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OCTOBER, 1915

Price, 10 Cents

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER.



THE STATUE OF VENUS BY KALAMIS.

(See page 613.)

The Open Court Publishing Company
CHICAGO

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

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Economic Aspects of the War

By Professor Edwin J. Clapp

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

\$1.50 NET

Neutral rights, belligerent claims, and American commerce in the years 1914-1915 are here viewed in the light of past history and future prosperity in America. During this period, 2000 vessels carrying American cargoes were seized and passenger ships destroyed resulting in the loss of the lives of nearly 1000 American citizens.

Many startling facts are supplied by the author, who has delved into diplