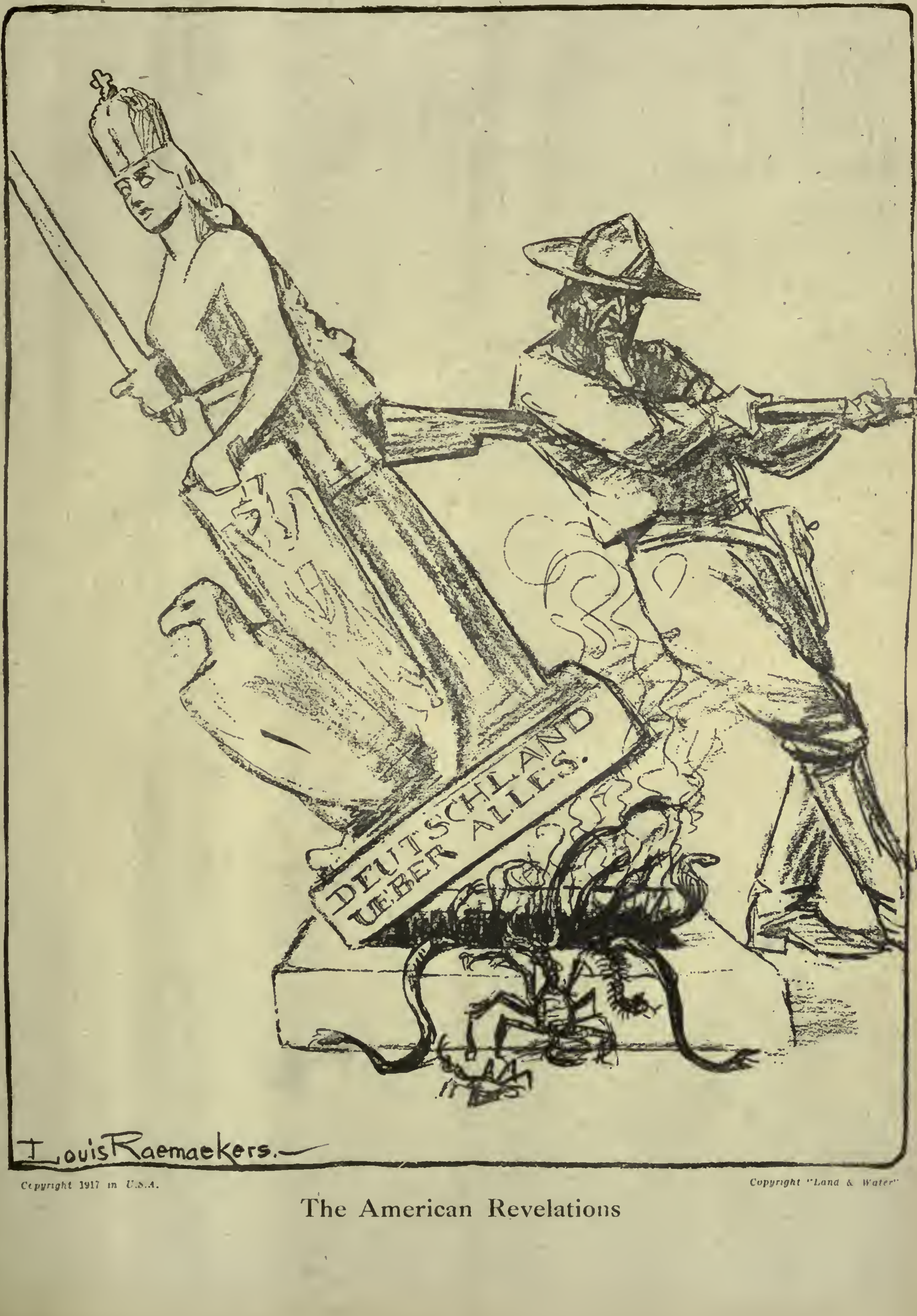
They are made in soft finished zephyr cloth—a delightful fabric for the purpose. A feature of importance with these particular frock overalls is their most generous width. They are three yards round the hem, and any look of skimpiness is removed from the rest of the overall by the adroit arrangement 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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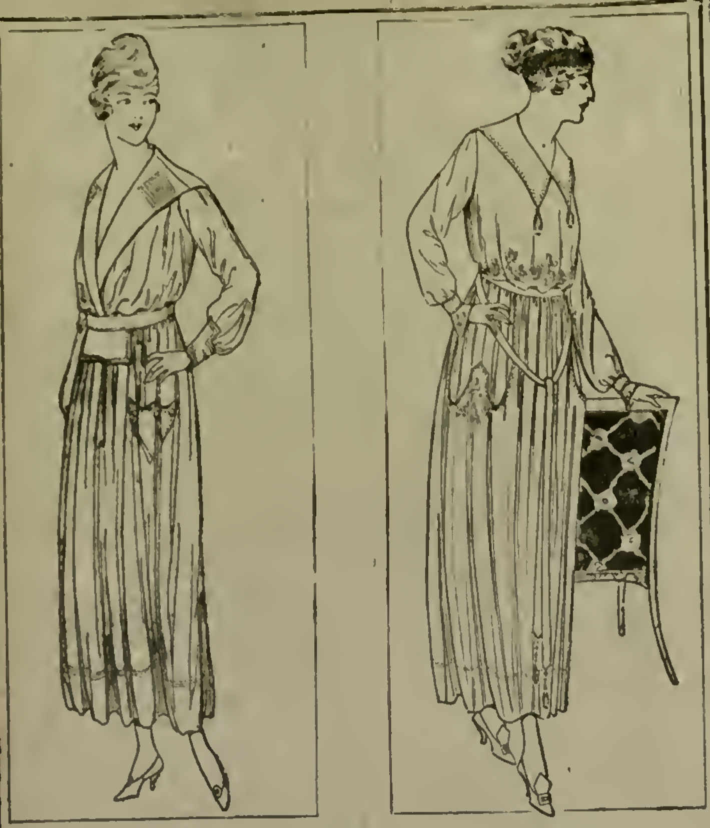
The American Revelations



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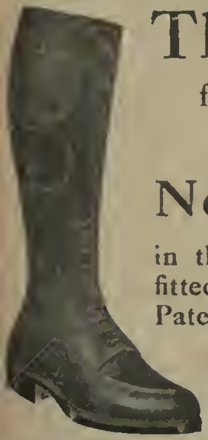

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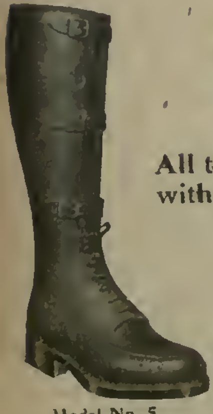

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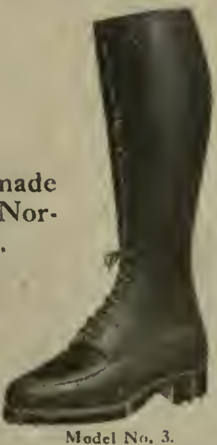

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1917

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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.

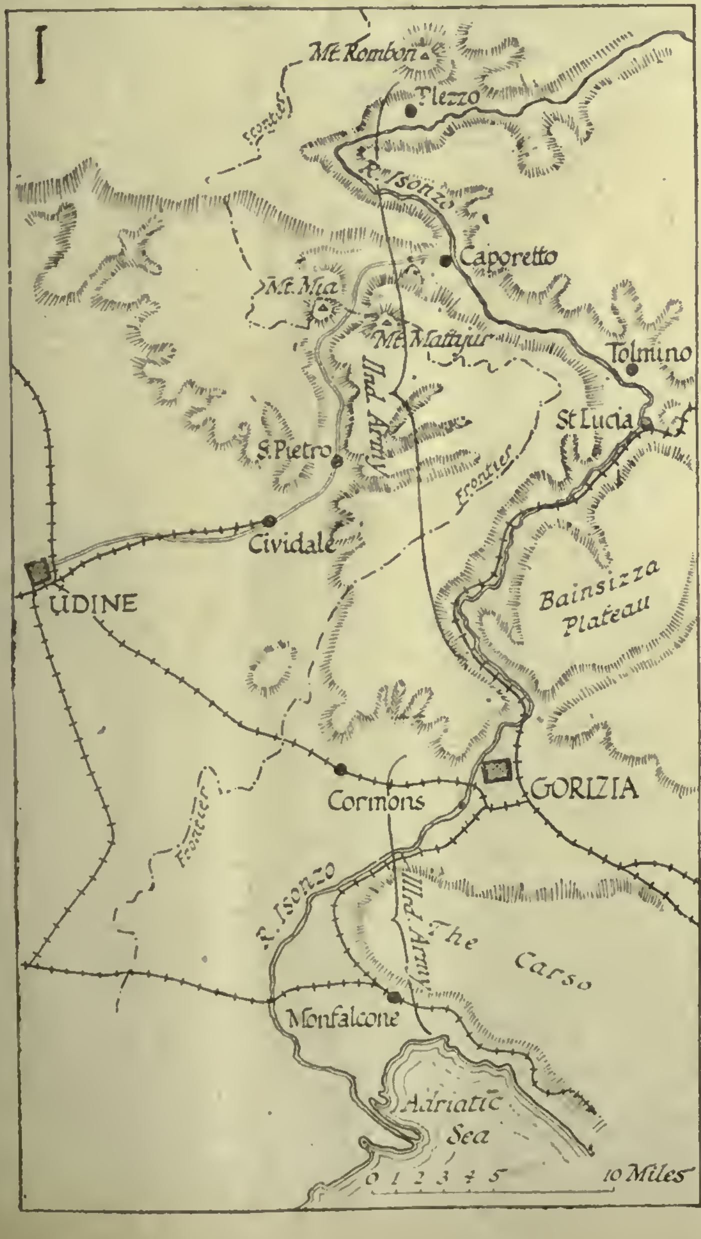
"As a result, I obtained—though I certainly did not expect it—a certain political effect which had all the value of a military decision. The Russian State fell to pieces. What had been its armies could no longer be used. The event was of the same military value as though I had succeeded in 1915, and 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."

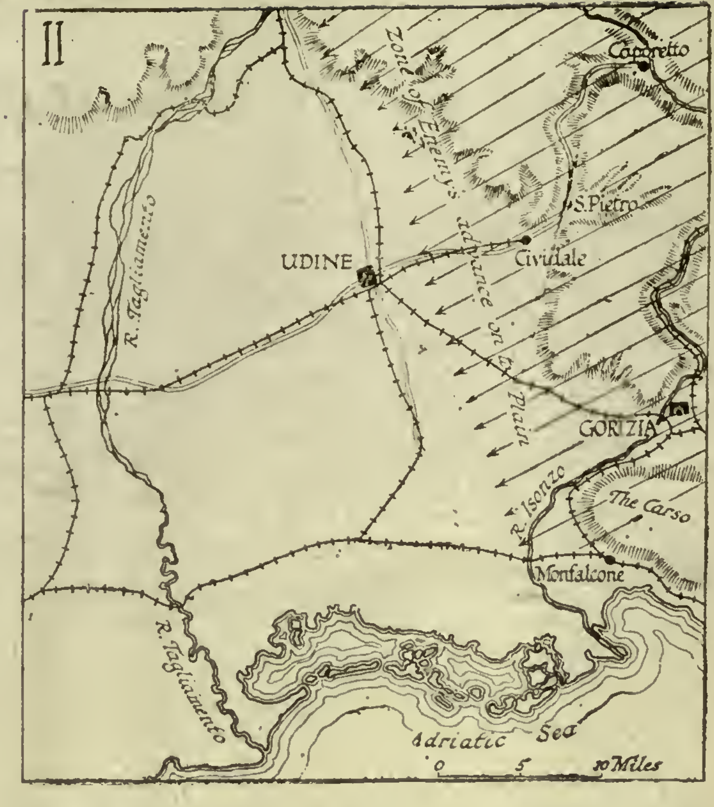
It is to be presumed or hoped that the enemy's calculation here is false. The political unity of Italy is recent. But the temper of an old civilisation threatened by barbarism is not a temper which the German understands as he understands that of the Russian peasant and town worker. The extreme of peril 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.

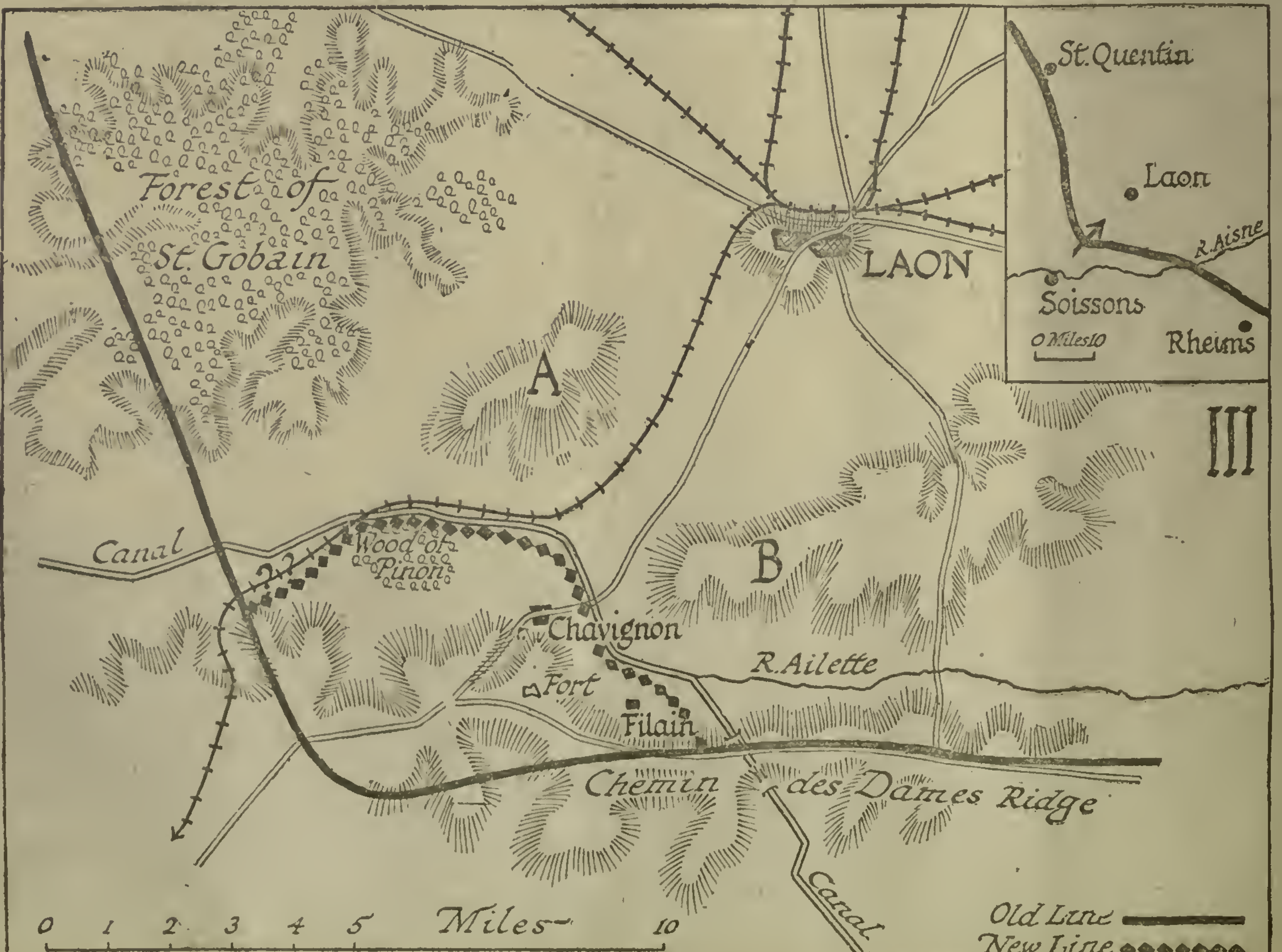
Of the future of this great operation still in progress we can say nothing. All we know is that the left of the Italian line has been shattered; the right, therefore, turned; the Plains entered and the armies of our Ally at once in full retreat and summoning such reinforcements as can be obtained from 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, and 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 seedbed 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. Nor 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 (*Catharacta 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 an effort to counter it. There will be enormous trade with Russia after the war, and now is the time to take the necessary steps 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 water-courses 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.

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*This article had progressed thus far when somebody came into the room to say that "*toute la ville brule.*" 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 fiend 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 backstreet, 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:—

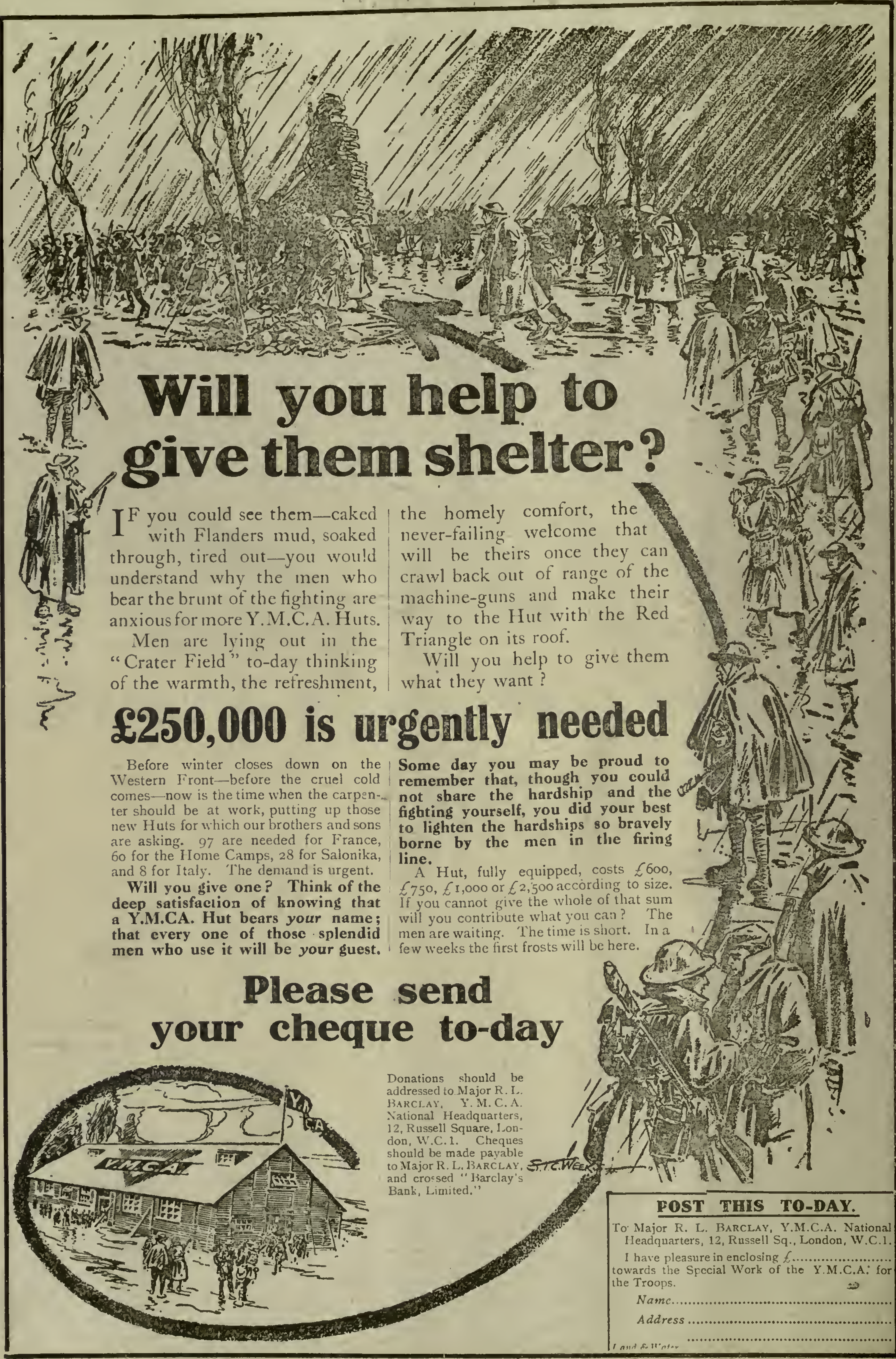
> To Lieutenant ——, H.M.S. ——Urgent. "Satan's Amazon" must arrive here to-day, Saturday. Contract to show film at —— Picturedrome for week beginning Monday, 5th inst.—KINO.

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.


Y.M.C.A.
Y.M.C.A.
S.T.C.WEEKS

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.CA. 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 carthorses 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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

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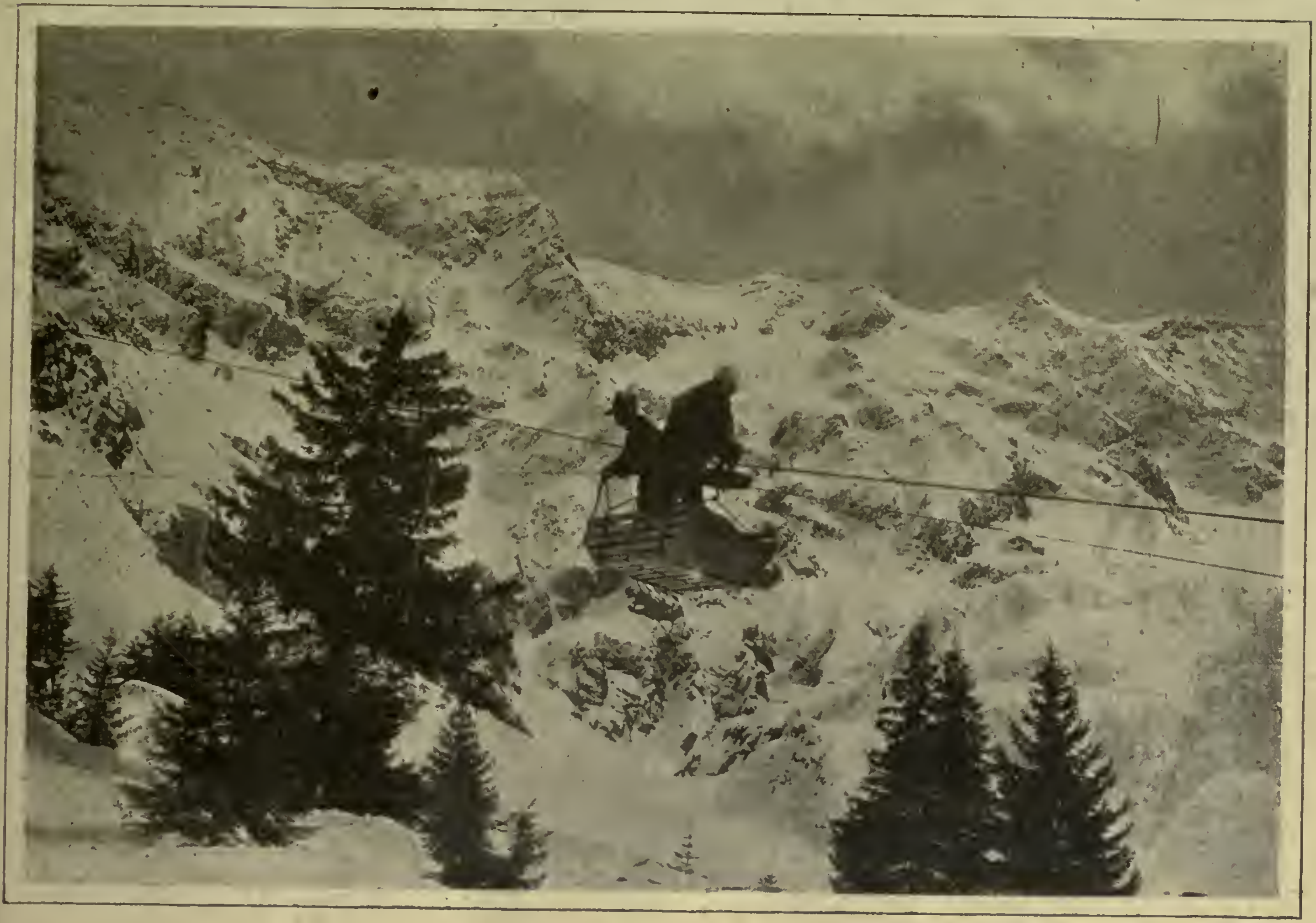

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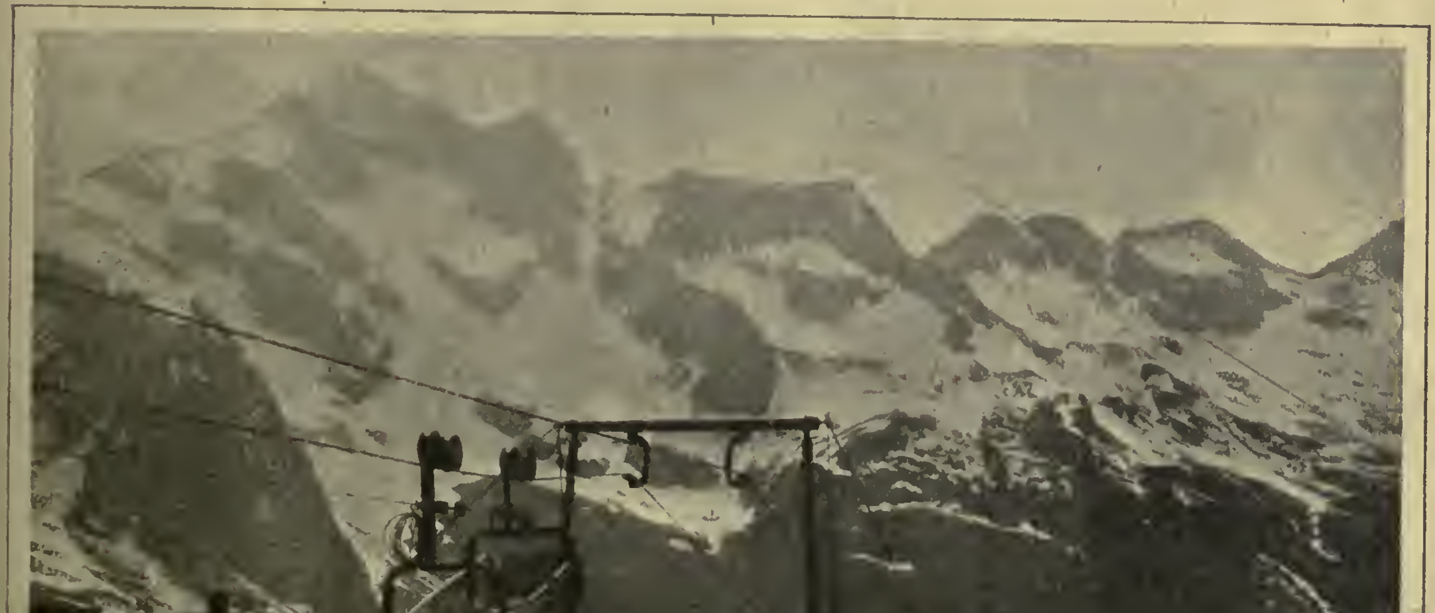

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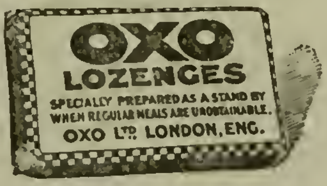
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That Travelling Wrapper

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.

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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.

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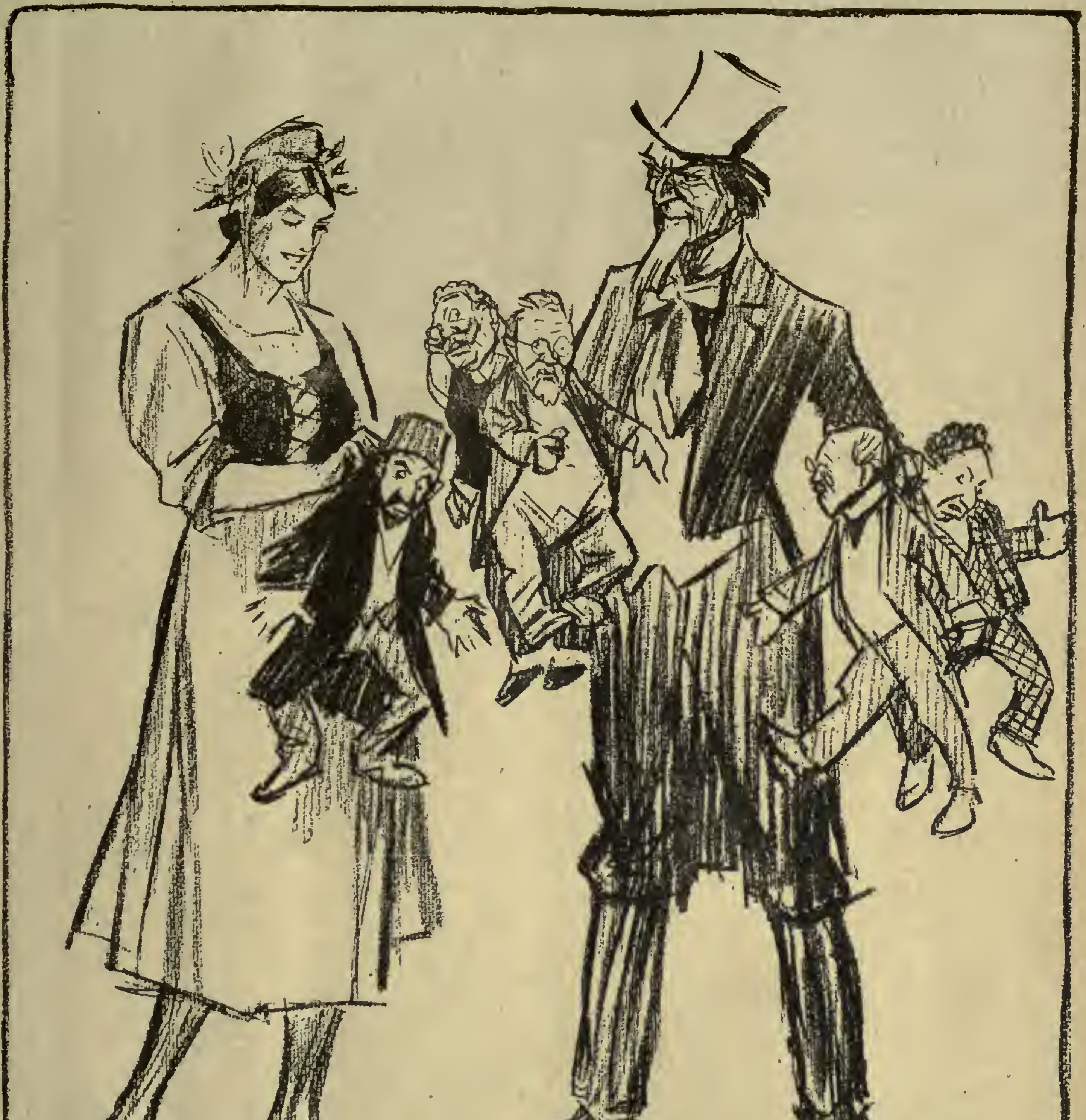
The small handle allows of this being carried easily anywhere, the waterproof cover ensures that it will not get wet, and hey presto! there is baby's luggage, the most complete affair seen for many a long day. At present the idea is too new a one to be very widely known. PASSE-PARTOUT

People have been writing to the papers lately 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 sta 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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The Bolo Conspiracy

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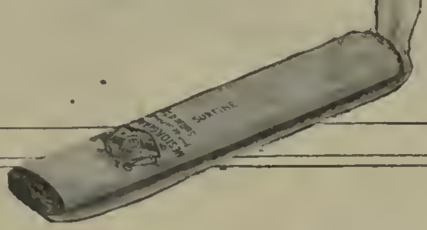

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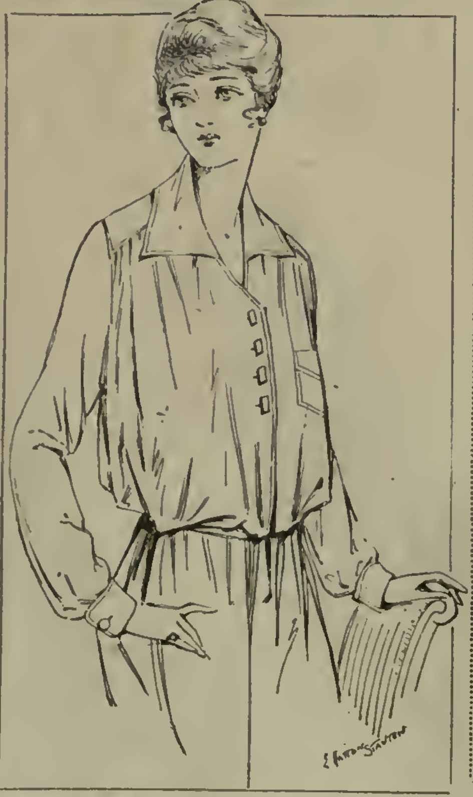

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1917

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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 tomorrow 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

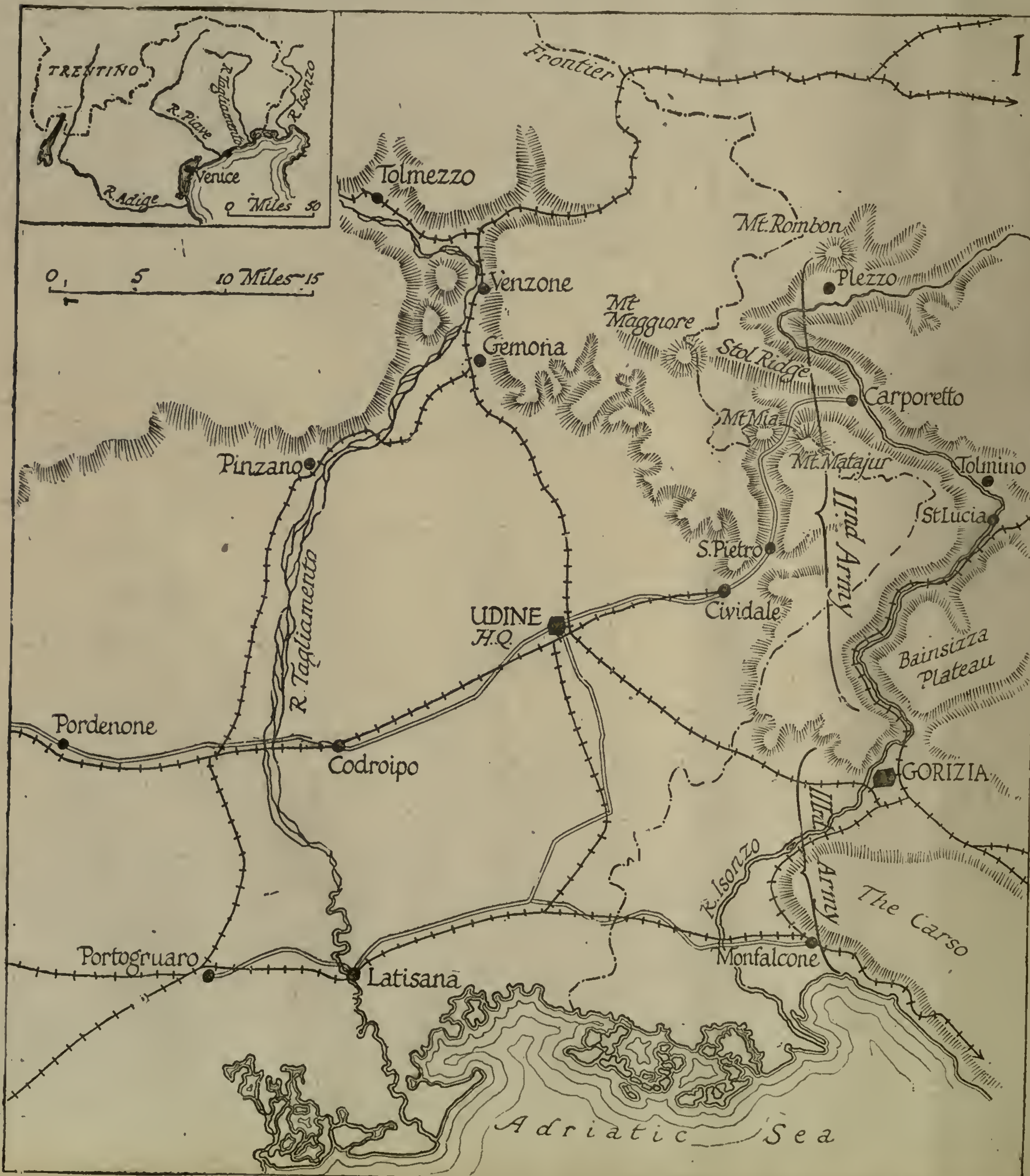
By Hilaire Belloc

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.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Tolmino
St Lucia
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S. Pietro
Cividale
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R. Tagliamento
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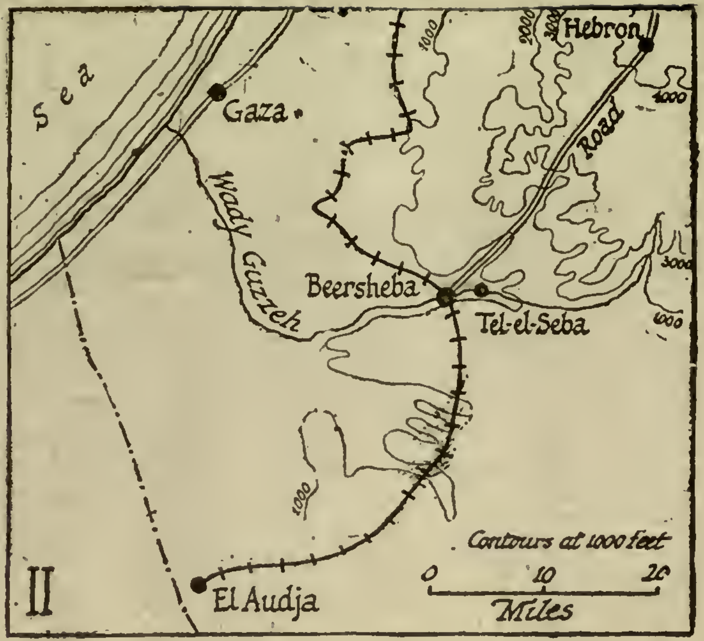

At any rate, whatever was the concentration in men on the Upper Isonzo, there was a great concentration in guns, and these in their turn must mainly have come from the East, where in the enemy's judgment they were no longer needed.

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 co 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 can not 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 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.

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*This report can be obtained gratis from the Board of Agriculture' 3, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

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 southeast. 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 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.

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* **Stories by Centurion appear exclusively in " Land & Water "**

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

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There is probably no officer, however confident of himself, who does not find the task of taking over a new company something of an ordeal; a very trying ordeal, too, in many cases.

It is then that he has to summon up his reserves of mental and moral force, for he is, strictly speaking, "on test." If he muffs things it may take him weeks or months to obliterate the bad impression created; and his consciousness of this fact does not help him any.

We have just received a letter from a major with the B.E.F. which gives point to these remarks, and, what is more valuable, shows how this particular officer took over his new responsibilities without a hitch. Writing from France, he says:—

> I have seen the value of the Pelman System since taking over my new company. Confronted with a mass of new faces and new names, and with a different system of interior working, I have had a golden opportunity to test the value of your training, and *I know that* without it I should never have gathered up the threads of things as I have done.
>
> —— ——, Major.

Once again we have striking proof that Army officers are not studying "Pelmanism" just for the fun of the thing, but simply and solely because it has proved itself so convincingly a potent aid to efficiency and promotion. Testimony to that effect is voluminous. The Pelman Institute possess several thousands of letters from military and naval officers, each giving expression to unfeigned admiration for a system which is so directly and unfailingly resultful.

So strong is the belief in Pelmanism amongst the higher command that there are numerous instances where generals have recommended their staff to enrol for a Pelman course; just as, in the commercial world, a far-seeing firm sometimes pays for the enrolment of six or a dozen of its employees.

Nor is this confidence misplaced. Pelmanism is *all* that is claimed for it—sensational although those claims may occasionally appear. The truth is that the facts themselves are sensational; they even exceed the published statements. For example, the Pelman Institute, in speaking of financial benefits resulting from the course, limits itself to examples where incomes of business or professional men have been doubled or trebled. That seems handsome enough; yet this substantial figure has frequently been surpassed. *We know of at least one case where a sixfold increase of income resulted from a Pelman training!*

There are many readers of LAND & WATER—both civilians and officers—who are students of the Pelman system, and these know from personal experience the absolute accuracy of *Truth's* pronouncement: "The Pelman system places the means of progress within the reach of everybody."

The Course presents no obstacle to study—even for the busiest professional man. It takes up very little time—and every minute spent upon it is profitably spent. Equally, it can be practised anywhere—nearly 10,000 officers and men, including 36 Generals and 6 Admirals, are following it in the trenches in France and aboard the Grand Fleet. All correspondence is necessarily confidential.

Every reader of LAND & WATER should at least investigate this fascinating subject and its possibilities. An explanatory brochure, entitled *Mind and Memory*, containing a synopsis and full explanation of the Pelman System, together with a copy of *Truth's* sensational report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, *gratis and post free*, upon application to The Pelman Institute, 39 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

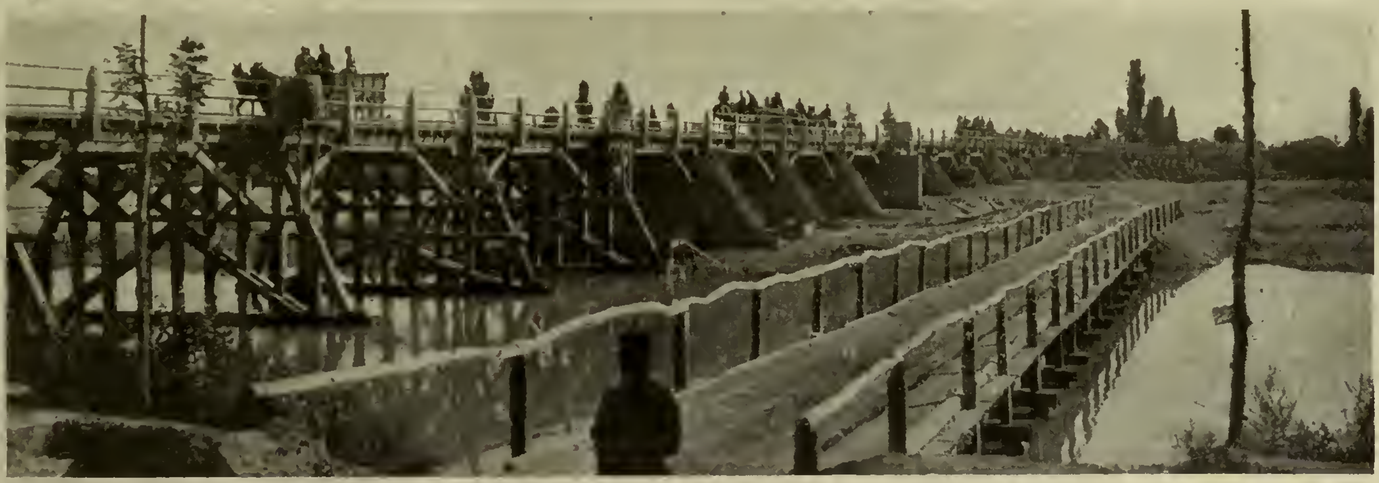
* * * * *

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.

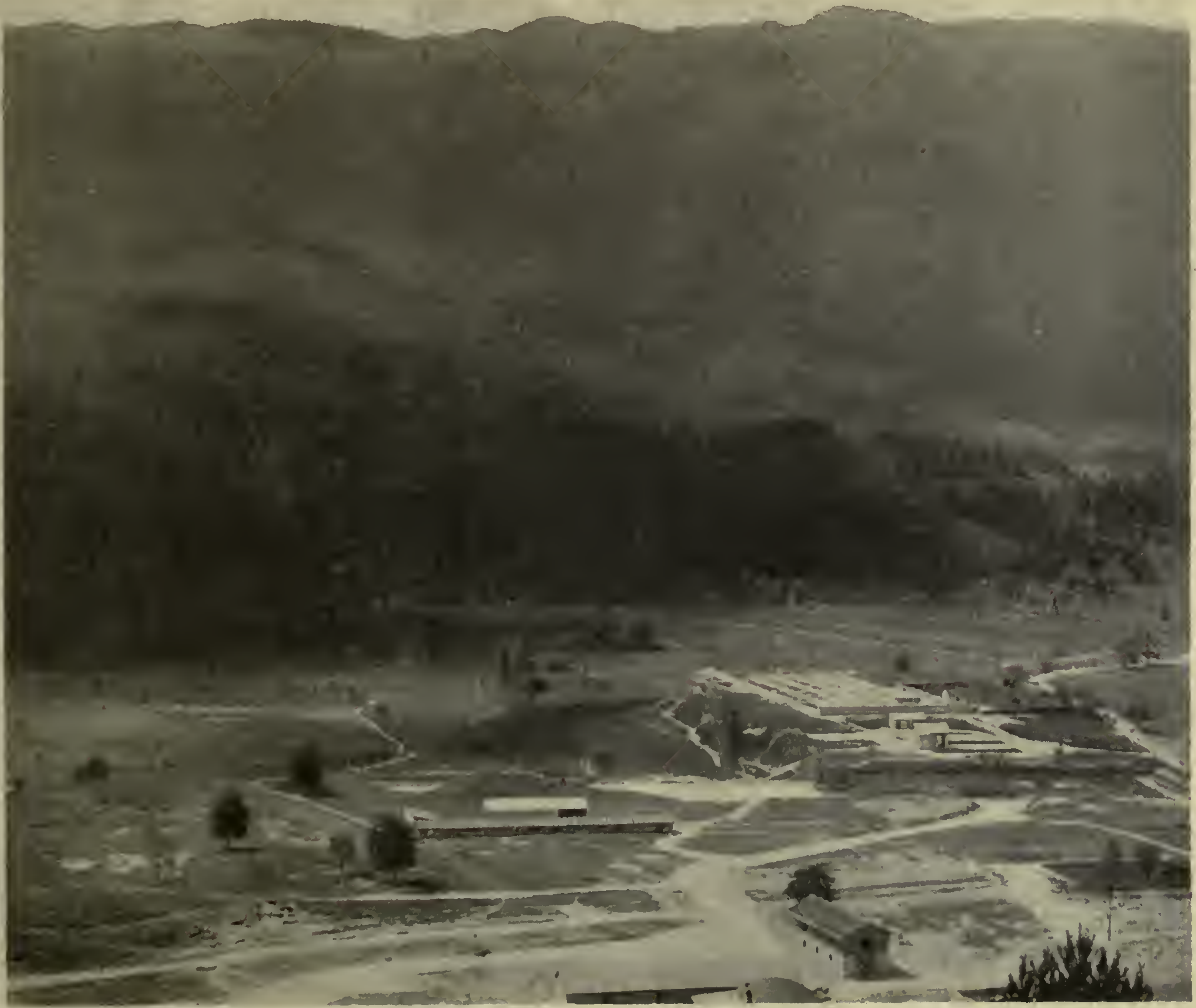
* * * * *

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 Raemackers' 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

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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 bettermost 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 Solaç, 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.

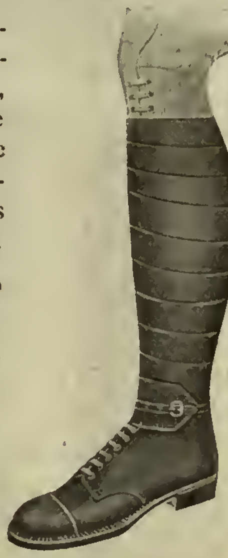
A quarter of a pound costs eightpence, half a pound one and two pence, one lb. two and threepence, and there is the plain as well as the malted variety, the latter being capital for all liking a malt flavour.

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*)



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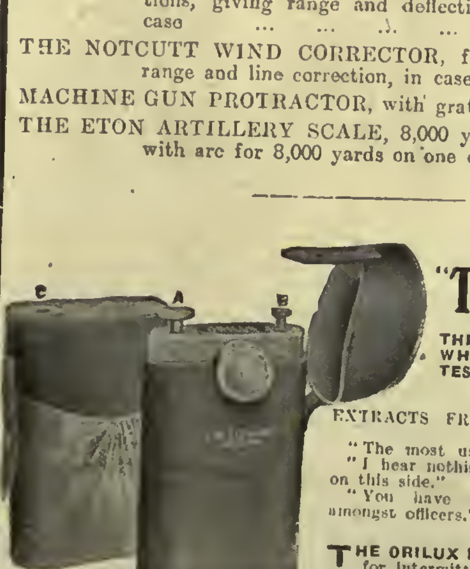

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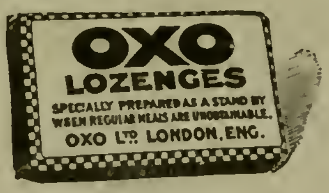
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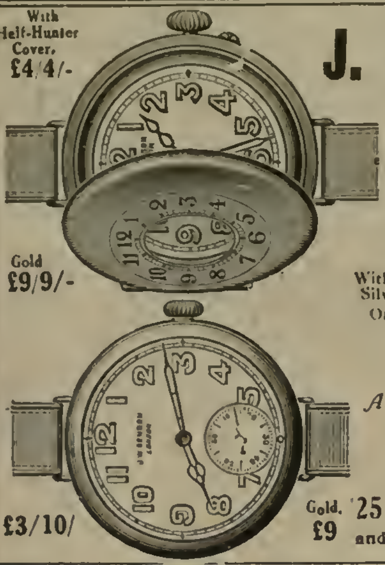

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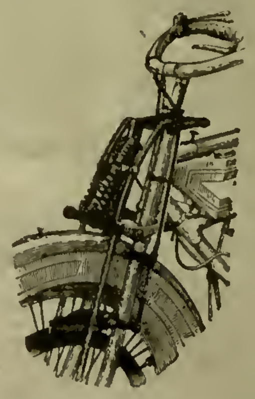

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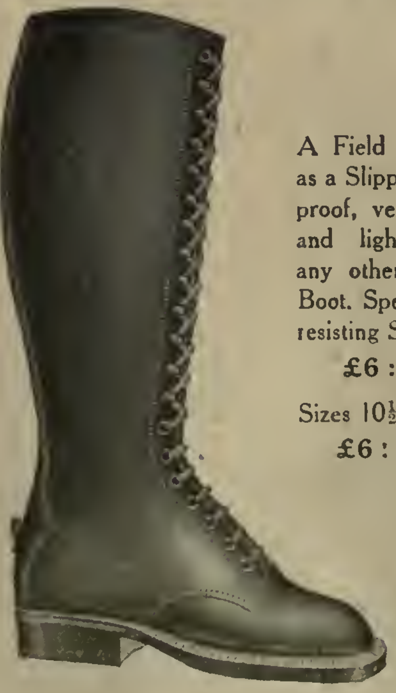

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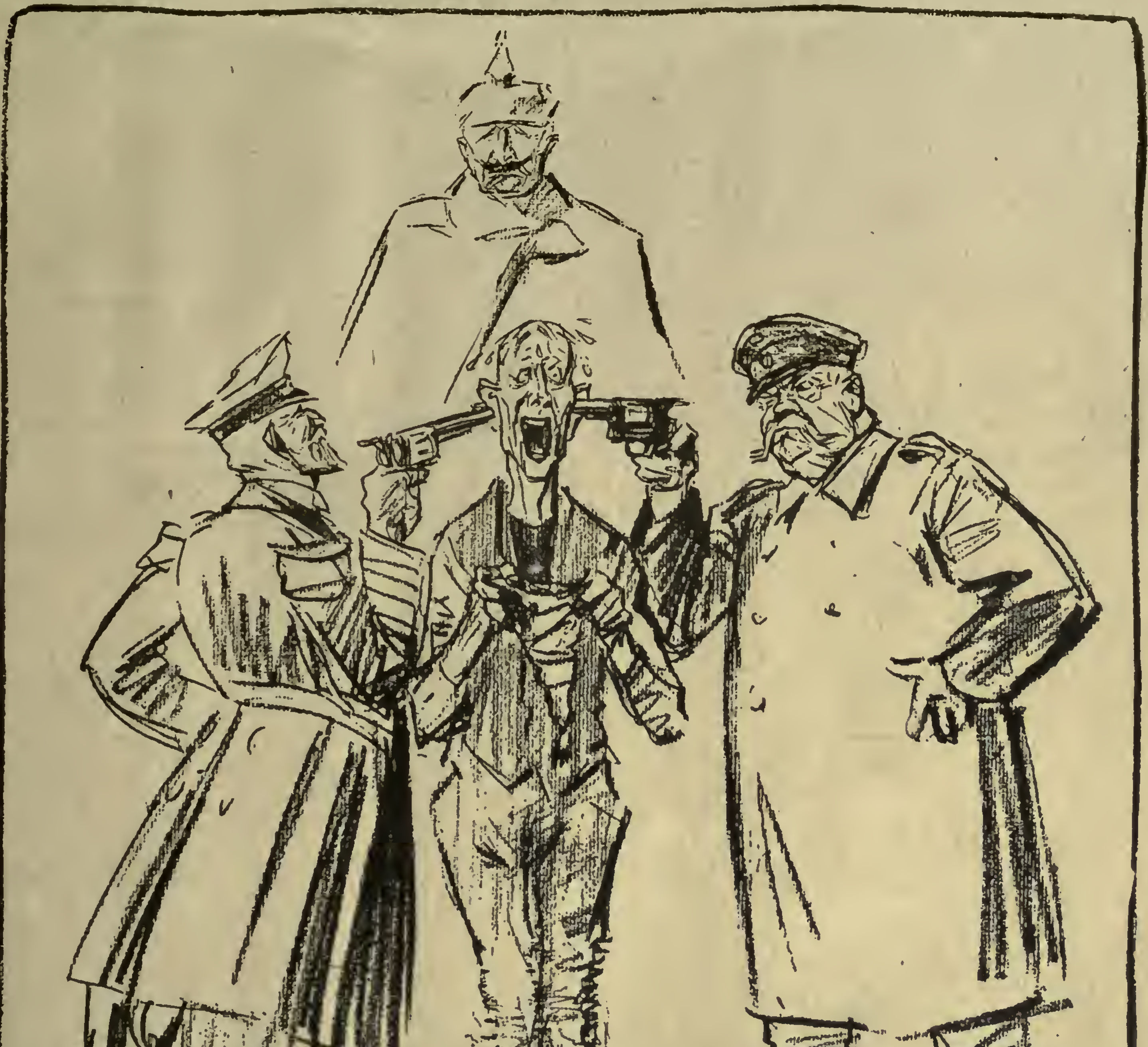

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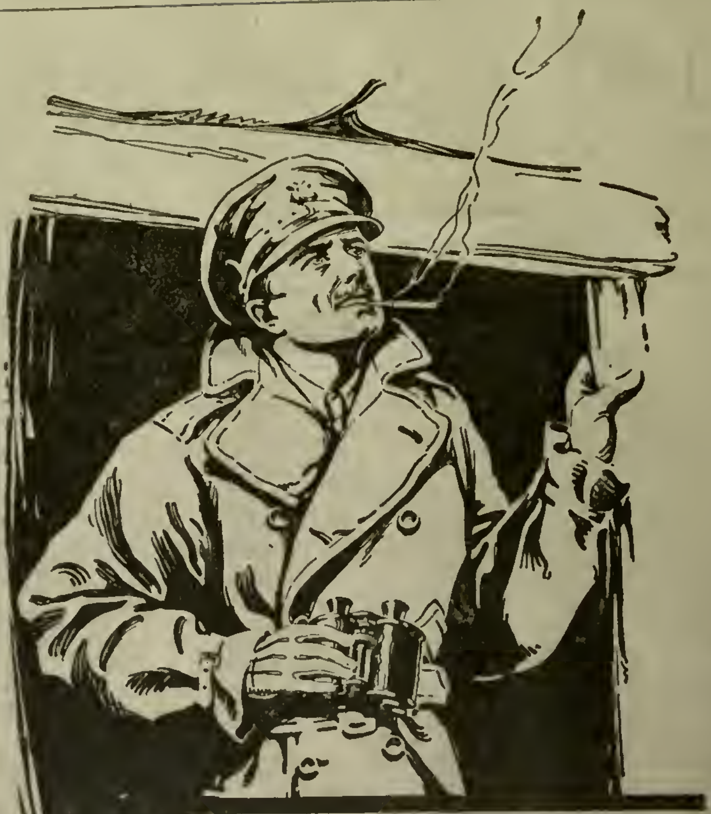

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1917

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THE ALLIED WAR COUNCIL

THE exact functions of the Allied War Council, and the precise causes which led to its creation are doubtful, but there can be no question that its success depends entirely on one factor—whether or not it enjoys the confidence of the soldiers in the field. The speech which the Prime Minister delivered in Paris has further clouded the issue instead of elucidating it. There are occasions when Mr. Lloyd George seems to follow the example of Mr. Gladstone, and to become "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Certainly in his Paris oration rhetoric carried him off his feet more than once, notably in raising again his old cry of "Too late." If the Italian disaster has been due to "too lateness," who can be more responsible for it than Mr. Lloyd George himself, seeing, as he told his audience, he was "almost the only Minister in any land, on either side, who has been in the war from the beginning to this hour." And if he be right in claiming that this disaster was the natural corollary of lack of unity, why did he not effect this unity before, and not after, the disaster or failing to do so act as he now threatens to act and resign office. Mr. Lloyd George has spoken finely and inspiringly on the war, but he is too easily betrayed into his old political habit of uttering persuasive words and delivering picturesque sentences just for their immediate effect. The result is to weaken public confidence in his judgment, and to strengthen still further the strong suspicion which the nation has come to entertain for politicians of all sorts, but especially for politicians who use their place to interfere in military strategy and tactics. It is seldom that a rhetorician is a man of action or *vice-versa ;* certainly this war has furnished no instance of this rare combination ; and for a politician or a collection of politicians to dictate to the commanders in the field, and to the organisers at home, how they should conduct the technical side of naval and military operations is to invite worse disasters.

Unity of action is most desirable, and if it is accomplished by this new Council, it will be warmly applauded. But where do the Council's Military Advisers come in, and what will be their duties? If only to advise the Council on the significance of military action, well and good, but directly they pass beyond this, they run the risk of interfering with the Commanders in the field and the organisers at the seat of Government, wherefore it is most esssential that their functions be clearly defined. The public has been considerably perturbed by certain paragraphs which have been allowed to be published in the Press this week hinting that Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson are becoming war-weary, and might be glad to be relieved of their posts. Anyone who knows either of these distinguished soldiers is perfectly well aware that if there was a scintilla of truth in these innuendoes, the first intimation would have come from the officers themselves and would not have been left to obscure political hacks. Who has inspired these paragraphs? What is the true inwardness of them? Why should they coincide with the announcement of the creation of this new Council? Our soldiers are fighting amid terrible mud in Flanders, are they also to be compelled to fight amid worse mud at home? This would be disgraceful. Field Marshal Haig has the full confidence of his army and the steady progress which he has made during the last seventeen or eighteen months speaks for itself. But there has been nothing theatrical about it, nothing to inspire gigantic headlines or grandiloquent orations, but for sheer tenacity and dogged perseverance there is no finer achievement in the long annals of the British Army. As the Field Marshal would be the first to admit, these victories are in no small measure due to that organiser of victory, Sir William Robertson, Chief of the General Staff, who has brought to his work unrivalled abilities, absolute sincerity and a positive refusal to mix himself in political questions. His singlemindedness has won for him the complete trust of the nation; they know they can rely on his word, and that he never makes demands on the people which are not fully justified by conditions. He is a power in the land, and were he to find himself compelled to resign his present position from any untoward circumstance, the effect on the country would be disastrous.

Hitherto we have confined our remarks to the purely military aspect of the Allied War Council. But there is another side—the political—where this Council may be able to effect great good. It is doubtful whether hitherto there has been a sufficiently well-informed appreciation of the internal difficulties each Allied Nation has had to contend with. These difficulties have been rendered all the greater by the cunning propaganda of the enemy, which has not hitherto been adequately recognised. It has been taken for granted that once an army is in the firing line little attention need be paid to the adverse and subterranean influences brought to bear for the purpose of weakening the resolution of the people. We see these influences at work in this country, and next to nothing done to counteract or check them. Were the members of the Allied Council to compare notes on this subject, there will, we are convinced, be discovered a remarkable similarity in the methods employed. If more active steps are not taken to suppress this enemy propaganda without further delay, we shall have Mr. Lloyd George again declaming about "too late." Not only is Great Britain determined to carry the war to a completely victorious conclusion, but so are the Dominions. Nevertheless, not a living soul in the British Empire believes it can be done by the politicians outstepping their natural place and posing as strategists. This way lies calamity. There must be as loyal an alliance between the fighting men and the politicians as between the different nations. The strain of war increases and will continue to increase throughout the winter.

The British nation has just received a new scale of voluntary rations, with which the majority will endeavour to comply. But what about the minority, more especially that not inconsiderable section of aliens, who are to be found in almost every big city of England? What is to be done to keep watch over these and to see that while the Englishman tightens his belt the Galician does not loosen his, and, money being more plentiful with him than ever before, is not expending it freely on food without a single thought of the result in the aggregate. The fact is that lack of unity is not confined to the military plans of the Allies, but extends to their internal policies. We in England are assumed to be living on the fat of the land, with blazing fires to keep the cold from our homes, while Italy starves and shivers. We must face realities, both at home and abroad, but realities are the very last thing the politician has the slightest wish or desire to face, because if they be disagreeable, goodbye to his popularity. Such is his belief. However this new Allied Council is serving a good purpose in awakening the people to the truth that the war is far from being won. The victories on the Passchendaele Ridge bring us nearer to the end, but until the situation in Italy is retrieved, and the invasion stayed or driven backward, the hour has not arrived to look for the first beams of the dawning day. And the winter is still before us.

The Line of the Piave

By Hilaire Belloc

WE have all heard how the Italian Army is retiring upon the line of the Piave The line of the Piave means, however, something very different from the general course of that river Let us see what it means and what are its opportunities for defence. It may have been put to the test before these lines are published

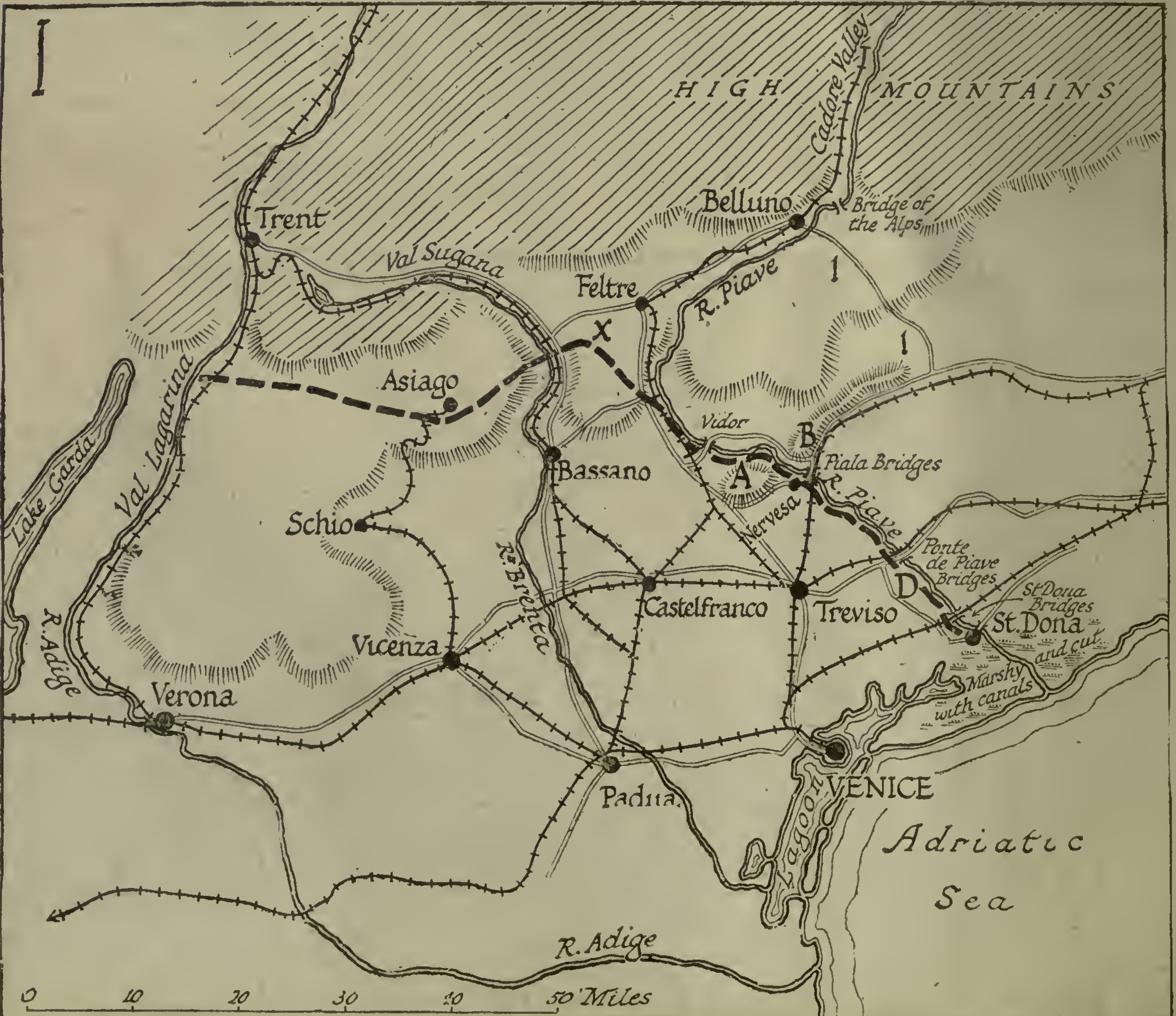
What we say here refers of course only to the geographical conditions, and comments based upon these are subject to two very important modifications: First, the strength or weakness of a line is clearly conditioned by the nature and number of the forces defending it as well as by its geographical nature But as the strength of a modern defensive lies in such elements as counter-battery work, numbers of machine guns and skill in handling the same, ample munitionment, etc., we do not really know the strength of any line until or unless we have those details before us, and such details, in the case of the Piave line, we necessarily lack

The second important unknown is the strength of fortification which it has been possible to erect within the time at the disposal of the forces which propose to stand upon a new line. During all the Battle of the Somme, for instance, and every other battle of the Western front, there has been a sort of race between the preparation of lines behind the front and the driving in of the enemy towards those lines. Preparation of lines takes time; the security of the defence is largely measured in terms of the time available for such preparation.

With these provisos, which are, of course, all-important, and which leave us with but little real material for judgment, let us turn to that little we have—the geographical conditions—and consider them.

The Piave is a stream rising as a mountain torrent in the Dolomites and collecting the water of a considerable mountain basin—all that district of fantastic peaks known in Italian as the Cadore. It was the birth-place by the way of the great Leonardo. With the frontier which was here drawn arbitrarily and left a whole district south of the watershed in Austrian hands, we are not concerned. Our main point is that the Piave is not, in its mountain course, a very considerable obstacle. If the defence upon the further side of its narrow valley or gorge could not prevent the offensive from coming down the opposing slope, it certainly could not prevent its crossing the rocky waterway at the bottom. These mountain conditions continue to the point called the Bridge of the Alps just above Belluno. Apart from the fact that the obstacle is insignificant, the great length of this mountain part of the valley, something like 40 miles with its windings, forbids any attempt to use it by a diminished army. It has, as a fact been abandoned! and unfortunately in the retirement from it a portion of a division has been cut off—with a loss of 10,000 men. The upper mountain part of the Piave valley, then, forms no part of the Piave line.

Below Belluno the Piave runs through country either flat or marked with low heights that are the last foothills of the Alps. It is now a more considerable stream, though still subject to great differences of level like all mountain rivers, but it is still far too shallow on the average to act as an obstacle and, further, is unsuitable as a line of defence from its trace. It makes a very wide bend westward, greatly increasing the line that the defence would have to hold, and this bend may be said to continue to the point of Nervesa, a village standing just above the right bank at the entry of the river into the Plains. It is from this point that the true line of the Piave begins and from this point that an attempt to stand defensively upon it must be continued by as short a line as possible up to the high mountains where attack in force is difficult or impossible. To exactly what point in the mountains the line is continued we have no information, but the straightest



and therefore shortest line would use a portion of the Piave above Nervesa to just beyond Vidor in the foothills, sacrificing Feltre and Belluno, of course, and holding the heights which form the northern watershed of the Brenta or Val Sugana and thence crossing the gorge of the Brenta join on with the existing line defending the southern part of the plateau of Asiago.

To the importance of this northern sector *behind* the line of the Piave I will return in a moment. Let me first describe the line of the Piave proper, from Nervesa to the sea.

Though the river is, as I have said an indifferent obstacle, like nearly all mountain streams (save the largest, which have a very wide basin and a long passage through the Plains), though the waters fall very rapidly after each freshet and are in great part of the length of the river divided into several channels which reduce the difficulty of crossing, yet the Piave has certain advantages over the numerous other rivers of this Plain. In the first place, its line in the quite uncovered open country is short; excluding the small loops of the river, it is but 25 miles from Nervesa to St. Dona, or rather the point on the western bank opposite St. Dona, where the sea marshes begin. As the crow flies it is little more than 20 miles. The most exposed part of the line, therefore, and the most vulnerable, is highly restricted. The width of the Venetian Plain between Nervesa and the Lagoons and marshes of the coast is at its least. There is a sort of waist here between the Friulian district on the east and the great Plain of Padua and Vicenza upon the west. Further, everything below the bridges of St. Dona is very difficult passage for an army at any time, and usually quite impassable by one. It is a labyrinth of marshy meadows cut by innumerable canals and merging into the meres and lagoons of the sea coast. For some miles above St. Dona—up to the point marked "D" on Map I.—the lower river is fairly deep and has difficult muddy banks: but above D the bed is a broad gravelly flat with numerous shallow branches of the river trickling through it: only after rain does it rise suddenly to a higher level and fill its banks.

The line then on which the Higher Command of our Ally has decided to stake so much is, briefly, one of three sections. The true obstacle between St. Dona and the point D; the insufficient obstacle (save for the strength of artificial work), from D to a little above Vidor; the mountain section which first follows the ridge watershed of the Brenta, and then turns west to cross that stream and to hold the Asiago plateau just south of the ruins of that town.

The political aspect of the matter is very important in the case of Italy, and we note that the Piave covers Venice and all the wealth and history of the towns beyond the Adige, which would be sacrificed if the Adige were made the defensive line.

Now let us consider the opportunities for supply and observation on either side.

The line of the Piave is very well served for the supply of the defence. Radiating from Treviso, which is to the Piave what Udine was to the Isonzo, there are three lines of railway and, as will be seen from the map, a fourth comes in parallel with the sea serving St. Dona. Further, there is excellent cross communication joining these lines, the capital nodal point of which is the junction of Castelfranco. Good roads radiate from Treviso as the railways do, but there is none, or was none in time of peace, serving the line parallel to the lagoons, nor would it everywhere be easy to construct. The way along the coast to St. Dona Bridge is a tortuous piecing together of local lanes.

Unfortunately, the communications of the enemy for his approach to and attack on the lines are equally excellent. Apart from a whole network of excellent hard local roads he has, for a front of less than 30 miles, three first-class avenues of supply, each with its great high road and railway. It is improbable that the latter have been damaged in the very pressed retreat beyond what a few days can repair: for though there are on each an exceptionally large number of culverts over the numerous small streams of the Venetian plain, yet these are all quite short and low. The only considerable works being the two viaducts over the Tagliamento, the extent of the damage done to which we do not know.

These three avenues of supply reach the Piave, the northernmost at the Piala Bridge just at the edge of the plain, the middle one at Ponte de Piave, the third and southernmost at St. Dona. The railways of the first and last are double lines; a cross communication joins them up only 20 miles from what are (now that the bridges are down) the Piave railheads. It is a model condition of supply for an attack in the plain.

Meanwhile, though it has no railway leading to any enemy base, but only one ending at the hills, the open valley below Belluno has an excellent high road and cross-road system, and by it also a concentration could be effected fairly rapidly round from the plains by the main road from there to Belluno, which I have marked (1) (1) on Map I.—a broad, excellent highway for petrol traction.

As to observation, it is to be remarked that where the Piave goes through a gap in the foothills just above Nosera either party has observation right over the Venetian plain to south and the enclosed flat of Vidor to the north: the enemy on the height marked B, the Italians on that marked A. The latter is, happily, somewhat the higher, but this advantage is not great, for from any part on the crest of B—which is from 600 to 800 feet above the plain, one can completely observe operations and view all about the northernmost river crossing.

Such is the line of the Piave with its strength and weakness. It has the military advantage that it is short, the political that it covers Venice and the great towns of the neighbouring mainland. It has the disadvantage that the obstacle—unlike that of the Adige—is very imperfect, that right on its flank and behind it is the threatened Asiago plateau, and that if it, the Piave line, be abandoned, all further retirement rapidly extends the trace to be held by the armies compelled to such retirement under the immediate pressure of superior forces.

Palestine

The retirement of the enemy in Palestine is not only of an importance, but even of a character which we cannot judge, because we have no enemy accounts and because the accounts from our side are necessarily little more as yet than the despatches to hand, but there are certain features in it which are clear enough already, and are worth tabulating.

In the first place it is clear that the British turning movement round Beersheba and the capture of that point involved the collapse of the whole Gaza line. In other words, it is clear that once Beersheba had gone, the Turkish command determined upon a general retirement which involved, of course, the abandonment of Gaza, and of all the defensive works organised against what the enemy calls rather absurdly "The Sinai front"

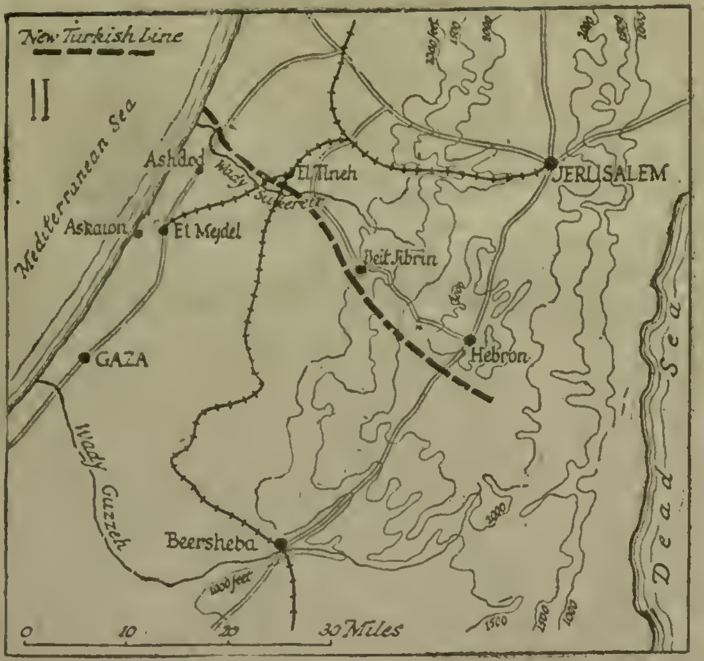
By Friday last, the 9th, over seventy guns had been counted, of which several were 5.9 howitzers; and General Allenby estimated on that day the total Turkish casualties, exclusive of 5,000 prisoners, to be not less than 10,000.

The immediate interest in this field is the line upon which we are now told the enemy will elect to stand: the line of the Wady Sukereir continued south-eastward to cover Beit Jibrin and the highest point and terminal in front of Hebron.

Let us consider the general nature of the country

The structure of the land is exceedingly simple. It is all based on lines running parallel with the Mediterranean coast, and that coast is itself as simple as any in the world A mere flat line; no natural harbours whatsoever, the whole making a line curving very slightly westward of south Almost exactly due north and south, and at a distance from the sea which varies from 70 miles at the southern end to some 30 miles at the northern, runs the valley of the Jordan, terminating in the Dead Sea. This great cleft is a depression far lower than the Mediterranean (the Dead Sea itself is only just under 1,300 feet lower, and the Sea of Galilee 687 feet lower, the valley of the Jordan in between sinking from the lesser to the greater depth).

Between this valley of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea and the Coast line of the Mediterranean, there is a backbone of high mountain land, not much larger than a large English county, upon which, as upon a stage, has been played the history of the Jews, of Christian origins, and of the Crusades. This great lump of mountain land, some 55 miles long from the Desert on the south, to Samaria on the north, is nowhere much more than 30 miles broad, is distinguished from the sea plain on the one hand, and from the valley of the Jordan on the other, not only by its ruggedness and its height, nor by the fairly rapid way in which it rises from the sea plain and the precipitous way in which it falls on to the Jordan valley, but also by the way in which its culture has, from immemorial time, contrasted with the culture of the coast on the west, with the Desert to the east, and with the almost tropical deep gorge of the Jordan, much of which men were compelled to leave half inhabited. From the point of view of military history, apart from the political effects on military history which the separation of races and religion involved—from the point of view, that is, of purely geographical military history



the two great marks of this land have been absence of obstacle and difficulty of supply. There is nothing interrupting movement from south to north, or from north to south; from the sea up into the highlands, or from the eastern desert on to the highlands. No one has ever been able to defend in any permanent fashion the line of the Jordan against an army from the east; no one has ever drawn a line barring entry from the north; there is no natural feature suggesting a similar line barring entry from the south, nor are there parallel positions in between. Indeed, the nearest thing to a permanent defensive line ever established against movement in this region would seem to be this last Turkish entrenchment, the line Gaza-Beersheba, which has just been turned and lost. The gulleys running down from the mountains to the sea, occasionally filled with water after a storm, normally dry or nearly dry, none of them afford a true obstacle or line of defence. They serve excellently for an approach up into mountains from the lowlands. Each of them is famous in very early military history as a line of invasion up from the Philistine Plain into the Jewish mountain land. But they have never permanently served as transverse lines or obstacles to invasion from the south. The truth is that in this country any position chosen will be an artificial position. There will be trenches prepared from the mountains down to the sea, covering whatever the enemy may regard as of political importance or as suitable bases of supply—probably the latter.

It is in this second factor, that not of obstacle but of supply, that you get the core of military history in this region. Even to-day, with the immense resources of modern engineering and of modern science, the difficulty of supply is the whole business, and in the difficulty of supply the chief item is water for a force advancing from the south. A large force thus advancing to-day is tied, of course, to its railway, but also to its water pipe. The supplies of water increase as one goes, northward, but water is always the problem: much less so happily, at this season of the year than in summer. For the rainy season of Palestine is that we are now passing through. It ends with April, and the late spring and summer months are usually cloudless.

From the point of view of the enemy or of the defensive, the problem of supply is different. The enemy is falling back upon better and better water supply, and along an existing railway. Let us see from the configuration of that railway and of the roads coupled with his probable political interests, why he has chosen this line.

The main railway runs on the shelf of the hills above the sea plain—the plain which the Philistines held in Biblical times. The British have been moving up this main line above Beersheba. They now find themselves in front of the new Turkish line, and that line is clearly planned *first* for the advantage of lateral supply and *next* to cover Jerusalem. The railway branch from the junction of el Tineh we may neglect—it is mainly in British hands, and its last fragment is under fire. With the branch serving Jerusalem it is otherwise. As the line runs, this line is his main support, and he has further, immediately along his front, the Beit Jilsin-Hebron Road. If the enemy will stand with the Jerusalem branch at his back as a lateral communication serving his line, it will be a solution for him of the problem of supply.

The Conditions of Victory—V

Restoration : Reparation : Guarantees

GREAT, and especially unexpected successes in the course of any war, and especially in the later phases of any war have, apart from their material results, two moral effects upon the party against whom they are won. The first of these moral effects is the lowering of confidence. Victory breeds victory and defeat breeds defeat, because confidence in leadership, in the power to attain objects aimed at, etc., increases with the one and declines with the other. The second moral consequence is allied to this and consists in a confusion of aims, in a blurring or rather a disturbance of the political scheme for which war was waged. Considerable and especially unexpected victories in the later part of a campaign give to the party that wins them a still clearer view of its objects, while their opponents suffer not so much a reduction in their aims as a disarray in them.

The tremendous blow now being dealt by the enemy across the Venetian Plain is an exact case in point. It was certainly unexpected by him as by us. It has had exactly the moral results I have just mentioned, and it is our whole duty at the present moment to re-act against those moral results.

This is particularly true of the aims set before us in this war. There can be no question of reducing them, because they are the necessary basis of security. The practical aim is the destruction of the Prussian military machine, and if that cannot be done we have lost the war. If it can be done and *only* if it can be done, shall we be in the position to re-establish civilisation securely for the future.

In the formation of that future security we have said that the first point was the necessity for victory in the field—without it all the rest is talk. The second point, the practical fruit of such victory, is best represented in the formula laid down by the last administration of this country: "Restoration, reparation and guarantees."

Restoration simply signifies the giving up of those territories which the Prussian military machine has seized from its rightful owners, from which it has expatriated original inhabitants, and which it has attempted to colonise with its own subjects. It further includes territories long held against the will of their inhabitants by the present Allies of Prussia. It has nothing whatever to do with the evacuation of territory temporarily and accidentally occupied during war. Such territory is often an asset which is used to bargain with when wars end in a truce or in an inconclusive peace. In other words, each party is really ready to yield what nothing but the chance of a few months has given him, and what a prolongation of the war might very well lose him. Territories on which he never calculated when he made war, and without which he can still remain exceedingly strong after the war.

With incorporated territory, territory seized by formal treaty of conquest, depopulated, re-colonised and the rest of it, it is another matter. The restoration of such territory is at once the symbol of our victory and a necessary part of our guarantees. We are fighting a Power which has, for two hundred years, quite openly maintained the principle that a European Power may, if it can, seize territory by force from a neighbour without so much as a legal excuse or fictitious claim. The Power which we are fighting regards that principle as vital. It has lived by that principle and its success has largely obliterated in the European conscience the old sanctities of treaty. So that most modern men have come to think of what they call "Annexation" as a sort of evil normal to all European history, while some are so ignorant as to believe that the abolition of it would be something modern and "progressive." The truth is, of course, that mere annexation by force from Europeans by Europeans is a modern evil, and that modern evil was created by the Power we are fighting to destroy. The idea upon which it reposes is a Prussian idea.

Behind this particular example of Prussianism there is another larger principle of which Prussia is also the support, though not the originator. It is the principle that dynastic claims, or the claims of self-conscious communities against alien governments are fantastic and vain, and that the only real test of the right to govern is the material effect of government. It would puzzle the supporters of this theory who are now to be found everywhere and who, since 1870, have held nearly all the field of political thought in Europe, to define what they meant by the material well-being of a community. Probably, if we could make them write down clearly what they meant, you would find that they meant a great number of different and often contradictory things, such as the total of economic wealth without regard to its distribution; its good distribution without regard to its total; the presence of ample stocks of necessities; the presence of luxuries for a few though there be insufficiency of necessities; the growth of capitalism and of its attendant proletariat; excellence of communications, many trains and many and good roads; an orderly appearance in externals, especially in the estates and houses of the rich—plenty of varnish on woodwork and a high polish on metal work; an increase in the number of newspapers and in the statistics of the post office; the introduction of speculation; the gradual weakening of the family to the advantage of industrialism; scepticism in philosophy and so forth. All these things come in to the objective of "efficiency" as against free Government, and there is no common philosophy that really binds them together except the desire to look oneself in the glass and to mirror one's habits in others. The spirit of which I speak, and which we are combating in this war, has for its test, if we examine it closely, nothing more than the expansion over the subject territory, especially in externals, of whatever characterises the conqueror. The conqueror calls it by every sort of good name, the chief of which is that same word "efficiency," but what he means in practice is "an aspect like my own." He has, for instance, at home good roads and a ruined peasantry. He comes to a country with a flourishing peasantry and bad roads. He is quite sure that he has done something "efficient" if, after fifty years he has ruined that peasantry but created a number of good roads. If his philosophy is for the moment sceptical, the breakdown of religion is part of his idea of efficiency. If it happened to be a highly organised religion his idea of efficiency would be the imposition of that religion upon the conquered. The spread of his language again is "efficiency." The maintenance of the native language is the opposite.

Now the victory of the Allies means the weakening of those two principles, general and particular, and conversely the retention of such territories by Prussia and her dependents after the war would mean the defeat of the main Allied object. It would mean the defeat of a free Europe and the establishment for good of those principles which permit the subjugation of European nations by their fellows. No amount of promises not to do it again or not to extend what has already been done are of the least value here. Either the territories formerly annexed by force and partially colonised by force will be recovered or they will not. If they are not recovered we have lost.

Reparation

Reparation is in another category. It is a claim subject to modification from two causes. First: That a great and indeterminate part of the damage done is inevitable even to legitimate war, and secondly that the damage already illegitimately done, the wholesale burnings and lootings of which the enemy has been guilty probably exceed his power of economic reparation, however severe the terms we might be able to impose. But the principle is none the less clear. If European civilisation wins, those who set out to subjugate it having deliberately made terror their instrument must, to their own impoverishment, be compelled to restore as much as is materially possible.

The matter might be put thus: Supposing a peace to be concluded in which it is agreed that the various belligerents shall subscribe in proportion to their means for the restoration of things destroyed in the war. Then Western civilisation is humiliated and has accepted the moral principle which it went out to fight. It has accepted the methods of terror as normal to war, and it has established them. Nay, it has made itself a party to them.

It has admitted that the burning of Louvain, for instance, is something for which we are all equally responsible, because we are all equally belligerents, and in doing so it has admitted that the Germans were committing a normal act of war in burning Louvain.

In this connection English readers will do well to note a point which has been somewhat missed in this country because its territory has been spared invasion. The enemy carefully uses historical monuments and great towns as part of his scheme of defence in the West. He challenges his opponent to destroy these places or alternatively, if he is compelled to retire, to see them destroyed by himself. He did all he could to include Arras in his line, and when he drew a new one he exactly included St. Quentin (a better line in mere ground would have lain further from St. Quentin.) He is playing exactly the same trick with Laon, for he is preparing a new line apparently just in front of that town: Too close for the town and its junction to be of any use to him, but so close that any attack upon him there involves the ruin of the town.

When we come to Guarantees, the very first principle to seize is that the guarantees must be material, or they are worthless. You must occupy territory and hold persons as hostages or you have no guarantee at all. People are at once less inclined to discuss this essential matter and too much tempted to misunderstand it because at this moment, and indeed ever since the collapse of Russia, all the guarantees in this sense are in the enemy's hands, with the exception of the German Colonies. Since the Italian disaster he holds in prisoners more men than the Western Allies hold of his—far more. All the occupied territory is now Allied territory held by him in the West. And the West in the sense of Italy, France and Belgium is, of course, the decisive field. Further, of the territory so held, one portion, the industrial northern belt of France and the whole of Belgium is of vital economic importance.

Lastly, there is the essential point that he has his shipping intact in his harbours, while he has been sinking at a prodigious rate the shipping of all neutrals and Allies, and especially that of Great Britain.

But that existing state of affairs has, like every other adverse circumstance, no bearing upon our thesis. If the enemy ends the war still holding these guarantees, he has won. It is he who has the hostages, and he who can impose his will. The fact that he is in that position in no way modifies the truth that we shall not be the victors nor our object even partially attained until we are in a similar position with regard to him.

Mutual Disarmament

Put a concrete case and see how it stands. Put the case of disarmament.

A peace is concluded. The enemy consents to evacuate the territories he now holds, and puts his name to a piece of paper promising that he will reduce his armament to such and such insignificant number in ships and men and material on condition that we do the same. We have no power to coerce him. We hold nothing of his which he will lose if he breaks his word. Let us suppose the process to begin and the Great Powers to disband, step by step and closely watching each other, their great forces.

No matter to what theoretical minimum this process may tend you cannot prevent a virtual escape from it either by people like the French and the English, who are determined not to suffer another surprise, or by people like the Germans who know that the English, especially, are vulnerable to attack at a comparatively small cost.

Prussia defeated and thoroughly broken, with hostages held while she repaired within the limits of the possible the damage she had done; her military machine smashed, and the lesson thoroughly taught, her energies occupied under the action of these guarantees in restoring what she had destroyed, would be no menace. There would be no temptation for the French and English to prepare a defence; there would be certainly no appetite upon the part of the beaten Germans to prepare a further aggression. But how on earth can you prevent an undefeated Prussia from having ready the materials at least for submarines or for aircraft? How can you prevent an undefeated Prussia against which you have no lever from using, in the air and under sea, forces, small at first, but a surprise by which would in the first few hours of another war, give her the upper hand, especially over an island community, and one densely packed with large industrial towns? And is it not obvious under those circumstances that Britain and France would be compelled of sheer necessity to establish a defensive scheme?

Every argument leads round to the same conclusion. It is an inevitable conclusion. Either there is a decisive peace resulting from the decisive destruction of the Prussian military machine, in which case you can break the will of its masters and establish permanent security in Europe, or there is an inconclusive peace, which is for the moment a defeat of the Western Alliance and in its ultimate effect an armed truce, probably of short duration

There is only one alternative to such a conclusion, and that is the decay of the national idea; the growth of a state of mind in which people no longer cared for the ideal of an organised nation, and in which patriotism had ceased to be a motive. If this sort of political decay covered all Europe equally and affected the German Empire as much as other countries, then and then only would an inconclusive peace result in the cessation of these great international wars. They would be replaced by local wars and by class wars. It is a purely theoretical conception, for nothing of the kind can possibly happen. National organisms are too strong and their traditions too vital, in the ancient nations especially, for any such revolution to take place, and it is often remarked with amusement that those who in each nation most boast this cosmopolitan disease, are quite peculiarly marked with the national stamp.

It would be a hideous conclusion in any case, but we need not worry about that, for it is an impossible conclusion. The war will come to an end—the present war—upon a national basis so far as the West is concerned, and one of the two opposing national systems will, at the end, feel victorious with all the consequences of that emotion.

The first of these national groups is the German organised under Prussia and controlling Central Europe. The second is that of the British and of the French in alliance: two very different civilisations, but both Occidental, both ancient and deeply rooted; both intensely national, and both inheriting traditions for which the Prussian theory of war is death.

There is no more room for the two opposing ideas than is room for both of two men struggling on a precipice path. The one must master the other or be mastered. It is as great a tragedy as the most extravagant pacifist could describe it to be. But it is unavoidable. One of the two must go down.

H. BELLOC

Russia the Incomprehensible—II

By Charles Edward Russell

THE wonder about Russia is, not that some things do not seem to go well, but that anything goes at all. It is not that some conditions seem to show chaos, but that any conditions show anything else. According to all human experience and history the only normal thing to follow the Revolution was maelstrom and smash.

Consider! An enormous hulk, the product of centuries of effort of one kind and in one line, had borne up the whole structure of organized Russian society. The eyes and minds of all men were always upon it; it regulated even the minutiæ of their lives. In a moment this huge thing turned turtle and went down. Naturally it should have dragged everything loose in its swirl. Always heretofore the violence of a revolution has been tuned up to the cruelty of the oppression against which it recoiled. It has always been like a tree bent over and then let go; it has rushed almost as far in the other direction. The oppression in Russia was the most savage, implacable, blood-guilty and maddening that has been known among civilized men, certainly since Caligula. It was of the kind that relishes cruelty for its own sake; that develops an exquisite and dainty taste in cruelty. Thoughtful men, looking upon it, always felt that if it should ever be overturned, blood would surely have blood and anarchy would pay the price of a monstrous wrong built of murder and tears. Wisdom and prophecy never went further astray. The Russian Revolution, when it came, was not only the least sanguinary of all great revolutions in history; it was, all things considered, remembering its occasion and size, the most moderate, the least impassioned. What happened has no reproach for the Russian people; on the contrary, it ought to be hung up for their everlasting praise. Whatever jarred as it went along, or still jars, was the logical, natural, inevitable result of the things the Revolution rooted out.

As soon as the Revolution came most of the existing local governments in Russia went out of business and their places were taken by Provisional Committees, which steered the machine until new City Councils could be elected. The world has been made to resound with tales, real and fictional, of things all askew in Russia. Nobody had ever pointed out the fact that most of these committees, although made up of men that about such a business were greener than grass, turned off an exceedingly workmanlike job of municipal management.

Kronstadt, of course, went with the rest, only farther than many. Instead of a Provisional Committee, it put all the local power into the hands of its Council of Sailors' and Workmen's Delegates, which immediately took the wheel and began to run things.

Probably the Council had its head turned. Men suddenly swept out of slavery into great power are not usually noted for a sweet and lamblike disposition. Anyway, the Council sent word to the Provisional Government in Petrograd, demanding to be represented in its deliberations. The only notice the Provisional Government took of this was to send a man to represent it in the Kronstadt Council. This was the worst possible species of misplay. As one of the Kronstadt men, who had been in America, put it to me, it was as if the Senate at Washington had refused to seat a Senator from New York, but had sent one of its own members to sit in the New York Legislature. So they seceded, started an independent Republic of Kronstadt, and walked their wild and picturesquely lunatic road until they crashed into the Cossack machine-guns that July day in front of the old Duma building. After which the Independent Republic of Kronstadt seems largely to have disappeared from the scenes.

But all this sort of thing opened the door wide to that most ingenious of human devilries, German propaganda, and after the first few days there was plenty of trouble, all of a familiar brand, being truly made in Germany. German agents were at that time chiefly busy along the whole Russian front telling the soldiers that the Revolution's creed of public ownership meant an immediate division of all the lands, and if they wanted to get in they must be on their way home, but in the intervals of these employments time was found to foment disaffection at Kronstadt or elsewhere. The vast army of German agents that infest Russia found such things all in the day's work.

Here is where most of the difficulty lies in getting the Western world and Russia straight with each other. It is psychological. We are willing to admit, in a general way, that the old regime in Russia was pretty bad, but it is the kind of thing that we cannot really sense and feel unless we have seen it, and as for describing it, nobody can do that because there are no words in use among men that seem to apply to it. It was not merely a form of government belonging to an age in human history long gone by, and it was not merely a frozen horror crushing down upon the hearts and lives of men. It was also a vast and curious foundation for that government, carefully cunningly built and developed by generations of astute minds In the end the base became one of the most astounding products of man's tireless ingenuity, infinitely more wonderful than the thing it held up.

Every year, you might say, the government system of Russia demanded of depravity a greater skill to keep it going. The task was to maintain a primitive despotism in an age moving swiftly toward complete democracy. The faster the rest of the world forgot the Stone Age the harder the task became to preserve a social system suited to nothing else. The two chief assets in the vast, elaborated and scientific business they built up for the minute supervision of people's lives were terror and ignorance By maintaining Russia in a state of perpetual perdition for all persons that were suspected of favouring freedom, it was possible to hold over all such minds an unchanging fear of a still worse perdition—which was Siberia.

People that know freedom and were born in it can no more grasp the meaning of this than a blind man can grasp the tones of a sunset. Russia lived with a huge iron heel upon her breast. This was the marvellous police system, divided into three main organizations. There was, first, the mounted gendarmerie, heavily armed, ready to ride down any manifestation of disorder. Then there was the acknowledged city police, black-suited and menacing, chosen for physical strength and aptitude for cruelty. These were known and (with reason) feared of all men. There was scarcely a block in a city or town that was not patrolled by them. But the true wonder, of course, began with the third division, or secret police, whose strange network of espionage wound itself round every hearthstone in Russia, peeped in at every window, listened at every keyhole. It was this that chiefly kept the Czar's crown on his head and his head on his shoulders, year after year.

Let me see if by some examples I can convey to those that have never known anything but freedom an outline of life as it was under the Russian police. Say that there were two friends among the Intelligentsia, the class most suspected and pursued If they rode down-town in a trolley-car of a morning going to work or business, they never dared to exchange more than formal salutations and sometimes not even these. If the car conductor were not a police-agent in disguise there was sure to be a police agent lurking among the passengers. Almost any innocent remark dropped by either friend might be reported as of sinister import, entered against them in the colossal records that the police maintained, and used at any time as a fingerpost to Siberia. In restaurants you must guard every word with the greatest care; the waiter is probably a disguised policeman. Be careful about your cabman; many police-agents have lately taken to driving cabs. A beggar solicits alms at your door, he may have been sent to over-hear a disloyal expression or take note of your callers. Write your letters with scrupulous attention; they will probably be opened and read. Be most discreet about your telephone conversations; it is well known that every wire is tapped.

Police Agents

Every educated man was particularly likely to be an object of suspicion. The mere fact that he was educated proved that he must know something about the outside world of progress and its opinion of Darkest Russia; he could not know that without some degree of discontent. Such a man could never be sure any moment of the day or night that the eye of a police-agent was not watching from some undiscovered hole, that the ear of a police-agent was not listening at an unsuspected cranny. If such a man seemed to be of careful and unobjectionable walk, this sometimes served to make the police administration only the more suspicious of him, and then the *agents provocateurs*, the worst of all the instruments of evil, were loosed upon him. Someone in apparent distress begged his help and told a pitiful story of injustice or of police cruelty in the hope that he might drop an expression of sympathy. Canvassers tried to get him to subscribe for suspected journals, book-agents tried to sell him proscribed books, and visitors dropped upon his premises revolutionary literature that it might be found there and used against him. He was likely to find at any time that his private papers at his home or office had been mysteriously rifled and yet he could never detect the stealthy person that rifled them.

The *agents provocateurs* were in cunning and wickedness not less than human devils. Their business was to get up outbreaks or overt acts that suspected leaders of the people might be trapped and the rest might be terrorized with the spectacle of a swift and terrible retribution. They wormed their way into all clubs, societies and organizations, even when these were of the most innocent or benevolent character, that they might take advantage of men off their guard and discover usable evidence. Among the secret revolutionary and propaganda Leagues they had always members. These sometimes spent ten years in one organization before they were able to pull off the thing they were after. Very often they themselves would suggest a plan and help to carry out the assassination or bomb explosion with which they dragged down their quarry. Most plausible, ingenious, skilful men and wonderful actors they must have been. When brother suspected brother and son suspected father they still managed to pass undetected (sometimes) in the most active revolutionary circles. The world read with incredulity the confession of Azof, one of their master-minds. Yet it is quite true that, as he said, he had worked at the same time with the police and with the Revolutionists, and had betrayed both. To win the confidence of the Revolutionists he revealed to them the secret plans of the police, and when the time was ripe revealed to the police the secret plans of the Revolutionists. He cleverly avowed that he suggested, planned and took active part in the killing of the Grand Duke Sergius and then revealed to the police all the Revolutionists who had helped him in the assassination.

He was but a type. There is not a question that the hideous system developed and maintained by Russian monarchy developed in turn new abysms of turpitude in human nature and new kinds of skill to carry out new and revolting inventions in crime. Compared with the horrible wretches that this system spawned and trained, Titus Oates and all the other historic scoundrels look almost respectable. Treachery was everywhere; men inhaled it with every breath; they ate it and lodged with it and went hob and nob with it along the streets. Life became literally blackened, cursed and poisonous with suspicion, and generations of freedom must pass before the human heart in Russia throws off the last taint of the most detestable poison with which every vein of it has been clogged so long.

Turn then to the fact that in the midst of all these conglomerate horrors the revolutionary doctrine was spread, the revolutionary plans were laid, the doctrines of advanced freedom and democracy were steadily promulgated, until Russia was at last made free, and you will agree with me that here is a truly wonderful people.

The Russians that spread revolution in these years, very often obscure and unrecorded heroes, worked always under the shadow of a fate that was worse than death. When a spy's revelations had come, or the bomb had been thrown, those that were hanged were usually the most fortunate. The others, if they were leaders, faced shocking tortures first and Siberia afterward, and when Siberia meant the "cold *katorga*" death was always far more merciful.

Exile to Siberia had a wide variety of meanings. Thousands of men and women were termed exiles that suffered no greater hardship than to be turned loose in a wild, remote country and allowed nine cents a day for food, clothing and shelter. Because this was not quite unendurable and because of the stories of the amusements of the rich exiles at Irkutsk, the notion has spread about the world that Siberian exile meant no more than to be separated from one's home and familiar haunts. Some writers, who must have gone soft upstairs, have even tried to shed a romantic halo about it, as if Siberia to a Russian revolutionist was about like France to a Jacobite. It was the men and women no more than suspected of revolutionary sympathies that drew Irkutsk and exile within the fringes of civilization. Those that had actually raised their hands against the existing order fared very differently, and learned with lashes on their backs as they were driven into the mines or herded in huts in the Arctic Circle what kind of revenge unhampered monarchy takes on those that dispute its divine right.

There was, for instance, a camp just by the mouth of the Lena River, reserved for the most detested offenders, where the tortures were so exquisite and fiendish that the principal business of the guards was to prevent the maddened victims from finding release in suicide. The place was so close to the North Pole that the Arctic night lasted for months. In this gloom the prisoners were not allowed to have anything to read nor enough artificial light to enable them to find in work any distraction for their minds. The demon that devised this torment certainly went far beyond all the inventors of racks and thumbscrews, for the place was reserved exclusively for men and women of refinement and education upon whom its horrors would weigh most heavily. He judged aright, whoever he was; most of the victims went insane.

Looking calmly into the face of such a destiny, the revolutionists, harassed by the police and surrounded by spies, went on with their propaganda and saturated the greater part of Russia with it, and I do not believe the history of liberty has anything finer or prouder to show. Thousands of her patient unselfish soldiers perished in the long fight and left not even a shadow of a name. Every trace of them was annihilated by the iron heel that crushed out their lives.

A Living Tomb

The world may take Siberia lightly; to anyone that knows the Russian history it will always be a word of tragic import. In seventy years there passed through one Siberian town on the sorrowful highway more than 900,000 exiles. You may judge from this fact how extensive was the police business of manufacturing terror. When the sunlight of the Revolution broke upon this wilderness of despair every political exile and prisoner in Siberia was at once decreed to be free. There were more than 120,000 of them in Siberia and of these 20,000 were in camps and places so remote from the world of men that by July they had not yet been reached with the glad tidings. You may judge from this fact how truly Siberian exile was a living tomb.

Russians are among the most generous of people, tolerant, kindly and almost singularly free from any vindictive impulse. The day came when the men that had been responsible for all this red world of pain and misery, this "draining of eyelids, wringing of drenched hands, sighing of hearts and filling up of graves," fell into the power of the people they had wronged and tormented. Not one of the red-handed murderers, from the Czar down, was injured in a hair of his head. The worst that has happened to any of them is to be confined in a palace or a fortress. Even when indubitable high treason was added to their other crimes they escaped the firing-squad they had earned. All except the police. It was the hated police that fought the Revolution. It was the police that mounted the rapid-fire guns on the roofs of the houses and mowed down the people in the Nevsky Prospekt. All those buildings by the canals, around the Ministry of Agriculture, along the Morskaja and elsewhere that are pitted now with bullet marks, got their ornamentation because the people in the streets must fire at the police on the roofs. Those green graves in the midst of the sandy waste of the Field of Mars are filled every one with the victims of the police, and it was the police that the crowd beat to death and flung into the canals when the tide of the Revolution rose high enough to overflow the vicious old system at last and deliver the oppressors into the hands of the oppressed.

The day of retribution had come. But it was only upon the police that the vengeance of the people fell. The hated black uniform had disappeared from the streets. When the battle on the housetops began to go in favour of the popular cause the rotten old police structure fell with a crash. The people insatiably hunted black uniforms in the ruins. Next day the ice in the canals was covered with the bodies of policemen, and all those still left alive had fled in disguise or were locked up in that island fortress to which they had dragged so many of their victims. And the great, wonderful system of interwoven espionage, the great army of spies, listeners, lurkers, eavesdroppers, weasels, ferrets, hyenas, Black Hundreds, police-hounds, dirty dogs, human wolves, wire-tappers, and the rest—what became of all that?

It sounds like a tale of unreality or magic, but the whole thing dissolved like a mirage. One moment it was oppressing all men's hearts with its scowling and unassailable front. The next, it had ceased to be, and the wolves, ferrets and hyenas it had nourished were in full flight. The fear of God must have come upon them; very few have ever been found. Some got over the border in safety, to Sweden or Germany; many in disguise still hide in unsuspected holes; some have, under assumed names, enlisted in the army. One at least, even in the terror of those hot hours, did not lose his cunning. With one exception the only buildings the crowd destroyed were police-stations; to-day every police-station in Petrograd is black ruins. A crowd with torches was marching from one station to another.

"Comrades! Comrades!" shouted a man, springing upon a doorstep. "To the Justice Hall, to the Justice Hall!"

So he led them to the great white building, the hated place whence so many patriots had been sent to Siberia, and they burned it to the ground, and it contained all the secret records of the police spies, who they were and where they lived and on whom they had spied. The wolves, ferrets and hyenas breathed freely again. Their identity will never be made known now.

That was the limit to which the violence reached; the tidal wave of chaos normally due from so great a convulsion never arrived. Petrograd and all Russia lapsed into a state of acquiescent good order and good nature. The people had destroyed the old autocratic government; they took no interest in punishing the elegant thieves and scoundrels that had conducted it. It was probably the worst government that ever existed on this earth. Autocracy is always rotten and always a curse; this was rotten beyond all previous records of autocracy, and a curse that made the plagues of Egypt seem negligible. It contained men that had stolen the money appropriated for rifles and sent unarmed Russian armies to the front to be slaughtered. It contained men that for a price had betrayed Russian armies into places where they were caught and shot down like rabbits in a trap. It contained men that had stolen food from soldiers' lips and clothing from soldiers' backs. It contained men that had stolen cartridges from soldiers' belts and shells from great guns. It contained men that wallowed in millions they had stolen from taxes wrung from peasants and half-starved workers. It contained men that had agreed to sell their country to Germany. Not one of these was hanged. The evil they did lives after them and will live. They and their kind crippled, broke down or ruined every part of the Russian Government machine.

Since the Revolution new men have arisen of character and high purpose. So great was the destruction wrought by their predecessors that the new men must erect practically a new machine. They cannot erect it in a day; they are still hobbled with a million fragments of the old regime, and from that fact alone comes a black flood of troubles. Then there is German propaganda, able, adroit, marvellously organized, marvellously handled, equipped with unlimited quantities of counterfeit money, that many persons cannot tell from the genuine. There is the great army of German agents always secretly spreading poison. There are the Millennium people that believe the Russian Revolution ushered in the New Jerusalem and the Pearly Gates and furiously reject anything less. There is the large and active element that is against everything and doesn't know why.

With courage and patience the men of the new order confront these difficulties. It will not be because of the commanding and overawing genius of any one man that they will win. We seem determined in this country to have somebody spring up in Russia with "a rod of iron." There will be no such man; there would be nothing for him to do if there were one. Because the strength of Russia and the power that will solve all her difficulties is not the superior gifts of any individual, but the great good sense and strong democratic impulse of the Russian people.

Discipline and Human Nature

By Sapper

THERE are times when the mere soldier—undisturbed as he is by Trades Unionism and strikes—regards with a certain wonder the condition of affairs at home. He reads in the paper a few speeches by people of great mental ability: he reads a large number of speeches by people without great mental ability. He sees remarks such as—"If employers and workmen will pull together with all their might, between them they will pull us through"—and many others all indicative of the same state of mind. And having read them and pondered them, and plucked an acre or two of France from his person, he relapses, as I have said, into a certain troubled wonder.

As an officer he realises that he is in the position of an employer; that his men are in the position of workmen. He realises that until very recently he and his men were part of those about whom these speeches are made, and these pious hopes are uttered. And having got as far as that he wonders what has caused the difference.

There is no question of *his* workmen not pulling together under him and for him with all their might; it is a certain fact and they do it and have done it for months. New ones have come: old faces have dropped out; two good sergeants lie—one at Zillebeke and one near Lens—having finished the game and paid the last big price. But the platoon goes on, the company, the battalion whatever it may be, and it still pulls together without powerful speeches delivered twice daily. And he asks himself, Why?

Is it that the job in France is pleasanter than working in England? A dirty shell hole, plentifully supplied with slimy ooze; a fly-blown trench with the stench of dead things nauseating the air, and the sun baking down on the hot, dried up sand bags: a rest in the reserve line with the ever present jog of a working party always with one to keep people amused! And the other side—a home, decent hot meals always, the theatre and the picture palace with money to spend in them, the comfort and peace of England. The stagnation which leads to utter boredom on one hand—the work that keeps a man from it on the other; the constant risk of death on one hand—the practical certainty of safety on the other. And having got so far he decides that it is not because the job is pleasanter that the difference occurs . . .

Is it because the nearness to the accursed Hun has inspired those in France with a lofty ideal to crush the swine, to avenge poor suffering Belgium and martyred Servia, which is absent from those far away? Is it a wild enthusiasm inspired by the entrance of Monte Carlo and Spitzbergen into the conflict that causes this contrast? Does anyone think that these things cut the slightest ice with a man who has spent forty-eight hours in an advanced strong point, splendid in its isolation, rich beyond all dreams in freezing mud?

Is it discipline? Is it fear of being punished under the iron code of militarism? Certainly it is amongst other things the first; as certainly it is not the second, which despite the lofty utterances of certain screamers of great vocal power is not discipline as we understand it. At times, this second autocratic exercise of power is doubtless practised. With the German army it always is. And with them it is successful. That is the difference between the two nations; with us—when it is practised—it always fails. Our men must be led; theirs must be driven—and the difference is great.

But the real discipline—the proper sort; the controlling factor which must be exercised by someone if any community is to be kept together—what of that? It is not fear of the leader that is at the basis of it; one feels fear only for a taskmaster. Rather should it be a sense of responsibility; a feeling in each individual man that what he does helps or hurts the side, and therefore that what he does—counts. For only with the sense of responsibility that is part and parcel of good discipline, will there come the desire to play for the side—the fulfilment of workmen and employers pulling together with all their might.

Why then, asks our mere soldier, does this discipline—this proper controlling factor exist in the mud of Flanders, and not elsewhere. And when he reaches this point in his thoughts he is very near the final solution of his problem. It comes to him that discipline for the Englishman, if it is to be successful, must be based on an intensely human outlook.

For the first time he finds that he has studied human nature—the nature of his workmen. More, he has lived with them, and suffered with them, and died with them. He has looked after their comforts; he has been their friend as well as their officer. He has cheered them up, and cursed them, and made much of them when they did well. And in doing all this he at last has understood them; while—what is just as important—they have understood him. Employer and workmen have met on the common ground of human nature; is it essential that they must part brass rags again simply because in civil life the money factor comes in? Further, is there not a possibility in the future of that common ground being reached without presupposing a war?

Venice : On the Giudecca

By Arthur Symons

FROM the Casa on the Giudecca I look across the water and see Venice. Is there another window from which one can see so much of the beauty of land and water? Opposite, along the Zattere, they are unloading the boats. I see the black hulls and a forest of masts and rigging. A steamer has come in from Trieste, and lies between San Giorgio and the Dogana, with its little black flock of gondolas about it. An orange sail creeps stealthily past the window, and I hear the sail creak against the mast.

High above the houses almost with the dominance of the Suleimaine at Constantinople, the great domes of the Salute rise above the green trees and brown roofs of the Patriarch's palace. That long line above the water, curving slightly until San Giorgio intercepts it, is the Riva, and at all hours I can watch it change colour, and sink into shadow, and emerge with the lamps at night, a dark outline, out of which the Doge's Palace rises, always white, always mysterious, always at once solid and exquisite.

Every day one sees, beside and above it, the greyish green of the bulbous domes of St. Mark's, the two columns of Syrian granite on the Piazzetta, and the winged lion of St. Mark, with his fierce laughter and alert springing body, who, from that height, challenges the ships.

This long narrow island of the Giudecca, with its houses now mere shells, granaries, storehouses, or cottages for fisher-people had its palaces once, and the Casa in which I am living was built by Palladio, who planned the Redentore on the left, and San Giorgio Maggiore on the little neighbouring island to the right. Everything in the house is beautiful and ample; the long courtyard opening through two stone pillars wreathed with vines upon the garden, the stone staircase, and the immense room, shaped like a cross without a top, its longer wall almost filled with tall and slender windows opening upon stone balconies over the water; windows at the narrow end looking over the garden, and beyond, the iron gateway, with its carved stone figures on the gate-posts, over the vast green and brown orchard and vineyard, stretching to the still waters of the lagoon on the other side of the island. There are timbered roofs, vast garrets, and a chapel with its lamp still burning before an image of the Virgin.

The guests sit down to their meals in the great hall, and are so far away from each other that their presence has almost a touch of unreality; one hears and sees them vaguely, as if in a dream, and the Venetian woman who waits upon us all, passing to and fro with a sleepy dignity, has little curls of hair hanging about her eyes like a woman in one of Carpaccio's pictures. Outside there is always sun on the garden, once a very formal garden, and now just dilapidated enough for its quaint conventionality to borrow a new refinement, a touch of ruined dignity. One may wander through low alleys of trellised vines to the water; and beyond the water, on the other side of a narrow bank of land, the sea lies.

There is, to those living on the Giudecca, a constant sense of the sea, and not only because there are always fishermen lounging on the quay, and fishing-boats moored in the side canals, and nets drying on the land, and crab-pots hanging half out of the water. There is a quality in the air one breathes in the whole sensation of resistance, which is like a purification from the soft and entangling enchantments of Venice.

On the other side of the water, which can look so much like the sea and form so rapid a barrier, yet across which every movement on the quay can be distinguished, Venice begins; and in Venice one is as if caught in an immense network, or spider's web, which, as one walks in its midst, seems to tighten the closer about one. The streets, narrow overhead, push outward with beams and stone balconies and many turning angles; seem to loosen their hold for a moment where a bridge crosses a narrow canal between high walls and over dark water, and then tighten again in close lanes where the smells of the shops meet and fume about one's face. The lanes are busy with men in rough clothes and with women in shawls, bare-headed and with great soft bushes of hair, who come and go quietly, slipping past one another in these narrow spaces, where there is hardly room to pass, as the gondolas slip past one another in the narrow canals. The road is difficult to find, for a single wrong turning may lead one to the other end of Venice.

This movement, the tangles of the way, the continual arresting of one's attention by some window, doorway or balcony, put a strain upon one's eyes, and began after a time to tire and stupefy the brain. There is no more bewildering city and, as night comes on, the bewilderment grows almost disquieting. One seems to be turning in a circle to which there is no outlet, and from which all one's desire is to escape.

Coming out at last upon the Zattere, and seeing the breadth of water before one, it is as if one had gone back to the sea. The ships lie close together along the quay, ten deep, their masts etched against the sky; the water, or that faint shadow with its hard outline (almost level, but for the larger and lesser domes of the Redentore and the Zitelle) which is the island of the Giudecca. A few voices rise from the boats; the hulls creak gently, as if they were talking together; there is a faint splashing of water, and beyond, silent, hardly visible, unlighted by the few lamps along the quay, the island waits, a little desolate and unfriendly, but half way to the sea.

By Night

At night the moon swings in the sky, like the lamp of an illumination. There are curtains of dark, half drawn, and, higher in the sky, pale gold stars, like faint candles, in a dark which is luminous. Or, on an autumn night which is like summer, a moon like a silver medallion hangs low over San Giorgio, and turns slowly to gold, while the water, between moonrise and sunset, pales and glows, and the dark begins to creep around the masts and rigging.

Rain in autumn brings a new, fierce beauty into Venice, as it falls hammering on the water and rattles on the wood of the boats and settles in pools in all the hollows of the stones. Seen under that stormy light, just before sunset, with a hot yellow moon struggling to come through the rain-clouds, Venice is as if veiled, and all its colours take on a fine deep richness, seen through water, like polished stones in sea-pools. The slender masts, the thin black network of the rigging stand out delicately, and with an almost livid distinctness. The gondolas move like black streaks on the water. For a moment the west brightens, as the sun goes down behind a space of sky that burns white, and shivers dully, streaked with dim yellow and with fleeces.

There was a roaring of the sea all night, and in the morning the water splashed under the windows, almost level with the pavements. The whole Giudecca was swollen, and rose everywhere into grey waves, tipped with white as they fell over. Sea-gulls had come in from the sea, and flew in circles over the water, dipping to the crest of the waves, and curving around the boats laden with timber, that crowded close together against the Zattere. The wind still blew with violence, and a little rain fell. The sky and the water were of the same leaden grey, and the sea-gulls flying between water and sky shone like white flakes of snow blown by the wind.

There is no city in Europe which contains so much silence as Venice, and the silence of the Giudecca is more lonely than any silence in Venice. Yet, by day and night, there are certain noises, which one learns to expect, becomes familiar with, and finds no distraction in; the roar of the sea, when there is wind on the sea-walls, a dull, continuous, enveloping sound, which seems unintelligible as one looks across at solid land on the other side of water; the loud and shaking violence of wind; the hoarse, echoing hoot and trumpeting of great black or red steamers, which pass slowly, or anchor almost under the windows, to take in stores from the granaries that stand locked and barred and as if empty, along the fondamenta; the deep splash of the oars of barges, as the men who push with long oars in the water set the oars against their row-locks and begin the heavy rowing; the thin plash of the one-oar of gondolas; the guttural cries, from water and the narrow strip of land, all in thick vowels, clotted together without a consonant between; and the ceaseless busy flapping of water upon the steps and around hulls, with little noises never twice quite the same.

I saw Venice first by night, and I walked from the railway station to the Piazza alone, and without a map or guide-book, in order to come into the midst of the city as casually as possible, and so find out a few of its secrets by surprise. A place has almost the shyness of a person, with strangers; and its secret is not to be surprised by a too direct interrogation. I have spent weeks in the churches of Venice, climbing upon ladders, and propping myself against altars, and lying on my back on benches to look at pictures; and I have learnt many things about Tintoretto and Bellini and Carpaccio and Tiepolo which I could have learnt in no other way.

But what I have learnt about Venice, Venice as a person, has come to me more or less unconsciously, from living on the Zattere, where I could see the masts of ships and the black hulls of barges, whenever I looked out of my windows on the canal of the Giudecca.

Sweden and the War

By F. Henriksson, Author of *England in the World's War* (just published in Sweden)

Last week Mr. Henriksson reviewed the political situation in Sweden, from the beginning of the war until the formation of a Liberal-Social Democrat Ministry, with M. Nils Edin, Liberal, as Prime Minister, and M. Branting, the well-known Social Democrat, as Finance Minister. It is this Government that is now in power in Sweden. Both Liberals and Social Democrats are pro-Ally. It was the Conservatives who were pro-German, and at one time they received considerable support from the Court. Since the last General Election the King has maintained a strictly constitutional attitude; the sympathies of the Queen, a cousin of the Kaiser, continue with Germany, but there has been no active interference in public affairs-

STRONG attempts were made to prevent Branting from entering the Government on account of his outspoken Entente sympathies. He, himself, fully aware of the difficulties before him, was far from anxious to join the Ministry. But finally the leaders of the Left Parties had to take the logical consequences of the election and form a Liberal-Social-Democrat Executive, with the leader of the Liberal Party, Nils Edén, Professor of Modern History, as Prime Minister and Branting as Minister of Finance. The Foreign Minister is the Lord Chief Justice J. Hellner, a moderate Liberal, who was a member of the Swedish Trade delegation which a year ago for some months stayed in London for negotiations with the British Government. Another member of the new Government is the well-known Barrister Löfgren, who has visited London many times during the war and has been a most indefatigable advocate of an arrangement with England and a severe critic of the Hammarskjöld neutrality policy.

Circumstances accompanying the formation of the new Government demonstrate how the events during the war have taught their lesson. The King has shown wise insight into the forces shaping the future of the nations, and no irresponsible advisers have had power to interfere as they did in 1914. The " Pro-German " group has lost its power to make mischief and so has the German propaganda, although a few organs in the press, such as *Aftonbladet*, continue on their mad course. It is, however, to do them too much honour and to do the Swedish people injustice to give those papers—as has been done lately—prominence in the English Press as representing any responsible or noteworthy Swedish opinion. We hear now very little of Court influences, and Sven Hedin is silent.

From their utterances it is clear that the new Ministers are fully aware of the critical times, the difficulties before them, not least in regard to external relations. The inheritance from the Hammarskjöld administration has put the country in a position which has to be righted. The United States in the war alters the trade situation and the resultant sufferings of the population greatly for the worse, as America is master of its own produce, which the European Neutrals are in great want of, and needs no goods from them in exchange, but can demand as sole condition the stoppage of their export to Germany. Thus the United States as an important point in the tightening of the blockade aims at stopping Swedish iron ore to Germany. On the other hand, Germany uses the great bargaining power of coal, iron, potash, dye-stuffs, chemicals, etc., against the neutrals, who thus find themselves more and more pressed " between the devil and the deep sea." Furthermore German ironmasters own several iron mines in Sweden and have a running contract for ore from the Lapland mines entered into long before the war. How far the Swedish iron export to England is maintained, I cannot say, but the ex-Foreign Minister Lindman recently gave an exposition of Sweden's trade relations during the war, in which he said it was a mistake to believe in an enormous increase of the Swedish iron ore export to Germany during the war; instead, there was a decrease in 1916 of 679,000 tons compared with 1913.

Thus the Government are aware that new and extremely serious problems are ahead. There are mistakes in the past which cannot be undone and suspicions, accumulated during recent years, remain. But whatever else may occur, it cannot from the Entente side be maintained with any justification that the Swedish Government is animated by any mental inclination towards Germany or influenced by forces inducing them to such partiality, for whatever reasons, in their determination to uphold Sweden's neutrality. It would be a mistake to surmise that they could be prevailed upon to deviate from that resolution to guard their country's independence without which any nation would forfeit its right to existence.

A seemingly small matter in connection with the change of Government is worth notice. It is reported that the new Ministers made it a condition not to be under any obligation to receive or wear decorations or appear before the King in State uniform. It is a break with monarchic, bureaucratic and other traditions of the old order which in reality reflects a kind of peaceful revolution.

The new Premier's declaration of policy emphasises as the first task "to maintain, in accordance with the clearly expressed will of the people, unswerving and strictly impartial neutrality in all directions and a corresponding trade policy." This is more explicit in its definition than any previous similar declaration. It also lays stress on the further development of the co-operation between the three Scandinavian Kingdoms which the war gradually has brought about. As a matter of fact, the solidarity of the Scandinavian peoples and their external policy has not been brought home to them so strongly and with such a consolidating result since the time when Prussia, in her military ascendancy, dismembered Denmark. There are, of course, many divergent opinions and differing interests. But they concern essentially subordinate matters and do not disturb the conception of the larger unity of interests in the comity of nations which the war has impressed on the Scandinavian peoples.

The Food Situation

But as a natural consequence of the later development of the war, the greater part of the Government's declaration is concerned with the food situation in Sweden. Rationing is proceeding apace, and the outlook is very grave. There is a menace of famine in large parts of the country as famine is also creeping over the neighbouring Finland. Besides, there is an increasing shortage of such commodities as paraffin, candles, gas, etc., necessities of vital importance in those northern countries during the long dark winter. Schools and other institutions in parts of the country are likely to be closed on this account. There are public collections of candles for schools and for the poor; at the head of one of them is the Crown Princess Margaret. The whole town of Malmö, with 100,000 inhabitants, received as its share for October, only 125 candles from the central rationing commission. The shortage of coal has compelled the authorities to extensive restrictions of railway services and to adapt engines for burning peat. Several industries are gradually closing down to a great extent.

With the German successes in the Baltic a new problem seems to replace the Russian menace, which has disappeared in the wave of dissolution in that country. The new problem of danger is German domination in the Baltic and on the eastern Baltic shores. The same chauvinistic opinion which earlier endeavoured to vindicate the German cause, now begins to express apprehension. Certain papers have lately said that a German domination of the Aland Islands might be a menace to Sweden just as the Russian domination. The Baltic was once a " Swedish lake," and from that time it has lived in the imagination of the people, stimulated by song and saga, as Swedish water. That explains greatly the effect in the mind of the people of other and mightier Powers ruling that sea far out in which lies the Swedish island of Gothland, the " pearl of the Baltic," full of Swedish memories from oldest times.

Finally, the Stockholm Conference which has had such prominent place in the public eye, should be mentioned. As a matter of fact, it practically played no part in Swedish politics. It was scarcely touched upon in the Election speeches. Except for the general intense longing for peace and as a possible help to attain peace, the conference apparently caused comparatively little interest in Sweden. Whether its intellectual home was in Germany, and whether from there it was originally grafted on some Dutch or Danish Socialists, as has been asserted, I do not know. But the fact that Branting accepted the chairmanship of the Conference should be sufficient evidence of its *bona-fide* as far as he conceived the aim of that conference. Branting again is a champion for that organisation of international relations, those means of settling international conflicts, those guarantees against war and domination of militarism and bureaucratic despotism, those rights of nationalities and peoples, which President Wilson and leading British Statesmen so eloquently have described as their aim in the war. It was because he conceived and still conceives that the re-establishment of the co-operation of labour in different countries on a broader basis than the old international is necessary as a means to this end, that he laboured for the Stockholm Conference.

After-the-War Work*

By T. H. Penson

NOBODY will dispute the fact that after the war the economic condition of the country will demand the most serious consideration. Every war involves a great expenditure of men and money, the destruction on a very large scale of material wealth, increase of national indebtedness, and general dislocation of industry and trade, and this has proved very specially the case in this the greatest of all wars of ancient or modern times. Reference is constantly being made to the state of things which prevailed in this country after the great wars with France, 1793-1815, and it is thought by many that the economic distress of the years 1815-1820 is likely to occur again at the close of the present struggle. The comparison, however, is not so close as some would think, and there seems little reason to believe that history will repeat itself with any exactness of detail. Now, as was then the case, there is bound to be financial exhaustion and, owing to the disbandment of armies and the cessation of war industries and employments, serious disturbance of the labour market.

But England is in a very different position industrially from what it was a century ago. At that time England was passing through the economic changes generally known as the Industrial Revolution. Everything was in a state of transition. Agriculture was giving place to manufactures, and the factory system was being rapidly extended. Population was increasing at an abnormal rate, and people were shifting from the country to the towns. Poverty and pauperism were widespread, and the condition of the labouring classes generally was deplorable. The peace which followed Waterloo meant not a return to pre-war conditions, but an aggravation of the distress which had been occasioned by the changes going on during the war.

Good Organisation

At the end of the present struggle there will be many difficulties to adjust and many problems to solve—but they will not be those of 1815. The industrial system, however imperfect it may be, has now reached a high stage of development. The wage-earning classes are well organised; they occupy a better social and economic position, and they represent a powerful force both in industry and in politics. When peace is restored there will be much to readjust, much to reconstruct, and much to abandon altogether. It will be the opening of a new chapter in the social and economic life of the country, with infinite possibilities and, it may be added, infinite promise.

There is one consideration, however, which is fundamental to the realisation of the various schemes for the material improvement of the condition of what are generally described as the working classes. The present struggle has been more costly than any that has preceded it. The War Bill has been steadily mounting up and now exceeds eight millions a day. As this amount is far in excess of the wealth that is being produced, it is obvious that we have been using up wealth previously accumulated, and at the same time mortgaging heavily wealth to be produced in the future; and further, the war has involved to some extent the destruction of those factors which are essential to the production of wealth—labour power, fixed capital, means of transport, etc. All the belligerent Powers will emerge from the war both poorer and less well equipped for wealth production than they were in the middle of 1914. The poverty of other countries cannot fail to exercise an important effect on the development of our own industry and trade, which is a fact which cannot be ignored. But it is sufficient for the present purpose to concentrate our attention on the mere question of wealth production, and to take as our main proposition the fact that after the war England will be far less wealthy and far less well provided with the means of producing or obtaining wealth than she has been for many years past.

What is going to be done to remedy this state of things? Is it sufficiently realised that just as during the war we have as a nation had to make an unprecedented effort and unprecedented sacrifices, so for some years after the war we shall as a nation have to make further effort and further sacrifices, though of another character, if we are to replace the wealth that has been destroyed, and to restore to a condition of efficiency the productive forces which have been so seriously impaired. The solution of labour problems is closely bound up with the possibility of raising the standard of living of the workers. The raising of the standard of living presupposes a corresponding production of wealth.

Economic Difficulties

The economic difficulties which may be expected to result from the long period of war are well recognised in Germany. German manufacturers and artisans, farmers and peasants, traders, financiers, shipowners, and men of science, have but one idea in their minds—that they must devote their utmost energies and all their available resources to replacing their lost wealth, to regaining their lost trade, to repairing their damaged industrial fabric. The national determination is well expressed in a letter found on a German prisoner: "*When the war is over, oh, how we will work!*" It is by hard work, by the putting forth of their utmost effort, that the Germans expect and intend to recover from the disastrous economic effects of the war and to build up renewed prosperity in the shortest possible time.

Is this the resolution also of the people of this country? Is it realised here also that work is the only avenue to recovery? We have, it is true, one great advantage over Germany, inasmuch as her overseas trade has been cut off altogether, while ours, though it has suffered somewhat from shortage of shipping, from credit restriction, and from war conditions generally, remains essentially untouched. But we have the same need as they have to meet the industrial, financial and commercial disabilities created by the war with the resolute determination to work—to work long and to work hard—in order to build up again the national prosperity. And in this work of rebuilding all must take a part. The task is not reserved for one section only of the community. High and low, rich and poor must all unite in this great national undertaking. There must be no buried talents, no forces left unemployed.

Are there any signs that this necessity for work is as fully recognised as it should be? Is there not, on the contrary, a fairly widespread feeling that the war has been a period of strenuous activity and of special effort, and that when it is over we deserve a period of comparative slackness distinguished by short hours, easy conditions and good pay? The recent demand for a thirty-hours week—six hours a day for five days with Saturday and Sunday off—seems to lend support to such an idea; but what a disastrous policy! It is like answering the German "Oh, how we will work!" with, "Let us do as little work as possible!" It is probable that the authors of the thirty-hours week programme would have been the last to approve of a general relaxation of effort such as is here suggested, and that in their anxiety to avoid the evils of unemployment which inevitably accompany disbandment of large numbers of men from the army or from occupations otherwise connected with the war, they have put forward a scheme which by *limiting the amount of work* to be done by each would secure occupation for the largest possible number. This, however, would necessarily result in *limiting the total amount of the product* and is nothing more than the old familiar economic fallacy of the "Work Fund." This assumes that there is only a certain amount of work to be done, and that in order to employ everybody, only a very limited quantity must be given out to each. Such a policy has always had the most unfortunate results, but if it were applied after the war the consequence to the economic welfare of this country would be absolutely disastrous.

When a man finds that his larder is getting empty, the remedy is more work, not less work; and similarly when a nation urgently needs to rebuild its material prosperity, hard work, intelligent work, persistent work, is the only sure means to the end. If every man were engaged in producing the food, clothing, etc., that were needed for the satisfaction of the wants of his household, the folly of the thirty-hours week would at once become apparent. He would learn by sad experience that by working less he would get less. But as he produces goods for other people's consumption, himself receiving a weekly wage, the connection between the actual results of his labour and the food, clothing, etc., which go to make up his real wage, is only too often lost sight of.

The fundamental fact is that wealth must be produced before it can be consumed, and to increase money wages to £5, or even £50 a week would not in any way benefit the receivers unless as the result of their efforts the wealth was produced which they are desirous of consuming. The increase of the demand for commodities in general, combined with the shortage of supply, would only lead to gradually increased prices, and thus the wages would go no further than before.

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* This article was already in print before the debate in the House of Lords of November 7. The speeches then made afford full justification, if any be needed, for the stress here laid on the necessity of increased wealth production after the war.

A certain amount of unemployment after a war is, as has been already said, an inevitable evil. This is partly due to the fact that the demand for any particular kind of skilled labour does not necessarily increase just when the supply of that particular labour has become suddenly augmented. The more rigid the lines of demarcation between different trades and occupations, the more difficult it is to adjust the supply to the demand. In a purely agricultural country the disbandment of an army causes no difficulties of this kind. Food is needed, and all can be turned on to the production of food. Similarly, if every factory worker could work equally well in any type of factory, the problem of unemployment would become a fairly simple one.

It must not be supposed that because objection has been taken to the introduction of a thirty-hours week as the standard or ideal to which all labour should tend to conform, there may not be occasions when work is temporarily more or less a fixed quantity and when consequently it may be a wise policy to distribute work more evenly by reducing appreciably the number of hours worked per week. This has often been the case, for example in the cotton industry, where owing to temporary shortage of raw material, it has been found necessary to reduce the output of the mills all round, which can most conveniently be done by closing the mills on certain days. This, however, is an expedient only to be resorted to when under special circumstances production is compulsorily diminished. It would be a very bad system to adopt as a general rule at a time when the whole object should be to increase production to the utmost. And even if a thirty-hours week were introduced to meet a special emergency, such as the reorganisation of industry after a great war, there is always the tendency to look upon the shorter week as a normal state of things and to regard as a grievance, or even as an injustice, the return to a longer working week when, at a later date, industry has returned to more ordinary conditions.

Diminishing Output

Restriction of work all round diminishes output—diminishes in fact, the production of wealth which it is a vital necessity to promote if

(1) The present standard of living is not to be lowered.
(2) We are to retain our position in our own markets and in those of the world.

The standard of living of some sections of the community has during the war been exceptionally high in spite of the increased prices of commodities in general. It is hardly likely that in time of peace such incomes as, for example, those now being obtained by people engaged in munition work will represent the ordinary wages of labour, and it may be taken for granted that when these workers return to their normal occupations, there will be a much smaller margin for luxuries than at present. At the same time, it may safely be said that taking the workers as a whole, there will be a demand for considerably higher rates of wages than those which prevailed prior to the war. But how, it may be asked, can so largely increased a wages bill be met? Many are prepared to answer promptly, "Out of profits," but this, as the Labour Leaders are themselves fully aware, is by no means a complete answer to the question.

It is true, no doubt, that in some undertakings, and possibly also in some entire industries, the margin of profit calculated over a sufficiently long period to allow for ups and downs of trade is sufficient to admit of an increase of wages, but in such cases the increase would probably fall far short of the workers' demands. In all the more highly organised industries Trade Union action is by means of collective bargaining able to secure the highest rate that the trade will afford.

The real source of wages is the value of the work done. If this is increased wages can be raised, if not, no such rise is possible. The value of the work done may be increased in three ways:

(1) Improved methods of production resulting in greater quantity and quality of output.
(2) Greater skill or greater industry on the part of those engaged in the work.
(3) A higher price obtained for the article produced or for the service rendered.

The last of these is merely obtaining an advantage for one set of workers at the expense of the rest of the community, and from a social point of view could only be justified if that particular kind of labour—having due regard to conditions of work, skill required, expense of training, etc.—were less well remunerated than other work with which it may be compared.

It is on the two former that we must rely for any appreciable increase in wages as a whole. Ingenuity, invention, scientific progress, enterprise, the introduction on a large scale of labour saving appliances, the well directed use of all our powers both intellectual and physical will secure an increased production of wealth, and of this increase all who have contributed to it may well demand their share.

Increased Production

That after-the-war production must be increased rather than diminished can hardly be questioned. The necessity to restore the economic strength of the country, to replace the wealth that has been destroyed during the war and to secure the conditions of material improvement in the future, can hardly be disputed. But how is this to be accomplished? The object is national as well as personal and this seems to justify the placing of the industrial question on an entirely new footing. If men are to work for national ends they must be persuaded of the necessity and advantage of such work and their co-operation in it will then be whole-hearted and efficient.

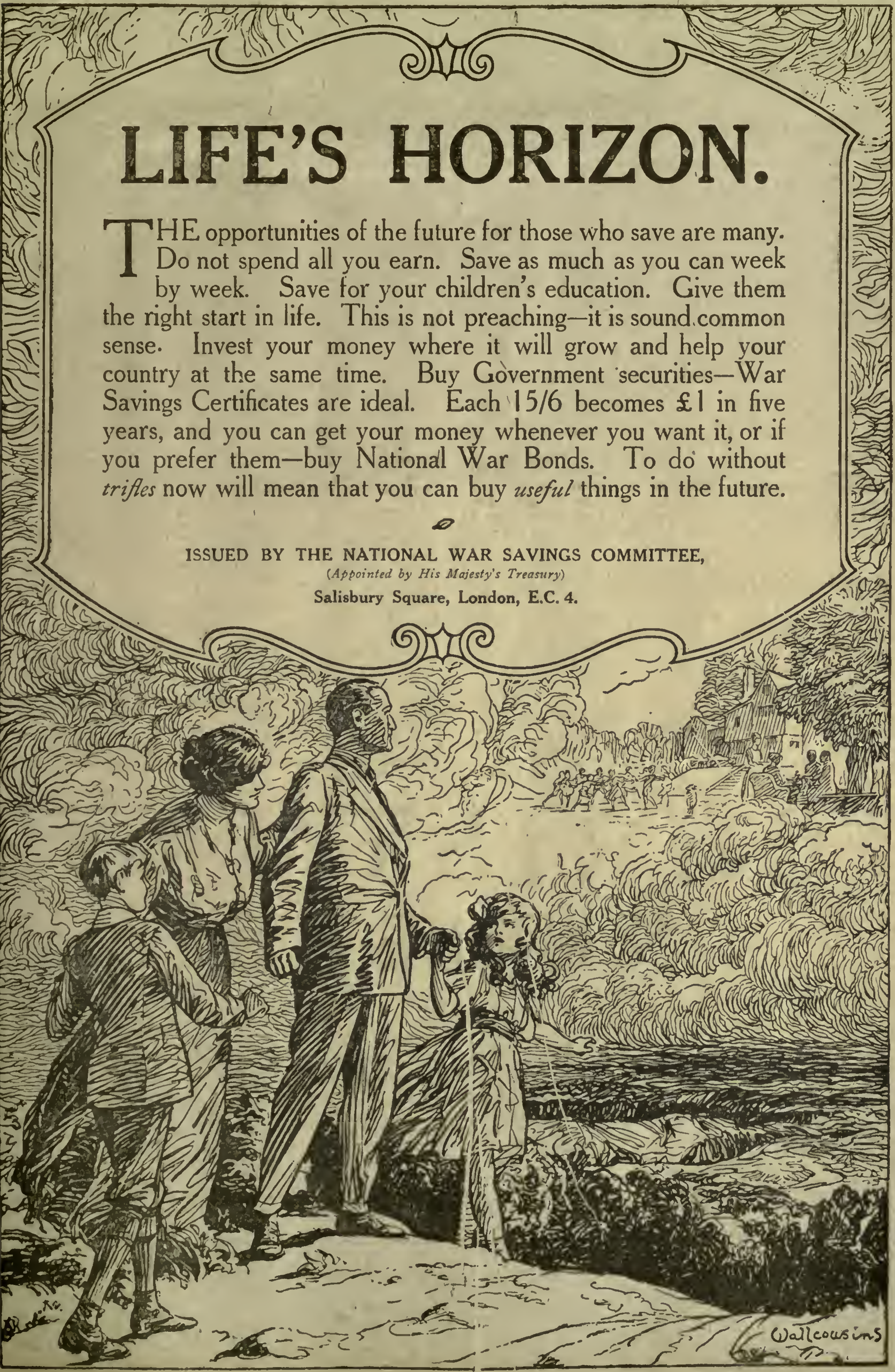
The present relations of capital and labour seldom admit of the wage-earners taking a real interest in, or feeling a proper responsibility for the work in which they are engaged. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that demands made as to wages, as to hours and other conditions of work should be at times altogether unreasonable. They know very little of the conditions under which their work is carried on. They know probably nothing of the difficulties of obtaining raw material, of finding markets, and of competing with rivals. This state of things must necessarily be altered if workpeople generally are to play the part that is expected of them in the coming economic struggle. As it is well expressed in the recent report of the committee of which Mr. J. H. Whitley, M.P., the Deputy Speaker, is chairman:

> In the interests of the community it is vital that after the war co-operation of all classes, established during the war, should continue, and more especially with regard to the relations between employers and employed. For securing improvement in the latter, it is essential that any proposals put forward should offer to workpeople the means of attaining improved conditions of employment and a higher standard of comfort generally, and involve the enlistment of their active and continuous co-operation in the promotion of industry.

The report goes on to recommend the formation of joint standing Industrial Councils composed of representatives of employers and employed. These councils would, amongst other things, "settle the general principles concerning the conditions of employment, including the methods of fixing, paying, and readjusting wages, having regard to the need for securing to the workpeople a share in the increased prosperity of the industry." This seems to be a move in the right direction. When the workers have a voice in settling the conditions under which they work, and when they feel sure that they are personally and directly interested in the work on which they are engaged, there is no reason to doubt that the necessity for the most strenuous effort after the war will be clearly recognised by them, and that they will not fail to take a full share in this great national struggle for economic stability and commercial predominance.

At a meeting of the Feminists' Union held last month at Budapest in support of women's suffrage, according to the *Pester Lloyd*, the deputy Canon Giesswein urged that this reform would do away with the monstrosity of a double standard of morals, and politics would be based on pure humanity. Dr. Rath said that women had amply proved their right to the vote by war-work of all kinds. Dr. Katona declared that civilisation could everywhere be measured by the degree in which all inhabitants shared the material and moral possessions of a country Women's suffrage, both active and passive, was indispensable. Madame Lamberger moved a vote of confidence in the Government, and demanded that women's suffrage should not be regarded as a party question, but as an important part of the democratic reforms with which urgent social questions were bound up.

Commenting on the entry into the war of the South American States, the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* writes: It has now gone so far, that countries which up till now have been neutral, and to which Germany has not done the slightest wrong, have ranged themselves on the side of our enemies, without even the customary forms of courtesy. Of course, this has happened not from a voluntary decision on their part, but in consequence of the pressure which the Entente has put on their Governments. On account of the enormous distance between these small States and Germany, they run no danger of coming into actual conflict with Germany. Hence for the present, their breach with us has no direct consequence for them, and so they yielded to the pressure of the Entente without any serious resistance. Probably they will also allow without protest—as Peru, for example, has already done by seizing German ships lying in Peruvian harbours—that the expropriation campaign against German world commerce be extended to their lands. Apart from that the whole pressure of the Entente on these small lands has scarcely any meaning. What President Wilson and his Allies are aiming at, is the radical and rapid destruction of our economic world interests.



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Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Keats's Fame

A HUNDRED years ago Keats's first volume of poetry was published; and Sir Sidney Colvin's new *Life* (Macmillan, 18s. net), which, humanly speaking, must be the definitive biography of the poet, is a "centenary tribute," which renders any other unnecessary. That first volume, which appeared when Keats was twenty-one, contained, as every critic has observed, much immature and much bad work. Lines like

> Of him whose name to ev'ry heart's a solace
> High-minded and unbending William Wallace,

which Sir Sidney Colvin does *not* quote, beat on their own ground Leigh Hunt's

> The two divinest things the world has got
> A lovely woman in a rural spot,

which he does quote. But when everything possible has been extracted to illustrate the tremendous progress Keats made in two years, the fact remains that there were scattered everywhere in the book, passages which might have shown any one but a dolt that this was a great poet in the making, and that it contained, moreover, *To One who has been long in city pent; Sleep and Poetry*, and, above all, the Sonnet on Chapman's *Homer.*

* * * * *

The reception that it got is notorious. "The book," says Cowden Clarke, "might have emerged in Timbuctoo with far stronger chance of fame and appreciation. The whole community as if by compact, seemed determined to know nothing about it." This is a slight exaggeration. There was a little sale; and this is how the publisher alludes to it:

> By far the greater number of persons who have purchased it from us have found fault with it in such plain terms, that we have in many cases offered to take it back rather than be annoyed with the ridicule which has, time after time, been showered upon it. In fact, it was only on Saturday last that we were under the mortification of having our own opinion of its merits flatly contradicted by a gentleman, who told us he considered it "no better than a take-in."

The critics, however, said little about it (except that Keats was unclean); their efforts were reserved for *Endymion*, which came out next year. With this the friends of "that amiable but infatuated young bardling, Mister John Keats," could no longer complain that he was entirely ignored. *Blackwood* led the pack, the *Quarterly* and *the British Critic* following. Here is *Blackwood's* peroration:

> And now, good morrow to the "Muses' son of Promise"; as for the feats he yet "may do," as we do not pretend to say like himself, "Muse of my native land am I inspired," we shall adhere to the safe old rule of *pauca verba*. We venture to make one small prophesy, that his bookseller will not a second time venture £50 upon anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop Mr. John, back to "plasters, pills, and ointment boxes," etc. But, for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry.

This passage is well known. What is not so generally realised is the slowness with which the appreciation of him spread even after his death. He had died, and Shelley's great elegy on him was under review, when *Blackwood* resumed with a reference to him as

> a young man who had left a decent calling for the melancholy trade of Cockney-poetry and has lately died of a consumption after having written two or three little books of verse much neglected by the public.

A comic analysis of *Adonais*, with parodies on it followed. A few men knew what Keats was; Lamb, Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Keats's young friends. Reynolds, in a later letter, said: "He had the greatest power of poetry in him, of any one since Shakespeare." Eight years after his death a group of young Cambridge men, including Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Sterling, Arthur Hallam and Monckton Milnes—Browning, as a boy, had already been inspired by him—were the first group of enthusiasts who had not known him in the flesh. But the pundits still remained secure in their crassness. It was in 1832 that the *Quarterly*, reviewing Tennyson's poems, wrote of him as

> a new prodigy of genius—another and brighter star of a galaxy, or *milky way* of poetry, of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger.

Jeers at Keats's failure with the public were still well-founded in fact. Keats had been dead nineteen years when the first reprint of his collected poems appeared; and this went into remainders with Browning's *Bells and Pomegranates.* Four years after this Lord Jeffrey, still flourishing, observed that Keats and Shelley were falling into oblivion, and that of the poets of their age, Campbell and Rogers were those destined for immortality. Lord Houghton's edition of 1848 marks the date of the general recognition of Keats as one of the greatest of our poets. The maintenance and increase of his fame since then cannot be described in detail. "Keats," said Tennyson, "would have become one of the very greatest of all poets had he lived. At the time of his death there was apparently no sign of exhaustion or having written himself out; his keen poetical instinct was in full process of development at the time. Each new effort was a steady advance on that which had gone before. With all Shelley's splendid imagery and colour, I find a sort of *tenuity* in his poetry." Again, "Keats, with his high spiritual vision, would have been, if he had lived, the greatest of us." And the noblest tribute of all is the Essay by the present Poet Laureate, indisputably the finest thing that has been written about him, and one of the most penetrating, direct and—there is no other word—business-like critical studies in existence. "If," concludes that essay,

> if I have read him rightly, he would be pleased, could he see it, at the universal recognition of his genius, and the utter rout of its traducers; but much more moved, stirred he would be to the depth of his great nature to know that he was understood, and that for the nobility of his character his name was loved and esteemed.

And the words are all the more impressive as they end a study which is utterly unsparing in its detection and analysis of Keats's faults.

* * * * *

"High spiritual vision," "the nobility of his character"; the phrases will still sound strange to those who take their conception of Keats from erroneous but hard-dying legend. He died of consumption; he wrote, when dying, love-letters which in places are morbid, though they are not, as a whole, so "deplorable" as is usually made out; and Byron gave universal currency to the delusion that he was killed by hostile criticism. This combination of facts has perpetuated the notion that he was a neurotic weakling with a hectic genius. It is all hopelessly wrong. Those who knew him thought him the manliest of men. Anecdotes like that of his hour's successful fight with a butcher twice his size whom he had caught ill-treating a cat, are unnecessary as corroboration: for corroboration is present everywhere in his letters, and frequently in his poems. A man who was killed by scurrilous blockheads of reviewers *would* be a weakling. But—except for the fact that attacks on him made it impossible to earn money by his poetry—he was indifferent to what was said about him. Every great poet knows his own capabilities; and Keats's opinion of those who were vilifying him was briefly expressed: "This is a mere matter of the moment; I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death." He was not *over* confident. He discriminated between his good and his bad work: "My ideas with respect to it" (that is, *Endymion*) he said, "are very low"; and, a little later, "I am three and twenty with little knowledge, and middling intellect.. It is true that in the height of enthusiasm I have been cheated into some fine passages; but that is not the thing." But the only thing he was uncertain about was whether he had done anything good enough to show what was in him:

> If I should die, said I to myself, I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things. and if I had time I would have made myself remembered.

Of that he was never doubtful. And he knew accurately the conflicting but not irreconcilable tendencies within himself; the tendency to luxuriate and the tendency to "philosophise." At the beginning the former predominated. He wandered, often led by the rhyme, through mazes of soft and luscious imagery; he held that the greatest poet was he who said the most "heart-easing" things; and the list of his favourite adjectives, compiled by Mr. Bridges, illustrates very strikingly the languorous quality of his dreams and desires. But he was not made to be a slave to these: in the *Odes* and *Hyperion*, the richness and vividness and sweetness remained, but the tropical luxuriance had been pruned, and the native strength of his character and intellect, the clarity of his imagination, the absolute accuracy of phraseology of which he was capable, appear with a splendour that makes these poems incomparable with everything else in our literature but the greatest passages of Shakespeare and Milton. "I think," he said, "poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance."

* * * * *

I have not quoted Keats; I have barely referred to a few of his poems; I have made no attempt to discover the secret of his greatness or expose the beauties of his art. In a space like this, one is forced to fasten on one or two details only when dealing with so great a writer as Keats and so exhaustive a biography as Sir Sidney Colvin's. The structure and peculiar merits of Sir Sidney's volume one must also ignore. But all the material one could ask for is here; the poet's art and thought are very fully illustrated from his own words; there are several important additions to our knowledge of him; and the long critical chapters, especially those on *Endymion* and *Isabella* are as exhaustive and sensible as they are unaffected. This article cannot be called a review; but I hope that it will be taken as an unqualified recommendation.

Books of the Week

The Dwelling Place of Light. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Macmillan. 6s. net.

Rustic Sounds, and Other Studies in Literature and Natural History. By SIR FRANCIS DARWIN, T.R.S. John Murray. 6s. net.

Turgenev. By EDWARD GARNETT, with a foreword by JOSEPH CONRAD. Collins. 6s. net.

The Challenge to Sirius. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Nisbet. 6s. net.

THROUGH *The Dwelling Place of Light* runs a dual motive. It is the story of Janet Bumpus, a New England girl of good parentage living almost in slum conditions, and dissatisfied with her life, so much so that she yields after certain reluctances to the advances of the manager of the mill at which she is employed, and agrees to marry him—incidentally she falls in love with him in the process of yielding. The life of a New England mill town is pictured with all the attention to detail and fidelity that is characteristic of Mr. Churchill's work, and the strike which wrecks Janet's life is as realistic as anything in *Richard Carvel*, which is saying a good deal. Syndicalism and the madness of it, as opposed to capitalism, are shown as an evil; workers and employers alike lack the detachment and sanity with which their problems should be approached, and that sanity is supplied by one Brooks Insall, a writer who surveys and criticises, in kindly fashion, the devastation wrought by the warring interests.

This, however, is merely the material side of the book; its chief significance lies in the spiritual development of Janet, her struggles to reach "the dwelling place of light," and her falls by the way. From the beginning of the work tragedy is inevitable, for Janet is of those born before their time, one who asks of life more than conditions will allow. The critical reader may detect a false note in the account of her ultimate fate, as if the author had loaded the dice against her before making this last cast, but she stands as a specimen of a type that appears in increasing numbers, as arresting and stimulating a conception as any that this author has given.

* * * * *

Rustic Sounds and Other Studies, by Sir Francis Darwin, is a book to which the term "ripeness" is peculiarly applicable. It is the work of a man of many sympathies, one able to see beauty in the common things of life, a student of his kind, and, apparently, possessed by an infinite curiosity which led him to intimate knowledge with such diverse subjects as Stephen Hales, the "father of English botany"; the pipe and tabor, concerning which he delivered a most instructive address to a Society of Morris-dancers—and reproduced it in this book; Jane Austen, whom, though he appreciates, he criticises as well, and the criticism is illuminating. Throughout all these essays runs a vein of quiet humour; for instance, in *The Teaching of Science* comes the remark—"A class of experimentalists exists from whom we all suffer—namely, cooks." The illustration, at first sight, is hardly fitting in a disquisition on how science should be taught, but on second thought it is eminently fitting.

Possibly the study, *Rustic Sounds*, which gives a title to the book, will give pleasure to the majority of its readers in greater degree than the rest of the contents, for there is in it a keen appreciation of the music of the countryside, and an evident love of nature that has not blunted the sense of criticism. "The greenfinch is a pleasant singer, or perhaps a conversationalist," says the author—and how many who have listened to this bird would think to settle his place in one phrase after this manner? And the green woodpecker "goes through life laughing, but I am not sure that I should like his taste in jokes." These are little things that bespeak the quality of the work, and they are sufficient to assure the reader that on a winter's night, with a good fire, he could find many worse companions than this book.

* * * * *

Certain sentences of Turgenev's, in Mr. Edward Garnett's appreciation, *Turgenev* (Collins, 6s. net), bespeak the genius of the great Russian. For instance, "If you analyse your sufferings you will not suffer so much," and the famous letter to Tolstoy. But, for Mr. Garnett's own part in this book, he doth protest too much, so that his work is neither a sketch of Turgenev's life—save for passages in a couple of chapters nor an analysis of his work, but merely a eulogy. And Turgenev, more human than Dostoevsky, saner than Tolstoy, a reformer in a better sense than Gorki, and more of an artist than any other Russian writer, needed no such panegyrics.

But Mr. Joseph Conrad has written a foreword, and for the sake of that foreword the book should command attention. In a matter of five pages Conrad has spoken of "that fortunate artist who has found so much in life for us and no doubt for himself, with the exception of bare justice," in such a way that one sees Turgenev, and is grateful to Conrad for the vivid portrait. Mr. Garnett's study, to hedge a little, will be of value to those who do not know Turgenev's work and who need that somebody should point out to them its excellences, though for that it is better to read Garnett's introductions to the collected edition of Turgenev's works.

Conrad sums up in a sentence the reason why Dostoevsky and his kind are the popular Russian writers in this country, in preference to Turgenev. "If you had Antinous himself in a booth of the world's fair, and killed yourself in protesting that his soul was as perfect as his body, you wouldn't get one per cent. of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of the Double-headed Nightingale or of some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse collar." Mr. Garnett has tried to express this in many pages; Conrad's foreword in its entirety is a brilliant summary of Turgenev's value to the world.

* * * * *

Having won for herself a distinctive place as a writer of south-country people and their surroundings, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, in her latest book, *The Challenge to Sirius*, moves her story farther afield. Frank Rainger, the central figure, grows up beside a village maiden in the Isle of Oxney on the Kent and Sussex border, but roams half across the world, sharing in the American civil war and seeing the dead cities of Yucatan before life drives him back to Oxney. He travels the full circle of life and, on his return to Maggie, the best of his years have gone, but Maggie, type of the earth that bore her, is constant, and her man does not come back in vain.

One may thus outline the whole of the story, since it is a book in which the plot is of small account. It is in the word-painting, which this author accomplishes as few can, that the chief charm of the book lies; dawns in Oxney, the half-starved army of the Confederacy, Vicksburg in the last days of the defence, Yucatan as Rainger found and experienced it—these things are shown so vividly that the reader cannot fail to realise them, while the story of Lorena, in the book's latter part, is poignantly beautiful—Lorena herself is an arresting creation. Six novels out of ten show talent, and perhaps one in a score betrays genius on the part of the author; here is one in which genius is plainly evident, caviare to the crowd, perhaps, but work of an unusually high order.

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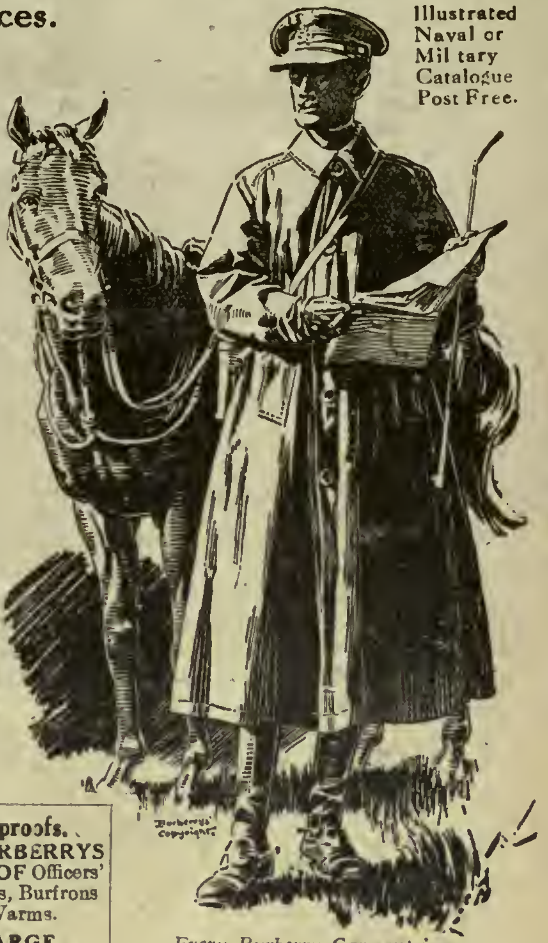

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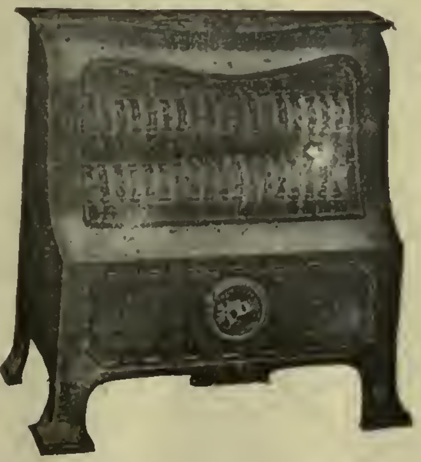

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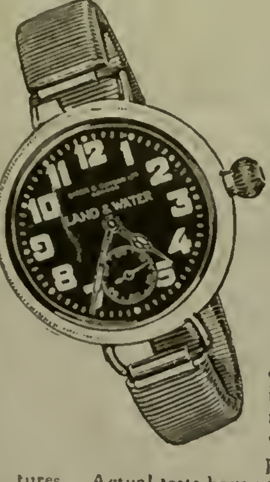

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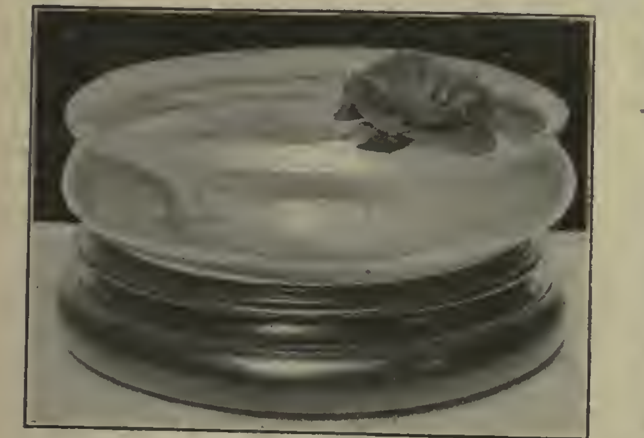

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These woollen gloves, though obviously worth a good deal more, are being sold at the particularly attractive price of 3s. 11d. In all sizes, some of their colourings are quite remarkably beautiful, and bright though they are they would never come amiss for country wear. The reason why those concerned can offer them so cheaply to-day is a tale soon told. They represent some far-sighted buying some months ago—buying of which the shopping public are reaping the advantage to-day. Once this present stock is disposed of, the gloves (even if they could be got at all—always a question now) must undoubtedly enormously soar in price.

The same people also have a splendid collection of fur-lined gloves, besides some wonderful gloves which will literally last six or seven years, so durable are they. Made of goat-skin lined with lambswool, they can be bought for 14s. 11d., money which obviously could hardly be better laid out in the winter glove way.

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The War Hospitals Supply Association, which is a branch of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, is established under the presidency of Countess Fitzwilliam at 4, Grosvenor Square. Its success is due to the energy of its indefatigable Committee, and the work which it carries on so effectively and thoroughly is deserving of public support. By permission of the Hon. Lady Ward, a Bridge Tournament is to be held at Dudley House, Park Lane, on Saturday, November 17th. Applications for tables (two guineas each) should be made to the Secretary, War Hospital Supply Workers, 4, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

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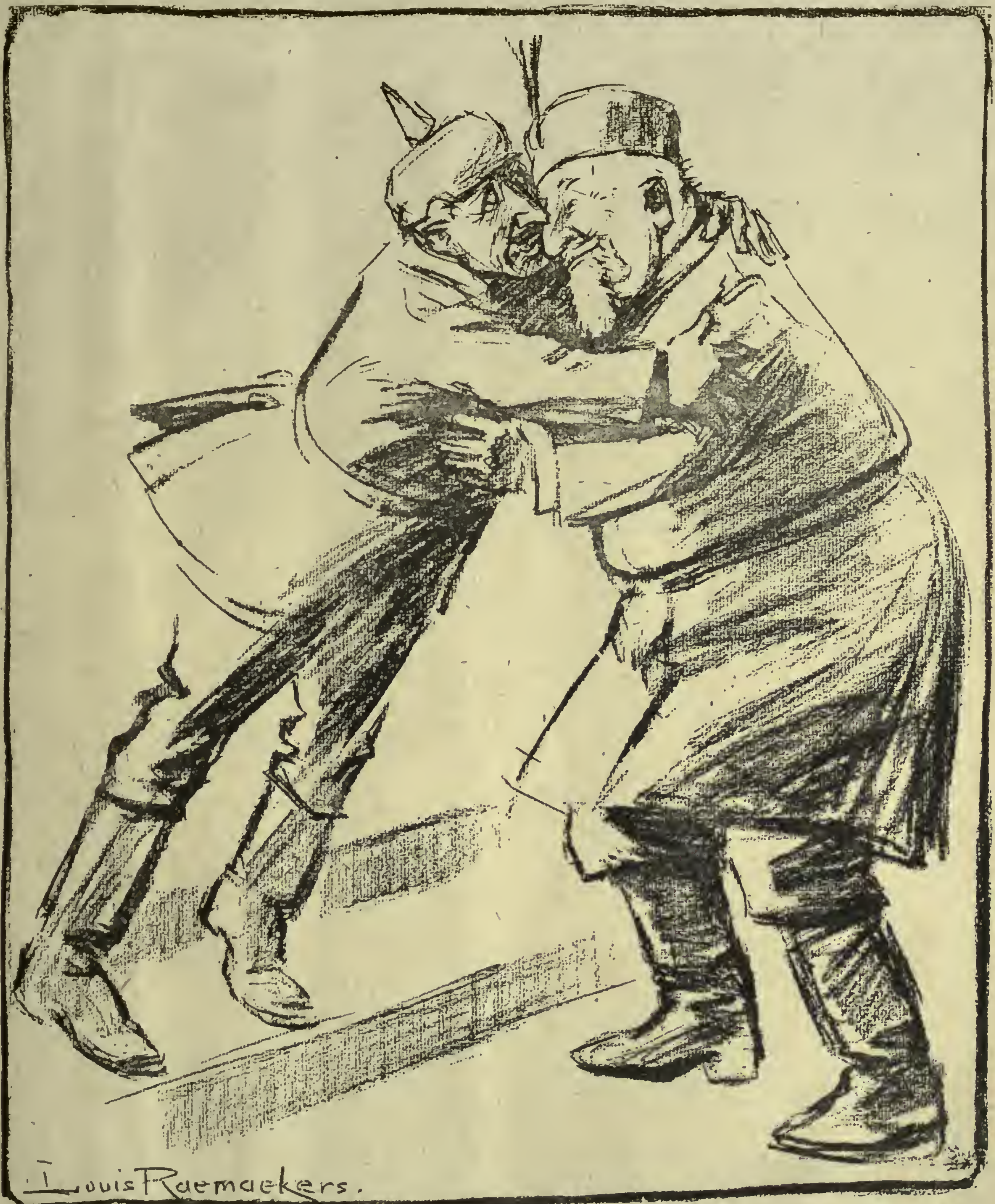
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1917

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OUR TRUE POLICY

THERE is some danger lest we at home should lose our sense of proportion in the matter of last week's excursions and alarms.

Even after more than three years of war the political habits of peace are not wholly forgotten, and the idea that civilian debate is in some way the chief national business is difficult to eradicate. That is the impression one gathers when one contrasts the emphasis which our press has laid upon Monday's debate in the House of Commons, and the still greater emphasis which was laid upon the events which led up to that debate. The truth is—and a very few weeks or days will make it apparent—that none of these things, not even the proposal to institute a new form of International Council, are in any way upon a par with the enormous business of the war; and we civilians shall be doing a real service if we regard all political discussion as trifling compared with the actual struggle for the future of England, which still has for its theatre, and will continue to have, not council rooms in London, not even in Versailles, but the plains of Flanders.

Briefly, what happened was this: The political chiefs of the Western nations and certain of the military advisers foregathered after the recent Italian disaster and decided upon the formation of a new International War Council. The formation of this Council was announced in very vague and even misleading terms, but its general character was clear enough. A second, and thoroughly different event, which must not be mixed up with this first one, was the speech delivered by Mr. Lloyd George in Paris, and circulated to the press with such careful organisation that it was the immediate subject of the wildest rumours within a very few hours of it being delivered.

We say that these two things must be kept quite distinct, for, though they are obviously related, their effects are very different. By far the most important of the two is the proposal to establish an International War Council. The proposal has been defended strongly, and as strongly attacked. The real truth is that such an order should receive our careful support, and at the same time the fear of its extravagance in action, or its cramping the Higher Commands in the field, or its causing delay, and even of its giving an opportunity of interference by civilians with military problems, may easily be exaggerated. The purport of this new organ is to increase the unity of action existing between the Higher Commands of the Western Allies, and it will be judged according to its success in fulfilling this function. But we must remember that such unity of action has existed since the very beginning of the war, and will continue to exist until its close. Such a new department, the creation of such a new organ, may tend to facilitate its unity of action, but it is the wildest nonsense to talk of its being hitherto absent, of each front having its own interest, and of each Army concerning itself with its own security and success alone, and not with its neighbours. There has been, and will continue to be, a strict co-ordination. Nor is it very pleasant to remember that those who have failed to observe so elementary a truth (without which it would have been impossible to fight the war at all), only do so in moments of strain after or during some difficult moment. There is not, in the whole history of the Alliance, any such example of co-ordination as the British and French Armies have shown in the last three years. It will be perfectly clear to the historian, as it is to the simplest of modern observers, that all the great actions were fought upon a common plan, dovetailed one into the other, and were the product of a most remarkable co-ordination of wills. Had this not been the case, the story of the fighting on the West would have been different. That it was the case is the great merit and even the glory of the leaders who have had the tenacity, the patience, and the goodwill to effect that co-ordination in spite of the enormous difficulties attaching to any Alliance, and have kept it intact and even increasing throughout a period of three years.

As to whether the presence of civilians upon this new Council will be hurtful or not, it is indeed a matter for discussion; but the limits within which harm could be done by the presence of such civilians are not very wide. It is inconceivable that men like Sir Henry Wilson or General Foch would listen patiently to instructions on strategy by such chance people as the action of modern Parliamentary life had given them as colleagues. It is hardly conceivable that even politicians should have the infelicity to air their opinion upon so difficult a trade as war in the presence of such soldiers. It is one thing for a politician to get rid of some set of domestic expert advisers at home who do not agree with him, and to replace them by another; it is quite another thing for anyone knowing his ignorance of the subject to pretend to correct the strategy of the man who won the Battle of the Marne. We need have no fear of such a folly.

In the second matter, that of the Paris speech, the proper attitude is surely well marked. First, that it was only a piece of sensationalism which will be as ephemeral as all such theatrical things are; and, secondly, that it has been apologised for in the House of Commons, and may therefore be now decently buried. It is always a mistake, of course, to startle people when they are under a strain, and it is always a pity that those things which hurt the reputation of one's country, however slightly, should be said abroad. But it is easy to exaggerate the harm done even at the moment, and even now the incident is half forgotten.

There is one thing only which dominates at once men's minds and the fate of the world; and that thing is the effort of the Western Allies to break the Prussian military machine and the counter-effort of the Prussian leaders to save themselves from disaster. There is only one policy which really concerns us: it is not a policy of criticising this man or that. The one and only policy which alone concerns us, is the policy of maintaining intact every possible force making for endurance, and therefore for victory. The whole of the war turns upon that one factor. Had this factor not failed us in one great member of the Alliance—that which was formerly the Russian Empire—victory would long ago have been ours. Unfortunately, it failed entirely on that side. We must see to it with the whole strength of our hearts that it does not fail in the West; that it does not yield to ill-formed attack, whether by persuasion, by weariness, by misconception, or by that basis of errors in time of war, the panic of excitable civilians after a reverse.

There is perhaps one thing more to be said about this matter, which is that the mere magnitude of the war on the Western front is such that little—happily—can now be done by those oustide the armies to deflect its course, or to arrest its momentum. The organisation of the forces on so great a scale, their now long tradition of action, and their continued discoveries in the field of tactical inventions, the way in which they are bound up with the whole national interests of the Western peoples, and the way in which every family throughout those peoples is now bound by ties of blood to the Armies, make any serious perversion of their object difficult or impossible. The fatal errors of civilian experiments were committed long before the war had reached its present stage. It is morally certain that they cannot be committed to-day.

The Italian Front

By Hilaire Belloc

Calling up of the German Class 1920

BEFORE touching upon the two main episodes on which all eyes are directed this week—the resistance upon the Italian line of the Piave and the rapid retirement of the Turks in Palestine, I would like to point out a little piece of news which appeared this week in our press without headlines and therefore passed almost without comment.

It was far the most important piece of news which we have had since the summer. It was official, and its full meaning is thoroughly understood by those who sent it out. . . The Germans have called up Class 1920.

It is possible that in this the fourth year of the war, the full meaning of that sentence may be missed. Here, then, in the briefest possible space is the meaning of this fundamental piece of news.

(1) The French have not yet called up any of class 1918.

(2) Germany called up 1918 exactly this time last year, and the fighting—*mainly the fighting in Flanders*—has eaten up not only 1918, but already so large a part of 1919 that she is now compelled to call up 1920.

(3) Class 1920 means the lads who are not yet eighteen. The oldest of them will only be eighteen on the 1st of January and the youngest of them *is not seventeen*.

(4) The German Empire has for the first time since the war began been compelled to call up three classes in exactly one twelvemonth. When she called up 1918 a year ago she was two years ahead of the normal. She is now four years ahead. I will leave it at that.

* * * * *

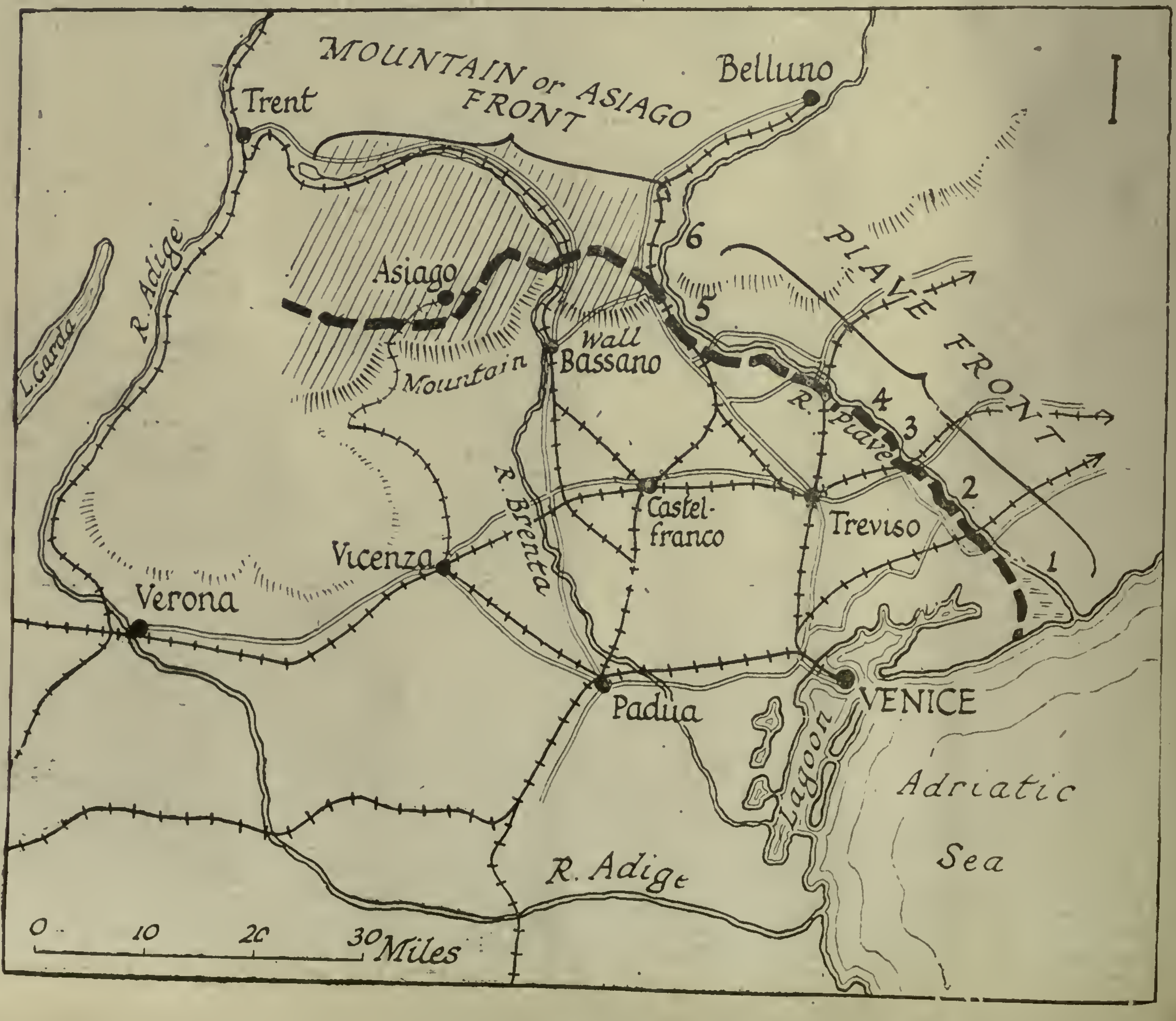
In order to understand what has occurred in Italy during last week, let us first summarise the news and then refer it to the map with a commentary which will show what the geographical situation of the Italian defence has been.

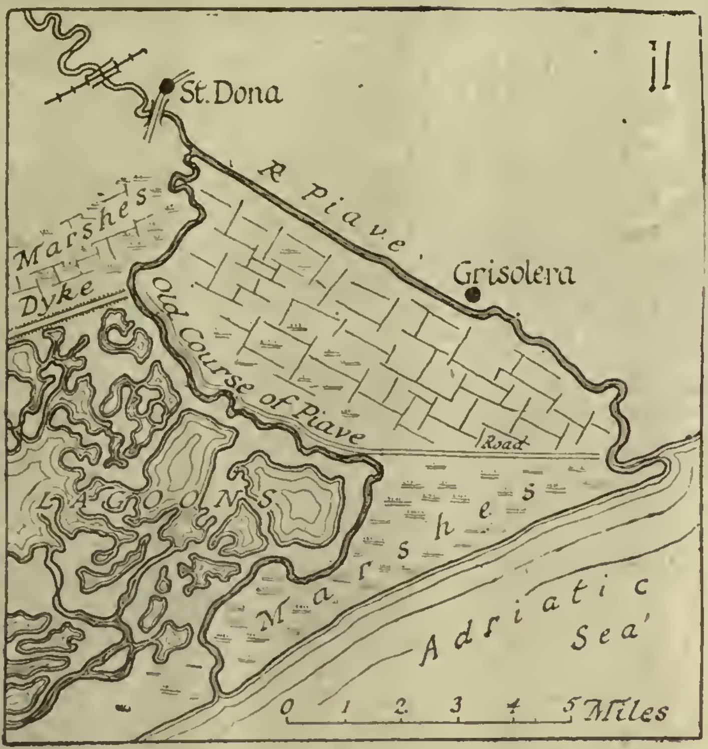
Upon the night of Sunday, November 11th-12th, that is ten days ago, enemy pressure developed against the Italian left wing on the Asiago Plateau. He attacked the Monte Lonbara position and the lines to the right and the left of that position consistently, but was still held. The Alpini whose bureau of recruitment is Verona were the chief elements of resistance here. The attacks continued during the whole of Monday, but did not progress. Meanwhile, upon that same day, at the other extreme of the line, on the right near the Adriatic, forces apparently wholly Austrian put over a strong barrage at dawn, cutting off the bend of the River Piave at Zenson, throwing pontoons across, and there establishing a bridgehead. This was the first crossing of the Piave effected by the enemy. Upon Tuesday there was little movement upon the Piave, but in the night of that day the Monte Lombara was lost. In the afternoon of the same day the enemy was attacking south of Gallio to force the lines on the Monte Sisemol. Before the end of Tuesday four new attempts were made by the enemy to cross the Piave at Quero, Fenere, St. Dona and Intestadura, while certain Hungarian troops advanced through the marshes of the Lower Piave up to the old branch of the river to the west.

On Wednesday, the 14th, the Italian front on the all-important Asiago sector was still holding strongly from Monte Sisemol to the peak of Castelgomberto. It was remarked that the enemy was bringing up larger numbers in this district than before. To the right in the Brenta Valley Cismon was still held. But the Monte Tomatico was lost.

On Thursday, the 15th, the Asiago thrust became more serious, but it was apparently contained by the Italians save in the Brenta valley itself, where the enemy entered Cismon. The Piave line during the day remained unchanged; the bridgehead established by the enemy on the Zenson loop was still fairly established; the crossing lower down by the Hungarians on the marshes had not advanced and had still the appearance of a mere feint.

On Friday, the 16th, came the second serious attack upon the Piave in the following form: At dawn the enemy forced a passage of the river. He crossed at two points, Foliña





and Fagare. At the first of these points he suffered a local disaster. The Italian account is that the troops which had managed to cross were all either annihilated or captured through the efforts of the 265th and 266th regiments. But the main crossing was made at Fagare, and this though very heavily counter-attacked by the Novara Brigade and the 3rd Bersaglieri (forming the 54th division) stationed itself upon the western bank, and still held the bridgehead upon the Friday night.

Meanwhile, on that same Friday, the 16th, the Monte Prassolan, a very strong point, between the Brenta and the Piave, fell to the enemy.

Early on Saturday, the Italian line on the watershed hills between the Piave and the Brenta gave way slightly, but there was a successful counter-attack against the bridgehead which the enemy had established at Fagare, and further down the river the enemy's attempt to give himself elbow room upon his bridgehead at Zenzon was defeated. Indeed, in these two actions against the enemy bridgeheads, the Italians took over 1,200 prisoners.

On Sunday the full effect of the loss of the Tomatico height was felt, and the Italians lost Quero, the point where their mountain defences touch the Piave, and fell back on Mt. Tomba, the last point at this part before the plains.

Now let us put all these things together and see what the whole picture means.

The Italian front—still subjected, remember, to superior pressure—consisted when the enemy's present manœuvre began, ten days ago, essentially of two limbs. One limb ran along the Piave from just north of Quero to the sea, the other limb ran from Quero *north* of the "wall" which the foothills of the Alps make as they fall sharply upon the Italian plain.

The positions governing these two limbs differ very much the one from the other.

The defence upon the Piave is concerned with the maintenance of an obstacle while reinforcements come up, and politically as well as strategically with the covering of Venice. It is felt that the loss of Venice would be a political blow of the gravest character, whilst strategically the loss of Venice would mean the loss of any power to act upon the Northern and Central Adriatic, and that, though I do not pretend to comment upon maritime strategy, which I do not understand, would obviously be a very grave weakening to the whole Italian position. Further, the holding of the line of the Piave is the holding, as we have seen in previous articles, of the "waist" where the distance across the Italian plain from the mountains to the sea is at its minimum.

Although the attention of the public has been chiefly directed to the resistance upon the Piave, strategically it is the other sector, the sector in the mountains, which is the most important: for if the mountain sector be forced not only is the line of the Piave turned, but no very rapid retirement from it will be possible. If the reader will look at Sketch Map I. he will see that the coming down of the enemy, over the mountain wall west of the Piave, would mean his immediate appearance upon the main railway lines on the Northern Italian plain (Vicenza-Treviso and Vicenza-Padua-Treviso) which are the vital communications of the army on the Piave. If the enemy can cut that railway it means a complete disaster to the forces now upon the Piave banks.

The fact that the enemy is only now growing in strength at this second sector is, by the way, clear enough proof that he never expected so great a success as he attained when he attacked on October 24th upon the Isonzo. But that is ancient history, and we can neglect it for the moment.

When we contrast these two sectors we discover the favourable point that communications and supply are far better for the enemy upon the Piave sector than upon the mountain sector. Were it otherwise the position would be even more perilous than it is. He is rapidly concentrating against the mountain sector (which may also be called the Asiago sector), but he is handicapped by the nature of the ground. He has two or three good roads which he made eighteen months ago, during the Trentino offensive of 1916 in this same region, but he has only one railway down the Upper Adige valley to supply him. It is a bottle neck through which everything must come. Further, the season is very far advanced for operating in the mountains. Snow has already fallen heavily upon all these hills. That, upon the whole, is an advantage to the defence.

Turning to the other sector—that of the Piave, we must remember that if the enemy has any hope of getting through in the mountains, it is actually to his advantage that the Italian line on the Piave should not break. It is to his advantage to hold as many Italians there as possible by perpetually menacing the river crossings. We must further note that he has not yet made his chief effort to cross the river at all. How long it will take him to bring up his heavy artillery and its great weight of munitionment (for this is the slow business, much more than the mere bringing up of the guns), we cannot tell. He has the most excellent communications behind him—three main railways from his bases and three railways, two of them main railways, across the plain to the Piave, with three great main roads and innumerable good cross roads.

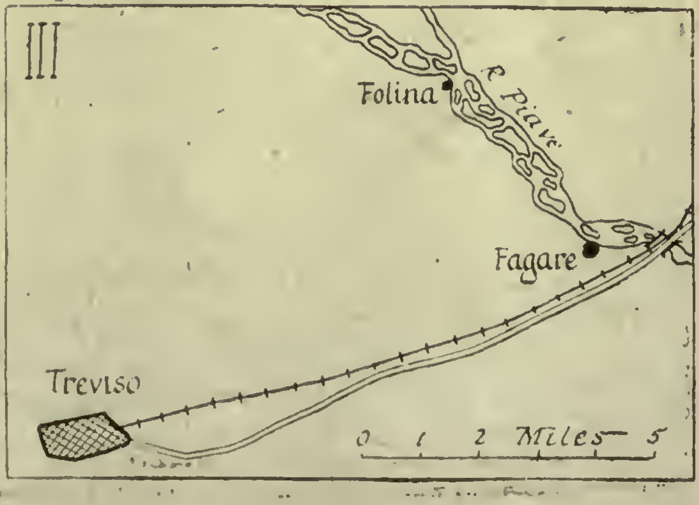
We know from experience that it is not the habit of the enemy to begin a bombardment until he has a very great head of munitionment ready, and that when his heavy pieces are working at all in these efforts of his, they begin all together and suddenly. He counts on that for one of his elements of surprise.

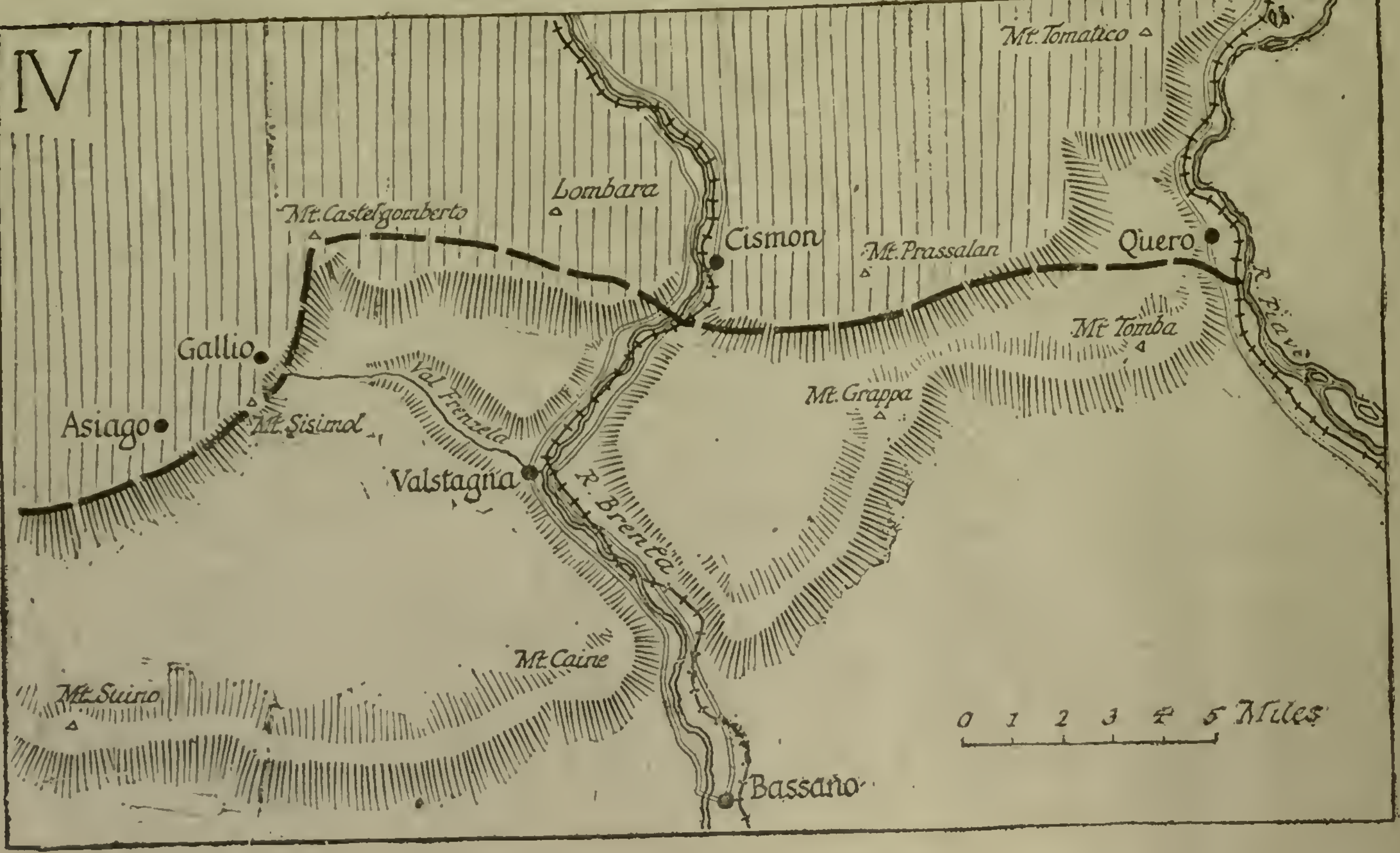
Now until this use of heavy material begins, all the actions against the Piave line, all the attempts, successful or unsuccessful, to establish bridgeheads are secondary matters. For what they are worth it may be of advantage to examine them in detail, but only after the proviso that we must not regard them as main actions or even as parts of a main operation as yet.

The places attacked are marked upon Map I. with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Of these (1) represents the crossing over the mouth of the Piave in the marshes of Grisolera: (2) represents the crossing at Zenson, which does not concern the actions of this week, but where a solid, though restricted, bridgehead has been established by the Austrians: (3) represents the crossing at Fagare: (4) that of Folina; and (5) and (6) the abortive and defeated attempts at Ferne and Quero on the Upper Piave, just below the point where the mountains sector joins on to the river sector.

We are concerned this week only with what the enemy is doing at the mouth of the river at (1), and what he has been doing at (3) and (4).

His action at (1) just above the mouth at Grisolera is obviously so far little more than a containing movement to draw Italian forces as far down the stream as possible. The last ten or eleven miles of the Piave between the bridges of St. Dena and the sea run between artificial embankments and are separated from the old course of the river by a great belt of hollow land three to five miles broad intercepted by innumerable dykes, along which run narrow, primitive roads very bad for any form of military transport. Behind the old course of the Piave is, first of all, to the north, a very marshy district, impassable to an army; next a canal with high dykes leading away to





the south-west, and lastly, lagoons, the end of the Venetian system of lagoons. The enemy can do nothing here until he turns the Piave line.

His effort to establish bridgeheads above the main Treviso railway line has occupied public attention this week seriously, especially as it has been the occasion of brilliant counter-work by our Allies. But we must take neither the effort nor the counter-work at too high a value until the main bombardment begins. All these are mere preliminaries. However, let us look at the details of these attempted bridgeheads.

The efforts were made in that part of the middle Piave where the Central road and railway cross at the point called "Ponte di Piave"—that is the Piave bridge. The river is here a broad channel of gravel banks with streams in between, varying in depth from a mere trickle in summer to a full torrent after heavy rain. These gravel banks form a great mass of islands in the stream at its normal level. Profiting by these islands and by the lowness of the river Austrian troops crossed (mainly by wading) at two points, one at Fagare just north of the railway, and the other four miles up stream at Folina. It was on the morning of Saturday last, before daybreak, that these crossings were effected. Two batteries of Italian guns were overwhelmed after a very stout defence at Fagare, and altogether four Austrian battalions—or something less than 4,000 men—crossed the river and established themselves upon the further bank. These units belonged to the 29th division recently arrived from the Russian front. At daybreak, apparently, or shortly afterwards, the Austrian force which had thus established itself on the west bank of the Piave, was counter-attacked by the 54th Italian division, which took several hundred prisoners, and, without destroying the bridgehead, pushed it back to within very narrow limits.

The second crossing made at Folina was less successful. A single enemy battalion crossed here, but all its members who reached the further bank were either killed or taken prisoner.

We now turn in detail to the mountain sector, which is what really concerns us. We note the general characteristic of the fighting here to have been a very stubborn resistance against what is clearly a rapidly increasing enemy pressure. There is no material whatsoever for forecasting the future events that may take place in this region. We cannot contrast the forces engaged in numbers, in material, or in moral. All we know is that the communications of our Allies up from the plain are very much better than those of the enemy, who is seeking to come down on to the plain, and short of that the only commentary that can be made upon the fighting is geographical.

We have already seen that if the enemy succeeds in debouching upon the Italian plain, he has a really great and almost decisive victory within his grasp.

Now the descent from the Alps on to the Italian plain here is not, as one often finds in a mountain range, a gradual lowering series of foothills which melts into the flats. On the contrary there is what I have called a wall—a sort of rim or buttress running all the way along from the Piave to the Adige, and the heights of the crests upon this wall sufficiently indicate its character. You have, for instance, the Grapa, about 1,800 metres (nearly 5,500 feet), the Caina of over 3,000 feet; the Sumio of nearly 4,000 feet, and the lower heights connecting them are in the same scale. When you look up at this wall from the Italian plain you see everywhere a very steep high bank, which contains behind it to the north pockets and saucers of a land of which it is the rim.

This wall is cut by one main avenue of approach to the plains. It is the valley or trench of the Brenta river. It has a railway all along it and two good roads on either bank. It is the only way by which any considerable force in the mountains can break through to the plains. To master that way and to come down along it is the whole effort of the enemy at the present moment. It corresponds, in this battle of the Piave, exactly to what the Caporetto Road was in the last and disastrous battle of the Isonzo.

Now to master a road of this sort the first thing one has to do is to make certain of the heights above it upon either side, and that is what the enemy is fighting to obtain all the way from Asiago to the Piave.

There are a large number of crests, more or less united by ridges in the difficult and complicated land of this mountain sector, and it is upon the ability of the Italians to hold these crests that the issue will depend.

Last week they were in possession of Sisemol and Castel Gomberto, the former under 5,000, the second under 6,000 feet above the sea. They held Lombara, rather more than 4,000 feet high, the very important height of Prassolan, not quite 5,000 feet high, and the Tomatico, on the Piave end of the line, a few hundred feet higher. Sisemol and Castel Gomberto are the most important of these; so long as they are held the enemy cannot get down into the steep, rugged and wild Val Frenzela, the second way down into the Brenta Valley. The Italians lost, however, the crest of the Lombara and Prassolan, so that the enemy were able to go a little further down the Brenta Valley and to occupy Cismon, a village in the midst of that valley about 12 miles (as the road goes) from the plain. They lost the Tomatico and as a consequence they lost Quero.

Everything now depends upon the power of the Allies to hold what is left of this mountain sector securely. As will be seen from Sketch Map III., between the line now held and the edge of the wall, the belt varies from barely four miles from the site of the lost Prassolan height to nine or ten miles south of the salient formed by the peak of Castel Gomberto. It is an average of rather more than five miles. But the mere reduction of this belt is not the essential thing for the enemy. The essential thing for him is to master the heights on both sides of the Brenta Valley. His only other policy is to elbow the line back from the Piave and weaken it at the junction of the mountains and the river. But that would not give him such decisive results as would a success on the Brenta bringing him down to Bassano.

None the less it is at this point that the chief danger lies at the moment of writing. Quero has gone and the news of the struggle last Monday told us that Mt. Tomba on the edge of the plains was then in peril.

PALESTINE

In Palestine the enemy lost upon Tuesday last, the 13th, the positions he had tried to take up upon the Wadi Sukereir, twelve miles north of Askalon. He fell back five miles to the Wadi-es-Sukar, covering Jaffa, up the higher part of which runs that lateral railway to Jerusalem, the importance of which was pointed out last week. Over 1,500 prisoners, twenty machine guns and four guns at least were taken during that day's advance.

On the 14th took place a success of high importance. The junction between the main north and south railway and the Joppa-Jerusalem railway on the Wadi-es-Sukar was captured.

Upon Thursday, the 15th, this steady advance along the sea coast had reached the line Ramleh-Ludd and so came round to a point on the sea coast only three miles south of Jaffa.

On the 16th no considerable advance was made; the enemy claimed a successful resistance on that day, still holding the lines south of Jaffa, but General Allenby reported that information had reached him that the enemy was entrenching a position north of Jaffa in front of the river Auja. On the evening of that day, Friday, the 16th, the total number of prisoners that had passed through was some 9,000.

On Saturday, November 17th, the Australian and New Zealand mounted troops entered Joppa. There was no opposition, the enemy having voluntarily retired behind that town, presumably towards the trench system which has already been mentioned as traced in front of the river Auja.

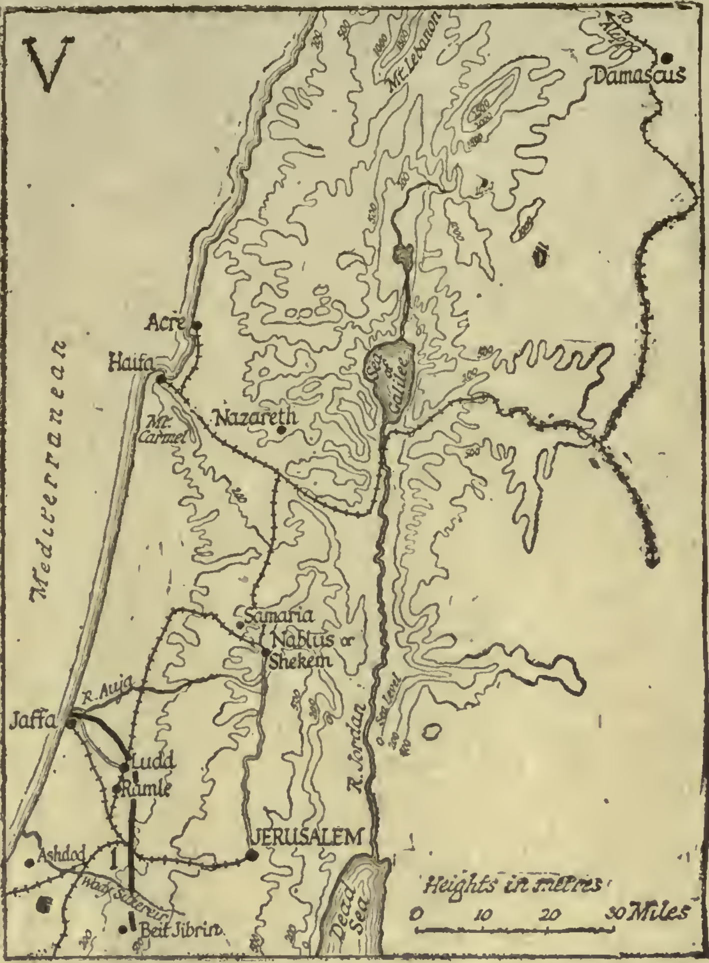
The situation thus created in Palestine is very interesting. Politically the enemy is concerned with the retention of Jerusalem—at least it may be presumed that he is. Strategically, he must continue to supply his army as he falls back.

The main line of supply comes down from the north on to Damascus from Aleppo, which is presumably the centre of all his operations, and where he has we know not what concentration of troops ready for action southward or eastward. His line of supply for his Palestine army comes down east of the great mountain mass of Lebanon to Damascus, and Damascus is his base of supply and organisation for all his forces to the south.

From Damascus the railway goes down from the plateau nearly parallel to the immemorially old road from the east into Palestine, crosses the Jordan, where invaders have always crossed it, just below the Sea of Galilee, and then in the plain below Nazareth turns south again, sending out a branch to Haiffa, near Mount Carmel and so uniting Damascus with a tolerably sheltered roadstead.

Meanwhile, the main line goes on southward, leaving Samaria on the right to the neighbourhood of Nablous (which used to be Shechem). From this point a carriage road (probably very much improved for the purposes of this war) can take supplies along the ridge of the mountain land by a very tortuous way for a distance of some 40 miles to Jerusalem. Until this week, when the British force captured the junction at (1) there was also railway communication with Jerusalem all the way. At the present moment, not only is the junction at (1) in British hands at Ramleh and Ludd as well as Jaffa, the enemy having lost all the advantage he had of the lateral communication of the Jerusalem railway, but he will still be able to supply his front and to be in touch with Jerusalem by two avenues of supply, the road and the railway, until, or if, the critical point of Nablous is lost to him. When that goes he has obviously nothing behind him but the Haiffa-Damascus Railway. If that goes he will have lost all Palestine. Whether he intends to stand there we do not know. There is not an indication in the despatches to tell us, save that he has prepared a line upon the south side of the Auja river, which perhaps he will try to hold.

The astonishing part of the whole of this story of the advance through Palestine is the way in which the problem of British supply has been solved, and when we consider the distance of the Eygptian base and what country lies between that base and the first green of Gaza, the solution of that problem is one of the most heartening episodes of the Great War.



We are naturally kept ignorant of all the details. We can only note the result and admire it. We may be certain that the enemy never expected so rapid an extension of supply to be possible. We must remember in this connection the parallel instance of the work done by the Royal Engineers in the advance on Bagdad. It was really their fertility of resources and industry which made that success possible, and it will seem something of the same sort is determining the campaign in Palestine.

We must remember with all this that there has been no set challenge to the British advance since the Gaza-Beersheba line was turned. The crisis of the campaign can only come when the pursuing army reaches some main defensive position on which the enemy has elected to stand.

The Conditions of Victory—VI

The Test of Poland

The first condition of victory, we have seen, is the fundamental military point that, unless the enemy suffers military defeat, the Alliance is itself defeated—with all its objects.

Next, we have seen that even though that military result were achieved, and as fully as possible, its fruit must be Restoration, Reparation and Guarantees: The formula which Mr. Asquith laid down with admirable clearness long ago, which includes all that can be said, and excludes all that need not be said upon this vital matter.

But we have also in all this affair what is very important in any practical matter, and that is a *test*.

Whenever you are doing something with your hands, making something in the real world, you apply a test. You have first, your general thesis, as, that you desire to build a bridge over a river in spite of the opposition of such and such interests. If you can't build your bridge at all, if the interests opposing you are too strong for you, then you are defeated and there is an end of it. There is no more question of the bridge. Supposing you get the better of those interests, it is still necessary that the bridge should come into existence, unless your victory is to be quite barren. But it may well be that your opponents, though unable to prevent your obtaining the outward symbols of success, unable, that is, to prevent your getting access to the river and even building your bridge, can interfere with you in one way or another, so that your bridge, when you come to make it, does not fulfil the function for which alone you undertook all this effort. You meant, for instance, to make a bridge which would enable your farm carts to go from one side of the river to the other, and unless they could so pass it was not worth your while to make a bridge at all. Well, if your opponents let you throw some sort of bridge across the stream yet succeed in preventing its being strong enough to carry your carts, they have, in practice, won.

You have then, in this simple case, a *test*. Can you or can you not build a bridge for the purpose you intend? Will the bridge you build carry a cart? If it won't, whether from your folly or from your opponents' cunning or greater strength—whatever the cause may be—you have failed, and might as well not have undertaken the effort.

In the case of the Great European War, we have a curiously simple test afforded us: It is the test of Poland.

Poland is a test for both parties to the great struggle. A Poland of the sort which the Allies desire to establish will be the proof, and one of the main guarantees of their victory. A Poland of the sort which the enemy desires to establish will be a proof and a guarantee of *his* victory. With the possible exception of Sicily during the first Punic war, there has hardly ever been so clean a test (not an object) of political struggle and of its results.

Unfortunately, this clean, obvious and, as it were, necessary test is not easily presented to Western eyes. It is a great pity, but the pity is inevitable.

Of the four Western Allies, the word "Polish" means to most Americans, I suppose, certain immigrants who come in large numbers, and most of whom have come in the past as subjects of the Russian Empire. The same word means to the average educated Englishman a man coming from certain districts which once formed a State of which he has heard little, with which his ancestors came but little into contact, which lay far off, and which he vaguely understands to have disappeared.

France and Poland

The French and Italians being Continental people and having a great deal in common with Poland, on account of the predominant religion of the Poles being the same as that of the French and Italians, have somewhat more acquaintance with the problem, and of the two probably the French, taking them all round, have rather more familiar acquaintance with it than any of the other Allies—for Polish contingents have fought in the French armies; the question of Polish independence occupied French policy in at least two very important moments—chiefly under Napoleon 1st; the fate of Poland was largely intermixed with the fate of the Revolutionary Wars; there has always been a large Polish colony in Paris; and there was, in quite modern times alliance between the French and the Polish crowns with a Polish King resident at Nancy.

But take the Western Alliance as a whole, and the average acquaintance with the Polish question is small; its apparent direct connection with the various national objects of the Western Allies is smaller still. Geographical separation; the destruction of the Polish State and its dismemberment; the far more vivid and immediate problem represented by the Western aggressions of Vienna and Berlin—all these obscure the essential importance of Poland as a test of victory.

In order to combat these inevitable difficulties, and to impress upon Western opinion the truth, that what happens to Poland is the touchstone of the whole war, let us consider first of all this curious point, which, when it is examined will, I think, impress everyone. Poland, in some form or another, whether at the hands of the Germans (or at the hands of the Allies) is now in active process of resurrection. A Polish State is about to be.

If you were talking now in Vienna (or still more, in Berlin), to the heads of affairs, you would find that they already talked of a Polish State as something in existence, and that their principal preoccupation was the way in which they could make that State subservient to their aims.

I have said that this point is "curious," and so it is. When you think of the immediate past, the generation to which we all belong and its attitude up to the very eve of the Great War, nothing would have seemed more extraordinary during that period than the taking for granted of a Polish State by Russian statesmen and soldiers. The change is at least as astonishing as would be the change from, say, the wage system in this country to a system of guild-co-operation in one of our own great industries.

The subjugation of Poland, the doctrine that Poland was never to be a State again, the conception that Poles were once and for all allotted as subjects to three alien Powers, whose business it was to concur in keeping them subject—all this was simply part of the political air breathed in Central and Eastern Europe. It was the cement which bound together Russia under the Czar, and Berlin under the Hohenzollerns. Everybody with any knowledge of Eastern Europe always said and justly—"Russia" (meaning the old Russia which has now disappeared) "will always tend to gravitate towards a new Prussian alliance because of Poland. Russia may be the Ally of France, but there will always be the insuperable difficulty of Poland. Russia can never push things home against Germany, nor Germany against Russia, because of the common interest of both dynasties in the subjugation of a dismembered Poland."

Here was a very great State, as extensive in area as any one of the average great European States. Its active membership counting perhaps twenty millions; its culture spread over a wider area, even than that which its active patriots occupied; a State with a great historical past; one which the fathers of living men remembered as independent and powerful; one which had produced a formidable bid for freedom in arms within the memory of men now only middle aged. The necessity for combining to keep that State dismembered was surely imperative upon those who were partners to its dismemberment and profited by it.

The Romanoff Offer

But all this was taking for granted two things: first, that the dynasty of the Russian Empire would never be drawn into a war to the death with Germany, such that even the Polish question could be put on one side; secondly that at least the Russian dynastic Empire would survive.

Once a war with fundamental issues of life and death broke out between the Russian dynasty and the Hohenzollerns, it was self-evident that some bid would have to be made for the Poles. We know how, immediately upon the decisive and fundamental character of the struggle being recognised, the Russian dynasty made that bid.

When the Central Empires in 1915 overran and occupied nearly the whole of Polish territory, they were compelled to consider the re-erection of a Polish State. Poland could only be kept *not* a State by dismemberment among several very powerful neighbours. Poland could not be digested as a whole. A mere annexation of all Poland by the two Central Empires alone would have been ruinous to both. They were compelled by sheer necessity to propose a Polish State once they had covered with their armies Brest and Warsaw and occupied all but a small remnant of what was still the active and living home of the Polish people.

If this were true, and we know it was true while the Russian dynasty still stood and while there was still a Russian State, that is, a number of diverse populations united under the autocracy of the Czar, it was still more true after the collapse of the system rather less than a year ago. Against an existing and organised Russian State, an autonomous Poland was necessary to the Central Empires as a barrier. With Russia in dissolution it was still more necessary, not as a barrier, but to prevent non-German elements dominating all Central Europe. The vast Polish territory, the millions of Polish people, with their combative energies, their strong and recent tradition of independence, their sharp separation from German speech and culture, could not be treated as mere provinces subject to Vienna and Berlin.

In that group of Central Europe, which it is the whole object of the enemy to establish, Poland in some shape could only be a sovereign or reputedly sovereign State. The most careful state craft would be used to reduce its power, to make certain that it was vassal, to limit its boundaries; but as Poland it could not but re-arise. And it has re-arisen.

There will now certainly be a Poland: weakened, cut off from the sea, in the orbit of the German influence, more or less openly subject to that influence, but still a State. Or, in contrast to this, a Poland strong, with its outlet to the sea, re-acting against German influence and threatening it—and all the more a State.

In general, there are two issues with very little room for any modification of the one towards the other. Either the end of this war will see a Poland re-arisen, but part of and greatly strengthening the German conception of a Central European group under Prussian domination—a Central Europe controlling the Baltic on the north, the road to the East upon the south; or there will be a Poland, much stronger, quite independent, acting as a counter-weight to the diminished and defeated Germanic Empires, claiming to trade freely with the West through the Baltic and so keeping the Baltic always open to the Western Powers; overhanging the Slav States of the south and so preventing any German possession of the road through the Balkans to the East; a beacon also to the Slavs of the Austrian Empire.

By that criterion we may judge our victory or defeat. If the first sort of Poland appears we are defeated. If the second, we are victorious.

In order to judge this truth, which is still unfamiliar to most people in this country, let us suppose an extreme case and appreciate the consequences of it. Let us suppose the question, which seems, and is, so vital to Britain, the seaboard of the Low Countries, settled. Let us even suppose guarantees which prevent further aggression in the Netherlands and Belgium. Let us suppose the Italian claims to the Trentino and to Trieste itself to be granted. Let us even suppose the Kiel Canal to be internationalised, and, of course, Alsace-Lorraine to be restored. These are large suppositions, and, in the ordinary Western view, almost complete suppositions of victory.

But let us suppose with all this the Polish question to be solved after the German fashion, that is, with the Polish State wholly within the German orbit, and organised as Germany desires. Let us see what follows :

In the first place, the largest and certainly the most intensely cultured of *all* the Slav States would then be a German thing. The lesser Slav States to the south, where Orthodox in religion, would conceive of *all* the Slavs as part of the Central European group and would yield necessarily to that group. As for the Catholic Slavs, whose differentiation within Austria-Hungary is so powerful a factor in favour of the Allies, *their* position would be fixed permanently on the old lines, when the great mass of Poland had fallen into line and appeared as an example to them of the way in which the greatest of Catholic Slav nations could form part of the Germanic scheme.

We ought always to remember that the German faces east as well as west. At least half his energy, more than half his historical tradition, is concerned with meeting, and if he can do so, with colonising or subjugating the Slav. There is hardly any loss upon the west or the south which, if he still retains his sense of Empire over the Eastern Slavonic marches, would not seem to the German a fair price.

A German Poland

Next let us remark that with Poland organised in a German fashion, and at Germany's bidding, all the East is under German influence. The high Polish civilisation would work as an outlier of Central Europe. It dominates mentally just as it outflanks geographically the Germanic movement towards the East. A German Poland, however veiled the German influence might be, would render secure the road to the East through Constantinople for Vienna and for Berlin. Such a dependent Poland would make of the Baltic a completely German sea closed at the German pleasure.

Lastly, let us note what modern people usually exaggerate so much as to make it cover the whole field, but what has none the less a very important aspect ; I mean the industrial effect of such a settlement. Already the manufacturing centres of Poland are largely in German hands. Let Germany organise and establish the new Poland after her own plan and it will become largely industrialised, and the wealth so produced will be part and parcel of the general Central European industrial system, which is the economic foundation of modern Prussia. If Germany wins, the Poland she will make will be a Poland economically and industrially one with Westphalia and Bohemia. It will probably lie within one customs wall ; it will certainly be arranged to follow all the lines of German industry upon the German model.

Contrast such a picture with the picture of a Poland which the victorious Western Allies might establish, and see what the effect of such action upon their part would be.

The culture of Poland has hitherto been Western. It has formed a great outlier of Western influence beyond Central Europe. It is curious to note how, the moment you leave the influence of Berlin, going eastward, when you come to the Posnanian Polish countryside, you leave behind you the Prussian vulgarity and insufficiency in architecture, in furniture, in painting, and are once more in the air of the West. It is true of nearly all externals, and of the profounnder spiritual things as well. You might almost say that spiritually Poland was in that distant and isolated Eastern march a colony of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Nor has anything more affirmed Prussian power than the Prussian claim to reverse such an influence of civilisation upon the further borders of the German group.

Polish Independence

Geographically again, the establishment of a strong and independent Poland, singularly diminishes the Germanic influence. It would act with sovereign power to within no great distance of Frankfurt upon the Oder ; it would be a solvent to the German influence that has been spreading eastward for so long. It would join hands through Moravia with Bohemia, and far to the south, right up to the Carpathians and in places beyond ; to the north upon the Baltic, eastward through the marches where the Polish touches the Russian culture, it could form a great State, the rival to its former masters in Vienna and Berlin. It would certainly be stronger than the Magyar State. It would be the one great counterpoise on the east, and a most efficient one, corresponding to any western settlement and supplementing it. A strong and independent Poland at once creates a national feeling among the Catholic Slavs, not only of Bohemia, but of the south near the Adriatic. It is a wedge driven into the Germanic hegemony from the Elbe right away down to Istria.

There remains the industrial effect : a strong and independent Poland would control the minerals of Silesia ; would make its own laws forbidding alien influence in its great manufacturing towns. Lastly, and most important of all, from the point of view of Britain, it would have an avenue of export and import by sea. Danzig is the core of the business ; and just as Poland will be the test of the Great War, so Danzig may properly be said to be the test of Poland. If after the war Danzig is still Prussian, Prussia has won.

A Poland representing the victory of our enemy would bear these marks :

The Polish districts seized by Prussia would remain under the tyranny of Prussia. Austrian Poland would remain under the milder rule of Austria. Autonomy would be confined to the Kingdom of Warsaw—above all, there would be no access to the sea.

A Poland great and independent would recover the provinces seized by Prussia, including not only the Posnanian belt, but Silesia, with its coal and all its mineral resources—but chief point of all—it would get to the sea and Danzig, the historic sea-town of the Poles, would be its port. If Poland have no port the Baltic, after this war, is German. If Poland have a port—and Danzig is its port—the Baltic will not be a closed but an international sea. The point is of vital importance to this country, even on the narrowest issues, and if misunderstood, and its value under-estimated, the effect of that false political judgment will run through all our history for generations to come.

H. BELLOC

Clemenceau

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

THE last news from France is the best we have received for many a day. The appointment of M. Clémenceau to the Premiership is the turning point of the convalescence of my sorely stricken country, which started under M. Ribot's brave and honest treatment of the Vigo-Almereyda affair. The patient improved under M. Painlevé's naïve methods, but was imperilled by his wrong diagnosis of Daudet's patriotic intervention against M. Malvy and his traitorous confederates, M. Leymarie and Paix-Séailles. Its complete recovery is now assured by the vigilant care and energetic remedies which Dr. Clémenceau will apply to the body politic.

The accession of M. Clémenceau to power means so much for France, and also for England, that I may be forgiven for trying once more to explain the inner significance of the return of the Grand Old Man of French politics to the leadership of the Government. First let us render homage where homage is due. The President of the Republic has behaved under these circumstances, as always, like a true patriot, and on this point I should like to remind my readers of my recent article in LAND & WATER on M. Poincaré and M. Painlevé, for every word of it has come true. M. Painlevé, straightforward and well-meaning as he is, had no parliamentary skill. In that he could not talk and could not act, he had to go. But for M. Poincaré's high sense of loyalty, his fall might have been followed by another make-shift combination, which might have satisfied politicians, though still leaving the country in grave peril. Nor should we forget that the President of the Republic alone has the power to choose and appoint the Prime Minister. This choice, easy in ordinary times, was more than difficult at the present juncture, for between these two men a political feud had existed, increasing every year since 1912.

M. Clémenceau was the bitterest opponent of M. Poincaré, not only during the latter's Premiership, but also at the time of his election to the Presidency of the Republic. In spite of M. Clémenceau's violent campaign, M. Poincaré was elected by the National Assembly at Versailles. But instead of making peace with the President after his election, or even since the war started, M. Clémenceau remained irreconcilable. He looked on the President's policy as a national danger ; and did not mince words on the subject either in his articles or in his speeches. Up to the last three months a reconciliation between the two seemed impossible, though M. Poincaré never said or did anything in public to justify M. Clémenceau's animosity. But both men are before everything patriots.

For some time the current of parliamentary and public opinion had proved to M. Poincaré that M. Clémenceau was the only statesman who could cleanse France from Boloism, and at the same time direct the war with all the energy required. Common friends of both statesmen had lately been preparing the ground for a reconciliation based on the highest and most unselfish motives. The psychological moment came when the two former adversaries met at the Elysee for the first time since M. Poincaré became President. They had a talk which lasted an hour and a quarter, during which they agreed to bury the past and their old grievances for the sake, not of their future, but of the welfare of France. I know no happier omen for my country.

M. Clémenceau has a marvellously versatile mind, and is, moreover, a great master of the French language. His books, his plays, his innumerable articles, his brilliant polemics in the French press, during a period which covers more than half a century, would alone assure his fame as one of the most illustrious publicists of our time. But before everything, he is a fighter. His logical and pitiless brain, his energetic temperament, unite to make him the king of polemicists. No one ever equalled him in the terrible art of destroying whatever he had made up his mind to attack. Endowed with a rare gift of eloquence, at the same time simple and convincing, he has spent the greater part of his political life in demolishing the schemes of his political adversaries. He was easily the ablest Cabinet wrecker ever known in France, where Governments under the republican regime have been made and unmade, with a rapidity disconcerting to those who did not realise that we have been making experiments for thirty years in the difficult science of establishing a permanent regime on the ever-changing basis of democratic control.

When M. Clémenceau came to power twelve years ago he had passed the prime of life, but, at last, he was given his chance to build up with the materials of all the structures he had himself pulled down. For three years he was supreme master in France. He came to office after the terrible hurricane of the Dreyfus affair, and it must be recognised that under his rule France began to forget the Dreyfus case. For reasons which it is better not to discuss here, M. Clémenceau's policy on military questions was not as successful as his Home and Foreign policies. But one man, however strong, cannot remodel in three years the whole fabric of the internal administration of a country as bureaucratic and traditional as France.

If M. Clémenceau were to tell us the real motives of his apparent failure over the question of military armaments for instance, I am convinced he could clear himself from any accusation of lack of patriotism, or even of negligence. On the other hand, his foreign policy was masterly. It is true that he found in his old friend and colleague M. Stephen Pichon, who for years was on the staff of M. Clémenceau's paper, *La Justice*, an admirable collaborator whose loyalty to his chief and to their common policy of the Entente Cordiale never wavered. Only once was the friendship between M. Clémenceau and M. Pichon clouded by a misunderstanding, when M. Pichon backed with all his strength M. Poincaré's candidature to the Presidency. But this episode is now entirely forgotten, and the two life-long friends are again united in the common fight against the enemy, at home and abroad. On the all-important article of faith in our foreign policy since 1900, they were always of the same mind, for both realised that France and England if they wanted, not only to triumph over the German menace, but even to live, had to stand side by side. The return to power, in the same administration, of M. Clémenceau and M. Pichon is the most decisive proof that could be given to the world that the miserable intrigues of the Bolo party, and of pro-German financiers with their chief, Caillaux, have been defeated. Their end is near. That fact alone ought to fill all hearts with joy. I must own that personally, however great my admiration and my sympathy for M. Clémenceau, I have never been quite sure that his great destructive qualities are balanced by his constructive power. But that which in times of peace might cause some anxiety gives me to-day the conviction that M. Clémenceau is the right man at the right moment.

What is the first duty of the Prime Minister? Not to reorganise the French administration, but to purify by every conceivable means the whole country from the poisonous intrigues of German agents. To accomplish this task, honesty alone is not enough. France needs a statesman whose grip is of iron, for he will have to strike down traitors, whoever or wherever they may be. Influential politicians, powerful journalists, wealthy financiers who have betrayed their country must be quickly arrested, judged and condemned without any regard to the consequences such action may have for this or that political party.

M. Clémenceau has already given proofs of his fearless patriotism. Though a Republican, he has collaborated with the Royalist Léon Daudet in attacking in the press Vigo-Almereyda, Bolo, Malvy, Leymarie, Caillaux, and all their confederates. In the Senate he has denounced the complicity of M. Malvy, then Home Secretary, with traitors who tried to sell France to the enemy. M. Clémenceau's speech, one of the most powerful he ever delivered in his long public career, brought down the Ribot ministry in spite of the Premier's perfect honesty of purpose. M. Ribot, though he did take action, spared too many culprits, and so he had to go. M. Painlevé, another good Frenchman, showed great weakness in attempting to mix home politics with judicial matters. He was quite willing to arrest those Republicans who attempted to shelter themselves behind M. Caillaux and his friends, but he sought at the same time to balance this bold action by implicating Léon Daudet, Charles Maurras and their Royalist friends. That manœuvre failed, for M. Painlevé's good faith had been abused by political intriguers. The supposed Royalist plot was a mare's nest invented by corrupt police spies, and the result was M. Painlevé had to go.

M. Clémenceau, whose great speech against Malvy and his Boloist friends proved to be not mere words, but the most powerful action taken by any politician since the Dreyfus case, has certainly not accepted at his age—he is 76—the responsibility of power, to leave things as they were before. He is a man of action and his programme has been admirably summed up by himself in his paper *L'Homme Enchaîné* when he wrote a few days ago, "The essential condition of any national life is a Government." And by government M. Clémenceau means a government composed of "a well-organised gang of workers"—to use his own expression—united with one object in view, to work and not to talk.

French Pacifists

M. Clémenceau may be trusted to apply this principle, not only to scavenging the dirty work of our French pacifists and other traitors, but also to strengthening the military policy of the country. Victories won over the enemy at the front or behind the lines are, after all, military matters; and it is quite proper that the man who is going to accomplish this task should be Minister of War as well as Prime Minister.

There is also another reason for rejoicing in the advent of M. Clémenceau to power. No living Frenchman knows better, and from personal experience, the English country, English institutions and English character. He has always kept in close contact with British statesmen of all parties. He has, in fact, been on terms of intimacy with rabid Tories as well as with ardent Liberals, and in no country of the world is the personal equation so influential in the conduct of affairs both political and private, as in England.

The Englishman differs from the Frenchman in this respect that for him the function is subordinate to the individual who exercises it. In France, however numerous ministers may be, there is always the feeling that *Monsieur le Ministre*, when he speaks officially, is as big as his office. And some of my friends on the other side of the Channel cannot understand why each new-comer in the domain of high politics, as for instance M. Painlevé with his two-months' tenure of office, does not carry as much weight in discussion with his English colleagues, as M. Briand or M. Ribot, whose faces, manners, gestures and modes of expression have become familiar

In spite of his years, the new chief has all the alertness and the physical strength of a young man; and his marvellous intelligence has never worked with greater precision, clearness and logic. He is the strong man we have been waiting for since the beginning of the war, though some people will tell you he is nothing but an old cynic, who takes nothing seriously and whose only pleasure in life is to annoy his neighbours, and to oppose any project he has not proposed himself.

Let me tell a little story which if not true—and I have reason to believe it is true—summarises better than any long analysis the qualities of M. Clémenceau.

Two years ago he was visiting a very exposed part of the Front. An aide-de-camp was sent to him by the General in command of the sector begging him to withdraw to a place of safety. M. Clémenceau said to the officer! "Look over there at that poor child lying dead on yonder wires. He was young, most likely he loved life and love, and now he is dead. Why should I be frightened of death? I no longer love women and I am disgusted with men—I don't care if I die to-day." And M. Clémenceau, worthy of his nickname of "the Tiger," remained tranquilly where he was, within range of the enemy's guns.

How touching is this sympathy of the old man for the young dead soldier: how typical of his ever-present wit the manner of his retort; and, if I may say so, what ideal qualifications for a statesman in a time of great national danger and allurements. A man who is entirely impervious to the blandishments of life can no longer be taken in by the pretended virtues of men. He knows that humanity is mostly sublime or abject. But more than ever his heart is moved by the sentiment incarnated in the body of that young soldier fallen in defence of France, and the one thing which continues to flame in his soul is the passion for his country. Such a man must be the leader sent by Providence to save France, and with France, her Allies.

Venizelos and His Army

By Lewis R. Freeman

The presence of M. Venizelos in London makes this article dealing with him and the men he had rallied round him, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb very apropos. There can be no question that this Greek statesman is the most outstanding personality in the Balkan States to-day. He has been faithful to his patriotic ideals through terrible crises and History will speak of him as the greatest Greek in modern times.

M. VENIZELOS and the Venizelists had been having a bad time of it from the first, but the blackest hours of all were those towards the end of last April, when King Constantine was still strong in Athens, and before the Allies at Salonika had found it practicable or expedient to welcome them to a full brotherhood of arms. It was during this "darkest-before the-dawn" period that I had my first meeting with M. Venizelos, a conventional half-hour's interview in the suburban village midway along the curve of Salonika Bay, where the Provisional Government had its Headquarters.

I had just come from Athens, where I had found the Allied diplomats still smarting under the memories of their ignominious experiences following Constantine's spectacular coup of the December preceding, and it was by no means the least of these who had told me point-blank that he could not conceive how it would be possible that Salonika should be returned to Greece after the war. Of course, it was the Royalist Government that my distinguished friend had had in mind when he spoke, but there was not much to indicate at that time that the Greece of Constantine and his minions was not also going to be the Greece of after-the-war.

It was with this state of things in mind that I mustered up courage and asked M. Venizelos offhand—remembering his well-known ambitions to found a Greater Greece, by extending Epirus north along the Adriatic and bringing the millions of Greeks of Asia Minor at least under the protection of the Government at Athens—if he felt confident of being able even to maintain the integrity of his country as it existed before the war.

"Not unless those of us Greeks who have remained faithful to the cause of humanity and our honour are ultimately able to lend the Allies material help in a measure sufficient to counterbalance the harm which the action of the Royalists has caused them," was the prompt reply. "And by material help I mean military aid. We must fight, and fight, and keep on fighting, for it is only with blood—with Greek blood that the stain upon Greek honour can be washed away. It is only our army that can save us, and that is why we have been so impatient of the delay there has been in equipping it and getting it to the Front. The one division we have in the trenches now, and the two others that are ready to go, are not enough, but they are all we have been able to raise so far. Thessaly is for us, and would give us two more divisions at least; but the Allies have not yet seen fit to allow us to go there to fetch them."

M. Venizelos spoke of a number of other things before I left him (notably of the extent to which the Russian Revolution and the entry of America had helped him in his fight to save Greece), but it was plain that the problem uppermost in his mind was that of wiping out the score of the Allies against his country by giving them a substantial measure of assistance in the field.

"Do not fail to visit our force on the —— sector before you leave the Balkans," was his parting injunction. "There may be a chance of seeing it in action before very long, and if you do you will need no further assurance of the way in which we shall make our honour white before our Allies and all the world."

The Serbian and two or three other Armies have been worse off materially, but no national force since the outbreak of the war has been in so thoroughly an unenviable a position on every other score as was the Venizelos Army at this time. The Serbs and the Belgians had at least the knowledge that the confidence and the sympathy of the Allies were theirs. Also, they had chances to fight to their hearts' content. The Venizelists had scant measure of sympathy, and still less of confidence; and when their first chance to fight was at last given them, they were only allowed to face the foe after elaborate precautions had been taken against everything from incompetence and cowardice on their part to open treachery. That this was the fault neither of themselves nor of the Allies, and had only come about through the perfidy of a King to whom they no longer swore fealty, did not make the shame of it any easier to bear for an army of spirited volunteers who had risked their all for a chance to wipe out the dishonour of their country.

What for a while made it so difficult for the Allies to know what to do with the Venizelist army was the almost ridiculous ease with which, under the peculiar circumstances of its recruitment, it lent itself to spying purposes. All the Royalists or their German paymasters had to do to establish a spy in the Salonika area was to send over one of their Intelligence Officers in the guise of a deserter from the Greek army to that of Venizelos, and there he was. To send back information or even to return in person, across the but partially patrolled "Neutral Zone" was scarcely more difficult.

A Most Trying Position

How trying the situation of the Venizelists was, however, I had a chance to see one day when I happened to be at their Headquarters in connection with arrangements for my visit to the Greek sector of the Front. Their troops had acquitted themselves with great credit in some gallantly carried-out raiding operations, which must have made it doubly hard for them to put up with a new restrictive order then promulgated by the Supreme Command as a further precaution against the leakage of information to the enemy.

As I was about to take my departure, a copy of the new order was delivered to the Staff Officer with whom I had been conferring about my visit to the Front. He read it through slowly, his swarthy face flushing red with anger.

"Have you heard of this?" he asked, handing me the paper and controlling his voice with an effort. "No man or officer of our army is to cross the —— bridge without a special permit from General Headquarters. It is only the latest in the long series of humiliations we have had to put up with. Just look at the way we stand. In Athens our names are posted as traitors who can be shot on sight. Here it isn't quite like that but—well (he raised his hand above his head and let it fall limply in a gesture of despair). All I can say is that the only officers of the Venizelist army to be envied are those whose names are recorded here (indicating a file at his elbow)." It was the death-list of a day's fighting.

* * * * *

Owing to the delay in issuing my pass in Salonika, I did not arrive at Greek Headquarters until the evening of the day on which the big attack had taken place, and it was daybreak of the morning following before I was able to make my way up to the advanced lines. The troops of Venizelos had taken all of their objectives and held them with great courage against such counter-attacks as the surprised Bulgars were able to organise against them. They had been busy all night "reversing" the captured trenches in anticipation of a determined attempt on the part of the reinforced enemy to retake them in the morning. The hilly but well-metalled cart-road along which I cantered with an officer of the Greek Staff by the light of the waning moon, had been thronged all night with the surging current of the battle traffic—an up-flow of munition convoys and reinforcements and back-flow of wounded and prisoners—but I could not help remarking the comparative quiet and absence of confusion with which the complex movement was carried on.

"Somehow this does not seem like the transport of a new army just undergoing its baptism of fire," I said to my companion; "I have seen things on the roads behind the Western Front in far worse messes than any of these little jams we have passed to-night These men are as business-like as though they'd been at the game for years."

"So they have," was the quiet reply. "Our army, as recruited so far, is a new one only in name. The men who attacked yesterday were of the famous S—— Division, which fought all through the last two Balkan wars and gained no end of praise from all the foreign military attachés for its great mountain work. It was this division which scaled the steep range beyond Doiran and drove the Bulgars out of the Rupel Pass."

"The S—— Division"—"Rupel Pass!" Instantly I recalled how a British General, over on the Struma a few days previously, had pointed out to me a steep range of serried snow-capped mountains towering against the sky-line to the north-west, and told me that the feat of the Greeks in taking a division over it at a point where even the wary Bulgar had deemed it impossible, was one of the finest exploits in the annals of mountain warfare.

"I never saw troops go over with such *élan*," said a young French Lieutenant, after the first engagement in which Venizelos' men had taken part. "Some of them were so eager to get at the Bulgars that they couldn't wait for the barrage to get out from under their feet, but dashed right on through it. Now if they will only hold against what is preparing over there for this morning, all will be well."

We found the two officers in the British Observation Post chuckling over the evening bulletin, which had just been delivered to them. "You have to read Sarrail's *Evening Hope* between the lines if you want to get at the real facts," said one of them. "It's what it fails to tell you that you really want to know. Now you might be able to gather from this that all of the Balkan Allies have been doing quite a bit of attacking during the last day or two at various parts of the Front from Doiran west to Albania, but you have to go between the lines to find that our shifty Bulgar friend over there gave most of them as good or better than they gave him all the way. It's sad, but true that in this, our 'great spring offensive,' as the papers at home have talked of it, the whole lot of us—French, British, Russian, Italian and even the Serb—have been fought to a standstill by the Bulgar. Far as I can see, the only gain we have to show for it is in the casualty lists."

I failed to see just what there was to chuckle about in such an interpretation of the glowing lines of the evening bulletin, and said as much.

"It isn't funny in the least," was the reply; "and it would seem still less so if we could see at close range some of the things that are lying out on a hundred miles of these accursed mountain sides as a consequence of what has happened. But what *did* strike us as rich was the fact that, of all the Allies, this little piece of the Venizelos army, which we have held in leash all winter while we made up our minds whether it would be safe to slip or not, is the only one of the whole lot of us that has taken all the objectives set for it."

A sporting instinct and a grim sense of humour—the readiness to admire a brave foe and the ability to extract amusement from discomfiture—are the two things that have conspired to make the British soldier so uniformly successful in treating those "twin impostors, Triumph and Disaster, just the same."

There was lightning in the sky, throwing into ghostly silhouette the line of the mountain ridge across the Vardar by the time we had pushed on along the communication trench to the Greek Observation Post on the extreme brow of the hill. Since midnight the enemy heavies had been coughing gruffly under the mist-blanket that overlaid the plain, dappling it with alternately flashing and fading blotches of light till it glowed fantastically like a lamp-shade of Carrara marble. Star-shells, fired with a low trajectory, popped up and dived out of sight again, throwing a fluttering green radiance over the white pall which swathed the battlefield.

The mist-mask must have fended the daybreak from the plain long after it was light upon the hill from where we watched, for it was not until the range of serrated peaks to the east of Doiran was all aglow with the red and gold of sunrise that the higher-keyed crack of the enemy's field-guns came welling up to tell us that the Bulgar was getting ready to go over the top. The flame-spurts—paling from a hot red to faded lemon as the light grew stronger—splashed up again the mist-pall as the jet of an illuminated fountain rises and falls, and down where the battered first-line trenches faced each other the dust-geysers of the exploding shells rolled up in clouds to the surface of the thinning vapours as the mud of the bottom boils up through the waters of an agitated pool.

For the space of perhaps two or three minutes the fog-bank swirled and curled in swaying eddies as the shells came hurtling into it; then—whether it was from a sudden awakening of the wind or through the licking up of its vapours by the first rays of the now risen sun, I never knew—almost in the wave of a hand, it was gone, revealing a broad expanse of trench-creased plain with a long belt of grey figures moving across it in a cloud of dust and smoke.

"It isn't much of a barrage as barrages go on the Western Front," said Captain X—— half apologetically; "their artillery won't do much harm to us, and, I'm afraid, ours not much to them. But if it's but a second-class artillery show, I still think I can promise you—if only the Bulgar has the stomach for it—a lively bit of hand-to-hand fighting. Do you see those little winking flashes all along where the infantry are moving? Some of them's from bayonets, but the most from knives. A great man with a knife is the Bulgar. Did you ever hear that song about him they sang at a revue which the British 'Tommies' gave at Salonika?:

"I'm Boris the Bulgar,
  The Man with the Knife;
The pride of Sofia,
  The Taker of Life.
Good gracious, how spacious
  And deep are the cuts,
Of Boris the Bulgar,
  The Knifer—."

"Now for it! Look at that!" I never did hear just what it was that Boris was a knifer of, for at that juncture the two barrages—having respectively protected and harried to the best of their abilities the advancing wave of infantry down to within a hundred yards or so of the Greek trenches—"lifted" almost simultaneously on to "communications," and that lifting was the signal for the opening of the climacteric stage of the action. Without an instant's delay, a solid wave of brown—lightly fringed in front with the figures of a few of the more active or impetuous who had out-distanced their comrades in the scramble over the top—rose up out of the earth and swept forward to meet the line of grey. The gust of their first great cheer rolled up to us above the thunder of the artillery.

"Now for it!" repeated X——, focussing down his telescope and steadying himself with his elbows.

I do not attempt to account for what happened now; I only record it. It may have been that the Allied artillery had wrought more havoc in that advancing wave of men than had been apparent from a distance, or it may have been that the enemy artillery had done less to the entrenched defenders than it was expected to do; at any rate, the line of grey began to break at the first impact of the brown.

The Greek Staff

The Greek Staff shared a round bowl of a mountain valley a few miles back from the front lines with a clearing station. The equipment of the little hospital had mostly been provided by the British Red Cross, but the Venizelists had made a brave effort to furnish the staff themselves. There were two French-trained Greek surgeons, a Greek matron, Greek orderlies, and two Greek nurses. Since the attack began there had been work for a dozen of the latter, but, as it had been impossible for the women of most of the Venizelist families to get away from Old Greece, no others were available. An English nurse, who had marched in the retreat of the Serbians, and a French nurse from a Salonika hospital had volunteered to step into the breach, and these five women were courageously trying to make up in zeal what they lacked in numbers.

Madame A—— had asked me to drop in at the nurses' mess for luncheon in case I got back from the trenches in time, and this, by dint of hard riding, I was just able to do. Three or four powerful military cars drawn up at the hospital gate indicated new arrivals, but as to who they were I had no hint until I had pushed in through the flap of the mess tent and found M. Venizelos seated on a soap-box, *vis-a-vis* Madame A—— at a table improvised from a couple of condensed milk cases. At the regular mess table, sitting on reversed water-buckets, were three French Flying Officers and a civilian whom I recognised as the private secretary of M. Venizelos. Two nurses were just rising from unfinished plates of soup in response to word that a crucial operation awaited their attendance.

This was, I think, one of the strangest little "banquets" I ever sat down to. Everyone travels more or less "self-contained" in the Salonika area, and whenever a party is thrown together the joint supplies are commandeered for the common good. The mess menu was a simple one of soup, tinned salmon, rice and cheese, but by the time M. Venizelos' hamper had yielded a box of fresh figs, a can of the honey of Hymettus, and a couple of bottles of Cretan wine, and the French officers had cognac, some tins of *flageolet* for salad and a tumbler of confiture, and the English nurse had brought out the last of her Christmas plum-cake, and I had thrown in a loaf of Italian *pan-forte* and a tin of chocolates, the little crazy-legged camp-table had assumed a festal air.

A number of toasts were proposed and drunk, but no one spoke of the nearer or remoter progress of the war. M. Venizelos adverted several times to the wonder of the spring flowers as he had seen them from the road, especially the great fields of blood-red poppies, and I overheard him telling Madame A—— some apparently amusing incidents of his early life in Crete. But it was not until, the banquet over, he had settled himself in his car for the drive to Salonika that he alluded to any of the things with which his mind must have been so engrossed all the time.

"So you thought that our troops had all the best of the enemy this morning?" he said with a grave smile as he shook my hand.

"Incomparably the best of it," I answered.

"Then perhaps you will understand why I felt so confident that the Bulgars would not have come into the war if they had known that Greece would stand by Serbia. And you will also understand why I feel so confident that our military help to the Allies will be a very real one, perhaps enough of a one even to save Greece from herself.

This was, I believe the latest occasion on which M. Venizelos visited his troops at the Front.

Chinamen in France

By Charles Watney

BEHIND the fighting line you find men of innumerable races and nationalities, employed not as combatants but on purely labour duties. By far the most numerous are the Chinese.

We were not the originator of the idea of employing Chinese labour in France. The French were the pioneers. Encouraged by their experience in utilising the services of men from their own Colonies, they proceeded to enrol them with the acquiescence of the Chinese Government in Northern China, and it is also from the north that we ourselves draft them to France. The Chinaman does not mind long journeys and long periods of voluntary expatriation. He signs on for a three years contract, whereas the South African native for domestic reasons limits his period of service to one year. This is a strong point in the former's favour. Another point in his favour is that he is a hardy traveller.

It must be an interesting pilgrimage when some thousands of these men set out for Europe, and it must be a remarkable experience. In the first place they have been carefully selected, and apart from a few elderly individuals they are all of a fine physique. But at the same time in a long journey maladies are necessarily contracted or developed. In that case, the pilgrimage drops the sick people for hospital attendance on the way and when they have recovered they are attached to the next party passing through. Thus, some parties arrive less in strength than when they started, while others arrive considerably larger. These maladies are nearly always trivial; an attack of mumps held a party up at one spot for quite a long time. Up to the present, no mishap whatever has befallen any, and the mortality is trivial. One of these Chinese labourers who recently died in a British town was accorded a military funeral.

One must pay a tribute to the buoyancy and the imperturbability of these men. They have no break in their long journey, yet when I saw them—as I did the other day to the extent of some two or three thousand—they were all cheerful and well provided with tomtoms and other instruments of music. Most European critics wonder whether their clothing is sufficiently thick to protect them against cold; it seems to be standardised, for every man wore a long brown cloak over his usual Chinese dress, which apparently consists of both light summer and thick padded winter clothes worn simultaneously, the latter next to the skin. Their shoes seem the least suitable, but this makes no difference, for every man is supplied with a pair of boots just the same as those worn by the British soldier.

This contingent of immigrants landed in France in the mid-afternoon; late the same evening a train dropped them at a great Chinese depôt miles and miles behind the fighting front and they passed the first night in bell tents. The next morning showed them a type of camp with which many, having laboured in South Africa, are familiar. On one side of a wide road, evidently remodelled extensively by the military, since the spot lies well off the beaten track, has been built a large mixed camp, one-third of tents and two-thirds of permanent structures of the normal military type which the army carpenter is running up all over Northern France.

This camp possesses features which are not found in the other Chinese camps in France. It is the great clearing depôt for all arrivals, and its administration is testimony of the thoroughness, care, and patience with which these immigrants are looked after. They spend but a short time in the depôt, a few days at the most, and sometimes if the incoming numbers are very large, as they occasionally are, only just sufficient time for record and refitting purposes. In the morning after their arrival each man is individually submitted to a very minute medical examination, more especially for trachoma and to a lesser degree for pulmonary troubles.

Naturally the one great object in a camp of this nature and in dealing with a race prone to certain diseases, is to detect at the earliest possible moment the outbreak of even a single case. The medical attendance and supervision of the men, therefore, is notably thorough and perfect. Prior, however, to the medical examination each man has to be identified. The men have names, which are known to the authorities, but in view of their complexity and difficulty of pronunciation each is known, and for all practical purposes identified, by a number.

It appears that astute men having signed on in China for the Government terms have found it more profitable to stay at home and send a deputy, whom they undertake to pay at a rate which, needless to say, is very much under the standard of the British Government. This misplaced ingenuity must be ceasing to be popular, since it is always detected, and the substitute may, if fit, be kept on; but the original exploiter of cheap labour never benefits in the least.

Love of New Boots

When the men leave the doctor—and the vast majority arrive in excellent health—they are taken in hand by the Quarter-master of the Stores. It is his job to fit them out with boots, vests and blankets, and his department keeps such a minute record of each individual transaction that if at a later date any labourer suggests he has not been properly and adequately fitted out, his statement can be at once investigated. Occasionally one has heard reports that some of the men suffer from lack of boots. As a matter of fact, they may suffer in this way, but it is their own fault. The average Chinaman is by no means an innocent and unsophisticated child of nature. He has been known to sell his boots for the sake of the few dollars he may get on them, and he will then return and blandly ask for another pair. He has too a weakness for new boots. Sometimes some of the boots have been stout secondhand ones, thoroughly repaired, but if one man knows that another has received a pair of new boots, his one object is to work back the old ones on the stores and try and persuade them to give him a new pair. In fact, two men whose request to this end had been turned down, retired to the background to take council, and presently one returned with two left-foot boots, remarking that a mistake had evidently been made in the issue. But the fraud failed.

Having obtained his outfit, the man is ready for work, but normally, unless it be camp routine duty, he is not called upon to do anything for two or three days, until, so to speak, he has "found his feet." He therefore devotes himself to getting his outfit in order, repairing own clothes, etc., etc. He soon finds that the Government has taken him thoroughly in hand, so that he has to worry about nothing. His rations are up to the standard of the soldier, and in one or two respects even better. He is, if he desires, allowed to prepare some of his own food in his own way, this being especially the case in regard to the bread or bread cakes which every Oriental likes. The bulk of the meals are, however, prepared by the authorities on European lines, but with Chinese cook-helpers, in the usual field kitchens. Whatever may have been their home diet, new arrivals speedily accustom themselves to solid European fare, which is probably infinitely better than that with which in peace time they are familiar. No scruples are urged in respect of any type of food. There is an Expeditionary Force Canteen on the premises, where they can buy all the articles which the soldier usually purchases, and various forms of food popular in the East.

Meantime, the authorities devote themselves to sorting out the new arrivals. There are always a number of men in a Chinese camp who have knowledge of a trade. Some are able to attend to machinery, others make good cobblers, or can successfully perform many of the little specialised duties which have always to be attended to in an army. They are set aside for special work as it arrives, while the rest—day labourers—are grouped in companies in anticipation of requisitions which may come down at any moment from any part of the British line. For this purpose local camps have to be built for these Chinese labourers very much on the lines of the depot camp. There are already nine in existence, and the number grows daily since, by the end of the year, there may be well 100,000 Chinese labourers in France.

Even the rough type of labourer does well. The Chinaman makes a good show in landing or loading cargo. His champions claim that he holds the record for rapid work at sea-ports, and for road work he can challenge comparison with any race. So, when the requisitions arrive at the depot, the men are at once sent off, always under a British officer speaking their language, and, in addition, overseers of their own nationality, all of whom know some English, and many of whom a good deal. It is by no means uncommon to find Chinese who have served, for instance, in the old Wei Hai Wei Regiments, and who have a substantial acquaintance with military discipline.

Is the work popular? You cannot go to France and come to any other conclusion. In the first place, the rate of pay is good. In addition to the free clothes, free food and free accommodation, each man receives a franc a day, while an allowance of ten Mexican dollars a month is paid to his family at home. It would not be surprising to learn that the work is equally popular in China among the families whose men are thus at the front. Nor do the ten dollars probably represent all the money that is distributed at home. A Bank is being established so that the men can remit money home, but one fancies sometimes that the temptations of European articles of dress and food absorb a portion of the savings. The one franc a day is only the minimum rate paid to unskilled men. Those who have any special trade aptitude, can earn a great deal more.

A Great Experiment

By Jason

This article describes an experiment in the self-government of an important industry, which may conceivably effect in the future almost a revolution in the industrial world.

THERE are certain economic calamities that the mind associates with war. Chief among them are high prices, wild fluctuations of trade, spells of unemployment. In every war a few men are enriched and in every war the shadow of ruin and destitution broods over nine homes out of ten. When the skies fell in August three years ago, there were many whose minds went back to the last great European war with its terrible record of degradation and misery. The Industrial system has connected the whole world in a series of relationships so delicate and penetrating that any violent disturbance must react on every community that buys and sells. Professor George Unwin has shown in his book on *Industrial Organisation in the Sixteenth Century* that the handicraft or guild system is associated with the town economy, the domestic or commission system with the national economy, and the factory system with the world economy. We saw what this implied in the case of the war with Napoleon when the Industrial system was scarcely out of its cradle. A nation that is involved in the world economy is subject to vicissitudes that do not affect a community that has not passed beyond the earlier forms. The more elaborate that system, the greater the consequent chaos. Hence it looked to most people in 1914 as if the second great European War would follow the course of the first, inflicting all the same disturbance only in greater degree.

This has not happened. This is not the place to discuss the various causes that have made part of that forecast false. Some of them are quite independent of the sagacity of man; some of them mark a return to more primitive conditions than those we associate with the Industrial system. But in some degree our escape from these evils has been due to the readiness to learn the lessons of the war, and some of these lessons are lessons for peace. Not the least significant experiment in this connection is the experiment of the Control Board in the Woollen and Worsted Industries.

The control applies to both these industries, for they are both concerned with the requirements of the army, and they are, of course, very intimately associated. Roughly speaking, worsted differs from woollen in its raw material and in the preparation that material undergoes. The worsted mill uses long wools ranging in length up to 14 or even 17 inches; the woollen mill uses short wools, the fibres of which vary from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The wool used by a worsted weaver has been combed before it is spun. Combing is the process by which the long wool called the "tops" is separated from the short, the "noils." The wool used by a woollen weaver is carded—that is, whereas in combing the fibres are made to lie straight and parallel, in carding they are made to overlap one another. Worsted fabrics are generally lighter and finer than woollen. They are made, for example, into men's dress suits, and into certain serges. Woollens are used for fine broadcloths, winter overcoats and tweeds. The worsted industry is strongest in Bradford, Huddersfield and Halifax; the woollen in Leeds and the neighbouring districts, in the West of England and in Scotland.

It is characteristic of the woollen and worsted industries that the family type of business is prevalent, and the normal mill is comparatively small. There are rather under three hundred thousand persons engaged in the industry, and the average number of workpeople in a woollen mill is 100; in a worsted mill 200. Cotton is much more highly organised from every point of view. As Dr. J. H. Clapham points out in his admirable book on *The Woollen and Worsted Industries*, "It is never possible to gauge the general prosperity of worsted spinning by comparing the balance-sheets and dividends of scores of limited mills, whereas this is regularly done in the case of Lancashire cotton spinning." Organisation among employers has developed more slowly in wool than in cotton, and trade unionism at the outbreak of war, outside a few craft unions, was lamentably weak. This general contrast was partly due to history. The factory system swallowed up the cotton industry much earlier than the woollen. Even so lately as thirty years ago, handloom weavers were still an important body of men in the small towns and villages round Leeds, Huddersfield and Dewsbury.

One other general fact about the industry must be grasped if we are to appreciate the task that the Government undertook when it set to work on this scheme of control. The worsted industry is very highly specialised. The wool merchant buys wool, blends and sorts it. He then sends it to a wool-comber who combs it into tops. The tops are sold to a spinner, who spins them into yarn and sells his yarn to the manufacturer. The yarn is then woven into pieces, in which form the cloth is sent to the dyer. In the woollen industry there is rather less specialisation, for carding, spinning and weaving are generally carried on in the same mill. It is clear from this account that the industry is highly complicated with a number of different interests, and that the task of organising and controlling it presents special difficulties.

The necessity for control of some kind became evident in the early part of last year, when the Government realised that unless some check was put upon prices, the cost of clothing the army would be ruinous. In the old days the army got what it needed by competitive tender, but the conditions were now quite abnormal. The needs of the army in khaki, flannel and blankets were on a stupendous scale, and the export trade was stimulated by the immense requirements of our Allies. The War Office Contracts Department, accordingly, determined to organise production for its own needs, taking power by an Order in Council under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, to requisition the output of any factory on terms based on the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. They arrived at this figure by examining the books of different firms, and calling on manufacturers to supply detailed information as to their output, their cost of production and the profits they had earned. Hence at the outset an important principle was introduced, for the different sections of the trade affected were called on to nominate representative committees and the "conversion costs"—that is, the scale of payment prescribed for a particular operation, based on the cost of that operation—was agreed with these committees. That is, an industry in which organisation was at the time in a most elementary condition, was obliged to choose representatives and to take a wider view of its interests in order to secure a proper hearing from a Government Department.

So far the Government had merely arranged to get a certain amount of work done by the manufacturers at a reasonable rate. This volume of work was a great and increasing proportion of the trade as a whole, for it soon came to include not merely the requirements of our army, but all the requirements of our public services and the requirement of the Governments of our Allies as well. But before long it became clear that the control was too limited, for the price of raw wool was advancing at an alarming rate and this rise of price was a warning that the supply of wool was not equal to the world's demands. In 1915 there was a serious shrinkage in the production of wool in Australia, where drought had reduced the sheep flocks from 82 millions to 69 millions, and also in South America, where cattle raising and wheat growing were developing into powerful rivals. Meanwhile, America had removed her import duties on wool and her consumption was rapidly increasing. The War Office Contracts Department realised that as a measure of national safety it was essential to secure the raw material that was needed for our consumption and the consumption of our Allies. Accordingly, the Government decided in May, 1916, to buy the Home Clip. They divided the country into districts, appointed experienced wool buyers as officials to superintend the transaction, and for the detailed purchase they employed wool merchants working on commission. The prices were roughly 35 per cent. above the prices ruling in July, 1914. A still more important step was taken in the autumn, when the Government decided to buy the whole of the Australasian Clips. In this case the arrangements were made with the Colonial Governments who acted as the Government's agents. Two-fifths of the wool is cross-bred, the best for military purposes, and the rest merino.

These transactions entirely altered the Government's relations to the trade, for they put the supplies of the trade in the hands of the Government. The Home Clip accounted or a ninth part of the consumption in 1915; the Australian clips represent half the world's exportable resources. The Government had, therefore, to arrange for distribution to the industry, and to provide not merely the wool that was needed for Government cloth, but the wool that was going to be passed on to the civilian trade. It is obvious that this responsibility introduced all kinds of delicate questions. For one thing, there was the question of distribution. The wool that the Government did not require was to be sold, but if the supply was less than the demand, on what principle was it to be assigned? At the time, the state of the foreign exchanges gave a special importance to the export trade, and priority was accordingly given to the needs of that trade. But the Government had to consider, not merely the distribution, but the economy of supplies, complicated as it was by the general difficulty of tonnage. The Government had to secure the nation against the risk of a failure of supplies and for this purpose it was necessary to regulate the consumption of wool by the trade. Here were two problems full of material for dispute.

The Government took measures to facilitate the execution of its task. A Department was set up in Bradford, men of experience and standing in the trade were enlisted as Government officials, a Wool Advisory Committee was formed representing different sections of the industry, and trade unions, as well as employers' associations. But the early proceedings of the Department provoked resentment and suspicion in the trade, and the columns of the *Yorkshire Observer* and the *Yorkshire Post* during the summer months reflect the agitations and the discontents of the industry. There is no part of the country where bureaucratic control is rejected with greater dislike, and so far the scheme was in its essence bureaucratic. The hard-headed Yorkshireman is the last man in the world to accept dictation from an official. Mr. H. W. Forster, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, visited Bradford, and addressed critical and even hostile meetings. Deputations went up from Bradford to London. It looked as if the trade were irreconcilable, and the prospects of any effective co-operation seemed almost desperate. The situation was saved by the offer of the Department to set up a Board of Control, and thereby enable the industry itself to regulate the working of the scheme, subject only to the satisfaction of the essential requirements of the Government. The Board was formed in September, and its powers were defined by Order in Council the same month.

A Controlling Board

The Board consists of 33 members, of whom eleven are Government officials, many of them manufacturers or merchants in the present or the past. Thus, Mr. Charles Sykes, the Controller, who is Chairman of the Board, and a very successful chairman, has been closely associated with the industry, and he speaks with an intimate knowledge and experience of its circumstances and needs. Most of the eleven official members are in the same case. Eleven again represent spinners and manufacturers. Three are chosen by the West Riding Spinners' Federation, three by the Woollen and Worsted Trades Federation, and one each by the Scottish Manufacturers, the West of England Manufacturers Association, the Hosiery Manufacturers, the Low Wool Users (*i.e.*, men who make blankets, etc.), and the Shoddy and Mungo Manufacturers' Association. Lastly, the Trade Unions have eleven members representing the several craft unions and the General Union of Textile Workers.

The setting up of the Board is an immense event in an industry where individualist tradition is so persistent. The different groups of interests have been compelled to co-operate, and to recognise that the industry as a whole has interests and responsibilities. And the work of the Board is of the most important and delicate kind. The War Office reserves to itself certain powers. It decides the amount of raw material to be maintained for military purposes; it determines the terms and conditions of Government contracts; keeps in its own hands all financial arrangements and carries out all the earlier processes such as the cleaning, blending, and combing of the raw wool. It is not until the wool has reached the topmaking stage that the control of the Board begins. At that stage, subject to the above reservations, it is the duty of the Board to regulate all allocation of wool, tops, and other products, and by-products, in such manner as:

(a) To secure the most efficient execution of Government orders for supplies of woollen and worsted goods.
(b) To employ to the greatest advantage the labour, machinery and skill now engaged in the industry.
(c) To keep in full use the greatest possible proportion of the machinery at present employed in the trade.

Its actual duties differ in the case of wool for military requirements, and of wool for the civilian trade. Contracts for the execution of Government orders are allocated by a Committee; the spinners and manufacturers are paid on the basis of conversion costs, and there is no element of profit making. It is laid down in the Order-in-Council that the officials of the Department shall obtain the advice and concurrence of the Board in so far as is necessary to secure the most efficient and equable distribution as between districts, trades, groups, and individual firms, and to secure all possible regularity and continuity in production. Thus, the responsibility for organising the execution of Government contracts in such a way as to promote the interests of efficiency, equity and continuous employment is thrown upon the Board

The Civilian Trade

In the case of wool for the civilian trade the Board has full and direct responsibility for the distribution of supplies. "The Board is empowered to allocate as between districts, trades, groups, and individual firms the quantity of wool and tops available for civilian trade." The Board discharges this duty by setting up a number of rationing committees chosen by the spinners and manufacturers, in some cases with Trade Union members, with a Joint Rationing Committee in control, on which the several district Committees and the trade unions are represented. These Committees ascertain the main facts about the needs and capacity of the different mills and the different districts and the wool at the disposal of the Board is distributed in proportion. Such a task can only be carried out by the representatives of the industry; for no Government Department can command the confidence of the men who have to make the sacrifices necessary in the interests of justice and of public safety.

The industry thus takes into its own hands a function which at first the Government attempted itself to discharge; a function that in other times has been left to the play of economic forces, with results that have brought ruin and unemployment in many districts and thousands of houses. Instead of a scramble in which some men might make fortunes and others pass into the bankruptcy court, with workpeople here working overtime and there walking the streets in hunger and misery, we have an industry regulating its fortunes with a view to the common good. It is recognised that there is something better than economic law as the arbiter of men's fate. The conscious efforts of a set of men to adapt themselves to a crisis in such a way as to check its disturbing consequences mark a step of the first importance in the reconstruction of industry on humane lines. It is difficult to calculate the amount of pain, degradation and lasting mischief that would have been averted if there had been such a system in force a hundred years ago.

Nor does this exhaust the duties of the Board. A most important clause in the Order directs them to take all possible measures to protect the interests of the home consumer, and to secure equable treatment as between various branches of the industry. The industry comprises different sections that are often in conflict; merchants, spinners, manufacturers. The merchant may be in a position to exploit the spinner; the spinner to exploit the manufacturer. The Board presides like Olympus over all these interests, and forces them to accept a new moral discipline in place of the old economic struggle. Its very existence has a significance that can be scarcely exaggerated.

Meanwhile, the consumer is not forgotten. "All possible measures are to be taken to protect him." And it speaks well for the vigour and the resolution of the Board that within a few weeks of its creation Mr. Charles Sykes can announce to the press that a scheme is shortly to be produced for checking profiteering in the civilian trade, and for providing a standard cloth at a fixed price. This does not mean that we shall all have to wear clothes of the same colour and pattern if we want to escape the high charges of our tailor. What it means is that manufacturers will be invited to make a certain quality and size of cloth, for which they will receive payment on the basis of conversion costs just as if they were making khaki. The pattern and the colour will vary from one manufacturer to another. In this way the home consumer will be able to buy clothes at a reasonable price of a guaranteed quality. A full and interesting discussion of the scheme is now proceeding in the columns of the *Yorkshire Observer* where representatives of the different interests are giving their views.

As a scheme for carrying the nation through a crisis the Board of Control is a most interesting and happy experiment. But it is infinitely more than this. It is a spectacle of a self-governing industry acquiring a new corporate spirit, a larger appreciation of the rights and duties of the industry as a whole, a new sense of the danger of uncontrolled economic forces, and a new consciousness of the place and share to which the workpeople are entitled in the government of the industrial world

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Lord Morley's Recollections

NO living man has had a more various life or seen more of the things that are of permanent interest than Lord Morley (*Recollections*, Macmillan, 2 vols., 25s. net), and even two thick volumes of reminiscences leave us with plenty of questions to ask about things that are omitted. He was in the centre of the mid-Victorian Liberal movement and sat at the feet of Mill, talked with Mazzini, knew Victor Hugo. He was prominent with Huxley in the theologico-scientific controversies which followed the publication of Darwin's speculations. He was an intimate of George Eliot, and Matthew Arnold, and lifelong friend of George Meredith; he watched the birth of United Italy, was Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man during the Home Rule struggles, and lived to effect his greatest positive political achievement in the 1906-10 Parliament, and to resign a seat in the Cabinet at the outbreak of the present war. His index, therefore, contains a most extraordinary list of names, and only the most cursory survey of the book is possible.

* * * * *

The earliest chapters deal mainly with great figures of the last century. There are character-sketches of many of them, and little pictures which show both their merits and their defects. "I have never known," says Lord Morley,

> such high perfection of social intercourse as the Thursday dinners at the Priory in days when society let her (George Eliot) alone. The guests were always the same, understood one another, spoke the same language, Spencer, Browning, Congreve, Theodore Martin, Harrison; talk of serious things without solemnity; nobody wanting to shine or to carry a point or to interject a last word; all kept in sympathetic play by Lewes's sparkling good humour.

Not all these reunions, however, were so perspicuous.

> The only time that I can recall anything like monologue at Mill's table, Spencer was the involuntary hero. The host said to him at dessert that Grote, who was present, would like to hear him explain one or more of his views about the equilibration of molecules in some relation or other. Spencer, after an instant of good-natured hesitation, complied with unbroken fluency for a quarter of an hour or more. Grote followed every word intently, and in the end expressed himself as well satisfied. Mill, as we moved off into the drawing-room, declared to me his admiration of a wonderful piece of lucid exposition. Fawcett, in a whisper, asked me if I understood a word of it, for he did not. Luckily, I had no time to answer.

But, as a rule, it is a picture of complete harmony, mutual understanding and general disinterestedness that Lord Morley presents; broken only by his sorrow that Mill should have elapsed into Manichæanism and Sidgwick into Spiritualism, and by Sidgwick's rude observation, which here comes in like an intruder, that Comte and Spencer had a "fatuous self-confidence." On the whole that age and that circle is viewed by Lord Morley much as our first parents may be presumed to have viewed their lost Eden. Not all will agree.

* * * * *

Of Mill Lord Morley writes with a depth of affection equal to that which he felt for Meredith and Chamberlain. Chamberlain draws from him the warmest and longest personal tributes of all: one is tempted to wonder whether when, in old age, Meredith issued a violent manifesto against Chamberlain in which unfavourable allusion was made to his nose, Lord Morley endeavoured to reason with him. He suggests Chamberlain's intellectual limitations; but he says that he had a remarkable eye for facts actually under his observation, that he never maintained any cause in which he did not ardently believe, and that the accusation of cynicism commonly made against him had no more foundation than his habit of sarcasm. Of men who became prominent at a later day he writes with a special warmth of Campbell-Bannerman, whom he describes as a man full of common sense, devoid of self-assertiveness, a remarkable instinct for the right thing to do, and a most successful Chairman of Cabinet. His political reminiscences are in some respects not so full or so novel in content as one had hoped. He throws less new light upon the history of the Irish Question than the biographers of Sir Charles Dilke have done, and his account of his own activities in Ireland does not convince one that he was a great administrative success, though he is scarcely unique in that. But there is one large section of the book which, for exhaustiveness and frankness, excels anything in any modern book of this kind. That is the section which gives the history of Lord Morley's régime at the Indian Office, and particularly of his Indian Reform Scheme. In his letters to Lord Minto, in notes and comments, he gives an exhaustive account, full of what are called indiscretions—(*i.e.* truths conventionally kept for posterity)—about men and measures, and full also of illustrations of his own political knowledge and sagacity. No Viceroy can ever have received such remarkable letters from a Secretary of State. They are full of vivid detail and penetrating observations about things in general; and the evolution and progress of the Reform Scheme itself is exhibited upon a stage. We see all the conflicting forces at work. The Viceroy is sympathetic but cautious, in view of the prevalent unrest, and inclined to rather more drastic action than Lord Morley was inclined to agree to. The Secretary of State wrote long friendly lectures expounding the basis of Liberal principles, delimiting the boundaries of repression and explaining the need of accompanying firm administration with reasonable concession. Meanwhile, he pushed on with his plan, whilst Indian extremists and their sympathisers in England denounced it as hopelessly inadequate, Anglo-India attacked it as revolutionary, some of his own colleagues were tepid, and the Upper House was very doubtful. As we watch the play of all these elements, and others, we cannot but admire the persistency, coolness and tact with which Lord Morley stuck to its measure and got it through uninjured.

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It is an impressive book. When one closes it one has travelled a long way, seen many men and many things, passed through the heat of many controversies, and left their dust behind one on the road. One's fellow traveller and guide has been a man more than ordinarily certain of himself, of what is known and what is unknown, of what is wise and what is not wise; capable of understanding doctrines that he opposes, but never in danger of succumbing to them; abnormally immune against change, but catholic in his interests; austere, but escaping frigidity; incapable of giving expression to a fever of emotion, but diffusing a mild warmth which comes from that organ which his school, with the loftiest of intentions, rather tended to starve. His political creed, whatever its imperfections, was a noble one as far as it went; he has remained faithful to it and, looking backward, he seems to find nothing with which to reproach himself. He says that the period between Waterloo and Sedan was the greatest and finest period of modern history. It is disputable. He himself says, in another connection, that Pope Paul III., was "spinning no cobwebs when he admonished his Council of Trent that Belief is the foundation of life, that good conduct only grows out of a right creed, and that errors of opinion may be more dangerous even than Sin." And it has possibly occurred to him that his generation was more fertile in "honest doubt" than in creeds with life in them. He ends with the admission that it might fairly be asked whether the Darwins, the Spencers and the Renans, have left the world better than they found it; whether "their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches." These questions he leaves unanswered:

> These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.
>
> Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend squat on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphpysician
> So to my home in the falling daylight.

There is the touch of artifice, even of sentimental artifice, there; but it makes an effective close to what has gone before, and an effective commentary upon it. The rationalist is left under the stars as puzzled as the others, and a good deal colder. But one cannot begin discussing here. One can only say that Lord Morley's book is the most eloquent and comprehensive exposition that exists of the Agnostic Liberalism of the nineteenth century; that it is extremely valuable in parts as an historical record; that it gives the picture of a laborious life, always dominated by the duty of serving mankind; and that the production of such a book at eighty must long remain one of the most remarkable feats of green old age.

Copies of "The British Firing Line Portfolio" containing a series of Engravings in Colour by Captain Handley-Read and forming a wonderful record of the Battle-area, may be obtained, price 5 guineas each, from the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.

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Books of the Week

The Marne—and After. By Major A. Corbett-Smith. With plates and maps. Cassell. 5s. net.

The Doings of the Fifteenth Infantry Brigade, August 1914 to March 1915. By Brigadier-General Count Gleichen. Blackwood. 5s. net.

The Tenth (Irish) Division at Gallipoli. By Major Bryan Cooper. With an introduction by Major-General Sir Bryan Mahon, D.S.O. Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.

Twenty-two Months Under Fire. By Brigadier-General Henry Page Croft, C.M.G., M.P. John Murray. 5s. net.

Carrying On—After the First Hundred Thousand. By Ian Hay. (The Junior Sub.) Blackwood. 6s. net.

Glorious Exploits of the Air. By Edgar Middleton. Simpkin Marshall. 5s. net.

HARKING back to the very strenuous and critical days of the original Expeditionary Force—the days after the Marne, when the men of the old army waited patiently for the new armies to train and come out, one is struck by the difference in the estimate of the enemy, and also by the equipment of that wonderful old army. Major Corbett-Smith, in a very salutary chapter on enemy atrocities, points out that it was not till after the Marne and the advance to the Aisne that the British troops began to realise what manner of men were these Germans whom they faced, for on the great retreat they had left behind them villages and towns untouched, but, as soon as they returned on the tracks of the Hun, they began to see unbelievable things—there had been no *Lusitania* sinking, then; Louvain might be an exaggeration, and Rheims was still untouched. But these sights were undeniable. Very sanely Major Corbett-Smith comments:

> I have remarked that it is the depravity of a whole nation rather than the individual excesses of an Army which is responsible for these things. A national army reflects the spirit of the nation. The German Army was, at the outbreak of war, just such an army as Britain in 1916 had in the field. Representative, I mean, of the nation as a whole. It was not a select body of professional troops such as ours was. And it was that national army—and, through it, the German people—which was guilty of those incredible outrages against all laws human and divine. . . . What purpose will be served by a German revolution? The German people remain.

This he sets as a warning to those who expect, in the day of reckoning, that punishment of the German rulers, apart from the people, will be sufficient—it is the nation as a whole that is perverted in instinct, guilty of the enormous crime.

* * * * *

In the matter of the equipment of the old army, Brigadier General Count Gleichen, in his *Doings of the Fifteenth Infantry Brigade,* remarks that "it does indeed seem extraordinary now that in those strenuous days of 1914 we had only about three machine guns to two battalions. Nowadays we should have at least twenty." And Major Bryan Cooper, in his *The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli*, a record worthy almost to rank with the Iliad as a catalogue of the incredible exploits of mortal men, makes the same point when he tells how Irishmen held on and died under a rain of Turkish bombs, having no bombs themselves with which to reply. One hero caught the bombs as coolly as if in a cricket match, and hurled them back to explode in the Turkish lines, till one exploded as he caught it and sent him to the Valhalla of heroes. These three books are epic

* * * * *

Coming forward to the doings of the Territorials, *Twenty-two Months under Fire*, by Brigadier-General H. Page-Croft, gives the stories of Zonnebeke, Givenchy, the battle of Festubert, Neuve Chapelle, Loos—all the great actions of that time which now seems far off, before the machinery of to-day had come to supplement the courage which has not failed since the first Expeditionary Force set out. This author takes his story on to the battle of the Somme, and to Pozieres, and he sees as the great lesson of the war a realisation of the fact that the nations of the British will stand together.

"Scattered as we are we can still claim similar qualities of steadfastness of purpose, courage against all odds, greatness in adversity," and "severally we could not have lasted the course, but together we shall win through." The whole of this book is a tribute to "that great-hearted gentleman, the British soldier," and that is why it cannot be other than a worthy record of heroism, illustrated by stories which go to prove that in the grimmest struggles the sense of humour is never lacking from either Regulars or Territorials.

* * * * *

In rather lighter vein Ian Hay has continued his record of life with the Territorials, *Carrying On—After the First Hundred Thousand.* Sergeant Mucklewame—no longer a mere private—is again to the fore, as are Wagstaffe and other old friends of this author's preceding account of training and war. It was evident, when *The First Hundred Thousand* was published, that there were many good stories of the doings of these worthies yet untold, and here they are—the author has decided not to make a third volume, and thus this second ends with Mucklewame out of it, Bobby about to be married, and Wagstaffe commiserating him on the sad event. It is an old saying that a sequel is never a success, but Ian Hay proves the reverse.

* * * * *

Another "war book," this time devoted to the doings of the youngest service, is *Glorious Exploits of the Air,* in which Mr. Edgar Middleton has collected some stories of the work of the R.F.C. by way of material, and woven them into a book from which it is possible to gain some idea of the multifarious duties of the flying man. A point worth making in connection with this work is that the author is himself an ex-pilot of the Air Service, and thus is able to maintain technical accuracy, which is none too common in flying stories.

But for the work of the Royal Flying Corps as depicted by photographs, we would specially commend that volume, now a familiar sight on every bookstall, with its striking cover of cloudscape and a swooping aeroplane. Lord Hugh Cecil, himself in the Service, has written a most interesting introduction describing the actual work of the R.F.C. in which he mentions that the dangers of training have rather increased than diminished. The *Illustrated London News* is responsible for the printing of this admirable volume, the cost of which is half-a-crown, the proceeds going to A.F.C. hospitals.

The Fleet Annual, 1917 (Chapman and Hall, 4s. net), provides enlightenment for the lay mind in its list of the vessels of the British Navy, a list that is well worth perusal by all. There is, in addition, an excellent outline history of the war from the naval point of view, together with a naval roll of honour for the year which this "Annual" concerns, and a mass of other matter relating to such varied subjects as naval separation allowances and submarine warfare. It is a very useful and well-compiled volume, tabulating all that can be published, and containing many facts about the Navy. Mr. Lionel Yexley, compiler of the "Annual," has the advantage of thorough technical knowledge of his work, as is evident in his selection of matter and in its arrangement.

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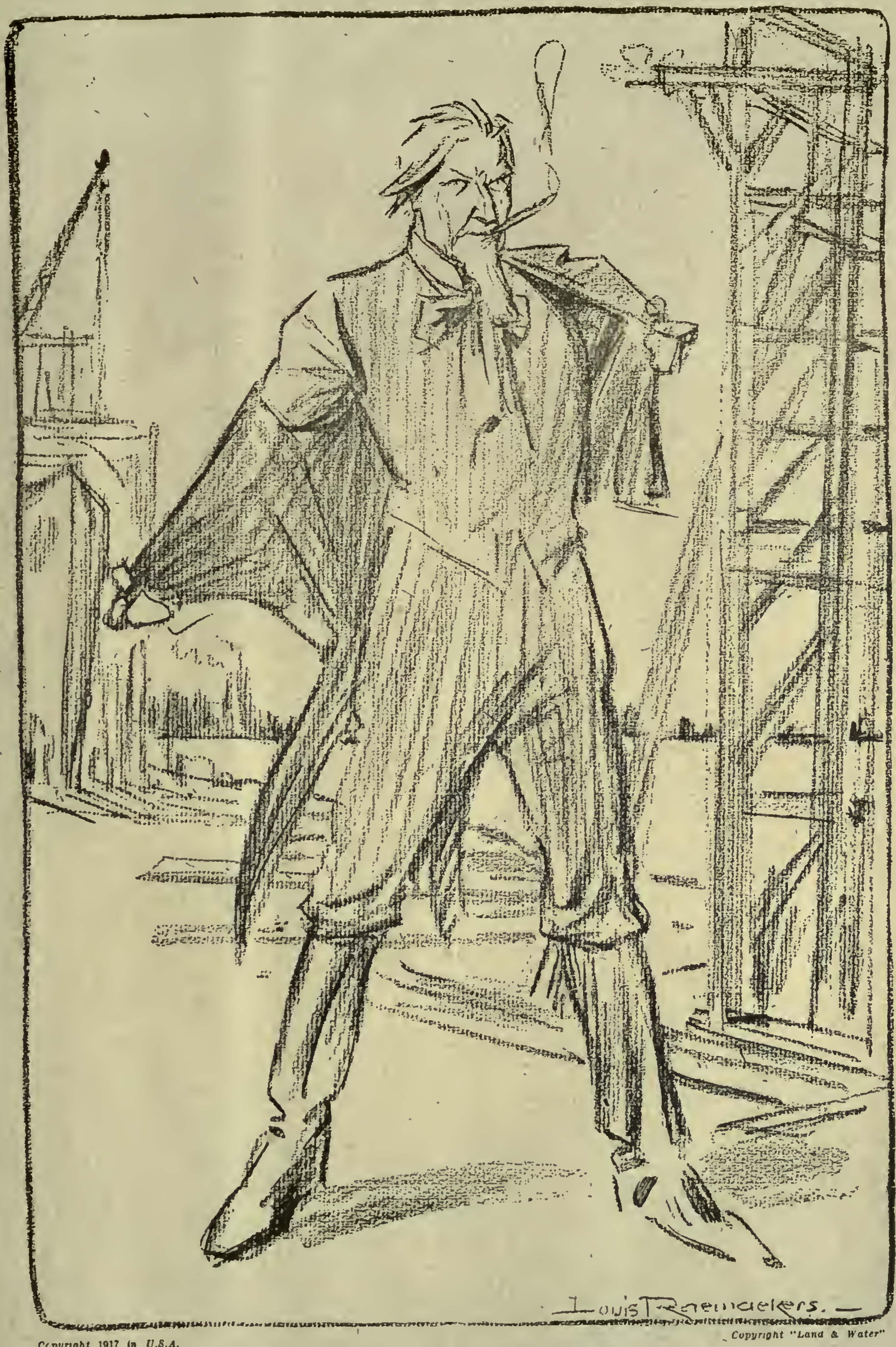
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Uncle Sam : "I think I had better hurry those ships along"

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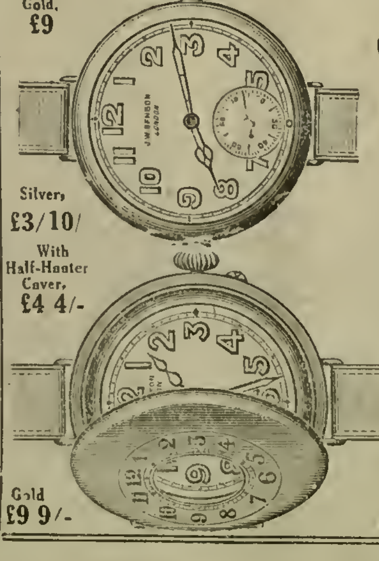

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1917

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FOOD RATIONS

LET it be clearly and distinctly understood that the introduction of food rations in this country is only a question of time. They may be introduced before Christmas; they may be postponed until Easter, but sooner or later a number of the necessities of life, more particularly those of which the weekly consumption has been specified by Sir Arthur Yapp, while the actual amount consumed is still left to the goodwill of the consumer, will have to be doled out weekly in order that there may be enough to go round. The problem with which we are more directly faced is one of distribution. This is the most difficult task of all to deal with; how difficult only those who have ever had to deal with famines are aware. In India, where periodical droughts cause serious food shortages over large areas, the problem was most carefully investigated some thirty years ago and a Famine Code was drafted which furnished precise instructions. Although there is nothing resembling famine in the United Kingdom, a shortage of several vital commodities is present—a shortage, that is to say, as compared with normal times, when plentiful supplies permitted a considerable margin of waste in the process of the foodstuffs passing from producer to consumer. This shortage might easily develop into famine in certain districts through lack of control and direction unless the Government took the work in hand in good time.

We are very sceptical whether voluntary rationing will ever achieve any substantial reduction in the consumption of foodstuffs. To begin with, the popular mind has been trained for years to regard Government as its keeper. The licensing laws rest on the assumption that the people are incapable of deciding for themselves how much alcohol they may safely drink. Thus Government declares the people to be incompetent to regulate their appetites in so far as luxuries are concerned—luxuries, the consumption of which is naturally restricted by the means at their disposal—wherefore for it now to turn round and expect them, by reason of a speech of a Government official or of a paragraph they may have chanced to read in their newspapers or on a hoarding, to restrict their consumption of necessities, which they have ample means to obtain, seems, to put it mildly, illogical. But it may be argued circumstances are so different. This is only true in a sense. Most of the food staples are still as easy or almost as easy to obtain as alcoholic liquor was before the war; and as we have before pointed out, it requires a strong effort of the imagination for any human being to realise that by reducing his portion of bread at a meal by a slice or two or his Sunday joint of beef by a lb. or a couple of lbs., he is doing his duty by his country. No doubt many households can be found, especially among the better educated of the working classes and also among the upper and middle classes, where a strict regimen is in force and has been in force ever since the war began, but even placing these at the highest possible total they are relatively few.

The fact has also not to be overlooked that there is a considerable alien population in this country. It is known that the bulk of the men are employing every subterfuge they can think of (some of which are exceedingly clever to avoid military service. Is it reasonable to suppose this type of humanity will do anything to restrict its consumption, especially at the present time when more often than not it is enjoying the hectic flush of war-time prosperity? It has been said in responsible journals, and it has never been contradicted, that the alien peoples in our midst, whether in London or Leeds or elsewhere, are consuming more food per head than ever before. Nor need we be surprised at it considering their former misery before they found an asylum in this country, and knowing as we have learnt to know to our cost how liberty is abused by those new to it, Russia of course being the outstanding example, the very country from which the bulk of these people come.

There are various causes for the present food shortage, but looming behind them is the ominous truth, that the world production of food shows a substantial diminution, simply and solely on account of the war, and of the vast acreages that have remained untilled during the last two or three years, or have only been partially tilled for this reason. So the whole question of the national food supply and distribution is fast becoming a problem which will need the most scientific methods to solve satisfactorily before it can be safely left to the natural forces that controlled it before the war. We are already suffering from the inevitable mistakes of inexperience in public distribution; no better instance could be cited than the present tea shortage. Tea is a British Empire product; it can be shipped and is shipped practically every month in the year, and the amount of tonnage required to keep the British teapot full is comparatively small; but directly the ordinary channels of trade were interfered with, new troubles arose, and it is only within the last few weeks that arrangements have been completed to overcome the present shortage. The same is true of margarine, though the difficulties were of a different character, and it may be taken for granted that directly the control of any staple of life passes from private to public hands, there are bound to arise obstacles which will require time to remove.

To postpone food rations to the last possible moment would be most dangerous. They should be instituted before there is any actual need for them so that when the pinch comes, if it does come, the new channels of distribution will be running smoothly and easily. This is only to put into public effect the daily practice of every citizen of common sense. In such households, economy has been carefully studied; experiments have been made, according to means, of every form of substitute, and the pride is not to live up to any scale of voluntary rations, but to live below it. Last year potatoes were a luxury; everyone was begged to use them as sparingly as possible; this year they are just the reverse, and the more potatoes that are eaten and the less bread, the better. This is very confusing to the humble housewife who budgets in ha'pence, more especially as almost every week brings with it some new puzzle. The sugar cards at the moment are a perpetual perplexity, and it is difficult to find any one who understands the right procedure. The system of strictly rationing hotels and restaurants as regards meat, bread, sugar, etc., has worked excellently, but because they offer to their wealthy and cosmopolitan clientele a choice of unrationed foods, they run the risk of being unfairly held up to obloquy. It is high time that the whole question of food rations was dealt with in a much more straightforward manner, that fewer speeches were uttered, less gratuitous advice offered, and public action taken which would place the nation in a secure position whatever the future may hold. In saying this we do not overlook the work it will entail or the inconvenience it will cause to individuals, but we maintain that both work and inconvenience will be less if compulsory rationing is not postponed to the last moment, and then rushed. That is the danger that has to be faced. And it is a very real danger.

Cambrai and Bourlon Hill

By Hilaire Belloc

ON Tuesday of last week, the 20th, at dawn, in a mist which covered the ground occupied by the 3rd Army under General Byng, was launched one of the most important offensives of the war: highly important—not only in its immediate results, but in its novel tactical character and the promise this affords for the future.

The essential features of the attack were (1) The use of a very large number of tanks in line; (2) their advance without any previous bombardment over firm, open and unspoilt country; (3) the success of the surprise thus effected and the consequent destruction of the very strong successive positions known as the "Hindenburg line" upon the sector where these cover the essential nodal point of Cambrai.

Before discussing the bearings of this success upon the war as a whole, we will follow its progress with the aid of Sketch Map I., so far as the accounts given in the despatches and by newspaper correspondents permit us to do so.

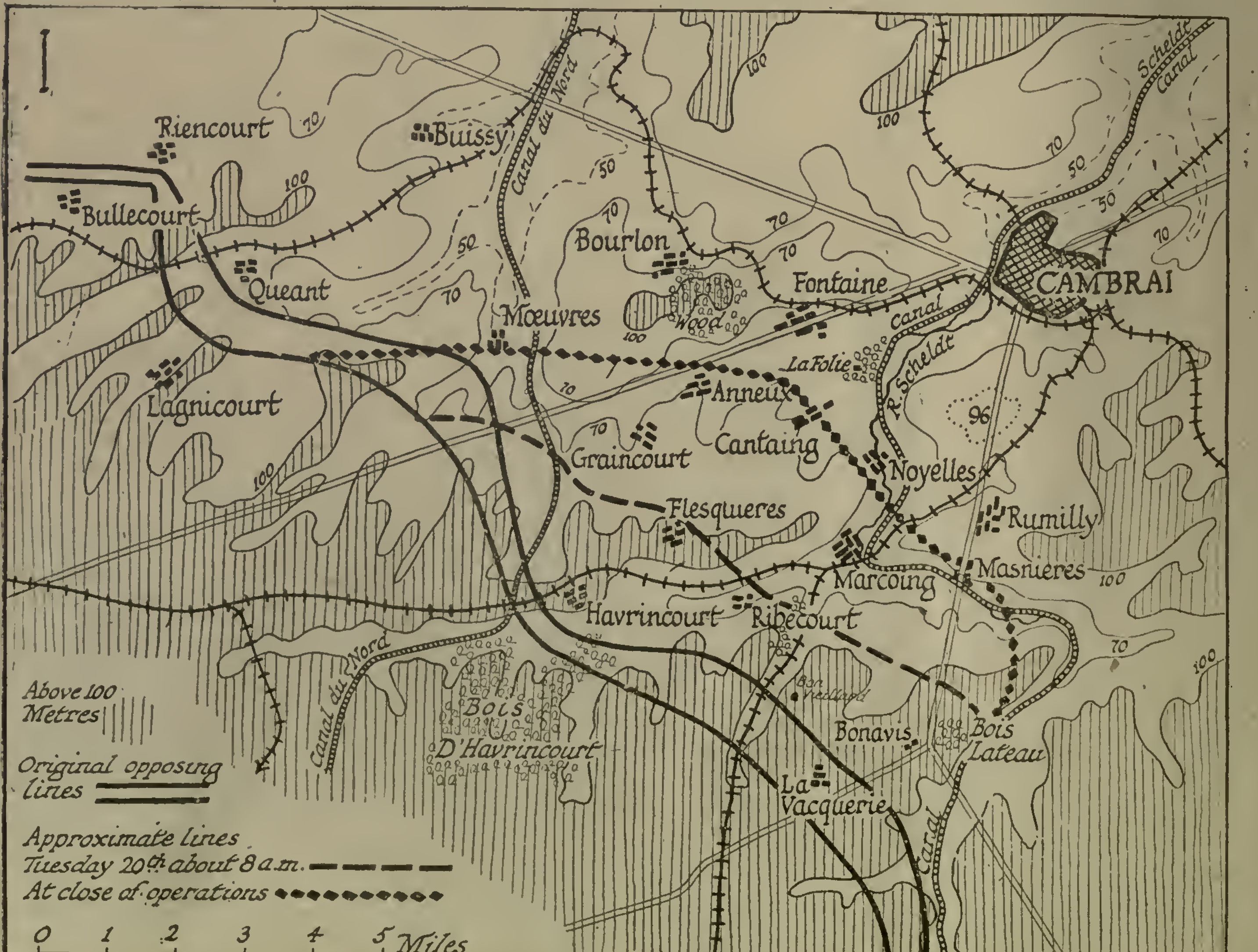
Taking for our centre the British positions in Havrincourt Wood, you have a line of departure running north-north-west and south-south-east of which the right hand limb is about four miles in length and the left-hand limb about six, but the main effort upon this left-hand limb hardly extended for four miles. In other words, you have an advance starting from a base the whole length of which is some ten miles, but the main operative part of which is less than eight. There was, of course, subsidiary pressure exercised far beyond these limits, both to the left and to the right as far as Epehy on the one hand, and as far as in front of Bullecourt on the other. But the main effort was upon the sector mentioned, of which Havrincourt Wood is the centre, and of which the length may be set down at under eight miles. This eight miles of line forms the sector which exactly covers Cambrai. A perpendicular dropped from the centre of Cambrai Town bisects this line exactly, falling upon the British positions in Havrincourt Wood; and the distance from those original positions to the centre of Cambrai is about seven miles or a trifle more.

We must retain (even in this first part of our description where we are only following the movements over the ground), the essential fact that *Cambrai is the knot of a complete road system and also of the main railway system of the enemy in this region.* Therefore, his loss of such a centre—or, what is the same thing, his loss of the power to pass his supply through it—would at the least entail the modification of his whole line for a very great distance north and south of it.

The order of battle along this line, so far as can be reconstituted from the despatches to hand at the moment of writing, would seem to have been this: Upon the right troops from the Eastern Counties; next to these English Rifle Regiments and other English units; next to these again Highland regiments; in the centre Territorials from the West Riding of Yorkshire, and to the left of these again troops from Ulster. The list is, of course, quite incomplete, but is all that can be drawn up from the information so far afforded.

In the first advance, during the early morning of Tuesday the 20th, the tanks, having broken down the very wide belts of wire protecting the first trenches of the enemy's system, and the infantry following through these gaps, the points attained were, upon the right, the Hamlet of Bonovis and the wood of Lateau, on the height which overlooks the Scheldt Canal, and at the meeting point of the great national roads which run to Paris and Chalons respectively, and after their junction continue in one road for Lille. This dominating point was captured by troops from the Eastern Counties. From it the ground falls away for miles to the east and north towards Scheldt and Cambrai.

Immediately to the left of this position, another dominating point, that of the spur in front of Vacquerie upon the farm known as that of the Bon Vieillard, was occupied by English Rifle Regiments and Light Infantry. To the left again English County troops advanced along the ravine which carries the railway and occupied the wood of Couillet and going down into the depression still further to the left carried Ribecourt in its hollow. To the left of these again the Highlanders crossed the same ravine (about 120 feet lower than the heights from which the advance started) and entered Flesquières, a point at which the despatches tell us there was very heavy fighting. Next, in the Central point, the West Riding Territorials coming down the slopes, which face the cut part of Havrincourt Wood to the canal, crossed the same ravine and carried Havrincourt itself on its height, the village being in their hands between 8 and 9 in the morning. Here also there was an attempted rally by the enemy which failed, and



the British were on to the railway and beyond at the hour mentioned. Lastly, the Ulster troops advanced down the spurs which fall to the left bank of the Canal du Nord, and went on up along that vast cutting northwards towards Moeuvres.

At about this hour of eight or nine o'clock, therefore, the advance would seem to have reached some such line as that indicated on Map I. by the first dotted line. Whether there was any definite separation between the first and second phase of the advance on this day, the despatches do not tell us, but the next message carries the advance forward very considerably.

Under breaking weather and the beginning of what was to be a continuous heavy rain, the important crossings of the Scheldt Canal at Masnieres (no less than 5,000 yards beyond the wood of Lateau) were secured; to the left of these the country town of Marcoing (which had also been a railway junction of some importance to the enemy) was occupied, while the West Riding troops, which had already passed through Havrincourt, went right forward to Graincourt and even reached and occupied Anneux—a further advance of 5,000 yards, and a total advance since dawn of more than 4½ miles. Meanwhile, the Ulster troops upon the left of the canal had cleared all the country up to the Bapaume and Cambrai road and were crossing it.

At the close of Tuesday's operations, therefore, it would seem that the British line ran somewhat as does the second dotted line upon Map I. A great wedge has been thrust into the enemy's positions; the very strong defensive system known as the Hindenburg line has been broken through upon some seven miles of its course and the last elements, its third line, reached in several places.

This first day, Tuesday, was the day of complete surprise, in which the enemy had not time to organise his resistance; but there began, of course, from the first news of the British success, the most intense efforts at counter-concentration by the enemy. Troops were being hurried forward all that Tuesday noon and afternoon by all the roads and railways which converge on Cambrai; he began to dig especially just south of Bourlon Hill, the crux as we shall see of the new positions, and the effect of this concentration was first to be felt the next day and with increasing force on the days following. Meanwhile, very heavy rain was falling on that Tuesday evening and continued all night, a circumstance adverse to the offensive and especially to the work of the cavalry, which had already begun; for mounted troops, in numbers which were considerable, but on which we have no precise information, rapidly followed up the advance and were at work in the country cleared by the day's success.

Early in the morning of Wednesday the 21st, the fringes of the wedge thus driven in were slightly extended. Two lines of trenches and a portion of the third system of the Hindenburg line were carried somewhere upon, or close to, the canal in front of Crevecœur. More important, the village of Noyelles, more than 2,000 yards in front of Marcoing, and only a couple of miles from the suburbs of Cambrai was seized; the Scotch took its neighbour Containg and advanced somewhat down the spur beyond: reaching La Folie Wood. The troops of the West Riding reached the Bapaume Road beyond Anneux just south of Bourlon Wood, while on the extreme left the Ulster troops crossed the road and entered Moeuvres. By evening even the point of Fontaine, on the other end of Bourlon Hill, was reached, and that village occupied, but the line so drawn was the extreme limit of the first effort and could not be entirely maintained.

One of these counter-attacks had already developed in great strength with the troops of the 107th enemy division brought back some little time ago from Russia. This was on the right in front of Masniéres, and constitutes the operation in which the enemy speaks of the British failing to advance on Rumilly, though there is no definite information from either side that this village was either occupied or lost. Other very strong counter-attacks were launched against Bullecourt far away to the left, to create a counter-pressure there and to attempt the recovery of a certain amount of ground which had been lost to the Irish regiments in that region. While upon the following morning, Thursday the 22nd, Fontaine was re-taken by the enemy; he got back La Folie Wood, and he appeared also in great strength before Moeuvres and reoccupied that village into which the Ulster troops had penetrated. His action here was obviously based upon the importance of maintaining the Bourlon Wood.

This day, Thursday the 22nd, began to mark a clinch in the operations of both sides, the preparation of further work to come. The British were consolidating the line they had reached and following up the advance with material and, where necessary, repairs; the Germans were continuing to pour men down upon the threatened region.

On Friday, the 23rd, therefore, the news was meagre from both sides. The British evening despatch of that day contains no more than these words: "Operations were continued by us to-day against the enemy's positions west of Cambrai; latest reports show that they are developing satisfactorily." While from the enemy's side came a message, apparently sent earlier in the day, even more brief and very vague, to the effect that "the renewed English attempt to break through south-west of Cambrai has been shattered with most severe losses for the enemy."

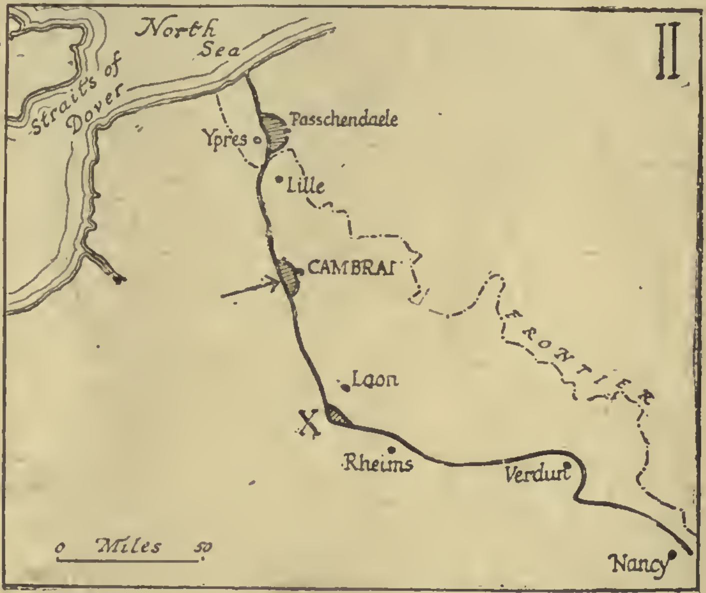
Saturday, the 24th, was taken up the whole day long with the effort to occupy Bourlon Hill and Wood and the corresponding enemy defences, a fluctuating action to which more attention must be paid in a moment. On Sunday Bourlon Hill was thoroughly occupied, its height secured and the northern reverse side held also after two days of fluctuating and very heavy fighting. Bourlon village, at its foot beyond, was only held for a time, and by Sunday was in the enemy's hands—but the hill above it, the essential position, was clearly maintained.

Such are the details of the successful advance begun on the 20th of this month, the Tuesday of last week. Now let us examine the meaning of the operations.

The first thing we note is that, as has been already remarked, the attack was made directly in front of Cambrai itself. What was the reason of this?

To understand the strategic importance of the Cambrai sector, we must first of all see where Cambrai stands in the old line (now broken) and next appreciate how all the means of communication centre on Cambrai.

Cambrai, in its relation to the old line, is exactly the half-way house between the sea and the point where it turns a sharp corner in front of Laon to run thence eastward past Rheims to Lorraine. Cambrai, therefore, merely as a geographical point, is the centre of the northern limb of the German defensive angle; and a grave weakening of that point would destroy the whole northern limb more effectually than at any other point. But if the northern limb goes the eastern limb goes too. The situation may be very simply followed on the elementary Sketch II.

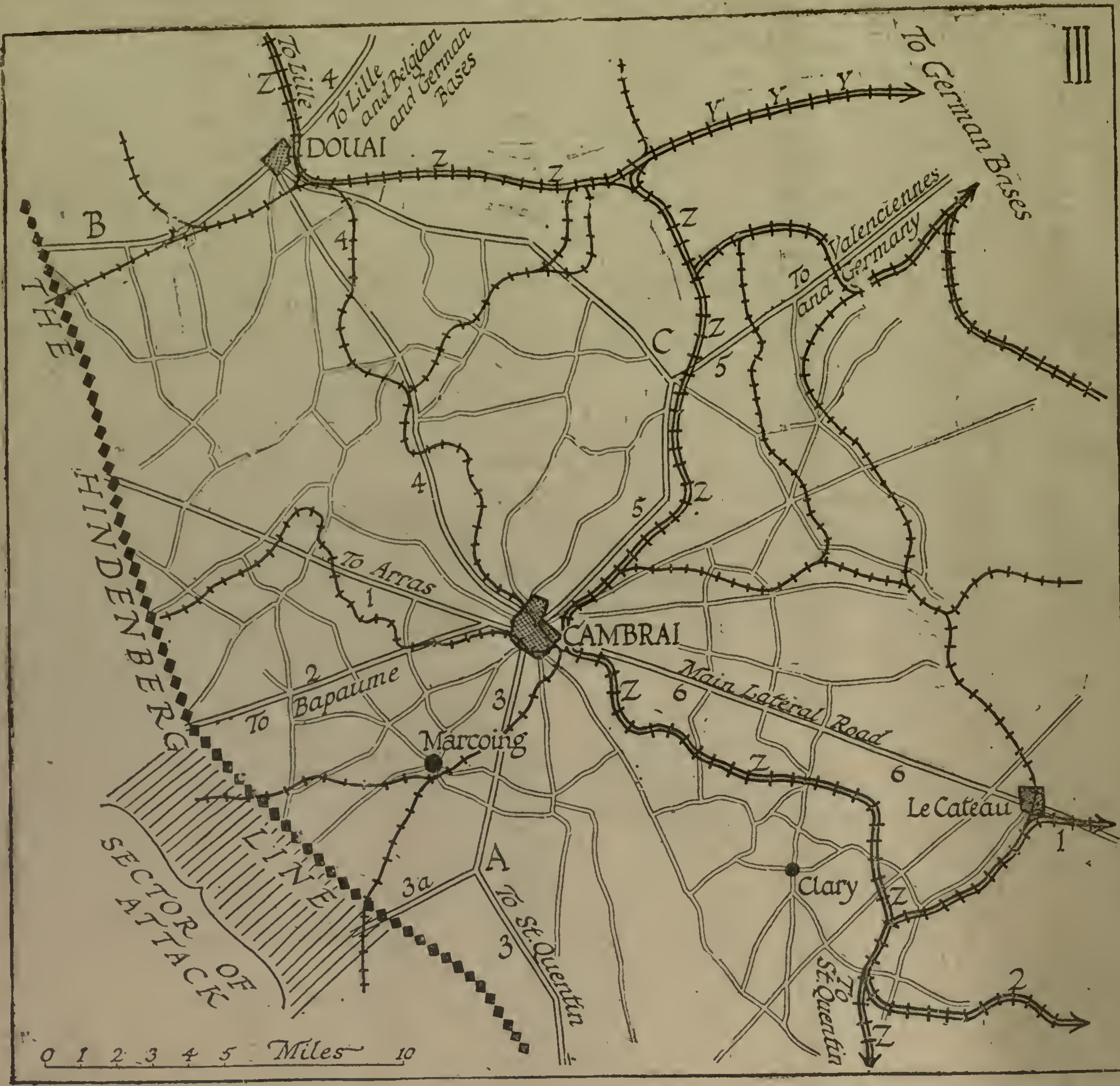


There are two great limbs, the meeting place or corner of which is at X, where the French had their big success with 11,000 prisoners and 200 guns the other day in front of Laon. A successful stroke at Cambrai takes the northern limb exactly in the middle, and if it succeeds divides that northern limb, shattering it more effectually than it could be shattered at any other point.

Already the big bulge produced in front of Ypres up to Passchendaele had drawn heavily upon the enemy's resources; a blow of a different kind, far more rapid, quite unexpected and much less expensive, against Cambrai, completed the design, the final results of which we have yet to watch.

But Cambrai was much more than the mere middle of the northern limb. It was also, and has been since the beginning of history, the nodal point upon which met every kind of communication, not only for its own region, but for northern France as a whole. Map III. will make this clear. Though I leave out in this sketch the waterways which have an importance of their own even to-day (and it was these which in primitive times gave Cambrai its importance) the roads and railways alone suffice to show what a knot of supply the place is.

The great Roman roads (many of which still survive in modern form) radiate from it like the spokes of a wheel, so do all the modern roads. Of these, six great main roads concentrate upon the town; three of them, those to the west, supply the front of what was until the other day, the unbroken Hindenburg line covering the city, to wit (1) that part of the Arras road still remaining in German hands; (2) the



corresponding fragment of the Bapaume Road; and (3) all the St. Quentin road, the particular value of which last was its feeding the front line all the way to St. Quentin, while from the latter at the point marked A on Map III., a branch, the few miles in German hands of the main road from Paris to Cambrai (3) further served that front.

Upon the eastern side the three remaining great roads led, two of them to the enemy's bases in Belgium and Germany, the one (4) through Lille to the other (5) through Valenciennes. The former by a branch road from Douai, marked B on Map III., further helped to feed the front; the latter enjoyed a cross communication road from Douai, marked C, which added to its usefulness. The third road (6), passing through Le Cateau, was the main lateral road for traffic south-east, a sort of artery for all the rest of the front.

In between these six great spokes of which Cambrai is the hub, there was a large system of country cross roads, all of which ultimately came from Cambrai and which have their own subsidiary centres on which they concentrate, such as Clary and Marcoing.

Cambrai was, therefore, so far as roads alone were concerned, the centre of a vital web.

It was also a very important railway centre. The great main, international line from Paris to Germany runs up through Cambrai from St. Quentin. It is served by a main line also coming in from the south and east—that is, the rest of the German front—and it splits after Cambrai into two, one part going through Douai to Lille and so to central Belgium and Germany, the other to Valenciennes and so to southern Belgium and Germany. I have marked the main trunk line, with the figures 2, 2, on the Sketch III., and it will be seen there how the other double lines and the supplementary angle lines feed it and dents from it. Everything going and coming though Lille or through Valenciennes and so to Belgium and Germany had to pass through Cambrai.

All movement up from the east came by the two feeding lines (1) and (2) on Map III., and the maintenance of the front from Cambrai to St. Quentin and again from St. Quentin to Rheims had Cambrai for a necessary place of passage. The single line railways indicated also upon Map III. supplemented this system and, as will there be seen, also centred upon Cambrai.

From these considerations the value of an attack *right upon the sector covering Cambrai* will be evident, and the reason that the sector of the attack thus chosen immediately faced the city will be equally clear.

The sector of Cambrai having been chosen and the attack having been launched exactly opposite that town and directly for it, the German front was driven in over an area nearly rectangular in shape and from four to five miles deep. The consequence was that two flanks were created, one to the south and one to the north, *behind* the old Hindenburg line. The operations were then being conducted in the open with the enemy reduced to entrenching himself perfunctorily and very rapidly and depending rather upon his pouring in of men than upon artificial defence. The British had got, on last Tuesday, right in behind the line of that defence, which he had called impregnable, and which the less responsible of our own orators and writers had described in much the same terms and at the enemy's valuation.

Here we must pause to note in the British Command that General Byng at the head of the 3rd Army, had done what is one of the chief tests of success in a prolonged war, that is, invented and put into practice a new tactical method. The tanks were here used in a fashion favourable to their method of fighting over open country, unspoilt by heavy shelling and not blinded by hedges or numerous woods. It was these engines which broke the great gaps in the tremendous belts of wire, and which destroyed in the first few hours of the day all the defensive system of the enemy.

Their action would, however, have been impossible but for the element of surprise which was so successfully introduced. Accounts differ as to whether the preliminary bombardment was entirely suppressed, or whether a certain measure of gun fire was used to drown the noise of the approaching machines. But at any rate the enemy was thoroughly taken by surprise and to that we owe the great success which followed.

Now let us turn to the way in which the fruits of that success might be reaped.

We have seen that this driving of a great wedge through the shattered defensive system of the enemy created two flanks, one facing north and one facing south. *It was the first of these which was the vital one*—(the flank running from near Fontaine to Moeuvres)—*because it turned the Queant-Drocourt switch line which covers Douai and the railway communications with Lille and Belgium*, and because it had corresponding to it fifty miles away the big bulge created towards Roulers by the recent occupation of the Passchendaele Ridge. If this northern flank could be pushed further, not only Cambrai would go, but all the defensive system between Cambrai and Lille. It was on to this northern flank, therefore, that the energy of the new advance turned, converted by nearly a right angle from its original direction.

Now in this northern flank, which runs from the neighbourhood of Inchy to the suburbs of Cambrai (a distance of about seven miles) there is present a natural feature of which the enemy took immediate advantage in his defence, and which has been the centre of a great battle all during the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of last week. This natural feature is an elongated hill known as the Bourlon Hill, crowned with its wood, known as Bourlon Wood—both named from the little village of Bourlon upon the northern slope. Complete possession of this hill will be the test of success.

Bourlon Wood

Bourlon Hill with its wood, is the obstacle or bastion which interrupts the effort to roll up northwards and use the flank created by the British on the previous days. The British having got behind the Queant line into country where no artificial defensive was yet prepared, and where their advance could only be checked by pouring in masses of men, nature had provided the enemy here with the dominating mass of Bourlon Hill, rendered more formidable by the fact that its height was covered with wood. At this point we shall do well to examine this obstacle in greater detail, and for that purpose I append the annexed Map IV.

The general level from which we may take heights of any prominence to rise in this region is the contour of 70 metres above the sea. The watercourses are slightly below that contour (for instance the brook near Mœuvres is 62 metres only) and the open rolling fields swell up to somewhat over the 80 metre contour. Cambrai in its hollow is, at the Scheldt, less than 50 metres above the sea. But all round the immediate neighbourhood of Bourlon Hill 70 metres is our base line, so to speak, from which we can best measure prominent heights.

Now, taking this 70 metre contour as our base line, Bourlon Hill is a sort of pear-shaped lump the axis of which runs from just a little south of west to just a little north of east. It is rather less than 8,000 yards or five miles in length, and its flanks are marked by four villages, Bourlon, Moeuvres, Anneux and Fontaine. Bourlon itself, giving its name to the whole system, is on the north and built right on the flanks of the hill. Moeuvres is on the west beyond a little brook, which marks the lowest point of the system upon this side. Anneux is on the south beyond the Bapaume-Cambrai road; while on the south-east is Fontaine Notre Dame, which lies astraddle of that road between the 60 and the 70 metre contours.

The height rises regularly up to a summit rather over a mile long, but only a quarter of a mile across, the height defining which is on the 100-metre contour; and on this summit there are two slightly higher portions, an eastern and a western, with a very shallow saddle between them. It will be seen from this that the hill rises roughly 100 feet or somewhat over 30 metres from the general levels around.

Not exactly corresponding with its summit, but overlapping the greater part of it, and coming down upon the northern, southern and eastern sides is Bourlon Wood, roughly rectangular in shape and rather less than a square mile in area—say, some 600 acres. There are several rides through the wood by which vehicles can move and along which, probably, tanks could operate; the most important of them for the purpose of advancing upon and holding the height is the Y-shaped system, the two southern branches of which meet on the saddle, and the stem of which is extended northward to the neighbourhood of Bourlon village, marked upon Map II.

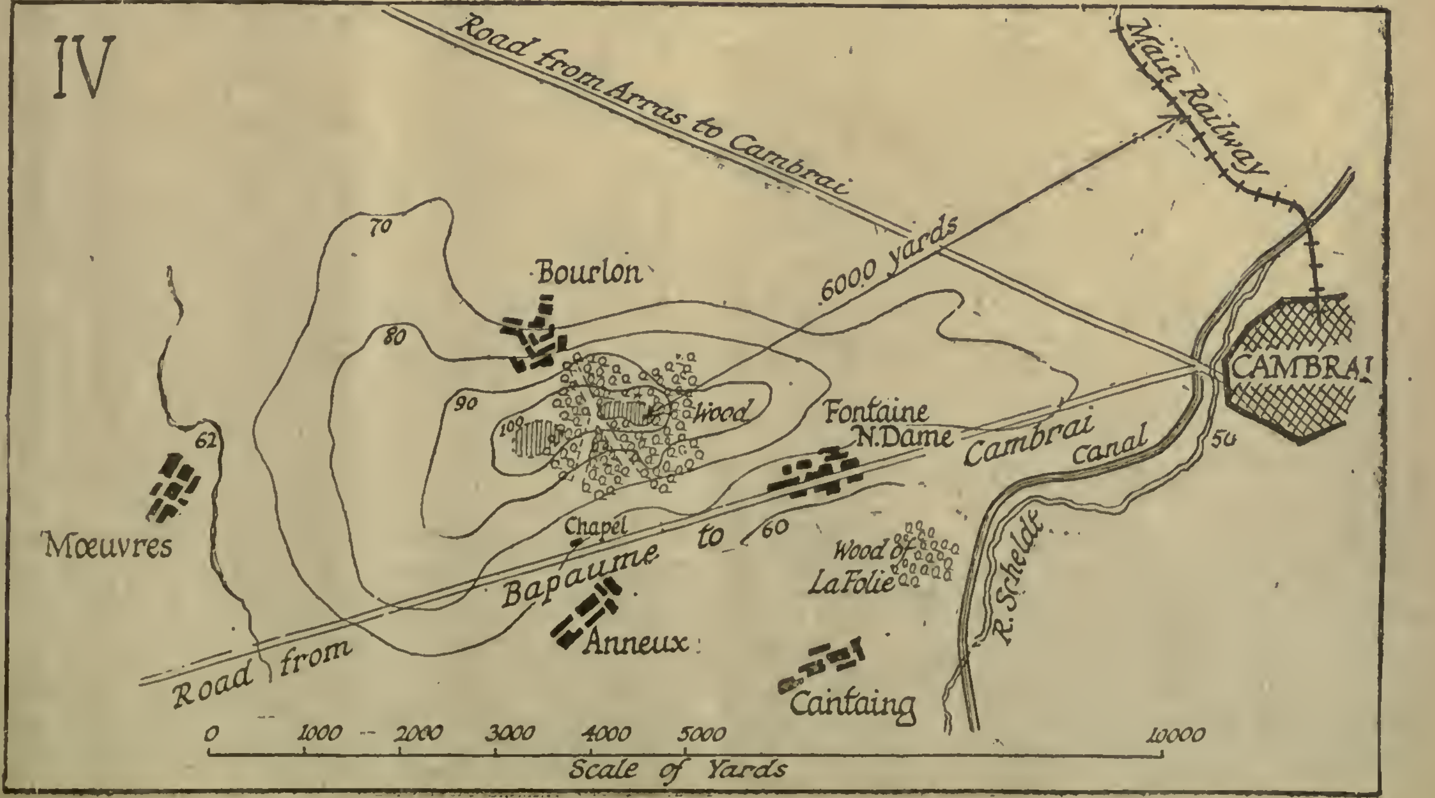
With these features of the ground present to our imagination, we may appreciate the task which lay before either party in the struggle for this height. I should mention here, by the way, that my contours on Map II. are only rough and approximate, and that I am speaking of the wood as it existed in peace time; for there has been no public information as to what the enemy may have done in the way of cutting.

The hill was of value to the enemy for concealing his artillery behind it, and the wood upon its summit is a formidable obstacle, such as have been all the woods in this war upon the West. The enemy had here peculiar advantages for resistance also in the simplicity of the hill; in the fact that its length was spread out in front of his opponent and in the complete domination it gave him over all the surrounding country for observation, as did its reverse side for concealment. It presented corresponding difficulties of access and capture to the offensive.

Domination of the Railway

On the other hand, *once it was held the chief strength of all that enemy position was lost.* Those upon its summit were directly east of Cambrai and dominated the hollow in which Cambrai lay by a height of some 200 feet and at a distance of less than 7,000 yards. *They could see and dominate at a range of only 6,000 yards the great main railway to Lille and Valenciennes.*

At the beginning of the operations the British, at the



conclusion of their first rapid advance, found themselves at the foot of the hill occupying Anneux, touching Moeuvres, and just outside Fontaine.

On Thursday last, before evening, as we have seen, Fontaine was for a few hours in British hands. Upon Friday a strong counter-attack of the enemy re-entered it.

Upon Saturday a very fierce action began for the capture of the hill. We had in the despatches relating to that day no definite accounts from either side. Both were in general terms. The British to the effect that heights "about" Bourlon Wood had been mastered in the course of the day, partially lost again and then regained. The Germans to the effect that the British had penetrated into the wood and apparently even to Bourlon village, ending with a sentence to the effect that the wood had been recovered and the village also. So far the description was difficult to interpret. The British had never claimed full possession of the wood, still less of the village beyond, and so far as one can judge what really happened was a thrust into perhaps half of the wood and the permanent holding of the highest land just to the west of it, with perhaps an occasional thrust reaching the outskirts of Bourlon village. Meanwhile, upon the right and upon the left Moeuvres and Fontaine were in enemy hands, but suffering strong and repeated assault from the British.

That would seem to be the general though confused aspect of Saturday's struggle.

By Sunday the whole summit and nearly all the wood was clearly mastered. Bourlon village lower down, sloping to the hollow on the north was still in German hands, but the great obstacle and observation point was in British hands, and if it securely so remain the value of Cambrai is lost to the enemy. His great main railway is seen and rendered unusable at a range of only just over three miles, all the countryside is overlooked.

Operations in Judea and Samaria

The first part of the week's news with regard to the Palestine front principally concerns the threat to the only road now supplying Jerusalem.

The left of the British line still stood last week covering Joppa, but faced by the new Turkish positions just before that town and running along the slight height which forms the watershed of the Auja River. But the centre was in movement, and the movement was clearly designed to threaten the only avenue whereby a retreat of the Turkish troops from Jerusalem and the positions south of Jerusalem as far as Hebron can be effected and their munitionment and re-victualling assured so long as they remain in their present positions. There is, indeed, a possibility that these troops, were they cut off from the north, could retire eastward across the Jordan and reach the railway line which runs along the plateau of Moab. It depends upon their numbers, and upon whether the very imperfect tracks for such an operation have been improved during the war; for the only known good road, or rather passable road, by which their supply can still be maintained and their retreat assured is the road from Nablus-Shechem to Jerusalem, and it is upon their maintenance or loss of this road presumably that the next phase of the campaign will turn.

We shall understand the position better if we begin with a rough sketch of the ground. Judea and Samaria form the backbone of the mountainous system about fifty miles long from Hebron in the south to Nablus in the north, between two and three thousand feet, in general level, with the whole country to the south round Hebron above the 3,000 foot contour, and the peaks to the North also above it. This backbone is not a ridge, but rather a plateau, the eastern wall of which is a very sharp descent into the deep trench of the Jordan and the Dead Sea—a trench varying in depth from six to 1,300 feet below the general level of the Mediterranean; therefore from 4,000 to over 5,000 feet below the general levels of Judea and Samaria. Beyond this trench is another mountain wall which supports the plateaux of Gilead and Moab to the east.

On the West the mountain system of Judea and Samaria falls fairly sharply (more sharply in the south than in the north) to the foothills of the Sephalah and beyond these again there is the sea plain. The mountain system which was the home of the Jews in antiquity, and is the scene of the Old and the New Testaments, may be given an average breadth of 14 or 15 miles. It is, of course, far too complicated to be susceptible of any exact measurements, but that is the sort of width which it bears throughout its length. The foothills to the West are a belt of anything from eight to ten miles and the sea plain a belt varying from 10 to 20 at the very widest.

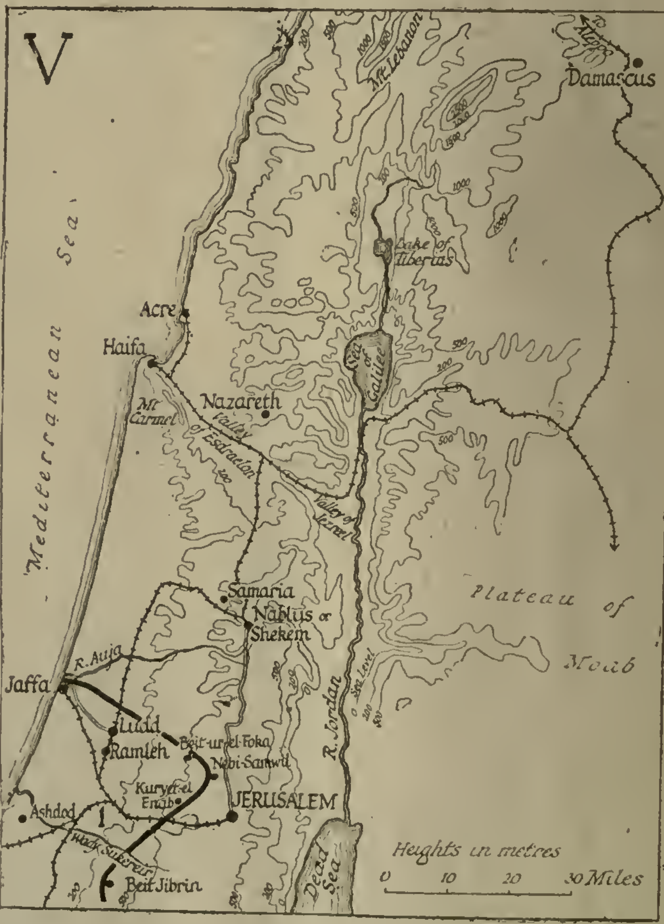
Jerusalem, the only large town in the whole district, stands rather to the eastward side of this plateau, at a point only 33 miles from the sea as the crow flies, which 33 miles are taken up as to about 10 or 11 of them by the remaining width of the mountain plateau; about eight by the foothills and the remainder by the sea plain.

From the watershed of the central mountain system, which forms Judea and Samaria, run rough and often deep and narrow torrent beds, nearly all of them dry in summer, most of them now running with water, which join to form short rivers of the sea plain. These gulleys are more savage and difficult for travel in the south or Judean part of the range than in the Samarian or northern part. The latter is much more open country than the former, full of cultivation, with contours more rounded and with more soil. The passage up from the sea plain to Judea and Samaria then, and especially into Judea, has always been by some one of the easiest of these gulleys.

At the northern end of the whole system there is a trench which cuts off the hills of Galilee and the region of the Lake of Tiberias from the mountain mass of Samaria and Judea to the south. This trench is formed of the valleys of Esdraelon and Jezreel and provides a continuous way from the sea to the Jordan valley.

This is by far the most distinctive crossing of the system, from east to west, and it has often been the road of great armies in the past.

But there is another crossing which has also been of historical importance during all recorded history. It runs through the heart of Samaria, and has put that district far more into contact with the general civilisation of the world than were the Judean hills to the south. This crossing may be called the Pass of Shechem or Nablus, and it is associated in the history of the Bible, as in that of mediæval and modern times, with the neighbouring height and former capital of Samaria, "the Watch Tower," for Samaria was built upon an isolated hill in the valley leading down from Shechem to the sea and, therefore, commanded the passage.



The importance of this pass of Nablus and Samaria in the present war is that it carries the main railway from the north and from Damascus with its stores and depots southward into Palestine. The railway cannot use the rugged mountain land. It comes down across the Jordan to the gap between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerazim, which stand like two sentinels above Shechem in the valley; it runs down the valley past Samaria and then follows along the easier country below the foothills to Lydda and Ramleh, shortly after which point it throws out the branch to Joppa on the one side and Jerusalem on the other, which is, under modern conditions, the chief avenue of supply for the latter town. Now the use of this Jerusalem railway, as we have seen, was lost to the enemy when the British a fortnight ago seized its junction and later the points of Lydda and Ramleh as well. Not only was the railway lost, but the main road from the west to Jerusalem was lost as well. This road, which runs from Joppa through Lydda up to the capital, north of the railway, was cut when Lydda and Joppa were occupied. There is only one avenue of supply left, and that is the carriage road open to petrol traffic and probably improved during the war, which unites Shechem or Nablus on the main Damascus railway in the north with Jerusalem by a tortuous course along the ridge of the mountain land. It is only just over thirty miles in length, and so long as it remains uncut Jerusalem can still be supplied and a way out of it still remains.

On Sunday the 18th, the British occupied Beit-ur-el-Tahta, that is, " The Lower Beit," which is just on the edge of the mountain land overlooked by the Upper Beit, Beit-ur-el-Foka, both places are the Biblical Beth Horon, the upper and the lower respectively. Beth Horon, the lower, which the British thus held on Sunday the 18th, is in a direct line only seven miles from the vital rough road we have mentioned, but by the only path available for guns (if it is available for wheeled traffic at all) the distance is over ten miles; the total distance from Beth Horon the lower to Jerusalem itself is twelve.

To the west of Jerusalem, not threatening this main road, the British next day reached a point only six miles from the city, Kuryet-el-Enah (which was perhaps Kirgath) and there they are right in the mountain land of Judea. But it is the threat to the main road which concerns us, and the nearest peril to this was the presence in the hills north and east of Beth Horon of British cavalry only four miles west of Beeroth, a point on the main road, which, if it were cut; would isolate Jerusalem.

Upon Wednesday, the 21st, three days later, the British advanced another stage against the Jerusalem-Shechem road to cut which is their object on this operation. They stormed the site of Mizpah on the Nebi Samwil ridge—from the tower on which one can see the whole of the tableland from Samaria to Jerusalem—and stood, at the end of the action, less than *three* miles west of the road. Upon this success there followed very violent counter-attacks, obviously with the object of saving the road, possibly because the evacuation of Turkish troops from the south was already proceeding. Meanwhile, mounted troops were in possession of Beit-ur-le-Foka, the upper Beth Horon on the upper edge of mountain land. They had even gone further, but had been somewhat pressed back by counter-attack, and it is perhaps in this encounter that the enemy claims a certain number of machine guns and a few prisoners.

What now remains to be seen is whether the road—from which at Mizpah or Nebi Samwil the British are as near as they are to the main Cambrai railway line—a range of 5,000 to 6,000 yards can still be used, or whether it will be cut before the Turks to the south get away.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

On the Italian front there has been no appreciable change during the week. Continued attacks are reported upon the eastern end of the mountain wall just at the point where the mountain sector joins on to the river sector, the corner of the whole bent line, distinguished by Mount Tomba and Mount Grappa. But there is no news as yet of the massing of heavy artillery, and it may be presumed that the enemy is still completing his preparations for the main bombardment.

The details given are meagre and we cannot judge the situation properly upon them. All we know is that our Allies now stand on the extreme edge of the mountain wall above the plain, and that, so far as news reaching this country is concerned, the enemy do not yet seem to have opened with the great mass of heavy pieces they can dispose of. We are told that on the Piave itself no guns beyond five inches have been used, and of the mountain sector we have only vague accounts—no details of the weight of metal yet used.

H. BELLOC

The *Giornale d'Italia*, one of Italy's most prominent daily newspapers, has penned this fine tribute to British reinforcements :

> Those English divisions sent here as a bulwark against the invasions of the Huns are among the most celebrated and valorous of the British Army. Those divisions know the homicidal mud of the Yser ; they have learnt how to fight the Germans in a struggle without quarter, slowly, obstinately, implacably ; they know what it is necessary to do to snatch from him step by step and inch by inch the ground to which he obstinately clings. The homage rendered by England to Italy in sending Italy some of her best troops must never be forgotten. The men of Vimy, Messines, and Passchendaele descend from the North Sea to the Adriatic to show the enemy that our alliance is not a theoretical or ideal convention, but that it signifies solidarity and identity of work and programme.

Le Dernier Croisé

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

TOMMY veille au pied du Calvaire,
La brise souffle de Syrie,
—Depuis combien de temps ont-ils scellé la pierre ?—
Tommy veille, Tommy prie,
Dans la nuit brune, sur la terre brune, Tommy
Brun khaki.

Avez-vous vu briller sa bayonette,
Au clair de lune ?
La croix aiguë de sa bayonette,
Claire au clair de lune ?
—Depuis combien de temps L'ont-ils enfermé là ?—
Tommy courbe la tête,
Son âme veille, son corps est las.

Qu'attend-il, brun dans la nuit brune,
Sous la brise syrienne ?
Qu'attend-il, au pied de la croix,
Sous le croissant de la lune ?
Est-ceque ses frères reviennent,
Richard, Robert, Louis et Godefroid ?
—Depuis combien de temps L'ont-ils enfermé là ?—

Le sépulcre est tout proche où ils L'ont enterré,
Et le jardin de Joseph d'Arimathie.
Sous la lune en croissant, Christ est ressuscité
Et sa croix brille
Entre les mains calleuses du dernier Croisé,
Entre les mains calleuses et brunes
D'un ouvrier.
—Est-ce le voile de Madeleine qui flotte dans la brise ?—

Tommy écoute une cloche qui tinte,
Tinte, tinte dans son village.
C'est Pâques ici et Pâques là-bas.
La lune soudain s'est éteinte
Derrière un nuage.
—Depuis combien de temps L'ont-ils enfermé là ?
Dites, Richard, Robert, Louis et Godefroid ?—
La nuit se passe et l'aube pointe,
Les merles sifflent dans les haies d'Elstree.
Tommy veille, Tommy rêve, Tommy prie.
La brise souffle de Syrie.

—Depuis combien de temps ont-ils scellé la pierre ?—
Dites-le nous, Tommy, au pied du Calvaire. . . .
Mais Tommy ne répond pas, Tommy prie,
Dans la nuit rose, sur la terre mauve, Tommy
Brun khaki.

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Caricatures—By Order

GERMANY must be badly in want of a Raemaekers for the Great German General Staff realises the deadly nature of his work. The Allied cartoonists have abundant material at their command, since the record of German atrocities on land and sea is proved to the hilt, and grows more horrible as fresh facts come to light. But the absence of facts is not to be permitted to interfere with the work of the German cartoonist. The following document, which reached the *Berner Bund* was communicated to the German Press by the Wolff News Bureau in Berlin in the form of an official circular issued from Supreme Military Headquarters. It runs :

> The Imperial and Royal Propaganda Department, Section of Foreign Affairs, calls the editor's attention to the practice of the enemy press in caricaturing the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, and alleged German militarism, with the evident intention of an odious anti-German propaganda. Not satisfied with this, the caricaturists of the Allied enemies carry on a campaign of presumed atrocities, the murder of women and children by the German Army. The effect of that pernicious propaganda instilled day by day into the masses in the Allied countries is incontrovertible, the stories of atrocities being accompanied by pictures. It would, therefore, be important, from the patriotic point of view, for the daily papers also to occupy themselves by means of caricatures with the principal events of the day.
>
> The idea of such propaganda has been conceived by the Supreme Military Command, and it is therefore desirable that all should conform to it. The official cinema has been ordered by the Supreme Command to enter into direct communication with the daily press, and many leading newspapers have hastened to express their readiness to insert these patriotic caricatures, for the drawing of which the services of the best artists in Munich and Berlin have been secured. These caricatures will regard chiefly the heads of state of the Entente Powers, their political leaders, and those who make no mystery of their hatred for Germany. The blocks will be supplied free of expense.

Minstrelsy in Macedonia

By H. Collinson Owen (Editor of *The Balkan News*).

" The roses rahnd the door
Make me love Mother more. . . .
Whenagetback
Whenagetback
To ma home in Tennessee".

IT was the first time I had ever really caught the astounding words of " Way down in Tennessee." They were being sung with great earnestness by a young, pleasant-faced cockney sailor who stood near the breech of a 9.2 gun on a tiny improvised stage. There was bunting all around him and somewhere behind was concealed the orchestra—an accordion. The occasion was the second birthday of one of our small and more exotic ships of war.

" I think," whispered the Skipper as the wonderful song finished, " that we'll go aft when the interval comes, and leave the rest of the concert to them." A little later a group of us sat in deck chairs, energetically grasping whiskies and sodas, and looking over to the twinkling lights of Salonika. The sounds of the concert came more faintly to our ears.

" It is the best we can do," said the Skipper. " We've no pianos or concert parties and things on this ship . . . Not a bad show, considering ; and the men enjoy it." Then we talked of other things, including the war.

* * * * *

That unostentatious little ship's concert is but one of some scores of entertainments that I have attended in and around Macedonia, and only in casting the mind back is it possible to realise how much the men of this army have done for themselves in relieving the intolerable tedium that comes of a long campaign in a wild and comfortless country. Some eighteen months or more ago I was present at a concert at a Corps Headquarters, which at that time was fairly near to Salonika. The stage, artfully contrived with electric lights and all sorts of other " gadgets," was set at the foot of a slope, and rising from it were tiers of semicircular seats cut in the hard red ground. In the front row sat generals, laughing as heartily as schoolboys at the efforts of the comedians. Behind the few hundreds of seated officers were standing some thousands of men, all in the very best of humour, and forgetting for the time being that the war had brought them to a strange country where they found themselves " up against " many novel and disconcerting parts of life. The jokes from the stage brought with them a pleasant whiff of London or Birmingham or Manchester ; references to local conditions down in Salonika evoked roars of delight. Even the distressing subject of quinine provided mirth—and still provides it, by the way. Shortly after the show started a huge moon topped the hill behind, looking down on the twinkling little theatre with its intent audience, and making a scene of calm and sweet beauty that belied the discomforts of the scorching daytime.

But that was at a Corps Headquarters, and a Corps can be expected to do things. Since then concerts and revue parties have multiplied exceedingly, and units of much less majesty than a Corps have their own concerts or revue parties. It has long been accepted that entertainments behind the lines are an excellent thing for everybody concerned, but although the principle is all right, the practice of it is not an easy thing in Macedonia. Practically everything has to be improvised. No wandering parties of London " stars " come out here, but officers and men have found their own talent, and plenty of it, and of surprisingly good quality all.

Costumes and Artistes

The question of costumes is one of considerable difficulty, and many have been the expeditions into Salonika to find things that often Salonika does not possess. But all difficulties have been got over. In this new and extraordinary army of ours it is always possible to find the right men. A hospital orderly reveals himself to be, in private life, a scene-painter of merit. Perkins, a mule-driver, proves to be a member of a well-known Folly troupe, with a much more graceful cognomen to help him through his professional career. Lieutenant Wunpip, of the Southshires, had a mottled career up and down the American continents, and danced two years for his living in New York music halls. All sorts of odd people discover themselves as capable, even soulful, musicians. Aladdin could not have done better. The O.C. Concert Party claps his hands, and the right man appears.

Each troupe boasts that its particular "ladies" are the best that Macedonia can show. Feeling on this matter sometimes runs high. Pride of fairies in many cases is second only to pride of regiment. There are earnest O.C. Concert Parties who will assure you with a quiver in the voice and almost a tear in the eye, that their particular Fifi or Mimi (the influence of our gallant Allies is extraordinarily strong in these matters) or whatever her name may be, is incomparably the best that ever kicked a high heel or showed a hint of *lingerie* on a Macedonian stage, and that a ten-hour journey up country to see her is a bagatelle compared with the delight that awaits one on arrival. They insist on impounding you on the spot, to come and see what Mimi can do.

Musical Comedy

I was certainly amazed on seeing my first musical comedy star of the Balkans. I do not pretend for a moment that she could have played with success the leading rôle at the Gaiety or Daly's. But she would certainly have been welcomed in the first row of the chorus. Tall and willowy, hair of gold, expressive eyes—only the voice slightly marred the general effect, and even that was really not so bad. It could easily be reconciled with the idea that the leading " lady " had a slight cold. Since then, I have seen a score of Fifis, and some of them have even been a big improvement on the first. There is one beauty chorus in particular which makes subalterns wonder if they are dreaming. And it is quite impossible while the show is in progress to realise that those delicate young creatures are stalwart young men who drive heavy motor lorries or throw bombs at the Bulgar. It all seems to show that English beauty is essentially masculine. Take a likely looking young man and dress him up suitably, and he makes quite a pretty girl. But then, only the ghosts of the burnt-out millinery shops in Venizelos Street could tell to what lengths the indefatigable O.C. Concert Parties have gone in order to obtain verisimilitude. And not even the fire has daunted them. They are at present busily scratching round among the ruins trying to find the necessary " props " for the opening of the winter season.

To realise how much the Mimis and the concert parties and the musicians of the orchestra mean to the Army in Macedonia it is only necessary to try and imagine what existence would be like without them. To many thousands of men they are the one link with the gaieties and the comparatively care-free existence that they knew before the war. Tommy is grateful to the men who have sufficient talent to provide these distractions for him, and for his part would willingly see them doing nothing else, but as a matter of fact, practically the whole of this work is done in the spare time of the officers and men so engaged.

Certain leading troupes have long ago attained the dignity of touring companies. When their work is done they load up their properties with all the celerity and expedition of a ration party hurrying up to the firing line, and start off for some out of the way spot where the local O.C. and his men are waiting a-tiptoe for the fun of the evening. The Home O.C. probably has guests for dinner and a special spread that evening. The O.C. Concert Party probably eats a sandwich or so the while he gets into his footlight toggery, and superintends the erection of the stage. Even when the show is finished his trials are not over. The Home O.C. in honour bound makes a speech of appreciation and thanks. A dreadful stillness descends on the hall of mirth. Audience and company alike look frightfully embarassed and unhappy. In our honest British way we cannot do these graceful little things without looking as though we have been collectively condemned to death. Relief and joy return when everybody sings lustily " God save the King."

We have long since developed beyond mere concert parties and pierrot troupes—not that these are not excellent in their way. We have an excellent revue, which has given great delight to thousands, various dramatic sketches have been produced, and there have even been pantomimes. The theatrical history of Macedonia, indeed, started with a pantomime, " Dick Whittington," which opened with great success on Christmas Eve of 1915. Dick Whittington made history. The " book " was exceptionally clever from start to finish. The show was given in two marquees placed T-wise, and what was intended merely to amuse the members of a Field Ambulance and anybody who came along, was immediately annexed by a wise General and his Division.

Since then, this new rendering of the old story has, I believe, been played in many parts of the world. Last winter the same authors produced "Aladdin," this time as a divisional enterprise.

Organised on the most lavish scale it was a wonderful success. Night after night the theatre was crowded with men only just out of the front line. Attached to the theatre was a canteen where, in the interval, the men could buy cigarettes and even, on days of great good fortune, beer. The plot was a brand new one, and the villains of the piece were Orosdi and Back, two local shopkeepers—philanthropists whom the men of the Army will remember to their dying day.

For weeks the great pantomime ran to joyous and crowded houses. Every ten days or so the S.S.O. of that Division, who helped to run the theatre and all its auxiliary branches, appeared in the office and implored me brokenly to come and see the finest show on earth. But alas: it was a three days journey there and back, and by no possible juggling with time was it feasible to produce three daily newspapers in advance. I shall always regret having missed the great pantomime at K——. But, happily, there are already signs in the air which suggest that this winter, too, somewhere or other on the front, it will have a successor, whose brilliance will even outshine the production of last year.

A Visit to the British Fleet

By Lewis R. Freeman

While lunching with Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee in the course of a recent visit to the Grand Fleet, which must always remain one of the most memorable experiences of my life, I ventured the opinion that the work of the British Navy in sweeping every enemy vessel—warship and merchant steamer—from the surface of the Seven Seas, was the one most outstanding achievement of the war.

"Perhaps you are right," said the victor of the Battle of the Falklands thoughtfully, "but you must not lose sight of the fact that to win this victory over the German the British sailor has had to win an even more remarkable victory over himself. At the outbreak of the war I had every confidence that, in one way or another, we would be able to establish a control of the sea quite as complete as that which we actually have established; but, if anyone could have assured me that the foundations of that control would have to rest upon the Grand Fleet being based in this isolated harbour, with the men practically cut off from intercourse with the world for months at a time, I must confess that I might have been—well, somewhat less sure, to say the least. Certainly I would never have dared more than to hope that the moral of the men of the Fleet, far from being lowered by the most trying experience of the kind sailors have ever been called upon to endure, would actually be heightened. On the score of enthusiasm and 'lust for battle,' there could not, of course, have been any improvement, but this has given way to a cheerful, high-spirited willingness which, if possible, makes the Fleet a more efficient fighting unit with every day that passes. If you will observe well the spirit of the men of the Grand Fleet at a time when the German Fleet—based though it is in the Kiel Canal, where regular shore-leave is easy to arrange—is filled with unrest and threatened with mutiny, I think you will agree with me the keeping of the British sailor in a healthy state of mind and body, without once letting him verge on staleness, is worthy to rank as an achievement with that of keeping the enemy off the seas."

High Spirits

Evidence of the high spirits of the men of the Grand Fleet I had been having from the moment I sighted the first carload of returning-from-leave sailors on my journey up from London, but the occasion on which I was the most impressed was the morning on which I was allowed the honour of helping to coal ship by wheeling 2-cwt. sacks on a barrow for a couple of hours, an experience the memory of which promises long to outlast even the not unlingering stiffness of my dorsal muscles. The ship had not been ordered, and was not expecting to be ordered to sea, and there was no reason to rush the coaling save to be free to take up some other of the regular grind of routine drudgery next in order.

I have watched warships coaling in many ports of the world, but never have I seen men working under the stimulus of extra shore-leave at Gibraltar, Nagasaki, or Valparaiso get the stuff into bunkers faster than did those lusty men of the good old "X——" that misty morning in the Skager Floe. Almost every man who was not smoking was singing, and even out of the dust-choked inferno of the collier's holds, the beat of chesty chorus welled up in the pauses of the grinding winches.

Time and again (until I learned how to defeat the manœuvre) men behind me in the line pushed their barrows in ahead and made off with sacks that should have been mine to shift, and time and again (until I had found my second wind and my "coaling legs") the rollicking Jack Tar just behind me put his speeding barrow into one of my by no means slow-moving heels. The several hundred tons of coal which went into our bunkers between 7 a.m. and 9 a.m. on that ordinary "routine" morning, was shifted at a rate that would have been entirely creditable to a crew filling their bunkers for a long-deferred homeward voyage.

I did not have another opportunity to discuss with Admiral Sturdee the manner in which the miracle of "Fleet moral" had been wrought, but an officer of the battleship on which I stayed summed the thing up succinctly.

"I quite understand," I had said, "why the physical health of the Fleet should be the best ever known—why no battleship averages more than two or three sick at a time. The long months away from the germ-laden air of the land is sufficient to account for that. But how, after these three years and a half between the Devil, the Deep Sea and the Scotch Mist, the men are still exuberant enough to want to push barrows of coal faster than a landsman, like myself (who is pushing for the sheer luxury of the thing), or how they are still full enough of *joie de vivre* to enjoy fits of singing between fits of coughing in the hold of a collier, is beyond my comprehension. How did you do it?"

The reply was prompt and to the point, and seems to me to disclose the secret in a nutshell. "By giving them," he said, "both more work and more play than they had in peace-time; in other words, by cutting down to a minimum the time in which to twirl their thumbs and think."

Work in War Time

"Outside polishing brass and holystoning the deck," he went on, "there is a deal more work on a warship in war-time than in days of peace, so that we are never hard put to find a field for extra effort. We learn much quicker from practice than we did from theory, and there is an astonishing amount of work going on all the time to the end that the ship shall be kept as up to date as possible in all her equipment. The increase of a ship's offensive and defensive power, making her better to fight with and safer to fight in is naturally a work in which the men are vitally interested, and they go into it with a will. We try as far as possible to avoid simply putting the men through the motions of work, like doing unnecessary painting or scrubbing, for instance. If the ship does not provide for the moment enough real work, we try to find it ashore. For the next few days, for example, we are sending several hundred men ashore to make roads on one of the islands. They are very keen about the change, and I have heard them speaking about it all to-day. That kind of a thing works much better than simply improvising work on board. It gives variety, and the men feel that they are doing something useful instead of simply being kept busy."

"So much for work. On the score of play, we aim to give the men rather more athletic sports than they would have in port in peace-time, though all of it has to be carried on with many less 'frills'—flag-dressings, tea-parties and the like—under the limiting conditions of always being ready to put to sea at notice of an hour or two. On the ship, doubling round the deck for exercise is kept up regularly, as is also a certain number of Swedish drills. Every encouragement is given to the men to box, and the ship, squadron and Fleet championships in the various classes are, of course, great events. There is scarcely a drifter or patrol-boat without one or more sets of boxing-gloves, for there is no form of sport quite as well calculated to exercise both mind and body in restricted quarters.

"Water-sports—swimming, rowing and sailing—are kept up about as in peace-time, though here the long spell of inclement weather makes the winter rather a longer 'closed season' than farther south. Ashore there are several indifferent cricket and football grounds, though not, however, nearly enough for the normal demand of the great number—it runs well up into six figures—of able-bodied, sport-loving men in the Fleet. A good deal of hockey is played, and we have found it a better wet-weather game than football. In all of these sports inter-ship and inter-squadron rivalry is encouraged, principally because it stimulates the minds of so many outside the actual participants.

"Many of the officers have their golf clubs and tennis racquets, and though our links and courts would hardly satisfy the critical eyes of St. Andrews or 'Queen's' professionals, they have been a big help to us. Cross-country runs and paper-chases, up and down the steep hills and over the soggy peat bogs, are taken part in by both men and officers, and for flesh-reducing, muscle-hardening and chest-expanding are about the best thing we have. The tug-of-war is a traditional Navy sport, for it can, if necessary, be enjoyed on shipboard as well as ashore. The great pride which the men of a ship take in the success of its team makes this also a very useful sport for its 'psychologic' value.

"Amusements pure and simple—the kinema and theatricals '—are a new thing with us (at least while on active service) and the scheme is still in process of development. For a number of reasons it is impracticable for professional troupes to visit the Grand Fleet in the same way as they have been going to France to entertain the Army. The greater distance is against it, as is also the fact that we have no place to put them up. Again, as there is no place where they could perform to more than a thousand men (at the outside) at one time, it would obviously take some months to make a round of the Fleet. The fact that the visitors might awake almost any morning to find themselves on the way to a seafight is also a deterrent. All of these things have made it necessary for us to shift for ourselves in the matter of entertainment.

"Each ship, of course, has always had its band and orchestra, and concerts and rather crude theatrical shows have been features of Navy life from time immemorial. The trouble with the shows, however, has always been the amount of improvising that they entailed, especially in the matter of a stage, footlights, seats and the like. Before the war the men usually managed to find time to paint and rig 'flies' and 'drops,' devise lighting effects, and even to fix up some kind of auditorium. Here, with the whole ship standing by for orders to put to sea, all of this was out of the question. Under these circumstances, the man who first conceived the idea of a special 'theatre ship' deserves a monument as a benefactor to the British Navy.

"The suggestion was to provide a steamer on which a permanent stage, complete with sets of scenery, exits and entrances, footlights, sidelights and dressing-rooms, had been installed; also sufficient seats to accommodate as many of the crew of a battleship as could ever be off duty at one time. The thing would have been worth while a dozen times over, even if it had been necessary to detach a three or four thousand-ton steamer for no other purpose. Luckily, the plan chanced to dove-tail to a nicety with the functions of a steamer which, in carrying frozen beef to the Fleet, laid alongside each ship for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The stage, auditorium and the rest were built without interfering in the least with the steamer's regular work, nor have the some hundreds of performances already given aboard been responsible for the least interruption in our supply of frozen beef. As for the shows, she is discharging to the 'X——' of our squadron to-day, and you can go over to-night and see one for yourself.

Kinemas and Films

"The trouble with the 'theatre ship' idea is that it is too long between shows. Between the battleship and the endless auxiliaries, it may easily take from two to three months for the beef-cum-theatre steamer to make the full round of the Fleet, an interval which we had to find some way of bridging with other entertainment. It was a difficult problem in many ways, and it is only within the last month or two that we have found—through the kinema—a satisfactory solution. Every ship in the Fleet has now its projector, and, through an organisation formed in London for that purpose, a continuous supply of the latest and best films is sent up and circulated at a cost to us that is almost negligible. The films on arrival at the Depot Ship which houses the Post Office, are listed and filed, to be distributed to the various units in accordance with their demands.

"Each ship has a daily bulletin of the new films arriving, and at once sends in an application for its preference, with two or three alternatives should the first choice have gone to a prior claimant. The scheme has been successful beyond words. Each ship has a nightly performance, the projector being at the disposal of the men during the week, and of the officers on Saturday. All share in the cost of it, which only comes to a shilling or two per head a month. With a little larger supply of the more popular films, the development of this kinema scheme promises to give us everything we could possibly ask on the score of evening amusement. About the only thing left to do would be to buy a few picture-taking machines, let the officers and men write the scenarios, and start making films on our own account. If it turns out that we're to be here another year or two, I don't doubt that's what we will be doing."

The Theatre-Ship

There is not a great deal that I can add to this comprehensive summary of the way work and play have been administered with such success in maintaining the moral of the men of the Grand Fleet. The show on the "theatre-ship" that night I found well worth the wet launch trip in a sloppy sea. It consisted of two parts of varieties and one of burlesque. Most of the numbers had been under rehearsal for several weeks, and the whole affair went off with all the aplomb of a London Revue. No "accessories"—from posters to programmes—were missing, not even the Censor.

An officer sitting next me, calling my attention to the blank back of the programme, said that he had written some "advertisements" to fill it, but that the Censor had banned them at the last moment as "not proper." As a matter of fact, there was far less in the whole show played by men to men, as it was, to "bring a blush to the cheek" than in the average London revue. A certain "chilliness" in the atmosphere of the auditorium, due to the fact that it was situated immediately over one of the refrigerating chambers, was more than neutralised by the warm reception the packed audience gave the show from the opening chorus to "God Save the King."

I managed to spend a few minutes at the nightly kinema show on several battleships. All of the available seats were invariably packed, with the enthusiasm tremendous, especially for the "knock-about" pictures. Charlie Chaplin appeared to be a ten-to-one favourite over anyone else—both in the Ward Rooms and on the Lower Decks—and the demand for films in which he figured was a good deal greater than the available supply. The "sentimental" Mary Pickford sort of films were rather more popular than the men cared to show by their applause, but the harrowing "suffering-mother-and child" subjects they would have none of. A rather poor film of Rider Haggard's *She* which I saw was very coldly received by both men and officers. The Official War films of all of the Allies were always sure of a rousing reception. A special treat was the picture of the King's recent visit to the Grand Fleet, which offered men and officers the exciting sport of "finding" themselves on various sectors of it. Travel films were in little demand, the reason for which was perhaps supplied by one of my coaling-mates, who said that the only kind of travel "movie" that he was interested in was the woods of Scotland running north at sixty miles an hour past the window of his homebound train.

Besides the more or less organised forms of work and play, many of the men in the Fleet have some sort of a hobby to which they turn in the rare intervals which might otherwise be spent in "thumb-twirling" and "thinking," those twin enemies of "The Contented Sailor." Thousands of men "make things"—not the old ship-in-a-bottle seaside bar ornament sort, but objects of real usefulness. One officer had become a specialist on electrical heating contrivances, and had equipped the Ward Room with cigar lighters to work with the ship's "juice" and save matches. Another was making his own golf clubs, and I heard of a Captain of Royal Marines of noble lineage who had fabricated a very "wearable" pair of Norwegian ski-shoes. There are so many skilled artisans among the men that one is not surprised to see them making almost anything; nevertheless, the gunner of one of the battleships who—with the sole exception of the lens—made a complete kinema projecting machine, did a very creditable piece of work.

Some of the Senior Naval Officers have gone in for stock-breeding, overflowing to the land in their endeavours to find room to expand. Pig-raising is the most popular line, and there is great rivalry between the several "sty proprietors." A certain distinguished sailor—his name is a byword to the English people—discoursed learnedly to me for fifteen minutes on the strategy of the Battle of Jutland, and then, turning to a visiting officer, spoke with equal facility, and even greater enthusiasm, of his success in crossing the "China Poland" with the "Ordinary Orkney" to increase (or was it to reduce?) the "streak" in the bacon. He called the new breed the "Chinorkland," or something like that, and if the fact that he was planning three or four generations ahead conveys anything as to the view the Navy takes regarding the duration of the war, my readers—with the Censor's indulgence—are welcome to the tip.

The King has sent a cheque for £200 as a donation to the special Christmas appeal which is being made on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. It is hoped by this special appeal a sum of half a million sterling will be raised before the end of the year.

The Beauty of Zeeland Waters

By a British Prisoner of War

BEFORE the war every owner of a small cruising yacht, while poring over maps and charts, must have found often his attention drawn to the maze of islands in the estuary of the Scheldt and Rhine. This applies, of course, not to the racing yachtsman, but to the possessor of the seaworthy vessel, comfortable rather than swift, and designed for sheltered waters and coast-hugging cruises.

There could, indeed, be few places more perfect for a sailing expedition than these Zeeland estuaries, so broad that from mid-channel the land is only a thin bar dividing water and sky. It is a quaint primitive country with clean harbour and villages and friendly population of farmers and fishermen. There are old towns, beautiful but not squalid ; with names faintly familiar in history. Ancient dress and customs survive, not at the instigation of financiers for the benefit of tourists, as in some of the show places of Holland, but simply and sincerely because the people have no desire to change the ways of their ancestors.

In these days the whole district is under strict military supervision, and only recognised traders are allowed to pass unchallenged. There are forts and minefields guarding the mouth of the Scheldt, and Vlissingen, or Flushing as we call it, which stands at the mouth of the estuary, is not only a landing place for Continental travellers, but also the second naval port of Holland.

It was for these reasons that two of us, interned British officers, were pleasurably surprised to receive permission to join a sailing party, whose course lay between Dordrecht and Flushing. Perhaps the knowledge that we had left the regular service several years before the war, as well as the confidence placed in our hostess, influenced the authorities in their generous decision. Friends in the Dutch army told us that it was all a mistake and that we should never be allowed in a military area so vigilantly guarded. But our passes gave us the freedom of all Zeeland, and on the strength of that we made our preparations and journeyed down to Dordrecht, where the boat awaited us.

A Sleepy Port

Dordrecht is a sleepy inland port, whose salient features, still unchanged, are familiar from the canvasses of Albert Cuyp. Some of the streets are narrow and winding, and the tall houses that lean together over the waters of a muddy canal give a Venetian effect. But it is a grey and northern Venice, and one soon emerges from these tumble-down antiquities into rows of modern shops or large ornamental villas. We went on board the evening before we started, and spent the night in a stagnant little harbour, surrounded by yachts and barges, and overshadowed by the great church with its famous stunted tower and a spread of slate-roofed aisles.

A huge volume of traffic still passes the sleepy quays, where farm produce and the wares of several factories are perpetually being laden. Dordrecht stands at a crossway of canals that bear the commerce of Rotterdam and the Rhine. The modern activities and enterprise of Dordrecht were indeed forcibly impressed upon us at the outset of our travels. First we were held up before the big railway bridge over the River Maas that only opens five or six times a day, and a small canal just behind us discharged into the main waterway the greasy refuse of a butter factory that stood on its banks. We passed the steel obstruction, only to be met by another equally unyielding. The skipper suddenly announced that he must wait the turn of the tide, and made fast alongside a deserted quay opposite a sprawling oil factory. However at last we found ourselves tacking down the Dorde Kil towards the Hollandsche Diep.

The Dorde Kil is a broad canal with green banks neatly paved at the water's edge. Tall reeds grow in shallow creeks, and silver poplars throw their shadow across the water. The breeze was light, and such as it was it blew against us, making progress slow. Our craft was a stout sailing vessel of about fifteen tons with a good spread of mainsail and a single jib. In a fair breeze her sailing powers were better than critics might have supposed. She had started life as a humble trader, but now her cargo space was divided into a pair of cabins and a large saloon. Her sides and mast were varnished and the state of the decks and bright-work would have been creditable at Cowes.

It was a hot day and, as the afternoon wore on, less and less wind found its way to the sheltered canal. Some of the sailing barges, especially those deep laden, had wisely anchored, but others drifted to and fro, their spars gybing and their course uncertain. The seamanship of the Dutch bargemen has an appearance of almost negligent indifference. They are wary and experienced, but they take no pride in an exercise of skill. No rivalry exists between them. Their duty is to convey cargo from port to port, and with the bare performance of their duty they are content.

We passed through a prosperous country. The roofs of neat farms and houses were visible over the high banks of the canal, but the view beyond was often obscured by the trees near the water's edge. At about five o'clock a steady breeze filled our sails, and the barges that had lain sleepily on the glassy water during the stifling hours now awoke, and as we passed we heard the steady clank of winches weighing anchor and hoisting sail.

Narrow Waters

Tacking across a narrow stretch of water is tedious work. It is tedious for the steersman ever wondering if he dare trust the wind and attempt to weather such and such a point, or pass ahead of such and such a craft, that for half an hour has hovered in front of his bows. It is tedious for the hand at the fore sheet, and even for the passengers, roused every few minutes by the heeling of the boat and the swinging of the boom. When, however, traffic is passing to and fro, then the task of the man at the helm is magnified tenfold. On this occasion a tug with an interminably long tow of three barges held a steady course down mid-Channel at a speed that seemed neither to draw ahead nor drop behind. We drifted for a while till the obstruction had passed us, and then we could tack once more across the full breadth of the canal. At length a long stretch, now lively with moving craft, was left behind and open water lay ahead. The flat land on the far horizon was misty blue in the distance, and the surface of the grey waste was lashed into tiny waves by the wind that the trees had deflected from the canal. We stood out till only a small scar of land was visible between the sky and water.

The wind dropped again towards evening, and we approached the shore. The trees and meadows that had been a grey monochrome became green once more ; deep green for the elms and poplars, and light emerald for the sunlit grass. The tide was ebbing fast and sand banks lifted their backs like monsters rising out of the deep. We sailed on steadily, the tide with us and the water gossiping idly to the planks. Ahead of us the sun was sinking through fleecy clouds surrounding an island of the palest blue, and the glow of the slanting rays lit up the east, where the clouds became half transparent like amethyst. There was a silence here which seemed, because we were in sight of land, more deep and more intense than the silence of the ocean in moments of calm. The distance swallowed up all sound from the shore, and in the presence of land and ships the stillness that our voices broke became more real and vivid.

After a while the spell was broken. We had been watching a tug with two long hulks that had been steering eastward. Suddenly, with a harshness mellowed by the space between us, we heard the roar of a surging cable. They had anchored for the night, and as the two long hulls swung round with the tide, for a few moments the tarred sides seemed to gather all the failing sunlight into twin glistening gems. It was gone as they yielded to the moving water, and their shapes grew vague and shadowy against the sombre clouds. Then we heard the steady beat of a propeller, the shearing of a steamer through still water, and like an echo came the fall of the bow wave upon the shore. The reflection of the bows gave a false impression of their height, and we thought that a large ship was approaching. But as it passed it sank to insignificance and hurried out to sea as though ashamed of the deception. The light was fading and the water had the grey brightness of high-polished steel. Here and there we saw the rolling backs of porpoises, and seals were just discernible on the sandbanks. The sun was soon lost behind a heavy bank of cloud, but once it shone dimly through the obscuring curtain. It was dull red, like heated iron, and a dark bar lay across its face.

Then in the midst of the darkening waters we cast anchor for the night. The tide had turned and was soon racing inland. It stretched the cable taut and swirled noiselessly past our sides. Two of us bathed from the dinghy, and raced back to the ship with the current. To swim against it was impossible. The water was warm, for the sea keeps its heat in the night, and it had a brackish taste.

There was strange softness in nature, in the quiet colour of the clouds and the pale reflecting water. Light breezes, soft as velvet, passed gently through the night and made no stir.

Searchlights, possibly as far distant as Antwerp, flashed across the sky, and there was a fitful play of summer lightning. But the air was fresh and mobile, without the sullen gloom that precedes a storm. Nature was asleep and breathing softly.

On waking next morning we found ourselves under way, heeling over to a brisk wind and scudding through small snapping waves. We were in a narrow passage, steering parallel to a neat shore with treeless pasture overtopping a rocky seawall. There was a sandbank on the other beam, where gulls strutted. It was dry and even, an ideal place to bathe from, or for children to dig castles. In one place a few buried planks and ribs scarred its smoothness and betrayed its menace. The land fell away and on either side there was open sea, and ahead a long island, set meekly on the horizon as though it felt that its very life depended on the pleasure of the capricious waves. Clouds were spreading over the sky and soon they had hidden the sun. The sea was grey and choppy; dirty rather than stormy weather.

It was Walcheren that lay ahead; a name sinister in English history. One thinks of it as a bleak island, with sand dunes, and fever-stricken marshes, and isolated forts, and half-savage population. Actually it is wooded, and fertile, and peaceful as Kent or Surrey. There are two unforgettable land-marks that rise clear from the flat soil of the island. In the forefront stands the huge church of Veere, and far behind, faint and slim, is the distant spire of Middelburg.

A Dead City

Veere is a dead city. The great church, weary and alone, like the arch of Ctesiphon, bears sorrowful witness to the past. The cottage roofs seen through the foliage of surrounding trees are weak and insignificant, like the muddy Arab towns built upon the dust and rubbish of Bayblon.

Veere stands at the mouth of the Walcheren canal, which bisects the island, passing through Middelburg and on to Flushing. But the traffic goes by regardless of the scattered village that was once a busy port. We awaited the opening of the iron gates in the granite locks and then made fast alongside a plank landing-stage in company with a fleet of barges. The wind had dropped so we stayed there till the evening. The weather had become dark and forbidding; clouds surcharged with rain massed in from the open sea and spread over the island. Downpours, straight and drenching as tropical showers, are common in Holland. The clouds break and empty themselves like reservoirs suddenly overturned, and an inch of rain falls in half an hour.

At close quarters the church seems larger and more pitiful than in the distance—more than ever like some prehistoric monster, aged, and impotent against a host of midget foes. There was some scaffolding round one end and planking had been erected where the tall railings had been destroyed. The walls were a dingy colour, like khaki, and coarse flowers grew in crevices and on the solid buttresses. Once the exterior had been decked with carved figures, saints and gargoyles and ornamental sculpture. Ornateness would have relieved its dull proportions, but the work of the Netherlands iconoclasts was thorough, and not even in the highest niche had a statue been left to offend the stern Calvinist eye. The long windows were filled with pale green glass, a common practice in Holland, and the walls within were a desert of whitewash. The whole fabric was chipped and battered, but its solidity seemed unimpaired.

Some of the larger houses in the cobbled streets may have been old, and they were certainly roofed with mellowed scarlet tiles. But they were small and unimpressive; one-storied dwellings built perhaps from the pillage of ruins. Along the quay of the little harbour, where a few barges lay on the mud, we found traces of past days. The guildhall of the painters, with its elaborate façade, is now a museum and temporarily a barrack. In one of the shops, behind a pile of merchandise, we had a glimpse of carven arms above a filled-in fireplace, and, facing the sea, a rambling inn has grown upon the remains of an older building. The Gothic *stadhuis*, with its delicate tower of stone and copper, its pointed roof, and stiff carven figures, remains untarnished. The small municipal business is still transacted here, and amongst its antiquities is a golden cup given to Veere in 1551 by Maximilian of Burgundy.

Veere is still unspoilt by sentimental and commercial endeavours to revive its ancient glories—or rather to build upon those fragments a modern villadom. A few painters stay there and tourists come from Middelburg if they have an afternoon to spare. The inhabitants are an old-fashioned race, clean and simple and industrious. The women are sturdy and beauty is measured by the redness of thick arms which the mediæval dress leaves bare above the elbow.

Later in the evening, when the clouds had dispersed, we were towed to Middelburg. The Walcheren canal is an artificial waterway with long stretches and geometrically even banks. Old guns have been driven into the turf parapet at distances of about two hundred yards, guns that a hundred years ago may have borne their part in repelling our ill-fated expedition.

Middelburg, the capital of the province of Zeeland, is, as its name implies, in the centre of the diamond shaped island. It is quite a large town. The old historic streets spread over a big area and modern suburbs reach out in all directions. Not only in its buildings, but in all its life, Middelburg, in the truest sense of the word, is an ancient city. The spirit of the Middle Ages lives on, a refined and idealised survival, with the dirt and brutality of old days discarded. Life is quiet and safe and undisturbed in this changeless city. The fragments of past ages are frequently show places—dead things whose bodies are preserved—or else they are surrendered to poverty and squalor. But Middelburg has more than isolated relics. Business is discharged in the *stadhuis* built by Charles the Bold, and the citizens live in solid houses with long eaves and lattice windows. They appreciate and guard the charm of their city by reproducing in new buildings the form and spirit of the old. A few slums remain, but these are still as they were when first constructed, tiny dwellings for poor men. There are no palaces sunk to tenements or churches used for storing hay.

(*To be continued.*)

The Late Edward Thomas

To the Editor LAND & WATER.

SIR.—Your appreciative notices of my late son, in connection with his posthumous works, *A Literary Pilgrim*, and his poems, lead me to think that your readers might be interested in some particulars as to the manner of his death which have not yet been published. Prior to the British offensive at Arras on Easter Monday last, when he fell, Edward Thomas had borne his part in the great artillery duel. His group of batteries had been singularly successful and made a big bulge in the German line, so much so that his Commander in notifying his death said that he had fallen in a moment of victory—"a gallant death for a very true and gallant gentleman." The strange fact is that his life was taken away by a shell that left his body unscathed and thus his comrades were able to bury him in a soldiers' cemetery at Agny, carved out of a delightful little wood. It was his good fortune, as a famous nature-lover to be laid to rest under the trees, with the birds that he knew so well carolling on the branches. "As we stood by his grave," writes his Commander, "the sun came out and the guns around seemed to stop firing for a time. This typified to me what stood out most in his character, the spirit of quiet, sunny, unconcerning cheerfulness."

One of his corporals, who came home to receive a commission, has told us that his men would have followed him anywhere owing to the confidence he inspired. When the news of his death was brought back to the battery, the messenger cried out! "Lads, we have lost our best officer"; to which a chorus of voices responded: "Not Mr. Thomas!" The wheelwright of the battery executed a special memorial for his grave. Six months later his commander finds himself again in the neighbourhood and pays a visit to the grave of the poet-soldier. He writes: "I felt very happy about him resting there, because I felt it to be just the kind of place that would have appealed to him by its quiet beauty. The grave was well cared for, but looked rather bare, so to-morrow I am going there again with two men who knew and loved him . . . and we are going to returf it and plant a few shrubs round it." One hardly knows which to honour most, the brave soldier who fell, or the commander who can cherish such a pious memory for his dead subaltern. At least, one loves to think of it as characteristic of British chivalry.

As a man of the open air Edward Thomas had inured himself to extremes of heat and cold and wet. He re-acted splendidly to the drill and training of the soldier, so that one of his best friends, who knew a soldier when he saw him, could say of him: "This man was a born soldier." Let me add that he volunteered for the army in the first months of the war and was determined from the beginning to get as soon as he could to the battle front. His Celtic clairvoyance told him his fate. The poetry which he then began to write, under a greater intensity of spirit, is touched by a feeling of farewell, as also by a certain melancholy that was natural to him. At the same time he had an iron courage that never looked back. In these days there are people who will say "This man did not boast or brag, he must have been a nonentity." Though his father, I venture to say that any who read his works can trace in every line the hand of the gunner who could die facing his country's enemies and regulating the fire of his battery.

Faithfully yours,

Rusham Gate, Balham, S.W.12. PHILIP THOMAS.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Irish Memories

THE large sect which reveres the "Irish R.M." books will automatically buy *Irish Memories* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net), the last book which will bear the names of E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. Miss Violet Martin, "Martin Ross," died a little time ago, and the new volume has been written by her collaborator, with the help of some of Miss Ross's letters and papers. It is a book, however, with less of a general appeal than one had expected. A good deal of it is family and local history, dealing with persons who are not of sufficient note to be interesting to English strangers, unless treated with that fullness which will make almost anyone interesting. Miss Martin's family was very clever, and still more numerous—she herself was the eleventh successive girl, and was received into the world, she alleges, with the least amount of rejoicing on record—but the material here given is insufficient to intrigue one with any of them except her mother. That lady, who was very caustic about her daughter's early literary attempts, was, it is said, imposing, slow and stately to a remarkable degree :

> It was alleged by her graceless family that only by aligning her with some fixed and distant object, and by close observation of the one in relation to the other, was it possible to see her move. One of the stories turned on the mistake of one of their children, short-sighted like herself. "Oh, there's Mamma coming at last!" A pause. Then, in tones of disappointment, "No, it's only a tramcar."

In any book by these hands there were bound to be sufficient anecdotes of that kind to make it worth the reader's while to go on, and Miss Somerville scatters them freely. She does not specialise in "bulls," but gives a good one from a tenant who said that he had "a long serious family, and God knows how I'll make the two ends of the candle meet." But about her chastest tale is that of the deferential lady at the garden party, who said to her host! "Oh, what a handsome sunset you have."

* * * * *

The two ladies were of old Irish landowning families, and took the point of view, political and social, of their class, though never in a purely mechanical way. "Martin Ross," at the end, was remarkably open on the subject of Home Rule, and the correspondence between her and Captain Gwynn, M.P., here given, shows how little it really is that differentiates the best minds on each side. But what one really wants from this book is not new light upon Home Rule, or the Irish Famine, but something which will illustrate the workings of one of the closest and most puzzling collaborations on record. Here Miss Somerville, although with all the airs of candour, is a little reticent. She gives us the history of the partnership. She tells us what they got from the publishers for their early novels—and the prices were larger than they would have obtained in these days of reduced prices and enormous over-production—and she is very amusing about the stupids who were continually asking them "which one held the pen." She suggests—as has been revealed before—that the co-operation between the two was extraordinarily close, and that each word, almost, was debated between them ; but she does not really show us the thing happening. We are left to make our own deductions from the specimens of writing by each separately now given, in which the components of the mixture separate out and are revealed as very distinct from each other.

* * * * *

Explanation or no explanation, the results of the partnership will always be a puzzle. Generally speaking, collaborators write alternate chapters ; or one writes the dialogue and the other the descriptions ; or they sink their differences in some method which is quite impersonal. The queer thing about this pair is that they produced a style, which was the style of neither of them, and which nevertheless had an individual personality written all over it. That personality was more vivacious and irresponsible than "Martin Ross's"; more thoughtful and sagacious than Miss Somerville's ; and the style was terser, more vivid, more flexible than either's. The epithets, the images, the scenes, the very jests seem always things that must have sprung spontaneously from a single mind ; were it not that *All on the Irish Shore* and some others were written before he had been thought of, we should find it easier to believe that Major Sinclair Yeates was a real person and author than that two women had sat solemnly down to concoct their tales with interminable discussion. It was a great and a mysterious feat.

* * * * *

One has said that the devotees of the Irish R.M. are numerous. They were from the start. During the Boer War a Staff Officer wrote to say that *Some Adventures*, of which he had worn out three copies, had alone stood between him and lunacy ; and another copy was found in one of the tents hastily evacuated by General de Wet, to whose credit this must eternally stand. As Miss Somerville remarks, the pair never had anything to complain of in their treatment by the Press. The fact remains that *Some Adventures* and *Further Adventures—The Tinker's Dog* tempts one to include *All on the Irish Shore* as well—are still nothing like as well known as they might be in some circles where they would be highly appreciated. It is all due to people's prepossessions. The titles sound local. The stories are about Ireland, and we have all read enough Irish stories to last us a lifetime. They are, partly, as their title indicates, about the Garrison, and the slightest peep shows that they are largely concerned with hunting. This in itself is enough to choke off many connoisseurs who do not realise that people, especially in Ireland, may hunt without being fools or bigots. Finally, they are liked by many simple people who think Bergson is a patent brown bread, and never heard of Nietzsche before the war. This means that others, who have a contempt for these simple people, cannot persuade themselves that there is anything in the "R.M." for themselves. The fact remains that, in their limited sphere, the best of these stories are perfect in conception and execution.

* * * * *

Of all the characters in them, we are told, only Slipper and Maria were taken straight from life. Maria, being a dog, was fair game. One remembers her greatest exploit, the boarding of the yacht in *The House of Fahy*. There have been many euphemisms about sea-sickness, but none more happy than that with which we are made cognisant of Maria's condition on the yacht :

> "She found out that she was able to move," said Bernard, who had crossed to our side of the deck ; "It was somehow borne in upon her when I got at her with a boot-tree. I wouldn't advise you to keep her in your lap, Yeates. She stole half a ham after dinner, and she might take a notion to make the only reparation in her power."

No dog has ever been more accurately and exhaustively portrayed ; but the invented characters, Major Yeates, Philippa, Flurry Knox, Dr. Hickey, Miss Shute, and Bernard, old Mrs. Knox and dozens of retainers and peasants, have all the force and clearness of good portraits. The landscapes are as good ; the humour scarcely ever over-reaches itself, and the phraseology is often thought out with the solicitous care of a Gautier. For an illustration, I open the pages quite literally at random and strike the place in which Major Yeates gets out of an Irish train to buy a fish, the guard promising him that he will have heaps of time for his connection. He hears a whistle and bolts for the station :

> Needless to say, it was uphill, and at the steepest gradient another whistle stabbed me like a spur ; above the station-roof successive and advancing puffs of steam warned me that the worst had probably happened, but still I ran. When I gained the platform my train was already clear of it, but the Personal Element still held good. Every soul in the station, or so it seemed to me, lifted up his voice and yelled. The stationmaster put his fingers in his mouth and sent after the departing train an unearthly whistle, with a high trajectory and a serrated edge. It took effect ; the train slackened. I plunged from the platform and followed it up the rails, and every window in both trains blossomed with the heads of deeply-interested spectators. The guard met me on the line, very apologetic and primed with an explanation that the gentleman going for the boat-train wouldn't let him wait any longer, while from our rear came an exultant cry from the stationmaster : "Ye *told* him ye would'nt forget him!"

Or take again the brisk opening of *The Pug-Nosed Fox :*

> "5 Turkies and their Mother,
> 5 Ducks and the Drake,
> 5 Hins and the Cock.
> CATHERINE O'DONOVAN, Skeagh."
>
> A leaf from a copy-book, with these words written on it, was placed in my hand as I was in the act of dragging on a new pair of gloves in the stableyard. There was something rhythmic in the category, suggestive of burnt-offerings and incantations ; some touch of pathos, pointing to tragedy ; something, finally, that in the light of previous events, recalled to me suddenly and unpleasantly my new-born position of M.F.H.

These are casual extracts ; if one picked out the best things one would give a less accurate impression. But if Maria Edgeworth is mentioned in the literary histories, I don't see why these ladies should not be.

Books of the Week

Prose Papers. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.
The High Heart. By BASIL KING. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
The Rayner-Slade Amalgamation. By J S. FLETCHER. George Allen and Unwin. 6s.
The Gulf. By HUGH E. SPENDER. (Collins 5s.)
E. A Novel. By JULIAN WINCKLEY. John Long. 6s.

HIMSELF a poet, Mr. John Drinkwater makes rather large claims on behalf of poetry as a factor in everyday life. "We artists have the world to fight," he says in his introduction to *Prose Papers*, and he follows it up by "if the world is to be renewed, it will be renewed by us." This may be so, but such a way of putting it is rather reminiscent of the unheard-of versifier who remarked "Shakespeare is dead, and Byron is dead —and I'm not feeling very well myself."

With this as a preparatory grumble, we cannot but admit the value of these *Prose Papers*. There is much sanity and new thought—for the majority—in the one entitled *The Value of Poetry in Education*, and, when one comes to Mr. Drinkwater's critiques of his kind, there is real educational value. These range from Philip Sidney to St. John Hankin, and include the Brontes, Rupert Brooke, and Theodore Watts-Dunton, while even Chaucer is given a paper which might with advantage have been longer. "His song was the spring-note of our verse, and into it he freely wove spring only of all the moods of nature," says Mr. Drinkwater—thereupon he proceeds to prove the statement.

We learn, in process of reading these essays, that their author does not claim that the world will be renewed by poets only, but by artists in the largest sense of the word, and thereat we acquit Mr. Drinkwater of the apparent egotism of his introductory dedication. Many of the prose papers which he has included in this volume first appeared as reviews of collected editions, and the like, but they are well worthy of preservation in more enduring form. The volume might have been named *An Introduction to Poetry*, for in it a seeing man has set down his views of what constitutes poetry, and although material-minded folk may differ with him over some of his conclusions, most readers will thank the author for giving them a clearer conception of values as applied to this "highest form of verbal art."

* * * * *

Since the Canadian point of view is not too well realised, even yet, in many quarters, such a novel as *The High Heart* by Basil King (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) is to be welcomed, for in it a Canadian woman expresses just how the Dominion feels with regard to its place in the Imperial scheme. The days have gone by when Canada was regarded as a dumping place for wastrels, but there is still—especially in the United States—a feeling that the last of the wastrels may still be found north of the border, as is shown in this well-told story. Alix, the very attractive heroine of the novel, resents the American point of view, and her experiences among the dollarocracy make very good reading; her fight with Howard J., the financial magnate who does not want his son to marry her, is epic, while the way in which she disposes of Howard J.'s son after forcing the father to recognise her, makes a fitting anti-climax. There is satire throughout the book, well-deserved satire, and Basil King has a pretty turn of humour which lightens his work from first page to last. And, lest it should be deduced that the book is all in lighter vein, it may be said that few passages in modern fiction can show more of high purpose than the concluding scene.

* * * * *

The Rayner-Slade Amalgamation, by J. S. Fletcher (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.) is a detective story of the conventional type, but is at the same time such a good detective story that it merits more consideration than the majority of this class of work. A certain Allerdyke lands from a continental business tour at Hull with a package of jewellery, and the next morning he is found dead in his room and the jewellery is missing; a concert singer of no small repute loses her jewel case at the same time, with all its contents, and the first clues to the mystery that appear all lead to nothing. Puzzle, find Allerdyke's murderer and the missing jewels—Allerdyke's cousin, a hard-headed Yorkshireman, finds the puzzle practically insoluble, as do sundry others who try their hands at amateur detective work.

The author has struck the right note in that he has not allowed the personalities of his characters to obtrude too much—there is no Watson in the story, nor is there a Holmes worth speaking of, but there is a network of circumstance in which the would-be discoverers of crime are partly helped and partly hindered by coincidences. Not that one's belief is strained by improbabilities, but the development of the story is on the lines of actual life, the people interested are the people we meet every day, and if any reader should object to four murders in the course of one book, well, the first one made the other three inevitable. It is almost impossible to guess the solution to the puzzle anywhere short of the last forty pages; one may suspect, but cannot be sure. And, since a great number of people always enjoy a good detective story, there should be a large public for this book.

* * * * *

Mr. Hugh Spender, in his latest book, *The Gulf* (Collins, 5s. net), has taken for the mainstay of his plot what is rapidly becoming a commonplace—the attraction that may exist between German man and British woman, or *vice-versa*, and the various troubles that arise from such a situation. With considerable courage, the author portrays a good German, a man who hated the barbarities of his countrymen in Belgium, and was so un-Prussian as to prefer death to committing outrages himself, even under orders. Still, he *was* Prussian, and therefore it is difficult to believe in him—in this is evidence of the detestation of all things Prussian that will remain for the rest of the world after the war. Dramatically, the author pictures happenings in Belgium in the first days, and the chief value of his book is in the way it helps to keep alive the memory of how Germans hacked through a neutral country—for any work that stimulates that memory is of value. It is very obvious that Mr. Spender knows the average German fairly well, and his picture of that being is not a pleasant one. But the book deserves a wide circulation.

* * * * *

A novel with the laconic title *E*, by Julian Winckley (John Long, 6s.), gives one to think. There is in it a touch of Frank Danby, and, since the author is American, it is also slightly flavoured with the R. W. Chambers style, but not much. Then there are blots on construction, such as apostrophes to the "gentle reader," and remarks about "our heroine" which would fit better in a penny novelette—and with it all the book is worth while, for the author has drawn a picture of the rich American and his and her ways with fidelity and insight. There is, as the publisher claims, more than a touch of genius about the book, and perhaps when the author has outgrown his liking for *cliches* he will count among the foremost American novelists. Perhaps, for there is a good deal to outgrow. "E" is diminutive for Edith, an only child of ill-assorted parents, and the book is her history as far as that history is likely to be interesting. The main charm of the book consists, not in its heroine, but in the remarkably diverse group of people who surround her—her father is a very fine character study, and her friend Eloise is another. We look forward with interest to the next work of this author, and hope to see in it manner as good as matter, and also, without any change from the habit of calling spades by their proper names, a trifle more regard for the *jeune fille* and her needs. The book is clever, and its merit outweighs its blemishes.

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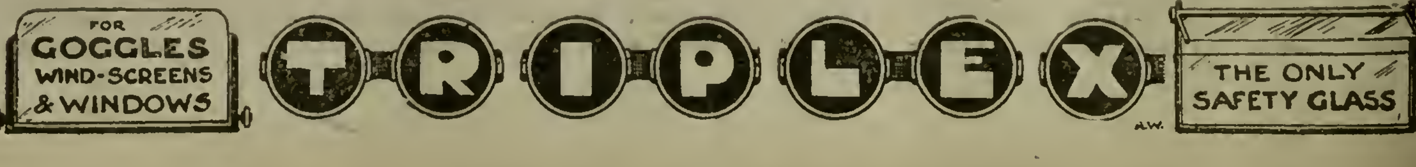
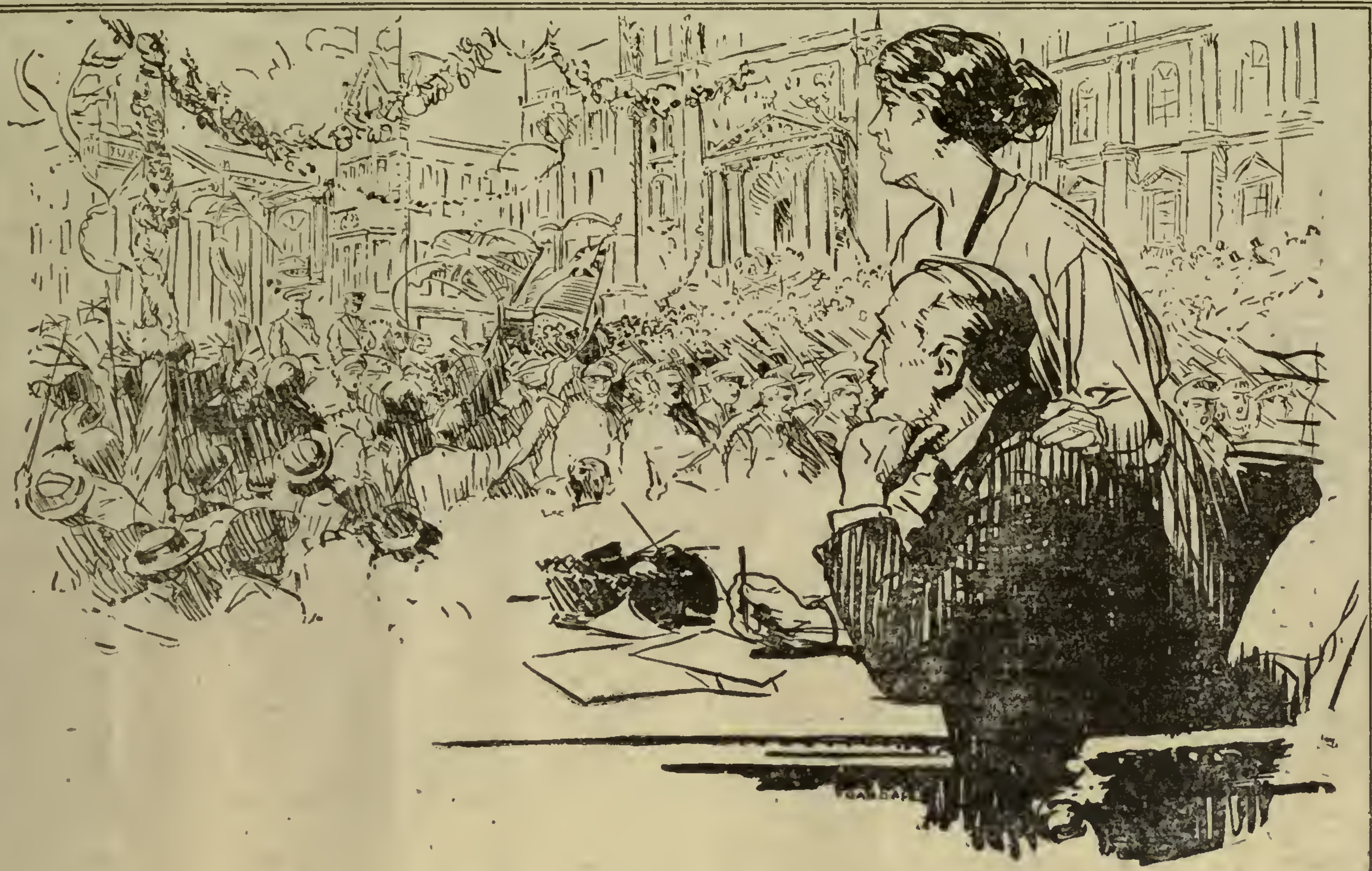
Links with the Past, a well-produced book issued by the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company, deals mainly with the history of insurance, but at the same time contains a mass of interesting information, since the business of the old-time Eagle Company affected many well-known people—Dickens, Charles Reade, Macready, and Mark Lemon were among the earlier clients, the list of whom also includes notabilities of the country, from Queen Victoria downwards. The accounts given of fire engines and firemen of a century ago, of the connection of the theatres with the Eagle company, and of curious claims and awards, make excellent reading; while the illustrations, many of which are reproductions of old prints, form a fitting complement to the text. Perusal of this volume will convince the reader that insurance is far from being a dry business of figures, and that in the history of such a company as the Eagle there lies an unsuspected fund of romance.





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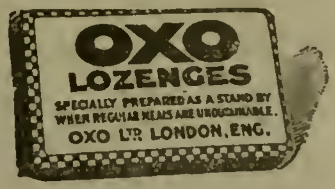
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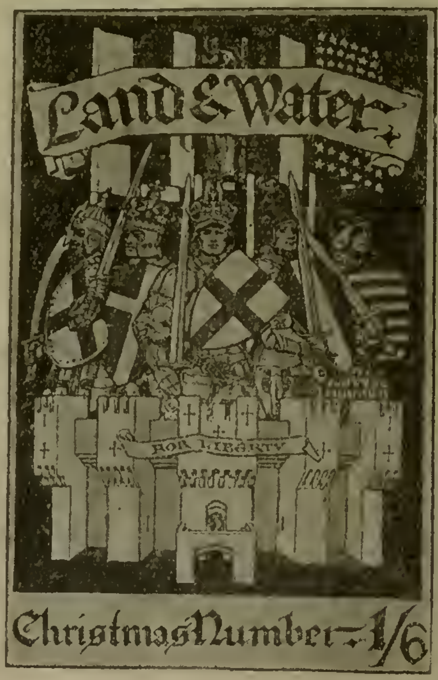

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By Charles Marriott

Pottery

MOST musicians would find it hard to define exactly what constitutes Folk Music, and there is the same difficulty about defining Folk Art, as commonly existing in the village handicraft or industry. One characteristic, however, they have in common. Folk Music is always eminently singable or playable on particular instruments, and Folk Art is always peculiarly well adapted to particular materials. Generally the material is one common and plentiful in the country or district that produces the particular form of art; and wood-carving in Scandinavia, knitting in Shetland, and straw-plaiting in Hertfordshire seem a "natural" as cider in Hereford and cheese in Somerset. If the material is not native to the country or district there is nearly always some simple human reason for the development of that particular form of art; and lace-making is more a product of social conditions in Ireland and Devon than it is of conscious artistic enterprise in those places. Therefore, we may say that not only is Folk Art always peculiarly well adapted to particular materials, but that the local form of it is nearly always determined by presence of the material, or by social conditions, or by both.

Essex Tambour Lace

Without going so far as to say that Folk Art is the only real art there is—though that view might be upheld with some reason—there can be no doubt that an art or a craft that obviously comes from the people and the soil gives a satisfaction and a confidence beyond any other form of art. There is no reason why a young quarryman in Cornwall should not show a talent for painting in water-colours, but we should feel more confidence in his artistic future if he took to granite carving. Whether the art or craft be popular or individual it has always a special character of soundness, perceptible in the finished work, when the artist has a familiarity with the materials beyond his professional use of them. It is astonishing how the sense of this has grown of recent years. In my childhood even in enlightened households it was enough to indicate an artistic career for a youth if he showed a fondness and an aptitude for drawing or painting particular subjects. I believe that nowadays—at any rate, in wise households—the question asked would be: "Has he a fondness and an aptitude for handling paint or pencil?" To put it crudely: as a sign of artistic ability a fondness for messing about with the materials is much more important than the desire to represent anything.

These remarks are prompted by the exhibition of arts and handicrafts recently organised by *The Englishwoman* in Westminster. A large proportion of the exhibits came from bodies formed to revive or encourage village and cottage handicrafts, and most of the works by individual artists belonged in kind if not in circumstance to the class of Folk Art. Always important, the subject of village and cottage industries has become very much more so in consequence of the war. Whether we are prepared for it or not, there is going to be a great increase in village life. As "Jason" pointed out in his article on "What is Reconstruction?" in LAND & WATER for October 11th, "capturing German trade" is the least important part of the business. The important questions are: "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 these conditions to every class and every citizen?" Not a bad short answer to all three questions would be: "the provision of a handicraft." With the most intensive cultivation of the soil there will always remain in every village a number of people who from age or sex or physical disability are better employed either at home or in workshops under easy conditions. Granting this, and observing that on the whole the admirable enterprises encouraged by *The Englishwoman* seem to have escaped them, one perceives certain dangers. There is always the danger that some irresponsible "artist" or group of artists will go down and start a village art or handicraft regardless of whether the local conditions are suitable. Also there is the ever present, and in view of "capturing German trade," pressing danger of commercialism. You may take it as an axiom that when a man talks about capturing German trade he means for the benefit of the person who "deals in" rather than the person who makes the article. There is no reason whatever why village handicrafts should not be profitable as well as pleasurable, but there is every reason why the profits should go to the right persons. Not merely for sentimental reasons of equity; but for the hard practical reason that a handicraft controlled or even influenced by the dealer is bound to degenerate. A very wise man once said to me that the standard of taste is set by the "buyer" for the big shop. He, and not "the public," decides what shall be worn or used; and therefore the standard of taste as actually represented is always below the average real taste of the people.

Therefore, it seems to me, the first care in organising any village handicraft should be to bar the dealer absolutely, and keep the irresponsible artist severely in his place. Though it may not be obvious, the best way to do both is to make everything secondary to the material. Once establish a community of workers in wood or wool or wicker, and you have secured a basis for the co-operative trading that makes the dealer superfluous, and in the same breath you have set a tradition of design proceeding from the stuff itself. Nothing is more healthily stubborn than a tradition so established; and he would be a sanguine person who tried light heartedly to impose new designs on a lace-making district. The

General view of Cambrai.

professional artist can often make useful suggestions, but before they can bear fruit they must be translated into terms of the material by craftsmen who know its "ways" in their very bones.

In all the handicraft exhibitions that I have seen, the products of the loom and the needle struck me as being much better than anything else, and I believe that there are good reasons for this. For one thing, both weaving and needlework compel a close relationship between design and execution. In weaving, the design is a matter of warp and woof, involved in the very structure of the piece; and all needlework designs, from embroidery to lace, are an elaboration of definite stitches. You cannot fudge your design into shape as you can in painting, but must commit yourself with every stitch. Properly speaking, of course, a painted design should be built up of definite brush-marks; and there is an absorbingly interesting little book by Mr. Henry P. Bowie, which tells you all about the different strokes employed by the Chinese and Japanese painters; but whereas you can paint anyhow without being found out except by experts, almost anybody can see bad stitching. Consequently, granting their comparative lowliness in the scale of expression, the arts of the loom and the needle have remained purer than most others.

The bearing is, that what is true of them ought to be true of all the other arts, including what are called the fine arts; and it is because the procedure of needlework is obvious that it makes a good object-lesson in artistic education. It may sound extravagant, but I believe that our arts will be regenerated from below; that real appreciation of painting will begin when everybody understands that granting its fuller and subtler capacity for expression, exactly the same rules apply to painting as to needlework. The question of representation has nothing to do with the use or abuse of materials. The Bayeux Tapestry is pictorial in every detail, but it is all done in terms of needlework. Nobody boggles at the stitches in a piece of embroidery, or asks why lace flowers are conventional; and once it is recognised that painting is designing in paint all difficulties about degrees of "likeness" to Nature disappear.

This would seem like going beyond the subject of handicrafts into that of the fine arts if it were not that the future of both depends on abolishing the false distinction between them. The only true distinctions in the arts are based on the materials used in them; and a man is a painter or a carver whether he paints furniture or pictures, or carves capitals or portrait busts. It is true that there is in the arts a rising scale of expression; though to go back to needlework, what could be more expressive than a piece of true "point" lace—*punto in aria* "stitch in the air?" Nothing approaches more nearly to Flaubert's ideal work of art "about nothing without external connections held together by the internal force of its style." Or, to quote an Italian writer, "Needle lace is the classic tongue of Italy, and the bobbin maker is its provincial dialect; clear, vivacious, emphatic, sharing the merits and defects of the populace."

The last eleven words might very well be taken to describe the characteristics of all Folk Art. There is no need to make a list of the different varieties of folk art; wood-carving, stained glass, jewellery, book-binding, and so on—but in view of the sociological importance of the subject it would be worth while considering them all from this point of view of popularity—in the better meaning of the word. Nothing is worth encouraging in art that is not true to the habits of the race. This, by the way, is particularly true of the subject of toys. Personally, I am inclined to take toys very seriously, because they are the world of the race at its most impressible age. Anybody who has had much to do with children knows that what may be called folk toys are the only toys that please in the long run; and if you consider them carefully, you will find that not only are they very true to their materials—the wooden horse, very wooden, the rag doll very raggy, and the woolly dog very woolly—but that they renounce all minor accidents of "likeness" in favour of a boldly synthetic treatment of natural forms. This is immensely significant. The reason why the child prefers the home-made doll is not that it is home-made—for children are not sentimental—but that with all its defects it is on the whole a more effective summary of the human form than the shop article. Fundamental instincts batten upon fundamental character and let refinements go hang—and there is one of the secrets of art. This truth should be borne in mind in designing and making toys, particularly now that disabled soldiers and sailors are being turned to the work.

If Folk Art be not the only real art there is, it is, at any rate, the best field for the discovery of artistic principles; because in it you are close up against the two main factors in any form of art! the stuff and the people.

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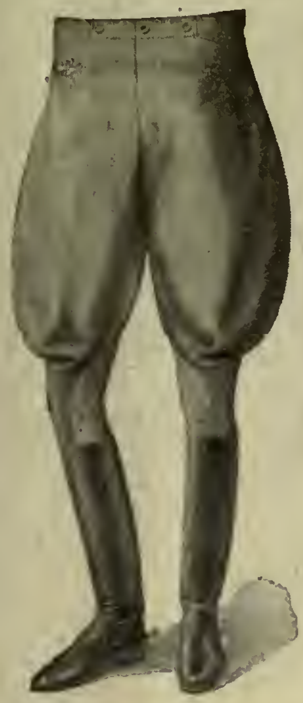

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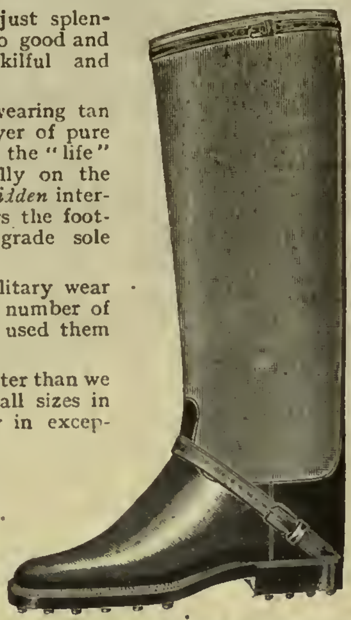

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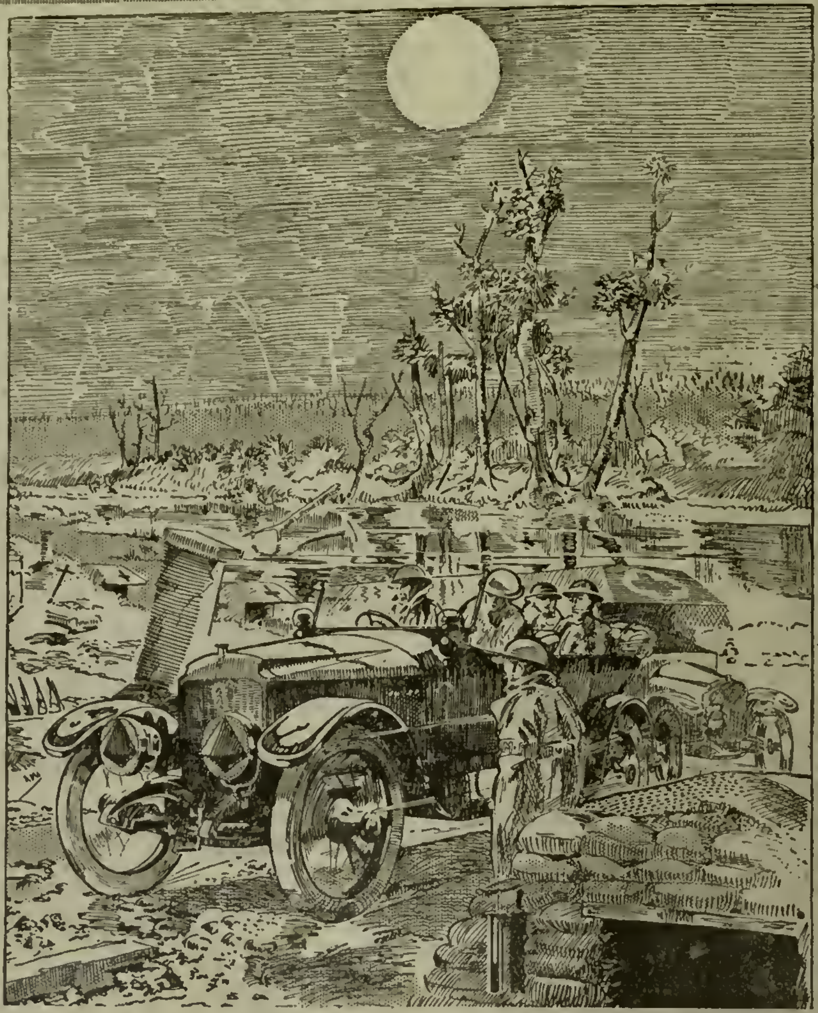

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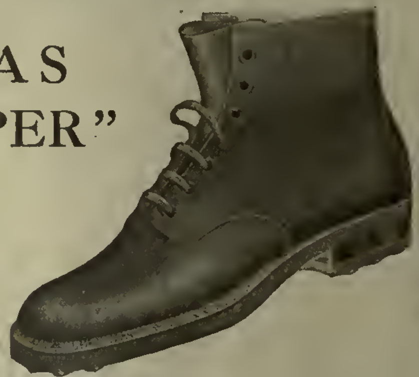

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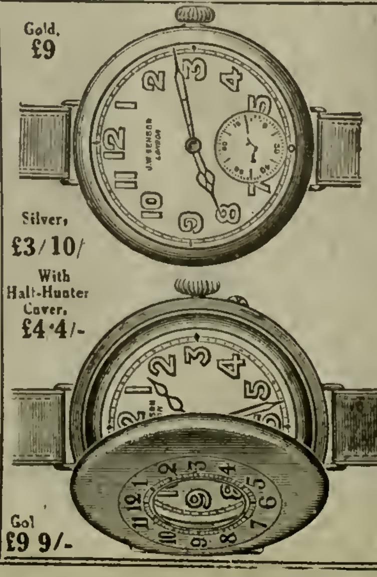

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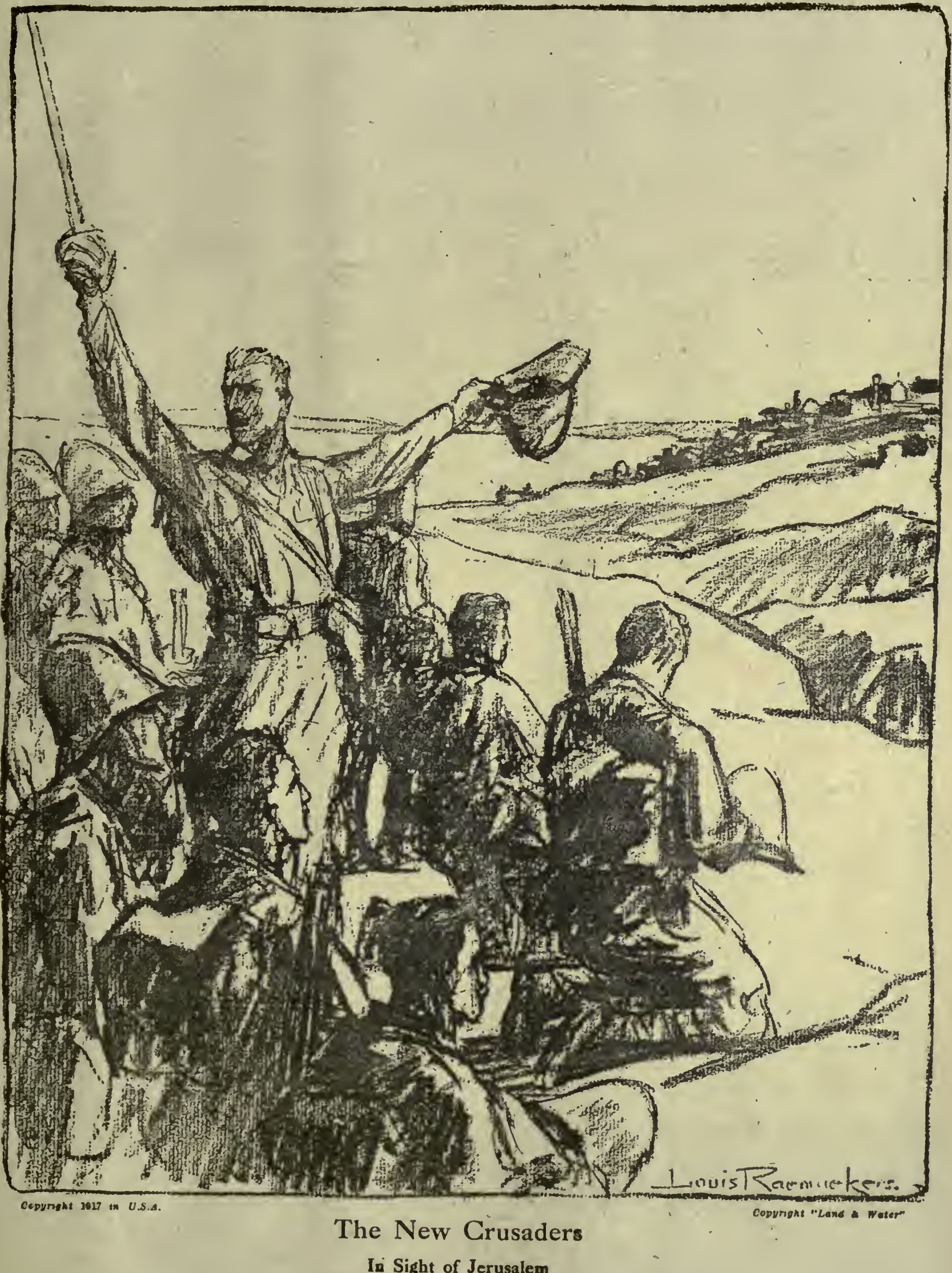
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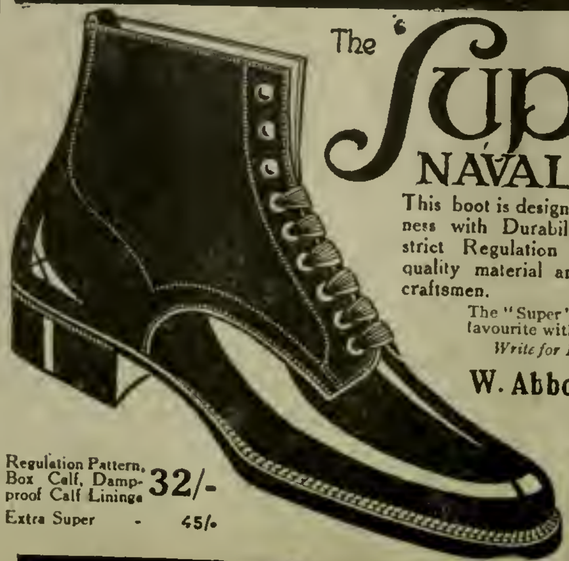

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1917

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CANADA'S CRISIS

CANADA is facing the most vital crisis in her history. The Conscription controversy has fanned into a blaze the long smouldering antagonism between the Imperialist and the Anti-British sections of the Dominion. Englishmen who are not familiar with the opposing elements which comprise the population of Canada, or with the political situation which has grown up as a natural consequence have difficulty in appreciating the bitterness of the present electoral contest. It is still harder for them to realise the far-reaching results which may arise if Sir Robert Borden's Union Government is defeated at the polls.

Broadly speaking, the people of Canada may be divided into three great sectors. First, those of British birth and descent who believe in British institutions and ideals, and look upon Canada's tie with the Motherland as a sacred possession. It is this sector which has, in the main, supplied the men who have fought so well and died so gloriously upon the fields of France and Flanders. Secondly the French-Canadian population, descendants of the original European settlers of Canada. At one time the French Canadians dwelt almost entirely in the Province of Quebec, but during recent years they have migrated to Ontario and the West so that their influence is felt in many parts of the Dominion beyond their native province. As a whole, the French Canadian has sympathy with neither France nor Britain. Nor has he any real understanding of, nor liking for, his English-speaking fellow-citizen. So far as Canada is concerned, his national aspiration may be summed up in a phrase: "French Canada over all." The third element in Canadian life is the Alien; the foreigners who, attracted by the boundless resources of the Dominion have entered in great numbers, and are especially strong in Western Canada. This alien population includes many of enemy origin as well as a formidable host from Scandinavia, Holland, Russia, etc. This element may be considered as opponents of Conscription, or of any other measure tending to enable Canada to exert all her powers towards winning the war.

The Union Government was formed by Sir Robert Borden, the Conservative Prime Minister, with a view to uniting Canada for war purposes. It is responsible for the Conscription Act which has given rise to the present general election. It is composed of the English-speaking leaders of both parties with a small representation from French Canada, the latter condition being due to the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his principal French-speaking supporters refused to join it. But the Union Government has the support of all Canadians who are loyal to the British connection, and who desire that Canada should faithfully discharge her duty in the war. It is opposed by practically the whole of the French Canadian population, and it is doubtful if Sir Robert Borden will carry five out of the sixty-five seats in the province of Quebec. It is also opposed by the alien element, and by that inevitable percentage of "slackers" which exists in every country and which does its utmost to evade service. Also by a few who place party loyalty above patriotism.

The Opposition is led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier with M. Bourassa and M. Lavergne as chief lieutenants. Englishmen who have read the eloquent speeches which, from time to time, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has uttered in the past may be surprised to learn that he is now the chosen leader of anti-British agitation in the Dominion. Canadians who have followed Sir Wilfrid Laurier's career, are not surprised. He has only recently dropped the mask of Imperialism, but throughout the whole of his Premiership the undercurrent of his policy tended to draw Canada away from the Motherland. When the South African war broke out Sir Wilfrid, it is recalled, opposed the sending of a Canadian Contingent. Then realising that British Canada would not be denied the privilege of sharing some of the burden, he quickly yielded. But he showed little sympathy towards the expedition. During the unpleasant dispute which led to the retirement of Lord Dundonald from the command of the Canadian Militia, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, amid the cheers of his French Canadian followers, described the British general as a "foreigner." At the polls during the election following on the "Reciprocity with the Uniteh States" campaign the Canadian people repudiated the suggestion that Canada's allegiance was for sale, and drove Sir Wilfrid Laurier from power. During this campagin Sir Wilfrid made a typical utterance to an American audience. "The ties," he said, "which exist between Canada and the British Empire are slowly, but surely, being severed."

Behind Sir Wilfrid Laurier stand the sinister figures of his two foremost supporters—the two men whose names, to British Canadians, are synonymous with treason, rebellion and reaction—MM. Bourassa and Lavergne. Throughout their public lives both have been bitter and persistent enemies of everything British. They are the acknowledged and admired leaders of the French-Canadian Nationalists, who desire that the French population shall maintain a separate entity in Canada, viewing all national questions solely from the standpoint of French Canadian advantage, holding the balance of power, having its own language, its own laws and customs and special privileges. If this aspiration were fulfilled all hope of national unity in Canada would be at an end. It is interesting to note that the alliance between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and MM. Bourassa and Lavergne is of recent origin. While nominally following Sir Wilfrid's leadership, the two French Nationalist chiefs have, until the war, played their own hand. It was an open secret that at one time Sir Wilfrid Laurier viewed their activities with suspicion and even alarm. Now if the forces of reaction win, it will be his two wayward followers who will place the sceptre of power in the hands of Sir Wilfrid.

The voting strength of British Canada has been weakened by the war. Many Canadians have died for the Empire. Many men of influence and energy are fighting the enemy at the Front, and cannot help against the enemy at home. The forces of reaction are at their strongest. By playing upon prejudices and jealousies, by wide promises, by strenuous anti-British propaganda, the Opposition seeks to make more inroads upon the supporters of the Union Government. French Canadian Nationalists realize that the circumstances of war have given them an unequalled opportunity to grasp heretofore unobtainable power. If they win the election, Canada is theirs—for a time at any rate. And they hope to entrench themselves so firmly that the dream of French Canadians being the dominant people of the Dominion may become a reality, so strongly established that even the return of the British Canadians, now abroad, would be unable to shatter it.

It is a hard hour for Canada, and for all who are loyal to her and to the Empire to which she belongs. But upon lesser occasions she has defeated reaction. Her sons who are overseas believe that she will rise to this greater occasion. If, however, the anti-British element should triumph at the polls, be assured that the battle is only beginning, for the Blood Loyal will know how to reckon with those who sold Canada in the hour of the Empire's peril.

The Battle of Cambrai

By Hilaire Belloc

THE enemy is making for the recovery of a firm line in front of Cambrai such an effort as he has not made in the West since Verdun, and as he has never yet made in the winter at all. That is the only great matter of the war at this moment. To it may be added at any hour news of that main bombardment upon the Piave front, which has been so long expected and so long delayed, and in the absence of which nothing can be predicated of the Italian situation—for it will be the test of the Piave line, and what has happened there hitherto on that line is no sufficient index of what may come. But at the moment of writing the battle for Cambrai must occupy all our attention.

Quite a short time ago the successful surprise effected by the Third Army would have compelled a modification of the whole German line. Though there was no complete rupture of the defensive system, though Cambrai itself was not reached and though a considerable power of reaction was shown before the end of the second day, yet General Byng's advance, the profound wedge which he pushed into the centre of the enemy's system, his turning of the Quéant-Drocourt line, and on top of this the occupation of Bourlon Hill, meant the elimination for the moment of Cambrai as a nodal point of communications. The main railway running north to Lille could not be used, and if the salient were held the heavy pieces soon to come up would render not only the main railway but every road and line of metals converging upon Cambrai unuseable in the neighbourhood of the town, and therefore missing their connections.

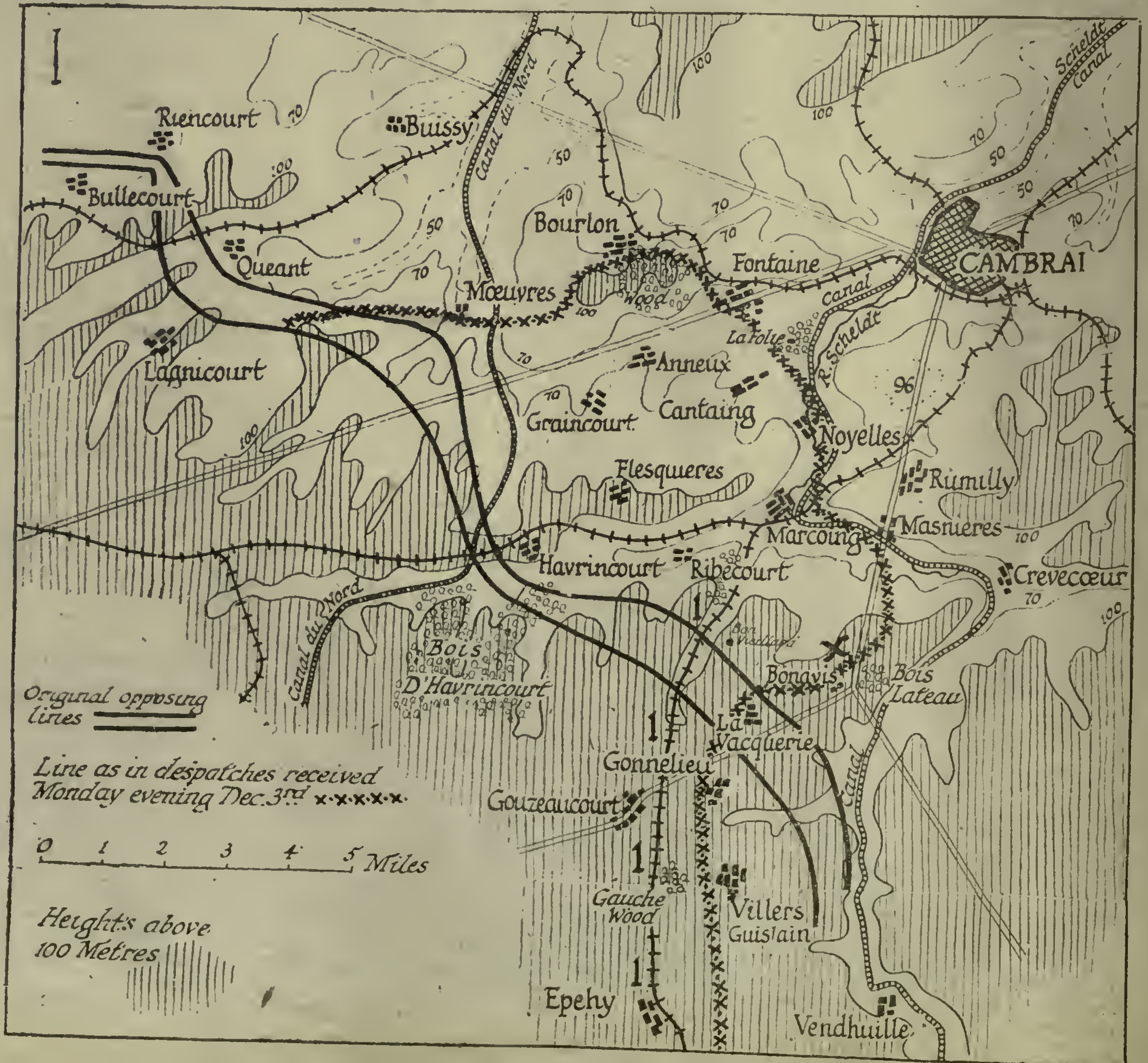
I say that under such circumstances the enemy, were he still in the position which he was in before the International Anarchists in Russsia betrayed the Allied cause, would have been compelled to fall back. He would have had to go back to what is roughly the frontier line of Valenciennes, and we should now be watching the problems set him in attempting to retire without rupture. His only alternative to such a policy, once the nodal point of the Cambrai region was dominated by British fire, was to attempt to drive the British back and to make them lose the vantage they had attained. But to do that with no serious opportunities for surprise, and on ground where conditions of partially open fighting had been restored meant the sacrifice of very large numbers of men. Those large numbers of men a few months ago he could not have afforded. To-day he can. To-day it is worth his while to pay a high price on the chance of recovering the salient or, at any rate, flattening it sufficiently to restore Cambrai to something of its old value as a centre of communication. He has gone in for the alternative policy quite thoroughly, and has poured in as great masses of men as the front can possibly hold, and is continuing to pour them in.

The diary of the battle up to the moment of writing is somewhat as follows:

On Tuesday, November 27th, the strong but still local counter-attacks of the enemy were continuing, and were directed upon the height of Bourlon Wood. They were not of a force which could shake the British hold upon the height or even upon its neighbourhood. There was even a certain British advance on that day near Fontaine and the capture of 500 enemy prisoners. And the two villages, Bourlon and Fontaine, seem to have changed hands twice in a day of confused fighting.

On Wednesday last, November 28th, there was an interruption or lull in the enemy's movements, and the main part of the fighting was confined to an artillery duel, while on the next day, Thursday, this state of affairs continued.

At that moment, the night of Thursday, November 29th one may fix the end of the second phase of the Battle of Cambrai. The first phase had been the two days of successful advance, followed by the capture of Bourlon Hill, a story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Noyelles
Flesquieres
Rumilly
Marcoing
Masnieres
Havrincourt
Ribecourt
Crevecœur
Canal du Nord
Bois D'Havrincourt
Bonavis
Bois Lateau
La Vacquerie
Gonnelieu
Gouzeaucourt
Gauche Wood
Villers Guislain
Epehy
Vendhuille
Canal
100
70
50
96
Original opposing lines
Line as in despatches received Monday evening Dec. 3rd ×·×·×·×·
0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles
Heights above 100 Metres

which is now so familiar to all of us. The second phase has been that of considerable, but localised, enemy counter-attacks, organised with the special object of recapturing Bourlon Hill, in which object they failed. But all during this second phase, which had lasted the better part of a week, and which ended in two days of lull, the main concentration was going on for the third and very serious phase opened on Friday last, November 30th.

It was just after daybreak of Friday last, November 30th, that a vast counter-attack on a scale altogether different from those which had preceded it was launched.

The enemy advanced at 8 o'clock from Vendhuile to Crevecœur on the southern limb of the salient. He was rapidly obtaining on this line a success which threatened to develop in a very disquieting fashion when, in the calculation that the British would already have withdrawn men from the north to meet this southern pressure, he further launched exactly two hours after, a correspondingly heavy blow against the northern limb. This Friday was not only the first but also the critical day of the whole operation. The enemy was throwing in men upon such a scale as had not even been seen at Verdun, for I think there was no one day at Verdun when a concentration of ten divisions was being used at once. The first two hours of the southern attack were a continued story of success for the enemy. He went on his extreme right down the Scheldt Valley, and got behind Masnieres. He carried the high point of Lateau Wood, where the fork of the main roads is, and went on beyond that to La Vacquerie. He rushed Gonnelieu and to the left Gauche Wood. At about ten o'clock some of his men had got into and beyond Gouzeaucourt. Meanwhile, the attack from the north aimed at crossing the high road south of Mœuvres joining hands with the southern attack somewhere by Havrincourt Wood and so cutting off all the British in the salient.

By 10 a.m. it was half done. The enemy had got well through the old entrenched line which had been held for months before the last advance. Gouzeaucourt was nearly two miles behind it. And he was then well past Gouzeaucourt to the west, while the great southern attack drawn from Mœuvres towards Havrincourt was in full progress.

The position was clearly exceedingly serious. But it was partially restored almost immediately. Before noon the southern attack was checked, and the enemy spent the mid-day in trying vainly to entrench himself upon this new line. The early afternoon saw the British counter-attack in this region. Gouzeaucourt was recovered, so was Gauche Wood, and at the end of the day he stood here on the line Gonnelieu and Villers Guislain. He was no longer astride of the railway (1) (1). (Not in use, of course, but a convenient mark for following the line here). To the north he retained his hold upon the fork of the roads at Lateau Wood and the high point at X, which dominates all the valley to the north, and the outskirts of the ruins of La Vacquerie hamlet. But he was beaten back out of the southern suburbs of Masnieres and the British still held the crossing of the Scheldt at that point. If this crossing could have been maintained it would have been a matter of some importance, for though the hill beyond Rumilly (Hill 96) hides Cambrai, dominates the valley below and has been constantly in German hands, yet the bridgehead at Masnieres was an opportunity for further advance whenever this might be possible. It overcame the obstacle of the canal and of the stream of the Scheldt by its side.

With this situation on the southern limb clearly in mind, let us turn to what was going on on the northern. Here the attack was timed to coincide with the southern success. It counted half the forces engaged, five whole divisions, and of these three, the main weight of the hammer, were crowded on to the extraordinary narrow front of 5,000 yards between Bourlon and Mœuvres—a whole division to less than each mile; and such a weight of men came on in waves all day to push through and join hands with their comrades to the south. They failed.

The storm did not abate until darkness set in. At its height the most advanced bodies of the assault seem to have reached as far as the main road, but they never held any point beyond.

The enemy issued a claim at the end of the day to some 4,000 prisoners and 60 guns. The summary of his whole effort was that he had carried a belt about 2,000 yards which, on the southern limb, gravely threatened the railway supplying the salient on this side, and, most important of all, perhaps, firmly seized upon the height of Lateau Wood which dominates all the valley to the east and north. This occupation compelled the British to evacuate the important bridgehead of Masnieres in a little more than 24 hours. A corresponding success on the north would have given him a great victory. Luckily no such advantage was gained. On the north he obtained nothing but small indentations of the line between Bourlon Hill and Mœuvres, lost very heavily indeed in men, failed in his main object, which was the cutting off of the salient and failed also to carry Bourlon Hill. A subsidiary but important point: For, so long as Bourlon Hill is in British possession, the communications of Cambrai are out of use.

During Saturday the pressure was relieved save in the neighbourhood of Masnieres, the suburbs of which village were again entered by the enemy before the retirement was ordered from that place. There was also detached fighting near La Vacquerie and Bourlon, but the battle as a whole marked time. But Sunday saw the renewal of it in its fullest activity. The enemy attacked with especial strength again on the south; the line was maintained everywhere against him except at La Vacquerie and just east of Marcoing; south of the latter little town the enemy broke through at one point, but only for a moment. And at this point, with the result not decided, our information ceases. The enemy's last claim was to 6,000 prisoners and 100 guns, the latter item including, of course, whatever shattered pieces he found on whatever part of his advance, and further including pieces recovered by the British in their counter-attacks.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to draw any conclusion in this stage of the action. All we see is the failure of the enemy to fight an encircling battle capturing the British in the Cambrai salient, and his present determination at least to drive the British out of that salient in the battle which is still continuing.

Soldiers v. Critics

There are certain first principles running all through military history which it is the business of soldiers to study, and which soldiers do study and practice. It is the business, also, and in part the recreation of mere students to master these elementary principles, for if they did not they could not follow military history and understand it, either in the past or in the present. Those principles are simple enough. It is their execution in detail and in practice which is difficult. And the man of genius in this, as in every other branch of human effort, is not the man who sees obvious things, still less the man who contrives ingenious ones. It is the man who combines the power to make a good plan rapidly with the power to execute it *in the material with which he has to deal.* It is all summed up in Napoleon's maxim that any fool can draw up a strategical plan, and that the test of military power is in its execution.

There has been quite recently in the Press and on the platform, a perfect orgy of amateur advice upon the war, which had for its main character—almost for its only character—a perfectly amazing ignorance of these elementary principles. I have the right to use the word "amazing" in the 41st month of the war. There are, by this time, without exaggeration, tens of thousands of men who have been taught such elementary things since 1914, and if we count those who have instinctively appreciated them through taking part in war, even though they have had no special instruction in such principles, there are millions.

These thousands and these millions are in uniform and neither speak nor write. It would do no harm if a few of them were spared to give some simple lectures to the comparatively small number of civilians who pretend to set the soldiers right in their own trade. There is hardly anyone upon service, for example, who does not know at least what is meant by *supply*; and yet our amateur strategists leave out that factor in strategy as airily as though movement upon the globe were like the moving of a pencil upon the map.

By way of a counter-offensive against this deluge, which always comes after an unexpected reverse, and which was let loose by certain journalists and politicians, during what may be called "the Italian fortnight," a few weighty and sober articles have appeared, most of them from the pens of soldiers and none of them better worth reading than those which were printed in the *Morning Post* in succession a little time ago. Their example will, I hope, prove a sufficient excuse if I recapitulate here certain elementary points common to the whole of military history. Their appreciation can only have a negative effect upon civilians. But it seems from a recent experience that such a negative effect would be still worth attaining.

The first leading principle is this. No one can judge of a military situation unless he is possessed of four kinds of knowledge relating to it:

(a) *The nature of the ground.*
(b) *The numerical disposition of his own and the enemy's forces.*
(c) *The conditions of supply for his own and the enemy's forces.*
(d) *The moral of his own and the enemy's forces.*

Now "ground" does not only mean a knowledge of the map—and yet a knowledge of the map, even in its largest lines is not a thing which most people easily acquire—it means also an appreciation of the state of the soil in various weathers; a good guess at the rate at which it will dry; of the effect snow will have upon it; of what will happen to watercourses after a thaw or exceptional rain; and, in general, a whole volume of knowledge which men concentrated upon their profession can, when they are exceptional men, acquire with a certain degree of rapidity, but which most men do not attempt to acquire; and which most men, if they tried to acquire it, would fail to acquire.

Of all men in all professions there are perhaps two kinds least fitted to compete in such knowledge; the first is the man who has lived by limelight and intrigue, and the second is the man who has lived by making sensations. Such careers, beyond all others, dissipate the power for concentrated, solid and, above all, rapid brain work; and those who are corrupted by such careers are the least capable of criticising soldiers. If we ask ourselves why, being the least fitted to interfere with military things, they are none the less the first to do so, the answer is that such interference lends itself particularly to public show and to sensation and to intrigue against individuals. Of intellectual basis it has none.

Erratic Criticism

If it is difficult to master ground, it is in a sense, even more difficult to master numbers and disposition. The politician may be told in the way of business, the journalist may be told by an indiscretion, the numbers and the order of forces upon either side in any part of the field. That either will remember these under the strain of public advertisement, and forced excitement is doubtful, but at any rate, that kind of knowledge is at least available. When it comes to the meaning of such numbers and of such dispositions neither of these two kinds of critics has any standing whatsoever. Why, it is the test of excellence in a commander that he should be able to read even partially the riddle presented by concentration and dispersion of forces. If he has an excellent Chief of Staff, and therefore an excellent Bureau piecing together intelligence and reporting accurately what there is in front of him and how it changes—even so he has to interpret the will that is behind such grouping, what part of it may be intended to deceive, what part may be used, and why. The greatest masters of war have, if you will read their memoirs, particularly remembered what they did not grasp in the enemy's plan. That is their interest in the whole affair. They know that there will always be a very large margin of error; their interest is to see how far it can be reduced. But your unmilitary critic works on quite another principle. *He* always knows—*after the event*—what the enemy was intending, and why such and such a concentration was made in one place, and such and such a withdrawal of forces from another; how this disposition would be used, and with what effect. He always knows, I say, after the event, what these things mean, but he will also, unfortunately, presume to know beforehand what should be done, although he eliminates in this forecast any knowledge of the enemy's dispositions or of the counter-dispositions on our own side.

In the matter of supply the contrast is more striking still. Supply is the great material preoccupation of all commanders. It is the one great material factor which governs everything. A man can rest upon his oars and forget movement for many days at a time; he can forget for some hours disposition and ground; but supply occupies his thought in every waking moment of the day; it conditions everything. That is what supply is to the soldier. The other person, who wants to tell the soldier what to do, has a very simple way of treating supply—he leaves it out altogether. He will propose the reinforcement of the Russian front with two million Americans, or the moving in a day or two of a score of divisions over 700 or 800 miles of railway. He vaguely thinks of the rolling stock as infinite; he vaguely attaches the same miraculous quality to the condition of rails, the number of sidings, or of tracks, the stores of coal and of petrol, spare parts, repair shops, and the hundred other things of which he has not so much as heard.

Lastly, in the fourth element, that of moral, you have yet another kind of disaster. The soldier judges it with difficulty and as a highly complex, sometimes slightly changing, sometimes rapidly changing thing, peculiarly difficult to estimate in the enemy's case; difficult enough to estimate in his own, needing daily observation and care, daily reinforcement, correction and change. It is for the soldier a large complex field of many factors, upon the whole stable, but only stable because every point is carefully watched and supported.

For the critic of the soldier it is something quite different. He does not leave out moral, but he simplifies it in a childish fashion, and, true to the traditions of sensation and advertisement, he exaggerates it wildly. He is the recipient of all the silliest rumours, of all the wildest descriptions whether of panic upon one's own side, or of despair upon the enemy's. It is from him we get all the stories of exaggerated intrigue. If the civilian interfering with soldiers is negatively and relatively dangerous in the other three parts of knowledge, he is here actively and positively dangerous. He spreads panic or false report about the enemy in a fashion which soldiers punish sometimes with death, but which the civilian busybody indulges in as though it were a normal excitement.

The Second Principle

The second leading principle is this! That military operations require for their success *competent* unity of command.

The word "competent" in this definition is essential. The words "unity of command" does not necessarily signify a mechanical unity; it signifies a unity of intention and plan.

When the outsider interferes with military affairs under the plea of producing unity of command he breaks this canon in two ways. First of all the unity which he proposes being derived from himself, is not competent. He is not competent to judge a military situation or to decide upon it.

Secondly, by his very action he disturbs, modifies, and may disintegrate that very unity of command of which he speaks.

Unity of command does not necessarily mean the directing of all military operations, in no matter what field (so long as they are contemporary), by one brain. That is, indeed, an ideal state of things which, when it can be accomplished, leads to prodigious results, first of success, and soon afterwards, in most cases, of disaster. For this ideal with its fruit of immediate success, often followed by corresponding disaster (because authority has to be too distantly delegated, and the field becomes too great for one man—Napoleon is the leading example) is not the essential test of unity of command. That test is to be discovered in co-ordination of operation, and particularly is this true of an alliance.

It is even true of separate operations, conducted by one power: for instance, the separate operations conducted by the generals of the French Republic in 1796, or the separate successful operations conducted by the Roman State at the end of the Second Punic War. But in the case of a true alliance, that is, of an alliance between Powers more or less equal, an essential unity of command is not obtained as a rule by subordination to one head. It is attained more easily, and certainly as history goes more successfully, by agreed balance between two or three men each responsible for his national army. An alliance is, of its nature, weaker in the matter of unity than a single Power or than a single Power controlling subject vassals. But granted that inevitable condition, the essential quality of unity of command is discovered in its best by co-ordination.

When the operations of an army are successful, no one doubts this, and if we consider the classic instances of a true alliance succeeding in the field, we shall find that it is usually conducted after this fashion. You have in our own military history alone the examples of Eugene and Marlborough, and the still more striking instance of Wellington and Blucher. There was plenty of the friction inevitable from double command, but although the operations of the Waterloo campaign were all within one narrow field, dual command was maintained. Had the campaign failed, we should have heard for a hundred years that the cause of its failure was this dual command—although that dual command was inevitable. As a fact, it succeeded, and no one remembers the disability under which it suffered. It was not Wellington who ordered the retreat after Ligny. Wellington had doubted the value of the Ligny position; Wellington grumbled badly about the delay of his ally on the critical afternoon of the 18th. The Prussians, I fancy, might equally have complained that they were the first to meet and to understand the moment of the invasion. But the thing to remember is that the alliance succeeded. That alliance would have failed had it been possible for a third civilian party to intervene, discuss, modify, or even disturb the action of the two generals.

The Third Principle

There is a third principle attaching to all military operations equally repugnant to a certain type of politician and journalist, and with that I will conclude. This principle is the principle of secrecy, secrecy for the common good and with a military object. It makes the accounts of operations dull; it prevents the speaker or the writer from getting his "effect"; it badly dims the limelight. Nevertheless, it is essential. The difference between success and failure, other things being equal, is the difference between your knowing more of the enemy than he knows of you, or the contrary.

It shows a strange lack of intelligence that men should complain of such a necessity even in detail. It should surely be evident that the smallest and apparently most insignificant detail may be just what the enemy's Intelligence Department requires in order to piece together evidence hitherto undecipherable.

We have just had in the field one of the very best examples—I think the best in the whole war—of what surprise can effect. We owe it entirely to the soldiers. One piece of vain talk by a politician, one uncensored line in an article pretending to prophesy, and the victory in front of Cambrai would have been ruined. It all pivoted upon the element of surprise.

Whether it be possible to enforce those three principles—the incompetence of non-military advisers; the necessity for maintaining the integrity of command, and the necessity for secrecy upon men whose whole mode of life is the antithesis of the soldier, it would be difficult to say. But if the public will appreciate the importance of those things, then general opinion will have some remaining force and perhaps render the recent follies, of which we are all so ashamed, less frequent.

H. BELLOC

Mr. Belloc, who has recently returned from France, will write a special article on the American Effort next week.

Rhodes' Imperial Dream

By Lewis R. Freeman

The death of Sir Starr Jameson and the concluded campaign in German East Africa makes this comprehensive review of Central African railway construction very apropos.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
  Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
  Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
  So brief the time allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
  His faith before the crowd.

HOW well these lines of Kipling epitomise the character of the men who strove so hard to teach the British Empire to "think imperially" it has taken the present war to bring home to the people of that Empire. "So much to do, so little done," were the dying words of a dreamer passing with his dream but partly fulfilled; for the uniting of the South African states, and the making that union an integral part of the British Empire was only the first step towards the ultimate bringing of the whole of East and Central Africa—from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope—under the British flag, and binding the several regions together with bands of steel by building a railway which should run from the mouth of the Nile to the Indian Ocean, on a "Red" map all the way.

Fate was never more capricious than in the irony of her decree that it should be the very thing—the ruthlessness of Teutonic territorial ambitions—which appeared to Rhodes to make the fulfilment of his dream impossible, which has ultimately operated to bring that splendid conception within the range of imminent possibility. The way will be open for the ringing up of the curtain on the second and greater tableau of Rhodes' "Imperial Vision" when the campaign in what was once German East Africa is finally finished.

When Rhodes first "dreamed his dream" of the "Cape-to-Cairo" railway probably nobody knows, but it well may have been on the occasion of his first visit to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, some time in the eighties, when it is known that his mind was already busy with his "Union of South Africa" scheme. A friend of mine—a prominent American mining engineer who has spent many years in South Africa and been much in the company of Rhodes—related to me, on the occasion of my last visit to Johannesburg, an illuminative and prophetic incident in connection with the great man's first sight of Victoria Falls. He prefaced his account by mentioning that the natives of this region have long had a belief that in the heart of the great rainbow, which is formed by the drifting mist of "The Smoking Waters," may be seen visions of the future. The tribal witch-doctors, he said, went there to learn the issue of impending battles, and even the brave Scotch missionary and explorer, David Livingstone, professed to have seen taking shape in the iridescent mists a vision of a white man carrying a lamp in the darkness—the Church bringing the Light of Faith to the tribes of Africa, according to his interpretation.

"We had trekked across to the Falls from Bulawayo," my friend went on, "principally with the idea of getting a line of the territory which was shortly to be named Rhodesia. It was the first time that all but one or two in the party had seen the great cataract, and for several days we had been in camp there, literally lost in the wonder of the most stupendous natural spectacle ever given to the eye of man to behold.

"Rhodes, his mental activity seemingly stimulated by the play of the primal forces, lived like a man in a dream, his mind evidently engrossed with his colossal schemes of Empire. His total obliviousness to all that was going on about him while thus wrapped in thought had already resulted in his being lost on several occasions, and it was on this Victoria Falls trip that those of us nearest him formed the plan—afterwards followed through all of his treks about the veldt—of never allowing him to wander beyond the sight of at least one armed white man.

"This was how it chanced that, on the day I have in mind, I tailed on behind Rhodes when, just before sunset, he strolled absently away in the direction of the Falls. He walked aimlessly for a while, with hands clasped behind him and head bent in thought—a characteristic attitude—but at the first touch of spray from the wind-blown drift of the 'Smoking Waters' he seemed to shake off his lethargy, and started at a quicker pace along the path which led through the 'Rain Forest' to the cliff above the 'Boiling Pot.'

"Soon we were drenched to the skin (it is now the custom to wear waterproofs in the passage of the 'Rain Forest'), and as the sun-shot mist grew thicker little rainbows began forming about the birds and swaying trees and all moving objects and I saw Rhodes and his Kaffir boy walking, like saints of old, with shining halos about their heads.

"Out to the very verge Rhodes pressed, while I hastened to push up abreast of him lest he should fail to discern that the cliff rim was the dead-line between vision and reality and step off into the mist-choked gorge. He started at the touch of my hand on his arm, but—except for the fact that he was shouting above the deafening thunder of the waters—his manner was almost matter of fact as he roared: 'Thanks, S——. Glad you came. Worth getting soaked for?'

"Then, as his eyes wandered back to the sheer 400-foot drop of the 'Leaping-Water Fall,' the far-away look that I knew so well returned, and he was off again with his dreams. Yet it was not to the white brocade of the face of the fall that he was looking, nor yet (where my own eyes were irresistibly drawn) into the boiling depths beneath, but straight across to the opposite cliff, where the largest and last of a long arch of a dozen or more rainbows spanned the gorge in vivid mother-of-pearl.

"'S——,' he thundered (he spoke without lowering his eyes, and I caught the words only by bringing an ear close to his lips and putting a hand over the other to shut out the roar of the Falls), 'Do you know that the Kaffirs claim that they can see far into the future by looking into the depths of that big rainbow? No? Well, they do.'

"'And what do you think I can see there at this very moment? Two lines of shining steel—a railway—running from one end of Africa to the other, and crossing this gorge right over there where the spray from the Falls will beat upon the faces of the passengers, just as it beats upon ours.

"'To east and west I can see branches running—maybe a dozen; maybe a score—picking up business for the main trunk all the way from Cape Town to Alexandria. And look, S——, do you see that bar of red?' (Through the rainbow glowed a segment of dusky rose, where the light of the setting sun struck through the smoke of smouldering veldt fires). 'That means that it's going to be an "All Red" railway; that it will run in British territory all the way!'

"The piercing eyes under the beetling brows were shining as we turned to go, and I knew that tears of enthusiasm were mingling with the clinging mist of the 'Smoking Waters.'"

* * * * *

That the railway Rhodes dreamed of was to be an "All British" route undoubtedly weighed more heavily with him than the fact that it was to be the first through trunk line to traverse one of the great continents from end to end; and perhaps the bitterest disappointment he ever knew was when his country, in 1889, acquiesced in Germany's entering into the possession of the region between British East Africa and Rhodesia, and at a single stroke, creating an apparently insurmountable barrier many hundreds of miles wide, athwart the route he had decided that his railway should follow. Whether, in the clearness of his vision, he realised even then —a decade or two before the ominous truth began to sink home to even the most far-seeing of his countrymen—the sinister import of Germany's designs I have never heard. He never did give up working for the consummation of what he was firmly convinced was the *sine qua non* to the success of his great plan, and at the time of his death it is said he had negotiations pending with the Kaiser by which some sort of a British zone—across the west end of German East Africa—could be purchased or leased. If it is true that Rhodes was really willing to build his railway over so precarious a right-of-way, it is all the evidence we need to be reasonably certain that even his eagle-eye had not pierced to the cloven hoof beneath the German jack-boot.

Rhodes was too much of a man of action to allow the question of right-of-way through a region which, at best, could not be entered by rails for many years to hold up the whole project. The thing to do was to get construction under way; the matter of route could, he hoped, be arranged later. His plan was to utilise the 2,000 miles of lake-way and river-way which occur almost exactly upon a straight line drawn between the two termini, and to build the intervening railway links, totalling 4,000 miles in length, as rapidly as the financial and physical difficulties could be overcome.

The First Railways

South African railway construction in early days was almost entirely directed toward one objective—the great mining and consuming centres in the north. First Kimberley and its diamonds, was the goal; then the Rand, with its gold. The magnet of the diamond mines had taken the railway to Kimberley in 1884 and by 1890 the gold mines of the Rand had carried it on to Johannesburg, somewhat to one side, however, of the direct Cape-to-Cairo route. The beginning of the Rhodesian railways was the tangible expression that Rhodes gave to his "All Red Route" dream. When his Chartered Company took over Rhodesia, the nearest railway was at Kimberley, 600 miles from Cape Town; and one of Rhodes' first acts was to get it extended to Vryburg, near the border of the vast region which had been made subject to his direction. From here was started the Rhodesian trunk line, which reached Bulawayo, 600 miles to the north, in 1895.

Construction on the line from Bulawayo to the Zambesi was inaugurated before the outbreak of the Boer War, but the disturbed condition of the country preceding and during that struggle made it difficult to make much headway during these years. After the restoration of peace, Rhodes, by persistence, arranged the difficulties of finance. Construction was started anew in Rhodesia, but before the railway had reached the gorge of the Zambesi, the hand that was driving it forward relaxed, and grew cold in death.

But what was in many ways the most difficult part of the undertaking—the financing of the Northern Rhodesian portion of the line—was already done. For that the enthusiasm and the indomitability of a Rhodes was imperative; the rest was a matter of time. Victoria Falls was reached in 1904, the Broken Hill mines in 1906, and in 1909 rail-head rested on the Congo Border at Bwana-M'kubwa. Here all idea of carrying the line up through German East Africa was abandoned, and the survey was carried across the Belgian Congo to Elizabethville. This latter point was reached in 1911 when it was expected that the 300 miles of comparatively easy construction between there and the southern end of Tanganyika would be finished by the end of 1915.

We have been told but little regarding railway construction in this region since the outbreak of the war, but we will probably be fairly safe in assuming that military exigency has accelerated rather than retarded work on any line or lines calculated to improve communications in the direction of German East Africa. It may well be, therefore, that the lifting of the war curtain will reveal not only the whole of the 2,600 miles between Cape Town and Tanganyika completely bridged by railway, but that a more westerly line may have been carried up through Northern Rhodesia to and across the borders of "German East" along the route Rhodes first projected for the "Cape-to Cairo" route.

The location of the great Victoria Falls railway bridge furnished a striking example of the golden vein of sentiment which streaked the iron purposefulness of the Empire Builder. There were other points where it is said the gorge of the Zambesi could have been crossed at less expense and in easier conformity to the limiting grades of the railway, facts which were clearly demonstrated at the outset by the engineers. But when they confronted Rhodes with the drawings and estimates, he only set his square jaw and issued a decree that the bridge was to span the gorge at "The Cliff of the Rainbow," and that no other point was to be considered.

"Nowhere else can a bridge be built within view of the Falls," he said, "and I am not going to incur the reproaches of generations yet unborn by allowing it to be run in another place. If the British can't build it, give the Americans a chance. Never mind who does it; only see that it is done!"

Although the contract for constructing the bridge was not let until a year after Rhodes' death, his wishes in the matter were scrupulously respected. There was no difficulty in finding a British concern ready to undertake the unprecedented task, which was completed in 1905. It is what engineers call a "two-hinged spandrel-braced arch," a type which, both architecturally and from the engineering standpoint, is best suited to its peculiar purpose. It is 650 feet long, and its 400 feet of height above the waters of "The Devil's Boiling Pot" makes it the loftiest bridge of its type in the world.

* * * * *

By a happy chance something like ninety per cent. of the main-line railway in the British controlled parts of North Africa is available as a section of the Cape-to-Cairo trunk railway. The Nile hardly varies a degree from the 32nd parallel in its whole course from the Victoria Nyanza to Cairo, and the fact that the narrow strip of cultivation along the Nile is about all of Egypt and Sudan worth reckoning with has been responsible for practically all of the railway line outside of the Delta being run in a north and south direction.

The first northern link of the Cape-to-Cairo railway is that formed by the main trunk of the Egyptian State lines, and the second is that of the main line of the Sudan Government Railways. The former ends just above the First Cataract, near Assuan, and the latter begins at Wady Halfa, below the Second Cataract. The intervening distance—ultimately to be bridged by rail—is a two-days' steamer voyage up the Nile. The 575 miles of line from Halfa to Khartoum—one of the wonders of the railway world—is the first extensive piece of desert construction ever attempted.

Three decades ago, when Rhodes' visioning eyes first saw in fancy two glistening bands of tie-bound steel reaching from the Cape to the Mediterranean, he was told that, even if there were no others, one insurmountable difficulty in the way of realising his dream would be found in the impossibility of maintaining a line across the drifting, waterless sands of the Sudan. For the want of such a line that other dreamer, Gordon, watched from the housetops of ringed Khartoum for the glint of sun on British bayonets that were fated to arrive too late to save him from the Mahdi's wrath. Because there was no such line the fanatical hordes of the Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa, blackened the sands of the Sudan with fire and blood through the ten awful years, while the British Lion, rallying his might in Egypt, gathered himself for a spring.

"The Khalifa cannot be destroyed without a railway," said Kitchener."

"Build it," said Cromer.

"But there is no water either above or below ground," protested the railway engineers.

"Then carry it with you," replied Cromer.

"But even if we succeed in building such a line, it will disappear under the drifting sands within a few months," said the engineers. "There is no precedent——"

"It will justify itself a dozen times over if it enables Kitchener to come to grips with the Khalifa," retorted Cromer. "Build it: And build it faster than ever a railway was built before."

And so, as there was no alternative offered, the engineers went ahead and did as those two men of iron Cromer and Kitchener decreed. Carrying their water with them as they went, even as the camel caravans had done for thousands of years before them, they laid twin lines of burning steel across the blistering sand wastes at the rate of a mile, two miles, and—once or twice—even three miles a day. It was not much of a railway to begin with, but it gave Kitchener's mixed force a very substantial lift towards the field of Omdurman. As a result of this whirlwind campaign the power of the Khalifa was destroyed, Gordon was avenged, the peace of Upper Egypt was assured, and the "one insurmountable obstacle" on the Cape-to-Cairo route was bridged for all time.

But the end of the wonders was not yet. This desert railway was not overwhelmed with sand at the end of a year (they found ways to guard against that), but it was overwhelmed with something else—almost the last thing in the world that had been expected—traffic. First came the old caravan trade between Sudan and Egypt, and then, through the building of a branch to the Red Sea and the creation of a modern port, a new gateway between Sudan and the outer world was opened up, and traffic was still further increased. Rhodes' "Cape-to-Cairo" was beginning to realise his dream of "picking up business all the way."

The building of a great bridge across the Blue Nile at Khartoum made possible the continuation of the trunk line Capeward to Wad Medani and Sennar, from which latter point a 250-mile branch line was opened shortly before the outbreak of the war to El Obeid, the capital of the province of Kordofan. Even this latest 500 miles of line was expected, in the language of the General Manager, to "justify itself on commercial grounds independently of the very important strategic considerations which demanded its construction."

The Sudan system had just over a thousand miles of line in 1906, and nearly twice that length in 1911, while something over 200 miles a year were added from the latter date up to the beginning of the war. At that time projected extensions were to open up the country to the east of the Blue Nile by a line from Sennar to the Red Sea, link up the Takkar Delta with a line from Port Sudan to Suakim, and push the main trunk on south toward Uganda and the beckoning finger of the "north-bound" extension of the "Cape-to-Cairo" beyond Lake Tanganyika.

The Sudanese programme called for carrying the rail-head to Gondokoro, just over the border of Uganda, as rapidly as possible. Uganda was then to take up construction, probably building the main line to Lake Albert, with a branch to the outlet of Victoria Nyanza, where connection could be established with the railway from Mombasa. The main trunk from Victoria Nyanza or Lake Albert may take any of several routes, but this will hardly be decided upon until the war, with the re-delimitation of African frontiers which must follow it, has been fought to a finish. The direct and natural route for the line is the one Rhodes originally had in mind through what was then German East Africa. It is devoutly to be wished that nothing may occur which will render it necessary to follow any other. If that hope is fullfilled one may ultimately look forward to "seeing red" from the windows of the Cape-to-Cairo express throughout the whole 6,000 miles of its run.

Auguste Rodin

By Arthur Symons

I.

I MET Auguste Rodin in Paris, 182 rue de l'Université, in May, 1892. The last time that I saw him was at a dinner given in Old Burlington Street in 1907. No one who has seen him can ever forget his singular appearance. There before me stood a giant of genius, with the timidity of the colossus; with a face in which strength struggled with passion; with veiled blue eyes that dilated like the eyes of a parrot when he spoke of anything that interested him deeply. He made few gestures; only when he sat, with his great hands folded on his knees, the gestures he made were for a purpose, never for an effect. I was struck by his quietness, his simplicity, a certain caution which comes from a suspicion that he is not being taken simply enough. When he talked of books or of his art or of nature there was always the same freshness and profundity.

It was in Meudon, in 1903, that Rodin spoke to me about Gustave Moreau. He said Moreau was a man of science, one of a generation which was taught to study art in the galleries, and not from nature. He was a great combiner. He took colour from Delacroix, his figures from the antique. He was not a genius, not a creator, not the great artist some have called him, but he belongs to the second rank. His greatest defect was that the figures which should be the principal part of the composition were uninteresting; the detail and the surroundings took up most of his interest. *Il etait froid au fond*, said Rodin.

He spoke to me of Stéphane Mallarmé's conversation and his way of writing—full of foreshortening—"many people don't understand foreshortening." Certainly Mallarmé, whom I met later, used in his later work this artistic heresy. Imagine his poem written down, at least composed. With this most writers would be content, but with Mallarmé the work has only begun. He works over it, word by word, changing a word here, for its colour, which is not precisely the colour required, a word there, for the break it makes in the music. A new image occurs to him, rarer, subtler than the one he has used; the image is transferred. By the time the poem has reached, as it seems to him, a flawless unity, the steps of the progress have been only too effectually effaced; and while the poet, who has seen the unity from the beginning, still sees the relation of point to point, the reader, who comes to it only in its final stage, finds himself in a not unnatural bewilderment. Pursue this manner of writing to its ultimate development; start with an enigma, and then withdraw the key of the enigma; and you arrive, easily, at the frozen impenetrability of those latest sonnets in which the absence of all punctuation is scarcely a recognisable hindrance.

He spoke to me also of modern dress; what could be done with it? It all depends on the suggestion of the nude underneath the clothes. The beauty of woman's costume is that the woman is underneath, and lends it some of her life. It makes him sad to see old clothes hanging in shop-windows—they seem so empty of life, waiting to become alive. He spoke of the way in which the nude is suggested here, simplified by some fine sweep. He has not done it because he has been engaged in other work and so has had no time even to attempt it. It can never be as great as the nude, but the eighteenth century had shown that it can be delightful.

When I first saw him he said to me that his secret consisted in *exaggeration*: that in this way he gets his effects without any of the hardness of other sculptors. As he showed me his mysterious little statue—the man kneeling so strangely in adoration before the woman in whom is imaged the sphinx and the child—he said to me: "Tell me what it means—what is your impression?

"*Le mystère de l'amour*," I said.

I saw the *Danaid* slightly enlarged, with its wonderful flesh, the palpitation of the very dimples. Certainly no one but Rodin has been so tender with women in his exquisite creations; none has ever caught so much of the eternal feminine as this sculptor of Hell. I saw the bust of Puvis de Chevanne, in marble, wonderfully modelled; the lines of the neck coming out like real flesh, the modelling of the ear, the lines of the face. Yet in so wonderful a poise of the head one saw the ability of the expression of nullity: the look of a man who goes through a crowd and sees nothing.

When one has realised what is called the *colouring* of his statues, in a sense like that of painting, the cunning employment of shadows, the massing, the conception that begins them, the achievement that ends them, one sees little enough of the infinite secrets of this man of genius. Let me choose, for instance, the exquisitely enlaced couple where a youth and a maiden are clasped in a virginal embrace—the shadow of the hair falling along his cheeks—with so lovely and discreet a shadow, when the lips press the hair of the maiden; her face is blotted out under his cheek: one sees it, lost in ecstasy, behind. And in these who lie in a space of small rock, one sees the exquisite purity of the flesh, the daring of the pose, foot pressed amorously on foot: the very down of the flesh.

Rodin told me that the inspiration for *La Porte de l'Enfer* came to him in 1875. When I saw it it covered the entire space of one vast wall; there was the great door, and on either side of the door climbed up and down tormented creatures, climbed and crawled and coiled: all one headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. *Femmes damnèes* lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. And all this sorrowful flesh is consumed with desire, with the hurrying fever of those who have only a short time in which to enjoy the fruits of desire. Their mouths open towards one another in an endless longing, all their muscles strain violently towards the embrace. They live only with a life of desire, and that obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome beauty of nature into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane.

Le Penseur is seated in an air of meditation in the middle of the frieze. On one side of it a Dance of Death; a skeleton, a Mænad, with lifted throats and hands; figures shameless and hilarious, dancing, lying on the ground, lifted on one another's shoulders. Some writhe in agony, move tumultuously, swarm round the Thinker. Below are larger groups. Here is one figure falling backwards—a great figure of a man—who falls right out of the composition, beyond the line of the frieze. A winged figure falls horribly; creatures creep out of holes, climb rocks, grovel, mount and descend in an agony of useless effort. A desperately faced woman flings herself on the body of her lover, as if to guard or save or help him.

Some stand, lifting desperate arms; a woman sits, doubled up on herself, the head hanging below the knees: and always there is beauty as well as terror; the lines are the lines of beauty.

In the work of what might be called (perhaps wrongly) a modern Michelangelo, one finds the anatomy at times extravagantly visible, at times forgotten in the suavity of still suffering flesh; the charm of perversity, the joy and the beauty of hell are there: and everywhere one sees marvellous effects of colour, of light and shadow: always a sense of movement. Never did any sculptor so adore woman's back and loins; and always there is simplicity in his approach to art by way of nature; even in the profile of the bones. And in these wave-like, flame-like, wind-tossed, *tourmentées* figures, one sees the sexual delight of sex and the terror of their abominable depravities.

And all this is an art of nerves, modern nerves, perverse and malign, and yet always in the classic tradition; seen always in the beauty of the lines, in the human harmonies; where the beauty in all cases comes from the colour, the modelling. Nor was there ever an art which conquered more difficulties. In the intensity of expression, in faces and forms alike, one finds the extremes of strength and of sweetness: stupendously, where one sees limbs and figures, some partly seen, legs emerging from a human crowd; the wonderful figure who leans forward, clasping the right foot before him in a nervous agony; in the lovely little group of Sirens, caught in the hollow of a wave, the wave humanised.

So, in the two qualities I have named, sweetness and strength, he is allied with Michelangelo. "For to his true admirers," wrote Pater, "there are sweetness and strength, pleasure with surprise, an energy of conception which seems at any moment about to break through all the conditions of comely grace, recovering, touch by touch, a loveliness found usually only in the simplest natural things—*ex forti dulcedo.*"

Yet, in this epic in stone, stone becomes song, becomes music. And in its perfect proportions, in its harmonies, in its balance (composed of so many exquisite poems massed together) how lyric art becames a great drama! And there is a definite reason for comparing this creation of Rodin's with both the lyrical and the dramatic arts. Did he not say to me, did he not write, of the architecture of the human body, "that it is architecture, and that architecture is comparable with it?" "Moving architecture," as he calls it in his book, "and so simple, if one possesses the secret of it, that it hurts one's eyes and yet one must see it." But, he said to me with his deep laugh, "instead of giving me my due as a sculptor—as to the quality of my work—they say I am a poet. Of course, when one is inspired one is a poet. Yet when they say that my inspiration gives a certain value to the theory of the poet neighbouring on folly, there they are wrong. *Je suis le contraire d'un exulté.*"

In regard to this saying I asked him why he had represented Hugo naked, and he said: "*C'est plus beau.*" Then he said: "It is for the Pantheon—a man in modern dress would not be in keeping there." I give here the stanza I wrote on *Le Penseur*:—

Out of eternal bronze and mortal breath,
And to the glory of man, me Rodin wrought;
Before the gates of glory and of death
I bear the burden of the pride of thought.

II.

In *Orpheus and Eurydice* there is shown the majesty of sorrow, the very passion of life (as in the Keats-like face), and in one who descends upon him like a wind or a flame, and in the marvellous suggestion of a body which weighs nothing. One sees in it the smoke of hell rising about them, in the hollow of the cave, and in Orpheus' gestures as he cover his face with his hands, a sign of exquisite despair. The Alcestis, held in the arms of Admetus, as Mercury, seated beside her, waits to take her with him, is superb: the faces seen in a great gulf of shadow.

Take, for instance, two figures that I saw in his studio. One, a woman, rigid as an idol, stands in all the peace of indifference; the other, a man tortured with desire, every muscle strained to exasperation, writhes in the ineffectual energy of a force which can but feed upon itself. She is there, before him, close to him, infinitely apart, and he could crush but never seize her. In the exquisite rendering of the Temptation of Saint Anthony the saint lies prostrate, crouched against the cross, which his lips kiss feverishly, as he closes his pained eyes; the shoulders seem to move in a shuddering revolt from the burden which they bear unwillingly; he grovels in the dust like a toad, in his horror of her life and beauty which have cast themselves away upon him. And the woman lies back luxuriously, stretching her naked limbs across his back, and twisting her delicate arms behind her head, in a supple movement of perfectly happy abandonment, breathing the air; she has the innocence of the flesh, the ignorance of the spirit, and she does not even know what it is to tempt. She is without perversity; the flesh, not the devil; and so, perhaps, the more perilous.

The artist should never consciously aim at strength; but, conscious of his strength, he should aim at the utmost subtlety of strength. What I mean will be quite clear if I recall two Greek marbles which I once saw in a private exhibition in London. In one, the head of an old man, strength went as far as strength could go without being changed into some further and higher substance. The truth and energy of the head, gnarled and wry, with its insistence on all the cavities and disgrace of age, are only to be compared, in Greek art, with the drunken old woman in Munich, or in modern work, with *La Vieille Heaulmière* of Rodin. The drunken woman is indeed a more "harrowing lesson in life" as she sits hugging her wine-jar. In the old man you have the restraining strength of a will which endures age and pain with gravity. There is strength in it and truth, and there is the beauty which grows up inevitably out of a sufficiently powerful truth. But let us look across at another head—the head of a woman, which does not seem clever at all; which seems curiously simple, as if the difficulties of the art of sculpture had been evaded rather than conquered, yet which ravishes the mind into a certain quiet and fullness of delight. You do not notice it for strength, for any ingenious mastery out of any evident difficulty. Venus rose out of the waters, when human beauty came consciously into the world, not startling anyone, but like a dream that has come true. The forehead and cheeks are no subtler than a flower; the neck in its breadth from chin to nape has no refinements on an actual neck in which one has felt life rather than seen beauty. And you will see what is not in the other head, the lack of which leaves it where it is: a something incalculable, something which begins where truth leaves off, something which transforms truth.

And I am not sure that you will find this something in the bronze of *La Vieille Heaulmière* in the Luxembourg gallery. Wasted, ruinous, "lean, wizen like a small dry tree," this piteous body remembers the body it had when it was young, and the beauty is still there, in the lovely skeleton that shows right through the flesh, in the delicate contours of the almost hairless head, in the indestructible grace of the profile. This "poor old light woman" is more tragic than the old drunken woman in Munich; but as one looks at the old drunken woman, one sees only the sordid pity of things as they are, while *La Vieille Heaulmière* is saying "Thus endeth all the beauty of us," as it can be said by those who have fastened "the sweet yoke" of beauty upon the necks of the world.

Whatever may be the precise economic position of Germany at the present time, the condition of the people is gravely occupying the public mind. The following appeared recently in the well-known Berlin paper, the *Vossische Zeitung*:

"When the Reichstag reassembles in December it will have to consider questions of social policy, which have already been gone into by the Reichstag Committee concerned. It is probable that the proposals for the protection of mothers and children will be accepted without much alteration, as the parties are already unanimous as regards them. The proposals mainly concern young working women. It is suggested that, during war-time, there should be an eighth-hour shift, where there is regular day and night work, and elsewhere a ten-hour shift as a rule; every second Sunday at least to be a complete holiday; ten weeks' rest after child-birth, and special regulations for the protection of those working with poisonous or explosive materials. Expert committees to deal with the wages question are to be established without any delay.

There is also to be adequate factory inspection, and extensive provision for cases of accidents, as soon as possible. It is proposed to extend the committees for the settlement of disputes. The following improvements are strongly recommended: Extension and better financial endowment of consultative bodies for the care of infants, care of school children, children's homes, the supervision of crêches and infant schools (Kindergarten), and establishment of inspection of private homes for the care of children whose mothers are increasingly employed in factories and elsewhere during the war.

Finally, the Federal Governments are to be requested to provide more homes for illegitimate children of tender age, and make the conditions for their reception easier. The question of general guardianship will be regulated.

A recent article in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* states that ordinary people in Hamburg have had no eggs for five weeks. The preserved eggs of the Hamburg War Supply Bureau are reserved for civil and military hospitals, children under three years, and sick people in general. For these no less than 150,000 are needed weekly, and it is often no small source of anxiety to the War Supply Bureau to provide this number continually. In spite of this, before Christmas there is to be one general egg distribution, and three distributions of egg-powder prepared from eggs under the supervision of the War Supply Bureau, eggs which remained over in previous general distributions, and had to be made into powder to prevent them from going bad. Each packet of this egg-powder has the full value of one egg, and will be specially welcome to housewives at Christmas.

Industrial Self-Government

By Jason

IT was well put in the *New Statesman* the other day that competition was the nineteenth century substitute for honesty. Men like Brougham believed that so long as the wants of the world were supplied by a great number of individual traders and producers, each trying to outbid the other, the consumer was bound to get the benefit in cheapness and efficiency. Some who preached this doctrine went so far as to think adulteration was a form of competition and therefore innocent if not actually beneficent. The spectacle of waste was positively encouraging when the waste took the form of the reduplication of effort and the multiplication of services. For though it might seem absurd that twelve small shops should all turn out the same commodity, employing six times as much energy as was needed for the purpose, this struggle was a guarantee that the commodity would be cheap and good.

This philosophy had, of course, broken down before the war. For it happened in many important instances, particularly of course in America, that the consumer found that he was getting the waste without the benefits of competition, for it was possible for traders to eliminate competition and to secure that the advantages of the resulting economies accrued to themselves, and not to the consumer. The big Trust represented from many points of view an improvement on the old chaos of competition. As an industrial organisation it was vastly superior. It could buy and sell with much less labour, and it could take larger and longer views than the individual producer or the individual trader; it could appreciate the importance of research, education, and pay regard to the permanent as distinct from the transient interests of an industry or trade. But the very fact that the Trust was more powerful for good than the individual and isolated trader meant that it was also more powerful for evil. The Trust thus became a danger to the world in proportion as it became a weapon to those who were directing it. In the United States, as everybody knows, the tyranny of the Trusts was the chief domestic problem before the war.

Organising Power

It is quite clear that after the war the tendency of industry will be more and more to organise its power and resources, and that the habits of the age of competition, to which our individualist temperament has clung so jealously will go out of fashion. This development will be encouraged by many influences. For one thing, the war has taught the necessity of organisation in the face of the organised competition of other countries. We know now a great deal more than we knew four years ago about the methods of peaceful penetration by which German industry pushed its way in the world. Some of those methods are creditable to the country of their origin; some are not. But of their effectiveness there can be little question. It is believed by many good judges that if Germany had had the sense or the self-control to remain at peace for another ten years, her industrial power would have reached an extraordinary perfection.

Let anybody picture those methods to himself and then let him turn to the account given of our pre-war system by Mr. Ernest Benn in his able and interesting little book *Trade as a Science* (Jarrold and Sons):

> I recently had an opportunity of inspecting the stock list of a well-known carpet manufacturer, which contained two hundred and fifty items. Fifty of these were specialities, and two hundred were regular lines which, except for trifling differences, were common to the whole trade. I found a standard pattern of stair-carpet, which I was informed was made by at least twenty different makers, in stock to the extent of £2,000. Now note exactly what this means. Supposing that each of the twenty makers had the same amount of stock in this standard line, you get at once £40,000 worth of capital sunk in this one pattern of carpet, certainly ten times as much money as is justified by the demand for this pattern, or any use that it is to the trade. But this money is locked up in obedience to the dictates of the fetish which we call competition. And then without asking the reader to bother himself with too much arithmetic it is perfectly obvious that if these twenty mills could agree among themselves to divide up the two hundred and fifty patterns and organise between themselves a selling staff which would cover the world, we should do three things: We should first of all dispense with a considerable portion of the machinery and plant used in that industry; we should next reduce the stock, which is one of the most expensive items in connection with the conduct of a business, to one-tenth of its existing proportions; and, in the third place, where one thousand men are now engaged selling the product two or three hundred could do everything that is required. I shall be told that I am killing competition, but I do not agree. Is there any justification for twenty travellers representing twenty mills running to Inverness because some small buyer wants a few rolls of stair-carpet?

Obsolete Methods

It is certain that the experiences and revelations of the war in this regard will strengthen Mr. Benn's plea. Nor is this the only direction in which industry has been taught that the methods of the past are obsolete. We hear a great deal about the need of Government help and guidance, but Government help and guidance imply the existence of organisations with which the Government can deal. A Department cannot spend its time issuing circulars to hundreds of firms, giving separate interviews to hundreds of manufacturers or traders on every topic on which its help is sought. Effective co-operation between a Government and an industry is only possible when the industry has some representative organ. During the war there has, of course, been a great development of industrial organisation for this very reason. The Government found it necessary to interfere with one industry after another; to curtail supplies here, to divert energy there, in a third case, to change the uses of machinery, and perhaps in a fourth to modify the whole structure. This could only be done where there was some body that could speak for the industry and discuss its arrangements and circumstances, and the best means of adapting them to the emergency. In the case of munitions, of cotton, of wool, for example, the need for the direction of energy and resources by the Government has led to the forming of groups and representative committees. This has been specially important in the case of the woollen industry, for here organisation was in a very imperfect and elementary stage, and the old individualist regime was particularly tenacious.

In these two ways, not to mention others, the war has made it certain that organisation in the form of trade associations will be the leading feature of the industrial developments of the future. Industries are not going to unlearn everything the war has taught them at a time when the need for combined action will be more apparent and more urgent than ever.

The general function of such an association will be that of eliminating waste, securing the maximum production in quantity and quality, providing for the true and permanent interests of the industry as a service—that is, as an association of producers and merchants who are providing something that the world wants. When industry is so regarded, it has a noble aim and should have a correspondingly high standard of duty. Take such a matter as research and technical improvement. It is obvious that an industry as a whole is profoundly interested in adding to the knowledge of mankind on the questions that affect industrial progress. An individual trader may not so conceive his personal interest. He is perhaps in the industry to-day, but he means to clear out to-morrow. His routine methods bring him in decent profits and he sees no reason for spending money or labour on improving them. If he has a secret, so much the better. He has no wish that his friend and neighbour, who happens to be a rival, should share his secret or have one of his own. In this respect an individual producer or trader may be in the position of the individual citizen in regard to vaccination. It is clear that universal vaccination is a gain to the community as a whole, but a particular individual may think that it is not worth his while to go to the trouble of being vaccinated, for the risk he runs of getting smallpox in a country where vaccination is general is very slight. So the individual trader may have no objection to industrial progress and yet be unwilling to go to trouble or expense on his own account to promote it.

Representation

But a body that represents an industry will take pride in the care and success with which industrial methods are discovered and perfected, and it will appreciate the importance of endowing skill and research. The individual trader may say in the spirit of a famous declaration, that he has no need of chemists, but the body responsible for an industry as a whole will not be guilty of such folly. For it will be at once an injury and a disgrace to that industry that it should find itself short of some necessary material because Germany or America has known the worth of the chemist and England has not. So with all the waste that comes from bad organisation. A Trade Union leader with experience of war arrangements remarked to a friend the other day : " We have learnt that bad trade is another name for disorganisation."

If we look at any particular industry as an organised society for producing a particular thing, we see at once that a great deal of energy and a great deal of capital are simply squandered for the reason that the principle of the division of labour is not applied in any scientific sense. It would follow if that principle was applied that the different establishments in an industry would produce the particular variety of article for which they were best fitted, and that there would be a governing sense of perspective in the arrangement and structure of its organisation. The old economists thought that the system of *laissez-faire* would secure this, and that if trade were left alone, each commodity would be produced in the place where it was easiest to produce it. This was a very rough law and in practice it does not prevail. It is not true, in fact, of the economy of the world, for it does not take account of the ambitions and the prejudices of nations. A people is often reluctant to admit that geography has determined once and for all the limits and the character of its production. Inside the boundaries of a nation there is a similar impatience of the laws of economic predestination, even if those laws are clear and unmistakable. But the discovery of those laws depends on a comparative survey of different facts of the industry, and such a survey was as a rule impossible under the old charter conditions. During the war it has been a matter of life and death to find out where and how this or that article could be produced with the least waste of energy and plant, and that guiding criterion will not disappear after peace.

Buying and Selling

Look again at the whole machinery of buying and selling. Our experience in industry has been not unlike our experience in agriculture. It is distressing to contrast the plight, we may almost speak of it as the wilful plight, of the English farmer with something to sell and that of the French or Italian peasant. In the one case there is no organisation ; individual sellers deal with individual middlemen ; there is waste of transport, and men whose business it is to produce spend time in the quite different function of marketing. There are, in the various stages that separate producer from consumer, intermediaries who serve no useful purpose, making their profits out of consumer or producer or both. In the other case, the peasant belongs to a co-operative society which collects his produce, carries it to market and sells it with full knowledge of the special business of the market. In industry there is something of the same contrast, for our producers send out armies of competing travellers to little towns on the Continent to collect single orders for single firms, whereas one man fully equipped with knowledge of languages and foreign customs could take the place of a dozen and do their work more effectively.

But if we merely get a number of trade organisations, working on sound and modern lines to increase production and eliminate waste, are we not merely putting ourselves into the hands of a number of Trusts ? How can we secure the interests of the consumer ?

It is here that the experiments of the war are full of instruction and guidance. The first principle in those experiments is the public ownership of the raw material. The great example of course is the purchase of the wool grown at home and in the Australasian Dominions.

Now the immediate effect of this policy is to eliminate one demoralising feature of trade ; the gambling in the raw material, with its sinister consequences to industry and to the consumer. The policy of public purchase was dictated by national necessity. So momentous a departure from custom could not have been taken under any other conditions. But it is becoming quite clear that national necessity will survive the war, and that after peace it will be essential to our safety to continue this policy, at any rate in certain cases and for a certain time. With a greatly reduced shipping service for the world, with a scarcity in food and raw material, we cannot possibly trust ourselves, our industries, our fortunes to the rough scramble of the market. Organisation will be just as necessary, at any rate for some time after the war, as it has been during the war, to ensure supplies and to prevent irregularity and waste. Here then is one principle of fundamental importance, for if the State buys the raw material, it helps to that extent to control prices, and it acquires at once a right to some say in the distribution and use of that material. It would be as unreasonable after peace, as it would be during war, to say that the different industries that require a particular raw material or the different producers in a single industry are to fight it out among themselves, and that the State is quite indifferent whether or not this industry, or this district, or this group of establishments finds itself without any share in the necessaries of production. We don't want civil war between Yorkshire and the Midlands, between the cloth manufacturer and the hosier, between the man who uses leather to make saddles and the man who uses leather to make boots. The system known as rationing will therefore continue to be necessary as between industries, districts and individuals after the war.

An Important Innovation

There is another important innovation during the war which strengthens the hands of the Government as representing the consumer in dealing with a trade association. There has been many experiments in fixing prices, some of them more successful than others. But the most important system that has been tried is the system of costings. This system is well established in America, but in England it is quite modern, and if it had not been for the shock of the war, it would probably have been slow in development.

It is notorious that before the war a great many men of business took no trouble whatever to ascertain or understand the details and distribution of their expenditure. When the Ministry of Munitions set up in business the application of some standard of costs was imperative, for it was obvious that the strictest economy would be necessary if the nation was to prosecute the war with energy and success. When millions of men and great quantities of plant were to be diverted from productive to unproductive work, the waste of energy or plant or public money became a serious crime against the nation. The Department had the advantage for this purpose of its own experience as a producer, for it set up national factories, and at the same time it had the advantage of its opportunity of comparing costs and processes in the different establishments to which it gave contracts. What it has been learning gradually has been how much a particular operation should cost if undertaken under the best conditions, and thus it has discovered not only where that particular operation had better be performed, but how much it should cost. If a particular manufacturer said he could not make a shell at the fixed price, the Department could examine his costs with him and give him the benefit of the experience of other manufacturers and the experience of the factories administered directly by the Ministry.

The principle has been adopted in other industries and notably in the woollen and worsted industry. Its introduction serves two purposes. It helps to teach manufacturers the importance of costings, and it helps to protect the State from extortion. But it is obvious that this device enables the State to protect the consumer as well as the taxpayer, and that it is practicable in greater or less degree to control prices by this method. A trade association which takes its raw material from the State, allocates it on some recognised principle of justice and public convenience, and is prevented from forcing up prices by a control exercised by means of a system of costings and a public audit, is a very different body from the kind of Trust that menaces society. Such safeguards are imperatively necessary, for an organised industry collecting into one volume the energy and power both of employers and of workmen, would be able to apply a dangerous pressure if the consumer had no effective means of defence. And yet the industry loses nothing of its effective power as a producing organisation. It has every encouragement to promote research, efficiency, economy and good administration, for the stimulus to the pursuit of these objects is not the speculative profit of the individual trader, but the general sense for the common interests of the industry.

The war has taught us that there is a type of relationship between the State and industry which avoids the evils of a crippling State control on the one hand, and those associated with the dangerous power of a Trust on the other. In a further article it will be interesting to examine the light thrown by these experiments on the prospects of the Whitley Councils.

Poland may yet cause trouble between Germany and Austria. The *Tagliche Rundschau* describes the proposed Polish settlement as " an astonishing demand upon the nerves, patience, and good humour of the German nation." It continues :

" If the Hapsburg Kaiser of Austria is, with our approval, to be crowned King of Poland, then the last trace of any German rights or influence in Poland will have vanished. We shall ourselves have done what no Power in the world could have otherwise done, and our troops in Poland will only be Hapsburg police and our three years' sacrifices will have been made, not for ourselves, but for other people. Our position in Poland at the general peace conference will have been campletely thrown away. Who has the courage to do this fateful thing ? Not a Chancellor, for in reality we have no Chancellor, but only an irresponsible Foreign Secretary. It is he, Kuhlman, who during the interregnum of twilight between the old and the new era has been busy with his friend Czernin deciding Germany's fate. What could be more fatal than a Hapsburg Poland strengthened by a Hapsburg Galicia ? It would, too, be a thorn in the flesh between us and Austria-Hungary.

Psychology of the Spiritualist

By Dr. Charles Mercier

IRA furor brevis. A man in a violent rage is not at the top of his form in reasoning, and is apt to do things that appear at the time foolish to other people, and that in his own subsequent cooler moments he regrets. So it is if he is under the influence of terror, of panic, of jealousy, or of any other emotion. This, as we see from the Latin quoted above, has long been recognised. It has certainly been known for two thousand years; it has probably been known for two hundred thousand. No doubt the aphorism was scratched upon their copy-books of reindeer horn by the children of Mousterian and Aurignacian man in the early Pleistocene age. It holds good, not only of the violent emotions of anger, fear, jealousy, and so forth, but also of the milder emotions of amusement, awe, and wonder. Emotion and reason are mutually antagonistic, and tend to exclude one another. We could desire no better instance than the ludicrous inability of the Germans, in the intensity of their hatred for America, to recognise that Americans, in supplying munitions to England in the present war, are doing precisely what the Germans did in the Boer War.

People who are emotional, that is to say, whose emotions are easily aroused and under little control, are bad reasoners. The vitiation of their reasoning by their emotions extends over a wide area of their thoughts, and is readily brought about. They are swayed by moods and impulses, and as far as they reason, their reason is the servant rather than the master of their passions. In the presence of what is unusual, for instance, they give free rein to the emotions of wonder and awe, and under the dominance of these emotions they become incapable of reasoning upon the matters that arouse the emotions.

Contrasted with persons of emotional temperament are those whose feelings are under control, and are the servants or auxiliaries rather than the masters of their reason. Their proclivity is not to the passive indulgence in feeling but to the active exertion of intellect. In the presence of what is unusual and mysterious they do not surrender themselves to the passive enjoyment of awe and wonder, but rather seek actively to investigate, discover, and explain. Persons of emotional temperament are by nature spiritualists—the investigators are the scientific.

Desire for Explanation

Whatever his temperament, whether emotional or scientific, man ardently desires explanation; and especially in the presence of what is unusual, he is not content until he has an explanation of some kind. Spiritualism is explanation by the short cut. It is the explanation of those who are too impatient to untie the knot, and prefer to cut it. To untie the knot, to seek the natural causes of events, is often a slow, laborious business. It is an intellectual exercise requiring thought, care, patience, and industry; and during the exercise of these faculties emotion must be put on one side. To ascribe events to the direct action of spirits is the easy explanation of the lazy man: it is also the crude explanation of the unintellectual man. It needs no thought, no industry, no care, no patience. Anyone can do it. It is within the competency of the idlest and most ignorant of men.

In the earliest stage of the history of our race, every event was explained by the agency of spirits. Spirits caused rain and sunshine, storm and flood. Spirits blighted the crops or ensured their increase. Spirits gave or refused success or failure in hunting and fishing and all other undertakings. Spirits guided the arrow or the spear to the mark, or caused it to miss. Spirits produced aches and pains, injuries and diseases. Spirits upset the canoe or guided it to its destination; gave victory or defeat in battle; made the fire burn or go out, and were the arbiters of good fortune and ill fortune in everything. The whole progress of mankind from ignorance to knowledge, from savagery to civilisation has been marked by, even if it has not consisted in, the gradual wresting of causation out of the hands of spirits and ascribing it to "natural," by which we mean non-spiritual, agency. The degree to which man has advanced in the intellectual scale may be measured by the magnitude of the field in which events are ascribed to natural causes, and the restriction of the domain of spiritual agency. *Primâ facie* the ascription of any event to the action of spirits is a relic of savagery, is the outcome of the impulsive, emotional, unregulated ignorance characteristic of primitive humanity.

In the physical universe, friction, that is to say, interference with the free action of any mode of motion, always produces heat. In the mental world interference with the free play of any emotion always produces anger. The analogy is so close that it is recognised in common speech. We speak of the interference of one man with the action of another as friction, and we often speak of anger as heat. Questioning of our convictions and opposition to our convictions arouses our anger in proportion to the lack of reasonable ground that we have for our conviction. It would be very difficult to arouse the wrath of a mathematician by disputing the accuracy of the multiplication table. He might be amused, but he would scarcely be angry. No astronomer would lose his temper if you contended that the earth is flat and that the sun circulates round it. His conviction is too securely rooted in reason. As a matter of fact, it is the flat-earth crank who loses his temper when his conviction is questioned; and the reason is clear: he feels the ground of his conviction insecure. Judged by this criterion, the conviction of the spiritualist that the marvels he ascribes to the spirits are really due to spiritual agency, is not very firm. He protests a little too loudly; he is too easily roused when his conviction is questioned. No doubt his emotional temperament is largely responsible for this. As with the rest of his emotions, his anger is easily evoked; but still, even his anger would scarcely be evoked by questioning the accuracy of the multiplication table. No. He resents your doubts of the spirits because he is not quite sure of them himself. He would deny strenuously that he has any doubt of them, but if he has no doubts, why do yours make him so angry?

Spiritual Action

The hypothesis of spiritual action is a rough and ready pseudo-explanation of occurrences that are for the time being and to the spiritualist, unaccountable by natural causes. As soon as the natural cause is discovered, as according to all precedent and all analogy it must be eventually, the spiritual hypothesis must give way and suffer abolition in these matters as it already has had to suffer abolition in numberless others. In the minds of rational persons, that is of persons whose emotions are well under control, a rational explanation is accepted as soon as it is shown to account for the facts; but emotional persons are not thus convinced. Their intellects are the servants of their emotions, and, instead of acting to reconcile the new and unusual occurrence with the general order of nature, they are employed to show cause why the general order of nature should on this occasion be interrupted and falsified, and very curious and amusing some of these reasonings are.

In 1864 the Davenport Brothers made a great commotion in this country by performing a number of tricks, which they declared were produced by the aid of spirits, a declaration that found many fervent believers. Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke were convinced that these tricks were produced by natural means, and after a little study and practice, succeeded in imitating them with complete accuracy, excepting only that they took a little longer. In these circumstances, what line were the true believers in spirits to take? It was clear that if the one pair could produce the effects by natural means, the other pair might have produced them in the same way, and there was no call for spiritual intervention. The spiritualists did not hesitate. They declared that it was not the Davenport Brothers but Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke who were lying, and that while the latter pretended to perform the tricks by natural means, they were, in fact, mediums, and performed their tricks by the aid of spirits, whom they deceitfully refused to acknowledge.

Ten years after, a photographer named Buguet drove a roaring trade in spirit photographs. He was eventually prosecuted in the French Courts for fraud, and made a full confession. He used plates which had already suffered a brief exposure, the sitter to this preliminary exposure being at first one of his assistants, and subsequently, as the business increased, one of a number of dummy heads fitted on to a lay figure. Even so, however, his business was so large that the same head had to do duty as the sister of one sitter, the mother of a second and the wife of a third. Notwithstanding this confession, in which Buguet revealed his whole *modus operandi*, and the production in court of his lay figure with a large assortment of heads, his victims refused to believe, or at any rate to confess that they had been imposed upon. Witness after witness of good social position, with, of course, some professors amongst them, testified that no trickery had been practised. It was impossible. The portraits of their dead friends and relatives were unmistakable.

At one time a popular exhibition by spiritualistic mediums was "materialisation." It has so often been exposed that it is not now much resorted to. The medium was tied in a chair, or locked in a cupboard, or only perhaps merely hidden behind a curtain, or even took his place in a circle round the table; then, the room being dark, or almost dark, spirit forms would be seen gliding about, spirit hands would pat and slap the sitters, luminous hands and faces would hover in the air, and so forth. Over and over again the spirits were seized by a sitter, or an unexpected light was turned on, and the materialised spirit was found to be the medium himself or herself. The medium sometimes owned up and confessed the fraud; sometimes the fraud was too palpable to need any confession; but in either case the devotees did not give in. They were ready with a spiritualistic explanation. This was that the spirit form was an "emanation" from the body of the medium. When it had shown itself, it went behind the curtain or wherever the medium was, and reunited itself to the medium. When, however, the spirit form was seized, the material body of the medium was compelled to come out of its trance and unite itself with the spirit. Even when the reunited spirit-and-medium was searched, and in its pockets were found false beards, bottles of phosphorised oil, yards of muslin, and other make-up materials matching the appearance of the spirit-forms, the spiritualists unblushingly asserted that the medium had been controlled by a bad and lazy spirit, who had brought the muslin, etc., to save himself the trouble of "materialising" it. Again, when mediums have confessed to hoaxing their sitters, and have explained how the hoax was effected, the sitters have accused the mediums of lying, not when they performed the hoax, but when they made the confession.

The latest manifestations of mediumship are ingeniously contrived so as not to be open to rude, sudden, and dramatic exposure. The mechanism by which raps and taps are produced may be and often has been identified, and the raps and taps put a stop to. The way in which the spirit-photographs are faked, and spirit materialisations produced may be discovered and exposed; but if a medium talks or writes, and says the talking or writing is done, not by him, but by a spirit that possesses or controls him, and that he, the medium, knows nothing of what the spirit says or writes, it is manifest that we cannot expose the imposture. As no trick tables, no false beards, no phosphorised oil, no properties of any kind are used, none can be discovered, and the medium is safe from exposure. The only safeguard against deception is common sense; and experience shows that this is not to be relied upon, at least, its existence in spiritualists cannot be relied upon or even discovered. It is manifest that reason does not appeal to their minds. They are governed solely by emotion. They enjoy being deceived; why attempt to deprive them of an enjoyment so highly appreciated and so easily attained? Let me end as I began, with a Latin tag—*Populus vult decipi: decipiatur.*

The Sewing Machine

By Etienne.

WE all know that in the Early Days we were very short of those munitions of war which at the moment of writing are being showered with prodigality upon the Hun in Flanders. In those early days light cruisers sometimes found themselves in harbour for two or three days. It wasn't much of a harbour, its chief advantages being that in one corner was a hulk in which mails and parcels accumulated, and that the sea inside the harbour was appreciably better behaved than the sea outside. The edge of the harbour was a long way off, and looked its best at a distance. The attractions on the beach were nil to anyone who had the least feeling of citizenship—that is, to a lover of cities.

It was generally blowing a bit and anchor watch absorbed 25 per cent. of one's life. Hence a large number of officers found that after the restful effects of the first twenty-four hours in harbour had passed off, a feeling of boredom supervened. Some clever person suggested that perhaps the Navy would like to make munitions in its spare time. The Navy said it would be charmed, and it was decided that we should make gromets to protect the driving bands of shells.

So successful was this venture that the Ministry of Munitions wrote a little letter in which they patted us on the back and then said: "If we give you a sewing machine, will you make lifting slings for shells?" We said we'd do our best, and shortly afterwards a storeship came alongside us and dumped a large packing case on our quarter deck.

The supply note described its contents as "Singer Treadle Machine Sewing, Patt. III., No. 1567." A carpenter's mate split open the packing case and the Duty Hands reverently carried it down to the smoking-room. The news soon travelled round "Morality Row" and "Paradise Alley," our two streets of cabins, and the occupants, delighted to hear of the arrival of the strange instrument, hastened to the smoking-room. When I got there, the visitors to the exhibition included the Engineer Commander, his Senior Engineer, the two Doctors, the Paymaster, and a couple of watch-keeping Lieutenants, Brown and Williams.

We were gingerly fingering its various parts and speculating on their functions when "the Irrepressible" burst into the smoking-room. "The Irrepressible" is our Sub, and he rather fancies himself at impersonating gunners' mates, and drill instructors. True to his habit he immediately let off:

"Now what 'ave we 'ere—'ere we 'as a sewing machine. Now the object of this 'ere himplement is to sew, and I'll tell yer the reason fer why, Class T'shun!"

"Dogs of war, out Sub!" remarked Brown.

As one man, every one below the rank of three stripes hurled themselves on the Sub, and a Homeric struggle was in progress when the arrival of the Commander restored comparative peace.

"I understand the Service Sewing Machine has fetched up," said the Commander.

"Yes Sir!" replied the Sub. "We 'ave been fortunate 'nuff in this 'ere ship to secure one of the latest Marks, this ere magnificent hinstrument operating at 'igh pressure can sew thirty-five yards of No. 11. canvas to a similar piece in hunder one 'our, or halternatively it will sew seventeen and 'arf yards of canvas in 'arf a similar period."

"Always supposing we find someone who can work it," remarked the young doctor. "Now when I was at Barts, I had quite a lot of experience with stitching, and I think I could drive this gadget!"

"I may as well say without further delay," remarked the Commander, "that by virtue of my offices as Commander of the ship, and Mess President, *I* am going to dig the first sod, or drive the first stitch, or whatever one does when one christens a sewing machine. Meanwhile——"

"Thank you, Chief, you have divined my innermost thoughts. I was just going to ask you to agitate the line of communication between this spot and the pantry. We have before us a task which cannot be tackled without stimulants. Now, Sub, give me a chair."

A chair was placed in front of the machine, on which the Commander seated himself. Amidst breathless silence he placed his feet on the treadle and started the machine. His action was faintly reminiscent of a great organist trying a few preliminary chords. After a few revolutions he stopped the machine and leaning back in his chair remarked with much satisfaction: "So far, so good, it seems to have its gearing connected up all right."

"Don't you think, Sir," said Brown, "we'd better trace the lead of the thread?"

"Good idea," replied the Commander. "I take it, it goes like this—from the reel—"

"Or bobbin," interjected the Sub.

"I said from the reel," continued the Commander.

"I believe the best seamstresses invariably refer to it as the bobbin, Sir," said the Sub in an aggrieved tone.

"If the Sub puts me off my stroke again, sit on him, Brown," said the Commander. "Let me see where was I? Oh, yes, it leaves the bobbin—damme! I mean reel, which presumably revolves on this vertical spindle. Thence by a leading block——"

"Do you mean this small pulley?" enquired the Chief.

"Yes, I do!" replied the Commander pugnaciously; "it leads the thread along doesn't it? And doesn't a leading block lead a wire along the upper deck?"

"Well, I suppose you could call it a leading block," admitted the Chief.

"From this block it proceeds," continued the Commander "to er—er—er, let me, see, oh, yes—to the head of the machine."

"The where?" asked the Paymaster.

"The head of the machine, Pay, this left-hand part, containing this piston-like apparatus, on the end of which the needle moves up and down."

"Ah! But how does it get to the needle?" triumphantly asked the Pay.

"How does it get there?" scornfully ejaculated the P.M.O. "Why, any fool can see it goes down through these little rings."

41 Generals and 8 Admirals!

Impressive Facts about "Pelmanism."

THE remarkable extent to which the new movement—Pelmanism—is being adopted by officers and men affords impressive reading.

There could, indeed, be no finer or more convincing evidence of its intensely *practical* value than the fact that over 10,000 British officers and men (Naval and Military) are studying it whilst on active service. All correspondence being confidential, no names can, of course, be published.

From time to time the announcements made by the Pelman Institute have included some of the more interesting letters from officers at the Front or with the Grand Fleet, giving more or less precise particulars of the direct benefits accruing to them from the adoption of Pelman principles. Promotion, distinction, increased efficiency, a keener zest for work: self-confidence, individuality, judgment, decision: a perfect memory (most valuable of qualities in this super-scientific war), concentration—these are some of the benefits daily recorded. Small wonder that a distinguished General writes that the value of the Pelman Course cannot be exaggerated. His letter, with others of special interest, will be found below.

Business and professional men are equally appreciative. The benefits of Pelmanism are so clearly apparent (and so invariable) that scepticism and prejudice have vanished. The facts recorded, *by students of the Course themselves*, dispose of all doubt or question as to the value of "Pelmanism."

If there is a reader of LAND & WATER who has not yet received a copy of *Mind and Memory*, in which the principles of Pelmanism are explained at length, and in which a full synopsis of the Course is given, he (or she) should write for this *brochure* to-day. It will be sent, *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* outspoken report on the work of the Pelman Institute, upon application to the address given at the foot of this page.

A Distinguished General's Verdict.

One of the most emphatic endorsements that the Pelman Course has ever received comes this week from a distinguished General with the B.E.F. He says:—

> **"The value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalized."**

Following upon the remarkable letters recently published, in which Colonels, Majors, and Captains (both Army and Navy) have attributed their promotion, *and, in some cases, their distinctions*, to Pelmanism, the General's pronouncement is of special significance.

For the benefit of those readers of LAND & WATER who have not already seen the letters referred to, they are reprinted here.

"The Unsoldierlike Sub."

The first is from a Captain with the B.E.F. We give his letter in its entirety:—

> "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."

That his is not by any means an isolated case is shown by the next letter, which is remarkable for its brevity. It is also from a Captain, who, in response to the question, "What have you gained from Pelmanism?" replied:—

> **"Three Stars**
> **A Military Cross and**
> **A Clearer Head."**

Another officer suggests that the announcements made by the Pelman Institute err on the side of modesty. He writes:—

> "One great point in favour of your system which, if I may say so, you do not make enough of in your advertisements is the cumulative benefit accruing.
>
> "As far as I can see, once having got on the right track and rigidly following the System, there should be no limit to the ultimate mental capacity attained."

Each letter supplies its own adequate comment. Take the epistle of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who, writing from Salonika, says:—

> **"As a direct consequence of Lesson Two I have got a step in rank."**

Similarly, a Major attributes his promotion *and his D.S.O.* to Pelmanism; the Captain of a fine cruiser thanks Pelmanism for his command, having been promoted by selection over the heads of senior officers!

There is, in fact, a bewildering mass of direct personal testimony to the value of the Course from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy.

It is not always promotion that is the object of those who take up the Pelman Course. Here is a letter which presents another phase:—

> "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."

Easily Followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such remarkable results can be attained in a short time as a consequence of half an hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a student of the Course recently wrote:—"If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to Reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc.

Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. **It is directed through the post, and is simple to follow.** It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet in quite a short time it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in *Mind and Memory*, a free copy of which (together with *Truth's* special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of LAND & WATER who send a post card to The Pelman Institute, 39 Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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The Ocean, the State, and the Fisherman. By MORETON FREWEN
Shakspere, Bacon, and a "Tertium Quid." By H. B. SIMPSON, C.B.
The "Pacifist" Peril. By J. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE
Baghdad and Gaza—and After. By Lieut.-Colonel A. C. YATE
The Story of the Declaration of Paris (*concluded*). By Sir FRANCIS PIGGOTT (*late Chief Justice of Hong Kong*)

London: SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & Co., Ltd., 1 New Street Square.

"Look here!" indignantly remarked the Commander, "who is giving the detail of this machine, you or me?"

"You are, Sir! *I* am not," pointedly replied the P.M.O.

"All right, then perhaps everyone will let me get on. To summarise then, it seems to me the following theory fits in with observed facts. As soon as motive power is applied to the system by means of this treadle and crank underneath——"

"I tell you what, Sir," jubilantly exclaimed Williams, "we could do away with the treadle, and gear up a neat little ¼-horse power electric fan motor. We could use the one in the Pay's office; they love a fugg and never use it, and as a development of the idea we could fit a little indicating device with red and green lamps which would show us the number of beats of the needle per second."

"Nothing of the sort," said the Commander. "You, in your enthusiasm for that most unpleasant stuff electricity, would make this machine a fruitful source of shocks; you wait until you've been through the long course at the 'Vernon,' and then we'll allow you to monkey about with the electrical fittings of the ship. Till then you're a danger."

"Why not try and sew some canvas, Commander?" suggested the P.M.O.

"Good idea. Sentry, ask the Bo'sun to come this way, and to bring a couple of yards of canvas with him."

A few minutes later the Bo'sun, a certain Mr. Bolt, appeared on the scene. In the background lurked a hardy and ancient three-badged able seaman; a bunch of keys attached to a lanyard round his waist proclaimed him to be the Bo'sun's Yeoman. His secretive and miserly cast of countenance were also indications that he belonged to that great band of robbers, the store-keeping fraternity. In his horny fingers he clutched a small strip of the thinnest canvas supplied to H.M. ships. The strip was about two feet long. As soon as Mr. Bolt entered the smoking-room, he stopped dead as his gaze rested on the sewing machine.

"*My Sewing Machine!*" he gasped.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bolt," frostily remarked the Commander.

"I was only a-saying Sir, or in a manner of speaking, expressing surprise at seeing my—er I mean the sewing machine, which is one of my unconsoomable stores, standing like this 'ere in the smoking-room."

"Well, Mr. Bolt, it's standing here because I intend to work it. Now, did you get my message about the canvas?"

"Yessir: And I have brought two feet of canvas as you sent along for, but if I might make a remark, Sir——"

"Well?"

"I should say, Sir, as 'ow it would be 'ighly injudicious to operate this 'ere machine before the 'and book on the subject arrives."

"What hand-book, Mr. Bolt?"

"Well, Sir," continued the Bo'sun, making a gallant effort to retrieve the situation, "in all the thirty years I've been afloat, I never 'eard tell of a new instrument arriving without a 'and-book of instructions, and more often than not an happendix as well."

"Do you mean to suggest seriously, Mr. Bolt, that I, as Commander of this ship, need a hand-book to tell me how to work a simple sewing machine?" indignantly demanded the Commander.

"No, Sir. Of course not. I was only 'azarding an opinion in a manner of speakin'."

"Very well, that's settled. Now let's have the canvas."

The canvas was produced and placed under the needle. A reel of cotton was put in position and the thread led along to the needle, through which after numerous unsuccessful efforts the young Doctor succeeded in threading it. His prestige rose so suddenly that he was emboldened to make another attempt to oust the Commander from his position of operator. It met with no success, the Commander taking refuge in the general statement that no bachelor could be permitted to try.

The canvas was divided into two strips, they were superimposed on each and placed under the needle. The Commander treadled vigorously, and the needle rose and fell and continued to rise and fall.

"It don't seem to be sewing, Sir," said Mr. Bolt in a voice from which he could not conceal satisfaction.

"Thank you, Mr. Bolt for the canvas. I think that's all we want," pointedly remarked the Commander.

Mr. Bolt is no fool, and rightly interpreted this as a signal for him to withdraw. It was, however, soon plain to the whole party that the Bo'sun's remark was only too true. The needle rose and fell in a most encouraging manner, but beyond puncturing the canvas, there was not the slightest sign of the two pieces being sewn together. A council was held, and after some discussion it was decided to reeve the needle "on the bight." This accomplished, the Commander started operations again.

He had been pedalling for about two minutes, again without result, when a piercing yell followed by a torrent of invective brought the padre hot foot from his cabin. He arrived just in time to see a Commander in the painful position of being pinned to a piece of canvas by a needle through the side of his thumb. The Sub did not improve matters by turning the machine in the wrong direction when the Commander called on him for help.

Our Commander is an obstinate man and believes in the adage, "There is nothing the Navy cannot do." This contretemps increased his determination to conquer the machine. In a moving little speech, delivered while the P.M.O. was bandaging his finger, he accepted a cocktail from the Chief and called on all present to give their joint opinion.

"There is only one thing for it," said the Chief, "and that is to strip her right down."

"Yes, that's the best thing to do; strip her down thoroughly," agreed the Senior Engineer.

"We *will* strip the perisher," announced the Commander with an air of a surgeon deciding on an operation in a case of life and death.

"I'll send along for one of my artificers at once," announced the Senior Engineer. An interval of a few minutes elapsed during which period the officers gloomily surveyed the refractory machine.

The artificer arrived armed against all contingencies with a hammer, cold chisel, foot rule, screw driver and an assortment of spanners. He threw himself into his task with enthusiasm, and soon the proud machine was lying in pieces on the smoking-room floor. Each part was carefully examined by everyone, and it was whilst this was taking place that the quartermaster entered, and handing a small parcel to the Commander said:

"A small boat has just come over from the store ship, Sir, And they says as 'ow they forgot to leave this when they dumped the packing case aboard a couple of hours ago."

The Commander looked at the parcel, then looked at the label, emitted a faint groan and sank into the nearest chair. The P.M.O. gently withdrew it from his nerveless grasp and read out the superscription on the parcel. It ran as follows:

"*For Singer Treadle Machine Sewing Patt. III., No.* 1567 *—Shuttles. Two in number—one spare—Patt. Va.*"

* * * * *

In the Warrant Officers' mess Mr. Bolt was remarking to his friend the gunner:

"Wot I sez is, stores are stores, but, Lor bless you, *that* don't make no difference to Ward Room Officers, they does wot they likes." It reminds me of a poetry my dear mother used to versify with; it was a pretty little piece and went:

"For the rich gets all the pleasure
And the poor gets all the blame
It's the same the whole world over
It is a blinkin' shame."

British Birds

THE magnificent volumes of *British Birds**, written and illustrated by Mr. Thorburn, F.Z.S., are already a classic. They have passed through two editions and the third edition is now being issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green, in four volumes complete. The first of these is ready; the second will appear very shortly and the third and fourth early next year. There are only a limited number published. In his preface Mr. Thorburn writes: "Being more familiar with the brush than with the pen it was at first my intention that this book should be simply a sketch book of British birds practically without letterpress, but as the work proceeded I was induced to write a short description of each of the various species represented, giving rough notes as far as possible of the distribution, nest and eggs, food, song and habits of the different birds." These descriptions are a fitting accompaniment to the wonderful plates. Never have the birds of the British Isles been portrayed with such exact similitude, and even the least observant person with these exquisite paintings and precise facts before him can have no difficulty in being able to identify any specimen.

Mr. Thorburn has given his life to this work; he has spent hours in studying birds in their natural habitats and the strength of his work lies in the extraordinary manner in which he reproduces not only the exact plumage, but the true poise and carriage of each. To glance at these plates carries even an amateur back to the country sets their music ringing in his ears. The painter has done splendid work for British ornithology; and one cannot be too grateful to him.

**British Birds.* Written and Illustrated by A. THORBURN, F.Z.S. With 82 Plates in Colour. In 4 volumes. 3rd Edition. Longmans, Green: £8 8s.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

Sidelights on the Victorians

"BUST by Woolner." This phrase is familiar enough in catalogues and guide books, but very few people know who Woolner was or what sort of person he was. Nevertheless, Woolner was one of the original seven members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. As such he must necessarily be of some interest to the historian of nineteenth century art. And one opened his long-delayed Biography (*Thomas Woolner, His Life in Letters*, Chapman and Hall, 18s. net), in the expectation of learning something new about the Victorian era. By something new one does not mean something really surprising: such as that the great Victorians had blue beards or walked on their heads. What one means is that one expected something more than the tiny driblet of unknown letters that one usually gets in a book published so long after the event as is this one. One has not been disappointed. Woolner's daughter has had the extremely sensible idea of giving us an idea of his life through the letters he wrote and received instead of telling us in the first person, and at prodigious length, what her father said to her mother at breakfast on November 22nd, 1870, and recording at length the births, careers, deaths, and tombstones of the various dogs he owned in his life. Woolner corresponded with many of the most eminent men of his time. His most profuse correspondent was Mrs. Tennyson—whose husband, usually referred to here as the Bard, was evidently too lazy to write letters himself—and amongst the others were Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, Vernon Lushington and others of the Pre-Raphaelite and Tennysonian sets. The book is a sort of tail-piece to the existing literature of the period, and all future writers about the Victorian age or its principal figures, will find something in it which they will have to quote. It is a noticeable thing—and one that throws a genial light upon Woolner's character—that almost all the hundreds of letters given are familiar and homely in tone. There are very few rahpsodies and there is very little fine writing; when communicating with Woolner people did not pour out their inmost souls, but, on the other hand, they refrained from anything forced or in the nature of humbug. The book as a whole, therefore, though uninspiring is amusing throughout.

* * * * *

Woolner was born in 1825 and died in 1892. In his early stages he was the friend of Rossetti, at his death he was an honorary member of a City Company. So it is to be expected that his early correspondence would be more interesting than his later, and the expectation is fulfilled. Especially good are the letters he received from Rossetti when, having despaired of earning his living as a sculptor, he was seeking his fortune in the gold fields of Australia. Later disciples of the Pre-Raphaelites tended rather to forget that the Pre-Raphaelites were the most robust of men. The apparent discordance between their characters and their works is not difficult to explain. They were artists, they were living in a smug, materialistic world which ignored the finer impulses of the spirit, and they went to extremes. It might almost be said that since the world around them thought of nothing but money, they deliberately painted and wrote about people who could not conceivably earn their living, and because they saw around them a generation peculiarly gross and bustling they were forced into the extravagance of creating ideal figures who might be deemed incapable of eating, and who in no circumstances could be conceived of as jumping a five-barred gate. But the languorous and swan-necked women of Rossetti, the attenuated, almost transparent, princesses of Burne Jones, the gentle Utopians of William Morris, were merely the escapes, as it were, of full natures starved in actual life. Burne Jones was one of the wittiest and jolliest talkers of the nineteenth century, and filled his letters with uncomplimentary caricatures of himself. The most characteristic story about William Morris is that which records the horror of a high ecclesiastic who, after standing a quarter of an hour in the poet's waiting-room, heard a loud voice come down the stairs: "Now send up that bloody bishop." Rossetti, until he took to drugs, was another of the same mould; and it gives one peculiar pleasure to find from Woolner's biography that, even at the beginning, when the Pre-Raphaelites stood to gain everything from the commendation of so celebrated a man, Rossetti could not stand the humbug of that pompous though well-meaning pontiff, John Ruskin. "As," he writes, "he is only half informed about art, anything he says in favour of one's work is, of course, sure to prove invaluable in a professional way." Then very shortly afterwards Woolner sub-joins the following remarks:

> I should like Ruskin to know what he never knew—the want of money for a year or two; then he might come to doubt his infallibility and give an artist working on the right road the benefit of any little doubt that might arise. The little despot imagines himself the Pope of Art, and would wear 3 crowns as a right, only they might make him look funny in London!

Add to this Rossetti's description of his own early and much photogravured *Annunciation* as "my white abomination," and the gentleman who bought it as "an Irish maniac," and we get a fairly good indication of the essential healthiness of the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

* * * * *

All through the book there are supplementary scraps for the biographers. In 1857 Woolner wrote to Mrs. Tennyson:

> I was grieved to hear the death of Mr. Barrett, not on the old gentleman's account, but because I know the distress it will occasion to poor Mrs. Browning, who quite worshipped the old man, however unworthy of it he was. He never would be reconciled to her after her marriage, but adopted the somewhat odd plan of hating her for the deed. Poor Mrs. Browning bribed the butler to let her father's dining-room blind remain up a little way that she might obtain one glimpse of him from the street before she started for Florence. She was so weak the poor little creature had to hold on by area rails while she looked her last at her cruel father, then went home and spent the evening in crying.
>
> Another of the old gentleman's whims was not to allow either of his sons to learn any business or profession.

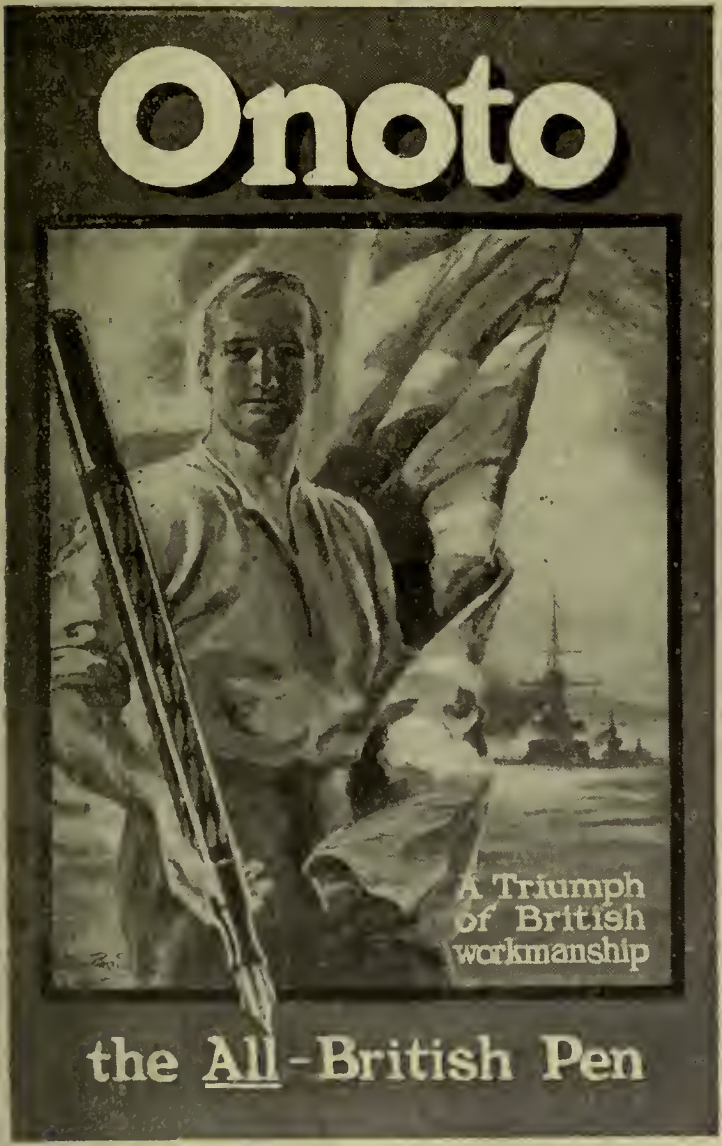
There is a very typical letter from Carlyle (1864) beginning:

> DEAR WOOLNER,—I at once sign and return;—I would even walk in suppliant procession to the Hon. House (if necessary) bareheaded and in sackcloth and ashes, entreating said Hon. Long-eared Assembly to deliver us from that most absurd of all Farce-Tragedies daily played under their supervision.

The House of Commons we have always with us. That some politicians have their feelings is, however, shown in the story about Mr. Gladstone and "Granny" Granville weeping, in unison, over one of Tennyson's *Idylls*. This subject is suitable for the pencil of Mr. Max Beerbohm, as is also that other picture, given in a letter from the present Lord Tennyson (then a child) of The Bard painting a summerhouse. He did it, we are assured, "all by himself." The best story in the book, however, concerns a notability whose name is, unfortunately, not given. He took the sculptor's wife into dinner and almost completely ignored her. After dinner, in the drawing-room, he came up to her and said: "Mrs. Woolner, if I had known who you were I should have paid you more attention." Can it have been Sir Willoughby Patterne?

* * * * *

But what of Woolner? The truth is I have been shirking him. He was evidently the friend of great men and himself a model of all the virtues. He could certainly make good busts and his early portraits of Tennyson—before the poet became a prophet and covered his beautiful mouth and chin with a Pentateuchal beard—are masterly. Some of the best are reproduced in this volume: of Sidgwick and Cardina Newman no stronger or more informative portraits exist than Woolner's. But busts are one thing. Imaginative sculpture is another. Woolner, with something interesting before him, could see what was there and model what he saw, though he usually began prettifying when he was doing a medallion—which he always, irritatingly, called a "med." Genuine creative faculty he had none: no powerful thoughts or passions insisting on expression: nothing more than a taste for the drooping, and a mild affection for the softer virtues. His statues of blind boys, bluecoat boys, Heavenly Welcome, Achilles shouting from the Trenches, Feeding the Hungry, Lady Godiva, and (good Lord!) The Housemaid, are not Pre-Raphaelitism, nor anything else except sheer undiluted, uninspired, smooth, sentimental, degenerate Victorian descendants of Flaxman. Mr. Dombey might have bought any of them in his softer moments, and one is forced to admit that the most interesting thing about Woolner is his diary of two years in the early Australian diggings. It is vividly and vigorously written and, unlike most stories of the sort, it does not conclude its depressing record of failure with the discovery of a nugget as large as a baby's head. Woolner came home richer by nothing save experience, and of that, to all appearances, he made little use.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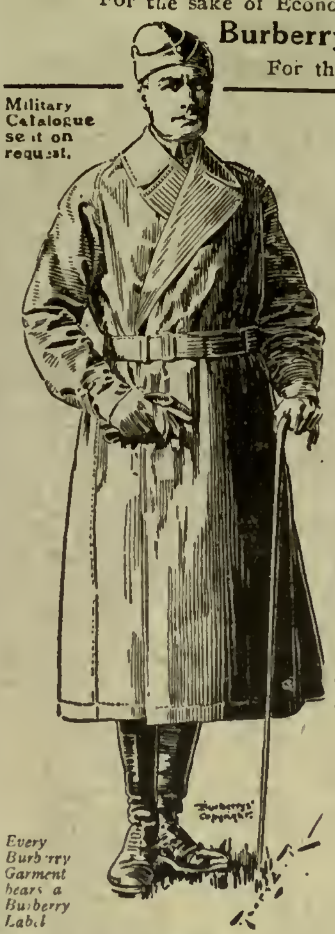

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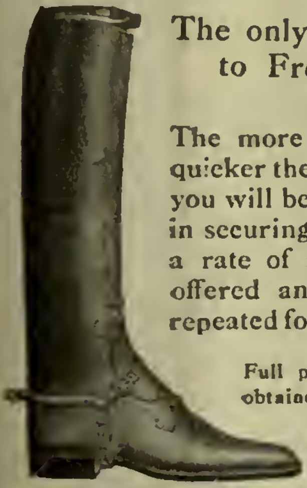
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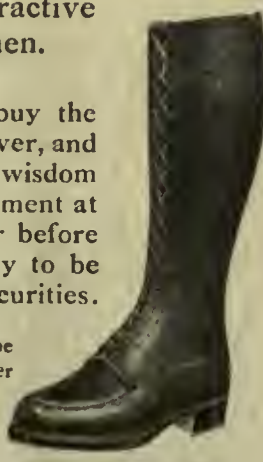
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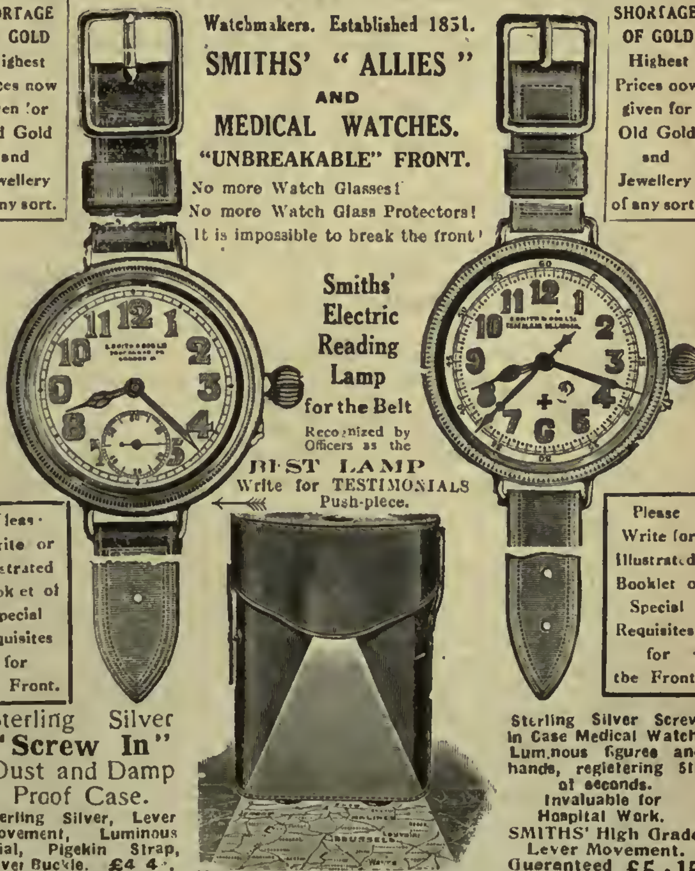

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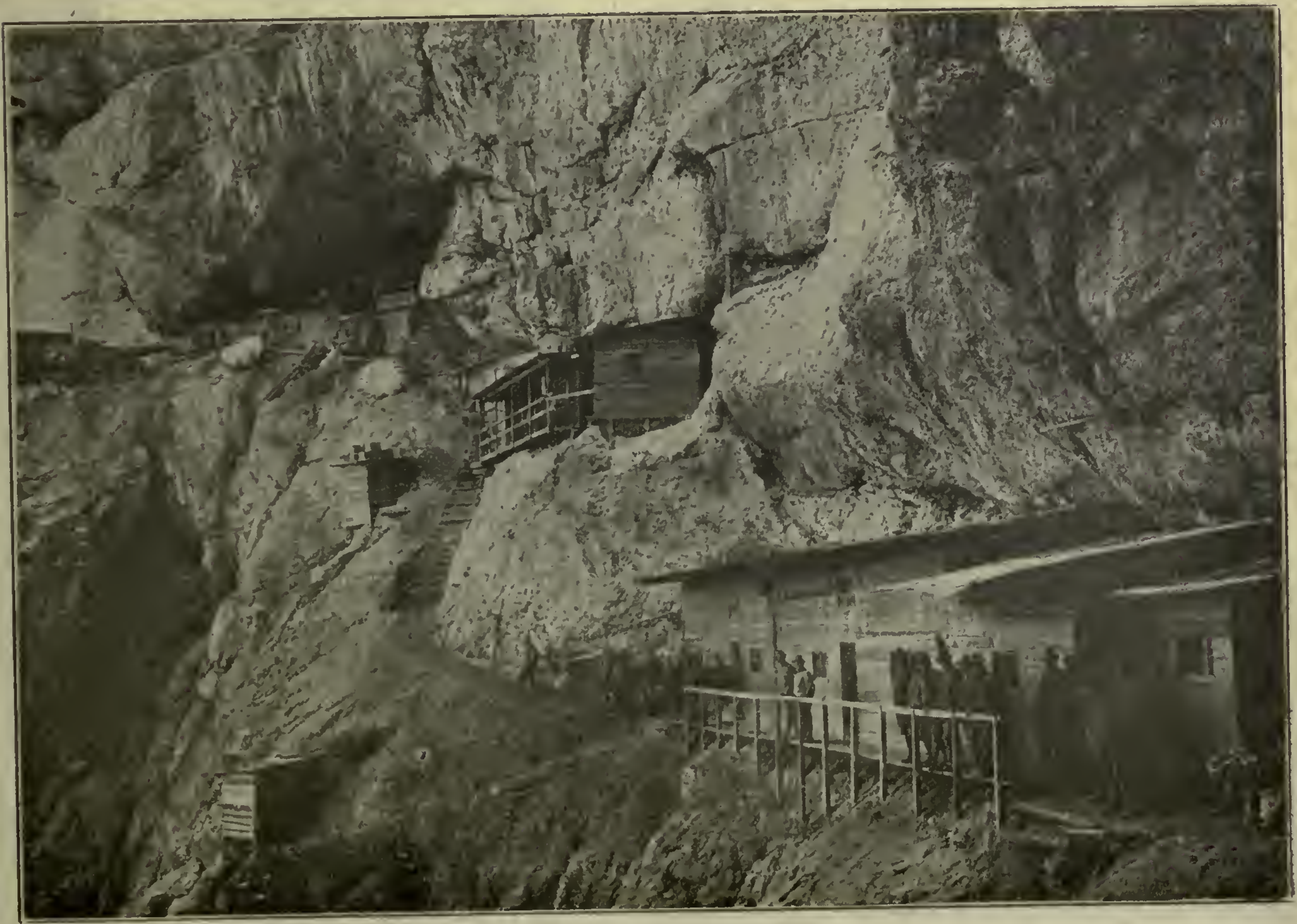

Mountain Barracks above Asiago

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.*

For the Nursery People

Christmas being a time more especially set apart for the younger generation, no mere grown-up dares to disregard the question of their presents, or treat it with anything but the consideration it merits. There will be lamentations in the nursery world, also, if they don't duly welcome the Christmas idea of a well-known furrier—fascinating sets for dollies in most artistic combinations of velvet and fur.

These adorable little sets are made up from left-over pieces of fur, such as every furrier in the course of the year is bound to accumulate. They include cap, muff and tie, a trio of garments which will enhance tenfold the look of any dollie, and fill the heart of the small owner with pride. Children love these sets as can readily be imagined, and they are selling literally in dozens, so great is the demand for them.

Being sold as soon as they are made, it is difficult to pick out any one set for special mention. Delightful results, however, are gained with all sorts of fascinating coloured velvets; blue, green, grey, brown, mauve being combined with grey, brown or white fur as the case may be, each tiny garment of the set being thoroughly *en suite* with the others.

A little set like this enables a child to play all sorts of alluring games with its doll, and pass many engrossing hours, besides a happy Christmastide. And this big happening can be gained for a little cost, the price varying from 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. the complete set, postage being 4d. extra.

Invaluable Leather Undercoats

As the winter goes on the problem of keeping warm is an ever-growing one, especially now when women are engaged on a host of outdoor activities that prior to the war never entered their calculations at all.

One of the methods, of course, is an additional garment of sorts, and amongst the very best propositions of the kind are some sleeveless undercoats. These are really much like glorified waistcoats—only they are fuller and built upon more capacious lines than the stereotyped waistcoats usually are.

These leather undercoats are of the softest most pliable leather, and the warmth they give is considerable. Made as they are, they slip under any coat in the easiest, most simple manner in the world, at once making all the difference in the well-being of the wearer. A belt gathers the fullness together at the waist, two large side pockets bear witness to the fact that in these utilitarian times a woman can hardly be too bepocketed, and the whole thing is a masterpiece as far as workmanship is concerned.

The firm in question as a matter of fact, are leather experts, having been mainly responsible for recent developments of leather garments. Owing to ruling conditions leather of all kinds demands—and gets—its price to-day, and these sleeveless coats cannot be bought for a song. They are, however, so entirely reliable and so needed that they are amongst the few things fully warranting their increased price.

The Vogue of the Scarf

This year there is certainly a great liking for neck scarfs, lots of well dressed people wearing them in the country and even claiming a war-indulgence for them in town And neck scarfs of the super-character a famous London shop is now showing are in very truth *sans égal*, something for which everyone loving pretty things should be duly grateful.

They are artistic to the very last degree, wide, long, warm, soft and infinitely becoming, a long step on from the narrow tape-like affairs with which in times past we have been regaled. To call them neck scarfs is too limiting a term, they are much more of a wrap-scarf than anything else—the very last cry in undeniable charm. With one of these a fair wearer is kept most delightfully warm. A beautiful scarf is much more distinctive than an indifferent fur, besides which there are countless days when for some reason or other one would rather not wear a fur. Then a scarf of this character appeals as a most commendable substitute.

Some alpaca wool scarves are irresistible in this connection, of such superfine character they are worth every farthing of their twenty-five and sixpence. Softness and lightness itself, yet withal most astoundingly warm, they are in most ordinary as well as some wonderful "art" shades of colour—peach colour, sea blue, lavender and rose.

Use a Shopping Bag.

With notices perfectly rightly asking us as much as possible to be our own parcel carriers, and with Christmas rather more than in the offing, some delightful leather shopping bags appeal. These, indeed, though useful at all times and seasons of the year, are quite invaluable now.

Very light, very commodious, durable and attractive withal, these bags are the precise thing that is wanted. They are really like an open leather satchel, silk lined, and with a good strong handle. Inside all kinds of small parcels can most conveniently go, safe and sound until at last brought home through the bag's good offices.

They are kept in dark blue, green, purple and two shades of red, costing from 13s. 6d. upwards—remarkably cheap, considering the price of leather.

A Boon to Drivers

From all accounts, many a girl motor-driver is finding her work the coldest thing she has done in all her life before, and will be glad to hear that a well-known firm has been specially concerned on her behalf. The result of their reflections is all to the good, for they have introduced slip-on overboots—the most commendable affairs.

These boots slip on like a well-fitting sheath over the ordinary boot and draw up the leg. Here they can be secured below the knee by a strap or over it by a running tape.

A word of praise, however, is certainly due to the maker of these overboots for the excellence of their shape and general design. They are already being hailed with delight by women drivers in all directions, and though they are of necessity not particularly low-priced, it is emphatically better to buy them and keep warm and well than to suffer perfectly needless agonies from the cold by continuing on in the old way.

Cold Weather Corsets

People who really feel the cold will be delighted with some particular corsets so well suited to their needs that they might almost have been designed for their special benefit. These are of tricot, so comfortable and cosy that they are almost like an additional bodice, the difference in warmth between them and the customary type of stay being quite immense, as all their wearers prove.

Apart from these properties their shape is all that can be desired. For war workers they are an ideal stay, since being of the well-liked medium length they give abundant freedom, besides being the very reverse of cumbersome.

They are kept in shell pink and white, the pink ones being the wholly reasonable price of 11s. 9d., the white a few shillings more. Corsets will always gladly be sent on approval by the obliging firm concerned, their name having been a synonym for long years past for the utmost courtesy to customers.

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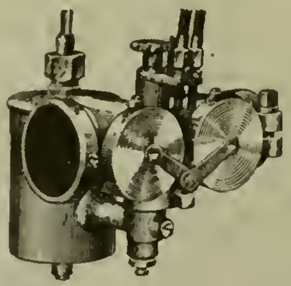

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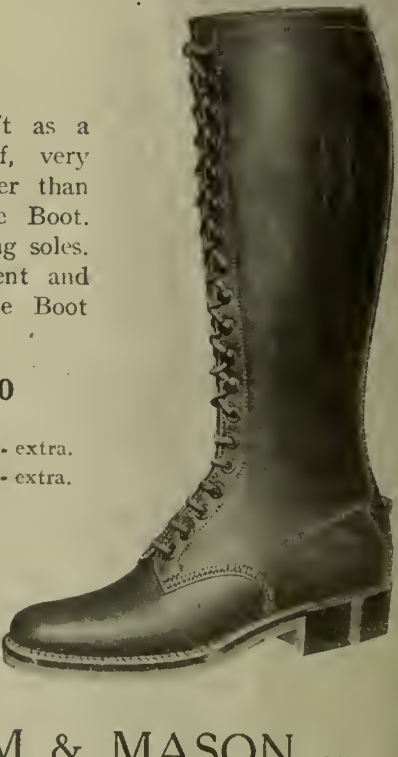

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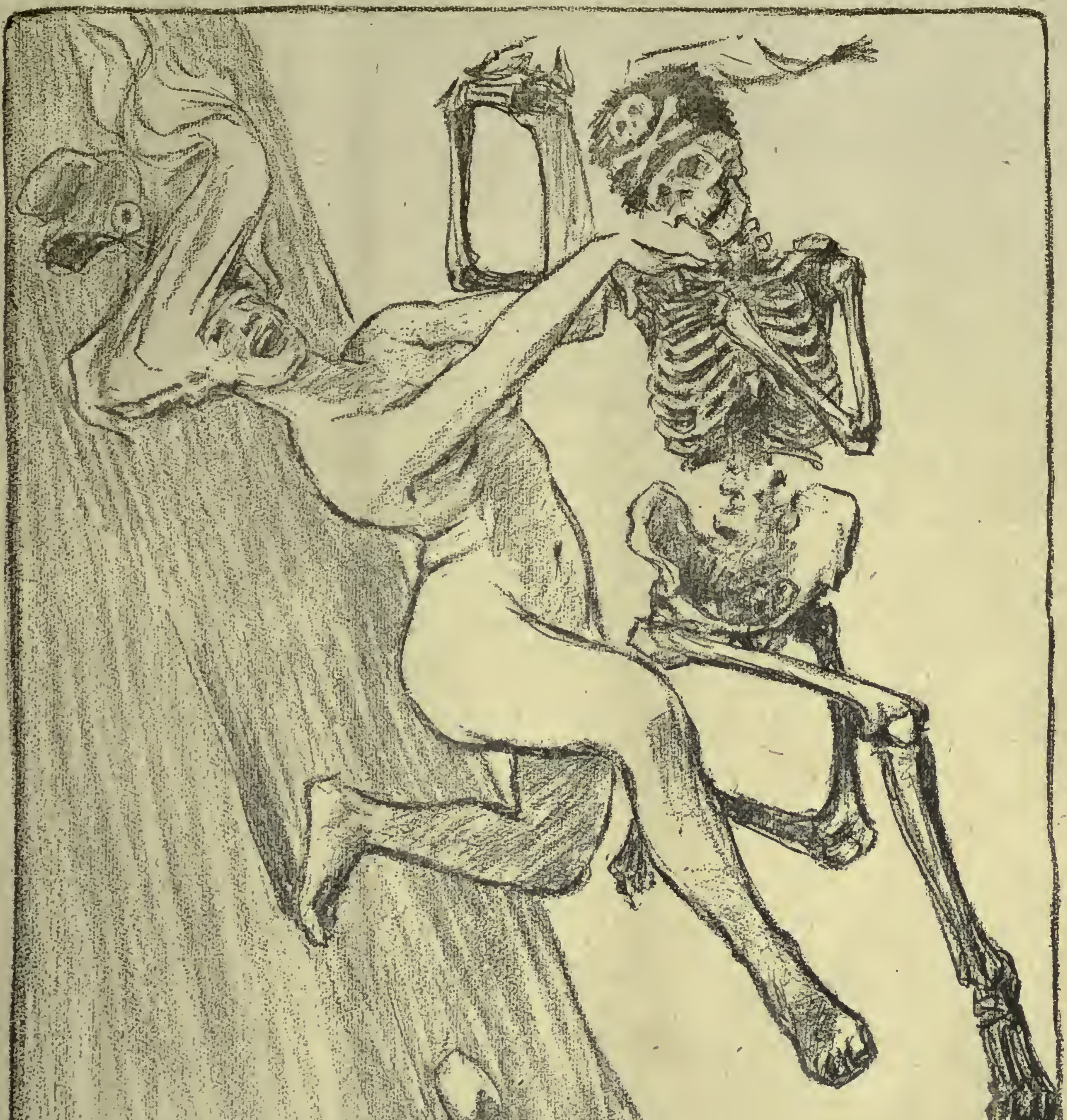
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The Bolsheviks' Liberty Dance

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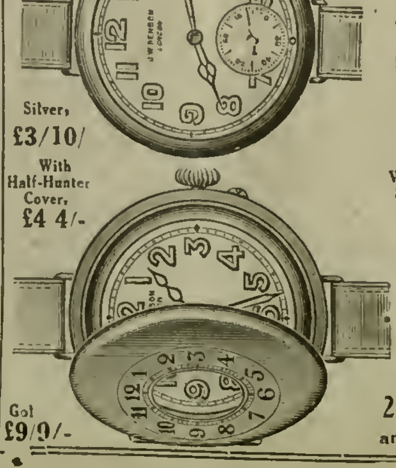

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1917

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THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY

SIGNS are not wanting—there is no necessity to go into particulars—that this winter will witness the most critical stage of the Great War. So has it been well named, for it is a great war—the greatest of all wars, for it is not only armies arrayed against armies, but nations against nations, and it will be fought to a finish both through the courage and skill of the fighting men and through the resolution and stern determination of the people. On another page of this issue there appears an admirable article by a distinguished French journalist, M. Coudurier de Chassaigne, President of the Foreign Press Association in London, which explains the present spirit of the people of France, their dauntlessness to continue the struggle until definite victory is attained, and their determination not to be "baulked of the end half-won by an instant dole" of peace, negotiated by faint-hearted politicians or by cosmopolitan financiers.

It is always urged by autocracy, that democracy being many-headed and many-stomached, does not possess the nerve and self-abnegation to carry through a long struggle to a finish. If that be true, it would be the death-sentence of democracy. The liberty of the individual on which the Briton prides himself would become a fantastic fraud, and it could only be a matter of years or at most of a generation or two before the old fetters of the Pharoahs and the Babylonian Kings, now represented by the modern irons of the Hohenzollern, were again forged about the limbs of the free peoples of Europe. But is it true? We do not believe so for an instant. Freedom has not been won in England easily; men, generation after generation, have suffered and died for a principle, often when the cause seemed hopeless, but it won through at last.

Nineteen hundred years and more ago a pitiful cry rang out over the roofs of Jerusalem, that sacred city of the East, which only this week has been won back after a thousand years to the higher civilisation, to the nobler humanity that had its birth there in that very hour. It sounded in men's ears as a cry of despair: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" As we know to-day it was wrenched by pain and torment from the lips of One who sacrificed everything for the purpose He had lived on earth to fulfil and by that sacrifice had lifted man to a higher level than he had ever approached before. The occupation of Jerusalem seems to us a splendid omen, one which it would be foolish to ignore. Much as we object to *pro forma* joy-bells, we do believe it has been right to sing Te Deums for the capture of Jerusalem, for that city is the true mother-city of Christian civilisation and of Judaic faith; and let it also be remembered it was esteemed a sacred city by the Arabs, who were animated by a far higher culture—the English language bears testimony to this—than the Turks have ever been, for the Turks among Mahommedan peoples represent, in their brutal and inhuman qualities, the Germans among Christians.

But to return to Europe and the facts of the moment. We have to face a difficult position both in the firing-line and at home, which needs not merely courage but good sense and a co-operative spirit among all ranks of the nation. President Wilson, in his Address to Congress, rightly defined the enemy "as the German power, a thing without conscience or honour or capacity for covenanted peace which must be crushed and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations." Dr. Jacks, in the Christmas number of LAND & WATER, demonstrates, on the authority of the German philosopher Kant, that Germany represents bad will and the Allies good will among the nations. And he proceeds: "One would think that good will *ought* to parley, *ought* to try the effect of reasoning with its antagonist before proceeding to extreme measures. But this is utterly impossible from the nature of the case, For the bad will has no reason to reason with. It is sheer unreason, naked and unashamed, so that if you employed reason to bring it round to your point of view, it would not understand one word you were saying." The case against Germany, against her rulers with whom her people seem well content, has never been better phrased; it is that which makes the very idea of negotiations a symptom of weakness. We have only to watch carefully the present German dealings with the Bolsheviks to realise how futile and foolish it is at the present time to employ reason towards Germany.

No living man has beheld this truth more clearly or has given a more distinct and lucid expression to it than Mr. Asquith, a statesman whom we are convinced will be more honoured by posterity than by the present generation whose vision is blinded or distorted by the mists and miasms of party politics. Over three years ago at the Guildhall, in his famous speech in which he declared we shall never sheath the sword until Belgium is free and the military domination of Prussia wholly and finally destroyed, he said, "sooner than be a silent witness, which means in effect a willing accomplice, of this tragic triumph of force over law and of brutality over freedom, I would see this country blotted out of the pages of history." A few months later he declared that we should "fight to the end—to the last farthing of our money, to the last ounce of our strength, to the last drop of our blood." Again a year later and again at the Guildhall, referring to peace, he spoke of "peace, but on one condition only—that the war with its waste and sacrifices, its untold sufferings, its glorious and undying examples of courage and unselfishness, shall not have been in vain." The same resolution, the same note of victory rang through his speech at Leeds last night. "A clean peace! That is what the people of this country and all the Allied peoples desire. And that it may be attained—nothing more but nothing less—they are unflinching in their resolve and in their willingness to go on making the necessary efforts and sacrifices." These sacrifices to-day leave untouched not a single household in the land, and it is for this reason that we have for several weeks urged compulsory rations, to put an end to unevenness of distribution, to stop the painful queues in poor districts and to create in one respect, at all events, a unity of sacrifice.

More than once on Tuesday evening Mr. Asquith referred to Mr. Wilson's Address to Congress, and always with approval. He pointed out that Germany has a right to her own form of Government, and as we have on several previous occasions observed, there is no evidence forthcoming so far that the present military despotism is contrary to the will and desire of the German peoples. They still believe that the Kaiser and his advisers can give them victory, and they continue to accept, on the whole in good part, the heavy sacrifices they are called on to make. Here let us quote Mr. Asquith:

> What we of the rest of the world are concerned with is not a people but a system—a system which has used as its instrument first in Prussia, then in the rest of Germany, "that two-handed engine"—the military and the bureaucratic machines carefully and cunningly interlocked. It is that system which has enthroned Force as the sovereign authority; which has held itself at liberty, in the pursuit of its supposed interests, to falsify, to deride, or to supersede (according to the exigencies of the hour) the most solemn pacts, which claims in effect a more than Pontifical power of self-absolution from the engagements and restraints which safeguard the rights of the peoples of the world. This must come to an end.

The Battle of Cambrai

By Hilaire Belloc

THE Battle of Cambrai, up to the moment of writing, has passed through three phases:

(1) On Tuesday, November 20th, the British Third Army under General Byng broke the German front by an action of surprise, including a new tactical use of the tanks, and formed a great salient in front of Cambrai, about four miles deep and some six or seven miles long. Further fighting gave the offensive possession of Bourlon Hill, the continued holding of which would destroy the value of Cambrai as the meeting point of the German communications upon this front. A continued elimination of the nodal point of Cambrai in the enemy's communications would have involved a shifting of his whole line.

(2) After the salient had been more or less stabilised and at points slightly reduced by local enemy action, but with Bourlon Hill still secure in British hands, the enemy, upon Friday, November 30th, attacked with the greatest violence the northern and the southern limbs of the salient with a special effort at their extremities in order to cut off the neck of the salient and encircle and destroy all the forces within it. This plan bid fair to succeed from the fact that the enemy undoubtedly effected a surprise against the southern arm of the salient, at the extremity of which he broke through into the neck of the salient for some thousand yards. But his pressure against the northern arm was met with a determined resistance; his eruption upon the south was partly beaten back; the encircling movement failed. Its result, however, when the very heavy fighting of this main counter-offensive died down, was to leave the salient with a boundary no longer tenable. The enemy had come down between Mœuvres and Bourlon Hill to the neighbourhood of the main road, thus leaving Bourlon Hill itself in a very pronounced, awkward and untenable angle. Masnieres, with its crossing of the Scheldt, had been evacuated. The enemy from the top of Bonavis Height at the branch roads, which he securely held, and from La Vacquerie, had observation over all the lower ground to the north. Whence, after a second enemy effort on December 3rd, followed the third phase.

(3) On Tuesday night, the 4th-5th of December, the British line was withdrawn, Bourlon Hill evacuated, and a retirement begun upon new positions. It appears to have taken up two days, to have been most successfully accomplished, and to have ended on December 6th or 7th upon a much flatter outline, which ran from the main Bapaume Road over the height of Flesquieres, and thence apparently straight to Welsh Ridge, then south to points west of Villers-Guislan, and Gauche Wood. The line cannot be accurately described because we have not received anything but a vague account of it. But it seems to be roughly of this nature.

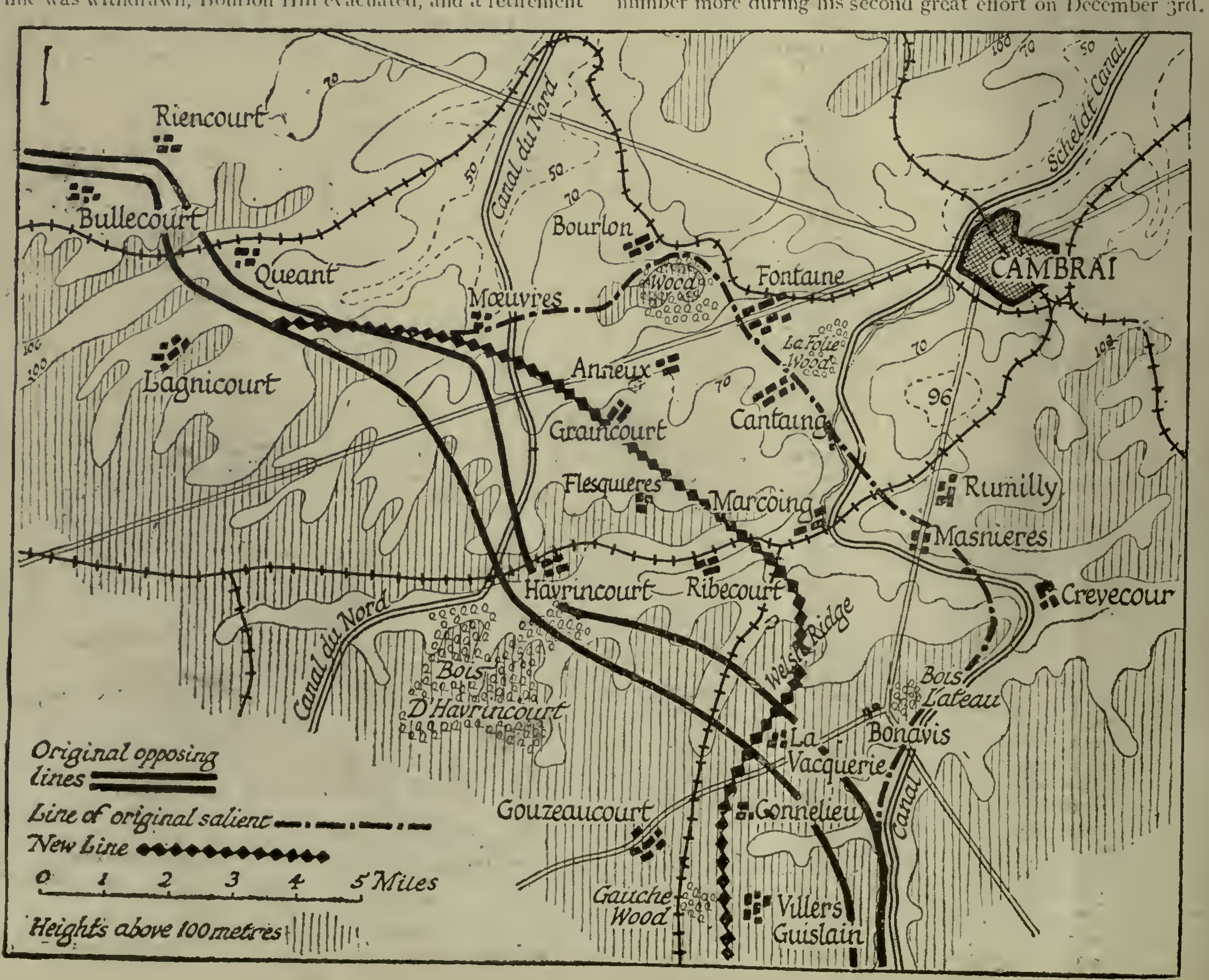
La Vacquerie is still claimed by the Germans, but the last despatches to hand indicate some improvement of our line in this neighbourhood. We are not given sufficient detail upon this to be able to describe it.

It will be seen that the new line has a solid hold upon the heights overlooking the Cambrai hollow. It is obviously strong in position, and its artificial strength must have been greatly consolidated in the last few days, while its trace is too flat to allow of any part of it being taken in reverse.

Meanwhile the value of Cambrai as a centre of communications for the enemy has been restored, and the main end of the original advance is unattained.

* * * * *

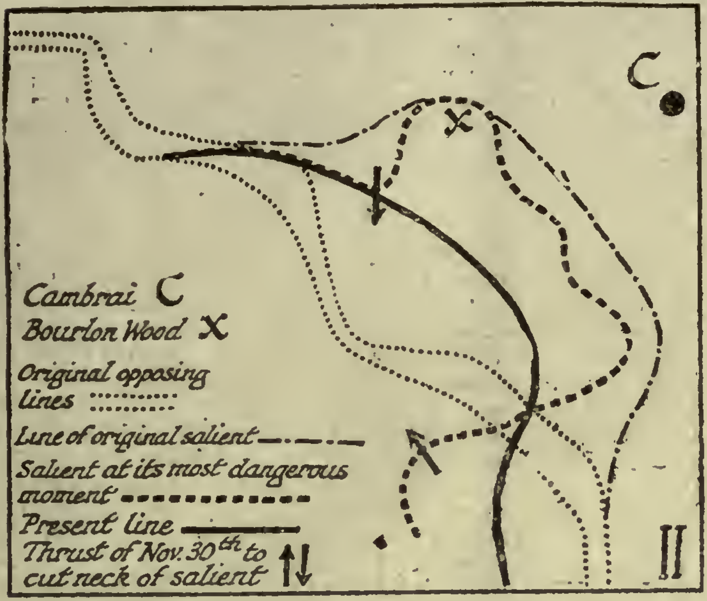
The story, as a whole, is quite clearly one of a superior concentration. It means that against the forces originally employed in the advance of November the 20th and 21st, against the further forces and guns that were thrust into the salient afterwards, and against the successive reinforcements that may have come up to hold the salient against the great counterattack, the enemy total concentration was superior. He brought in a greater weight of men, and probably a very much greater one. What the proportion was we do not know, because we cannot be told what the total was upon the British side. But we have it estimated that the enemy's attack upon November 30th alone, quite apart from his original divisions which had been standing the first strain before, was made in a force of not less than ten and possibly twelve divisions; while it is probable or certain (for we have as yet no official information upon the matter) that he put in a number more during his second great effort on December 3rd.



Unofficial estimates have suggested as many as 25 German division in action upon this front, and certainly there have been more than 20. Although there was an element of surprise, therefore, upon the southern limb of the salient in the first day of the great counter-offensive, November 30th, the main factor in the German success was the weight of numbers, and this in its turn leads back, as does everything that has happened during the last three months, to the betrayal of the Allied cause by the gang of International Anarchists which has seized power in what was once the capital of Russia.

No serious commentary upon the war can now be of any value that does not make this feature the pivot of all that is to come. The enemy through the latter developments of the Russian Revolution has acquired, for the first time in two years and more, a definite and increasing numerical superiority upon the West.

It is not possible to state, save upon the very broadest lines, what this transformation of the war means, but upon those very broad lines an attempt can be made.



The Eastern front, in its old conditions, accounted for about one-third of the German and about one half of the Austrian forces in men. In artillery we must suppose that the field pieces were heavily diminished in number compared with their concentration upon the West, and we may be certain that most of the heavy pieces were withdrawn during the summer, for it must have been far more clear to the enemy's Intelligence Departments than it was to general observation in the West that the internal condition of Russia made the transport and accumulation of heavy material by the Russians impossible, apart from the fact that there was but little heavy material to accumulate or to transport. The enemy may be regarded, therefore, as already in possession upon the West of that superiority in heavy guns to which his very large captures in Italy have so considerably added. The immediate future will increase his munitionment for those pieces, but hardly their number. The principal change, therefore, is in numbers of men. Now, so far as these are concerned, we have first the unknown factor of the Russian Civil War. It is clear that the Eastern front cannot be wholly disregarded by the enemy. One may describe it in a general phrase as being "eliminated" in the sense that there has been no pressure there for many months, that over great portions of it an armistice has been concluded; that during the course of a civil war certainly no attack upon the enemy will take place, and that even if the National forces should overcome the Anarchists with their international—or rather anti-national—leadership, it would be a long time before even a local pressure could be exercised. It is none the less incredible that a state of affairs should soon arise in which the enemy shall be able to leave this line completely. What has he to spare from it? It is a mere vague estimate, pretending to nothing more than guess work, if one may suggest sixty divisions or their equivalent as a maximum reservoir of man-power—and Heaven knows that is a great enough weight in the balance! The Germans had, when the movement began, about eighty divisions in the East, and of these eighty perhaps one-half were of material they could safely use for active service against the Western Allies. The Austrians had about half as much again, a larger proportion of which, however, were of good material, partly because it was upon the southern Austrian end of the Eastern line that the greatest danger of new fighting existed, and partly because political considerations demanded special precautions here. If we allow a total of half these numbers, it would seem a reasonable estimate, though over what time such a drain would last and whether it would be carried on to its maximum of exhaustion, only the future can show. Nor do we know how much may not already have appeared against Italy or in France, and consequently what reduced balance may remain.

Beyond these very general considerations there is really nothing to be said. The rest is rhetoric which is worthless, or vivid descriptions of incidents in fighting, which are the functions of eye-witnesses and correspondents, and not of a general survey of the campaign.

The Capture of Jerusalem

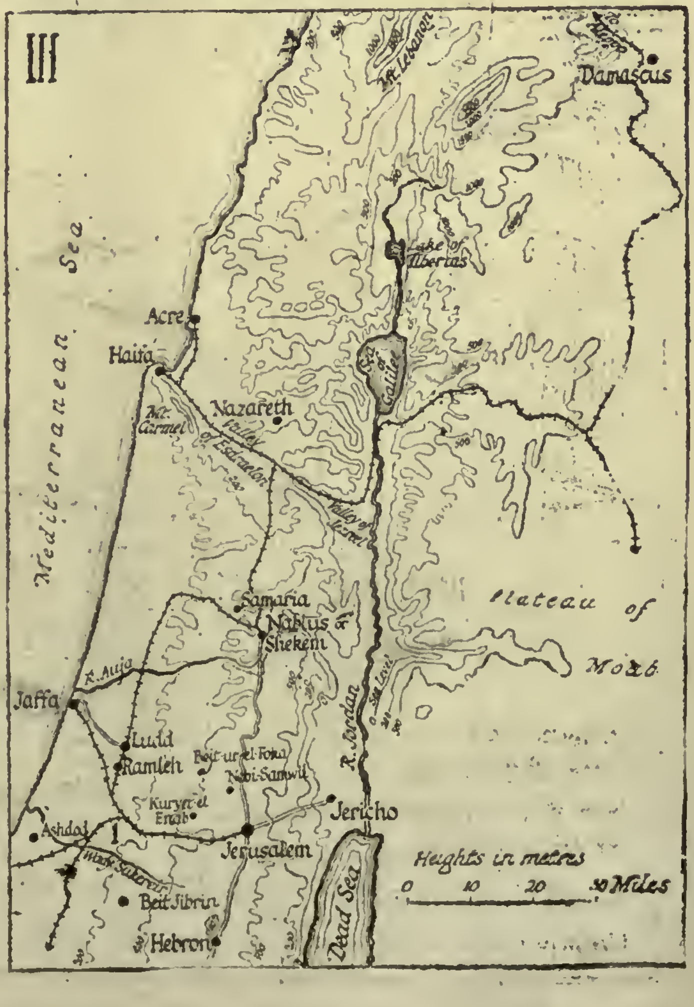
General Allenby's entry into Jerusalem has, even more than most other events of the war, a political aspect sharply divided from its military aspect. The political aspect is sufficiently obvious, and it is comforting to add, sufficiently important. The two towns which, for widely different reasons, stand out in the Eastern imagination as representative of the extended Turkish power, are Baghdad and Jerusalem. Both are now in British hands; and the latter is a symbol of far higher significance than the former, because it appeals not only to the political imagination of men, but to their religious traditions and to the whole of their past. Further, it appeals not only to the Eastern world, but to the whole of Europe.

All, however, that can be said upon this political aspect of the matter has been said in our press and does not strictly concern a commentary upon the military side of the war.

The military aspect of the event is this: After he had lost the railway the enemy held the road leading northward out of Jerusalem to Shechem until he had evacuated his stores, men and guns from the south. It is only subsequent to his evacuation of these southern points, including Jerusalem, that the British force has entered that town; but the success is the fruit of that local decision obtained by the British army on the line Gaza-Beersheba, the consequence of which was that rapid advance all along the sea-plain which gave us the railway, and with the railway the ultimate occupation of Southern Palestine.

We must not forget in this connection that this fine work has reposed upon the excellence of the British engineers. As in the case of the corresponding success in the capture of Baghdad, the foundation of the whole thing has been the supreme excellence of this branch of the British Service, and the reader may mark that when the story of the campaign is written, the way in which supply was rendered possible across the desert and continued up, closely following a large force moving with considerable rapidity, will be the chief part of the story.

It remains to be conjectured where the next Turkish line



will lie, and I would suggest, as I have previously suggested in these columns, the rather obvious line which for centuries has been the road for armies and is to-day an excellent lateral communication—the depression which runs across the Samarian highlands, marked to-day by Shechem, and forming the backbone of the old kingdom of Israel. It might properly be called "the line of Samaria." There is here not only a road, but the railway from Damascus (of which a branch goes to Carmel Bay) forms an excellent avenue of supply, the hill positions in front of which are high and fairly continuous; while it may be presumed that the river Auja, the most considerable stream after the Jordan in the Holy Land, will continue the line to the sea. But in connection with this latter point we must remember that the Turkish flank upon the sea will always be somewhat insecure. The Turks clearly intended twice to rest their flank upon the sea during General Allenby's recent advance up the Philistine plain, and each time were turned, apparently by naval action from outside.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

Upon the Italian front this pressure of superior numbers has also had its effect, just as it has had its effect before Cambrai. There is a group of high peaks making a sort of knot to the north-east of Asiago. Their most important summit was that of Castel Gomberto. They formed a very acute angle thrust out from the general line, an accident common in mountain warfare, because in that sort of warfare superiority of height is so important that a defensive line takes every advantage it can of crests, even at the risk of holding difficult salients. This awkward projecting angle was reduced by the Austrians in the course of last week in a series of attacks upon the heights which encircle Castel Gomberto. As a result they captured in its entirety the garrison upon it, the enemy claiming as the total of his operations, not only the flattening out of the line, but some 15,000 Italian prisoners. Meanwhile, we are officially informed that British troops are now in line just west of the Piave, upon the height called the Montello, which dominates that stream by about 1,000 feet. The information is necessarily of a very vague kind, and we know nothing of the proportionate strength of the opposing armies upon the critical mountain sector which forms the flank of the Piave line. Everything still depends upon whether that sector holds or no, for if it does not hold the Piave line is turned. Roughly speaking, the Allies are in this mountain sector forced back to the top of the wall overlooking the Plain in its eastern part, while in its western part they are still holding positions from three to seven miles northwards of that edge. The future here depends upon whether this wall can be permanently held or not.

Crisis of the War and the Advent of America

The two great factors of the war in its present phase are revolutionary in their character and novelty. They are the elimination of the Eastern front on the one hand, and the junction of the United States with the Allies of Western Europe on the other.

The significance of the first factor has been emphasised in LAND & WATER in a fashion only restricted by political necessity. The full truth with regard to it has not yet been told, and certainly could not be exaggerated. It is, as has here been consistently pointed out for a long time past, catastrophic in the true sense of that word, which signifies not a final disaster, but an upturning of all pre-existing conditions. The elimination of the Eastern front through the Russian Revolution gives Prussia and her dependents an active superiority over Western civilisation, that is, France, Great Britain and Italy. It gives the enemy a superiority in men and material. The war ceases to be a siege and becomes a duel. So have things been potentially since the Russian State collapsed nine months ago; so have they been actually since the Revolution destroyed the remaining power of the offensive in the Southern Russian Armies five months ago; so have they been in practice and manifested in example after example since the tremendous blow on the Upper Isonzo now nearly two months old. The Central Powers, on account of active treason to the Alliance by the international gang in the capital of Russia, and on account of the popular passions this gang has played upon, are now in a military sense concerned with Western Europe alone, and Western Europe, immeasurably their superior in value, is their inferior in numbers. That is the position in one phrase. We no longer contain the enemy. We must, upon the contrary, nerve ourselves to withstand a new pressure, the success of which (still more a political truckling to which) would destroy our inheritance. Our Eastern ally has failed us altogether.

But to such a situation there comes in the promised help of the United States. That is, of a polity itself the offspring of western civilisation and inheriting its traditions. This second factor in the situation follows closely and point by point the first. The declaration of adhesion to our cause made by the authorities of the United States comes but a few weeks later than the news of the Russian Revolution. The first appearance of American units, Naval and Military, and the various measures taken by our new Ally to make real its power in aid of us, correspond with the summer collapse of the last Russian effort. The presence of a serious American force under training in France and of its growth from an original nucleus corresponds to the first great active results of the new state of affairs in the West: this autumn and winter—which have seen the tremendous enemy blow against Italy and the enemy concentration in front of Cambrai—have also seen the new American force in training upon European soil for the new tasks of trench warfare, and its rapid and continual increase.

The tremendous changes, therefore, which this war has brought about, presents us now with another and perhaps the last turn of the wheel. The West is definitely united, and has for its sole antagonist Prussia and her dependents. One of the two will conquer. It is a mere substitution of words for things which talks of a "draw" or regards as stable any solution in which an unconquered Prussia shall still remain in Europe. All the phrases about not desiring to crush the enemy and the rest of it are excuses for surrender. One or the other in the two camps will control not only the material fortunes of the world, but, what is much more important, its spirit in the next generations. And which of the two will do so depends upon the fortunes of that battle line which stretches from the Adriatic to the North Sea, interrupted only by the neutrality of the Swiss Mountains. Upon that battle line civilisation is now upon the defensive so far as Europe is concerned. The United States have come in as a last reserve. Let us appreciate what that effect may be, putting first what must always be provided in any such estimate, the determination to see things exactly as they are and not to follow the always detestable and to-day mortal habit of emotionalism whether it tend to exaltation or to panic. Let us weigh as exactly as we can the advantages for and against both sides.

The enemy, as we have said, has a clear advantage over the Western European Powers in material and in numbers of men. So long as the Eastern front stood he was not only at a disadvantage in both these matters, but he was strategically under a state of siege. He was confined in his fighting to a particular area pounded upon every side. To-day that has gone, and all that is connoted by a state of siege has gone with it.

Let me repeat for perhaps the fiftieth time that the word "siege" and the word "blockade" (in its general: not its technical, legal, maritime sense), have nothing in common except that siege often also permits a blockade, though a blockade can exist without a siege. A siege is, properly speaking, the confinement to a limited area of manœuvre of a military force. It has certain consequences attached to it, inevitably adverse to the besieged though not necessarily (as history can prove in a hundred cases) leading to their defeat. The chief of these circumstances is the fact that under a siege the process of attrition can be calculated, while the element of surprise is eliminated in as high a degree as is possible. The siege of the Central Empires which could not be raised by relief—for there was no one marching to their aid—has been raised by a political accident, to wit, the dissolution of what was once the Russian State. There is a siege no longer.

The Central Empires now thus massed against the West, and to be massing more and more against it as time proceeds, have another advantage beside the numerical advantage in men and material. They have advantage in communications.

(1) Their communications are wholly by land and therefore rapid and simple, while those of the Western European Powers are largely by sea and therefore slow and complex, involving a few congested points and at least *two* transhipments.

(2) They are working within an arc of a circle and the Western Powers are working outside the arc of that circle. Therefore, even if the communications of both were entirely by land the advantage in rapidity and concentration would be with the Central Powers.

(3) Their communications being by land and within their lines are invulnerable. Much of our communications being maritime are highly vulnerable and subject to an *increasing* strain.

The Central Powers have this next advantage in such a duel, their supply of material, especially of coal and iron, are nearly central to their effort; their three great centres of production (Westphalia, Silesia and Bohemia—to which may still be added the Belgian field) are secure from interruption. The centre of production of the Western Allies on the other hand is, so far as coal is concerned, almost entirely placed in this island, to which much of the iron ore must be imported, and from which supplies must go out to the other Allies, both under the modern risks of maritime communications.

Next, the Western European Allies are dependent upon maritime communications for mere subsistence. Coal for warming and transit must come from Britain; most of her food and raw material must be got into Britain from beyond the sea.

Lastly, the Central Powers have this advantage, that they are all the appanage of Prussia, whereas their opponents are a coalition of equals. Hence the complete unity of command with them, the impossibility of realising it with ourselves. One might digress here to show why the nearest approach to unity of command with the Allies must be of a federative character, and why complete direction under one centre is not only impossible to them, but is a misleading ideal—but the digression would divert attention from the main thesis of this argument.

Such are the elements in favour of the enemy. They are very formidable. That they should be everywhere appreciated is essential to our future conduct of the war.

Enemy Handicaps

Now let us look at the other side. The enemy is blockaded so far as goods from oversea, and especially from the tropics and sub-tropics, is concerned. He is and will long remain grievously handicapped in the matter of lubricants for his machinery, of fats for his food and of such material as indiarubber and of such articles of ordinary consumption as tea and coffee and rice and cotton. He is very short of everything. He lacks wool. He is rationed far more strictly and suffers in daily life far more heavily than his opponents. The statistics of sickness and death among his civilian population are beginning to cause him grave anxiety. He is therefore both on the civilian and on the military side under an exceedingly severe strain which cannot be relieved, and that only in some few departments, for a very long time to come.

Next, he has suffered in men after a fashion comparable to none of the Western Allies, except the French, and even the French losses are not quite as heavy in proportion as his own.

The effect of this point is both moral and material. It has compelled the enemy to draw upon his very youngest lads and to put into the fields boys from a year to a year and a half younger than those used by his opponents. It means that in one way and another there are still great reserves of human material among his opponents which he does not possess, and it means that the moral strain is greater with him than with most of those whom he still has to meet. Great Britain, for instance, has lost in proportion to her numbers, perhaps one third of what the German Empire has lost in proportion to their numbers. For one woman widowed' or orphaned in this country there are under the Hohenzollerns *population for population* three—in actual numbers over five. The strain is of a sort which has never been properly set forth in this country, and the importance of which it is essential to recognise. With equal tenacity and equal will, the margin is here most heavily against the enemy.

Lastly, the enemy has the worst before him or, to put it in another way, the chances of the near future mean for him not an alternative between victory and a difficult defensive—as they do with us—but an alternative between victory and complete disaster. That is a point which the length of the war with its consequent dulling of initiative has obscured. People forget that an invasion of German soil, even a serious disturbance through aerial work of security behind the German lines, would be something novel and productive of an intense strain upon the enemy. The Allies have known such things and have known them if not at their worst, at any rate, as now familiar trials. We have no gauge of the way in which the enemy's social organism would stand similar trials, save our general knowledge of its psychology and the little object-lessons we have had of his panic during the temporary and slight invasion of Eastern Prussia, and of what we know to be the conditions of the few extreme Western towns which have as yet alone suffered from our bombs. The civilians of the Allies have been murdered by scores in their beds and in the course of their peaceable labour. Women and children have been wantonly destroyed by land and drowned at sea. Their civilian sailors have suffered the same fate. Sections of their people have been carried off as slaves, and their buildings, including their most cherished monuments of antiquity, have been wrecked. There have been organised massacres staged in certain devoted spots and innumerable outrages of every sort less than—if they be less than—murder itself.

Nothing of all this has happened to the enemy, but there stands between him and a just punishment nothing but the strength of his Western line. Put yourself in the shoes of his authorities and ask yourself whether he does not fear the risk of such experiences after a fashion which we, who have passed through them, no longer do.

This summary of the points that are against him at this moment does, it is true, not counter-balance the points immediately in his favour. These weigh heavily upon our regard for the future; we should be foolish to undervalue them, but the truth is that our present tendency is rather, if anything, to over-value them. The great factor remaining in our favour is the advent of America. Let us see what it means.

Of the main numerical proposition no one is ignorant. There is a tendency, precisely because it is so well known, to misread it altogether precisely, though for very different reasons, as the Russian position was misread for a full year after the outbreak of the war. America has a reserve of men which quite overshadows the exhausted forces of Europe. She can certainly take part in this war for two years without approaching the exhaustion even of those specially selected drafts which form so comparatively a small proportion of her total mobilisable power. On the material side she has resources in fuel and minerals and in skilled labour far superior to that of the whole enemy combination, while in the not measurable factor of mechanical inventive capacity and mechanical development, she is the superior of us all.

Further, and perhaps most important of all, she enters the lists quite fresh, for even those of the belligerents who have not lost men upon the scale of the originally mobilised Powers, have suffered the terrible strain of more than three years.

What, then, are the limitations to so formidable an asset upon our side? They are almost entirely contained in the one word "Communications." There was indeed for some months, and will continue for a few months more, the limitation of training—the building up of an army out of very small beginnings—but the more formidable and permanent limitation is the limitation of supply. And supply is a function of communication.

The limitations of an American force to be maintained in Western Europe upon the present line of fighting, proceed from these three things: First, that all the supply whatsoever must be found from the Home base. Not only strictly military supply; but food and indeed everything. Next, that the main communications are maritime; and lastly, that both the main communications and the last stages by land are each in their own kind of great length. The former vary between 2½ and three thousand miles, the latter between 200 and 300 miles. To these general and chief considerations we must add the facts that the Ports of Disembarkation are few and will also require a very considerable expansion of quay-room; that the communications by land after transhipment will also require expansion; that the length of a sea voyage, apart from the numerical disabilities affecting it, weakens men and horses in more than a proportion to its duration, and that the tonnage it requires is also greater in proportion to its duration.

There may be set down in this calculation certain rough rules of thumb which, if they are not strictly accurate, serve well enough for an approximate judgment. Every man maintained by the United States upon French soil means some six tons of shipping to maintain him—this calculated, of course, in gross tonnage, not in tonnage of displacement. Further, of two men thus supported upon the European side, we must not count upon more than one being present in an organised fighting unit upon the immediate front. These two rules of thumb, in our judgment of the position, show us at once how severe are the limitations imposed. Experts differ, and published estimates will differ also as to the number of months in which could be provided—quite apart from the making good of losses—a tonnage sufficient for the maintenance of one million men. It is enough to say that such a force cannot be aimed at until very far into the fighting season of 1918 and more probably towards its close; while in this calculation—which would mean but half a million men organised in fighting units, or say not more than double the German troops actually engaged the other day in front of Cambrai—we are eliminating an unknown factor of loss at sea. We must strictly bind ourselves by these limiting conditions under pain of letting our judgment go wildly astray.

On the other hand, there are factors in our favour which a calculation of this sort does not cover.

The first of these factors is the continual power of replacement enjoyed by our new ally.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, six million tons of shipping available, a corresponding million of men present in Europe with half that number engaged upon the fighting line.

That amount of tonnage presupposes the power not only of maintaining the force statically, but also dynamically, that is, the perpetual stream of recruitment to repair wastage can go on pretty well indefinitely, the reservoir of man-power behind it being, for the purposes of this war, inexhaustible. In other words, though the constant of one million may be maintained, the actual numbers employed throughout a given period served by no more tonnage will be, according to the length of the period, a million and a half or three-quarters or two million and so forth. It is an important point, simple as it is, because when people first hear of the limitations imposed upon American numbers in Europe, they nearly always regard this as a fixed figure independent of the element of time.

The next factor to our advantage is the fact that the advent of the United States gives us (subject again to the power of carrying) an additional material advantage.

Here comes in a criticism which I have often heard made, and which is partially, but only partially, true. Men will say (and the enemy press has been saying it for a long time past) that the material resources of the United States were already at the disposal of the Allies in the shape of a neutral market from which they could draw, and that, therefore, the industrial effort our new ally could make in our favour would not be much more than the same effort which he might have made as a commercial client whose services were obtained by way of exchange and credit.

This criticism is a useful reminder to those who argue as though the Alliance meant in material what it would mean in the case of a doubtful European neutral, and as though forces hitherto refused or husbanded were suddenly let loose upon our side when the United States entered the war. It is not so. A great part of American productive power has been at our disposal for a long time past through our command of the sea. But the opposite idea, that the States entry into war is therefore no new material advantage is subject to two very important modifications. The first is in the word "credit." The Allies have more and more been obtaining material from the United States, not in exchange for existing goods, nor even metal, but in exchange for the promise to produce such goods in the future. In other words, the supplies have more and more depended upon a credit.

Now, there is all the difference between a credit established through the mere play of commerce and the mere degree of confidence or delay, which private firms extend, and the same not only backed by the national government, but fostered by it, and if necessary, supplemented by it.

The second modification is equally important. The material resources of the United States can and will, now that the Government of the country is in Alliance with us, be co-ordinated for the purposes of war. There can, and will be a common direction, dependent upon a single motive where before there had been no more than the resultant of separate commercial forces. An example of this is the programme of ship-building. You would never have had such a programme and you never could have had it with the United States still neutral.

The last point in our favour is less definite, but to be noted, none the less. It is the advantage which America gives us in what may be called "Special Services," that is, in the factor of brains and mechanical skill as distinguished from mere quantity of production. How far this factor is increased by the fact that the United States is at war is a question which cannot be answered accurately, because there is no way of measuring these moral forces, but it certainly is largely increased. Those elements which do not require very great numbers in comparison with the whole army are now specially at the service of the Allies, and are little hampered by the difficulties of communication. This is true of the Medical Service and numberless other auxiliary elements, and it is partly true of the Air Service, though, of course, the proportion of this to the whole is now-a-days considerable, and the problem of transport enters into it very largely.

We shall not forget, in conclusion (for the popular press has made everybody familiar with it) the exceedingly important element of blockade.

During all the criticism of the Foreign Office, English critics omitted the essential point that the United States was a neutral. This was the great governing difficulty in the whole affair. It was treated patiently and skilfully, and partly, but only partly, overcome by a number of devices each of which in turn tended to provoke friction, and nearly all of which had to be modified after they had been put into practice. But the moment that the neutrality of the United States ceased the nature of the blockade went through a revolution in our favour. It became as nearly as possible absolute, and what every member of our Administration had desired it to be from the beginning. Such, in a brief summary, would seem to be the main points for and against us in this very critical moment when the enemy has found so much new strength through the anarchy in Russia and the Allies are awaiting the development of American aid.

H. BELLOC

M. Malvy and His Judges

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

FOR a man who loves his country to allege even the possibility that one of his compatriots has betrayed that most sacred thing, *la patrie*, is extremely painful, the more so when the citizen accused of this heinous crime is not only a man of good education and easy circumstances, but also an elected representative of the people in Parliament, and a Minister entrusted in time of war with the safety of the country. Moreover, I am discussing this painful subject in a foreign country, in a foreign paper. In ordinary times I should have declined to do so, but to-day I consider that England and France are one, that during our common struggle against the common foe no distinction should be drawn between us.

This is why I have already written in LAND & WATER what I knew then to be the truth about that great Frenchman and patriot Léon Daudet, at a time when his name was unknown in England and held in contempt and hatred by a great number of his compatriots. To-day I have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that every word I wrote on his admirable campaign against the traitors who were jeopardising our cause, has been proved true.

But there were other Frenchmen as brave as Léon Daudet, whose leader in Parliament was M. Clémenceau. He it was who on July 22nd denounced at the tribune of the Senate the deplorable attitude of M. Malvy, to whom he said before a full house: "You are betraying the interests of the nation." Léon Daudet went further in *L'Action Française* when he repeatedly called M. Malvy a common traitor, who was bought by the Germans and represented them in the Councils of the Government.

However much I admire Léon Daudet, I cannot bring myself to believe that M. Malvy actually betrayed his country by selling secret documents to the Germans, or by giving them information of a military or a political nature. The word "traitor" means many different things. You can betray your country by being negligent in the fulfilment of your duty as a private or a public man. A Minister, for instance, may surround himself, as M. Malvy is alleged to have done, with unworthy collaborators. Or he may adopt a weak policy towards anarchists like Sébastien Faure, and destroy, as M. Malvy did according to the same allegations, political documents concerning anarchists in order to win over to his side their benevolent neutrality. This in itself is a crime which will entail for M. Malvy, if these accusations are proved in Court, the heavy penalty of several years' hard labour. But to this last charge M. Malvy will doubtless reply that in so doing he was actuated by political motives, and not by any personal interest. And in invoking the *raison d'Etat*, he would most likely find many parliamentary colleagues ready to absolve him.

At the start M. Malvy's nerveless policy appears to have been fairly successful, but in the long run it became evident that to favour the scum of the population, and to grant excessive facilities to revolutionaries of all descriptions, had merely given the country a fictitious tranquillity. Whatever his object was in doing so, M. Malvy became the protector and friend of Vigo-Almereyda, of Landau, of Paix-Séailles, and of all the pacifist traitors who, with Bolo and his accomplices, did their best to prepare the success of the pro-German manœuvres which were to pave the way for a premature peace. At the same time, he gave his full confidence to his private secretary Leymarie, whose dealings with Bolo's partners and other German agents have led to his being officially accused of trading and communicating with the enemy. This same Leymarie ought to have been turned out of all official positions, and arrested, as soon as the Minister of the Interior became acquainted with the behaviour of his subordinate in the case of the Duval cheque. M. Malvy not only did not do so, but promoted M. Leymarie to the responsible post of *Directeur de la Sureté Générale!* And there he remained until under pressure of public opinion he was obliged to relinquish a post which had made him one of the most important wheels in the whole French administrative machinery. I only quote these incidents, and I might, alas, draw up a much longer list, to show the heavy responsibility which M. Malvy incurred as Minister of the Interior since the war began.

Possibly one might find extenuating circumstances in the origin of M. Malvy and his past career. The son of an unknown *bourgeois* family belonging to Souillac, a small town in the South of France, he had enough private means to come to Paris as a young man and to study for the Bar at the Paris University. But as he had no real need to make money, he was able to spend the better part of his youth in the cafés of the Latin Quarter playing cards, having a merry time, and working as little as possible for his examinations. In those days none of his fellow students ever took him seriously. For us he merely represented one of the most unsympathetic types of Southerner, a shallow sort of a good fellow, what we called *un pillier de brasserie* (a pillar of the public-house), who talked a great deal and accomplished nothing.

One day, when he was still a young man well under thirty, he was elected by his native town as its Member of Parliament. That day he found his real profession. This rapid promotion he owed to his father, who was a well-known politician in his little provincial centre. Thereafter young Malvy did in the Chamber what he had done in the Latin Quarter. Being mediocre and easy going, he quickly made friends in that extraordinary agglomeration of log-rollers which is called the Chamber of Deputies.

It is almost impossible to explain in a few lines that composite assembly which we owe to the democratic regime. Genius, talent, and honesty are to be found there, but they are of little avail against the all-powerful influence of the little coteries of comrades, old and young, who in turn come into power for no definite reason, and with no definite purpose, and who go as easily as they come... This instability of all political combinations in France has been the great curse of the republican regime. We lack large, powerful and well-disciplined parties to insure a minimum of fixity in the tenure of office. And after the war the Republic will have to reorganise its very foundations, and to find a way of putting an end to this perpetaul making and unmaking of Governments, if it is to survive and to reconstruct the country so that it may fulfil its new and glorious destinies.

M. Malvy, well-gifted for intrigue if not for serious work, lost no time in attaching himself to one of the coming men of that period. He became the satellite of M. Caillaux, who started, and up to the very end maintained M. Malvy in his career during the past seven years. M. Caillaux it was who obtained for him, before he was thirty-five, his first ministerial post as Under-Secretary of State to the Ministry of Justice in the Monis Cabinet. M. Caillaux it was who has backed his protégé since the start of the war, who has imposed him as his friend and representative upon all the ministries which have lived and died during the last four years.

Ultimately, M. Malvy came to be considered as one of the minor lights of the Radical Socialist party of which M. Caillanx is the brilliant luminary, and which for so many years has dominated the Chamber. This is why all its most influential members are making desperate efforts to avert the catastrophe which will extinguish, let us hope for ever, the stars, great and small, of that party which has assumed so large a share in the responsibility of making this Republic what it is to-day.

However distressing it may be to realise that there exist in my country groups of politicians who, in spite of their loud declarations, put party interest before everything, whenever they dare, I cannot help being proud of belonging to a nation where hypocrisy is of so little account. For a time corrupt legislators may throw dust in the eyes of their electors. This happens everywhere. But with us the comedy does not last very long, for as soon as French public opinion becomes conscious of having been duped, every political and social barrier is overthrown before the violent pressure of the popular demand for fair play and justice. Of course, this method of punishing the culprits openly may produce a bad impression abroad. Foreigners are too apt to remember the Panama scandal, the Dreyfus affair, and to flatter themselves that such things could not happen in their own land. The truth is that one of the greatest qualities of the French nation is that when a cancer is discovered in the body politic, it is drastically treated. I need no other proof that its health is not really undermined, and I only wish all our Allies had the courage to treat their Bolos as bravely and as frankly as we do.

Obviously the Malvy affair reflects no credit on the actual political institutions of our regime. An unbroken period of democratic administration has come to this, that the whole fabric of its power now rests on the shoulders, however strong, of a man of seventy-seven years. If he fails in his tremendous task, things may happen which one hesitates to contemplate, and this situation is sufficient in itself to condemn our present political system. On the credit side there is the French people who have once more saved France, and will always save her. If M. Clémenceau does not represent Parliament, and there is no doubt about that, he stands to-day for the majority of the nation, and he is the Prime Minister of Public Opinion. He and President Poincaré are backed by the real France, the France of the trenches and the France of those honest citizens who are determined to fight the enemy to the end, as well at the front as behind the lines.

Mode of Procedure

Meanwhile, M. Malvy has to appear before his judges. Had he been an ordinary citizen, he would most likely have prosecuted M. Léon Daudet before a Court of Justice, and submitted his case to a jury. Being a Deputy and enjoying thereby special immunity, he would in this event have had to renounce his privilege in order to meet his opponent on equal grounds. But M. Malvy, though a violent democrat, confesses that he has little faith in the democratic institution of the jury, and his friends agree with him. This is in itself a curious state of mind. Have they forgotten that M. Caillaux found before the war a democratic jury to acquit his wife who had murdered in cold blood M. Gaston Calmette, Editor of the *Figaro*, and his political enemy? However that may be, M. Malvy prefers to appeal to his peers, and as was his right, demands to appear before the Senate, which is the equivalent to the House of Lords sitting in judgment on a case of impeachment.

Here the trouble begins. The French legislators who drafted the Constitutional Laws of the Republic, though they admitted in principle that the President and the Ministers could be impeached by the Chamber of Deputies and were then to be judged by the Senate, forgot to add the procedure to be followed for carrying out paragraph 12 of the Loi Constitutionnelle (July 6th, 1875). By the law of August 10th, 1889, which was in fact prepared specially for the too-famous General Boulanger, everything was carefully settled in view of cases concerning individuals accused of plotting against the State, but nothing was said of Ministers impeached for crimes committed during their tenure of office.

I will not take my readers through the labyrinth of the legal consultations, discussions, and observations which have recently taken place on this subject, the variety of which puzzles even the clearest legal mind. The only thing that interests us is the decision arrived at by the Sovereign Assemblies. M. Malvy having asked the Chamber of Deputies to bring him before the Senate, the Chamber then elected a Commission of 33 members who, by 13 votes, against 4—26 members only being present, and nine including the President abstaining—agreed to submit to the Chamber the following resolution:—"*The Chamber decides to impeach M. Malvy, ex-Minister of the Interior.*"

After a long and violent discussion, the Chamber adopted this proposition by 512 votes against two, on Wednesday, November 8th. Meanwhile the Senate was preparing ways and means to cope with the decision of the Chamber, when it should be transmitted to the Higher Assembly by M. Paul Deschanel, as President of the Chamber of Deputies. The first step was taken by a Senator, M. Simonet, who, seconded by M. Monis, ex-Prime Minister, put on the table of the House a Bill establishing the procedure to be followed in cases of impeachment of Ministers before the Senate.

A Commission of 18 Senators was then appointed to discuss this Bill in Committee, and in an incredibly short time it accomplished its work. In a few days the Senate will be able to discuss and adopt the Bill, which will also have to be discussed and adopted by the Lower Chamber. Finally, it will take a few hours for the Government and the President of the Republic to fulfil the necessary formalities for transforming the measure into law, which will be at once applicable to the case of M. Malvy. This done, the Senate will be at liberty to deliberate on, and certainly to accept, the patriotic task which the Chamber has entrusted to it.

Thus before the end of January it is likely that the law of April 10th, 1889, modified in some details, will be applied to the ex-Minister. If this is so, a decree of the President of the Republic will constitute the Senate into a High Court of Justice, which will meet at a definite date.

A magistrate, taken from among the permanent magistrates of the Supreme Court (*Cour de Cassation*), assisted by two *avocats-généranx* (whose functions are similar to that of the Attorney General) will on this occasion fulfil the duties of the Solicitor-General (*Procureur-Général*). A Commission of nine senators—who are elected every year at the beginning of the regular session—will play the part of the "*Juge d'Instruction*" (examining magistrate), and after a full enquiry into the crimes imputed to the ex-Minister, this Commission will decide whether there is or there is not valid reason to impeach M. Malvy. In the event of an affirmative decision, the case will come before the full Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice presided over by the President of the Senate, M. Anton

Dubost. The ordinary sittings will be open to the public, but when it comes to the vote, the High Court sits in camera.

These are the main points of the extraordinary, and at the same time very simple procedure which will in future apply to all cases of treason against the State when the accused occupies the position of President or of Minister. One can only hope that the High Court, being composed of men of education and standing, may not be swayed, as a popular jury might be, by political passion, and that implacable justice will be meted out to whoever is convicted of having betrayed, for whatever reason, the sacred trust which the nation has, in the greatest crisis of our history, placed in his hands.

Such is the hope and desire of the whole French people.

Merchantmen Engineers

By William McFee

THE mood is on me, and I begin to write. My heart is full and, what is more to the purpose, so is my fountain pen. I am seated in the Engineers' Mess, a nice comfortable, well-upholstered, old-fashioned room about eighteen feet long by ten or twelve wide, with three port-holes open to the breeze of an electric fan sending a delicious artificial gale towards the ceiling where the electric light glows. On the enamelled white walls are instructions what to do when a submarine is sighted, when torpedoed, and so on. I am alone. The chief is in the Ward Room, whither I shall also wend in a short time, to have a drink. I have been nearly two months on a seaplane ship, and find the change agrees with me.

It is Sunday, and I have been working. Oh, yes, there is plenty of work to do in the world, I find, wherever I go. But I cannot help wondering why Fate so often offers me the dirty end of the stick. Here I am, awaiting my commission as an engineer-officer of the R.N.R., and I am in the thick of it day after day. I don't mean, when I say "work," what you mean by work. I don't mean work such as my friend the Censor does, or my friend the N.E.O. does, or my friends and shipmates, the navigating officer, the flying men or the officers of the watch. I mean *work*, hard, sweating, nasty toil, coupled with responsibility. I am not alone. Most ships of the naval auxiliary are the same.

I am anxious for you, a landsman, to grasp this particular fragment of the sorry scheme of things entire, that in no other profession have the officers responsible for the carrying out of the work to toil as do the engineers in merchantmen, in transports, in fleet auxiliaries. You do not expect the major to clear the waste-pipe of his regimental latrines. You do not expect the surgeon to superintend the purging of his bandages. You do not expect the navigators of a ship to paint her hull. You do not expect an architect to make bricks (sometimes without straw). You do not expect the barrister to go and repair the lock on the law courts door, or oil the fans that ventilate the halls of justice. Yet you do, collectively, tolerate a tradition by which the marine engineer has to assist, overlook and very often perform work corresponding precisely to the irrelevant chores mentioned above, which are in other professions relegated to the humblest and roughest of mankind. I blame no one. It is tradition, a most terrible windmill at which to tilt; but I conceive it my duty to set down once at least the peculiar nature of an engineer's destiny. I have had some years of it, and I know what I am talking about.

The point to distinguish is that the engineer not only has the responsibility, but he has, in nine cases out of ten, to do it. He, the officer, must befoul his person and derange his hours of rest and recreation, that others may enjoy. He must be available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, at sea or in port. Whether chief or the lowest junior, he must be ready to plunge instantly to the succour of the vilest piece of mechanism on board. When coaling, his lot is easier imagined than described. His department is the last to receive the benefits of modern science as regards tools and equipment. This is entirely due to the mania manufacturers have of insisting on the labour-saving virtues of their products. They always get an extra price by harping on the saving of labour obtained by using their patents. Which means that the unhappy engineer-officers of the ship are provided with another piece of auxiliary mechanism highly complicated, highly efficient (when new) and highly provocative of profanity when it begins to wear, and a depleted engine-room staff have to wrestle with its divagations. The ship-owner, happy in his purchase, reduces his ideal staff still further, or what amounts to the same thing, leaves it as it was ten years ago. He expects his engineer-officers to display loyalty, efficiency, sobriety, industry, tact, authority and many other nameless virtues, the possession of which in any other vocation raise their possessor to dizzy altitudes; raise him, at any rate, above the necessity of plunging into filth at all hours of the day and night.

Yet what alternative can one suggest? This is, as I have said, a tilt at a peculiarly massive windmill, having its foundations on the rock of tradition and cemented with conscientiousness. The genuine blown-in-the-glass engineer *must* see the thing done himself, *must*, in most cases, do it himself. If he does not, he is haunted by the nightmare of that particular thing falling down on him while on watch. There is this to be said and suggested—his tools could be modernised.

Think for a moment that of all the ships at sea with electric current on tap, scarce one has an electric drill, a mechanism so common in America that everyone is familiar with it. Consider the denseness of intellect which sends ships to sea every day without a single tool specially designed for its work, without an electric torch, or a blow-lamp, or a telephone between bridge and engine-room.

I was privileged recently to inspect the stores and workshop placed on a ship for the use of air-mechanics, and I was astounded. Here was richness! Here were rows upon rows of neatly-made drawers and lockers, lathes, drills, grinders, saws, fans, motors—all the paraphernalia of a modern machine shop. In the same vessel the photographic apparatus and dark room were a miracle of modernity. In the sick bay I found swing cots, fans, porcelain sinks, X-ray apparatus, and every convenience of modern surgery. In the wireless room was a plant that out-marconied Marconi. And down below in the same vessel, the store was a dark and dismal chaos, with a few filthy shelves stocked apparently by an intoxicated tinker.

The tools for keeping the propelling mechanism in order were coeval with Watt and Fulton. With a dynamo of 60-kw. there was not a single electric fan or tool available. And the maddening thing about it all is that tradition makes the competent engineer look askance at modern machine tools. He must make good with the silly old things at his disposal. Here is his intellectual shame and his moral glory. For he *does* make good, in season and out of it, at sea and in port, fair weather and foul. The engines in his charge get there; and he, involved in grease and sweat and nastiness, retires to his primitive bathroom to divest himself of them and restore his bodily presence to a semblance of civilised decency.

Enough of this. As I look round the Ward Room at dinner to-night, I find some other things to think of. There are some engineers, some airmen, some watch-officers; I observe three D.S.O. ribbons. The gentlemen who wear these are neither engineers nor sailors. They are lieutenants R.N.A.S. When I and my shipmates were going through the mill, ploughing the ocean and qualifying for our certificates of competency, these young men were at school. At a bound, after a training of months instead of years, they passed us. We were ready. We were needed. We did not cost the country a single penny to fit us for the vital office of taking a ship to sea and keeping her there. We are sub-lieutenants or less than that. Here I am charging at another windmill!

At the same time, I must admit that a change is coming over the scene. Distinctions are reaching the engine-rooms of battleships and gunboats (*vide* the dispatch on the Tigris operations) so in due course the men who officer the auxiliary vessels of the Fleet and Transport services will some day come into their own.

There is no personal note in this. By virtue of the creative faculty I discover in myself but little liking for the outward trappings of heroism. There is, as a matter of fact, no scrap of the hero in me. I take other ground. An insatiable interest in humanity, cringing, foolish, scared humanity, diverts me from any rational interest in heroes and demi-gods. I find uniform an irksome restraint. I want to meander down Arab streets and talk to private soldiers in their tents and cafés and bars. I want to do a host of things no gentleman ever does! And that brings me to the delicate question, whether the older tradition of being "an officer and a gentleman" is entirely adapted to this war. I don't say for a moment that modern officers are not gentlemen. Only they aren't any more gentlemen for being officers.

I insist on this because I sometimes surreptitiously visit a certain tent which contains a couple of sergeants, both M.A. Oxford. I also meet ostentatiously an officer who was a clerk. Personally, I prefer visiting, if not dwelling in, what one of the sergeants calls the "tents of wickedness." And I'm very much afraid I shall lower myself in the eyes of the uniformed world by going there too often. Here at least is a windmill I can tilt at with some chance of success!

The Old Guard

By Centurion

"*Notre armée avait recueilli les invalides de la grande armée et ils mouraient dans nos bras, en nous laissant le souvenir de leurs caractères primitifs et singuliers. Ces hommes nous paraissaient les restes d'une race gigantesque qui s'éteignait homme par homme et pour toujours*"—*De Vigny.*

THIS is a plain tale—the tale of a West-country regiment and how it carried on in the first three months of the war. It is the regiment with a hole in its soup-tureen, but I'll tell that story another day. They went into the first battle of Ypres with four companies; they came out of it at the end of twenty-one days with rather less than two. During those three weeks they never took their boots off, but one of their officers believes he once had a wash.

But I must go back a bit. Their transport cast off her moorings and cleared a certain harbour on August 14th, 1914, at the going down of the sun. The quays were black with crowds who had come to wish them God-speed, but as the ship backed away the drum-fire of cheering which followed them suddenly fell to a dead silence, and the spectators held their breath; the stern of the great ship was within a hair's breadth of crashing into the bows of another. The captain ran to the telegraph. At the same moment a clear tenor voice from among the crowd of men on deck broke into a song; with the second note the whole battalion took it up, singing very softly and in perfect time. The song rolled away from the ship, echoed against the tall warehouses on the quay and died away upon the upper reaches of the river. It was "Tipperary." The crowd listened in silence, hanging upon every note; a woman sobbed hysterically; the waters churned with the thrash of the propeller, and slowly the transport as she answered her helm described a great arc until her bows were pointing towards the open sea. She glided down the river amidst a flutter of handkerchiefs, and the subdued cheers of people who had suddenly grown thoughtful. They watched her in silence as she diminished to the size of a ship's buoy, faded into a wreath of smoke, and finally sank below the red horizon.

Within a week they were at Mons, and on a Sunday afternoon under a blazing sun, they found themselves on the far side of the canal where they put out outposts and dug themselves in. As they watched the white road in front of them, small patrols of men in field-grey uniforms suddenly appeared upon it and, not liking the look of them, scuttled back. At four o'clock a solid mass of the enemy advanced towards a point which the battalion had carefully ranged on—to be precise, it was '500'; the battalion lay very still, each man with his eye on the sights of his rifle and his finger on the trigger, looking back occasionally at the platoon commanders who were standing up behind them, which is a way platoon commanders had in those days. There was a shrill whistle, a crackle of musketry, and amidst spurts of dust the grey mass ahead of them suddenly dissolved like smoke. The remnant of a German battalion fell back in disorder, and told a strange tale of the English "swine-dogs" having massed some hundred machine-guns on a front of a few hundred yards. The enemy believed that story for quite a long time, until they discovered that they were up against the finest marksmen in the world.

After that they were busy, learning many things—among others not to put their heads up, and that this wasn't manœuvres after all. Of the next ten days they have no very clear recollection, except that they lost nearly everything except their wits, their horses and first-line transport having been badly "strafed" at Le Cateau. They beat all records in somnambulism, but when the Germans trod on their toes at Crepy they suddenly showed themselves most disagreeably wide awake. This, I think, was also on a Sunday, and long after that the men would bet any odds every Saturday night on there being quite a big "scrap" the next day.

During those days they led a vagabond life, quite unlike anything they had ever known in barracks. It was very much to the taste of Private John Yeoman, the black sheep of the regiment, whose conduct-sheet covered six pages of flimsy. "No guard room, no orderly room, no morning parade—a bit of allright." Yeoman has succeeded where ambitious men of letters have failed; he has described the Great Retreat in a single sentence.

On the third Sunday at Tournan they quite forgot themselves on parade when the C.O. read out a Brigade Order, of which they only heard the first three words: "Army is advancing...." The rest, which does not matter, was inaudible, and Yeoman threw his cap into the air. He was always a little premature.

The next thing they knew was that they were picking up the trail. They followed a hot scent and pungent—the ashes of the enemy's bivouacs were still warm and they stank like dung-heaps. Yeoman, who had often incurred extra fatigues and pack-drill for appearing "dirty on parade," drew the line at offal and broken bottles, and he wondered what kind of enemy it was who could smash a child's toys and throw them into the street. There were other things at which he drew the line; it was near Fére-en-Tárdenois, and the mother who had given him a glass of *vin rouge* showed him the body of her little daughter, with whom the Prussians had done their worst. Yeoman was a hard nut, but he wept. He emptied his pockets on to the table and bolted. They had halted there, and this made him late in falling in, for which he got "crimed" to the tune of three days' F.P. No. 1. He did not think it worth while to explain.

During those days they spent most of the time dodging in and out of thick beechwoods and climbing steep chalk cliffs, driving the Germans, who were uncommonly strong on the wing, before them like a line of beaters. They were advanced-guard and had to feel their way, with the result that they got into a very hot corner where they were held up by German wire and badly enfiladed. It was here that Yeoman lost his pal; having no crape he blacked the second button of his tunic and made certain resolutions, which may account for his getting the D.C.M.—but that comes later. The sun was very hot and the German dead lay where they had fallen some days before; and for the first time he realised the meaning of the words he had as a boy often heard in the parish church, before he fell from grace and went "mouching" on the Sabbath, words about a "corruptible body." He began to associate war with beastly smells. Most of the time he lay very flat on his stomach, clicking his bolt and emptying the magazine; at intervals he heard the order "Cease Fire! Advance," whereupon he advanced in short rushes and again lay on his stomach with his cap on the back of his neck to keep off the sun. He had a most amazing thirst, and sighed often for a pint of bitter. It was at this stage that he realised that the wants of man are really very simple, and although artificially multiplied by civilisation may be reduced to four:—Cover, Drink, Victuals and Sleep; later, in Flanders, he found there was a fifth, which was Warmth. Women he had always regarded as a luxury and unattainable, and on the last sheet of his Pay-book, opposite his M.O.'s certificate that his inoculation was complete, and below the words "IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY PROPERTY AND EFFECTS TO......" he had written "Hannah Honey, whom I hereby appoint my next-of-kin," which was magnanimous, seeing that Hannah had refused him thrice. He sometimes wondered whether she knew about his conduct sheet. He did not know that it was Hannah who, recognising the tenor voice when he struck up "Tipperary" on the transport, had sobbed hysterically, for with all his faults, which were many, he was a simple soul and had a very poor opinion of himself which he felt sure was shared by the whole battalion.

He did not know that his C.O.'s sense of values was also undergoing a revision, and that just as Yeoman had discovered that on active service there were only four wants, so his C.O. had discovered there were only four virtues—truthfulness, courage, fortitude and unselfishness. All these Yeoman had, and although he did not know it, there were some who were beginning to take note of the fact.

On the night of September 9th, having run clean out of ammunition, they withdrew three-quarters of a mile, and the platoon sergeant called the roll; there were many who never answered it. Here they learnt for the first time that there had been a big "battle" and, with some astonishment, that they had been in it. The men themselves called it a "scrap"; and as it did not happen to fall on a Sunday they stuck stoutly to the opinion that it was a very minor affair. They were told later that it will be known to future generations as "The Battle of the Marne," but in the battalion it is always referred to as 'the scrap at Montrool.' "The place where I got stopped all them days' pay for losing my pack" gave it the dignity of history in the opinion of John Yeoman.

Up to this time the enemy, being in a hurry, had only got his field-guns in action, and they had encountered little but shrapnel, which, although surprisingly indiscriminate and deadly enough, is nothing like so intimidating as lyddite and much cleaner. Most of the men were under the impression, difficult to explain and hard to eradicate, that big guns were a private affair between opposing batteries; as Yeoman put it, "it bain't '*warfare*,'" to use heavy guns against infantry.

He still cherished vague ideas that war was like a football match, and that somewhere in heaven or on earth there was an umpire who saw that the rules were observed, although he was fast coming to the conclusion that the Germans were generally "off-side" and that occasionally they did a "foul." But near M——, after they had crossed the Aisne on pontoon rafts, they were undeceived.

It happened about nine o'clock one Tuesday morning, while they were waiting in the village in close formation for our artillery to open fire on a hill which they had been ordered to attack. A "Taube" flew over the heads of the men in the village and just half an hour later the church tower crumpled up suddenly and men were lying on their backs all over the street amid blocks of masonry, a cloud of yellow smoke, and showers of white dust fine as flour. Yeoman, more fortunate, looked round angrily to see who it was had suddenly hit him in the back. He coughed, wiped his nose and thrust his knuckles into his eyes; he saw that he was white as a miller from head to foot. From that time forward he began to associate war with sights no less than smells and equally beastly. Later on in Flanders—these assaults on his senses were multiplied; his ear-drums rattled like a tambourine, his eyes smarted as though someone had thrown pepper into them, and his palate tasted the extremes of pineapple and chlorine, which is rather like almonds. Also his tactile sense was offended by lice. All this, however, was to come. The next five minutes gave him a glimpse of hell. The whole village was tumbling to pieces about him, and the streets were a shambles. He heard an order "File out by companies! No doubling!" Each company waited its turn with stolid equanimity. Later in the day on the hill above the village they got their own back. Yeoman was better at making history than at writing it; all he could ever tell you about the "Battle of the Aisne" was "It wur where I got a punch in the back from a German gunner bloke dree mile away—hitting below the belt I calls it."

For five days afterwards they led a woodman's life in a forest where they lived in wigwams made of faggots and waterproof sheets. When the shrapnel came whining overhead they made a bolt for their "splinter-proofs," and lay in the burrows for what seemed an interminable time, after which first one head would pop out and then another. The weather was dry, the soil gravel, and the bracken made good bedding; later on, in the wet clay of Flanders, they looked back to those days on the Aisne and idealised them as a blithe pastoral. Here Yeoman set snares and caught rabbits, which rather raised his reputation in the battalion. They got to know the German ways pretty well—first a salvo, then a dead pause for five minutes by way of enticing the unwary out of their holes, and then five or six salvoes again. This taught them another lesson, which is that there is such a thing as psychology in war or, as Yeoman put it, "There bain't no vlies on Vritz." One night when they were standing by for an attack, the French put up a "strafe" eight miles away at a place called Soissons, which they knew by its tall crag of a cathedral tower. There was the roar as of a thunderstorm in the air and the sky was one great conflagration so that you could read your watch by it and see the whites of the next man's eyes. At this stage they began to realise that the war was going to be rather a big thing, and that it might not be over by Christmas after all.

The leaves had hardly begun to change colour on the beeches when their trenches were taken over by the French, and they were on the move again for an unknown destination away up North. They did a great trek of 150 miles by way of Abbeville, where they stopped for the night; a journey chiefly memorable to Yeoman for the fact that there he got into trouble for being found by a prowling "red cap" in an estaminet after the hour of 8 p.m. This led to his being "told off." The C.O. asked him if he would take his award, and when Yeoman, who was of an obliging disposition said, "Yes please, sir," as he always did on these judicial occasions, he was astonished to be merely told not to do it again.

"Sorry to disappoint you, my man," said the C.O., with a mysterious smile as Yeoman waited for something more. "By the way, your platoon commander says you showed up well at Montreuil. I suppose you're one of those fellows who are always looking for trouble, and so long as the Germans provide you with it, you're content for the time being." Which was true.

Eleven days after they had left the Aisne they found themselves in a flat country where not a beech was to be seen, but pollarded willows grew thick as nettles. It reminded Yeoman of Sedgemoor, but he had never seen women in wooden shoes with towing-ropes round their waists before. Also the beer was thin as nettle-beer. It was a bad country for artillery observation, and for infantry it was heavy going, for the soil was clay and clung to the soles of your boots like yeast. At Bethune he gave his coat to a Belgian refugee, and got "crimed" for "losing by neglect certain articles of clothing, to wit one overcoat." It was commonly said of Yeoman, whose father had been a poacher in days when a West-country labourer was expected by the gentry to bring up a family of ten on nine shillings a week, that he did not know the difference between *meum* and *tuum*—which may have been true, for he never could keep anything of his own if he thought others were in need of it. He sometimes "pinched" in the old days when in the society of his pal, but he did this largely from an adventurous appetite for mischief; he never indulged in the meaner form of larceny which is solitary theft. Moreover, since he had seen what the enemy could do, in the way of loot, he had ceased to take any pleasure in being light-fingered; he had a vague feeling that fellows who stole might find themselves doing worse things. Which in its way was an ethical discovery.

On the first day they took up a position facing North, but that night they changed it, and in the morning they found themselves facing the sun. The Division was, as a matter of fact, engaged in wheeling round with its left, swinging on their right as on a pivot while masses of French cavalry were operating on their left flank in an attempt to roll up the German right. It was the beginning of "the great sweep," and their objective was to cut the German line of retreat on Lille. It failed, as everybody knows, and from that moment their long thin line extending away North up to Ypres, was stretched to breaking point, for they had no reserves. They pushed forward and got astride the Estaires-La Bassée road; it was the extreme point of their advance. They were brought up against a wasp's nest of a sugar factory full of machine-guns. They could not see anything to fire at, and they dare not move to dig. The next morning their left company suddenly found themselves between two fires; the Germans had rushed the regiment on their left and driven it in. They knew this from a survivor who, covered with clay from foot to head as though he were a natural feature of the landscape, crawled in a little later. They had just one platoon in hand and this they rushed up. It checked the enemy's advance, who may have mistaken the platoon for a battalion. There was nothing theatrical about the old B.E.F., except that it was always on tour, but in one respect it *was* a stage army. It was always pretending to be bigger than it was.

Yeoman remembered that village as "the place where I lost my blooming pipe," which is all he did remember. He felt rather annoyed about it.

Then came a night which those who survived are not likely to forget.

* * * * *

But at this point I will let Borlase take up the tale. After all, Yeoman was in his company and he knew him better than I did, for Yeoman had poached in Borlase's preserves in the old days before he took the King's shilling, and he had always had hopes of him.

"The enemy made three attacks that night, beginning at seven in the evening and repeating themselves at intervals of about three hours. Their guns were busy all the time, first shrapnel in bursts of six or eight, then H.E. I was kept pretty busy dodging the shrapnel as I had to negotiate that street several times during the night—I was adjutant just then—to get down to the signal office and send messages to Brigade Headquarters. I didn't mind the shrapnel; it was the H.E. that troubled me. You know what a 'strafe' with heavies is like. You seem to be taking a long breath between each shell and you've no sooner ceased wondering where the first is going to burst than you start wondering about the next. Also you feel as if the enemy guns had all got you specially 'registered' and were concentrating on you personally. Which is rather egotistical when you come to think of it. Of course, one gets over that obsession after a time, and you make up your mind that some inscrutable Power has long ago determined that you're either going to get hit or you're not, and that whether you loiter or whether you hustle it'll all be the same in the end.

"The air above us seemed alive with frightened birds—first a flutter, then a scream, and then, as the enemy began to shorten their fuses, we got the shell-bursts right in the middle of the village—followed by a roaring landslide of falling masonry. And all along the line stretching right away up to Ypres the same thing was going on. A brick landed on my foot from nowhere as though thrown by a footpad. I must have looked like a ghost, for my face was running with sweat and the white mortar settling on it formed a sort of plaster-mask. There were hayricks and barns in the village, and as these caught fire one after the other, each rick glowed like a thousand red-hot needles. One patch of the street would be light as day, the next dark as night, and the 'walking cases' rushed the one and then paused to take breath in the other. Their figures made monstrous shadows against the wall as they hurried past. But there was really no cover anywhere, and along our line every man who moved was a mark for a German rifle. Looking down the trench—it was, as a matter of fact only a shallow furrow—you could see a row of gleaming bayonets and occasionally a white face as a man emptied his magazine and fingered his pouch for another clip. There was a most infernal orchestra of sound—machine-guns going like kettle-drums, the buzz, the crack, and the twang of rifle-bullets like stringed instruments, and at quick intervals the tremendous bass of the artillery and the crash and roar of falling houses. The only sound you never heard was a human voice. Odd, isn't it? The more resolute an English soldier is, the more silent he seems to become. The men must have had a raging thirst—you know how dry one's throat gets at these times— they had long ago emptied their water-bottles, and it was impossible for the ration-parties to get up.

"It was in one of these journeys that I met Yeoman. He was coming down from the firing-line, and when I saw him the lower part of his face was covered with blood—he looked just as if he'd cut his throat. As a matter of fact, half his left jaw had been shattered and the bullet must have just missed the jugular vein. I fancy it was a flat-nosed bullet. His left wrist was shattered too. He'd been sent back by his platoon commander. I didn't take much notice of him—there were too many other things to think about.

"I looked in at our First Aid Station, just beyond Battalion Headquarters where the M.O., half-dead with exhaustion, was working by candle-light in overalls amidst a strange smell of blood, iodoform, methylated spirit, and hay. It was a big barn; a row of men were laid out like mummies on the floor awaiting their turn—some had given up waiting! —with the soles of their boots upturned. It's odd, how expressive a pair of feet can be—you heard very few cries of pain, but I noticed the boots of more than one man beating together while the rest of his body lay as still as a statue.

"About an hour later I met Yeoman going up to the trenches again, his face swathed in bandages. I asked what on earth he was doing up there, and hadn't the M.O. sent him down to a Casualty Clearing Station. I suppose he thought he was going to get "crimed" again for disobeying a lawful command, and he was horribly apologetic about it. I say horribly because he spoke thickly like a man who's forgotten to put his false teeth back. As a matter of fact all the teeth on the left side of his jaw had been knocked out.

" 'Thorry, thir,' he said, 'but I heard we'd no rethervth left.'

"He went back to the firing-line. He was hit twice again that night, but he carried on and only retired with the rest at four in the morning, when we were relieved—not much relief about it—by the K.O.S.B. and went into support. He must have lost a lot of blood.

"In that one day—or rather night—we had four officers killed, eleven wounded and rather more than three hundred N.C.O.'s and men killed, wounded and missing. You know the rest. The long, dreary winter near Richebourg. By the time spring came there were just fifty men left in the Battalion of those that embarked on August 14th at Avonmouth. The rest were all new drafts. Yeoman? He got the D.C.M. Also he got a stripe as lance-corporal, and what is much more extraordinary he kept it. Eventually he became platoon-sergeant. His character quite changed—No! it developed. He found himself. Perhaps he'd never really had a fair chance before. He'd had a rough time before he enlisted, poor as a church mouse and as hungry. D'you know, C——, I've come to the conclusion that there's something wrong with our social values in time of peace. We give a brute who kicks his wife a fine with the option of a month's I.H.L., and the man who pinches a pheasant gets three without any option at all. Why is it that the law of England has always been so damned tender to offences against the person and so 'shirty' about offences against property? Why is it that if a man steals a loaf of bread he gets 'crimed,' while if he grinds the faces of the poor by profiteering he gets —well knighted for a subscription to party funds. . . . My men brought nothing into the world and it's quite certain they took nothing out. The nation gave them a shilling a day and valued them accordingly but, my God! they repaid that shilling—paid it with usury. They're all dead. Or else they're maimed and broken for life. And there was a time before the war when not a damned potman would serve 'em in uniform; perhaps it'll be like that again! What is it Kipling says? 'Oh, it's Tommy this and Tommy that, and chuck him out, the brute.' 'Militarism,' you know! I'm not saying that the men hadn't their faults, but you know what a 'New Model' the old Army became after the Boer war. There were very few 'bad hats' in it, and even Yeoman wasn't a bad sort—in fact, he was a damned good sort. You know I often think that there was something wrong with a society which could offer nothing better to chaps like him than twelve shillings a week with rheumatism and the 'Union' at the end of it (unless he reached seventy and got a beggarly five bob) and which could give him nothing better in the long winter evenings than the village tap-room. Perhaps that's why he poached—and enlisted. It always seemed to me that he felt life had never given him what he wanted and had a right to ask, and that he was always looking for something. He found it at last."

"What? Where?"

"On the Menin ridge. A bullet. He died in my arms the same night."

The Beauty of Zeeland Waters—II

By a British Prisoner of War

The writer, a prisoner of war in Holland, was given the opportunity this summer of a cruise through the Zeeland estuaries. The other week he described his experiences up to Middelburg. There he resumes the tale.

ON market days the great square in the centre of Middelburg is lined with stalls and booths, and here all the countryside, is gathered. The *stadhuis*, which dominates this open space, is a grey stone edifice of the most ornate Gothic. There is a forest of pinnacles, and mid-way up the walls statues of the Counts and Countesses of Zeeland and Holland look down gravely from their niches. The high roof is crowned with a bordering of wrought iron and there are rows of dormer windows with bright painted shutters. All the houses in the square are in the formal Dutch style, with curved gables or curious stepped façades. The tall tower of the Nieuwe Kerk throws the shadow of its three hundred feet over the rambling abbey, whose restored fabric is now used as hotel, public library, and province offices. In the paved square that one enters through low archways there are lime trees, which give a certain freshness to the cloistral walls. These walls of red brick are solid and unpierced, and once the abbey was a formidable stronghold.

The impression of stepping back through the centuries is enhanced on Feast days, when all the world wears national costume. This is no artificial revival at the instigation of moneyed sentimentalists, but an unbroken tradition. Older than any building is this dress of heavy black cloth, with the snowy apron and the headdress trimmed with hand-made lace. The jewellery as well as the dress is uniform. There are gold ornaments like a cone spiral spring on the cap, and round the neck are worn collars of garnet or red coral, with a curious gold fastening. The cunning gold work of these clasps is a heritage from Spain, and the industry lives to this day. Some of the peasants possess trinkets handed down from Spanish sires and treasured with superstitious awe. Middelburg was one of the last cities held for Spain, and in the features and bearing of its citizens, as in some parts of Ireland, there are traces of the Southern strain. There are lurking fires in their dark eyes, and the clear skins of the girls retain a duskiness that contrasts with the transparent pinkness of their countrywomen. Here men and women are fierce and quarrelsome, with a mobility of passion foreign to this slow-blooded nation. In later years they have some shadow of the Spanish dignity of manner.

But the crowning glory of Middelburg is the peal of bells in the great church tower. We noticed their persistent clanging as we walked through the echoing streets, but, like a powerful voice in too close proximity, their tones appeared harsh and overpowering. We sat on deck that night, and from the harbour listened to the long midnight peal. Sadness and a strange, unearthly triumph seemed to mingle in their anthem. For a full five minutes the golden music rose and fell, its message clear and strong and joyous, like the voice of one who knows his words are true. Again and again it died away and then continued, and finally its echo merged with the vibrant booming of the hour. It is in such moments, when we listen to a peal of Flemish bells, or stand beneath the shadow of some French cathedral, that the mightiness of the past seems to shame the boast of modern progress. Germany has taken the bells from the Flemish towns that she has conquered and melted them for munitions. It is, perhaps, symbolic of Teutonic culture. All the while we could hear, like distant thunder, the noise of guns firing on the Belgian Coast. The sound, low and continuous, was a sinister reminder. Then one was glad that Holland was neutral, that her treasures were safe from German savages.

There could be no greater contrast to Middelburg than Vlissingen. It is naval base, commercial harbour, and cheap watering place combined ; a small scale Portsmouth and Southsea. It has a few dilapidated streets that might be called quaint, but are more dirty than picturesque. There is the usual esplanade, the flash hotels, the grimy cafés, cheerless lodging houses, and behind the sea front streets of featureless villas and grubby shops. Continental visitors lose nothing by passing straight through Flushing. It may have been a fine town once, but its churches, *stadhuis*, and old houses were destroyed by the futile English bombardment in 1809.

We crossed the Honte of Westerschelde, which lies between the island of Walcheren and the strip of Dutch territory on the mainland south of the estuary of the Scheldt. It is open to the North Sea and its waters are never calm, except in the finest weather. The tides are swift and treacherous, and the channels between the sand banks narrow and intricate. After an hour's plunging through a heavy lop we put into a little fishing village on the Mainland. There are disadvantages to Dutch fishing villages. At low tide the oozy mud, polluted with the refuse of the smacks and trawlers, smells unpleasantly, and at night mosquitoes swarm in thousands. The skipper was, however, quite happy. He seemed to enjoy the smell ; he had found a distant relation in one of the barges, and the insect plague troubled him not at all.

Off Flushing

We fully expected to find the tide against us all the next day. But our fears were groundless, and early next morning we were under way, tacking towards Terneuzen. A cruiser was steaming up and down off Flushing, her decks cleared, her turrets trained, and the crew invisible, every man at firing quarters. We could hear the steady clink of a small hammer on an anvil, and an occasional pipe, or bugle, or ringing of a bell familiar warship sounds. At length she started firing ; sub-calibre at three fixed targets. The first salvo fell short, but after that it was impossible to judge what shooting she made. We were passing in opposite directions, and soon she was a grey hull in the mist that hung over the distances. The wind dropped, and the sun had driven the few clouds to the horizon where they hovered sullenly, a wall of purple vapour. Flushing, astern of us, grew indistinct. Its roofs and chimneys, the small forest of masts, and the big skeleton cranes, enveloped in mist and smoke, were vague as the distnce in a Turner seascape.

There is nothing more delightful than the indolence of a sailing craft on such days. The gentle movement, the temperate warmth of the blue water, and its lazy clack and gurgle against the ship, lull the senses. Books are turned over idly, and after a few pages the most skilful novel can no longer keep its hold. It falls quietly to one side, and dreams, shapeless dreams, of feeling more than thought or vision lay their gently numbing hands upon the brain.

At length, towards noon, a light breeze filled the sails that had been flapping idly in the wind, and we headed for the shore. A shadowy blurr of trees and houses and ships was slowly disentangled as we approached, and became a commonplace Dutch harbour, called Terneuzen. We spent the rest of the day there, and found it a featureless little town. It was mildly interesting to two of us interned British officers, for it was here that we had been taken three years before, when we crossed the frontier after the retreat from Antwerp. Someone wanted to send a telegram, and the post office was utterly unchanged since our first visit, even to the grim Raemackers' poster of a consumptive boy being sounded by a doctor. Terneuzen is prosperous but not bustling, and quite ugly. Over the other side of the harbour we wandered amid the dismantled system of earth ramparts that had once defended the town and guarded the passage of the Scheldt. Now trees were planted on the grass banks, and the water in the silent moats was stagnant and overgrown with weed.

Towards dark, clouds absorbed the whole sky and all the fresh heat of the day turned to oppressiveness. Distant objects seemed distinct and near ; the wind had dropped, and a ground swell beat sullenly at set intervals upon the sea-wall outside the harbour. It was as though the god of storms were consciously reproducing the dictum of a pilotage handbook upon the signs of an approaching cyclone. The disturbance came up slowly, and next morning—again it verified the handbook—there were gusts of wind, a choppy sea and drizzling showers. With one reef in her sails our craft rode gaily through the lop, the spray flying over her deck.

In the afternoon we entered another straight canal, whose entrance was a larger replica of the locks at Walcheren. Then the rain came down in earnest, a soft soaking drizzle that lasts from five to fifty hours. But in Holland there is no lack of rain of every kind ; the torrential shower, the wind blown downpour, and the silent Scottish mist are about equally represented in the course of the four seasons. We lay under the shadow of iron gates, made fast to a granite wall that rose forty feet above us, and waited for a tow. The landing stage of the little harbour at the end of the canal was filled with barges, for every craft on the Zeeland waters had run for shelter. The wind had risen to a gale, and at intervals smashing showers swept over us. The clouds raced across the sky like a multitude of panic-stricken giants. Now and then there was brilliant lightning and the thunder rolled above the bluster of the storm. The barges around us held an angry altercation because one delinquent had announced his intention of sailing next morning and all the others had agreed upon a day in harbour. For the next twenty-four hours the wind was high, but towards evening the clouds were broken. The massive continents of grey had been dispersed and white islands scudded over the ocean of blue.

We explored the village where we lay stormbound. It was a primitive place unknown to tourists and exploiters. We were taken into a room behind a small stationer's shop, paved from floor to ceiling with blue Delft tiles. Many of the oldest and most highly-prized pattern, were rough Biblical pictures. This quaint but crude porcelain is fashionable now, but their owner did not know their value, and furniture and curtains hid many of the best specimens. The whole house was scrupulously clean ; clean even for Holland, where the housewives are unremitting in the labour they expend in washing, polishing and dusting. In the kitchen, pots and pans were bright as mirrors, and the table was still damp from scrubbing after the mid-day meal. Out in the scullery the bricks on the sloping floor had been worn uneven by the continual application of soap and sand and water. There was a shelf of old books, but it contained no collectors' gems ; only seventeenth and eighteenth century volumes of sermons and theology, including Baxter and other English Puritans, translated into Dutch. The proprietress, a sad-faced woman, showed us her treasures with wan pride. From a heavy walnut cupboard she produced white caps trimmed with old Flemish lace that had been the property of her mother, and native jewellery of gold with drop pearls. One feared the invasion of the antique dealer and his shrewd bargaining with these peasants.

Even in these forgotten villages the old national costume is falling into disuse. So strong is the cloth that dresses are handed down from mother to daughter, but new ones are seldom made. Cheap drapers, with their ugly fripperies are enterprising, and their false lace and ribbons and jewellery exercise here, as everywhere, an unholy fascination.

The gale finally blew itself out that night, and we started as early next morning as the tide allowed us. There was the familiar freshness after a storm, the air cool, a steady breeze, and a few drifting clouds. A fleet of various craft was under way after the enforced imprisonment. Stout tugs had in tow long hulks laden with coal or hay or gravel, and there were numberless sailing barges with green or black sides. Traffic was brisk, though we were far from any of the main arteries ; but nearly all transport in Holland is by water, and every tiny township, however far inland, is a port with barges always lying at its quay.

We skirted a long sandbank and stood out towards Zierikzee, a little fishing town that at that time had temporarily emerged from obscurity through being accidentally bombed by an English aviator. We did not stop there, but spent the next two days tacking through these inland waters on our way back to Dordrecht. How familiar grew that never-changing line of shore, grey and jagged against the sky : Often it appeared almost transparent, shadowy and unreal as clouds. There is a dreaminess, a sense, as in the East, of ancient things still undisturbed in these towns and villages. Barges sail in and out of the little harbours bringing all that is wanted from the outside world, and life goes on placidly, without competition or hurry. On the water the bargemen neither race each other nor exchange amenities after the custom of English watermen. They are a blasé, weather-beaten race, dour and impassive. Their women folk, who take their turn at the wheel and assist in all the work of the ship, are brown and angular. It is a people apart, a tribe of law-abiding water gipsies. The painted cabins of the barges are reminiscent of the interior of a caravan.

At nightfall we put into a neat but dingy state harbour, with a railway station and a quay from which a small steamboat made its four-mile journey to Willemstad. Beyond a great meadow, interlaced with broad ditches, we could see amid a bank of poplars the roofs and chimneys of a large village.

There was a final day beating down the Hollandsche Diep towards the Dorde Kil ; a day of basking in the sun almost wishing that time might stop, leaving us for ever in the pleasant backwater where the peasants hardly realise a war is raging.

The boat slipped steadily eastward, and presently the long Moordijk bridge, with its fourteen spans, loomed in sight. More distinct it grew, and at last our helm went down and we headed for the narrow waters of the Dordrecht canal.

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Thomas Hardy's Verse

MR. THOMAS HARDY, in his old age, is devoting himself exclusively to that art of poetry with which he dallied throughout his active life as a novelist. His later poems have been enormously finer than his earlier, and there are some of us who incline to think them even more certainly durable than his novels. They have their great limitation, as one will presently suggest, but they are extraordinarily powerful, original in language, rhythm and shape, and amazing as the work of an old man. *Moments of Vision* (Macmillan, 6s. net) contains the latest of them, and there seems every probability of Mr. Hardy adding to them as long as he lives.

* * * * *

Mr. Hardy's poems fall into two broad classes: the narrative and the non-narrative, though poems of the first class frequently contain a reflective element and the others an element of dramatic reminiscence. Almost all his finest poems belong to the second class; and the best of all are those intensely moving lyrics, one group of which appeared in his last book and of which a second series is now printed, written in the last few years under the pressure of a personal grief. The narrative poems are almost always tragic, and they are marred (as some of his prose stories, including *Tess*, are marred) by his determination to lay the gloom on as thick as he can. His *Satires of Circumstance*, in which a number of preposterously grim situations and plots were compressed into a few lines each, invited, and were accorded, the attention of parody, and all his books of verse contain examples in this kind. They often move more to laughter than to tears—so grotesque is the persistent ferocity with which he arranges that his characters shall get it in the neck from fate. There is only one bad example of this in the new book. The story that Mr Hardy's extraordinary brain has constructed concerns a marquis and his wife, who have secured "Royal Sponsors" for their baby:

> The morning came. To the park of the peer
>   The royal couple bore;
> And the font was filled with the Jordan water,
> And the household awaited their guests before
>   The carpeted door.
>
> But when they went to the silk-lined cot
>   The child was found to have died.
> "What's now to be done? We can disappoint not
> The King and Queen!" the family cried
>   With eyes spread wide.
>
> Even now they approach the chestnut-drive!
>   The service must be read.
> "Well, since we can't christen the child alive,
> By God we shall have to christen him dead!"
>   The Marquis said.

This these extremely loyal subjects do, and the royal couple depart from "the park of the peer" without knowing what has been done! One need scarcely bother to point out that the hopelessness of the subject has drawn Mr. Hardy into worse writing than he usually perpetrates. The first two lines are thoroughly comic.

* * * * *

The other poems are a different matter. This book is not, as a whole, as good as Mr. Hardy's last; there is nothing in it equal to, for instance, *The Voice of the Past*, one of the most perfect songs a living poet has written. But it is intensely interesting, and often moving. One mood dominates it all: that of regret for the past, for old happiness and old enjoyment, for one figure loved and lost, or for "the bevy now underground." Allowing his irony and his bleak fatalistic philosophy only an occasional peep in, he sits and broods in his old age over things that have gone, and draws music from that sensitive heart of his that no rationalising has ever been able to petrify. Wherever he starts from he reaches the same goal; any small thing is a key which opens the chamber of his sorrows. The log slowly charring in the fire comes from the tree which he climbed and she stood under years ago; the skeleton ribs of a sunshade found under a cliff was left there by a woman now dead. He burns a photograph of someone, not a particular friend, and the eyes of the reproachful dead watch him from the air; a moth beating at his window may be the forlorn spirit of the dead; a pedigree that he is studying springs to life before him, and he meditates over all the departed generations whose blood is in his veins; he starts out on a familiar road to pay calls and remembers that all those he used to call on are gone. Everything is behind him and nothing before him; he watches with resignation and melancholy the changes of his own flesh just as he watches the decay of an old ruined house where the fiddles once played and rustic feet twined in the forgotten country dances. Time after time he writes what is virtually the same poem, but the constant freshness and poignancy of his feeling makes it always new. *The Anniversary* is characteristic:

> It was at the very date to which we have come,
>   In the month of the matching name,
> When, at a late minute, the sun had upswum,
>   Its couch-time at night being the same.
> And the same path stretched here that people now follow,
>   And the same stile crossed their way,
> And beyond the same green hillock and hollow
>   The same horizon lay;
> And the same man passes now hereby who passed thereby
>   that day.
>
> Let so much be said of the date-day's sameness:
>   But the tree that neighbours the track,
> And stoops like a pedlar afflicted with lameness,
>   Had no waterlogged wound or wind-crack.
> And the stones of that wall were not enshrouded
>   With mosses of many tones,
> And the garth up afar was not overcrowded
>   With a multitude of white stones,
> And the man's eyes then were not so sunk that you saw
>   the socket-bones.

It will be observed that there are several awkwardnesses of phraseology here. Mr. Hardy bristles with them. In a spring poem he even says, "The primrose pants in its heedless push," and in a search for a rhyme he will embellish a modern and simple lyric with "a maid and her wight." But the odd thing is that we will accept from him words and phrases that would seriously damage anyone else, and that sounds which from any one else would be sheer cacophonies are, in Mr. Hardy, as it were, overborne and absorbed by the compelling music of his emotion. It may be monotonous, but it is scarcely ever anything but genuine and strong.

* * * * *

His monotony is his weakness. He can soften one's bones with his lamentations, wring one's heart with his regrets. He can vary his interest a great deal by the accuracy with which he describes the landscapes and people that pass through his mournful chants. But a major poet has more moods than one. It is characteristic of Mr. Hardy that only the landscapes of his past are ever sunny; when he is writing in the present tense the chances are a hundred to one that it will be raining hard, on window-pane and bereaved tree, and there is quite a strong probability that he will actually find himself in a churchyard where the natural inclemency of the weather is reinforced by the rain-worn cherubs on the tombstones, the half-effaced names, the dripping moss and the direct reminders of the dead. It is a welcome change when he makes the admission that even a life like this is worth having, as in this:

> I travel as a phantom now,
> For people do not wish to see
> In flesh and blood so bare a bough
>   As Nature makes of me.
>
> And thus I visit bodiless
> Strange gloomy households often at odds,
> And wonder if Man's consciousness
>   Was a mistake of God's.
>
> And next I meet you, and I pause,
> And think that if mistake it were,
> As some have said, O then it was
>   One that I well can bear!

And twice he goes so far as to hanker after a belief that is not his and of which he perceives the inaccessible loveliness and sweetness. On a Christmas Eve, at midnight, someone mentions the legend about the oxen kneeling in the stall, and he feels:

> If some one said on Christmas Eve,
>   "Come; see the oxen kneel
>
> In the lonely barton by yonder coomb,
>   Our childhood used to know,"
> I should go with him in the gloom,
>   Hoping it might be so.

But these are exceptions, and Mr. Hardy, as a poet, must be described as one who had he been less strong, could not have escaped the appellation of "morbid."

Books of the Week

Last Words on Great Issues. By J. BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

The Complete Despatches of Lord French, 1914-1916. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 21s. net.

A German Deserter's War Experience. Grant Richards. 5s. net.

Væ Victis. By ANNIE VIVANTI CHARTRES. Edward Arnold. 6s. net.

World Without End. By W. E. CRISP. J. M. Ouseley and Son. 6s.

HERE are a collection of essays which will delight the thoughtful reader. Already, before the war Dr. Crozier mentions that signs were discernible that materialism was on the wane, and the scientific explanation of life and the causes of life, of which Darwin and Herbert Spencer were the chief prophets, was no longer finding general acceptance.

> And now what do we find to-day? Spencer's philosophy is said to be dead, great as was its colossal superstructure, and its real power; and yet, in my judgment, there is scarcely a division of it in which he cannot give all of us "points" even yet. Darwin's basis has been superseded in turn by the once despised Butler; and as for the academical dons who in the old days listened to the lightest whispers from Germany as if they were oracles, they are now seen flying from them as from a pestilence, and, like St. Peter, denying that they had ever known them. The old academical political economy, too, which entrenches itself on the free trade principles of John Stuart Mill and Marshall, has not only been suspended during the war, but, in my judgment, has gone, never to return—until the conditions, summarised in the article in these "Last Words," are realised.

"Last Words," we take it, is not to be accepted too seriously, for Dr. Crozier still writes with all the vigour and brightness of youth. His trouncing of Mr. Wells and Mr. Wells's theological writings is as good sport as we have come across on a printed page for a long time. Nor does he spare Sir Oliver Lodge for his excursions into spiritualism. On both these popular subjects he brings rare common sense and consummate irony to bear, never lacks courage, and his thrusts strike home. Imperial questions also interest him; there is an essay on the Canadian tariff, which, though controversial, is filled with important facts. *The Government of India Problem* was written just after the Delhi Durbar, and is an acute comparison between the Roman Empire and the British Empire as exemplified in our dominion over India.

* * * * *

When the war is over, and official and other histories of the war are being prepared, much consideration will be given to the contents of the books, but probably little to the form. This important matter has received evident attention in this volume of Lord French's Despatches, and the result is a book that can be handled and read with pleasure. The type, paper, size and binding are altogether excellent, and form a model that others will be wise to follow.

The book contains the Complete Despatches and the names of all those "mentioned," also many excellent maps and portraits. The despatches themselves give the wonderful record of "French's Contemptible little army," and tell in the simple and straightforward language of the Commander-in-Chief the finest story of British arms. Reading these despatches again in the light of recent knowledge, one is filled with astonishment and admiration for the greatness of the achievement. It is a story that will live for ever, and it is well that it has been produced in such an excellent manner. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, which seems a pity, as there are sure to be many thousands who will want the book both for its military, historic and personal value.

* * * * *

According to an unsigned preface the author of *A German Deserter's War Experience* escaped from Germany and military service after fourteen months of fighting in France; he is said to be an intelligent young miner. The book itself deals with the first advance into Belgium and France, the battle of the Marne and the trench warfare that succeeded it. Many passages are singularly reminiscent of Stephen Crane's book, *The Red Badge of Courage*. There is little in it that might not have been written by any soldier in any war except that now and again we come across passages like the following: "I am feeling convinced of how little the soldiers can be held responsible for the brutalities which all of them commit, to whatever nation they belong. They are no longer civilised human beings, they are simply bloodthirsty brutes, for otherwise they would be bad, very bad soldiers." This is, of course, a specious falsehood, but Germany has been endeavouring for some months past to use this very plea as an excuse for the State policy of "frightfulness," seeing that "frightfulness" failed to accomplish its purpose. The hideous atrocities of the German Army from the early months of the war have been almost excelled by the cold-blooded brutalities and abominations of the German military authorities in the later period, so that this excuse carries no weight. But it is curious to find it so strongly expressed in this German deserter's book. The writer gets leave, obtains civil clothes, and after risks manages to get across the Dutch frontier, finally finding his way to America as a stowaway on a passenger steamer. He ends by saying that he has entered the ranks of American Socialism, to extirpate capital. It would be interesting to know what he has been doing in the land of his adoption since the United States entered the war.

* * * * *

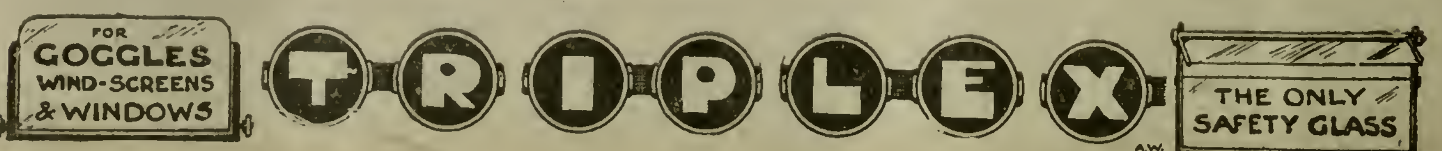
Væ Victis, by Annie Vivanti Chartres, is the story of two women of eastern Belgium and of a little girl, daughter of one of the women. It is the story, too, of the first German thrust toward Liège, and thus a story of outrage and rapine. As a novel, it is altogether too horrible, although the author has lightened it as much as possible; as a tract, that men and women of this country may realise and remember what Germans did in Belgium, it is a very valuable piece of work, and one for which its writer deserves hearty thanks. For the long series of outrages against all law that have followed on the initial crime of Belgium, although they have not sufficed to cover the fact that Germany put necessity above the law of humanity at the outset, have, to a certain extent, blunted our realisation of all that Belgium gave in defence of honour. Here, in the fate of one family, is an epitome of the cost of the Belgian defiance of Germany, a record by which we may realise how much was taken from those people who once lived beyond and about Liège, for many of whom—old and young alike—life ended in the first week of August, 1914. It may be urged that this story is not true, and in the strictest sense of the word that may be so, but that facts to parallel the story can be found is equally true. Considering it purely as a novel, it is very dramatic work—but we prefer to consider it as a book that should be produced wherever a pacifist dare to raisehis voice, for it would be difficult to find a better antidote to the efforts toward a German peace.

* * * * *

There are over six hundred pages in *World Without End*, by W. E. Crisp; if there had been about half as many the story would probably have been far more convincing. The author is concerned mainly with elementary spiritualism, and with the fact that the essential ego can never really know itself in this life, since its true perceptions are clouded by the purely human desires that arise from occupation of an earthly body. It is a present-day story, dealing with the iniquity of Germany, and not devoid of a good deal of dramatic incident, though undue diffuseness rather militates against the effects of otherwise striking scenes.

One very good point that the author makes is the way in which the Scandinavian nations stood by and watched, knowing full well the enormity of the German crime. Yet, for their own safety, the Scandinavian nations could have done little else. Mr. Crisp, however, is not concerned with expediencies, but with straightforward rights and wrongs, and one thing to be said for his book is that it takes the reader right out from twentieth-century materialism, in which profit and loss count for more than anything else, to the land of dreamers who put ideals first—the book is not life as it is, but life as it ought to be. This view is expressed through purely material happenings; although the author deals with spiritualistic phenomena, he does it fairly sanely and without undue stress.

The main fault of the work is the pressing need for condensation, and understanding of the fact that trifles only count when they are relevant to character development or plot development. The publishers emphasise the fact that this is a "full-dress novel": We would that some of the superfluous clothing had been removed before the manuscript went to the printer, and, with that for cavilling, willingly acknowledge the high motive which animated the writer in his work.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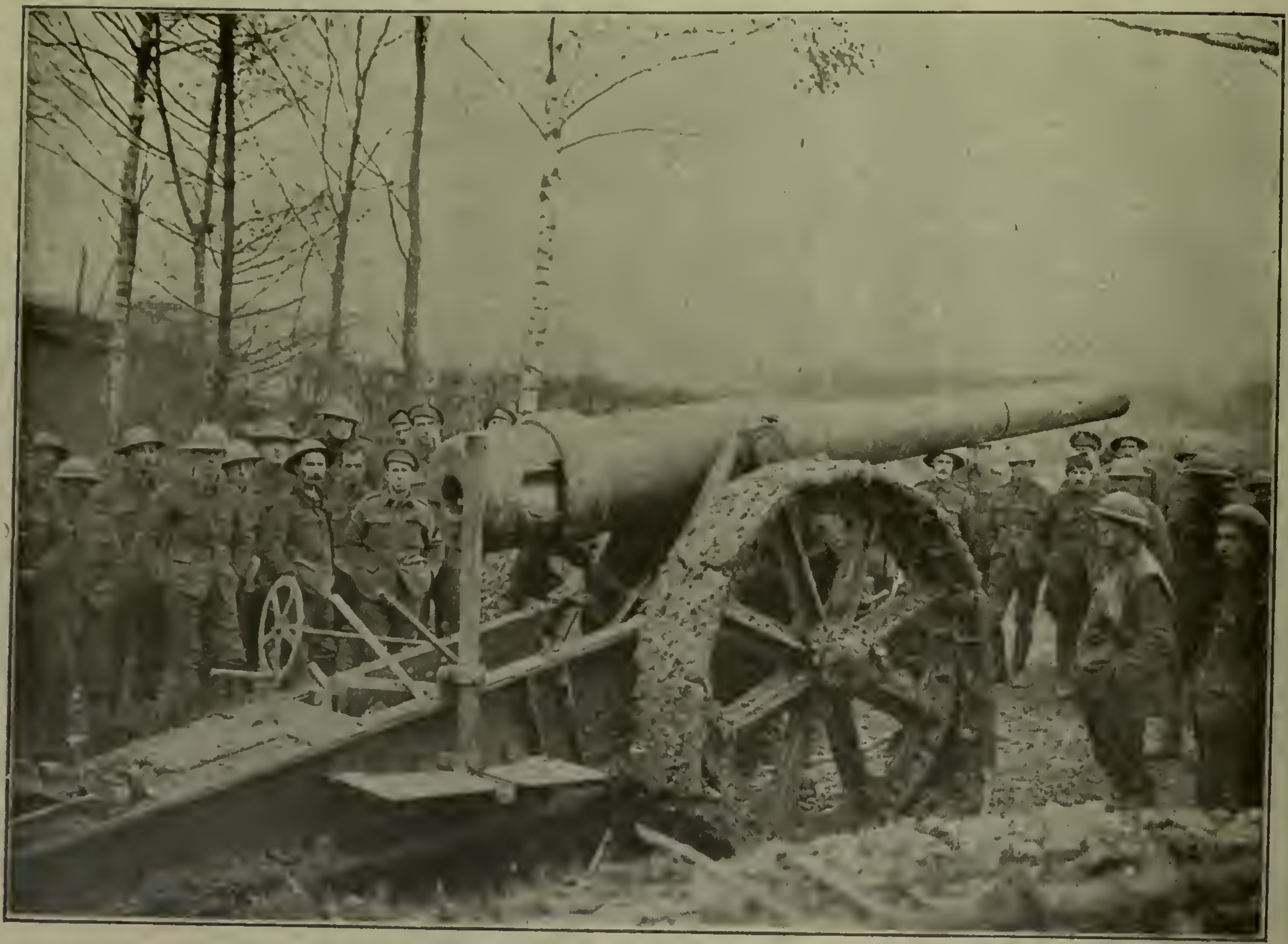
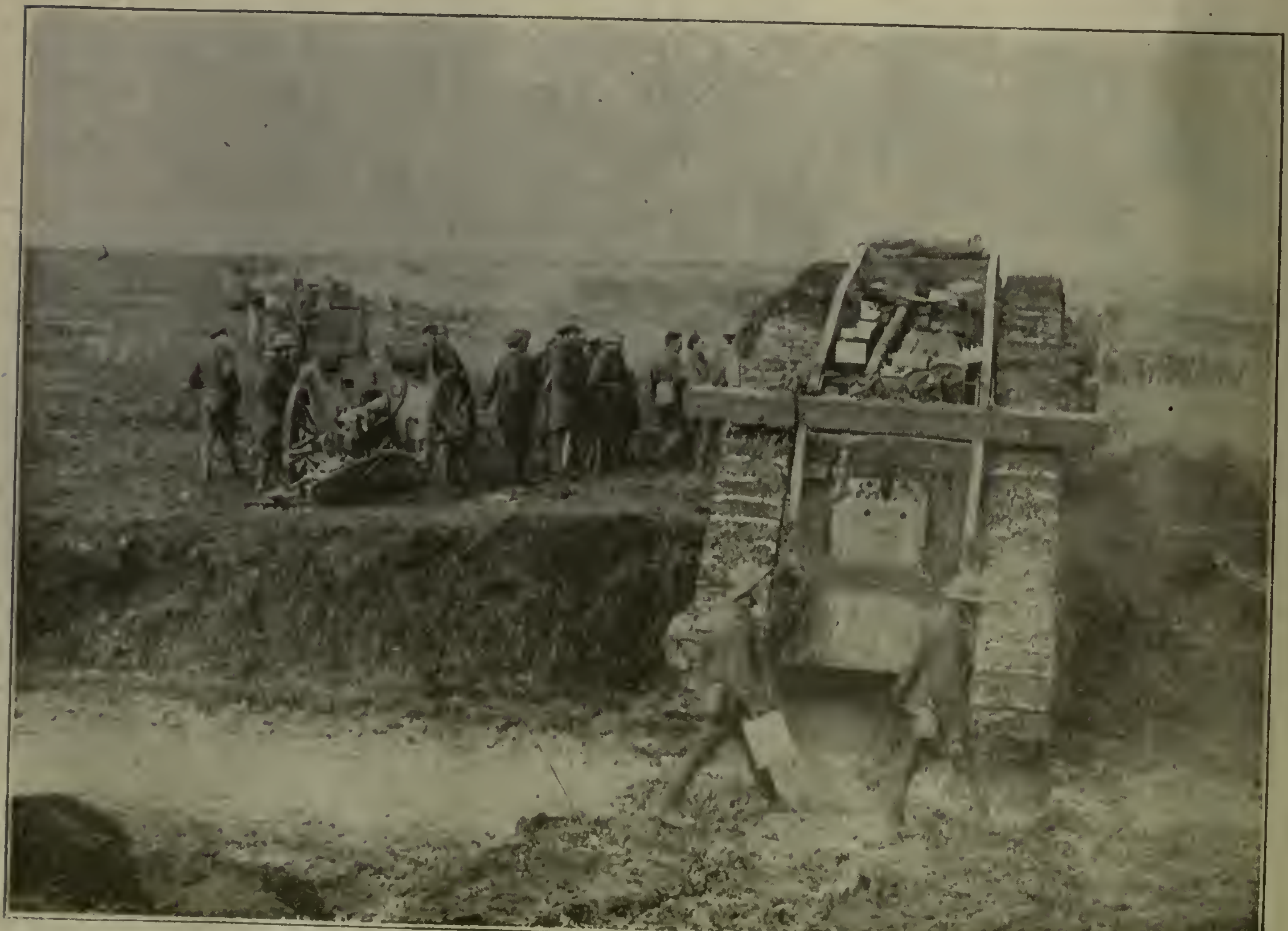


A Captured German 5·9 Naval Gun

Official Photograph.



Tanks on the way to Bourlon Wood

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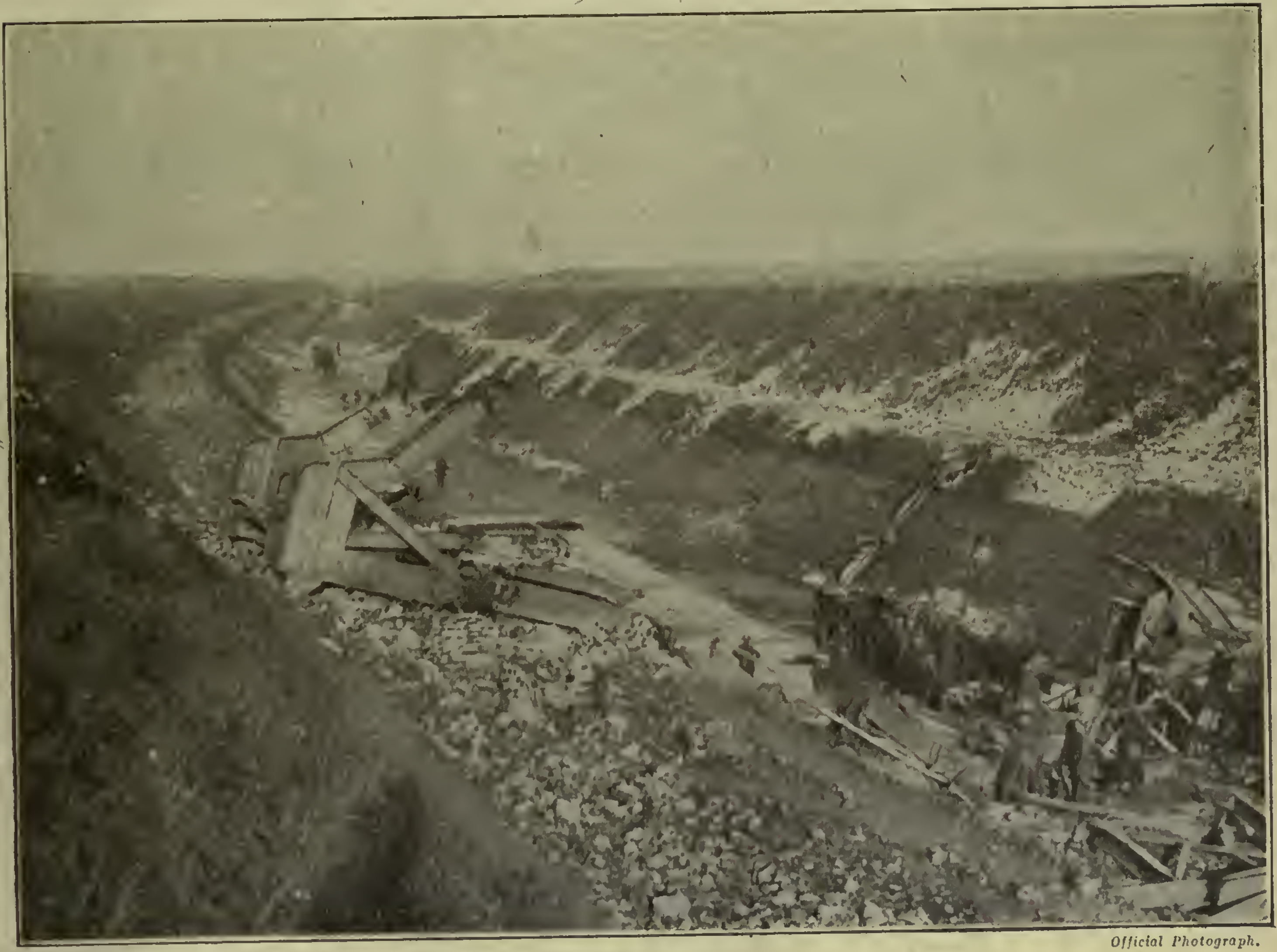
The Battle of Cambrai



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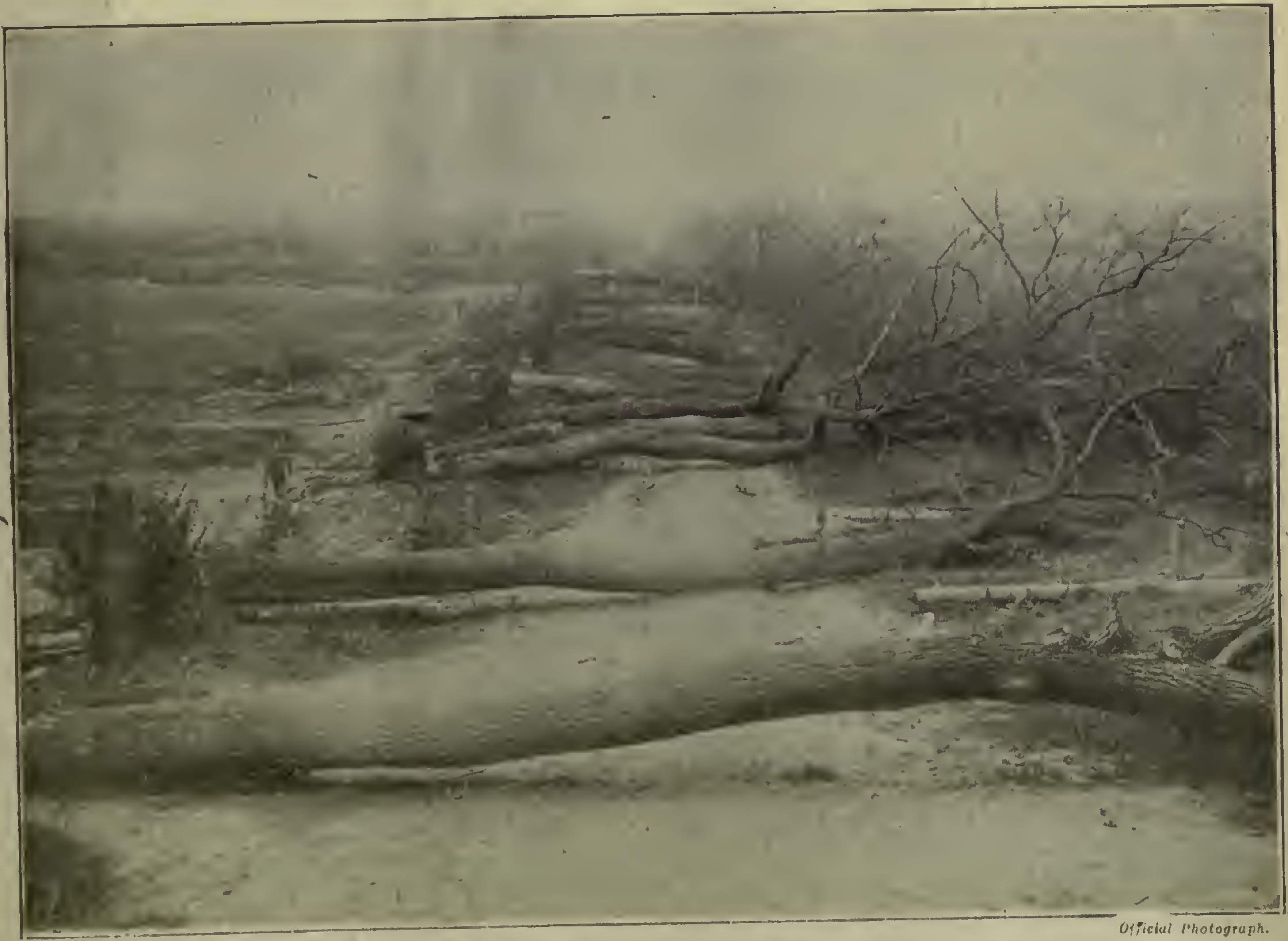
Canal du Nord



Official Photograph.

Near Havrincourt, trees felled by the Germans to hinder our advance

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.*

Waterproof Writing Cases

Nothing is more prized by friends and relations at home than letters from men at the Front, and few things will better enable these to be written than some capital waterproof writing cases. Through these rain simply cannot penetrate, so that no matter how wet a man may get, his writing materials remain dry.

The cases are of convenient shape, going into any reasonably sized pocket, and each is fitted with a lead pencil as well as a supply of writing paper. When the writing paper is finished, or if it is not up to individual requirements, it can easily be replaced by some writing materials of some other quality—as can be imagined, it is the case that is the thing, not the easily changeable contents.

Better grade waterproof stationery wallets cost 1s. 11d., by no means a ruinous proposition. Inexpensive though they are, however, there are others even cheaper, these costing one shilling each or 11s. 6d. for a round dozen. Some generously minded ladies have been buying these wallets in dozens to send to men of their husband's company or battery, and the idea is a good one, this sort of present never being particularly easy to find at any time.

War Workers' Aprons

Since winter brings in its train more opportunity for war-time sewing, some war workers' aprons are bound to meet with all the success they deserve—this, let it be said, is no little matter. These aprons are specially designed to hold needles, cottons, thread, scissors, knitting needles, wool, and anything else in the same scale of impedimenta.

This is arranged by the capacious pocket going in kangaroo fashion across the front. Any amount of room here to store all sorts of things, preventing thereby the annoying way all such articles have of hiding themselves if they are given so much as half a chance. Apart from this too, the apron guards the wearer's frock from harm, being a practical affair with a bib, and not by any means one of those fly-away affairs hardly meriting the title of apron at all.

The aprons in question are more fascinating than words can say. Though their main object is utility, they are decorative into the bargain, a combination by no manner of means as common as it might be. A fascinating example is in grey and white duster check, with old gold linen borders, yet another seems covered with roses, a rose-coloured cretonne having rose-coloured hem, bordered pockets and bib.

It is difficult to pick out any particular apron for mentioning owing to the possibility that it may be sold by the time these words appear in print. Others equally charming, however, will have undoubtedly taken its place.

Gaiter Over-Boots

Any amount of praise is due to some gaiter over-boots, and women everywhere are enthusiastically giving it, nothing else in this particular way so fully meeting their needs. These over-boots, to all intents and purposes, are much like the invaluable "gums" we used to wear in days gone by in Switzerland. They slipped over a light shoe in the way these over-boots do, there being little to choose between them in point of view of look.

And just in the same way, these gaiter over-boots protect their wearer from hail, sleet and snow with all the gain to comfort such protection means. Warworkers in the canteens in France and elsewhere have long claimed these over-boots as their own, and benefited accordingly. They are waterproof—an additional and strong point in their favour, and do up in the true snow-boot fashion, fastening across the front with something strong in the way of a clip.

The price is 16s. 6d., and they can be bought of correct size without any more bother than the sending of an old shoe or its tracing on a piece of paper, should a personal visit for some cause or another be out of the question. The next supply of these over-boots being uncertain, those now in stock should be secured while yet there is time.

Cloth Stoles and Muffs

Realising that not many people these days have a surplus stock of furs, and that even if they have, there are some days when furs are not suitable, a clever firm have brought out some delightful sets in various coloured satin cloth.

They are beautifully made and lined, and exceptionally warm, in this way quite rivalling fur. The stole, crossing over in pretty cosy fashion, has a fringed cloth end, aiming at a finish it quite certainly imparts, while the muff is not one whit behind in attraction, having a kind of plaited thong at either end, tassel-finished and all that a well conducted muff should be. This, like the scarf, is lined with ruched silk, no detail being omitted to enhance still further its charm.

The price for the set complete is three and a half guineas—a price at which anything in the nature of good fur naturally enough is unattainable now-a-days. These muffs and stoles of first-rate quality cloth, then, have their very particular claim to our regard, and it is worth knowing they can be had in black, white, grey, powder blue and tan.

Esprit de Liege

The patriotically minded will rejoice in Esprit de Liège, the best substitute for Eau-de-Cologne. As a perfume it is of surpassing virtue. Made from a carefully prepared formula in which synthetics have no part, it is welcome as the flowers in May and equally refreshing.

Synthetics, it may be explained, are the chemical products which, though they may not be apparent at the time in perfumes containing them, become very much so as soon as the first fragrance fades away. Their elimination from Esprit de Liège makes this a lasting perfume, as fresh at the end as it is at first, and hence trebly inviting.

Esprit de Liège is much appreciated in hospitals, many a wounded man having benefited through the freshness and fragrance it brings in its train. As a toilet water too, it is quite unbeatable, just a few drops reviving the face and hands, besides keeping them from getting flushed or rough.

As a Christmas present Esprit de Liège excels, and an inexpensive gift it is into the bargain, bottles costing 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 5s. and 10s. 6d., according to size, or three good sized bottles in a box working out at 7s. 6d. the lot.

Who'll Buy My Lavender?

Lavender at this time of year cannot be bought in the streets for a song, but nobody would know it who contents themselves instead with "Linsasha," the lavender sachet par excellence. And what, by any chance, could be a Yule Tide gift of greater charm than the fascinating fragrant things through which the inimitable scent of lavender, as it really is, is brought within our doors.

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As to price, this is the most accomodating affair—one by itself without a box costing sixpence, postage one penny extra, or one dozen in a neat box being 5s. 6d., with postage, in this case, threepence extra.

A notable work in connection with the care of the wounded is that being done at the Headquarters of the Sir Frederick Milner Hostels for Deafened Soldiers, 26, Wilton Crescent, a house kindly lent by Lord and Lady Lamington, where lessons in the art of lip-reading are given to men who have lost their hearing in the war. The idea is that of fitting these men to take up occupations from which the deaf are, as a rule, barred. The Committee appeals for funds to pay for the upkeep of this establishment, and to teach trades and secure employment for men deafened on service. Any who wish to assist in this praiseworthy work may send subscriptions to the Honorary Treasurers of the Hostels, at the above address, by whom contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

LAND & WATER

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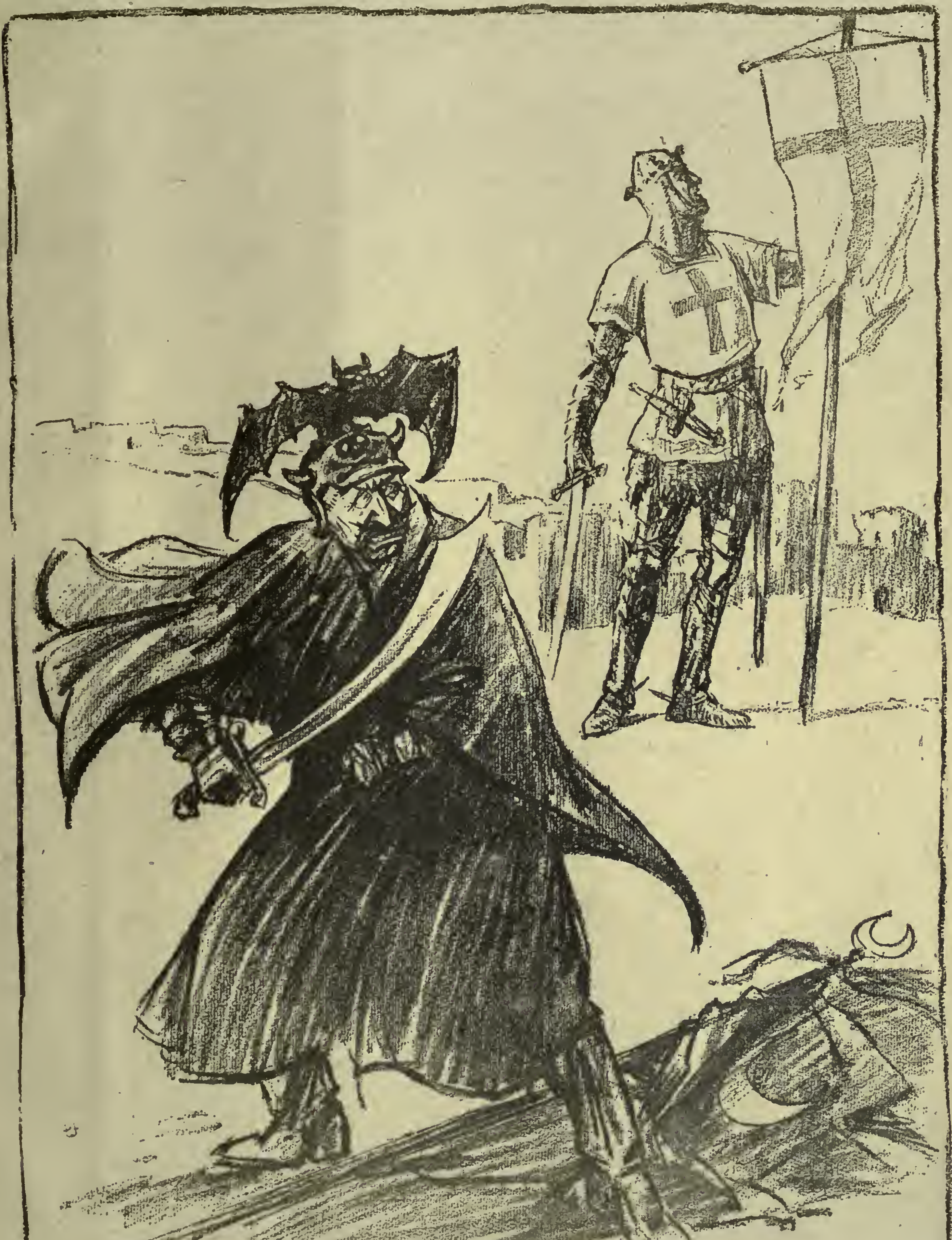
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The Sorrows of Satan

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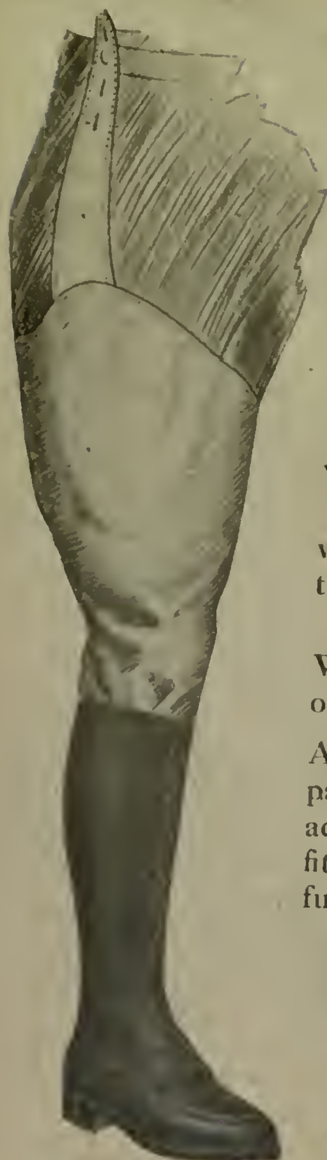

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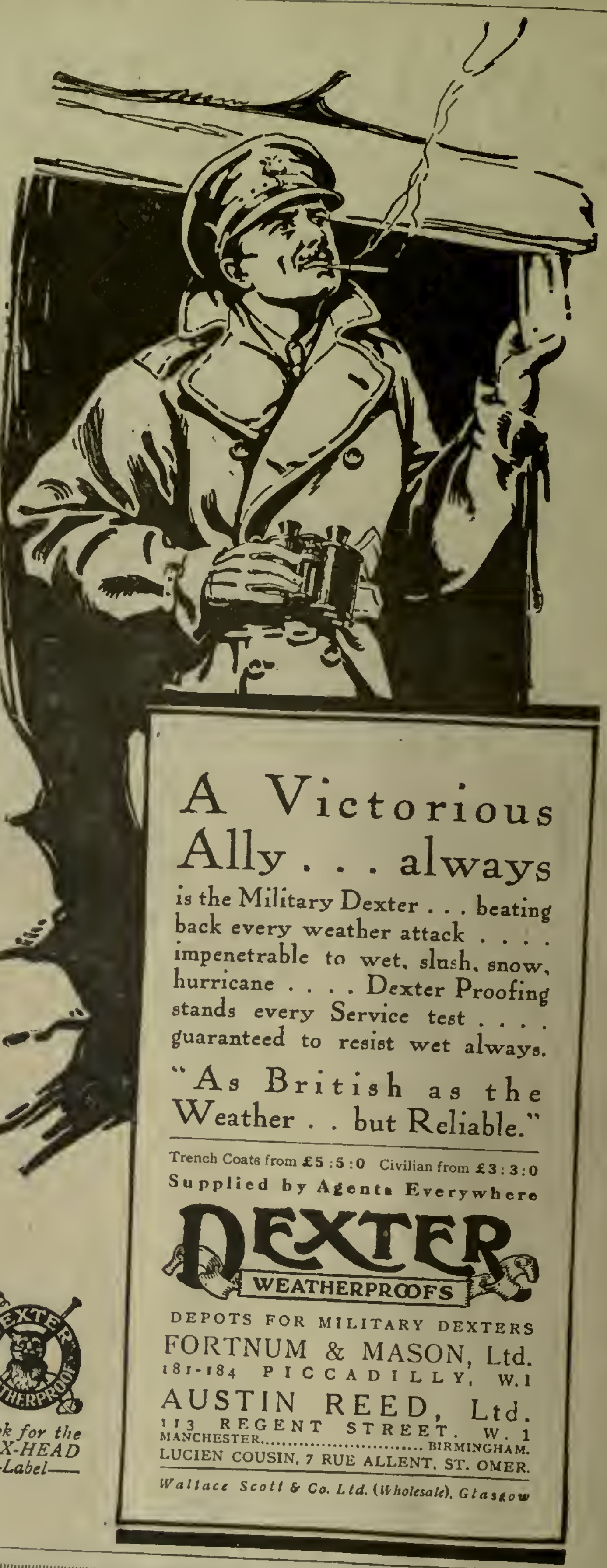

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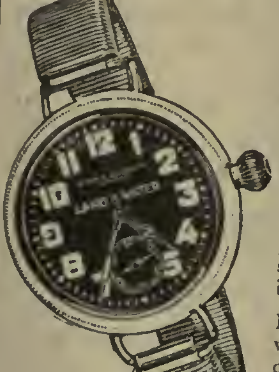

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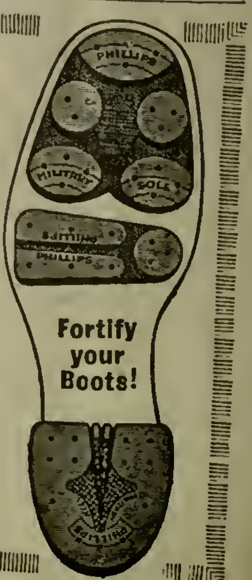

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1917

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"TONNAGE IS VICTORY"

THE First Lord of the Admiralty, in his speech to the House of Commons last week, declared that "we must have ships and more ships and still more ships." The Prime Minister, speaking at Gray's Inn four and twenty hours later, caught up the same warning and echoed it in the phrase: "Victory is now a question of tonnage and tonnage is victory." These two clear statements are welcome. Circumstances have tended to obscure the peril of loss of shipping, and though there have been members of the House of Commons, notably Mr. George Lambert, a former Civil Lord, who have consistently endeavoured to obtain the actual truth of our losses, their endeavours have not met with success, mainly because the Government continue to hold the opinion that exact figures would tend to hearten the enemy rather than to encourage the people of these islands to practise a more rigid economy. It is, of course, a matter of opinion whether silence is the best policy where such grave issues are at stake; but, in any case, nothing could be plainer than Sir Eric Geddes' own words: "the submarine menace is held but not yet mastered." This point of view gains new emphasis when convoys between our Northern ports and Scandinavia are sunk by enemy cruisers. There is no margin of shipping to spare, and it is the manifest duty of every citizen to take thought for himself how by limiting his own requirements he can help to save tonnage.

The Prime Minister has recently made two statements which are likely to produce a false impression. The first was to the effect that the construction of merchant shipping for 1917, combined with the tonnage which the country was able to purchase, would reach a minimum of 1,800,000 tons. It has been frequently stated, and the statement has never been denied, that we cannot hope to build as much as one million tons of shipping this year. Taking this in connection with the heavy toll on British shipping which is indicated by the weekly figures, together with Sir Eric Geddes' statement that the enemy has not yet reached his maximum output of submarines, the position is undeniably serious. The second misleading statement of Mr. Lloyd George, from which, by the way, the First Lord was very anxious to dissociate himself, was to the effect "I have no fear of submarines." We venture to think that such an attitude towards the submarine situation, if universally adopted, could only lead to disaster. The most appropriate comment on the subject is the criticism made by Sir Eric Geddes: "Our shipbuilding is not yet replacing our losses, but amongst all the factors which go to the solution of this problem, I deprecate the drawing of deductions from the experience of any one week or month, be it good or bad. It is the general curve in each of the factors which we must watch, and upon which we must base our policy and our opinion as to ultimate results."

What steps are being taken to cope with our losses? It is admitted that the only effective way of retrieving the position is by an increase of output, since we have not so far discovered any adequate means of disposing of the submarine. One of the means which has been adopted is the construction of national shipyards. Mr. George Lambert, speaking in the House of Commons, gave grave reasons for doubting the wisdom of embarking on this new policy at this juncture. A very able review of the policy appears in an article entitled The National Shipyards in the current number of the *Spectator*. If it is true: (a) that the private shipyards are at present nothing like fully employed owing to their lack of labour and materials; that only single shifts are being worked in the private yards and that some slipways are empty, and (b) that the National yards will not be able to launch a single ship until the end of 1918; while some experts even consider that none of these ships can be finished before 1919, it must surely be madness to make such a drastic change in our shipbuilding programme at this serious moment of the war. Has the Prime Minister been wisely counselled? It has been freely stated that the Advisory Committee on Shipbuilding, which includes among its members some of the most important shipbuilders in the country, disapprove of the policy. The scheme was initiated by General Collard, apparently in haste, we hope we shall not have to repent at leisure. This is a subject which ought not to be closed, and if we have made a mistake there is still time to retrieve it. We have had enough of hastily-considered enterprises in this war.

We do not wish to deprecate in any sense the enormous effort that is being made in the construction of British shipping, more especially when due regard is paid to the heavy demands on the man power of the country, and the immense and increasing output of munitions of war. But what we are concerned with is the need for plain statements and the iteration of actual facts. Sir Eric Geddes has displayed a frankness in this respect which was lacking in his predecessors, and he deserves the compliment of imitation by other members of the Government. Nothing could be more dangerous, or more suicidal, than optimistic and unreliable utterances on this important question. The Prime Minister has been an offender in this respect. When he announced that five enemy submarines had been destroyed in one day, he created an entirely erroneous impression—an impression which must have been obvious, had he paused to weigh his words. Since he evoked the ready cheers of the House of Commons with this statement, its members have listened to the quiet announcement of the Admiralty that the enemy is building submarines faster than we can sink them. We are now fully aware the rate of destruction of the world's mercantile tonnage is much greater than the rate of construction. These truths are no doubt unpleasant, but there is no occasion for alarm, provided the civil population exerts itself to restrict the need for tonnage. We have to increase to the very uttermost the home production of vital necessities.

The necessity for building tonnage, and tonnage on a great scale is fully appreciated in America. On another page we give an illustration of an American standard steel ship on the slips, for which we are indebted to the *World's Work* of New York. This leading magazine, in the course of an important article on the output of American shipping, asks: "Can the United States build 5,000,000 tons of merchant shipping a year? . . . Unless we have an enormous merchant fleet, the products of our factories and our farms, to say nothing of our training camps, must remain in our own country where they will render little service in bringing the war to an end." It has been estimated that it will require three million tons of shipping to bring an army of 500,000 men from America to France and keep it supplied; or six million tons to bring over one million men, which, of course, does not take into account the risks in transit. To realise what these gigantic figures mean, it is only necessary to compare them with the total tonnage of the world before the war. We do not doubt the capacity and resources of the United States, but we cannot ignore the immensity of the task. It is a long way from the passing of estimates to the completion of ships; from the creation of an army to its presence in the fighting line.

The Brenta-Piave Battle

By Hilaire Belloc

IN the midst of an extraordinarily and even suspiciously candid "drum fire" throughout the enemy Press, prophesying great things upon the Western front in France, it is remarkable that the chief effort actually undertaken by the enemy at the moment, and certainly the one which promises him most immediate results, is not there but in Italy.

There he has armies flushed with very great recent victories; there he has a vast concentration of guns; there he is spending men in great numbers and there, if he succeeds in his effort of reaching the Plains, which he is slowly approaching, a true strategic result will follow immediately. There also he hopes not only for a strategic but for a political result.

It must be remembered (looking at it from the enemy's point of view) that his decisive successes hitherto have been the political elimination of one factor after another, running from north-east to south upon what used to be the great siege ring around him. He has occupied or brought into his alliance the Balkans; he has caused what used to be the Russian State to fall to pieces, and with this collapse he has made certain of an armistice along his Roumanian front also. The next logical step in such an order would be the attempted elimination of Italy. Should he achieve that end he could then concentrate at once for his last throw with a superiority he would then have acquired against the West.

Whether this be his plan or no, it is not only impossible to determine, but if it were his plan for the moment there is no reason why it should continue to be so. All we can judge is the chances of the position, following from its known factors, and those in the first place lead one to believe in a special effort against Italy—and in the second place show—as a matter of fact, that this effort is actually being made at the moment.

Of the various sectors of the Italian front upon which he may act and has acted in the immediate past, one, that between the Brenta and the Piave, is the theatre of his present offensive.

Between the Brenta and the Piave is a distance of about 12 miles. It is upon this sector that, in the past week, the heaviest effort of the enemy has been made towards materially increasing his present advantages in the war.

I propose to examine this sector and to explain the general lines upon which the attack has taken place and its measure of success.

The so-called line of the Piave which our Italian Allies took up after their heavy defeat at the end of October is in reality concerned only in part with that insufficient river obstacle. The Italian Third Army does indeed run down the line of the Lower Piave from the point where the stream leaves the mountain to the marshes and lagoons of the Adriatic coast. But the line continues eastward from the Upper Piave through the mountains, another 40 odd miles, to the Adige. These remaining 40 miles are clearly divided by nature into two sectors, the common boundary of which is the deep valley of the Brenta. The *active* part of each of these sectors is much the same in length, 12 miles separating the Brenta from the point west of Asiago where the present pressure ceases, another 12 miles separating the Brenta from the Piave.

These three sectors correspond exactly to the three main Italian bodies.

The Ist Italian Army runs from the Adige to the Brenta; the 4th from the Brenta to the Piave, while along the Piave itself lies the 3rd Italian Army.

Let us first premise what must be perfectly clear to anyone who knows the character of these rivers or who even consults the map alone.

The line thus taken up was strategically weak as compared with the much stronger line of the Adige. The reason of this comparative weakness being *First*, that the line of the Piave was not perpendicular to its communications, but in more than half its length parallel to those communications and very close to them. When your line is perpendicular to your communications as in the Sketch (II) annexed any set back only makes you retreat along your communications, which remain intact. But when your communications are nearly parallel to your line—as in (II)—then any setback may cut your communications. That is the position on the Italian front. The main communications run along the plain under the mountains and the Piave line for nearly two-thirds of its length parallel to those communications and only a few miles away from them.

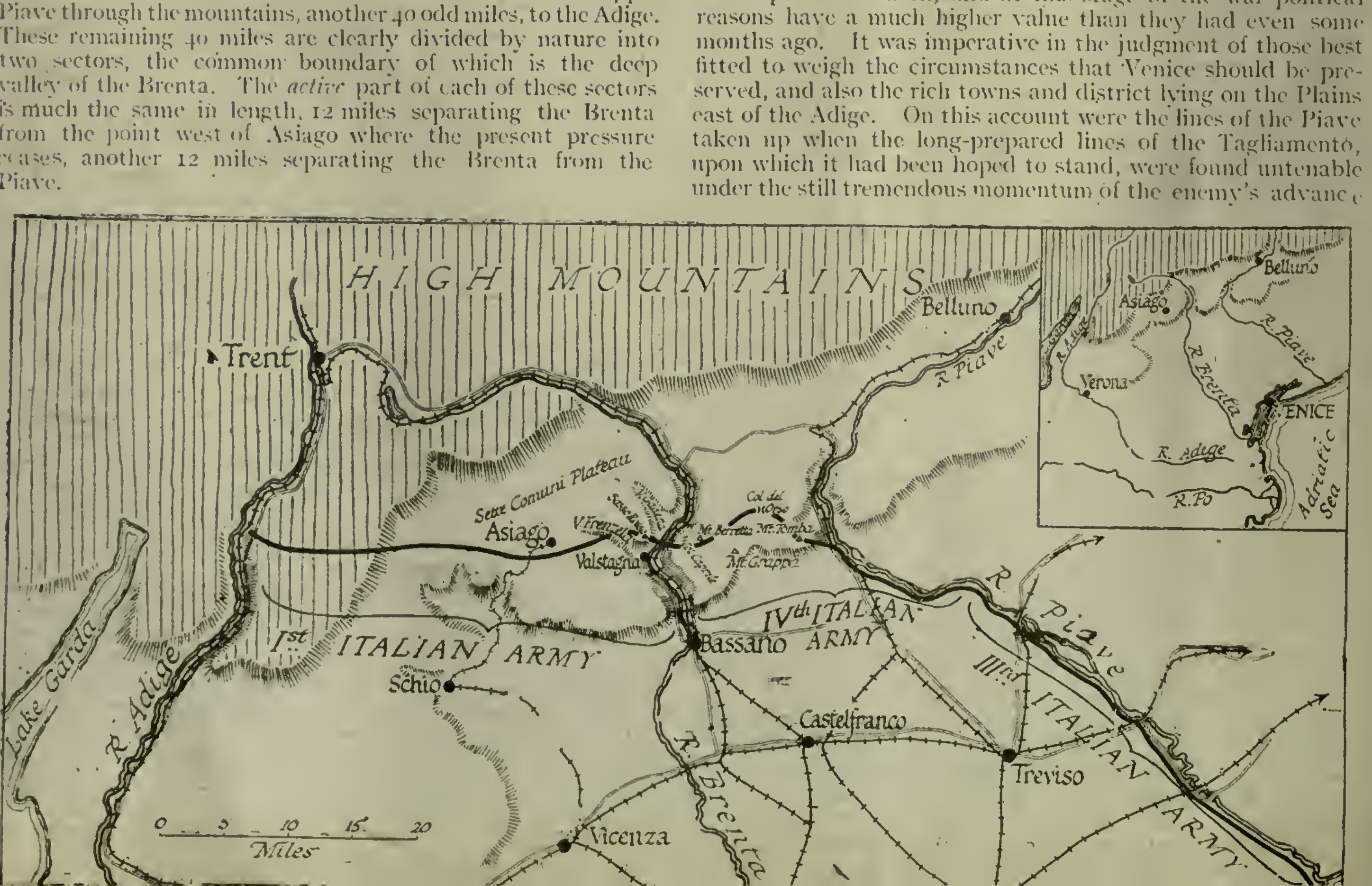
Second, that the Piave is no true military obstacle save in quite the last few miles of its course, whereas the Adige is a deep, broad and swift river with difficult muddy banks.

Thirdly, that the whole line (not the part which follows the Piave alone) is longer than the line of the Adige, if we mean by the line of the Adige a line following that river and cutting across to the Po, where the Adige turns to the sea at Rovigo.

Fourthly, that the line of the Adige reposed securely upon two flanks, one on the Po, a very broad and very rapid river exceedingly difficult to cross under any reasonable measure of opposition proceeding from a modern defensive; the other secured by the very difficult mountain system to the west of Lake Garda, with only one road pass, high and easy of defence, by which it could be turned.

In other words, the line of the Adige would compel the enemy to a frontal attack upon a short front, and that front defended by a formidable obstacle. The so-called lines of the Piave give the defensive a longer front to hold, with only part of it defended by an obstacle and that obstacle an inferior obstacle, and above all it lays the defensive under the peril of being turned in flank and finding its communications—which run parallel to it—cut, if a push from the mountains should succeed in reaching the main railways on the Plain.

The reason that the worse of the two lines was taken up was a political reason, and at this stage of the war political reasons have a much higher value than they had even some months ago. It was imperative in the judgment of those best fitted to weigh the circumstances that Venice should be preserved, and also the rich towns and district lying on the Plains east of the Adige. On this account were the lines of the Piave taken up when the long-prepared lines of the Tagliamento, upon which it had been hoped to stand, were found untenable under the still tremendous momentum of the enemy's advance



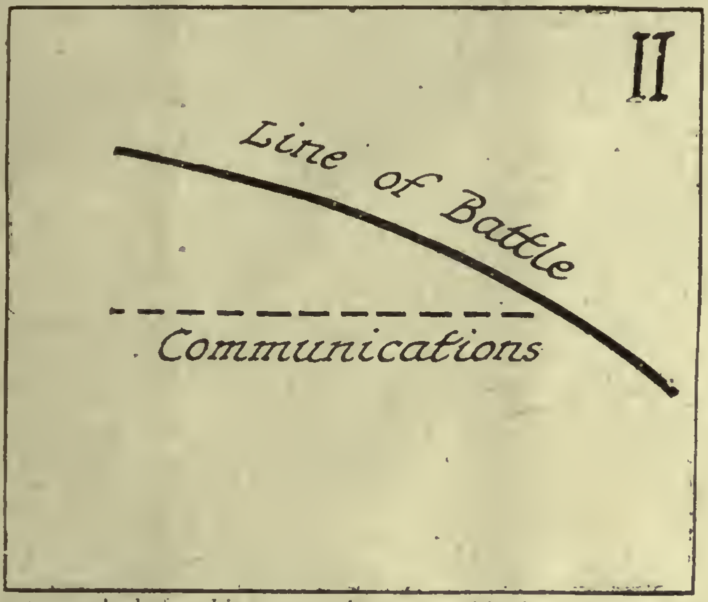
by troops still shaken as were the defending troops by their recent disasters.

The Piave line with all its inconveniences having thus been determined upon and ultimately heavily reinforced by large British and French contingents, it was clearly the enemy's game to turn it from the north. It would not profit him much to force the lines on the Piave itself, merely compelling a further retreat along communications perpendicular to that front. But if he could come down from the mountains in the north, that is, upon the Italian left flank on to the Plain only a few miles away, he would cut the main Italian communications and round up the great mass of his opponents. Following upon his first successes it would certainly be a decision.

The further to the west this turning movement might succeed, the greater would be its results, and the enemy was concerned only with holding the Italians upon the Piave by attempted crossings in no great force, while he carried out this turning movement from the north and the mountains.

In that turning movement he is still occupied and, though its fortunes are not yet determined, the delay which the resistance has caused, the falling snow, the moral effect of so successful a defence, all increase the chances of our Ally and of our own troops in this region, and make the present moment an excellent one for surveying the position as a whole.

After the first rush of the pursuit from the Isonzo to the Tagliamento and from this river to the Piave, nothing serious was to be feared until the enemy should have brought up his heavy pieces and, what is a slower business, should have accumulated his munitions for a general bombardment. It is clear that his original success upon the Isonzo was quite beyond his own expectations, for he had prepared nothing to the north upon his right to cut off the Italian retreat. It was some weeks before his preparations upon this right wing in the mountains were even partly completed. Infantry attacks, supported by a moderate weight of artillery, took place indeed from as early as the second week in November. But that decisive effort with heavy guns which we had so long been expecting and before the advent of which nothing taking place upon these lines was of any real moment, was not begun until the end of the month.



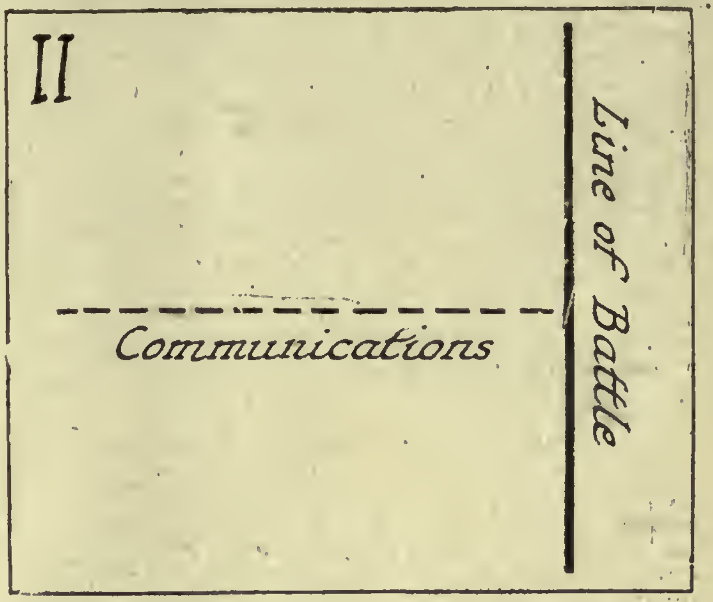
The first great concentration of pieces was made where the fruits of it, if they could have been gathered, would have been most effective, to wit, upon the west, that is, upon the Asiago Plateau, called also the "Sette Communi." It has been estimated that some two thousand pieces of all calibres were working here in the first week of December, upon a sector, the extreme limits of which were little over 20,000 yards, and the active part of which was much less. Such a concentration corresponds to the other great offensives in this war, the late one upon the Isonzo and those of Verdun and the Trentino last year.

The attack which followed this tremendous bombardment was partially successful. It carried the salient of high peaks, the apex of which was the Castelgomberto, and here flattened out the line, but it did not come down to the Plain by many miles. It still left the lower part of the Brenta Valley in the hands of the Italians, and also left solidly in their hands the last wall or escarpment of the Alps, which defends the Plain. Putting the matter in its broadest lines, this, the first great enemy effort after the bringing up of his guns, failed. He could claim many prisoners—he claimed, I think, about 15,000 in all—the driving of the Italians down from the higher peaks to the lower, and the reduction of the great salient of Castlegomberto, which the Italians had previously held; but he had not broken through to the Plains, nor acquired the ways leading down to the Brenta roads and railway.

This first attempt, in the first week of December, on the extreme Italian left against the Italian 1st Army, was undertaken by Austrian forces under General Conrad. Its object was to reach the Brenta Valley by a direct thrust down that line and along the west side of the deep and rough ravine called the Frenzela and by the easier Gadena ravine. His operation was so far successful that—as we have seen—it cleared the high peaks to the north by December 4th, and thrust the Italians from the Sisemol Height which dominates the Frenzella and from Tondarecca and the Badalecche, which dominate the Gadena. But it did not force a way down either of those two valleys. The Italians fell back on a position of lower heights, which still bar the way down the ravines. To the west of the Frenzela they still held the Scher and to the east the Sasso Rosso, while between the Gadena Ravine and the Brenta they held the hill of Alessi, which overlooks San Marino in the Brenta Valley. San Marino, that is, the mouth of the Brenta, could still be held until the enemy should be able to throw the Italians right back from the Beretta Pass and the Caprile Pass on the other side of the Brenta, and this, as we shall see, is what he was trying up to last Saturday to effect, and partly succeeded in effecting. In order to get San Marino and master the Gadena Valley way down from the mountains to the main Brenta Valley, he began a new series of attacks east of that river for the possession of the Caprile and Brenta passes.

We find them massing, therefore, for this second effort (which is not yet completed) an even larger mass of artillery, some 2,500 guns in the 12 miles between the Brenta and the Piave.

This critical action, which is still in progress at the moment of writing, opened upon Tuesday, December 11th. It has fallen, roughly speaking, into two divisions so far: The first was the enormous—but not decisive—three days attack of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, December 11th, 12th and 13th. Among its objectives going from west to east, were the Monte Spinoncia, the Monte Solarolo, and the Pass of the Bear, or Col del l'Orso—a very vigorous thrust upon a front of about six miles; but the crucial sector was west of all these, and concerned the Caprile and Baretta Passes over the range which overlooks the Brenta, and the fight for these formed the second operation.

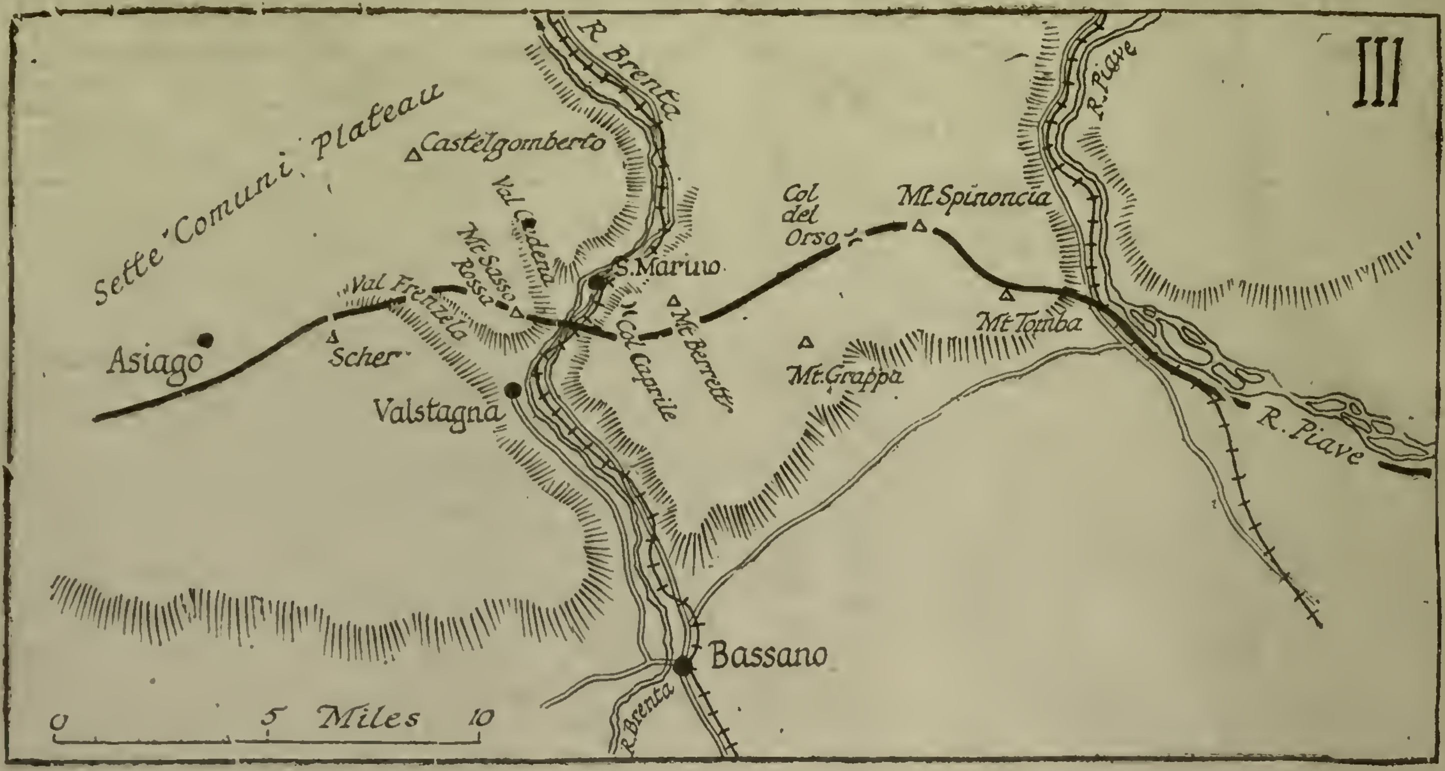


A second chapter opened about a week after the first chapter had closed.

The enemy, for the moment, gave up his effort against the extreme western part of the line and struck last week in the central sector, between the Brenta and the Piave, the sector held by the Italian fourth Army. As we have seen, a success of his here would not have the same full fruits as would one upon the Asiago Plateau. On the other hand, since the first effort on the Asiago Plateau had failed, this second best had certain advantages in its favour. The distance from the enemy lines to the Plains was far less—upon the extreme eastern point he was already right upon the edge of the escarpment—and his communications for bringing material up over the high hills were, upon the whole, better.

This main effort opened upon Friday morning last, the 14th, upon the Caprile and Beretta Passes. The first was reached by the enemy, but apparently not crossed. The attack upon the second was checked by an Italian counter-attack, and does not seem, so far as the rather general terms of the communiqués from both sides inform us, to have had the same success. But the movement as a whole was checked, and registered up to that Saturday morning, the 15th, only an insignificant advance, while the prisoners of all kinds claimed by the enemy in the three days numbered but 3,000 in the fluctuating struggle.

Though, then, on Friday last, so far as we can judge from the very short despatches to hand, he was still fighting for



possession of the Caprile, on the next he did more.

For, by Saturday night the enemy had here achieved a certain measure of success, which we must not overlook.

It is true that he had only advanced by some three-quarters of a mile, and that only upon one point—but the point was a very important one: that point of the Caprile Pass upon which much depends. As long as the Caprile Pass was held the ridge, dominating the Brenta valley here, cut off the enemy from access to it or from observation of it from the east. But with the enemy once on the top of this ridge and over it—which is now the case at the point of the Caprile Pass, he dominates and overlooks the outlet of the Gadena Valley. He can now secure complete possession of the Gadena Valley including San Marino at its mouth, and of the heights over-looking it from either side, he has a second and most important avenue of approach, supplementing his direct pressure down the Brenta by columns coming down the Gadena. Of the various converging roads to the Plain only the rough and difficult Frenzela will still be closed to him. If the Frenzela should go it is difficult to see how his further progress down to Bassano could be prevented. Of course, his success at the Caprile is still under question. Only observation upon the spot could tell one how far his trenches on the south-western side of the Pass are either overlooked or enfiladed by neighbouring Italian positions, but we cannot afford to overlook the fact that, at the moment of writing and according to the latest despatches then available, the enemy has secured what is geographically the key to the middle of the Brenta ravine.

Meanwhile, the positions further to the east, right up to the Piave itself, remained what they had been for many days past. The enemy was held well to the north of that great mass called Mount Grappa, which stands on the edge of the Plain and overlooks it all. He came nowhere really near the Plain save at the last high point before the Piave, called Mount Tomba.

The exact position on Mount Tomba is not very easy to ascertain from various accounts given, and yet it would be of great importance for us to know the situation precisely, because Mount Tomba directly overlooks the Plain, and if its summit be permanently and securely in the hands of the enemy it means that the enemy has observation of the best kind over the Plain.

Now most of the French and English accounts we have received tell us in the clearest manner, the summit is in the hands of the enemy, and I have myself repeated that statement in these columns upon the only evidence available, and the statement was made long before the end of last month. But here comes evidence from the enemy's side, printed on the 29th of November in a German paper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, over the signature of a correspondent called Ross, to the effect that of the two rounded heights, the one nearly 400 feet below the other, only the lower one is in the hands of the Austro-Germans. The highest summit is called upon military maps "Hill 870 Metres," the lower one "Hill 715 Metres," and, according to the German correspondent with a Scotch name, the enemy is not only overlooked from above by the Italians, but badly harassed by them through this advantage they have.

A Demand for Unity

The winter and spring months before us will prove, as everyone knows now, the most critical period of the whole war. The reasons of this are also familiar to everyone. They consist in the betrayal of the Alliance by the cosmopolitan anarchists who are running the Russian towns, coupled with the first immediate effect of this, the heavy Italian defeat still only a few weeks old—while the weight of America cannot be brought to bear until well on into the fighting season of 1918.

But over and above the appreciation of our difficulties and of the very heavy strain immediately before us, there must be equally appreciated the imperative demand for unity, and unity lies in three things. Command in the field, war aims, and discipline at home.

Unity of command has been spoken of, if anything, too much. We will return to it only for a moment. Unity of aim common to the various Allies has been obscured by wanton discussion and must be restored. But there is a third form of unity equally essential and perhaps more difficult to obtain. It is domestic unity and voluntary acceptation of a political discipline which is as vital to the coming struggle as any other factor—even as military discipline itself.

Unity of command, the first of the three aspects of unity in the Alliance, has been ill-defined as the necessity for a single commander, acting with his single will. It has already been shown in these columns how extravagant and even fantastic is such a claim, and how the ideal of unity of command between various equal and federated Allies must aim at something very different. I am glad to see that this obvious but cardinal point has been supported in the last few days by that military writer who carries by far the most weight of all upon the Continent, I mean M. Bidou of the *Debats* newspaper. It is perhaps characteristic of the modern Press that his remarks were quoted in London with his name so misspelt as to be unrecognisable, and without insistence in any leading article or in any message from a Paris correspondent. His pronouncement was none the less of the very first importance. No one hears more than he does of French military opinion or is more trusted for his judgment. He has pointed out in the clearest possible manner that unity of command in the case of such an Alliance as ours depends wholly upon the co-ordination of wills—in plain language upon getting on well with our Allies—and not at all upon some theoretical scheme for subordinating each national command to one arbitrary head. M. Bidou has put the argument so well that I need do no more than repeat it.

"If" (he says in effect), "you could turn the United States, the British Empire, the Italian Kingdom and the French Republic into one political group having at the head of it an irresponsible military despot, if, in a word, you could make something like one nation of them, and that nation organised as a military despotism, it would obviously be (from the merely military point of view) of advantage—always supposing that such despotism was efficient on the military side. But one has only to state such a theoretical conception to show its absurdity. The whole point of the Alliance is that it is a congeries of free and different peoples fighting the mechanical force of Prussia. You would, by attempting to give one man supreme command over such diverse national elements, wantonly create, and that in an indefinitely high degree, friction which is the great enemy of efficiency in any machine. As a matter of fact, you always have a more excellent co-ordination and understanding between the various staffs than has ever been attained in any previous Alliance, and to tamper with a state of affairs already excellent would be to ruin the only practical working method available."

Unity of aim between the Allies is attained at once if we define it as the Premiers both of France and of England have defined it within the last fortnight; they have defined it as *Victory*.

The moment you propose to discuss in detail what you will do *after* victory, you are wantonly borrowing trouble. Upon the form, the extent and the date of victory a hundred details of future reconstruction will depend. The very hopes or demands of each partner to the Alliance overlap the corresponding hopes or demands of others. There will have to be judgment of the most delicate kind, patient dealings and comprehension. There will have, too, to be time, leisure and a mass of expert work added as ingredients to any final settlement. None of these can be added in the crisis of the struggle; and meanwhile short of victory—that is, short of the putting out of action of the Prussian military machine—all discussion of a settlement is undignified and futile. Those who say that the Prussian military machine cannot be put out of action, that is, those who accept defeat and consequently propose surrender, do not seem to perceive that the settlement following such action would be a settlement confirming every evil principle against which civilised Europe put up this just defensive war.

If there be anyone who imagines that an undefeated Prussia will release the Danes or the Poles, will permit the Magyar-German combination to release Serbs or Roumanians, or the Southern Slavs of Croatia; will give up the great road to the East; will restore the freedom of the Black Sea or of the Baltic, and will consent to undo its vile work of enforced exile and artificial colonisation in the districts it victoriously annexed a generation ago, he is living in a totally unreal world. He is living in a world equally unreal if he imagines that the precedents created by Prussia and by Prussia alone in the present war—the bombardment of open towns from air, sea and land, the enslavement of occupied territories, indiscriminate murder at sea, and the contemptuous neglect of solemn treaties—will not remain precedents in full use for the future if their authors emerge from this war unpunished. And if he does not see that such methods are the doom of *this* industrial island in particular; that *this* country much more than any other is vulnerable to such methods, and that to *her* above all they are mortal, he is beyond argument.

Unity of aim means the clear declaration for each and all the Allies that their aim is victory; and victory is no vague and rhetorical word. It has here a precise meaning which we will repeat. It means the putting out of action of the Prussian military machine.

The failure to achieve this is the opposite of victory and is defeat. To accept defeat before it has been inflicted, with every force still intact, with vast armies still in process of recruitment, and with such powerful aid arriving in the near future, to accept defeat under such circumstances gratuitously, to bestow it as a sort of gift upon an enemy who has not yet been able to impose it, would be a thing unprecedented in the history of even those little dynastic struggles which seemed so important in the immediate past of Europe: in a struggle of this kind it would be self-destruction deliberately accepted.

If, after the sharp reaction of the last few weeks, there be any who still propose such a policy, it can only be because they do not appreciate what the Alliance is. One party to the Alliance cannot say to its fellows: "I find myself unable to bear a strain which you have borne. I do not propose to run the risks of suffering what you have suffered. I have attained my objects—I am now indifferent to yours," without ruining itself as well as the body of which it is a member. Only an extreme isolation of the mind, or an extreme ignorance of the past, or both combined, can explain such an attitude. And to this argument one may add what should surely by this time be patent to all, that, of the various members of the Alliance none will be more permanently the object of tenacious future attack, political and economic, and, if necessary, military, upon the part of an undefeated Prussia, than Great Britain and the British Empire. There may be accommodation elsewhere—but here certainly there will be no accommodation. It is a little shameful even to have to argue such things, even to have to rebut such pretensions, but as they have been put forward they must be met, though that as briefly as possible.

There remains the third aspect of unity, less obvious, I think, and yet equally essential—unity at home; the civil discipline which is more essential than ever to the conduct of the war.

The period immediately in front of us will demand this action after a fashion to which the country and the Press is unaccustomed. From the sham battles of professional party politics (now dead and gone, but still leaving their habits behind them), to the really serious divisions of opinion—such as those upon Ireland—there is so long a tradition of discussion, and of action stronger than discussion, that it is difficult for such a society as this to arrest the momentum of it at short notice.

Quite apart from the sort of debate and argument which gets things done—and that is a very small proportion of the whole—there is a long rooted public manner of taking sides upon almost any question, for little more than the pleasure of the debate. It has always filled and still largely fills the Press and the conversation of men. Now in a moment of acute crisis, in a moment which is really vital in the full sense of that word, even discussion of this sort is an error. Opinion is inflamed under the great strain of the time, and what might be in peace criticism at the most, or at the least mere verbiage, may suddenly become a grave irritant.

Scapegoats

But there is something much graver than the fixed habit of opposing discussion and criticism of men and measures. It is the tendency in the last phase of an exceedingly difficult struggle to blame and upset the individuals who happen to be nominally responsible for the public conduct of affairs. The making of scapegoats is the easiest of all tasks, as it is the most demagogic, and in a period of doubtful war full of minor reverses, it is the most fatal. The truth is that it matters exceedingly little in the conduct of a campaign, and especially in its last stages, who the civilians may be that are given the advertisement (and emoluments) of nominal power. The temper of the workshops, the efficiency and elasticity of the Civil Service, most of all the moral and material state of the armies and navies—these are the things that determine the issue. What particular politician may have to answer questions in Parliament for this or that department makes exceedingly little difference save, indeed, upon the negative side. A man may be so vain and foolish as to interfere with his nominal subordinates in their own trade—of which he can, by definition, know nothing—and by that interference may do great harm. But the idea that he can do positive good, or that by putting one politician up in the place of another any appreciable acceleration of effort can be obtained, is the merest moonshine.

On the other hand, to disturb the existing combination of politicians, to ask for a re-shuffling of what are only counters, and to reinforce those personal recriminations, personal ambitions and personal hatreds, of which the political world is full, and on the play, indeed, of which it normally depends, is to provoke a fatal division of energy. For heaven's sake let us leave all that alone until the victory is won. None of the citizens in any of the Parliamentary countries are at all proud of their Parliamentarians. We are not peculiar in this. It is true of all the modern nations which have now tested these corrupt little oligarchies and found them wanting. But war, and especially such a war as this, and more especially the heaviest moment of such a war, is not the time for a theoretical discussion of institutions, or a practical change in them. Let us remember that the reconstruction that must come at the end of hostilities will breed the gravest, the most profound, and therefore, perhaps, the most violent dissensions we have known. When that moment arrives, the personal pretensions, which we all despise, will be consumed in the heat of great popular emotions, and under the glare of complete publicity—for if there is one thing more certain than another it is that the old hypocrisy which pretended greatness in almost any public figure, and which protected the politicians from hearing the truth about themselves—will be utterly impossible when the real passions which will fill the years succeeding are at work. The rearrangement of society will give to every critic and to every enthusiast as much opportunity as he could desire—probably far more than he will like; and whether that arrangement shall be a renewal of the national life or a disaster depends entirely upon whether we succeed or fail on the field of battle. The social temper after the war will depend entirely for its character upon whether we have enjoyed victory or suffered defeat. Let us, then, by a strict discipline during these last months of the war, do the only thing that civilians can do for victory, which is to be silent and to obey.

H. Belloc

M Caillaux

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

I SHALL never forget the first time I met M. Joseph Caillaux. It was in the spacious and imposing room which is used at the Ministry of the Interior by the Minister in office as his bureau. Behind a large and beautiful table which reminded one of the past glories of French cabinet-making, a dapper little man sat in a gilt armchair. His face was all smiles and full of life, with bright expressive eyes set under an extraordinary forehead which seemed never to stop, and looked as if it went to the very back of an almost completely bald head, which evoked the image of an immense smooth and shiny billiard ball.

I had hardly entered the room when the little man jumped up from his seat and came to me cordially with out-stretched hand. A brief introduction was made by my friend, M. Cruppi, then Minister of Justice in the Cabinet whose President was M. Caillaux. With the gesture of a man who wastes no time in unnecessary formalities, the President motioned me into the big armchair next to the large table. M. Cruppi, who took but little share in our conversation, let himself fall into another armchair by the fire. Then, if I may say so, the curtain was rung up on one of the most extraordinary scenes which it has ever been my privilege to witness in my long life as a journalist.

It was a Sunday morning in the beginning of October, 1911, to be accurate, October 8th, during the lull which preceded the signing of the Franco-German convention of November 4th, 1911. The French Government had embarked in difficult negotiations with Spain concerning Morocco, and the fruit of all our efforts in Berlin might easily have been compromised through a rupture with the Spaniards. It was to discuss this aspect of the Moroccan problem that M. Caillaux through M. Cruppi, had requested me to come to Paris.

A Personal Interview

At the opening of our interview, M. Caillaux asked me what was, in my opinion, the real feeling in England, and especially in politic circles on the Morocco question. He listened to me attentively, smoking all the while a penny cigar which, as I was able to discover for myself while smoking its twin brother, was not even worth that price. When I had finished my survey of the situation from the English point of view, M. Caillaux got up from that gilt armchair in which I had seen M. Briand sitting a few months before. He began to pace up and down the room, his arms crossed behind his back, chewing his cigar. Suddenly he stopped, and pulling nervously at his dark moustache, said: "I want to go to London. You must arrange a luncheon with Mr. Asquith. Only the three of us should be there. My journey must be secret. I shall only be away from Paris for 24 hours, but I must discuss rapidly with Mr. Asquith the whole African question. I will offer him a complete readjustment of the map of Africa. We will exchange colonies and territories according to our common interest. We shall easily come to an understanding, for Asquith and I are two practical men, he, because he is English, and I because I am a business man. We will settle in three hours what these fools of diplomats would take years not to settle. In exchange for the concessions I am willing to make to England I shall ask Asquith to promise me his strict neutrality towards the Franco-Spanish negotiations. Of course, England ought to back us against Spain, but if, as you believe, they have made up their minds to adhere strictly to their past agreements, I shall only insist on their remaining honestly neutral in this matter. Of course, this interview with Asquith must be known to nobody but yourself and our friend here," and he pointed with his cigar to M. Cruppi.

"But," I began, "you do not mean to say that you want me to go behind the back of our Ambassador in London, M. Paul Cambon?"

At this remark M. Caillaux exploded, and told me with a choice of expressions which do not bear reproduction in print, what he thought of diplomacy in general, and of the two brothers Cambon in particular. He said he had already mentioned to M. Paul Cambon his great scheme for the exchange of French and English territories in Africa. If, however, the latter did not hurry up and obtain some results, it would be the worse for his brother, M. Jules Cambon, our Ambassador in Berlin. Should the Franco-German negotiations fail, as was still very possible, M. Jules Cambon would pay for it. Moreover, added M. Caillaux, it was quite likely that French public opinion would not swallow the Congo pill without a general redivision of the map of Africa, and a diplomatic success at the expense of Spain.

Then followed bitter criticism of the policy of M. Paul Cambon towards Spain, which I had good reason to know had been straightforward, honorable and patriotic.

I could stand no more, so interrupting M. Caillaux, I exclaimed: "I refuse to accept any mission behind the back of M. Paul Cambon, firstly, for private reasons, for he has honoured me with his confidence ever since I have known him. But, apart from this, let me tell you that he has been the best servant your country has ever had in England. He enjoys the entire confidence of the Prime Minister and of Sir Edward Grey, and Englishmen are not prone to trust anyone lightly. A proposal from you direct, or from anybody else acting on your suggestion, will certainly not be acceptable to them. To act outside our Ambassador, would not only be, as far as I am concerned, an act of disloyalty, but also an act of stupidity."

This argument seemed to go home.

"Well," said M. Caillaux, "tell him what you like and arrange the luncheon as you think best."

"I am afraid," said I, "that also is impossible, for the simple reason that the Prime Minister of France cannot leave Paris even for 24 hours, and especially during the present crisis, without all the German spies here discovering where he had gone to. Think of the effect it would have not only on public opinion in France, but also in Germany, if it were known that you have gone in secrecy to confer with the Prime Minister of England. You would be accused at once of arranging a definite alliance with England. Everyone would believe that we are on the eve of declaring war against Germany with the consent of the English, and with the certitude that they are coming into the fight with us

I spoke with energy, and M. Cruppi, who knew me well, was good enough to approve my point of view. He, too, eulogised the two Cambons, and assured M. Caillaux that I had some knowledge of English politics and politicians.

Suddenly M. Caillaux subsided into silence; then pirouetted on his heels, and sat in his armchair. Lighting another penny cigar, he puffed away at the evil-smelling smoke and said quietly: "After all you are right, I cannot go to London. But do the best you can yourself, see Mr. Asquith, say what you please to M. Cambon; only try to get practical results. Then if you succeed, write to M. Cruppi, and let us see what happens."

In reply to this appeal I remarked that however much honoured I felt by his confidence, I thought it useless to make officially or unofficially such a proposition to the British Government. I felt certain that the Prime Minister would never consent to any general scheme involving a revolution in the organisation of the English colonies in Africa. He would never adopt M. Caillaux's policy to cut and piece together in one afternoon British spheres of influence in Africa. A British statesman would inevitably refer the matter to the different departments involved, and ask for reports, necessitating long enquiries, from the various Ministers. It might take months, even years, before such a scheme could be prepared and matured.

One must give M. Caillaux his due. That violent and choleric little man, who is always ready to fight, has none of that false dignity which resents criticism. A mere nobody like myself got as fair a hearing from him that day, as any of his colleagues would have obtained; and though I refused the impossible task he wanted to put on my shoulders, we parted good friends. At that moment I knew nothing of his secret negotiations with the German Government. I only realised that in his apparent patriotic fervour he was willing to quarrel with any nation which did not do exactly what he wanted to ensure the success of his policy. Had he not said to me, with a violence which gave me furiously to think, that if England backed Spain against France, we should quarrel with her, and this after Agadir!

When I left the Ministry of the Interior, after our conversation which had lasted nearly two hours, I could not stifle the impression that I had been discussing grave political and diplomatic questions with a madman. His brusque gestures, his sudden fits of passion which made his bald head turn scarlet, his exaggerated notions on foreign politics, his complete lack of psychological insight into the feelings of other nations, forced me to the conviction that something was missing in that otherwise remarkably quick and comprehensive mind. His cynical remarks, his contempt for the most elementary rules of private or public loyalty, and even honesty, proved to me that what I had previously heard concerning his legendary amorality was not mere idle gossip. And I came to the conclusion that M. Caillaux was not really so intelligent as he seems at first, owing to his great facility of speech and the lightning quickness of his repartees. During our long talk he had shown no real common sense, and if a young and untrained man, as I was then, had not pointed out some evident objections to his policy, he was quite ready to throw himself, head first, into the most impossible adventure. Had I not prevented his doing so, he would in all probability have come to London secretly, where he would certainly have met with a polite rebuff from Mr. Asquith, and other well-deserved snubs which might have led to consequences, from which both our countries would have suffered.

And to-day the whole of M. Caillaux's public and private life demonstrates the same lack of real intelligence, the same lack of common sense.

A Creature of Impulse

Perhaps one might best describe him as a creature of impulse, with no notion of what ordinary men call right or wrong. By training he is an expert in all questions of finance, having belonged during the years of his youth to the Corps of Inspectors of Finance. At the same time, he has always mixed himself up in financial affairs and in dealings on the Stock Exchange, with the result that he came to apply to higher politics the methods of an ordinary stockbroker. When shares go up he buys for all he is worth; when they go down his only thought is to sell a bear as quickly as possible, regardless of consequences to anybody but himself. He has dealt with the affairs of nations as he used to deal on the Stock Exchange. In that market the only idea is to make money. In politics M. Caillaux's motive was to reach the top of the ladder, and to get there by all and any means. As long as England served his aims he was her friend, but if by any chance she did not fall in with his tortuous devices, he was prepared to turn against her immediately. He gave one the impression of a gambler who thinks only of the present, and is unable to remember the past or to foresee the future.

Thus when M. Caillaux requested me to submit to the British Government in a friendly and non-official capacity his scheme for the wholesale rearrangement of the African map, he was betraying, I am sure unconsciously, but all the same betraying, the most sacred interests of his country. He was willing to consent to any plan, even if more favourable to England than to France, in order to save his face and to enable him to mount the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies and to state in appropriate language that the Franco-German negotiations were not only being conducted in a most friendly spirit, but were also part and parcel of a vast project of re-organisation of the whole colonial system in Africa. If England had not been, as always, perfectly loyal to her own traditions and to her friends, she might have been tempted to accept the good and easy bargain that M. Caillaux was willing to offer her. In this case she would have profited by the moral treason of an ambitious French politician, who, to secure a personal triumph, was ready to sacrifice the ancient and lasting interests of his country. But I am happy to say such a scheme was still-born with an honest man like Mr. Asquith at the helm of the British Government.

On the other hand, ten minutes after declaring to me his willingness to benefit England in the exchange of colonies, if she decided to back us against Spain, or even to remain strictly neutral, M. Caillaux was uttering violent menaces against her for insisting that we should remain true to the letter and to the spirit of our own treaties with Spain, approved and guaranteed by her at the time.

Such an attitude has only one explanation. M. Caillaux is, as I have said before, not quite sane, and I know of no greater danger for any country than to have been or to be again under the direction of a lunatic. At the same time, his pathological condition is not of the kind which would justify one in absolving him of responsibility for his actions whether public or private. Nevertheless, for the last seven years M. Caillaux has been for me a psychological enigma. As I followed the development of his career I realised more and more the abnormal character of his intelligence. In some respects his cleverness and adaptibility seemed unequalled by any other living politician. He could grasp with extraordinary rapidity the main points of a complicated problem, and once he had made up his mind, nothing would alter it. For example, during the Franco-German negotiations of 1911, he gave M. Jules Cambon, his Ambassador in Berlin, strong and unflinching support. In that sense M. Caillaux was tenaciously patriotic. But, on the other hand, he was incapable of distinguishing between an honest and a dishonest means of attaining his end. To him all men were the same—bandits, masked or unmasked, who all had their price, if they had any intelligence.

Of course, he admitted the existence of another class of human beings—the mere fools who were incorruptible. But the only section of humanity which interested him was composed of his friends, and they were very strange friends, for whom he had a genuine devotion. They served him and he was always willing to pay them well in money, position or honours, whatever their past or their present. The rest of the world was of no account, and he treated it well or not according to the circumstances of the moment.

I only saw M. Caillaux three times in my life. At our second interview he told me that he had plainly intimated to the British Ambassador in Paris that if England did not help France energetically against Spain, he, Caillaux, would have no difficulty in finding for his country other friends—meaning, of course, Germany! He also said that when discussing this question with Sir Francis Bertie, one day when they were shooting together, he had remarked: "What you tell me is childish," to which the British Ambassador, with his well-known caustic humour, had answered: "Well, I am an old child and I did not know it." M. Caillaux was delighted with what he considered a charming witticism, and he added as a passing comment, after relating the story: "Bertie and myself are great friends." But he went on to declare that in France public opinion considered that England had left us in the lurch when she did not send a boat to Agadir.

"Forgive me, M. le Président," I interrupted, "but you know better than anyone else who wired to the French Ambassador in England to beg him to prevent the British Government sending a boat alongside the *Panther*." Needless to say, it was M. Caillaux himself who was responsible for that telegram when, in July 1911, he was acting for M. de Selves, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had just then accompanied President Fallières to Holland. Evidently surprised at my accurate knowledge, M. Caillaux could not suppress a gesture of annoyance. He jumped out of his armchair, and walking up and down in his nervous jerky manner, he exclaimed: "I know, but we are not talking now of the opinion of those who like yourself and myself know the truth."

"Pardon me, M. le President, but is it not your duty to tell the truth and to enlighten public opinion?"

Dropping the subject abruptly M. Caillaux remembered that he was in a great hurry as he had to dine before going to see President Fallières that evening.

Six days later, on November 12th, 1911, I met him for the last time, when I submitted to him a scheme of arbitration on certain questions. But he dismissed the idea rather impatiently and there the matter ended.

An Astute Speaker

Up to that time I had considered this man merely as an unscrupulous opportunist who was almost certain to injure my country, all the more so that he had that gift, rare in France of appearing a practical person, whereas he was simply an astute speaker who could make his audience believe he was a man of business, knowing what he was about, and full of common sense—the very quality in which he is lamentably deficient. Unhappily, nothing is easier in a democracy than to throw dust in the eyes of electors, most of whom only ask their deputy to defend their local interests in Parliament, and get for them individually as many favours and advantages as possible. This M. Caillaux did with great zeal. He was the captain of that gang of demagogues who call themselves Radical-Socialists, and who are always ready to promise to their electors more privileges than their rivals offer. To politicians who have adopted this vote-catching method of securing re-election, M. Caillaux, more daring than any of his followers, was an ideal leader. Nothing in his antecedents, however, led anyone to foresee when he was a young man what his political career was to be.

His father, already a very rich man, belonged to the Conservative Union during the presidencies of M. Thiers and of Marshal McMahon. In the Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie (May 16th, 1877), he was one of the representatives of the Bonapartist party, and he filled the office of Minister of Finance in the very Ministry which was responsible for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and for the General Election which defeated the reactionary parties.

So M. Caillaux, who has always remained in manner an autocrat, gave up his family traditions to become a Republican. That was the first move to get on, and an essential one under the new regime. In 1898 he was elected by the Department of the Sarthe, which had been represented by his father in the Chamber of Deputies, where he had a sort of pocket borough. His first political label was extremely moderate. He presented himself as a "Meliniste," that is a supporter of the great moderate Republican, M. Jules Méline. A year later, the Dreyfus case having upset all Parliamentary traditions, M. Caillaux, whose republicanism had already advanced a few steps in the direction of the Left, was given the Ministry of Finance by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau withdrew from office in 1912, on account of declining health, M. Caillaux followed him into retreat, and was out of office till October 1906.

(To be continued.)

Leaves from a German Note Book

A House divided against Itself

A PROPER understanding of the present internal position in Germany is impossible unless the fundamental fact is appreciated that the Kaiser's Empire is a house divided against itself. A mighty struggle is seething within it. On the one hand, there are the Pan-Germans and their allies from every political camp, who are war-mad still; on the other, the more reasonable folk who are slowly recovering from their intoxication and are slowly awakening to the reality of things. The fire-eaters clamour for annexations and indemnities, demanding that "the German peace must rest on might," and "if England sues for peace, we must not listen but fight on five minutes longer." The people who are now sane support the famous Reichstag resolution of last July 19th, and are ready for peace by agreement and understanding. They have been chastened; they appraise militarism at its true worth. But they are as yet in the minority; at any rate, they have no influence. The others are still in power.

No sooner was the Resolution referred to announced to the world than all the forces of reaction in Germany—and their name is Legion—began to mobilise. The Annexationist view was organised into a party cry, and the Patriotic Party came into existence with the notorious Grand-Admiral Tirpitz at its head. The subscription was fixed at one mark annually (say, about a shilling) in order that all and sundry might join. A mighty propaganda was set on foot throughout Germany, though where the funds came from is not stated. A flood of pamphlets was let loose among the civil population and the soldiers at the front; meetings were held in every large centre of population; and whole page advertisements were displayed in all the papers of the Right. It was sought, and with some measure of success, to win over the Universities, both the Professors and the students.

Dream of Mad Hatters

There was one cry, repeated *ad nauseam*—Britain is the enemy; Britain must be destroyed. The demand recently formulated by the Bavarian branch of the Pan-German League is a good illustration of the wild dreams of the Patriotic Party. According to these Pan-Germans their country at the end of hostilities was to demand (1) an indemnity in gold of £10,000,000,000, besides foodstuffs, means of production and ships; (2) the Briey and Longwy coal-fields; (3) the Baltic Provinces of Russia; (4) complete control of Belgium; (5) the permanent occupation—"if possible"—of the northern section of the Straits of Dover, including Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne; (6) a great African Colonial Empire, including the Congo; (7) the restoration of Egypt to Turkey; and (8) the control of the Suez Canal. Moreover, Montenegro, Albania and one-third of Serbia were to be given to Austria; the remainder of Serbia to go to Bulgaria.

Let there be no mistake about it; these demands are put forward by so-called educated, responsible people; and the claims form the true measure of their political sagacity. And these are for the most part the type of persons who govern Germany. They are urging Germans to go on fighting until these aims can be realised. Most of those who are loudest in their demand have spent the period of the war in the ease of their own homes. The most notorious of those who would kill Britain with their mouth, the well-known because well-advertised Count Reventlow, was twitted with not having gone into the firing-line, though he is of military age. This was his reply: "That at the outbreak of war he offered his services to the Navy, but the authorities had not seen fit to call upon him." Perhaps they acted wisely.

A friend of Reventlow's, a certain Dr. Hans von Liebig, who beside being a Count is also a Professor, appeals to the German people to hold out for but a few weeks longer. The war would last but two or three months more—"it is impossible that it should continue longer"—and "is a nation that has achieved so much that is truly wonderful during three and a half years of war to shrink from a few weeks more?"

Reventlow, Tirpitz and their fellows have friends at court, and they know it. They count supporters among Ministers, and the Minister of Finance of the Kingdom of Saxony is the latest prophet of their gospel. This gentleman told the Saxon Upper House only a fortnight ago that Germany will have to demand an indemnity. True, the famous Reichstag resolution set its face against indemnities. What of that? Much has happened since July 19th. That resolution is no longer valid. This indeed has become a favourite argument of the school of thinkers represented in the Patriotic Party. Another is that unless Germany obtains an indemnity she will not be able to meet her war liabilities. A third is that the Reichstag only passed the Resolution in July because every member of the majority is in the pay of England!

The Voice of Reason

It is refreshing to turn to saner views, and they are propounded in Austria, who is Germany's ally. *Die Zeit* on November 24th, wrote as follows:—

> Whoever in Germany thinks that a peace dictated by military force is still possible is dreaming. Fortunately, there are few such dreamers in Austria. These ideas passed muster in the first year of the war; now they are absurd. We had great hopes in those days of impressing neutrals, more especially America, and we sent tons of literature to convince them. To-day, all those neutrals are against us, and hate Germany. Worse still, America has declared war upon us. Another fallacy was that we were independent of the rest of the world. Learned professors tried to make us believe that world commerce was no longer necessary for us, and that Turkey was the great, inexhaustible storehouse whence Central Europe could draw all her raw materials. Egypt was to send us cotton; Anatolia and Mesopotamia grain. Now we see that Egypt has to be reconquered for Turkey; Mesopotamia wrested from the English; and that it is we who have to supply Anatolia with railways. War has made us sober.

Sober, indeed! In an open letter to Tirpitz a "German mother" tells the Admiral roundly that she is not going to join his precious party, enough blood has been shed; it is time to build up a new Germany.

That is the feeling of the masses, and because the German classes are aware of this, they are moving heaven and earth to make their Patriotic Party popular. The masses clamour for peace and bread. Last month big peace demonstrations were reported from Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Essen, Solingen and other towns in both the Central Empires. At Vienna 30,000, at Budapest 40,000 people passed a resolution demanding immediate peace, without annexation and without indemnities. They expressly declared that they desired all the ravished countries to be completely restored to political independence in order to live their own lives unmolested by their neighbours, that they desired the Central Empires to join a League of Nations, and they called on the Government to take heed to their cry lest evil consequences should follow. "We have had enough of military glory; we now want peace." Speaker after speaker urged these sentiments at the Vienna meeting.

In Berlin the disabled soldiers called a special meeting to pass a resolution in favour of peace by agreement and understanding. These broken men poured scorn on the stay-at-home leaders who were seeking conquests, yet had never once been within sound of the guns.

Amid the growing discontent in Germany, Count Hertling has appeared on the stage as the new Imperial Chancellor, and the old man is faced with no light task. Incidentally, it is curious to note that Germany is governed by old men. The Kaiser is no longer young, he enters his sixtieth year next month; Hertling is seventy-four; Hindenburg seventy; and Payer, the Chancellor's deputy, is also seventy. The new Chancellor has made large promises, yet he satisfies no one. The Reichstag was not consulted on his appointment; the Prussian reactionaries see in him the Bavarian, the Protestants are uneasy because he is a Catholic. But a drowning man clutches at a straw, and the German people, despite their victories, are ready to make the best of the "old fox," as Hertling is familiarly known in Bavaria. The truth is, that the Chancellor has little independent power; he is but a tool of the Militarists, who are the real rulers of Germany.

German Militarism

The following message was made public by the authorities at the Vatican on November 15th:—

> The British Minister to the Vatican has been notified by Papal Secretary of State, that after the Austro-German forces entered Italian territory, the papal representatives at Vienna and Munich were instructed to use their influence to induce the authorities of the Central Empires to give strict orders to their military commanders operating in Italy to respect, in accordance with international law, the civil population, especially women, children and the clergy, all hospitals, churches, and private property. The papal representatives were authorised, if necessary, to appeal in the name of the Pontiff, to the Austrian and German sovereigns personally.

What an awful indictment! If there were no truth in the stories of German atrocities, if Germans had not habitually and officially set at nought international law, there would have been no need for the solemn appeal. It throws light on German militarism which cannot be explained away.

The Whitley Councils

By Jason

It was said in the early articles of the series that the workman wants more than good wages and steady employment; that he wants a place in the sun; such conditions as will enable him to make the most of his life, a new feeling of responsibility for the enterprise to which he gives his energy, and the sense in fine of true and active citizenship alike in industry and in politics.

How far can the Industrial Councils go towards satisfying this demand?

Formerly, industry was regarded as a world of competing units, and the workman as so much labour to be applied here or there, at the will of capital. The war has destroyed the first of these conceptions, bringing into clear relief the importance of substituting some corporate industrial effort for this state of conflict. Industry is learning the use and value of association. If this idea had grown up under other conditions, it might have resulted merely in the expansion of employers' associations into bodies accepted as representing the common interests of the industry. Before the war we had seen a tendency among employers to create large scale organisations for dealing with labour difficulties, and it might have seemed a small step to advance from such an organisation to an organisation that looks after such matters as buying and selling, research and education.

It is fortunate then that this development has taken place under conditions that forbid so narrow a construction. For the war has destroyed the second, and not only the first of these conceptions. The war has made it impossible to treat the employer as the sole representative of industry. In practice the Government have found that they could not carry on the war and refuse to the Trade Unions the right to participate in the decisions and policy for which the Government and an industry are jointly responsible. Where the Government have failed, failure has been due to a reluctance to act on this principle. Where it has been applied, success has been astonishing. The leaving certificate was an example of the method that ignored the claims of the workman and put him in the old and false position; the certificate has been discredited, and it has now disappeared. On the other hand, the Advisory Committee in the Textile Industries, where employers' associations and workmen's unions have co-operated in accommodating the demands of the Army to the needs of the industries, has carried out a delicate operation efficiently and without friction or injustice. The same success has marked the work of the Committees on absenteeism in the Coal Mines, and there is little doubt that the administration of the railways would have gained if the capable leaders of the railwaymen had been given a share in the work and authority of the Railway Committee.

But the most striking application of the new principle has been the inclusion of the Trade Unions' representatives on the Boards controlling the Cotton and the Woollen industries. These Boards have to decide questions of great importance: among others, the granting of licenses for selling and buying, how raw material shall be allocated, what hours and what days factories shall run, and whether a standard cloth shall be produced at a fixed price. It is thus recognised that the workman should have a voice in these questions, and that the old view that he merely had to take the orders of a master, whose business it was to think and act for his workpeople, is no longer tenable. This is an innovation of the greatest significance, as the establishment of a principle. As an actual experiment, it will have great and decisive results, for men cannot sit round a Board and work together without creating a certain atmosphere of custom. Twenty or thirty men meeting every week or every fortnight soon cease to be merely twenty or thirty men. They become some kind of entity; producing a certain spirit and habit of action.

When the members of the Whitley Committee discussed and recommended the policy of creating industrial councils and workshop committees, they could hardly have foreseen the piece of good fortune which the war was thus to bring to their scheme. There might easily have been a disposition to confine these councils to a very narrow set of questions if the world had not had this object-lesson before its eyes. And these Boards are more than an object-lesson. They are a precedent. It would clearly be impossible after the war to turn round on the Trade Union and say: "Yes, we agreed that you should discuss rations, hours, standard clothes and the rest during the war, but you will now shrink into something like one side of a Conciliation Board." The Trade Unions have been called in because the industry was passing through a certain crisis. Peace will not compose that crisis or settle of itself all the issues that the emergencies of the war have raised. We shall not return in a week or a month to plentiful supplies and normal conditions. The Trade Unions are not going to cease to care about the questions which they have helped to solve. They know well enough that those questions arise, if not in the same degree, in the normal life of industry.

The circular letter recently issued by the Minister of Labour encourages the hope that the Government recognise that the Industrial Councils will be admirably adapted to the task of guiding the nation through the difficulties of reconstruction, and that these Councils are not to be merely bodies for keeping the peace between employer and workman, but the bodies on whose shoulders the main burden of demobilisation will fall. We may remember, in this connexion, that these Councils will start with a great advantage because, during the war, both employers and Trade Unionists have been acquiring invaluable experience. A number of public spirited men in these industries have been giving their time to administrative work, and the Industrial Council will have the benefit of all that they have learnt in surveying the industry as a whole with a view to helping the Government to form estimates of the resources and needs of the future. When we look at one or two concrete questions, we see that this is the only possible course.

Work of Demobilisation

It is obvious that in the actual demobilisation of the army, the most useful agents will be the Advisory Committees that have helped to regulate enlistment. The more completely that problem can be broken up and distributed among such bodies, the better. The work of the Labour Exchanges should be confined to cases that do not come within the province of those committees. We may be sure that the Industrial Council will turn the Advisory Committees that have been at work into its own sub-committees for demobilisation, and that in the case of such industries the work of reinstatement will be done by the industries themselves. Similarly, in the case of the demobilisation of machinery—the resoration of the proper equilibrium of plant—no other body can speak with the knowledge and experience that are necessary.

When these Councils are formed, several leading industries will have representative government. There will be representatives of the employers' associations in touch with their constituents throughout the industry; there will be representatives of the Trades Unions in touch with the district unions, the shop stewards and the workshop committees. It will be possible, by means of such bodies, to settle all kinds of questions on which, at present, we talk vaguely of the voice of an industry without any true knowledge. Take such a question as that of adolescent education. The Lewis Committee heard the evidence of a number of manufacturers, one of whom, now a Minister of the Crown, speaking in the spirit of 1817, declared that the worsted industry would not stand the abolition of half time aud compulsory continuation education. To some people that kind of threat sounds very impressive. They forget that the industry is there to serve the nation on the conditions the nation prescribes. The right way, surely, to set about such a reform is to put the Industrial Council to work on the problem of adapting the industry to a change in the law. If these employers and Trade Unionists know that after a certain time the school leaving age is to be raised, and adolescent labour is to be reduced by one half, they will set their wits to think out the best method of substitution. The whole question will be explored; there will be discussion in every mill; an employer here, a workman there will suggest some new contrivance, and the industry will reform itself to meet the new conditions.

Another revolution to be carried out with the aid of such Councils is the shortening of hours. It is generally agreed that the present day of drudgery must be abolished. The workman is going to demand for his own life some of the time that has hitherto been devoted to the workshop or the mill. It was urged in an earlier article that one lesson the war has forced on the soldiers' imagination is the truth that it matters supremely to a man how he lives, whereas it used to be assumed that all that mattered was the amount a man can earn. The soldier who returns to the mill is going to have some of the daylight for himself. In point of fact, the reform of the factory day is long overdue. The last report of the chief inspector of factories laid stress on this, quoting the experience of individual inspectors. One of these reported:

> Often we receive complaint of the burden of the twelve hours day, and the strain it is to start work at 6 a.m. A well-known man in a Lancashire town was telling me only

> the other day about how he would wake in the morning to the clatter of the girls' and women's clogs as they went past his house at half-past five in the dark on their way to the mills. He had exceptional opportunity of judging the effect of the long day's work, and he told me how bonny children known to him lost their colour and their youthful energy in the hard drudgery of their daily toil.

The most important recent survey of the subject is to be found in an article by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, published in the *Political Quarterly* of September, 1914. Mr. Greenwood pointed out that the normal working day has been reduced by very little for more than half a century: "The ten hours day in textile factories dates back to 1847. The main results of factory legislation have been the gradual elevation of the minimum age of employment, the improvement of working conditions and the wider application of the law. In the meantime; however, industrial processes have been speeded up, the effort required in labour has been intensified and responsibility increased. Machines may be worked at a greater rate or the number of machines tended per operative increased. In other words, though wages have risen in the interval, the amount of effort expended per unit of time has certainly not diminished, but probably in many cases the reverse. There may be industrial processes where the measure of toil of the labourer has decreased, though here the tendency is to supersede those hitherto employed, by younger people. The enormous increase of industrial productivity during the second half of the nineteenth century, therefore, has brought little respite to the worker, though we may admit that many mechanical devices have reduced the expenditure of purely physical energy."

Wanted a New Code

The truth is that the time is ripe for a new universal industrial code, laying down certain minimum conditions for all industry. The distinction between textile and non-textile industries is an historical anomaly, and there is no point in keeping it. There is no conceivable argument to-day for having a maximum working week of 55½ hours in a textile factory for women or young persons, and a maximum working week of 60 hours in a non-textile factory. Why should there be a 74 hour week for the shopworker and no limit at all for the van boy? Why should the domestic servant be entirely unprotected while her sister who works in a factory, comes under special laws? Mr. Greenwood estimates that half the occupied persons in England and Wales are outside the industrial code.

We have tinkered with factory law and industrial law, making little extensions here and little rectifications there. The next step must be bolder and simpler; the creation of a comprehensive code applying to industrial life everywhere, regulating the working week, and providing security against disease and danger, forbidding certain practices, such as the employment of boys at night, and controlling other abuses whether of mill or workshop, or of less organised occupations.

Incidentally, it may be urged that a serious effort should be made in the international deliberations that will follow the war to secure a decent industrial minimum in all countries. The International Association for Labour Legislation was working at this subject for many years beforo the war, and not without success in certain directions, for common action was taken by different Governments on the questions of the employment of women at night and the use of phosphorus in the making of matches. Unfortunately, the results of the last official conference, held at Berne in the autumn of 1912, were disappointing, for there was a general disposition to take the worst rather than the best standard as the normal. Our own delegates were no exception. Thus in the case of night work for boys, on which we had had a year or two before an inquiry in this country, and the apologists had argued that we could not afford to be more sensitive than our competitors, the Conference accepted the bad practices of Germany and Italy, and thus gave an official sanction to those practices. At the end of the war we may hope for sufficient democratic pressure in all countries to obtain a general improvement, though our law will no doubt be stricter than the code laid down for international use.

In the working out of an Industrial Code the Councils will have an important and responsible task, for it will be their function to see how best each industry can be accommodated to the new arrangements. The law will, perhaps, prescribe a maximum working day of eight hours, making a working week of 44 hours. The different Industrial Councils will discuss the most convenient method of arranging that week. There are strong arguments for abolishing all work before eight in the morning. Before the war, there were experiments on these lines in many textile factories round Glasgow, and manufacturers there recorded a great improvement in time-keeping and quality of work. Another interesting experiment was made in the linen weaving sheds of Dunfermline. There were ten factories, employing between four and five thousand workers, chiefly women. The workpeople came largely from the surrounding country, and in some cases they had to start as early as four o'clock to reach the mill at six. At the instance of the workpeople, the employers instituted a new working day: 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., with a break from 12.30. to 1.30. The weekly total of hours was thus reduced by 15 per cent.; a 5 per cent. rise was granted in piecework rates and the time workers were given their old wages. The Factory Inspector reported in 1914, that some of the pieceworkers had lost in wages, but that the workpeople were entirely in favour of the change, though the employers were not unanimous.

The Weekly Holiday

It may be, on the other hand, that the workpeople in a particular industry may prefer some other arrangement. It is believed that the alternative method of taking a weekly holiday, adopted during the scarcity in the textile industry, is more popular with the workpeople concerned. Different arrangements might be chosen in winter and summer, for it is working before sunrise that makes the early start such a hardship. At any rate, we may take it that the long day, which swallows up a man's life, is going to disappear, and that the working hours of the future will be very different. Each industry through its council will be able to formulate the views of employers and workpeople, and the workshop committees will be able to make the arrangements that suit different workshops. Meanwhile, the industries that employ boys at night can be called upon to devise some satisfactory alternative.

Take, again, the question of insurance against unemployment. The method of compulsory contributory insurance through the Board of Trade is clearly wrong in principle. If we want to realise how perverse it is we have only to remind ourselves that not long ago there was a strike because the workpeople found that without their knowledge, their industry had been scheduled under the Act. In other cases, Trade Unions have had to present their statistics to make good their contention that the Act ought not to be extended to them, to resist, in fact, a form of special taxation. The only good provision in the Act was the provision that enables Trade Unions to claim from the State a certain proportion of the amount they spend on out of work benefit.

The Industrial Councils will be able to thresh out different methods of making provision against unemployment, and each council will have the advantage, both in this and other respects, of the experience gained in other industries. Thus, there have been arrangements in force in the dyeing industry during the war under which employers and Trade Unions combine in providing out of work benefit. Two important features are to be found in these arrangements. The workman has practical security of tenure and the Trade Union acts as the Labour Exchange for the industry. An employer, that is to say, reports his vacancy to the Union, and the Union fills it. It is clear that if those councils act with the vigour that may be expected from bodies of responsible men entrusted with important duties, a great part of the work of the Labour Exchanges will pass into the hands of the Unions. This is all to the good. And for such work as is left to the Labour Exchanges, it is important to bring the Trade Unionism into closer and more responsible touch with the administration of these offices. Mr. C. M. Lloyd suggested in his interesting book on *Trade Unionism* (A. and C. Black) that the management of the Exchanges might gradually be brought under their direction.

Arrangements such as these will go some way to break the tyranny of a system of which workmen and many who are not workmen are painfully aware in the present industrial world. Men will be putting their minds together in each industry in the effort not merely to make the industry more efficient, but to give power and effect to the wills of the men and women engaged in it; to discover how, in the phrase of one of the victims of the early factory system, the workman's life can become a pleasure to him. And when the Trade Unions take a direct and conscious share in the control of that industry, acting not as the servants of capital, but as accredited representatives of the producers, a new self-respect will take the place of the sense that he belongs to a subject and exploited class which has haunted the workman mind since the catastrophe of the Industrial Revolution.

Not, of course, that these benefits will follow automatically from the adoption of the recommendations of the Whitley Committee. These recommendations are necessarily vague and indefinite. Each industry must work out its own salvation and construct its own schemes. We cannot say more for the settling up of Industrial Councils than that these Councils will provide an opportunity; it will depend on the use made of that opportunity whether the next chapter in our industrial history is to be a chapter of progress.

The Finance of the War

By Harold Cox

In the first War Budget which was submitted to the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, made an eloquent speech on the necessity for raising a very large proportion of the cost of the war out of revenue to avoid the disaster of having to impose fresh taxation in time of peace to meet the burden of war debt. He followed up this appeal by proposals which in the then current financial year, 1914-15, did not provide even sufficient additional revenue to cover the anticipated falling off in revenue owing to the war. The following May Mr. Lloyd George produced a second War Budget, and made another speech on the necessity for immediate financial sacrifice on the part of those at home in order partly to balance the sacrifice of those who had gone to fight. Mr. Lloyd George apparently thought that these excellent sentiments alone sufficed to meet the whole financial situation, for he proposed no further additions to taxation.

After that nothing was done for many months, though the City of London and many private people pressed the Government to take adequate steps to deal with the finance of the war. It was not until September 1915, that the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. McKenna, introduced a new War Budget. The country was then fully prepared for a very high rate of taxation. An income-tax of 5s. in the £ was anticipated; Mr. McKenna proposed 3s. 6d. His other proposals, though immensely in advance of those of his predecessors, were still inadequate. His first Budget was, however, followed by a second Budget in April 1916, which made good some of the deficiencies of the previous September. The two together raised a very substantial volume of revenue. The income-tax was brought up to 5s. in the £, with corresponding additions to the super-tax; the scale of exemption was lowered from £160 to £130, so as to obtain a very considerable increase in the number of income-tax payers; and above all there was established the Excess Profits Duty, which has proved one of the mainstays of our war revenue. In the current year, without the addition of 20 per cent. to the rate made by Mr. Bonar Law in May last, the Excess Profits Duty, as established by Mr. McKenna, is estimated to yield £180,000,000. In addition, very considerable increases were made in September, 1915, and April, 1916, to some of the taxes on popular forms of expenditure.

Apart from Mr. McKenna's two Budgets, practically nothing has been done to give effect to the principle so eloquently laid down by Mr. Lloyd George that the present generation ought to provide, out of current revenue, a substantial portion of the cost of the war. Instead, during the past twelve months, the Government has been pursuing a policy which has greatly added to the cost of the war, while at the same time encouraging unnecessary private expenditure. This statement does not refer only or primarily to the hideous waste involved in the needless multiplication of Government officials. It refers especially to the policy of financing the war by means of currency inflation instead of out of the savings of private individuals obtained either by taxation or by borrowing. For reasons which it is impossible to explain in detail here, when the Government borrows, through the Bank of England or through private bankers, the process tends to expand the effective currency of the country, and by thus making more money available tends to force up prices. The same results ensue when the currency is inflated through the issue of currency notes. The public generally has not yet observed that nearly £200,000,000 currency notes have now been issued with an extremely meagre backing of gold. By making money cheap the Government makes commodities even dearer than they would have been if the currency had not been inflated.

Equally mischievous has been the way in which the Government has dealt with the claim of wage-earners for additional wages to meet the additional cost of living. This claim is a thoroughly sound one so far as the poorer wage-earners are concerned. It would be a cruel thing if while the country taken as a whole is extremely rich, the very poorest classes should be reduced almost to starvation point by the rise in the cost of living. This problem ought to have been met, and has indeed partly been met, by dealing specifically with the very poor. Old-age pensions have been increased by 50 per cent., and in certain branches of the Civil Service the lower wages have been raised, while leaving the higher wages as they stood before. A minimum wage has been decreed for farm labourers. Unfortunately, this sound principle has not been followed in dealing with large bodies of workpeople—munitioners, miners, and railwaymen. In their cases the increased cost of living has been met, not by giving the largest bonus to the poorest persons who suffer most, but by giving a bonus in the shape of a percentage on wages, with the result that the best paid men get the biggest poverty allowance. The result has been an enormous and entirely unnecessary increase on the civilian side of the cost of the war.

Limiting Prices

Equally serious in its results has been the policy adopted of trying to limit prices. Even to a politician it ought to be obvious that when supplies are falling short, the sound method of dealing with the situation is to allow prices to rise as high as they will, both in order to check consumption and in order to stimulate production. The resulting hardships to the very poor can and ought to be dealt with as above indicated by special measures on their behalf. The well-to-do, whether they be wage-earners with increased wages or professional men with reduced incomes, ought to be content to face the increased cost as part of their share of the burden of war. For if the other method—the method of the Government—is followed, the inevitable result is to increase consumption and reduce production, thus aggravating the evil. The shortage from which we are suffering to-day, and which will probably be followed by a still greater shortage in the near future, is partly the result of the policy of checking prices in obedience to popular outcry, and regardless of the true interests of the nation.

The truth of this proposition is plainly visible when we look at articles of home production like milk. The reduction in the output of milk is the direct result of the folly of the Government in fixing milk prices at so low a figure that farmers prefer to sell their cows rather than to go on producing milk. The same sequence of cause and effect, though less clearly visible, has been operative in commodities imported from abroad. It may be added that this policy of price limitation has not even achieved a paper success, which is perhaps the only kind of success its authors hoped to secure. In a recent speech in the House of Lords, Lord Milner chanted a song of triumph while describing the achievements of the Food Controller in the previous three months in bringing down the general average of prices by some minute percentage as compared with the earlier figure. When, however, at the end of the debate he was challenged to justify his figures, he had to confess that the whole of the average reduction which he attributed to the achievements of the Food Controller, was, in fact, attributable to the expenditure of £40,000,000 out of the public exchequer in artificially lowering the price of bread. It is a big price for the nation to pay in order that a Minister may boast of a fractional reduction in average prices.

Undoubtedly the Government was compelled to deal with the political situation created by the outcry against "profiteering," an outcry largely stimulated by some of the members of the Cabinet. But the right way to deal with that problem would have been to examine, through the mechanism of the income-tax and the excess profits duty, the profits made by all dealers in food, wholesale and retail, and to compel them to yield up to the State the greater part of what would otherwise flow into their private pockets as a result of the economic situation created by the war. If this course had been pursued, the rise of prices would have checked consumption; it would also have increased production; and it would in the third place, have yielded a large revenue to the State, more than sufficient to cover any necessary allowances to the poorest classes.

Owing to the fact that the Government has preferred popularity-hunting to sound finance, the financial situation of to-day is perhaps worse than at any period since the war began. Mr. Bonar Law makes repeated statements to the House of Commons, in the course of which he reels off multitudes of figures which do not tally with one another. But he has done nothing more. During the twelve months that he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, the daily expenditure upon the war has increased by well over a million pounds a day, probably not less than £400,000,000 a year; towards meeting this increase Mr. Bonar Law has provided extra taxation which he estimates will yield the miserable sum of £26,000,000 a year.

As to what is the proper proportion of war expenditure to be met out of current revenue as compared with that raised by borrowing, interminable discussion is possible. No final conclusion can ever be reached because no solid basis exists for forming a judgment. But this can be said with confidence, that as a war continues the amount of money to be raised by taxation ought progressively to be increased. In the early days of war a very high scale of taxation might destroy so many peace industries as to reduce the revenue yielding capacity of the country; but as war goes on peace industries are converted into war industries, peace profits become war profits, peace wages become war wages. There is consequently no fear of industrial destruction by high taxation. The whole problem becomes one of temporary sacrifice as compared with the postponement of liabilities.

We ought all of us to be prepared to make a higher sacrifice to-day in order that the nation may be in a stronger position for meeting the very serious economic difficulties which will have to be solved when the war ends. It is possible greatly to increase the income-tax and at the same time to extend it to every class in the community, so that even the poorest may make some direct contribution to the cost of the war. In addition, it is possible to increase very largely the taxes on various forms of expenditure so that the money now spent upon private satisfactions may be available instead for public needs. There is no reason why these steps should be delayed to some arbitrary date which Mr. Bonar Law may fix for his next Budget.

We want an increase at once in the public revenue and a decrease at once in private expenditure. A Government which refuses to take these steps through political cowardice or any other motive, is not serving the interests of the nation.

The Pen-Wiper

By Etienne

ONE day, several months ago, in the parlour of a small inn situated in the north (one must not be too precise), several naval officers had congregated together. Two years ago this little inn had been on its last legs in a financial sense, but then came the war, and with it the fleet, and ever since that day, whenever the ships were in harbour, naval officers had met together at the inn " Northern Lights."

The " Northern Lights " is a very snug little house, stoutly built in grey stone, and from its porch it is only a stone's throw to the small pier (built by local labour, under the direction of an engineer-commander), against which the picquet boats and sailing launches and pinnaces jostle each other when waiting for their cargoes of officers and men who have been ashore for a few hours' exercise. So it is that officers waiting for their boats gravitate naturally to the " Northern Lights," and study in a contemplative manner the Defence of the Realm Acts, and " Board of Liquor Control Regulations,"

It was blowing half a gale, and the Scotch mist was rolling across the moors like puffs of damp smoke; when I turned into the " Northern Lights." Only a few enthusiasts had "taken the beach." I took off and hung up a dripping oilskin, and entered the parlour. There were three other fellows in there sitting round the fire. One was a marine whom I did not know, and the other two were friends of mine, R——— and P———, both lieutenants from one of the battleships.

" By Jove, it's perishin' cold," complained the soldier, " seems to grip one after East Africa," he murmured, as if in extenuation of his complaint.

" When did you come home?" said R———

" Middle of June," replied the marine.

" The Huns are pretty well euchred out there, aren't they ? " said R———.

" Oh, rather, Smuts had put the kybosh on them all right, they were getting ready to have a beano for the homecoming of the victorious warriors at the Cape when I passed through," answered the soldier. " Sickening bad luck I had in not coming home earlier, I missed the stunt on the 31st* "

There was a lull in the conversation. We three had not missed " the stunt on the 31st," and though some months' old, mention of that date evoked memories.

" Talking of the 31st," said P———, "I only realised the other day that ' The Pen Wiper ' was scuppered that night."

" Whom did you say?" I asked.

" The Pen Wiper," repeated P———.

" Who the devil was that ? " enquired R———.

" Why Jimmy X———, of course. D'you mean to say you didn't know he was called the ' Pen-Wiper ' ? "

We expressed our ignorance of this fact, and demanded the tale which we knew must be attached to this name.

" I think," said the soldier, " a very small drink wouldn't do us any harm." Suzie McHamish entered in response to a knock of a stick on the wooden floor. " Three small whiskeys and water and a lemonade," said the soldier.

" Everrry offeecer must pay for his ain drinks," sternly remarked Suzie, then, as she saw the clock, which pointed to 5.50. p.m., " Whishts, and it's no yet six o'clock, so ye canna ha' whuskey the noo."

" Quick, R—— exert your well-known fascinations or we are undone," I whispered.

" My dear Miss Mc'Hamish," interposed R———, " how often have I warned you that the affection which exists between us will be fatally marred by this slavish adherence to those regulations." And he pointed to the " Liquor Control " rules. " Come Suzie, for two years you have sinned at 5.50 p.m. for my sake. Why this sudden coyness ? What is ten minutes of time ? 'And our boat goes at———"

" Ah, weel, Mr. R——— , ye ken verra well it's no lawfu' but I s'pose I maun get them for ye."

With a complacent smile, R——— filled and lit another pipe, as P——— began his story.

" It was in 1908 I first met him, I was a sub in one of the boats of the North flotilla, based at Portland. Jimmy had just got command of the ' Sharper ' ; he commissioned her at Pompey, and when he brought her round to join up with the flotilla, we all thought him a devilish lucky fellow. He only had six years in as a Lieutenant, and was the youngest skipper in the flotilla. But he deserved his command. I tell you Jimmy was one of the smartest destroyer officers in the old Home Fleet. The way he handled that boat was a revelation to the whole flotilla. There was no doubt about it, he was red hot. Of course, some people said he was reckless, and so he was in a way ; but, after all, what good destroyer officer hasn't got a bit of devil in him ? Jimmy had his share all right. When he'd just shipped two stripes, they gave him a command in the Devonport torpedo boat flotilla. Old Arthur Hillow was the commander of his division, and was a bit of a taut hand. One night they were exercising off the Eddystone, and Jimmy's boat began to flame at the funnel—you know what devils at doing that those old coal-boats were ; when they got in next morning, Hillow sent for Jimmy and scrubbed him down over this. Next time they went out, to the joy of the division, old Arthur's boat began to flame. Jimmy saw this, and though they were going 20 knots, he brought his boat up to within about 10 yards of the divisional leader.

" What the deuce are you doing, you reckless young fool ? " sung out Arthur through a megaphone.

" Please sir, I've only come to make some toast," says Jimmy in reply as he hoisted out a ship's loaf on the end of a 20-foot boathook. No one else could have done it without being court martialled, but it shows the kind of fellow he was.

Well, as I was saying, he joined up with our flotilla in 1908, just about the time they started the idea of putting destroyers into " pens " instead of mooring 'em in the stream. We used to lie two deep in the Portland pens, and whenever Jimmy was outside boat, it was the dickens to pay for the bloke inside him. Jimmy would come in at half speed, dodge half a dozen dinghies and a couple of buoys, miss the entrance pier by inches, and inside of five minutes he'd be tied up, head and stern.

He had a mania for running things fine, and fellows swore that his boat had a smaller turning circle and less beam than any of the others, but, of course, she was sister to them all. Naturally he often had small bumps, and he thought nothing of removing every wooden outside fitting from the boat he was running alongside. If you left anything sticking over the side it was a " dead bird " if Jimmy was due to double-bank you in the " pens."

He always sent his artificer over at once. " With Captain X——'s compliments, and if 'e done any damage, 'e 'opes you'll let me repair it, sir."

" Done any damage," shrieked an infuriated gunner, one day in which he was a helpless spectator whilst one of his sighting hoods was neatly split in twain by a bridge rail, as the *Sharper* shot past. " Done any damage ? Why your captain's a blinkin pen-wiper—that's what 'e is ! "

The name stuck, and no one relished it more than Jimmy himself.

I never saw him again since those days, but I heard about him after the action. It appears that he fired his last torpedo at a range of 200 yards, with about a dozen searchlights, and Lord knows how many six-inch on him. Last thing seen of him, his boat was disabled—bumping down the side of a German battleship. If I know anything of him, the " Pen-Wiper " wiped the Huns that night. He always did get where he wanted to.

" Pity he's gone," said R——, " blokes like that are useful the night after a fleet action."

" Yes," agreed P—— as we rose to battle our way down to the pier and its waiting boats, " but there are still some left like him. thank the Lord."

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* Jutland.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

The Somme in Retrospect

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S *The Old Front Line* (Heinemann, 4s. 6d. net) is an account, not of the whole of one of our successive fronts in France but of that section upon which was opened the struggle which we know as the battle of the Somme. He has been recently over the ground from the neighbourhood of Hebuterne southward to the Somme River, and he conscientiously takes us along it, describing every important position in detail and giving a brief account of the fighting at each spot. At the beginning of the struggle "the enemy had the lookout posts, with the fine views over France and the sense of domination," whilst our men looked almost invariably uphill with, often enough, a German parapet or some great redoubt as a sky line. The country is a country of chalk hills and terraces and little valleys with the familiar chalk streams in them. It is difficult to describe a series of chalk ridges, and avoid monotony; chalk is chalk, and there is no passable synonym for it, a hill is a hill, and it is no good hunting for a hundred different ways of naming it; but Mr. Masefield has a good eye for the lie of land and succeeds remarkably well in differentiating the respective positions. In so far as it is a survey of the ground, with a view to formulating the various natural and artificial obstacles that the British Army had to overcome, the book is very well done.

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So vast were these obstacles and the endeavour which overcame them, so tremendous the scale of the fighting, and of the issue involved, that even the baldest account must be impressive. Mr. Masefield is usually content to be bald, and his plainest descriptions—though they have not that final grip which is achieved by a man to whom a simple bare style is completely natural—are remarkably well done. Where he lays himself out for a purple patch—though, in this book, there is nothing, perhaps, of that unbridled luxuriance which demands the term "purple"— he is less sure of his effect. Frequently there is a little phrase of the vivid journalistic kind done with more than ordinary force. "At the top of the hill, in the middle of a filthy big pool, is a ruined enemy trench-mortar, sitting up like a swollen toad"; we are vaguely conscious of having seen it before, but it is done this time by a genuine artist. The same may be said of his gruesome description of the mine crater of Beaumont Hamel:

> It is like the crater of a volcano, vast, ragged and irregular, about one hundred and fifty yards long, one hundred yards across, and twenty-five yards deep. It is crusted and scarred with yellowish tetter, like sulphur or the rancid fat on meat. The inside has rather the look of meat, for it is reddish and all streaked and scarred with this pox and with discoloured chalk. A lot of it trickles and oozes like sores discharging pus, and this liquid gathers in holes near the bottom, and is greenish and foul, and has the look of dead eyes staring upwards.

His accounts of Redan Ridge and the Schwaben Redoubt, too long to quote, are the best one has seen, and could not easily be bettered; and he has a very effective peroration describing the opening of the battle and the nerve strain of the enemy under that bombardment that seemed never to be going to end. But though the book is far above the average of such it has a fault which goes far to spoil it. One can see the author deliberately assuming a literary attitude at the start and deliberately employing artifices—without that art which conceals them—to play on one's sentiments. That, even civilians who were safe and warm all the time, must dislike. Mr. Masefield was no doubt unconscious of what he was doing. He was merely anxious no doubt to "rise to the height of his great argument," and he has obviously expended great pains upon his language. But the most violent bombast would have been less out of place than the prettifications which have sometimes successfully whispered in his ear.

* * * * *

"All wars end," Mr. Masefield observes, "even this war will some day end":

> The ruins will be rebuilt and the field full of death will grow food, and all this frontier of trouble will be forgotten. When the trenches are filled in, and the plough has gone over them, the ground will not long keep the look of war. One summer with its flowers will cover most of the ruin that man can make, and then these places, from which the driving back of the enemy began will be hard indeed to trace, even with maps. It is said that even now in some places the wire has been removed, the explosive salved, the trenches filled, and the ground ploughed with tractors. In a few years' time, when this war is a romance in memory, the soldier looking for his battlefield will find his marks gone. Centre Way, Peel Trench, Munster Alley, and these other paths to glory will be deep under the corn, and gleaners will sing at Dead Mule Corner.

The passage illustrates some of the merits of Mr. Masefield's now much chastened style; and especially his real efforts to be straightforward and simple. Look for the adjectives in it and you will have to look hard. It also illustrates some of its defects, a faint aroma of false sentiment and an inclination to the easy picturesque; for one cannot but suppose that to this rapidly passing official tourist Dead Mule Corner was no more than other places, and that the name's forcefulness and rhythmical suitability for a sentence's end alone determined its selection as a place where gleaners would sing—if, indeed, they do sing, and if gleaning is encouraged in that locality.

* * * * *

Affectation of language—cold-blooded use of "poetic" phraseology in a deliberate and accurate narrative of facts and in places where the emotion that may compel and carry home such phraselogy is not communicated—is the chief fault of the book. Take, for instance, the end of this:

> Then, too often, to many of them, the grass that they were crossing flew up in shards and sods and gleams of fire from the enemy shells, and those runners never reached the wire, but saw, perhaps, a flash, and the earth rushing nearer, and grasses against the sky, and then saw nothing more at all, for ever and for ever and for ever.

"The genius of prose," says Stevenson, in his *Elements of Style*, "rejects the *cheville* no less emphatically than the laws of verse; and the *cheville*, I should perhaps explain to some of my readers, is any meaningless or very watered phrase employed to strike a balance in the sound." Here it is the last "for ever"—you may even add the other two, "for evers"—that gives the show away. In adding those words, Mr. Masefield was not thinking of rendering with accuracy the event he was describing, or his own emotions about it—with either or both of which the artist may properly be concerned—but merely of the rather minor tune he was playing. You find a kindred falseness in his use of certain phrases which might come naturally from another but do not come naturally from him. "On all four roads many men of our race were killed"; "men of our race died in our cause in every village within five miles of the front"; "All through that day little rushes of the men of our race went towards that No Man's Land"—and so on. The locution comes in quite properly elsewhere, though most people would incline to say "Englishmen" or "British soldiers." Frequently there are touches that suggest too recent—if the adjective may be excused—reading of Mr. Belloc's prose. One would not, of course, labour these small points were one dealing with the work of an ordinary war-correspondent; and one is not forgetting that the Battle of the Somme was the Battle of the Somme, and that a weak sentence is merely a weak sentence. But Mr. Masefield is a serious artist; he set out a year after the events he records to write a narrative which would be of more than ephemeral interest; and it is right that one should indicate those defects in his temper and in his approach—his tone throughout, I may add, is rather that of one who writes of "old unhappy far-off things"—which make his book less good than it should be. Whether anyone at all could, at this date, go over the ground of the Somme with a notebook, determined to produce a masterpiece of reminiscent description, and succeed, may be left an open question—though, to my ear, only one answer comes. Bookmaking is bookmaking, even when the author is a serious and sensitive artist, and even when the subject which he selects is one in which his deepest feelings are involved. After a generation or two, when the war really is what Mr. Masefield calls "a romance in memory," some stray traveller, striking the old Somme line by accident, may be tempted to follow it up, to reconstruct scene by scene what happened there, to let his imagination lead him wherever it likes and formulate what contrasts and comparisons it may. Drawn into the thing in this way he may write an immortal book. The man who goes out to do it now, whatever his qualifications, will not.

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Youth at Four Score Years

By Francis Stopford

EVEN at this hour it is hard to rid the mind of the illusion that man gains a larger measure of life through the practice of words, spoken or written, than through action. Not seldom is he believed to have done a greater deed if he shall have spoken a speech or written a book which has gained him the praise of his generation than if his life has been spent in quiet service to his neighbour. It is an illusion easy to understand, and it is one that will die hard, for it is nursed and fostered by most of those—not all—who have the command of the public ear. This biography* will help to correct the false illusion, for here we have the life-story of a man, eloquent with tongue and pen beyond his fellows, a personality of commanding presence and singular charm, many of whose days were spent in the company of famous writers and artists, yet as we read his letters and the salient incidents of his progress from the youth of boyhood to the youth of old age, these gifts and privileges sink into insignificance, and there comes to meet us the man of action, "of radiant vitality," who lived life to the last hour, and at fourscore years and four, still vigorous in mind and soul, entered into immortality with serene faith and confidence.

The one incident which during the latter years of his life was always popularly associated with the name of Stopford Brooke, was his secession from the Church of England. He never attached himself to any other religious body, but inasmuch as afterwards he usually preached from Unitarian pulpits, the main cause for his action was generally understood. There is no intention to pursue this episode; it is treated simply and straightforwardly in these pages; and we are told that, after having taken the step, in all his pulpit utterances, he "dwelt continually on the Fatherhood of God, the leadership of Christ, and the Immortality of the Soul." This is borne out by many passages in his letters, especially those written during the war. Speaking to him a few years ago about certain articles on the Higher Criticism that were then attracting attention, the present writer asked him whether he had read them. "No," he replied quietly, "I never read such articles nowadays; I have come out on the other side." One needs to have seen the look on his face to understand the words at their true value. He spoke as an Agonistes; he had had his struggles; he had wrestled honestly; his bout was over; he awaited the award.

Lord Bryce, in the brief appreciation contained in this volume mentions that "vivacious and suggestive and full of good things as Stopford Brooke's letters were, they do not convey an impression of the charm his conversation had." It was, indeed "a charm" in the fullest meaning of the word, as one realised who had listened to him holding enthralled by his conversation representatives of two and three different generations. A large part of the secret was that his words always reflected life; they were as sparkling as the running waters that entranced him, and were as full of brightness and changing colour as the bow that glistens in the spray above the waterfall. To quote his biographer:

> As he entered upon old age there came to him a renewal of youth in the inward man. In the old age of Brooke hope was more active than memory: it was one of those sunsets which resemble the dawn. . . . He spent the last years of his life in reaping the harvest of his soul, in the enjoyment of the spiritual vision which was his reward for a livelong quest of ideal beauty and for half a century of self-forgetful work. He had come to the goal of his desires, which was to love and to be beloved; and there like a traveller unexhausted by his journey, he sat down by the waters of life and lingered, looking to a beyond, it is true, but to a beyond which is not of this world. . . . He was intensely alive, very near to those by whom he was beloved and very near, as it seemed, to God. His form was unshrunken and unbent; his voice full and clear, his face still radiant and his eye undimmed. The majesty of old age which comes from the close contact with eternal things was his, but youth lingered in his heart. His conversation retained its eagerness and versatility, and his playfulness was ready to break forth at a touch. The last time I saw him, which was two months before his death, he was little changed. He talked much of his garden and said with a smile: "I wonder if I shall live to see the roses bloom again." He was full of what I can only describe as a solemn gaiety, and spoke of Death as the Great Romance.

Who is there who would not desire such an old age if length of life be granted—not to "bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told," but as the close of the preface to the Great Romance.

We glance eagerly through these pages to try and discover the secret of perennial youth, and we seem to catch more than a glimpse of it in the active, sympathetic, and virile mind that informs these letters. Stopford Brooke was never a weakling; he could hit hard, and he did hit hard on occasion. His enthusiasms were intense and his impulses strong. In early years he declared that "our Liturgy needs a new clause: 'from all manner of fools, good Lord deliver us.'" A deep impression was made on him in his first London curacy by a visit to a poor woman dying of cancer. "She describes the pain as if someone with claws were scraping all her bones against the grain, and yet she is as peaceful and as calm as a summer sea, only reproaching herself a little for want of patience. It is these things that make a clergyman feel that there is reality in Christianity." A year later he writes in his diary: "I am more and more impressed with the thought that Christianity is the ultimate and only religion for man. . . . It accepts the facts of Humanity." This biography gains immensely by the new outburst of faith which the war has evoked, and which has revealed hidden springs behind the flinty face of our national character, hardly suspected by many. There are constant passages in the letters which will be read gratefully by many to whom Stopford Brooke was only a name. One of his favourite doctrines was that "the supreme duty in life is to make other people happy," and he succeeds in this duty though his mortal life be ended.

"All children were his natural kinsfolk and his fondness for them increased with years." Of his own family life we are told, "his children depended on his love, but equally he depended on theirs. He craved for the support of loyal hearts, for sympathetic understanding, for the answering look, word and deed. And throughout his life he was singularly fortunate in having those about him who gave his nature all that it needed of these things." And being fortunate in this respect, he was generous and he gave sympathy and love as freely as he had received. "The sanctity of the home" has degenerated into a phrase which is often either a mockery or of little meaning, but one sees it here restored to its pristine lustre, to a sanctity of which the very essence are joy, freedom and beauty. When children are young the parent labours under frequent misunderstanding which may lead and does lead with certain temperaments to rifts that only widen with years. But if there is patience as well as love, then all is well, and the rest is happiness.

Stopford Brooke won a high reputation as a critic of letters, and there is one passage of criticism which calls for citation, not to illustrate the critic but the man. It was written at the time when the decadent craze was at its height:

> O, how tiresome these poets, whose Goddess is Decay, are to me. They turn the world into a Lazaretto, and it isn't anything of the kind. They are too lifeless to celebrate life, too weak to write of anything but weakness, and their weakness makes their cruelty. Feeding on disease, they deepen their own disease. And the more it deepens, the more active, like a heap of writhing worms, becomes their self-contemplation. So they are wholly lost souls in this world. They will find themselves again hereafter, and will be spanked into life by the four Winds of the Spirit—a painful business for them, but the Gods won't have Decay and Death in the Universe of the Spirit.

"Of all experiences which quickened the imagination of Brooke or enabled him to apprehend directly the life that is in nature, the sight or sound of running waters was always chief." This innate devotion appears to have been strengthened by his own surname, and we are told that he almost believed at times he enjoyed the peculiar companionship of an elemental water-sprite or Naiad. "The fact is unquestionable that from boyhood to extreme old age the presence of running water had upon him the virtue of a spell." Others have the same feeling, though not so acutely marked. It may be argued that it is a survival of man's prehistoric evolution through the fish, still, so it is said, traceable in the embryonic state. But it may be that in running waters the imaginative mind unconsciously recognises the truest representation of the human mystery. To speak of running water as weak and unstable is foolishness; it is the strongest and most durable force in Nature. Stained with the impurities of the soil, in its progress it frees itself from these; it is of the earth earthy, yet of such purity that it is caught up to the heavens. Bridges fall into ruins; cities sink into decay, but the river flows on, knowing neither ruin nor decay. Stagnant water is death; running waters are the truest symbol of human life and the soul's immortality. It is small wonder that they should so play on a vivid imagination until the man comes to believe he is a very part of them.

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* *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke.* By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. 2 Vols. (John Murray 15s. net).

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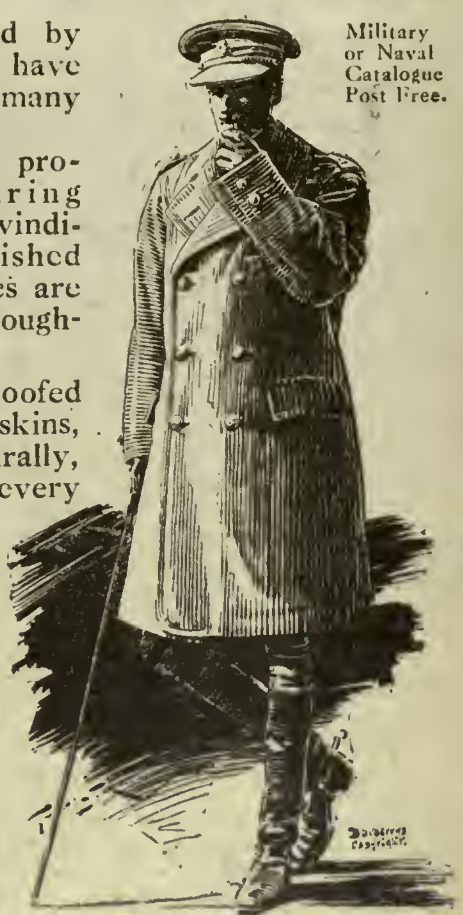

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Books of the Week

The Romance of Commerce. By H. GORDON SELFRIDGE. Illustrated. John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

From the Fire Step. Experiences of an American Soldier in the British Army. By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY. P. G. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.

Conscript Tich. By JACK SPURR. W. and R. Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.

Cheerio. Some Soldier Yarns. By J. FREDERICK TILSLEY. W. and R. Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.

TRADE, wholesale and retail, henceforth owes a special debt of gratitude to Mr. Gordon Selfridge, for he has gone to the libraries of all nations and taken from them golden passages to add glory to the *Romance of Commerce*. And this volume he has adorned with a gallery of old prints, so that the illustrations in themselves are a valuable contribution to his subject. The obvious criticism is that trade and commerce are treated too cursorily in its pages, that the book itself is too much of a compilation; but this criticism the author himself anticipates in the very opening sentence of the first chapter: " To write on commerce and trade and do the subject justice would require more volumes than any library could hold and involve more detail than any mind could grasp."

In fairness to Mr. Selfridge we must not dwell on rather obvious omissions, but we do regret that as he could find space for a chapter on the ennobled families of these islands who owe their origin to trade, he did not also include a list of the splendid benevolences and endowments which have their source from the same fount. Has ever a merchant uttered a nobler prayer than that of Sir Thomas Sutton, founder of the Hospital and School of the Charterhouse: " Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate, give me also an heart to make use thereof."

The chief perplexity of British public opinion towards trade and commerce lies in the curious distinction which is drawn between wholesale and retail trade. To this day in the outer parts of the Empire, the wholesale merchant who sells, say, whisky by the dozen, is eligible for the leading Club of the station, while the retail merchant who sells it by the bottle is *ipso facto* debarred, notwithstanding that the latter personally may be of better birth, higher education and a pleasanter fellow all round than the former. This attitude is the outcome ot tradition, but the present writer has never been able to ascertain any sound reason for the tradition which has taken such strong growth on a nation which has never allowed outstanding merit to be barred by birth or origin though it has often sneered at both.

* * * * *

Mr. Gordon Selfridge's work has two outstanding virtues; it is thoroughly readable from cover to cover, and it is mentally stimulating. It does force attention on trade and commerce at a time when it is badly needed, and he does provoke thought, which leads, as with this writer, to criticism and reflection. The final chapter will be read with peculiar interest, in that it tells of the organisation of "a representative business of the Twentieth Century." Here we know the writer is thoroughly at home, and it is instructive to get a glimpse of the secret complicated works of a great general store. The question, of course, arises whether the General Store, which will take charge of a civilised being and provide him or her with everything each needs from the cradle to the grave, even though life be extended to four-score years, is good for a nation. Does it or does it not tend to convert the multitude of workers into machines, and to reserve initiative and the cultivation of mind and imagination for the few? In other words, is not the Great General Store liable to become a " commercial militarism," and to deaden democratic development?

We are told at the outset that this book was practically written before the war, otherwise we might have looked for a chapter on that very irritating and sore subject " profiteering." It may be that here is the very thing which has given birth to the illogical contempt of retail trade to which we have referred. The retail trader is brought into direct contact with the consumer, and when times are out of joint and out of a good many other things as well, he is apt to be made the general scapegoat for all the sins and failures of trade and commerce. However, on the whole, he bears his burden lightly, and he has not much cause for complaint For commerce has this glorious advantage, that it is regally generous to its favourites and to those of its subjects who succeed. The playwright, William Shakespeare, for instance, made nothing like as big a success in his life-time as did the tailor William Craven, who possibly cut his coats; and John Milton, who sold his greatest work for a five-pound-note must have been thought a poor creature when contrasted with William Robinson, the Turkey merchant of York, who got himself a baronetcy and begot marquesses.

* * * * *

A " war book" in the full sense of the term, deserving of more than the normal amount of attention accorded to books of this class, is *From the Fire Step*, by Arthur Guy Empey, an American soldier who joined the British Army after the *Lusitania* outrage, and went through the normal experiences of an infantryman up to the battle of the Somme, when he was " outed " and finished up in a convalescent home in England. American humour is rampant in every page. " We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent—while they were not playing." " The average English officer is a good sport, he will sit on a fire step and listen respectfully to Private Jones's theory of the way the war should be conducted." And from an appendix entitled " Tommy's dictionary "—" Spud "—Tommy's name for the solitary potato which gets into the stew. It's a great mystery how that lonely little spud got into such bad company." These are very small samples from a large host, but the author has other views on the state of affairs in the firing line, as well as humorous ones.

" Returning to Tommy, I think his spirit is best shown in the questions he asks. It is never ' Who is going to win? ' but ' How long will it take? ' " " In Virginia, at school, I was fed on old McGuffy's primary reader, which gave me an opinion of an Englishman about equal to a '76 Minute Man's backed up by a Sinn Feiner's. But I found Tommy to be the best of mates and a gentleman through and through. . . . It is exactly the same as it was at Balaclava to say nothing of Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle, and Loos."

These things are worth quoting, but they are not all the book, by any means. Ian Hay has done no better work in showing the British soldier in action and in " rest billets." In training, and as a casualty in hospital. With a keen sense of humour, this author has also a grasp of the magnitude of the war and its tragedy; he has written life as a soldier knows it, and he has written well.

* * * * *

Conscript Tich, by Jack Spurr, is just the sort of book that a boy will delight in. Tich was a little man who joined the Army because he couldn't help it, and came to see that military life brings out the best in a man, makes him appreciate his fellows at their true value, and forms excellent training for life in any station and capacity. There is just the right amount of trench and billet experience in the book with enough thrills to maintain the interest throughout, and there are also certain incidents which will raise a series of smiles—notably the story of how Tich, when escorted as a prisoner back to his unit for overstaying his leave, arrived back at headquarters without the escort. Without any pretensions to literary style, the author tells a good story, and one specially suited to juvenile tastes.

Of rather different quality is *Cheerio*, soldier yarns by J. F. Tilsley, on whom, to a certain extent, seems to have fallen the mantle of O. Henry—certainly some of these stories are clever enough for that author to own them, were he still able to own printed matter, and they have, in many cases, that curious and provoking " twist " at the end which was so characteristic of Henry's work. This is specially noteworthy in the story of Shy McGie, the boxer; in certain other stories figures Private James Thompson, whom many folk will be glad to meet. This is an excellent volume for company either in a railway train or beside the fire; its main point is an impish humour which will raise smiles in the most unlikely situations, and it is to be thoroughly commended by reason of the original treatment which the author has brought to bear on subjects that might have proved banal.

Copies of "The British Firing Line Portfolio' containing a series of Engravings in Colour by Captain Handley-Read and forming a wonderful record of the Battle-area, may be obtained, price 5 guineas each, from the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.

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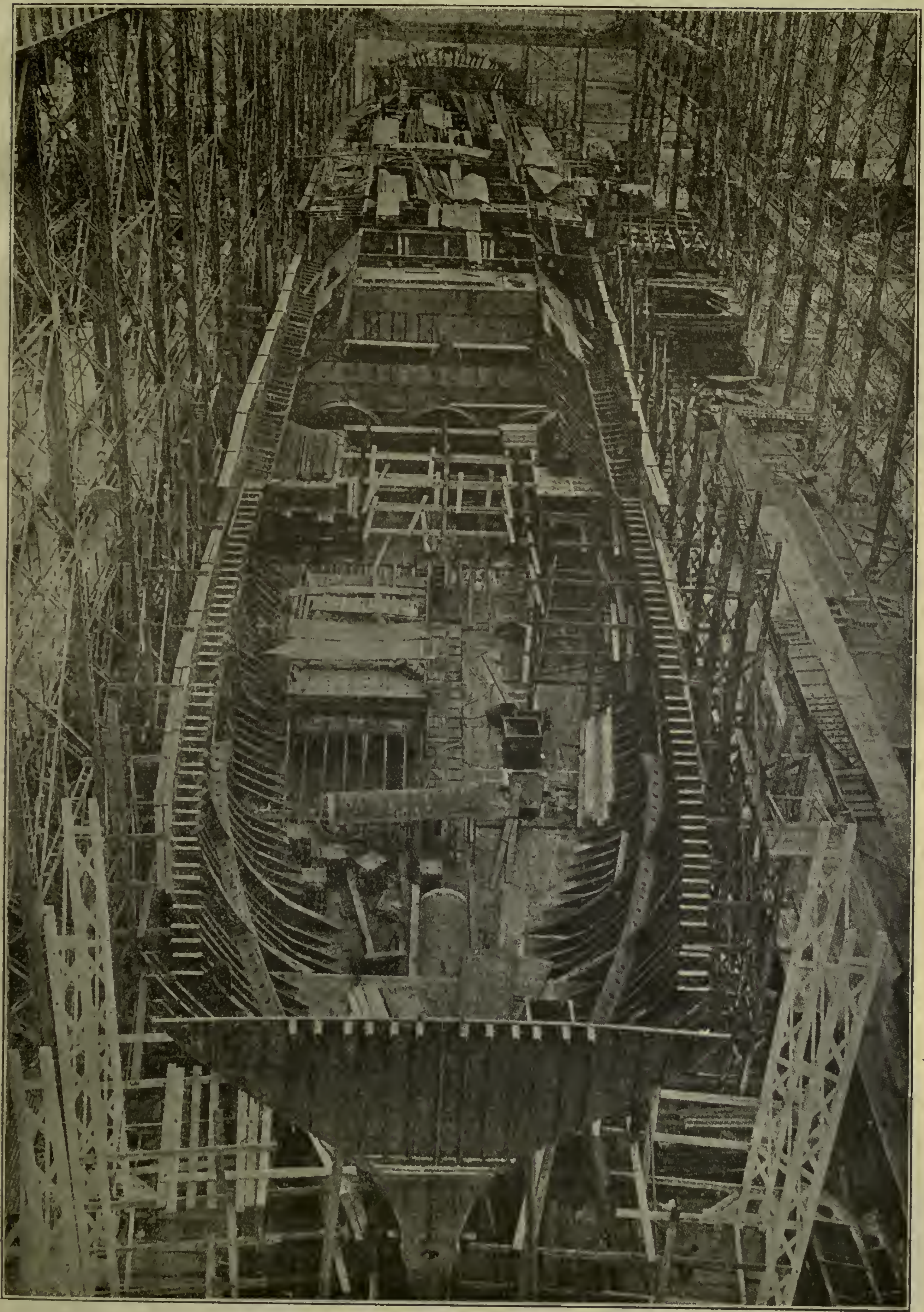

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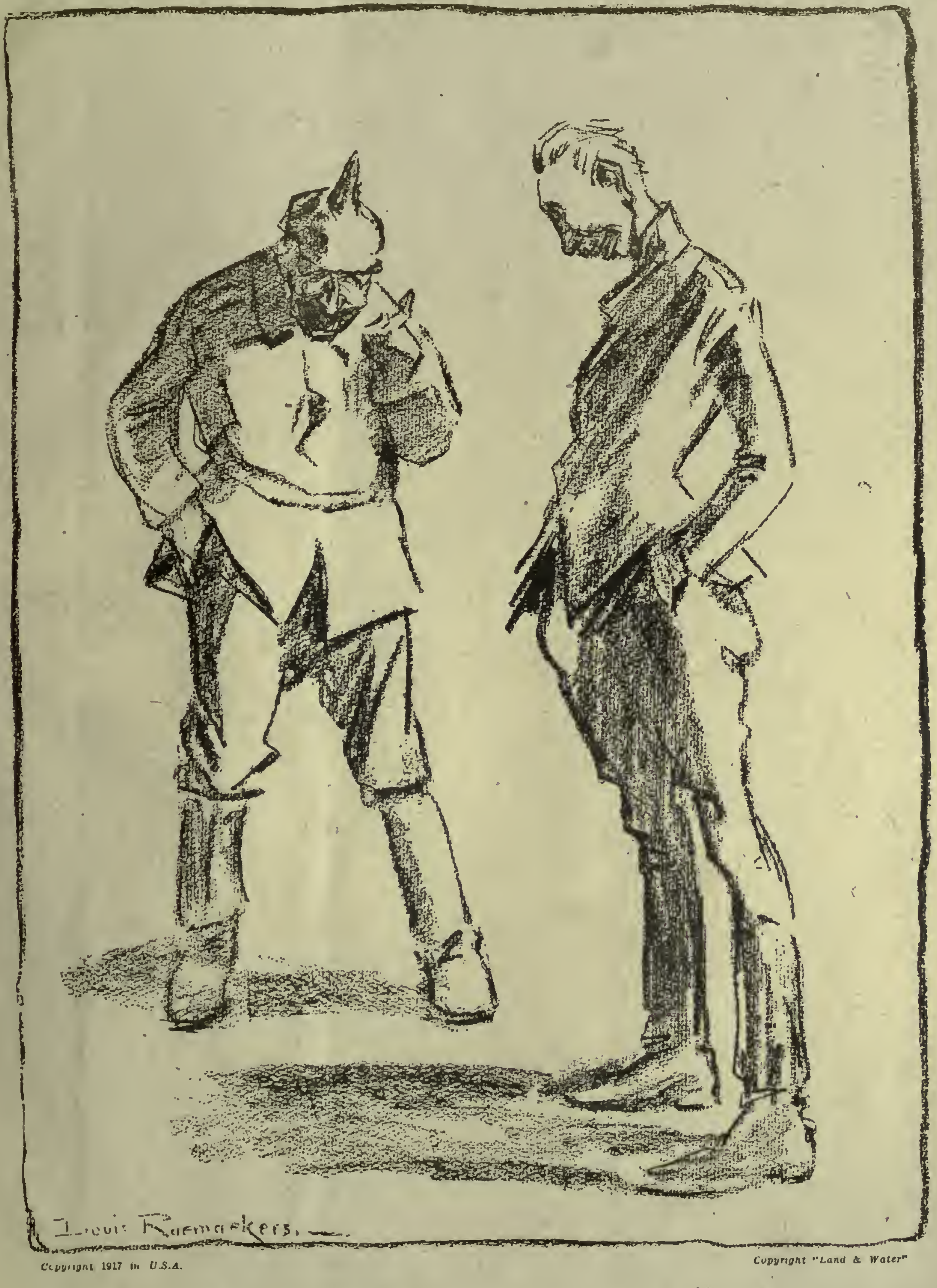
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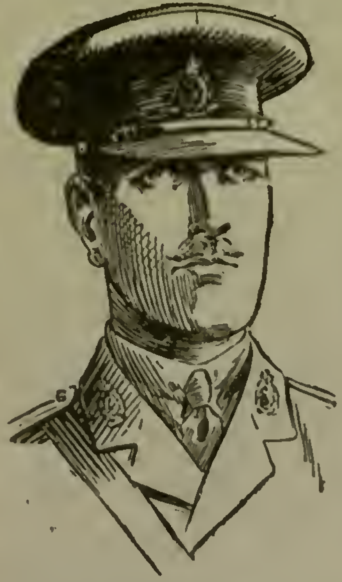

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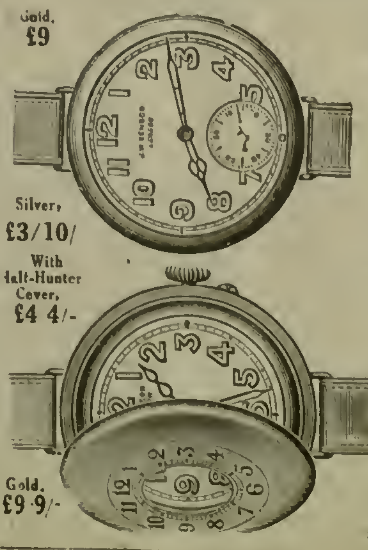

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1917

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THE PEOPLE'S FOOD

THE Christmas festival has been celebrated by the peoples of this kingdom in a more Christian spirit this year than ever before in the memory of living man. Through a rather obvious confusion of traditions, it is too often overlooked that excess of eating and drinking is simple paganism. In Bethlehem there was neither Ritz nor Carlton at which the Wise Men might banquet after the presentation at the Manger of their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrth. Christianity had its birth in that very shortage of affluence which is the characteristic of the present times. Gluttony arose from the conjunction of this Birth Day with the Saturnalia of Imperial Rome, and the modern revival of the Saturnalia was due to an endeavour by an ardent publicist, Charles Dickens, to make the more fortunate in these islands realise, at least once in twelve months, the straitened conditions of the bulk of the people. This endeavour was both a success and a failure —a success in that it did attract the attention of the more thoughtful to the wretchness that surrounded them, but a failure in so far that it provided the self-complacent with an easy and cheap method of conscience-money. So long as beef, blankets and coal were forthcoming at Christmas, they felt they had fully discharged their duty towards their neighbours, and it is a little wonder that as education spread these doles became repulsive to the self-respecting poor. "Be temperate in all things" is an admirable Christian dictum, but temperance never consisted in privation and semi-starvation for one and fifty weeks of the year balanced by gluttony and drunkenness during the remaining week, which was Christmas week.

It would be a very good thing if the quiet and homely manner in which Christmas was spent this winter became the custom hereafter. There is no reason why we should not maintain the kindly idea originated by Caligula, of providing presents for children or continue the habit of eliminating in our homes at this season for a few hours distinctions between master and man, between mistress and maid-servant, which though pagan in origin, is Christian in spirit, but we do hope there will be no return to that gross gorging that is so distinctly Teutonic. Also if the general well-being of the people is raised to a right stage, the horrid system of doles may well die. There will always be an interchange of presents between households and individuals in different ranks of life where good will is present on either side, but that is very different to providing warmth and food during a few hours in the year for folks who are honestly entitled to both all the year round. Out of these abominable queues which Lord Rhondda is at last putting an end to, even good may come, in that they have made the more fortunate realise the difficulties that confront wage-earners who have to buy from hand to mouth, lacking the spare cash or larder-room to lay in stocks.

These queues have been the outward sign of the extraordinary difficulties surrounding distribution directly the ordinary channels of trade are interfered with, either naturally or artificially These difficulties were anticipated in these columns weeks ago, because experience in other lands has proved that they always occur under such conditions. We ventured to suggest on the original formation of Food Committees that men of good will could not render better public services than by joining them, as the future of the nation's food supplies must turn largely on their labours. The Minister of Food has rightly and wisely deputed large powers to these Committees to deal with all shortage in local areas, powers which, if rightly exercised, should put an end not merely to queues, but to unevenness of distribution. Speaking broadly, we are convinced it is the wish and desire of all classes to share alike ; there is as notable an absence of selfishness among the civil population as among the armies in the field. Exceptions no doubt exist, but we speak of the rule, and if the Food Committees will only exercise their new powers boldly and unselfishly, they will find they have behind them the support of everyone whose opinion and support are of any value.

A disagreeable feature of these queues, according to Lord Rhondda, whose opinions are confirmed by private experience, is that they have in some instances, and especially in the poorer districts, been occasioned by shops taking advantage of their possession of certain necessities, like tea or margarine, to advertise themselves. They have announced that such commodities would be on sale at certain hours, and thereby drawn buyers to themselves, who naturally prefer to spend their money on all kinds of goods in the shop where they can buy the special one they stand most in need of. In normal times this would be legitimate, to-day it is culpable if not criminal ; indeed, it might well be made a criminal offence. But the Food Committees are now given the power to enter any shops where they have reason to believe such practices occur, commandeer their stocks, and distribute them among neighbouring retailers. It is probably the most drastic interference with individual right which "Dora" has hitherto permitted, but no general objection is likely to be raised to it.

We are strongly of the opinion that a Food Minister, to be fully effective, should be something of a Haroun-al-Raschid—he ought to mix freely with the people, unknown to them, and ascertain for himself actual facts. This must not be taken to imply that we consider Lord Rhondda should himself stand in queues and personally investigate every complaint against Food Committees, but he ought certainly to have an efficient organisation at his disposal which would enable him instantly to ascertain the true circumstances of each case, many of which, from the very nature of his task, will be novel and unprecedented. Had such an organisation been in existence, the queue trouble need never have reached the dimensions it did. A secret of the power of the daily Press lies in this very fact ; it is able, through its organised staff to acquaint itself daily with the trend of public opinion and the actual conditions which cause it. A staff such as is at the disposal of a "news-editor," to use a term well-defined in Fleet Street, is badly needed at the Food Ministry, to enable the Food Minister to keep himself abreast of popular opinion. Inspectors or supervisors or any labelled official would be useless for the work. As things are, how is Lord Rhondda to satisfy himself that the Food Committees are all doing their duties. The majority undoubtedly will, but there will be a minority which will either behave foolishly or neglectfully, and the chances are that the Food Minister's first intimation of the seriousness of local conditions will be a riot or something equal to a riot. Lord Rhondda has little idea of the sympathy and support he has behind him if he will only act promply. Mistakes can always be rectified ; it is hesitation that irritates, more especially if it be combined with spoken advice, perhaps good in itself, but utterly worthless under local or class conditions.

The Historical Sites of War

By Hilaire Belloc

THERE is a most arresting historical point in connection with the great campaigns of this war, so academic that it seems cold to consider it, yet of permanent interest: It is the extent to which military effort has followed the roads of the past, has been checked by the old strongholds and has been directed towards the old key points; and the extent to which these apparently unchangeable geographical grooves of history have been modified and new ones created by modern men.

The similarity is certainly more striking than the modifications. The extent to which sites essential to the military history of the past have reappeared in the last four years has struck the imagination of the world.

If we tabulate only the principal ones of these recurrent sites and routes, the parallel is striking enough.

The two roads which menace Gaul from the east, are that by the Plains to the north of the Ardennes, and that by the gap to the south between those hills and forests and the Vosges—the gap of Lorraine. Both reappear at once at the origin of this campaign as the routes of invasion. The point of crossing the Sambre for the possession of the Belgian plains was also repeated. The Battle of Charleroi recalls the chief bridge whereby Napoleon's forces traversed that stream. More singular still perhaps, so vast a conflict as the Marne turned upon the general district (though not the actual few miles) which saw the determination of the other great threat to Europe—the invasion of Attila. The right of Foch's advancing army, after it had done the trick at La Fère Champenoise, was very near the huge ring which is still traditionally known as the Camp of Attila. And those same heights above the rolling ground of Champagne and of the Plains of Chalons saw the crisis in both struggles.

Familiar Names

The borderland between the Latin culture and the Germanic dialects, the levels of Flanders and their boundary hills of the Artois reappeared, and the same names grew familiar which had been familiar in fifty earlier wars: Cambrai, St. Quentin (where, when Spain was so powerful, the struggle between France and the power possessing the Netherlands was finally decided); St. Omer, Cassell, Dunkirk. The beginning of the retreat from Mons crossed the field of Malplaquet and the name of La Bassee appeared again in defensive warfare after 200 years; while the right of that movement was very near the point where the Republic had saved Maubeuge 120 years before in the Battle of Wattignies, the parent of all the Revolutionary victories. It lay also very near to the famous Camp, the quadrilateral of which you can still trace—the camp drawn by Cæsar on the day when he defeated the Nervii, "when it was seen what the discipline of the Roman people could do."

In the east of Europe, there was, at the very outset of the war, a coincidence even more remarkable than any in the West; and one, perhaps, more difficult to account for. I mean the coincidence of Tannenberg. Tannenberg gives its name to the great victory in which the Poles destroyed the political power of the Teutonic Knights and reached their natural limits, the Baltic. The same place gives its name to the one really "clean" tactical success of this war: the envelopment and destruction of a whole Russian Army by Hindenburg in the late summer of 1914. It would require a much greater knowledge of the Masurian district than I possess to discover why, under circumstances so different and with approaches from points so varying, Tannenberg should in each case have been the place of decision. For the coincidence must have struck everyone and it must presumably have some geographical reason behind it.

On the southern end of the eastern line all the necessary sites reappear because one is there constrained by great rivers and high mountains. The stronghold of Lemberg covering the Carpathians approaches reappears; the Moravian Gate behind Cracow is again threatened from the east; the two great passes of invasion into Hungary are attempted but not passed, the Dukla and the Magyar. Further south still the great trench of the Vardar is the axis whereby the offensive from the north and the defensive from the south operate in the Balkans, as it was the axis in Roman times, the one necessary road from north to south.

The capital importance of the Narrows, which unite the Mediterranean with the Black Sea, reappears also in an unexpected degree of intensity. To get the alliance of Constantinople, to have a clear road to Constantinople through the Bulgarian Alliance, to make of Constantinople the bridge, as it were, permitting the extension of operations into Asia—all these were but the reappearance of the Byzantine nodal point in the strategy of our enemy, and the Dardanelles expedition was but the reappearance of the same point in the strategy of the Allies. Salonika again becomes the necessary port of the Western Ægean; again, there appears the attack on Egypt from the north-east. Lastly, and astonishingly parallel to history thousands of years old, come the lines of advance upon Palestine from the south. All the elements are there. Gaza with its torrent bed to the south; the first stronghold, the point of contact, after the delay and handicap of the desert has been crossed. The first considerable natural water supply at Beersheba; the advance up the plains before the mountains on the right can be attacked; the sweeping round upon Jerusalem from the west. It remains to be seen whether the campaign will produce the further parallels of a crossing from Philistia to the Esdraelon plain, and of a northern advance which the mass of Lebanon deflects towards Damascus.

Notable Differences

When we look to the changes that have taken place in the main avenues and nodal points of warfare, we find that they have become by this time, after more than three years of a modern universal war, quite as striking as the similarities with the past.

Thus, after noting the extraordinarily close parallel between the advance upon Palestine and every other campaign from the south upon that country, we cannot but remark the complete contrast between the Mesopotamian campaign of the last two years and every other recorded effort in the same region.

The Mesopotamian campaigns have been in this war an advance up stream, through country that could not supply a great army. The offensive has been based upon the Persian Gulf; it is the defensive which has been based upon the Upper Tigris, the Upper Euphrates and the connections with Syria and with Asia Minor.

In the past there have never been more than three main schemes of warfare in this region, and these have been either of an advance down on to Mesopotamia from the uplands of the south-west, west, north-west or from the Persian mountains; or of an advance from Mesopotamia outwards in the opposite sense. Neither the Babylon of extreme antiquity nor the Bagdad of the Dark Ages was threatened from the Persian Gulf. What has made the difference here is the possession of Asiatic dominion by a European Power: which is a modern thing. That, coupled with steam, has made the present successful offensive in Mestopotamia possible.

The same quite modern conditions of Western dominion over the East have given us the cut across the Isthmus of Suez and have made Egypt strategically a totally different proposition from what it was before Napoleon the Third's reign and the last years preceding the great modern rise of Prussia in Europe. Egypt, including the Isthmus of Suez has now become one of the great nodal points of the world. As surely as we live a struggle of the near future, economic and political if not military (almost certainly military as well), will be the struggle for that nodal point.

Here I might usefully digress upon the shortsightedness of those who believe that a negotiated peace would leave this country—of all others!—where it was before the outbreak of the war. The hold of Great Britain upon that neck of land is something which a mere child looking at the globe can see to be dependent upon abnormal power. It depends on a distant, isolated effort which almost compels challenge. The Egyptian border is the door between the West and the East. Yet the keys of that door are in the hands of men living—that is having their being and tradition, their final affections and their homes—upon the edges of the Atlantic and right up in the north at that!

Nothing can save such a position from challenge on the part of an unbeaten rival save the dissolution either of the possessor or of the claimant or both.

I know that there are some so academic and living sò much in an unreal world that they will believe or hope the future to be "international." They conceive that the peculiar soul and character of "England," "Prussia," "France" and the rest will rapidly dissolve under the present strain as religions have weakened (sometimes) after the great Religious Wars of the past. They are only ideas, and when the ideal weakens the value stands for nothing. It is not conceivable. These national differences are too rooted below and too permeating around for any such dissolution within a very long space of time. If it is not we that hold the Egyptian Isthmus and nodal point, then it will be some other *national* culture. It will certainly not be an international Committee for long. Neither will it be a new Universal State. Of such a thing as that the present holds no promise at all.

To return to that important example of what historical geography means :

Another heavy modification produced by modern strategics in the old ruts of warfare is the difficulty of landing ; it is one of the innumerable ramifications of the modern defensive by land. Ever since recorded history begins, whoever could sail in security with transports to a shore could land. His fate then depended upon whether he won or lost his battle upon the earth and upon his power of keeping up communications. The Britons landed in Gaul against Cæsar ; Cæsar himself in Britain, and then the Empire following him ; the Crusaders in Asia, long before them the Asiatics in Greece ; the Normans in Southern Italy and in England ; the Frisian and Danish Pirates (called Anglo-Saxon) in the fifth century, in this island ; the Scandinavians here and in Normandy ; The Black men of Morocco in Spain—and so on—it is an interminable list. Suddenly there appears for the first time in history a check—and we have seen that check in this war. It bears the names of the "Coast of Belgium" and in a modified form of "The Dardanelles."

Connected with this change, though of a somewhat different character, is the closing of the two great inland seas of Europe ; which may be followed, perhaps many years hence (as we may note for future study) by the closing of the Mediterranean itself.

In the old days a strait of water had to be very narrow for it to be closed to a determined offensive ; or if not very narrow then very ill-defined. But to-day a passage even some thousands of yards broad is as true an obstacle as was in the old days a long river entrance to a port. The Baltic has been nearly closed ; the Black Sea absolutely closed to the action of the Western Allies. I think it is a point which has not been sufficiently insisted upon by the students of this war that any sheet of water with a fairly narrow entrance will, in future, or, at any rate, as long as the present conditions endure, be at the mercy of the power that holds the gate.

And here again we have an immediate and practical application, for surely one of the great tests of victory or defeat which the near future will show will be the ability or inability of European civilisation to make certain of the Black Sea and the Baltic against that hotch-potch of peoples run by Prussia, which calls itself "Middle Europe." If, at the conclusion of the war, the Sound and the Dardanelles and Bosphorus are in their hands then, without a doubt, they have defeated us.

Minor modifications will also be noted. The Pyrenees, for instance, one of the great obstacles to military movement playing a great part in so much of all history, have not only *not* come into this war, but probably cannot of their nature come into it. This war's offensives and defensives do not lie upon axes which bring in the Pyrenees as a transversal.

There is a corresponding, though somewhat different, point to note in connection with the Alps. All through European history hitherto the Alps have been a passage, not an obstacle. It is an astonishing paradox, but it is true. The Roman Power poured over the Alps, so did the Gaul and the Carthaginian ; so did the French in the Middle Ages ; so did the German for three hundred futile years, between Otto the Great and the last and most civilised of their leaders, himself virtually an Italian.

Napoleon won his victory against Austria on the Plains, and had not even to challenge the mountains. Later he crossed those mountains and re-crossed them almost at will. To-day, by an accident which is political and not military, they have suddenly and *for the first time*, played an immense rôle as defensive obstacles although that rôle would seem to have been assigned to them by nature from the beginning. The whole story of the Italian campaign in this war has been the story of occupying, or attempting to occupy, the Alpine Passes, coupled with an inability to force them. The whole of the last chapter, the perilous business of Caporetto (the ultimate effects of which we cannot yet judge), was the story of the Alpine barrier turned with great difficulty, and indeed unexpectedly.

These are but notes suggested by the present aspect of the campaign and deal only with its largest lines. But we may note one last curious and not easily resolvable puzzle.

With the exception of the Dardanelles there has been no prolonged resistance upon a nodal point.

Hitherto in all wars whatsoever (with the exception of wars that have been a walk-over—wherever, that is, there has been a serious defensive), one or more nodal points where communications minor or major converged, have by resistance held up the campaign : Witness in modern times Metz, Paris, Plevna—and for centuries past any number of similar names. In this war no such name has appeared. It is an accident due partly to the fact that these vast siege lines have not admitted of particular isolated defences, partly due to the fact that—with the development of aircraft and the mobility of heavy guns, *permanent* defences had not in 1914 caught up the new powers of attack ; partly due to the way in which the movements of the war swung. The nearest thing to a great nodal point (except the Dardanelles) appearing in this war, were the two cases of the river-railway crossings and road-crossings of Liege and Belgrade. Verdun, which some have quoted as an example, was nothing of the kind. It was but one sector on a front, and it was attacked, not because it was in any sense a fortress, still less a centre of communications, but because it was the jumping-off place for a counter-offensive ; because it offered great facilities for concentration against it, and because it offered opportunities for surprise.

Mt. Asolone

The Austro-German thrust between the Brenta and the Piave, designed to turn the Italian positions between the mountains and sea, continues to be the principal action in the opening of this fourth Christmas week of the war.

Though it was only a matter of conjecture that the chief enemy effort would continue to be made in Italy, the conjecture was reasonable ; and the logical foundation for it was given at some length in these columns last week. The enemy could, if he reached the Plains and threatened the Italian communications, achieve such a result here as he could not hope for at the same price anywhere else in the West. The very fact that he was openly advertising his intention to transfer his strength elsewhere was a reason for believing that his main effort would continue to be against the convenient flank which conditions of ground and the final decision *not* to retire to the Adige had created for him in Italy.

One of the considerations which must here be specially insisted upon is the effort represented by a great accumulation of shell in a mountain country. When you are using, as the enemy is here using, something over 4,000 guns, first and last—of which as many as 2,500 have been found concentrated upon some 20,000 yards of line—and when this enormous mass of artillery is delivering one intensive bombardment after another, it means an accumulation of heavy material which pins the offensive down for a long time to the sector it has chosen. It is like locking up money in an investment. You are tied to the plan which you have unmasked and you must carry it through. To form such an enormous concentration of heavy pieces and their munitionment in exceedingly difficult country and not to try and carry through the object for which so vast an investment of energy was made, would be strategically nonsense ; for it would take almost as long to dissociate the elements of such a concentration as it did to associate them.

We may take it, then, that the enemy is putting forward every element of strength which he can locally bring to bear, with the object of reaching the Italian Plains. And the next two things for us to note are first that he has gradually approached his object, gaining point after point, and never suffering a serious or permanent check ; secondly, that the last step towards his objective is now, in one critical point, a very short one. That point is the crest of Mt. Asolone.

As has been pointed out previously in this place, the one great avenue of approach between the Adige and the Piave for any considerable force with its wheeled vehicles and pieces from the mountains to the Plain, is the valley of the Brenta.

That valley has two excellent roads running down it on either side of the stream, a railway which we may be almost certain now connects—in spite of destruction under retreat—with the main enemy system. Once the mouth of this Brenta valley is secured for debouching at Bassano, this capital avenue could be used to pour men and supplies upon one point in numbers far greater than they have been concentrated hitherto since the enemy pierced the Italian line at Caporetto on the fatal 24th of last October. The mere threat of such a thing, when that threat became acute, would be enough to compel the retirement of everything to the east of Bassano—that is, of the whole Piave line.

Now the elements of the ground in this lower part of the Brenta Valley are these. You have a wide trench, too wide to be called a ravine or a gorge, the flanking hills of which are some 4,000 feet above the sea. On the eastern side this boundary range is crossed by certain passes which lie very high up on the ridge, such as the pass called the Pass of

Caprile, and this eastern ridge culminates in the crest of Mount Asolone. From that crest falling slopes spread out southwards and westwards towards the Plain, and rise into a number of lesser peaks, plateaux, and ridges, all dominated by the summit of Asolone. The last fall of this mountain system on to the plain is everywhere fairly steep, forming, as I have said, a sort of wall, but it is more gentle towards the mouth of the Brenta Valley than it is further east. Due east of Asolone (which is nearly 5,000 feet high) is the still higher and larger massive system of Mount Grappa. To the south-east of this again, right on the edge of the Plain wall, and a good deal lower than Grappa, is Mount Tomba, and a few thousand feet east of the latter one strikes the River Piave, which the line thence follows to the sea.

On the western side of the Brenta Valley there are, as I have explained in previous articles, two ravines leading down from the plateau above; the uppermost is the Val Gadena, the lowermost is the rough and difficult, but practicable, Val Frenzela. I believe that heavy pieces can come down the Gadena. Down the Frenzela only infantry and mountain guns, I imagine, could move. But I am talking of the conditions before the war, and I do not know what changes may have been made during the campaign or whether a road to bear heavy guns now exists in this ravine.

At any rate, whenever or if the enemy is master of the Frenzela Valley, he can bring forces down it which would leave him absolutely secure to move his heavier material down the Gadena behind; and, in general, his possession of the Frenzela (which would be marked by his occupation of Valstagna, the village at its mouth) would give him a secure hold of the whole Brenta Valley, short of its actual issue on to the plains at Bassano.

The enemy's action for the mastery of the Brenta Valley and of possession of an ultimate power to debouch from it on to the plains, has been that which must always be followed in a slow process of reducing a defensive line of this kind. It is the process which was followed for so many months at Verdun. It consists in creating dangerous salients or "bulges" in the defender's organisation by thrusting in heavy blows at selected points on either side.

In mountain country these blows must always be delivered against heights which, when they are lost to the defensive, weaken it all round, not only from loss of ground, but from loss of observation and dominating positions.

This is what the enemy has been doing throughout the month of December. He has attacked and carried off three mountain crests, first the extreme right or left, then its fellow on the left or right. He has thus half isolated the central one, reduced it in turn, and so gone pounding forward by flattening out one salient after the other, until he is now near the end of his task.

If you take his original line and mark his method of advance you see this clearly. He originally finds a defensive relying upon certain peaks. He masters a number of separate peaks, leaving in his second line salients in their intervals. The salients are reduced and he is left with his third line nearly flat again. He makes new drives producing new salients. The most important now left before the plain is now that of Mt. Grappa. He strikes again at Asolone, rendering the Grappa salient extremely precarious.

So by methodical stages and in a manner which is perfectly clear when one follows the map, he elbows his way down towards the plains.

On the east he already overlooks them from Mt. Tomba. With Asolone in his possession, last Tuesday, he overlooks them from the western part of this sector, and put Mount Grappa in between the two points into great peril.

But Asolone has a value of its own quite apart from its effect in outflanking Mount Grappa. You have from this summit a view right down on to Valstagna. His permanent possession of Asolone would probably involve the occupation by the enemy of Valstagna and the consequent opening of all approaches down from the east on to the Brenta Valley. It is too much to say that the permanent possession of Mt. Asolone in itself would give the enemy the Brenta Valley right down to its mouth, but, at any rate, it is the chief point of ground in all that district, and whoever holds it has the balance of the chances on his side (on the offensive) for obtaining or retaining (on the defensive) the mouth of the Brenta Valley.

It was the importance of Asolone which led to the tremendous fighting of last week The summit fell into the enemy's hands in the course of Tuesday last, December 18th. This great success was only obscurely suggested in the Allied account, where we were told of the Austro-Germans that: "Only on his left did the enemy succeed in gaining and maintaining advantage in the Monte Asolone zone." But the enemy bulletins naturally gave the affair in its true light—since it was an enemy success. The Germans told us that: "After strong artillery preparation Austro-Hungarian troops stormed Mt. Asolone. More than two thousand men were taken prisoners"; while the Austrian bulletin conveyed the same truth in very nearly the same terms.

On the next day Wednesday, a strong Italian counter-attack began to develop. On this the Italian bulletin of Thursday morning was silent, presumably because the operations were still developing and the plan had to be kept secret. It was now the enemy's turn to be more guarded and careful in his account. He merely told us that "repeated Italian attacks against Mount Asolone failed"—the usual phrase common to almost every belligerent when heavy pressure is developing against him.

By Thursday, however, there was already a hint in the communiqué issued by General Diaz that the Italian effort to recapture Mt. Asolone was achieving some measure of success, and on Friday the Italian Prime Minister was able to announce in the Chamber that the summit had been re-taken, and was once more in Italian hands.

At this point the news to hand at the moment of writing (Sunday evening) ceases. Asolone, that critical height, was lost to the Allies early in the week, regained by them, and (on Saturday last) was still held. The battle continues.

H. Belloc

Germany at Bay

THE literary stylist may find something to cavil at in Major Haldane MacFall's *Germany at Bay*, for the author has not troubled about his phrasing; he is far too fond of telling his reader to "make no mistake about that"; he is so deadly in earnest that he has hardly time to find the right phrases to express his meaning, and yet his work grips the reader throughout, for it is very evident that he knows what he is talking about, and that he has a definite message to convey. That message, in one word, is "Serbia." The author says, and adduces plenty of reasons for saying:

> If Germany be defeated in the west, if Belgium be given back to the Belgians, if Northern France, with Alsace and Lorraine be restored to the French, if the Kaiser be deposed; but if the Pan-German war map remain German, no matter to what humiliations the German bows, the German has won the war.

That Pan-German war map, which, as the author points out, was circulated throughout Germany in February 1916, consists in a German iron road from Berlin to Constantinople, cutting Europe in half, and separating Slavonic Europe from Western Europe, giving Germany *Mittel-Europa* for which her rulers have thirsted since 1870. The independence of Serbia spoiled this map. Major MacFall outlines the fall of Bismarck, and the coming of the dream to Wilhelm the Mad; he tells how even Bismarck, the great dreamer, drew back at a plan that was to smash not only France and Russia, but, with a second blow, Britain and America as well, and how Wilhelm II. was content to sacrifice commercial prosperity, everything that his great empire offered him, to this dream of conquering all Europe and then all America by means of ruthless war. Further, he insists on the doctrine which all clear-sighted students of the war have enunciated: in addition to victory in the West, there must be an independent Poland, a restored Serbia, and an utter smashing of the German war map plan; there is no halfway-house between victory and defeat; either the Allied forces must smash this German dream, or Germany has won.

Here is set forth with absolute clearness that we need not trouble about the war aims of anyone but the enemy, which are the establishment of the Pan-German map for the making of another and even greater war, and the utter destruction of civilisation as the Western nations know it, in order that there may be set up the gospel of brute force. The book is tonic, and Field-Marshal French's recommendation that men should read it is one that every thinking man will endorse. There is one paragraph, especially, which pacifists might take to heart:

> We find ruthless valour boiled down to this: that the superior breed, the German, is entitled to break all laws that bind inferior breeds, his enemies, and to inflict on them any cowardly or vile treachery or crime; but that if these acts be committed upon *him*, then his enemies are guilty of an enormity which in him is not an enormity but a virtue of Ruthless Valour! This is called "Squealing."

Germany, says Major MacFall, is entering upon the most deadly peril to mankind—her peace strategy, and the defeat of that strategy rests on the democracies of the world. This book, showing how deadly are the German peace plots, is a call to action for the men behind the armies, and thus is a work deserving of the widest publicity.

Germany at Bay. By Major Haldane McFall, with an introduction by Field-Marshall Viscount French, and a portrait by Joseph Simpson. (Cassell and Co. 6s, net.)

Leaves from a German Note Book

Politeness to Order

THE Prussian Minister of War recently issued a special decree to all officials under his jurisdiction bidding them be polite in their dealings with the public. He addressed them in these terms:

> Every individual has his load to bear in war time, and no one should unnecessarily increase the weight of this burden. This is done, however, when officials in their intercourse with the public do not give the required information quickly and politely, but make it an occasion for the promotion of dissensions and misunderstandings. He who acts thus injures the Fatherland and shows himself incapable of his task. Life is hard enough in these days, and if after receiving this warning anyone continues by his behaviour to make it harder still for his fellow men, he will not be suffered to retain his position.

The Minister of Posts and Telegraphs has followed suit, impressing on postal officials so to behave to the public as not to give them just ground for complaint. All complaints, he warns them, will be thoroughly enquired into, and action taken where necessary. A similar notice has been issued to the officials in the Berlin Purchasing Permit Office.

Why this insistence on politeness? The Berlin correspondent of the Vienna *Zeit*, who ought to know, provides the explanation. Germans in the large towns, and in Berlin more especially, are suffering from acute irritability. People are excessively rude to each other in the streets, on tramcars, in the underground; they are inconsiderate to officials, and at the least occasion pour out abuse in abundance, with the result that the officials retaliate. Quarrels in public offices have become every-day events; the *Zeit* correspondent speaks of an "epidemic" of rudeness. It is a sad look-out for the time after the war, he writes. The worst offenders are the women. This gentleman observes that not the officials only, but the entire population in Germany should be dragooned into politeness.

It is reported from Berlin that never before have the shops had to cope with so much shop-lifting as this Christmas. Nor are the culprits always poor folk. The reason alleged for this particular misdemeanour is nerves. It is also stated, however, that as necessary articles of clothing cannot be obtained without a permit, people help themselves to them where they can.

The large number of suicides also bears witness to the nerve strain. On November 21st, to take a single illustration, no less than 11 cases of gas poisoning were reported in Berlin. Burglaries have become exceedingly common; not a day passes but numerous instances are reported to the police. An official document declares that the breaking open of safes is the most favourite sport of the burglars. But they have a partiality too for shop windows, larders and stables. Pickpockets abound everywhere. This same official statement continues: "Railway trucks are broken open and pillaged; trunks are spirited away from luggage vans; the people affected are hit very hard by these losses, for it is difficult, if not impossible, to replace what has been stolen. The culprits are not only professional thieves, but it must unfortunately be admitted that soldiers also are among them." The burden of this human document is that the public should not always leave everything to the police, but should defend themselves against thefts by taking greater precautions and by seizing delinquents when they can.

Nerves and Patriotism

Nerves are also responsible for the foundation of yet another patriotic society. In order to complement the Patriotic Party, which has limited its activities to foreign affairs, an "Association of the Supporters of the Crown" has been formed to rescue Germany from becoming a democracy. It looks as though the new society is an offspring of the Patriotic Party, but the latter has disowned it. Yet the voice is the voice of the Patriotic Party.

"The German Empire is in the gravest peril. The majority of the Reichstag demand the parliamentarisation of the German Government." The rights of the Kaiser are attacked; those rights must be rescued before it is too late. "We must arm, arm quickly, arm at once, or we shall be defeated by tendencies which will and must lead to the destruction of the German Empire." A few insignificant nobodies have issued this appeal to the German nation, and it would be difficult to explain the document except by reference to the prevailing hysteria in Germany. The Patriotic Party managed to rope in Tirpitz as its leader. The "Supporters of the Crown" have no one to compare with that whiskered seaman.

Patriotic hysteria is also apparent in the thick type advertisements in the newspapers, right in the middle of the reading matter, to this effect:

> *"Germans! Beware of anyone who asks about military or business matters! The spy danger is greater than ever."*

That this is no mere window-dressing is evidenced by the case of a youth who happens to have almond-shaped eyes, who was arrested in Liepzic as a Japanese spy! The poor apprentice, who is only 14, had come into that town from Delitzsch, and it would have fared ill with him but for the lucky accident that a neighbour recognised him and established his identity.

Russian Peace Negotiations

The Patriotic Party in its anxiety lest Germany should not obtain the best of the bargain with Russia, has passed a long-winded resolution, the gist of which may be expressed thus. Germany must decline to negotiate a general peace. She must limit herself to a separate peace with Russia. The German plenipotentiaries are to be guided by German interests, and by them only. They are to obtain for Germany in the East what she needs—the military security of her frontiers, territory for planting German settlers, and the establishment of German supremacy in the Baltic. At the same time, Germany must not lay down her arms until she has smitten England to the ground.

Such are the desires of the Extremists. But are the moderate men any saner? The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which may be taken to express the views of liberal and financial circles, wrote as follows in a leader on December 8th:

> The Central Powers have succeeded in all they have undertaken, and are now quite ready to conclude peace, but although Russia has withdrawn from the conflict and Italy has lost rivers of blood, England and France, whose spirits are raised by the promises of the United States, remain standing erect and stubborn. They even demand Alsace-Lorraine, and, because they want to tear a piece out of Germany's body, the German armies must continue the mortal combat to prevent them accomplishing this object.

Views of Iron Magnates

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* only speaks of the demand of the Allies. It says never a word about the demands of the German captains of industry. The great iron-masters of Germany met in Berlin on the same day as this leader appeared, and agreed that the coming Peace must be an economic peace, must secure the German home markets against foreign competition, must remove any possibility of German manufactures being dislocated in the future and must give Germany an extension of territory, in order that she may have more land for growing foodstuffs.

The German Iron Industry must have the iron ore district of Briey and Longwy. Why? Because the other Great Powers are better off than Germany in the matter of iron ore. This is a typical German argument. There is no consideration for the rights of others, no word even about rights, only demands are enunciated. Germany must have what she covets, and there is an end of it. And yet the Germans innocently ask what the world means by "Prussian Militarism."

When President Wilson and other Allied statesmen have declared that the German people are in bondage to their rulers and have no voice in their affairs, the German press has replied that the German political institutions are the freest in the world. But no one was taken in by this sham pretence, and to-day the German Press of the Left, forgetting what it told the world only a few weeks ago, is bursting with rage because the Franchise Reforms in Prussia are meeting with determined opposition.

The history of these reforms is an instructive story. Prussia at present has what is universally regarded as the most backward franchise in all the world. It is so arranged as to give preponderating political power to the wealthy classes. From time to time a reform of the system was promised, but nothing was done, owing to the strong opposition of the Prussian Junkers, perhaps the most reactionary class in Europe. During the war the cry arose that if the Prussian people was shedding its blood in defence of the Fatherland, it ought to be given a franchise broad-based on democracy.

"When the devil was ill, the devil a leech would call; when the devil was well, the devil he damned them all." If the Kaiser scorned the demand for franchise reform before the war, that was because he was well. Now he is ill, and must perforce bow to the storm. So the Kaiser pledged his word that the reforms would be introduced. After a time the people demanded that the pledge should be kept. Another promise followed. At length the matter could not be put off any longer, and when the present Chancellor was appointed, one of the conditions to which he submitted was to introduce a democratic franchise in Prussia. He has delivered the goods and the Bill is being discussed in the Diet. But the Conservatives have declared war to the death against the measure. They will save the Crown from itself. If the Bill became law, it would mean the end of "Prussian Tradition" and the break-up of the German Empire.

In view of these opinions, it is of interest to know what the Socialists think of it all. Their sentiments were voiced in a speech by Herr Ströbel; one or two extracts will sufficiently indicate the tenor of his remarks and give a glimpse of the popular feeling in Germany !

> Peace would come quickly if only Russia and Germany were so shaped that they might take their place among civilized nations.
>
> What brought this terrible calamity (the war) upon the country? The thoughtlessness of the Government and the parties which did not skrink from the incredible ultimatum to Serbia.
>
> I am not inciting to Revolution; Revolution will come of its own accord when the time for it is ripe. But you will make it ripe if you continue the war much longer. Who among you would have believed that we should carry on the submarine war for a whole year without any tangible success?
>
> The German people does not want to be a pariah; it desires to make its peace with the world as a free people, determining its own destiny.

M Caillaux—II

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

Last week the writer of this brief sketch of M. Caillaux' political career described personal interviews he had with him at the time of the Agadir crisis in 1911. He then reviewed M. Caillaux' public career, taking it up to 1902 when, being Minister of Finance, he retired on M. Waldeck Rousseau resigning the Premiership on account of ill-health.

ALTHOUGH M. Caillaux retired in 1902 and was out of office until October, 1906 he was not inactive in the Chamber of Deputies. He had by that time become one of the stalwarts of the Radical-Socialist party, and a master in the art of intrigue against the different Ministries and the leading politicians who still barred his way. It was in 1906, as Minister of Finance in the Clémenceau Cabinet, that he appears to have finally renounced the dearest traditions of the Moderate Republicans, when he successfully piloted through the Chamber of Deputies the Income Tax Bill, which had become one of the cries of the Radical-Socialist party. But as it appeared from correspondence subsequently published by M. Calmette in the *Figaro*, M. Caillaux was only playing for the gallery when defending that financial measure before both Houses. Through his clever manœuvres, he managed, however, to get that Bill rejected by the Senate. On that occasion, as on many others, his double dealing had only one object, to help him to get on at any price.

But I have no desire to recount all the disclosures that were made by the editor of *Le Figaro*, my faithful friend and chief, M. Gaston Calmette, at the end of 1913, and during the first months of 1914. Suffice it to say that M. Calmette was on the eve of publishing documentary evidence relating to the notorious swindler Rochette, and extremely compromising to M. Caillaux, when he was shot by Mme. Caillaux, who, did not shrink from a criminal action to save, as she imagined, her husband's reputation and future.

By the strange irony of fate, however, she did her husband more harm than any of his enemies could ever have done. From that day M. Caillaux slipped as it were in the blood of his victim, and fell into the mire, possibly never to rise again.

It was then, with the object of saving his wife from the consequences of her crime, that he entered into a compact with the ex-convict Vigo-Almereyda. He gave over £3,000 to the *Bonnet Rouge*, Vigo's weekly organ, which, on the strength of this support, became a daily paper. I need not enlarge here on the campaign M. Caillaux and his worthy friends started in the press and in political circles to influence the Courts of Justice. I confess that for the first time in my life I was ashamed of being a Frenchman when I heard that a judge and a jury had been found in Paris to connive at the miscarriage of justice which resulted in the acquittal of the woman who had, in cold blood, murdered Gaston Calmette. Four days after that stain fell upon its fair name, the German storm burst upon my country, and in 24 hours the real France, the France of the people, proved to the world that it was worthy of its ancestors and of its glorious and patriotic tradition.

With regard to M. Caillaux's political opinions, he had, of course, the right, as long as he remained in private life, to differ from the majority of his compatriots, and to pretend that in his estimation France had more to gain by becoming the humble servant of Germany than by grasping the loyal hand extended to her by England. M. Caillaux, alas! was not alone of this opinion; he had with him the motley crowd of naturalised Germans, like his friend Ullman, and the international financiers like Rochette, Bolo, with their jackals Vigo, Landau, Paix-Séailles, Leymarie and Malvy.

The moment M. Caillaux became the head of the French Government, his duty was to carry on loyally the policy of Entente Cordiale with England, which for eight years had been the pivot of our diplomacy. What did he do instead? The following story, the accuracy of which I can guarantee, throws a sinister light on his conduct towards England during the Agadir crisis:

When France and England were negotiating in perfect agreement to limit the insolent pretentions of the German Government, Herr von Kühlmann paid a visit to a certain high person in the British Foreign Office, and said to him: "We are heading towards disaster. Will you not help me in keeping the peace of Europe?"

"With all my heart," replied the English diplomat.

"Well, then," replied Kühlmann, "why are you more French than the French themselves?"

"Not to my knowledge," answered the Englishman.

"But you know that the French Government is prepared to make much more important concessions than you will consent to officially?"

"Not in the least," insisted the British diplomat, rather surprised.

"Well, then, I cannot understand, it," said von Kühlmann, "for you have never deceived me. However, if England continues to adhere to its intractable attitude, it will be impossible for me to believe that you are not trying to influence the French Government secretly in your own interests."

A year later Kühlmann said to the same diplomatist: "I owe you an apology. I ought never to have doubted your word, and I know that you were not aware of the secret negotiations of M. Caillaux."

Poor Gaston Calmette realised long before 1914 that Caillaux and his gang of denationalised scoundrels were endangering the very life of France. He did his utmost to warn the country in time, and died in the attempt.

But what already constituted before August 1914 more than a possibility of grave danger, became on the day that war started an actual menace to the safety of the State. M. Caillaux, as a mere citizen, had the right to be an Anglophobe up to August 1914; since then, his attitude towards England is a real act of treason. And to-day the case of Caillaux and his accomplices has ceased to have anything to do with politics in the true sense of the word, though at this moment he and his partisans are trying their utmost to confuse the issues before the bar of public opinion. They hope to drown the definite accusation of treason in a general debate on the theories of world-politics dear to M. Caillaux. The position is, however, clear. France is now called upon to judge a man accused of acts of treason which fall under different articles of both the civil and the military penal codes. In such cases a court martial is the form of justice now applicable to all French citizens. No exception can be made because M. Caillaux once enjoyed the honour of being Premier and still belongs to a representative assembly.

Moreover, the prosecution of M. Caillaux by the military Governor of Paris has the unanimous approbation of M. Clémenceau's Cabinet. Nor has the accused any more right to select his judges than his Parliamentary colleagues have to interfere with the normal course of justice. Unlike M. Malvy, M. Caillaux has not appealed in time to the Chamber of Deputies to bring him before the High Court. All that assembly could legally do is either to suspend his Parliamentary immunity, or to refuse to do so. They have suspended his immunity.

But it is hardly possible to imagine the outcome of such a situation of unparalleled gravity for the State. Any attempt on the part of the Radical-Socialists to rescue their leader from the legal consequences of his actions would inevitably recoil on themselves. Nor does that party, which has been identified with so much that is deplorable in the political life of France, occupy the position it did in the council of the nation. To-day it is a moribund survival of an age which is dead, and has nothing in common with the new France, the France of Verdun, the France of to-morrow.

Can the Battlefields of France be Farmed Again?

By an American Farmer

A GOOD deal has been written about the rebuilding of the destroyed towns and villages in the battle-ravaged area of Northern France, and it is also encouraging to record that a good deal of tangible progress has been made toward getting started with this part of the restoration work as soon as there is opportunity to do so. Money in abundance—much of it from America—has been pledged, so that a beginning on a grand scale is possible just as soon as labour is available—probably not long after the declaration of a general peace.

Much has also been written about the restoration of the farming land of the battle areas, but—in contrast to the progress that has been made in getting ready to rebuild the towns and villages—little in a practical way has yet been done toward taking up the task itself. It may be just as well to point out at the beginning, that any programme which does not make the restoration of the farming land a *condition precedent* to the rebuilding of the villages will be a sadly misdirected if not a futile one. This will be readily understood from the fact that practically the only *raison d'être* of 99 per cent. of these little rural communities was as trading centres for the farms and farmers, so that unless the farms themselves are restored to cultivation, there will be nothing to warrant the existence of the villages, whose peoples must inevitably drift elsewhere to find a livelihood.

This being so, it is a great pity that practically all that has been written on the question of restoring them to their former productivity has been of a pessimistic nature. There is an old saying to the effect that " war passes the theorist by and sinks its plummets deep in human experience." Most of the pessimistic writing to which I have referred is by theorists, who do not realise that " war has passed them by," and that their " theorisings "—no less mischievous than discouraging—have already been confuted by cold facts.

Poisoned Soil

Ever since the battle of the Somme was well under way—with its obliterative artillery preparations and barrages—I have been reading in French, English and American newspapers and reviews articles or letters—several from not uneminent scientists and engineers—all purporting to demonstrate beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the once fertile agricultural region of Northern France—that part of it, of course, which had been most heavily fought over and bombarded—could not but remain an absolute desert (so far as agricultural production was concerned) for anywhere from a minimum of two or three decades to half a century and more. Two or three distinguished chemists—distinguished at least to the extent that each had a long line of letters after his name—held that the soil was so thoroughly " poisoned " from the fumes of asphyxiating gases and high explosives that it would be many years before it could become sufficiently purified to support any kind of plant life. A Professor of Agricultural Science was equally certain that the bringing to the surface of so much of the lower strata of soil—which contains little or no *humus* (decaying vegetable matter)—would render the land too sterile to be worth cultivating for an indefinite but very long time.

Practically all of the more " learned " of these theorists appeared to base their beliefs that the French battlefields were doomed to remain deserts on the " poisoned soil " or " debilitated soil " ideas. None of them—so far as I remember—claimed to have made any study of the question in the battle area itself. If they had—especially during the last summer—they would have seen a few things calculated radically to alter their opinions. What these things are I will outline presently.

Besides these laboratory experts, there were—indeed, there still are—many level-headed practical men—including not a few soldiers who have fought in France—who have written or said that the more intensively bombarded areas of the battle zone could never be cultivated again for the simple reason that they were so frightfully torn up from shell and mine explosions that it would be impracticable to move any agricultural implements over them. The land is not worth the labour of levelling by hand, they say, and yet—because there is no room for machinery to get about that appears to be the only way the thing can be done. They also point out that the hundreds of miles of barbed-wire inextricably mixed with the earth will make it extremely difficult to plough or harrow, while the countless thousands of buried unexploded shells—which might conceivably go off when turned up—introduce an element of actual danger.

The views of these latter are entitled to the respect due to any honest opinion based on first-hand observations. Even so, however, I am convinced that their pessimism regarding the problem in hand is only less warranted than that of the theorists pure and simple. That is to say: the physical difficulties—great as they are—in the way of cultivating even the most heavily bombarded regions of the war zone, are not going to prove an insurmountable obstacle to their restoration to productivity; the averred " poisoning of the soil !" is the merest " bogey," and is not going to prove an obstacle at all.

Ill Advised Pessimism

How mischievous these not ill-intentioned but certainly ill-advised pessimistic utterances have been I had opportunity to judge recently, when I talked with a distinguished Frenchman who is directing the movement for the restoration of villages and lands of the battlefields after the war.

" Money has been pledged," he said, " for the rebuilding of the destroyed towns almost faster than I can allocate it; but whenever I endeavour to present the case for funds to be used in putting land again under cultivation, I am met at once with scepticism and luke-warmness. This or that scientist, I am told, or this or that General or Cabinet Minister, has said it can never be done; so why should they be asked to subscribe money for a scheme that is foredoomed to failure when the needs for actual housing are so great? That sums up the popular attitude in the matter, and so far my efforts to show that there will be no use in restoring the villages unless the farms are restored at the same time, have not met with much success. Moreover, until a presentation of the true facts of the case undoes the harm that has been done by all this loose talking and writing, we are going to be greatly handicapped in making adequate provisions to get the work under way. Anything you can do to show what utter nonsense is this idea of abandoning so many square miles of our fairest farming lands and allowing them to revert to primeval desert without an effort to reclaim them, will be a great service to my country and my countrymen."

To those scientists who hold that the land of the battle areas has been " poisoned " beyond remedy by gas and shell fumes, I might point out that, while these fumes occasionally bleach and cause fresh grass and foliage to wilt and die down, the effect is only temporary—usually only for a few days, rarely for more than a week or two. If the roots are injured it is from being torn up by explosions, not from the fumes. In any event, the soil itself is not deleteriously affected. As to the effect of the constant churning of the earth by bursting shells, I might point out that sub-soil cultivation by the use of dynamite has been practised with invariable success in America for several years. I myself have practically rehabilitated a run-down and almost worthless apricot orchard on my California ranch by cracking up systematically the underlying " hard-pan " with dynamite and giving the starved roots a chance to penetrate to the moisture-laden levels below. Even a barley field increased its yield fifty per cent. after a thorough tearing up by exploding small charges of dynamite at twenty foot intervals. In all the world I know of no land that would be likely to benefit more by a cracking up of its sub-soil than that of Northern France, underlaid (as it is) by strata of decomposing chalk. Well, just such a cultivation it has now received, and a hundred times more thorough a one than any farmer who had to buy the explosive himself would ever give it.

To the Professor of Agricultural Science who maintained that the land of the battle areas would be " debilitated " by the admixture of a great quantity of non-humus-bearing soil from below, I might point out that for every pound of the latter thrown up by a shell from the apex of its crater, anywhere from fifty to a hundred pounds of earth rich in decaying vegetable matter is scattered from the frustum of the cone which is torn out nearer the surface. A one or two, or even a five per cent. admixture of non-humus-bearing subsoil will do the surface soil more good than harm, as any farmer who has practised extra deep ploughing will testify. I might, I say, point out all of these things to the scientists and professors, in an endeavour to controvert their theories by what I know to be facts. Fortunately, a better way was open to me. Through the courtesy of the French and the British War Offices, I made a visit in person to the principal battle areas of the Western Front, there to study at first hand—in the light of my experience as a farmer—the problem of the restoration of the shell-ravaged fields. The regions visited included the four most bitterly fought over in the West—Flanders, the Somme, the Champagne and Verdun—and no sooner had I traversed a mile of the first of them than I had all the evidence I needed to convince me of the "utter nonsense" (to use the expression of the French official I have quoted) of the contentions of the learned theorists who have so lightly condemned these blood-hallowed fields to half a century or so of wilderness.

There is one of the quatrains of the Rubaiyat which begins:

> I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled. ; : ;

Old Omar Khayam never saw a battlefield after a bombardment with modern high explosives, but the fact remains that these lines might just as well be written of the Somme or Champagne as of the fields where the hosts of Xerxes and Cyrus fought and bled. Never under the hand of the husbandmen have the fields of Northern France brought forth such a wealth of verdure as this last summer, and the fact that the most of this growth consisted of wild flowers and weeds was merely because nothing else had been planted in their stead. Trenches, used and disused, were clothed to their parapets in a dense mass of rank vegetation, and the only shell-holes which were not half-submerged in greenery were those which had been formed within the month.

The only evidence of "poisoned" ground I saw was where a saffron pool—a foot or two across—had formed under a cracked but unexploded shell, or where the film of petroleum had been deposited on the grass of some undrained hollow. Likewise, "debilitated" ground only appeared where some sharp ridge or hill had been scoured down to the very bed-rock by intensive bombardment, and even then, the barren area was usually measurable in yards. That endlessly fought for and bombarded Butte de Warlencourt was the most striking example I came across of this sort of thing. That strange little wart on the Somme plain must have had all twenty-five feet of its round top blown off by the thousands and thousands of British and German shells which were rained upon it in the months before the retirement to the Hindenburg line put an end to its value as the one observation post on the whole sector. Yet on only the last ten or fifteen feet of solid chalk—the bald crown of the Butte de Warlencourt's devoted head—has the vegetation failed to find a footing. The lower two or three hundred feet of slope was knee-deep in fragrant verdure, and one had to step with care to avoid tripping in the fragments of barbed wire it concealed.

Wealth of Wild Flowers

And not only was it the wild flowers and weeds and other hardy things that were springing fresh and green, but even such "domestics" as had the chance were making the bravest of showings. In one place I saw where the seeds of the petunias, snap-dragons and nasturtiums of a little old-fashioned garden, which had been turned over a dozen times by bursting shells, had sprouted, grown, and were flowering as I have rarely seen any of their kind flower before, even under the hand of a gardener. A score of times I walked in head-high patches of "volunteer" oats, wheat and barley that would undoubtedly have dwarfed the carefully-manured and tended crops which grew there three years previously, and once—near the site of the pig-sty of a ruined chateau, growing from the bottom of a "Jack Johnson" hole—I saw a towering clump of Indian corn which might well have given pause to a tank.

A day on the Somme last summer would have been quite enough to convince the most sceptical that, if this region really was doomed to revert to desert, it was not going to be because the ground was "poisoned" or "debilitated." The physical problem of cultivation is, however, quite another matter. I must confess that when I first saw the condition in which the ground about Thiepval, Fricourt, Contalmaison, Pozières, and a dozen other bitterly fought-for points in the Somme area had been left, I was so appalled by the sight that, for the moment, I was inclined to share the view of the many who were saying that no practicable way ever would be found for putting it under cultivation. It did not seem quite so hopeless after I had seen a portion of "cleaned-up" battlefield—one which has been picked over for wire, shells, trench material, rifles and all the rest of the flotsam and jetsam of battle—but it was not until the day I met a Canadian officer, who (like myself) owned a Western ranch and had broken up new land with a tractor, that a practicable solution of the problem suggested itself.

"The danger from unexploded shells is practically negligible," said he, "for the simple reason that a detonator that has failed to go off at the end of a five-mile or ten-mile flight through the air is not likely to be greatly disturbed by a prod from a plough-share. Also, the explosive in a shell or hand-grenade tends to deteriorate very rapidly after burial in damp earth. There need be no worry on that score. Neither will buried barb-wire give much trouble for any length of time. That which can be got hold of from the surface will be picked up long before the war is over, while that which is buried out of sight can be pulled up—or cut off far enough down to keep it from fouling the plough again—as fast as it is run into, which will not be for more than a year or two after regular cultivation is under way. Railroad iron, concrete fragments, corrugated steel roofing and other heavy trenching material will have to be picked up and carted off bodily.

The First Cultivation

"All of this leaves," he continued, "the discovery of a practicable way of effecting the first rough cultivation as the one great problem to be solved. Once the ploughs and harrows and drills are able to go over the ground the smoothing out process will go on automatically, for the simple reason that earth displaced in the ordinary routine of cultivation always tends to work downwards so as gradually to obliterate the hollows and humps. Indeed, it is astonishing how much is accomplished in this direction by the erosive action of the elements alone. Blown dust and rain-washed silt will deposit a foot of earth a year in the bottom of an ordinary shell-hole, and the great mine crater at Pozières must have decreased twenty or thirty feet in depth—due principally to the sluicing down of its sides in the torrential rains—in the fourteen months which have elapsed since it was made.

"Since irrigation is not practised to any extent in this part of France, it will not be necessary to reduce the land to any such a 'billiard-table' evenness—or even to establish 'contour' levels—as would be imperative if we had to do with South Africa or California. Given a first thorough 'going over'—one that will smooth the ground sufficiently to allow the use of the farmer's ordinary instruments of cultivation immediately afterwards—and the problem is solved for good and all; the land itself will produce all the heavier for its stirring up and three or four years' rest.

"The question then narrows down as to what sort of a machine will have to be devised to accomplish this preliminary work. I do not need to tell you that the ordinary type of side-wheel tractor would not progress its own length over an average stretch of 'crater ground,' nor that even the largest and most powerful 'caterpillar' would 'stall down' in the first big shell-hole and have to give up the game for good at the first uncaved-in line of trench. Unless the millions of such obstacles are to be levelled by scrapers or steam-shovels—at a prohibitive cost—a machine will be needed which can pursue the even tenor of its way straight across them. And right there you have the answer to those who are asking what is to be done with the thousands of tanks that will be left without 'occupation' at the end of the war. Use them for tractors to draw specially-devised plows and harrows in the first rough cultivation of the 'crater areas.'

"The extent of the fought-over ground which is too torn up to be cultivated in the ordinary way can hardly run to more than a few hundred square miles at the outside, and ten times as many tanks will be available as would be necessary to give this a complete going over in a fortnight or so. There will also be an ample supply of trained drivers to run them, though the handling of a tank is something that any man who can run a tractor or motor lorry can pick up in a day or two. The nature and design of the implements to be drawn would have to be determined by experiment, but there is no reason why these should not be initiated at once, so that whatever types are determined on could be built and ready for use at the first opportunity. Indeed, assuming that the Germans are to be pushed still further back—or even held where they are—on the St. Quentin-Cambrai Front, there is no reason why the restoration of the 'crater' area of the Somme battlefield should not be taken up at any time."

He had not, this officer concluded, given any definite thought to the design of the implements to be used, but, offhand, he thought that the prime desiderata would be an ability to clear up as much buried debris as possible in the process of cultivation, and also to exercise as a maximum levelling effect. Great strength and—if any difficulty was experienced on this score—more or less invulnerability to subterranean explosions—would be *sine qua non*. Since this meeting, however, I have had the good fortune to spend an evening in his company while he was on leave in London, and the following tentative scheme for preparing the "crater" areas for cultivation by means of tanks was drawn up on that occasion.

The ground should be ready for the first "going over" just as it is left by the ordinary cleaning up work now being carried on, by which all of the solid materials of all kinds on the surface are picked up and carried away. The first implement to be used would be a harrow of enormous strength, the function of which would be to rake the earth to a depth of a foot and a half or two feet, dragging up any buried wire or other debris likely to interfere with the later routine cultivation. For the sake of strength and "balance," it would best be made triangular in form, and built to tow from the apex by a fifteen or twenty-foot cable running to its tank. This, or even a greater length of cable, would be necessary to insure that both tank and harrow should not be in difficulties in the same hole at once. The teeth (made of two-inch steel bars) would be set at wide intervals—certainly not less than six inches apart—and provided (either by rows or individually) with levers that would slope them back in disentangling any debris raked up. A gang of two or three men would be ample to work the harrow, but it would probably be found necessary to follow it with a tender and a gang of scavengers to dispose of the stuff it clawed up. It might be found practicable to fix a scraper on the rear end of the harrow, which would help in pushing down hummocks and filling hollows.

The size of an implement of this kind would have to be worked out after determining the resistance it offered with its teeth set at full length. It would also, of course, vary with the power of its towing tank. The amount of open work in its frame should make it more or less impervious to serious injury from explosions, but if it were found that these were going to be frequent—which is highly improbable—it would doubtless prove advisable for its men to follow on foot or ride on the tank.

The effect of an implement of this kind—especially if equipped with the scraper—going over even the roughest area would be to reduce the largest shell-craters to rounded depressions, as well as to break down and largely to fill in even the deepest and widest trenches. One more "tank operation," however, would probably be required to smooth the ground sufficient for ordinary cultivation. This might take the form of towing a string of heavy tractor ploughs over the harrowed section. A series of foot-deep, eighteen-inches-wide furrows should come pretty near to disposing of any irregularities prominent enough to interfere with the operation of tractor or horse-drawn implements. If, however, there was still too much of a "ditch" where some of the trenches had been, this could be reduced by running the tank up one side and down the other, with its following ploughs throwing earth into the depression both ways. (I have often closed up storm-water "washes" on my California ranch by using a "caterpillar" tractor in a similar way). After that the roughest stretch of "crater land" should be in shape for the French peasant to resume business as usual.

"Hot Air"

By Centurion

"LET her go!" said the Lieutenant.

She went. At one moment I had been looking into the faces of the men around the car; at the next I was looking down upon their heads and could study the parting of their hair—they had their caps off and were in their shirt-sleeves. Only a drag-rope now anchored us to earth and that rope was very taut; the balloon seemed to have suddenly developed a personality of her own and was obviously impatient to be off. I suddenly felt extraordinarily volatile; there seemed to be nothing under my feet and nothing there was except some basket-work barely an inch thick. I felt that I was made of india-rubber, and that I might bounce at any moment—which is a nasty sensation, for it makes you feel a wild desire to bounce over the side of the car and see what will happen to you. The Lieutenant cast off the rope. We rose with amazing rapidity; the earth rushed away from us; the white faces of the crowd looking up at us behind the fence lost all their individual features; the ecstatic shouts of the children died away. I suddenly felt very queer.

No! I didn't like this. I didn't like it at all. I have "proceeded"—in the Army you never "go" anywhere because that might imply you came to rest somewhere, and there is no rest in the British Army—to some objective or other in nearly every form of transport known to the two Services, and of all of them I liked this beastly toy the least. I have flown in a Maurice Farman in a 30-mile gale at six thousand feet and felt nothing but a surprising absence of feeling—except when the "bus" "bumped," or when she began to volplane down, and I felt as if I were descending a gigantic staircase with a rather long leap from one stair to the next and no banisters to hang on to. I have helped to steer a tank, looking after the brakes while the tank commander performed like an organist with his hands and feet, peering through the visor as though he were reading a piece of music, and have reflected that this too was very unsensational except at the moment when we came to a crater and our great leviathan paused irresolutely on the edge, as though she were afraid of it, until she made up her mind to it, after which all you feel is that it's uncommonly like flying with an occasional "bump." I have looked on in a submarine while it submerged in the disciplinary silence that is the rule on those occasions, and have stood by the coxswain as he worked the plane-controls and wondered, as I watched the tell-tale bubble and the pointer of the depth-gauge, why the submarine didn't make a little more fuss about it. A hunt for a submarine in a naval drifter when the wind began to freshen—yes! this was—this was uncommonly like that. It was distinctly sensational. There was the same feeling in the pit of my stomach. Was I going to——? I looked over the side of the car. No, it would be too disgraceful. Another outrage upon an inoffensive civilian population.

I looked up through the ring into the open neck of the balloon and saw to the very top of the yellow interior—it seemed uncommonly empty; I studied the diagonals of rope-netting—the ropes seemed remarkably thin; I looked at the clothes-basket in which I and the other three stood—it was desperately small. I looked over the side, which reached no higher than my waist, and hastily withdrew my gaze. I looked at the coil of rope and the bags of sand at our feet and thought I had better sit down. I looked at my three companions and I thought I had better not. For all three of them were sitting nonchalantly on the edge of the basket like performing monkeys on a trapeze, their arms embracing the stays overhead; one of them was swinging a long leg over the side.

"It's—it's—a fine day," I remarked, desperately.

"You'll feel better in a moment," said the Lieutenant pointedly. "It's the gas, you know. It always affects one a bit at first."

"I rather like gas," I said, insincerely. "But I don't like it quite so fresh from the meter."

"There's the river!" said the Lieutenant, whom I will call the pilot, for such he was. The other two, each wearing a single "pip" on their sleeves, were "learning the ropes"—more particularly the valve rope.

I began to sit up and take notice. I looked over the side. I saw quadrangles, polygons, circles, also buildings leaning back at various angles much as a house appears in a badly focussed photograph.

"What a city to bomb!" I said involuntarily.

"Yes, isn't it?" said the Lieutenant. "One always feels like that at first." So this was sensation Number Two.

"We did bomb her the other day," he resumed, "with sandbags. We'd got over Battersea and found ourselves suddenly coming down and likely to get a cold tub in the river. So I said 'Poop off some ballast' to a fellow who was learning the ropes. And before I knew what he was doing the silly fool had thrown out half a dozen bags—bodily. Of course, you should always shake out the contents slowly—like a sower going forth to sow. They landed like bombs bang on the skylight of a factory or workshop or something of the kind. I saw them go through. As we rose, I saw a crowd of people rushing out into the street like ants when you've kicked over an ant-heap. They must have thought it was a raid—broad daylight too. The last I saw of them was a fat man shaking his fist at us."

We rose to about 800 feet and, as we ascended, the several noises of London were merged into one diapason hum, but out of it certain individual sounds retained their identity. They were cab-whistles. The whole city seemed alive with them, and one could hear each and every one.

"The whistling for a cab, the barking of a dog, the crowing of a cock," said the pilot in a literary style faintly reminiscent of the Book of Proverbs, "these are the last sounds one ceases to hear."

As we travelled over the North of London a dark mist blotted out the great city, but the white trail of smoke from railway-engines showed through it clearly like streaks of cotton wool. It was raining below. The houses were invisible, but railway-tracks gleamed through the mist with a curious effect as though we were gazing at their reflection in water. My destructive mood returned; I felt that at that moment I longed of all things to drop a bomb on that railway track. Which suggests that there's something very impersonal about bombing a city. I think of all lethal enterprises aerial bombing must be the least demoralising to the character. You

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don't think in terms of men but of targets, especially structural targets.

Thus meditating I took out my cigarette-case.

"Put it back, please," said the pilot hastily. "This isn't a smoking compartment." And he pointed overhead. There was nothing to see overhead except the delicate fabric of the balloon. And then I suddenly remembered that gas: I had no desire to go up to heaven—or down to earth—in a chariot of fire like the prophet. So I put it back.

"We haven't got any parachutes, you see," he explained apologetically. He spoke as though it were the most natural thing in the world to take a leap out of a balloon with a closed umbrella that might never open. "If anything went wrong we should be done."

This interlude provoked him to a most unfeeling strain of reminiscence: "When I was learning flying at the W—— aerodrome—before I got my transfer to the Balloon Wing—there was a Russian chap, a learner. He went 'solo' and had a smash. They took up seven basketfuls. The difficulty was to bury him."

"Why not a sack?" I said. It sounds a callous conversation, but after all there's only one way of looking at it if you want to keep your nerve. You must laugh at it.

"Oh! I don't mean that. I mean the Burial Service, Rites of Holy Church and all that kind of thing. You see a Russian can't be properly buried without incense and no end of ritual. Well, they discovered a Russian priest in the uniform of a Canadian padre. At least he said he was. Perhaps he was anxious to oblige."

"But what about the incense?"

"I'm coming to that. Some bright youth said he'd look after that—which relieved the C.O. mightily as he was anxious to do the correct thing and impress the fellow-countrymen of the deceased. Very important to keep on good terms with Russia just then, you know! . . . There was a great turn-out. The padre chanted away like a gramophone—and a N.C.O. duly lighted the sacred fire. Everybody sniffed. 'There's something very familiar about that smell,' whispered the C.O. to me. 'Very familiar.' And he sniffed like a fox-terrier. 'I have it, sir,' I said, 'it's tobacco.' And so it was. The N.C.O. had also contributed some packets of woodbines—like the widow's mite—which was rather decent of him when you come to think of it. And before the padre had finished I heard the sergeant say in a stentorian voice—'Collect the empties.'"

"It sounds a bit blasphemous," I remarked.

"Well, anyhow it was a good brand," said the pilot piously. "It was John Cotton."

The air seemed fresher. I looked at the aneroid; we had risen to 3,000 feet. The little red bubble in the statoscope, looking like a drop of coagulated blood or what the bacteriologists call a "smear," which alternately solidified and liquefied, was crawling to the right—a sure sign that we were still ascending. Periodically one of the learners shook out the contents of a sandbag which descended like pepper. We had a steady S.E. wind behind us, and we made out our course by observation of the roads and railways, checking them off on our map with the aid of a compass. The mist had cleared and I saw that we had left the city far behind us. We passed over woods and forests, their tops looking like a bed of asparagus; we sailed over growing crops of cereals, still green (it was early August), resembling, after the heavy storms, nothing so much as a cushion of green plush all rubbed the wrong way. "Barley," said the pilot. "And that's corn"; he pointed to a beaten field; I seemed to be looking down at a rough plaster-cast in yellow clay. From far below us came a continuous hum and a large beetle appeared to be racing along the road at a tremendous speed.

"A motor-cyclist," said the pilot. Again I felt that lethal instinct. To aim a bomb at a rapidly moving target—"short!" "over!" "hit!" Undeniably there was a sporting element in it.

"We're beating him," said the pilot. Yet our motion was imperceptible. We seemed to hang in the ether like a lonely planet.

We picked out one feature after another with the aid of our map. It was like doing a puzzle. Aerial observation has a fascination of its own. Introduce an element of "camouflage" into it,—such as a screened battery, and you're back at the old nursery game of "Puzzle, Find the Woodman." There is much to be said for an aerial life. It's clean, which is more than you can say of the trenches, and invigorating. And if you get "knocked out"—well, it's all over in no time.

"It's about tea-time," said the pilot, and he pulled a rope. I wondered if it was to summon the waiter. Then he let go. There was a loud clap.

"The valve," he explained. It may have been, but more of that later on. A shower of tiny chalk-like crystals descended on us from the interior of the balloon, as though some chemical change was going on up there. Sometimes the valve-rope catches. Then you climb up inside the ring. At least you do if you can think of nothing better. Personally, I would rather not.

He pulled again at intervals, and one of the others paid out some 300 feet of drag-rope. As we descended, the rope touched the ground, and I watched the deep furrow it made in the grass—the aftermath of a hayfield. There was something uncanny about that rope. As we crossed a park of elms, having thrown out ballast to clear it, the rope rose from the ground, jumped the park fence, climbed the trees and followed us across their fan-like tops like an animated thing. An enormous serpent seemed to be following us with diabolical persistency, hissing as it brushed the trees. We passed a gabled manor-house with tall chimneys and having cleared the park threw out the grapnel. By this time the smooth full cheek of the balloon was beginning to crinkle and pucker like a rubicund countenance that has suddenly been stricken with senile decay. The pilot pulled the "rip" rope, opening a panel to the top of the balloon, and we came down with a bump.

We bounced, bumped, and bounced yet again. I found my head and shoulders caught in a snare of collapsing tackle with the balloon heaving like a wounded bird above us.

"Will you take tea or coffee, sir?"

I looked up, like a mouse caught in a trap, and I found myself staring into the face of a housemaid in cap and ribbons who was peering over the car in a state of wide-eyed excitement.

"I think we'll get out first," I said, struggling like Samson with seven green withes. I was not yet feeling quite terrestrial and I had a vague idea that the waiter had answered the bell.

"Her ladyship saw you coming over the park," said the housemaid, by way of explanation. "And she sent me out and said, she said, 'If they're not Germans, ask them if they'll have tea or coffee? But if they're Germans, send for the police at once.'".

"Be they Germans or bain't they?" I heard a masculine voice behind the housemaid. "Because if they be——"

"Put that gun down, you silly old ass," shouted the pilot, with his head in a noose. "What the hell do you damned well mean by ——"

They be English all right, Jarge," said another voice reassuringly. "Cassn't thee tell by the way they talk? That's good edicated English."

"Aye, 'tis Jacob, depend on it, 'tis. No German Hun could talk such beautiful English, I'll take my gospel oath on it. The gentleman hev' a very proper gift of speaking."

A number of heads seemed suddenly to appear from nowhere in a circle around us. An aged man, holding a gun, looked over the side of the basket as though he were inspecting pigs in a netted cart.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, in a tone in which he strove manfully to conceal his disappointment.

"Don't mention it," said our pilot, politely, as we extricated ourselves and clambered out of the basket. "Got a horse and cart anywhere? Good. You men, there, you can help us flatten her out. No, no, like this. Start at each end and roll her up."

They all set to, kneading the collapsed balloon as they squeezed the gas out of her billowy folds.

"It do just seem like holding down a pig at killing-time," said one of them pensively. "What a girt chitterling it be!"

"It's the way mother makes dough," whispered one child to another, as she stood round looking at us with a finger in her mouth. The men rolled the fabric over and over, crushing the pink clover and sulphur-coloured toad-flax beneath it. In a few minutes our ballon was packed up in a green canvas hold-all little bigger than a kit-bag, to the no small astonishment of those who had witnessed her descent. Canvas bag and basket were hoisted into the cart with directions to drive to H——, the nearest railway station, some six miles away.

"Thank you, madam, we'll take tea," said our pilot as we entered the house.

"I'm afraid it's a little strong," she said, graciously. "It's been waiting some time for you."

I remembered that the pilot had pulled a mysterious rope about "tea-time."

I'm not in the R.F.C. But I hear that their methods of aerial communication are very wonderful.

Copies of "The British Firing Line Portfolio" containing a series of Engravings in Colour by Captain Handley-Read and forming a wonderful record of the Battle-area, may be obtained, price 5 guineas each, from the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.

On Minding Our Own Business

By Principal L. P. Jacks

ANY person who dares, in these days, to say a good word for minding one's own business will find himself exposed to various forms of obloquy. His neighbours will conclude in general that he is a selfish man. If he ventures his plea in public, somebody will charge him with being an advocate of *laissez-faire*, and the inference will be drawn that he is not only indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow men, but thoroughly idle. It will also be hinted that he regards himself as a superior person, and mental pictures of him will be evolved in which he will be represented as bidding the whole world go to the devil. Nobody will believe that he is a good citizen or a patriot.

The best citizen, the best patriot I ever knew, was a man whose life was fiercely devoted to the principle of minding his own business. I have never met a man more industrious, more unselfish, more trustworthy. He had thirteen children, who grew up into stalwart, sober, intelligent and self-respecting men and women; every one contributing necessary service to the world at this moment; three in the army, two in the navy, the rest doing skilled work in munition factories or tilling the land. The man himself was a shepherd, and his regular wages were eighteen shillings a week. He bred the finest rams in England. But for him the mutton on our tables to-day would be poorer in quality and less in quantity. I wish I could think that I had contributed to the life of the community anything a quarter as valuable. To be sure he never talked either about citizenship or patriotism; but he did the thing the rest of us would talk about. He neither interfered with other people, nor would he allow them to interfere with him. Because he wanted to mind his own business, that of breeding sheep, he insisted on being left alone. And he left others alone, thus doing unto them precisely as he would they should do unto him. Taken on his own terms, he was agreeable enough and interesting beyond measure. He was excellent company, and deeply religious. But if you interfered with him, especially if you showed the least desire to improve him or do him good, he would turn his back and walk away in wrath.

If all men were like him it would be impossible for anybody to do good to anybody else—except, of course, in secret, which is the way the Bible says it ought to be done. But in that case—if everybody minded his own business as this shepherd did—doing them good in ways that were not secret would be unnecessary. The reason we have to do so much good in public, to pass so many public laws, and to make so many public speeches, is always, in the last resort, that somebody is not minding his own business. It is a rather humiliating state of things and suggests that life moves in a vicious circle. Smith causes trouble by not minding his own business; then Jones has to neglect his in order to set right the trouble caused by Smith; and then Robinson has to leave his counter in order to straighten things up in Jones's shop—and so it goes on. Hence it is that our morals, politics, and social reforms have much in them to remind us of the process by which the men of Gotham earned their livelihood—they took in one another's washing. It is clear that if everybody would wash his own clothes there would be a general *sauve qui peut* among the moralists, politicians and social reformers. Their occupation would be almost gone, and they would be reduced to the necessity of having to do good in secret, which some of them would find most uncongenial to their habits.

I believe good citizenship, patriotism, and, indeed, Christianity itself, were not well served when " doing good to others " became the war-cry of moralists. These moralists meant well, but they did harm. Just because they meant so well we have been half blind to the harm they did and are still doing. What they meant to do, of course, was to promote good works all round, in which no doubt they have succeeded—to some extent. But, incidentally, they caused a new division of classes—that, namely, between the people who fancy it their mission to do good, and the " others " to whom good is done. Without intending it, they set up a small aristocracy, which called itself " we," and at the same time they created (in imagination) an enormous moral proletariat known as " others." This has had the effect of opening a door, for any man who wants to neglect his own business, through which he can press the claim that he is one of the " others " whose business ought to be minded for them by somebody else. That, in the miserable days before the war, was the attitude of the public—the artificially created proletariat—towards the Government. " You," said the public, addressing the Government, " represent the moral aristocracy, who mind other people's business. Behold us, then, who are the ' others ' in question. Do us good. Mind our business—for we are disinclined to mind it ourselves. Educate our children. Regulate our wages. Insure us against poverty. Fix prices. Compel us to behave ourselves decently. Put policemen at every street corner."

It is not wholesome for any man to think of himself as one of the " we " who do good to others; he is apt to become a Pharisee without knowing it. Nor is it better for him, but worse, if he think of himself as one of the " others " to whom good is done; he will almost certainly fall into the habit of neglecting his own business, especially if it happens to be difficult. Most of us, it will be found, unconsciously place ourselves in one or other of these two classes. Or rather, we transfer ourselves from the first to the second and *vice versa*, according to the convenience of the moment. If the business we are engaged in is pleasant and costs nothing—such as public agitation, speech-making, devising schemes of social reconstruction—the tendency is to place ourselves among the " we " who go about doing good. If it is unpleasant, or arduous, or requires abstinence, care, forethought and self-sacrifice—such as properly educating our children or protecting ourselves from poverty in old age—our tendency is to let the business drift and wait till the State steps in and takes it off our hands: we now belong to the " others " to whom good is done.

A Curious Process

You may see this curious process actively at work in the discussions that are now going on about Education. The assumption on which it proceeds is that there exists in the community a comparatively small class of persons (" we ") whose part is to educate, and an enormous multitude of persons (" the others ") whose part is to be educated in the manner which " we " consider best. Every one who has a scheme to propose unconsciously reckons himself a member of the small aristocracy represented by the first class; rarely indeed, do you encounter an educational reformer who shows the faintest suspicion of his own need to be educated. On the other hand, the great mass of the public is so accustomed to be treated in this way that it doesn't bother its head about education at all. It leaves the whole business, which is really its own, to be looked after by " we ; " though it is not unlikely that when " we " have made their arrangements the public will discover that they have been most unwarrantably interfered with, and will kick ferociously against the arrangements " we " have made.

That, I contend, is bad for both parties

As happens so often, the moralists, with their cry of " do good to others," have got hold of the stick, but they have grasped it by the wrong end. The most effectual way of doing good to others is to mind your own business—the most effectual, but the least showy, for there is nothing in it to indicate to the passers-by that you are a philanthropist. Your conduct will commend itself only to those who prefer to see good done in secret. Assuredly, there is no form of " social service " comparable to that which one can render by doing his job to the very best of his ability. And, contrariwise, the true enemies of society are those who scamp their jobs, no matter whether the cause be idleness, stupidity, selfishness or the benevolent desire to spend one's time in looking after the interests of other people. This applies to everybody, from the Prime Minister to the hodman. No education is worth a straw that is founded on any other principle.

One often wonders what the world would be like at the present moment if civilisation had been grounded from the first on the law of "mind your own business," with less said about doing good to others. I cannot but believe that we should be living in a far better world. There would be less idleness, less inefficiency, less ugliness, less dirt, less shoddy, and, above all, less humbug—less, in short, of everything which darkens the future of the earth. The curse of bad work—the root of the labour problem—would never have lighted on our civilisation. There might not be so much wealth in the world, but what there was would be worth far more. We should be doing each other more good than we can ever hope to do by all that is commonly comprised under "social service." We should entertain a higher respect for our neighbours; for there is nothing that makes you despise a man so completely as the sight of him scamping his job. We should be more united, more sociable, more unselfish, and more willing to pull together. And the present war would never have taken place. What is wrong with Germany is simply that she has never learnt to mind her own business and to leave other nations to mind theirs. She claims the right to impose her culture on the rest of the world without consulting it, which is precisely what our educational reformers do when they take the "uneducated masses" in hand. In fact Prussian militarism merely carries out on the international scale, and to its logical conclusion, the mistake we all commit when we grasp the principle of doing good to others by the wrong end.

I contend therefore that the obloquy is misplaced which the fashion of the day turns on the man who believes in minding his own business. The obloquy falls on the opposite party. Our believer is not an idle person; he works longer hours than his opponent, and produces a better article. He is not indifferent to the welfare of others; he does them good in secret all day long. He is not a superior person who bids the whole world go to the devil; he sees it going to the devil under the influence of the opposite principle and tries to save it by sticking to his post. He is not a selfish man; he is the true philanthropist, though he never seeks the reputation of being one, and greatly dislikes hearing himself called by that name. He doesn't practice *laissez-faire*; he leaves that to the people who neglect their own business under the pretext of doing good to others. He is not a troublesome member of the community; he gives less trouble than anybody else, and at the same time performs more social service than anybody else. His job is not the easiest; it is the hardest, but he makes no fuss about it and seldom complains. Taking him all round he is the best of good fellows—staunch, neighbourly, cheerful, healthy-minded, unpretentious—a pillar of society in every sense of the term, an excellent citizen and a true patriot. To be sure, he is a trifle disagreeable when he finds himself in the midst of talking men, especially if they are talking about social service; but, otherwise, you will find him the most pleasant of companions, and be very glad you have him alongside of you in the world.

Comrades of the Great War

By a Comrade

WE can look back through the brooding cloud of three years of war, to the beginnings of our army of to-day—the little handful at which a powerful enemy laughed then, boasting like the giant Harapha—and his jest is immortal and our glory. Small as it then was, it was grouped and divided with an intimate difference from the millions now massed on all our battle fronts. In the old days before 1914, "The Regiment" was all-in-all to the soldier. It had the best of him, and he was part of it; it got into his very bones.

Short service altered that; and the sudden outbreak of war and the country's unprepared state and urgent need, brought in a different state of things, different types of men in all ranks. The recruits in the first army of 1914 were mostly small boys when we were fighting at Spion Kop. They had no regimental traditions, and they did not learn many, for everything was under new emergency conditions, and carried through—crammed and hustled through if you like—against time, and in the rush old names, old prestige and sentiment, seemed minor matters. For the first time in the memories of living men the country was in danger. And England became all at once an upstanding reality to Englishmen.

Every sailor and soldier, behind his more immediate pride in his own craft or his own company, *his* particular R.F.A. Battery, or armed trawler, has that dominant idea, we believe; he is fighting for his country. No bond holds closer than suffering and danger shared for the sake of a common faith. The ordeal of war has so knit together the men of our forces that they mean to keep their war-time fellowship through the coming years of peace. "The Comrades of the Great War" is a league founded for and founded by old sailors and soldiers, on equal terms, for intercourse, for mutual help, and for keeping in mind the great lessons of patriotism learned in these rugged days; for raising a living memorial—the noblest we can—to the brave who have given their lives for home and for honour.

Victory will bring peace, and peace demobilisation. For a short time the five million or so of discharged men will be publicly regarded as heroes. They will be no less heroes when we have been at peace for five years. But nobody supposes that the tumult and the shouting will go on all that time. The disbanded forces will be just so many millions in our population, dispersed and absorbed. Their life will become the hum-drum round of working citizens, just the same as if they had never taken a trench or sunk an enemy destroyer; a daily-bread affair, rush times and slack seasons, shop disputes, Bank Holidays, the wife and children, the bus chock-full on a rainy morning, and all the rest of it.

"The rest of it" will be fairly complicated too! Relations between the discharged men and those who have not served with the colours, for good and sufficient reasons, and (often against the grain) had to carry on at home! Relations between employers and employees, between Government officials and the men whose affairs they deal with and regulate; between men and women in the labour market. Altogether a coil of problems.

In this dispersal and turmoil, this interweaving and clashing of claims and interests, it is the purpose of the "Comrades of the Great War" to stand for a national ideal. It is the first association of men of all ranks meeting and co-operating with the good of the country as a whole for their great objective. The league has an economic side, a special bearing on the interests of the discharged sailor and soldier; but though every local centre will be an actively functioning organiser working for their benefit, it is not established only for material and economic purposes. Every Division, Branch and post will be a social club: there will be friendly and family intercourse, amusement and interest and good cheer. Do these homely humanities belittle and weaken a strong public spirit? We know better. On these ultimate plain things the great societies of mankind stand fast.

The fellowship is, as its charter says, a strong and democratic constitution. There is no preference for the commissioned over the non-commissioned officer, "no class, rank, or party" is recognised, stoker and commander may sit side by side on the Executive. Privates and N.C.O.'s are holding many official posts of importance and responsibility, especially as organisers in provincial centres; and they form about one half of the numbers of the General Committee.

We may sketch here some of the society's activities on the practical side. Employment and Pension Bureaux are already in working order in connection with the National Head-Quarters in London, and it is intended that this will be extended to every division and important branch, at all events, throughout the country. The Government Pensions machinery is largely—is bound to be—for sorting and sifting purposes, rejection of bogus claims and much necessary work of a similar kind. And the claiming of legitimate dues in form often involves—again inevitably—much paper formality; and there are endless small personal difficulties, urgencies, peculiarities, that special and personal help can more adequately meet. Then there is the training of the discharged men in new moves of activity. There are, too, a little farther on in the future, schemes of industrial enterprise.

As the league gets on a firm footing, it is intended to affiliate similar societies formed or forming among the ex-Service men of the Overseas Dominions. Who are our Comrades if not they? And, further, centres will be established in foreign countries whence British residents have come to fight under the flag. So that wherever the returned soldier goes home he will find a foothold of fellowship and recognition.

A word here specially as to one section of the "Comrades" honourably distinguished. No man can surely have come back as he went—these tremendous experiences must have seared brain and nerve and left unseen traces on the strongest; but some have paid heavily indeed "for valour." Every wounded man knows his own hardship best, and none, I think one can say, make any complaint.

Now their fighting days are over they ought to feel that they can be of some use. Life, especially to a man badly damaged, is of little value without that. He may be made as comfortable as circumstances will permit, may even be in luxury and have his path smoothed for him by every kindness and consideration; but if he has to feel that he is a drag and a burden and a bore, he will be sorry he was not finished off altogether. But the wounded Comrade has a great place and purpose in the league. More than any other man he can keep his fellows in mind of that supreme sacrifice of the individual that is sometimes for the common good.

The Comrades will make that common good, that national well-being their principle of outlook and action. They risked death for their country—and they will risk living for her. They know this war will have been won in vain if men relapse into a base tooth-and-nail scramble of self-interest. The rights of "The Comrades" have to be studied, their claims adjusted, in connection, in a reasonable proportion, with those of all others. They are to be a band of brothers, but not such a devoted family (one has known families like that) as to be shocking bad neighbours to everyone else. Let them use their brains and their wills, let them bring to all problems of national life the generous spirit, the good will, patience, and indomitable resolution that kept them unbroken in the field; and they will rout many a bullying injustice, and make impregnable the strong white heights of peace.

Life and Letters

By J. C. Squire

British Printing

IN the summer of 1914 I was in Germany. Having handed those plans to the Kaiser and received those bags of gold from Bethmann—for it is just as well to confirm at once the suspicions that my first sentence will have aroused—I left Berlin and went to Leipzic. At Leipzic there was being held an Exhibition of Printing and the Graphic Arts, and thither on my first morning I bent my steps. In one respect the Exhibition was like all other exhibitions; having been open for several months it was only half ready. Even German efficiency, apparently, breaks down when faced with the problem of exhibitions: some of the buildings were not yet completed and the roads were morasses. It was a very large concern; almost every State in the world had its pavilion and its official representative. Each building was in the style of the nation occupying it; the English exhibits, for example, were displayed in a charming low Tudor house. Siam had a little box, and, for all I know, specimens of Thibetan art were to be seen in a miniature lamassery. I spent the whole day there: finishing up, I remember, with a meal in the company of two stray Englishmen who talked of what was the burning question of the day, the prospects of the British polo team in America.

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One thing that struck the English visitor at once was the popularity of the Exhibition. Had one attempted such a show here I imagine that we should have held it in the Agricultural Hall, that it would have been generally attended by members of the printing trade on the look-out for economical devices, and that the principal exhibits would have been enormous machines capable of turning out millions of *Daily Mails* in an hour. But the German Exhibition was deliberately made as popular as possible; the public were expected to come to it just as though it were Earl's Court or the Zoo. All over the place were touches of what the controversialists call "the old Germany of Beethoven, Goethe and Kant." There were beer saloons in plenty; there was a life-size reproduction, not of a Zulu village, but of Old Heidelberg, including that venerable vault where is kept the largest Barrel in the world, and a students' museum containing notable specimens of the equipment with which German undergraduates contrive to improve each other's faces. There were great halls where bands of Bavarian peasants, in knee-breeches and jaunty feathered hats, discoursed the music of their highlands, whilst the audience drank beers and stuffed itself with black bread and little gherkins. There were flags in masses and booths with freaks in them and galleries where one could shoot at models of beasts and men. It was all so very unlike a really serious English industrial exhibition.

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But unhappily, the most noticeable and the most humiliating thing of all was the hopeless inferiority of the British as compared with the foreign and especially the German exhibitions. In the department of drawings we held our own. But the show in our printing pavilion was simply miserable. In gallery after gallery the German publishers showed thousands of beautifully printed and produced books ranging from the expensive edition *de luxe* on vellum to the tasteful penny series. All that we could show to equal or surpass their best were a few examples of the Kelmscott and other private presses. Most of the English publishers who had taken cases seemed to be totally unaware what printing was. They had apparently mistaken the Exhibition for a book-shop, and had sent specimens of all their dreary publications apparently in the hope that British or American tourists would buy a few copies. They even, some of them, showed rows of unreadable theological books bound in that sort of horrible navy blue or sage green cover, which emits a dim shriek when one runs one's finger nail across it. I admit that the Germans, when they lay themselves out to produce an unprepossessing book, can leave us standing; they could even—though it may be hard to believe—surpass that pamphlet entitled *Murder Most Foul*, which somebody in authority seems to imagine is produced as the English people would like it. But the Germans are doing an immense amount of very creditable commercial printing, and we are not.

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These memories of the forgotten and shady past were reawakened this week when I received a copy of what is intended to be the first volume of a new edition of Shelley—*The Lyrical Poems and Translations of P. B. Shelley*, edited by C. H. Herford (Chatto and Windus, 15s. net). This book—printed at the Florence Press—is a most beautiful book, and, like the productions of the Riccardi Press, and our unexcelled private presses, shows once more how well we can do if we care. But the price of the volume is fifteen shillings, and I do not suppose it could have been economically done for less. And this is almost invariably the case in this country; if one sees a well-printed book it is almost sure to be expensively bound, and printed on costly paper, so that its price puts it out of the reach of the big public. The chances also are that its contents will be—well, Shelley, or *Marius the Epicurean*, or something else which is considered "worthy" of good print. It costs no more to print from a good fount of type than from a hideous one. It costs no more—once one has spent a little time thinking about design—to print a well-arranged title page than it does to print one, the type and spacing of which are left to chance or evil custom. But in this country we seem to be tied by two obsessions: one, that only the rich deserve to have really nice things, and the other, that it is indecent to "waste" good design upon something which has a vulgar use. Just as we think—or act as if we thought—that churches should be beautiful, but that workmen's cottages are not worth bothering about, so we will refuse to allow our taste to enter into the production of an ephemeral or popular work merely because it is not the *Faerie Queene*. Our lowest depths are plumbed with our technical works. "Business is Business," one can hear their producers reflecting, and they are probably afraid that if they take any pains to make their books look pleasant they will be mistaken for dilettanti or quacks. The last irony is that some of the ugliest books of the last generation have dealt with what their authors and publishers, in mechanical respect for tradition, were content to describe as the Art of Printing.

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All this would not be worth writing if printers and publishers only were going to read it. They are, in England, a sluggish and unimaginative crowd; and, as long as they can market bad goods, not the eloquence of a Demosthenes would persuade them to produce good ones. But the important thing is to overcome the apathy of the consumer, the reading person who has a liking for a pretty book, but does not allow his own tastes to influence his purchases sufficiently or bother to make his views known to his bookseller. Even authors usually allow their publishers to get their works up in styles which make them writhe rather than insist on having a voice in the matter themselves. I recommend Professor Herford's Shelley to those who can afford it, and I am glad to have it myself. But when it has gone on the shelf it will cause its owner more pain than delight because of the abominable-looking trash by which it will inevitably be surrounded.

A Sailor's Garland

By N. M. F. Corbett.

O I will weave a garland,
A garland for my Sweet,
Of clouds of sunset splendour;
Of wavelets' murmur tender;
Of music of the Summer stars that dance on silver feet
Across the floor of Heav'n.
Of solemn hush of even;
Of Twilight's shy surrender
Her Lord the Night to greet.

A garland of the glamour
Of Ocean's tameless flood;
Of sea-bird's wings a-quiver;
Of moonlit sails a-shiver;
(Green fire-flakes at the forefoot and the mast-caps silver shod),
And through the pattern running
Shall twist in fashion cunning,
O! like a golden river,
The sea-taught Peace of God.

O! I will weave a garland
But not of fading flow'rs,
I'll weave it of the swinging
Deep bosomed surges, flinging
Their diamonded, salt spray drops in rainbow-tinted show'rs,
I'll weave it of the thunder,
The glory and the wonder,
The Sea is ever singing
To hearts that love like ours.

Books of the Week

Hawk of the Desert. By G. E. MITTON. John Murray. 5s. net.
Thomas. By H B CRESSWELL. Nisbet and Co. 5s. net.
Merely Players. By LUCY DALE and G. M. FAULDING. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
Miss Mary. By KATHARINE TYNAN. John Murray. 5s. net.
Revoke. By W. DE VEER. John Lane. 6s.

THERE is no living writer who can tell a story of adventure to the greater delight and entrancement of young people than Miss G. E. Mitton. She always takes her audience with her to strange places; on this occasion to the innermost parts of the Egyptian desert, and *Hawk of the Desert*—a splendid title—bears you on his wing in one wild rush from the first chapter to the last. The characters are forciby drawn; the German spy and intriguer, Thies, is a masterpiece, the way he pulls the strings and finally meets his reward are among the great excitements. Miss Mitton always scores by having gained first-hand knowledge of the wild regions which she describes; no one could have written this book with the same effect who had not been to Upper Egypt. There are occasions, so it seems to us, when she dilates a little too fully on local facts and peculiarities, but these pages we venture to think will be easily skipped by the young person who is out for blood and not for information. This is certainly one of the few really good adventure books that have been produced this Christmas.

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Mr. H. B. Cresswell, author of *Thomas*, has designed his book with a view to amusing his readers, and leaving the task of instructing them to those who believe that "heavy" fiction is acceptable in war time. Thomas was a civil servant who went on a holiday, and juggled with time so as to extend a month into six weeks, or thereabouts; he left at home a rather masterful sort of mother and a very charming young relative by marriage, both very well drawn figures in the story. By means of a small motor car, certain fish, a duke, and a few other equally varied accessories, Mr. Cresswell has contrived as merry a story as has appeared for some time. One makes friends with Thomas even while laughing at him, and eventually one laughs with him, up to the last chapter, where the author proves that he is capable of writing stirring prose; not without a touch of sentiment, as well as comedy. Thomas is a very welcome acquaintance all round, one in whose company it is quite possible to forget the war for an hour or two, and be genuinely amused.

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It would be interesting to know how much of *Merely Players* is due to each of its two authors, Lucy Dale and G. M. Faulding, for there is in the book no sign of collaboration, no variation of style from which one might conclude a dual authorship. It is the well-written story of two women and two men—one man married the wrong woman, so that the other man and woman were left out in the cold. In pre-war days, such a situation would probably have led the author or authors to take the characters on to such complications as would have involved the banning of the book by libraries, but there is at this present time a higher conception of life, and, very wisely, these folk are made to act in such a way that the most captious reader could not blame either Judith, the woman who counts, or Denis, the man who realises his mistake too late. It is a well-told story.

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In the matter of plot, Mr. E. F. Benson's latest book, *An Autumn Sowing*, is little more than a short story; Keeling, head of a provincial establishment paralleling Whiteley's, who began life in a small fish shop, took unto himself a secretary when he reached the age of fifty and found in that the romance of his life; mainly through the strength of the girl both he and she loved honour most—and there the book ends with Keeling realising that work is all which can compensate for the loss of the girl and the presence of his wife. In this, as far as plot is concerned, is no more than material for a short story, for the concurrent story of Alice, Keeling's daughter, and Silverdale, the parson with high church habits and a "pawing" manner where the womenfolk of his flock are concerned, is quite unimportant.

But, though the plot is so small, the treatment is otherwise. With uncanny skill Mr. Benson has stated the difference between Keeling, honourable, even admirable, and the well-bred folk with whom his work brings him in contact; with equal insight is pictured the boring stupidity of Keeling's wife, her utter inability to rise with her husband from the fish-shop level. Norah Propert, the heroine, is more shadowy; Silverdale, the offensive parson, is a caricature, though in him one recognises an all to common type, while Alice, born to spinsterhood and a prey to waste emotions, is little more than commonplace. The author has centred his activities in Keeling, and in him has created a figure worthy of more than casual attention, one of the best types that modern commercial life evolves. The book is more than clever, for the skill with which the very slight relations between Norah Propert and Keeling are traced from their beginning to the inevitable end is worthy of a larger epithet. Mr. Benson has done no better work than this, which is totally distinct in manner as in construction, from any other book he has written.

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Pleasure is to be gained from such a story as *Miss Mary* Katherine Tynan's latest novel. (John Murray, 5s. net.) It is a simple relation of Irish Life, with an exceedingly conventional plot. Miss Mary is the daughter of an Irish landlord, and the hero is a boy who, although of good family, enters the story as a stable boy—and the end is the usual end to such a story. But there is keen insight into Irish folk and Irish life, and certain anecdotes scattered about are more than normally attractive. For instance, the young doctor, very raw, who, when confronted with finger-bowls for the first time, ladled strawberries into his, remarking that it was wonderful how well up in "hygeen" we had become, as nothing wanted washing more than strawberries. Whereupon his host's strawberries went into his finger-bowl, as did those of the rest of the guests, while at the end the company agreed that strawberries were best unwashed after all. "Washing spoils them—we're too faddy about things nowadays," was the general conclusion. It is not the anecdote itself, but the way in which it is told by Miss Tynan and the spirit which it and others like it convey, that make the book a healthy, breezy novel, well written and very entertaining.

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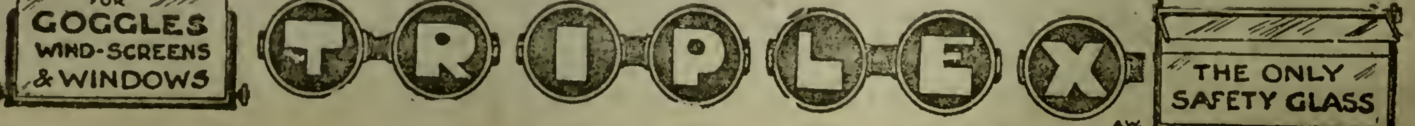
The slightest of stories makes up *Revoke*, by W. de Veer, for it is the setting rather than the actual story that counts in this novel. Onno Winter, president of the native court at a Javanese provincial centre, met a charming English girl, and lost his head over her—but she, after certain hesitations, preferred to keep her head, and that is practically all. The only pretence at an incident in the book consists in a snake-bite for the girl, when Winter virtually saved her life, but not much emphasis is laid on this, for the author is too much concerned with the course of the passion animating these two, a futile passion in the end.

But, apart from the story, the life and scenery of Java are pictured with a sure hand, so that one may realise the tropical heat of the coastal settlements, and the wonderful scenery of the uplands. A certain journey that Winter took with the girl and her father to a hill station yields us acquaintance with the wonders of the little-known road, with the rest houses, and with the manners and the laziness of the Javanese people, yet all this is painted in such a way as to fit with the story. It is obviously the work of one who is intimately acquainted with the country he describes, and, by the time the conscientious reader reaches the end of the book, that reader will feel that he too knows Java. Winter is a cleverly-drawn character, but the heroine is even more elusive and contradictory than the majority of women. Without any attempt at scaling dramatic heights, the author has told a story well fitted to its scene, and thus has made, out of the material for a short story, a very attractive novel.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, one of America's leading ministers of religion, made a personal investigation of the battlefields of France and Belgium in order to enquire carefully into the truth of German atrocities. On his return to America he made a number of public addresses, and preached an eloquent sermon at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a pulpit famous in America in that it was occupied for many years by Henry Ward Beecher. This sermon was printed and published widely in the United States, and it is now being circulated by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son in this country. It is entitled *Murder Most Foul*, and contains in concise form facts and particulars about German atrocities which are based on indisputable evidence.



Literature in War Time

By James Milne

> "Give us the Book that flowers and flames,
> With love and youth and noble tears."

THAT is the book, new or old, on which the war, with its ordeal of simple living and high thinking, has made the greatest demand. People, in these tragic but heroic days, look to books for resolution and comforting. They turn to them alike in moments of uplifting and moments of heart-breaking, as to tried friends who will survive the furnace. So the book of discomfort, the book of undue curiosity which we knew so well before the war; in fine, the book concentrated in the "problem novel," has practically disappeared amid the fires of the war.

If literature be true and great, it is life also, or, it may be, death; and that is seen in the relationship of the new books which succeed, to the conditions of this long, searching war. There has been a shedding of what was fleshly—did not Robert Buchanan once speak of the "fleshly school of fiction"?—in current literature, and a growth of what is spiritual. That note has been constantly ascending as the tumult has gone forward, and it is very noticeable during the past publishing season. You did not meet the frivolous, trifling book as often as before, the book of which you say, "Whence comest thou and why"? You did not see it because, like the Spanish fleet of the ballad, it is not in sight. When Armageddon broke it looked as if the pen were to be broken by the sword; certainly the pen of the average author, historian, novelist essayist or poet. But gradually that shadow cleared, as it was bound to clear, when the true business of the written literary word is considered. The situation, therefore, is that the pen never played such a great part in a war; only its influence has turned new books into certain main channels. Some, like the "problem novel" it has thrown aside; others, like biography, it has stimulated, perhaps on the principle, "lives of great men, they remind us, we can make our lives sublime."

Those are simple words, homely like much of Longfellow, but it is the simple things, the common touches of nature, that are settling the big things at this epoch of history-making. We are too near the events and personalities of the conflict to see them fully; to understand them as they will be unveiled by history. The mountain darkens, but the past is an open book which we can consult, and in what better way can this be done than through the pages of a biography? You may if you are a good reader by nature and habit, have set yourself a particular course of reading as a war distraction. You are sure to have one or two friends who have done so. Biography is pretty certain to come into that reading, old biographies the backbone, with worthy new ones that arise. Beside biographies, of course, one marshals autobiographies, which, as old lights in new editions, or as new lights given to us, are equally in demand, not alone with the good reader, but with the other fellow, the general reader.

The truth is, we are living a page of the world's history when fact is stranger, far stranger, than fiction. Run over the bare titles of books gathered out of the fighting line, in recent months, and you will be convinced. The soldier writer, first of the Old Army, then of the New Army, has achieved wonders in prose. He has done so because he has written simply of what he has met in warfare, given us plain tales from the hills of Flanders, from the scarred rocks of Gallipoli, from the scorched sands of Mesopotamia, or from the yellow lagoons of East Africa. The soldier writer has written from his fullness of feeling and hazard, and therefore he has written lasting things. They are all jumbled up as yet, in the heap of what we easily call "war books," but the day will arrive for their sorting out, and fine will be the array. The British infantryman is not only making history, but he is recording its making with a nearness which you may feel on the shelves of any London library or book shop.

You may, in those same quarters, hear what may surprise you a little, that the essay, the long neglected essay, has come up again on the tempest of the war. Perhaps the initial stimulus to that is traceable to a few prose war books like Donald Hankey's *Student in Arms*, and Charles Lister's letters. There you have the thoughtful temperament in action for supreme stakes. That temperament senses it all, groups it all, gives it all to us in a form which it finds natural, the essay. Serious minds have welcomed it and bereaved hearts have found it a solace, for just so, perhaps, were the thoughts of some one, near and dear, who did not write. A similar emotion leads to the volumes we have had on life and death, the here and the hereafter, the possibility, however unstable, that those who have gone gloriously "over the top" in the war, never to return, physically, may, in soul, survive in another bourne.

Christmas Morning, 1915

By An Eye Witness

IT may live, this episode, as lives yet the legend of the French and British soldiers' fraternising over that common stream and washing-place in the Peninsula. The grey, early Christmas morning; grey sky, and grey world of the trenches. The winter mist lingering here and there, moist and vapoury, making everything look big. The frost still clinging to the ground. And the two long, irregular lines of trenches facing each other.

The drab landscape of which every feature, every rise or fall in the ground, every knoll, every hideous skeleton of shattered buildings, almost every tree, had its story. They were consecrated for ever to the memory of the English race. The Aubers Ridge opposite—that very inconsiderable, scarcely noticeable rise in the ground—was consecrated to the memory of Englishmen. So were the very ordinary-looking trees and hedgerows and fields that fringed its summit, that climbed its slope. So were the bright-red and dark-red roofs of buildings that clustered half-way up the slope and the tall factory chimney in their midst. They were Aubers itself.

A short distance to the left was a village—absolutely sheltered. You could just see its brown roofs, its stark walls, and vari-coloured ruins, amid the trees. There was the church—a ghostly shell dominating the flat scene. It marked Gough's Corner. And immediately behind the trenches at a distance of about 200 paces, there was a row of tall elms and poplars, looking monstrous in the mist. They marked the line of the road. Immediately in front of them was a big farmstead with its courtyard and square little home-field—an untidy heap of red bricks amid four naked walls.

Between the long irregular lines of trenches, with their jumbled white sandbags and their untidy earth parapets, was a stream marked by a line of twisted brown willows bent to every conceivable grotesque shape. It ran down the middle of No Man's Land. It was a place of coarse grasses hiding little mouldering heaps of grey and khaki (heaps of old clothes or fallen scarecrows, they looked like), of knobs and unexpected pits, of earthly holes and water-logged ditches. Here British and Germans met.

As soon as it grew light that Christmas morning, they started peeping at each other over the top of the parapet....calling across to each other. And away there on the right the Boche stood up openly on his parapet and waved his arms. And then they came out all down the line, stood up on the parapet, waved, shouted, and finally swarmed out of their trenches on either side.

A British sergeant had been shot dead almost at the outset, as he stood on the parapet. But this made no difference. It must have been an accident. The supreme craving of humanity, the irresistible, spontaneous impulse born of a common faith and a common fear, fully triumphed.

And so the grey and khaki figures surged towards each other as one man. They met at the willow-lined stream; they even crossed it and mingled together in a haphazard throng. They talked and gesticulated, and shook hands over and over again. They patted each other on the shoulder and laughed like schoolboys, and leapt across the little stream for fun. And when an Englishman fell in and a Boche helped him out there was a shout of laughter that echoed back to the trenches. They exchanged cigars and pieces of sausages, and sauerkraut and concentrated coffee for cigarettes and bully-beef and ration-biscuits and tobacco. They expressed mutual admiration by pointing and signs. It was our leather waistcoats and trench-coats that attracted their attention; it was their trench-overalls, made of coarse canvas, that attracted ours. Even confidences were exchanged in broken English!

"What sort of billets have you?"

"Rotten!"

"Aren't you sick of the war? We are!"

"Not a bit of it. We shall fight for years yet."

And the information was even vouchsafed that the Christmas Eve bombardment had caused the Germans a lot of casualties.

So for ten brief—all too brief—minutes there was peace and good will among the trenches that Christmas Day.

Then two officers came out, and they were for taking photographs of the Tommies, offering them cigars. And presently they said:—"You will have five minutes to get back to your trenches before our artillery will open fire."

And it did. And two or three men were wounded almost at once. But for twenty-four hours not a shot was fired on either side. A common brotherhood of suffering—or was it an act of God or just human curiosity?—had united Englishman and Bavarian on the battlefield one grey Christmas morning which no one on either side who had taken part in that quaint scene will ever forget.

Where the Public Schools Fail

By S. P. B. Mais

THE late Headmaster of Eton, writing in *The Contemporary Review* on that much discussed book *The Loom of Youth*, makes the interesting statement that "whatever is wrong with our public schools is the outcome of certain defects of the English character: a general improvement in them is inconceivable unless there is first a general improvement in Society," adding as a corollary, that, "masters, like the boys, are the product of English homes, and most of them have had to acquire a sort of interest in some intellectual subject in face of the steady discouragement of an irresponsive home circle."

If this statement be true, it follows that until we can educate the general public to take an interest in intellectual matters, there is no hope for reform in the schools, and we are once again condemned to fly round in our vicious circle content to turn out a type of boy physically fit, honourable, according to his lights, a good campanion and an excellent leader of others, but mentally obtuse, both ignorant and indifferent to any of the intricate problems relating to modern conditions, which are likely not only to tax the capacities of the cleverest and most patriotic citizens in the solution, but will require distinctly brilliant brains in every section of the community before any attempt at such solution can be feasible. I think, however, that Dr. Lyttelton is wrong in his premises. It is not, as he says, that society imposes its standard upon the schools, but rather the schools which set the standard for society. How else, I would ask, is society to be educated? Even now the average adult does not despise culture, nor is he ready to run at the mention of poetry, music or painting, as he was ten years ago. Why? Because the æsthetic standards at school are higher than they were in 1907. Not that they are satisfactory even now, but the boy certainly has done much to educate the parent.

My theory is that the failure of the public schools is due to society only, in so far as society has still to learn that cheap goods are the most expensive in the end. The average man has realised that if he stints his children in food he will not only ruin their health, but incidentally have to pay considerably more on doctors than he would have had to spend originally on nourishment. What he has still to learn is that if he stints his children in mental food, he will not only impair their intellectual and moral digestion, but will probably have to continue to contribute towards their upkeep for a far longer period than he would have done had he invested more at the beginning on the best possible education. How can he understand this unless he is taught? Who so fit to teach him, through his son, as the schoolmaster? In a word, the root of the educational evil, in common with the root of most evils, is poverty. For who are ultimately responsible for education in this country? The schoolmasters.

Youth's Associates

On them depends the whole burden: they are the only grown up people with whom the bulk of the youth of the nation come into hourly and daily contact for the greater part of that period in life when they are most amenable to discipline, initiative of example, and malleable in character. It follows, then, that their whole view in life is going to be coloured by the attitude which they adopt at school, whether towards religion, morals, mental or bodily powers. It would seem as a consequence, that of all professions in the state that of teaching would stand as the most honourable, that only the best men would be allowed to enter its ranks, and that the qualities required, high moral integrity, absolute sincerity and singleness of aim, indefatigable energy and a fine intellect ever reaching out for fresh realms to conquer, combined with an inexhaustible sympathy, would justify those who were elected to so responsible a calling in demanding a very high salary.

Such would appear to be the logical conclusion if my argument is sound. Instead of which, what do we find?

With the cost of living increased enormously, the schoolmaster still receives the quite inadequate wage he had before the war. No man of brilliant capabilities can be expected to give of his best in exchange for a salary lower than that of a plumber. If you really want the best man you have to bait your hook to catch him. A third-rate wage only means that you will succeed in getting the third-rate intellect. That is where the public schools fail. The masters cannot be expected to teach, as Mr. Fisher has well said, unless they are happy; no honest man can be happy if he is continually harassed by debt. The average schoolmaster to-day simply cannot afford to live on what he gets from his work; he has to undertake outside examining, give public lectures, try his hand at journalism, turn his house into a sort of private hotel, go round from house to house in the holidays, when he ought to be resting, coaching backward boys for examinations; in a word, he has to turn his hand to all sorts of unnecessary labours in order to remain in the ranks of the profession he adores. In the light of this the astonishing thing is, not that there are so many inefficient schoolmasters, but that there are so few. Ten per cent. is a quite generous estimate of those who are consistently "ragged" and fail to teach boys anything. On the other hand, not more than ten per cent. are really capable of making boys realise that they come to school primarily to develop their brain power, to learn how to learn, how to think, and the (to them) strange fact that knowledge is power. So we arrive at the lamentable truth that eighty out of every hundred schoolmasters are not only martyrs to a cause, but useless martyrs to a forlorn cause.

Where Money Comes In

When they left the University these men were certainly full of promise. They did not represent the cream of their society, it is true; the Civil Service, the Bar, Science and Politics may, perhaps, be said to have claimed all those who seemed likely to make a stir in the world, but the second layer, who shared the Church, Medicine and Education, were by no means dull. Furthermore, they were willing for the sake of an ideal to forego honour and riches. Unfortunately they represented a type which is more likely to be led than to lead: existing beliefs, existing institutions and traditions become too much for them; after the briefest of struggles they follow the line of least resistance, and we see the lamentable result in curates deliberately shutting out the light of reason in order to be comfortable in their half-beliefs; doctors in fair circumstances settling down in the country to perpetrate outworn "cures," and, worst of all, schoolmasters enmeshed in the snare of that pernicious tradition, which is still rampant in our schools, that the training of the intellect comes last, and very much least, among the myriad interests of boyhood.

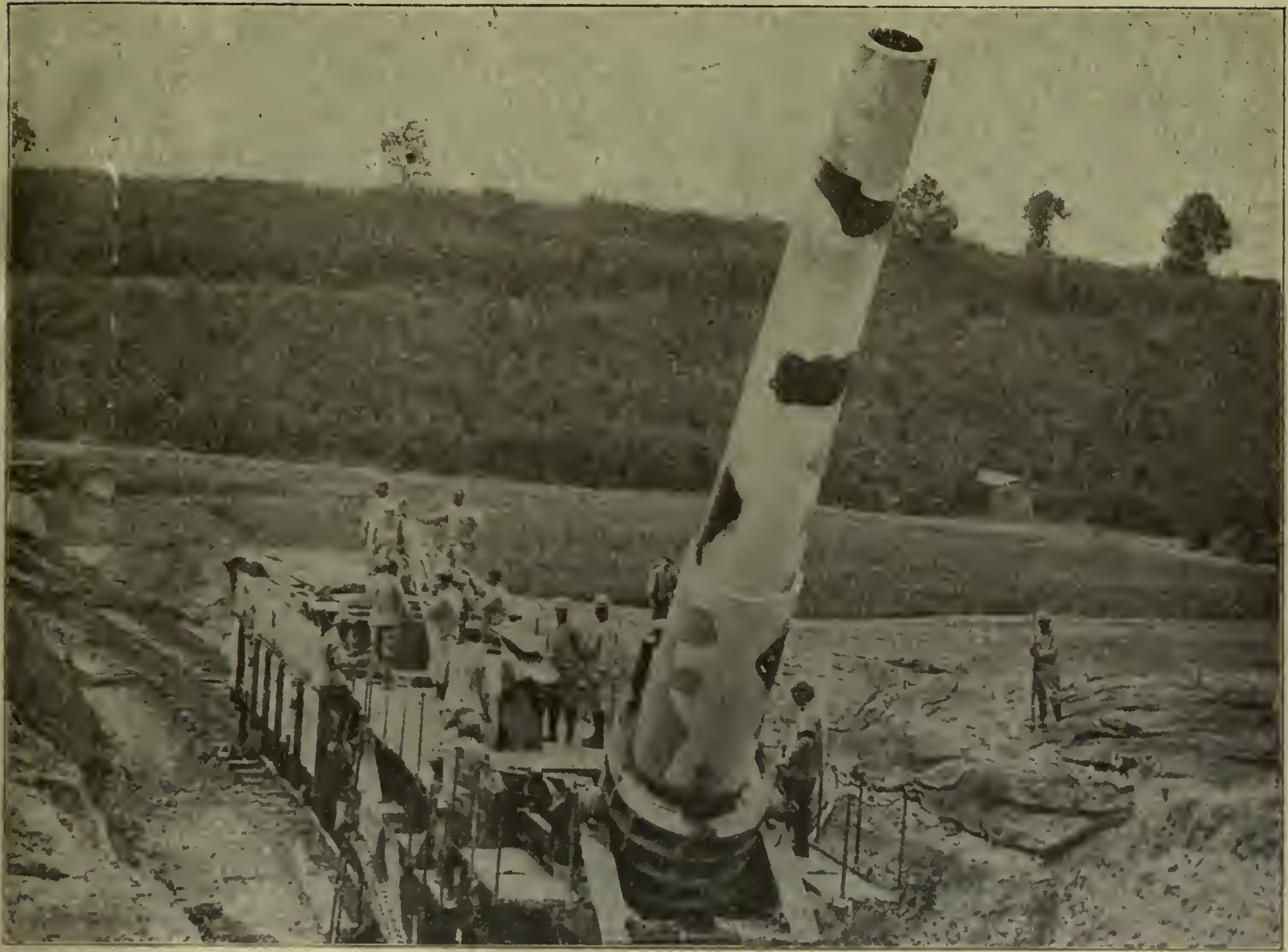
Every spare hour of a schoolmaster's life is spent in coaching games, which are still taken with a desperate seriousness out of all proportion to their importance, or in performing one of the thousand duties involved in the Officers' Training Corps. I am not pretending that these two side-issues of public school life ought not to usurp all our *superfluous* energy; what I do maintain is they should come second to, not before, the actual class work. At present it is well-nigh impossible to make boys realise that it is as important, from the point of view of their usefulness to the State, to reach a standard of efficiency in actual work as it is to keep their bodies healthy and to acquire the rudiments of military training.

The position in a nutshell is because the masters are underpaid the boys are underfed mentally. If we wish, as a nation, to utilise all our resources, to get the last ounce out of each individual citizen, we must go to the fountain head of all the present waste and confusion, and demand better education. It will not be cheap, but will be worth paying for. I do not pretend that the result of enticing the flower of the brains of this country to enter the teaching profession will mean that we shall get more Balliol Scholarships in the future, even though that is an end which is by no means despicable in itself. It will mean that we shall produce an average type of a more stable kind than hitherto, stable in the sense of having interests outside the domain of sports, able to employ its leisure not in vacuous, insipid pleasure, crudely mistaken for happiness, nor in undertakings of doubtful morality, entered upon owing to lack of both imagination and depth of character.

For it is a fact all too little recognised that poverty of intellect is the prime cause of poverty of morals. Training of the mind no less than training of the body results in avoiding excesses of any sort. Studies, as Bacon told us, serve for delight, ornament, and ability. Not only so, but they serve as an indispensable guide to life, a very present help in time of trouble, and are of distinctly marketable value, none of which things has even yet been sufficiently realised by the general public, for the simple reason that but few people have hitherto pinned their faith to them or turned them to account.

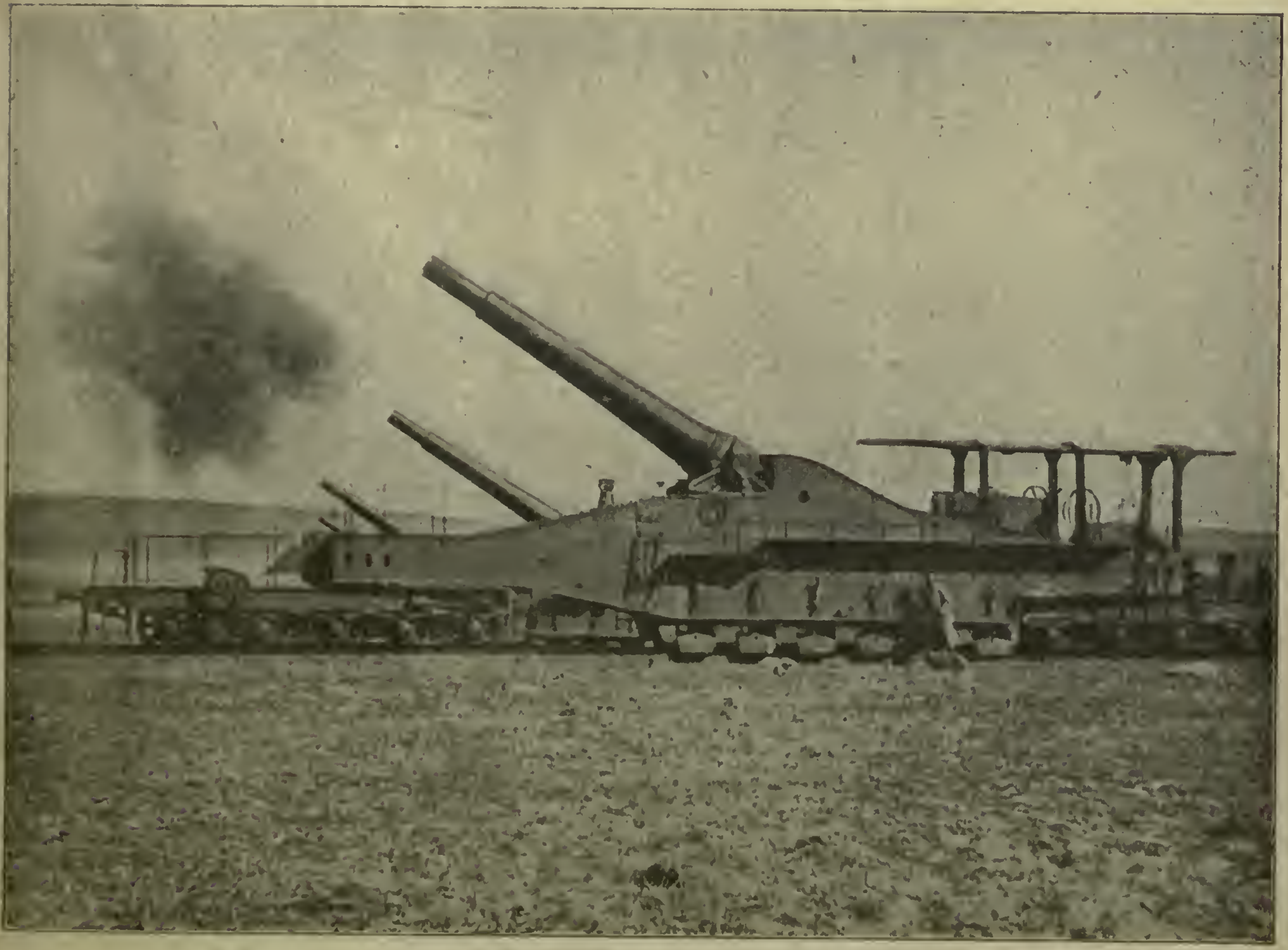
Our paramount duty is to find and encourage the right type of schoolmaster, to find him by offering him a tempting salary, to encourage him by giving him leisure to develop on his own lines, and to keep abreast of modern thought and discovery. Once this is done the public schools will no longer fail, in spite of attacks made upon them, either by pupils like the author of *The Loom of Youth*, or headmasters like Dr. Lyttelton.

The Big Guns of France



French Official Photograph

Good Specimen of Camouflage



French Official Photograph

A Heavy Battery in Action

The Palestine Campaign

The Mountains of Syria

Official

Landing Stores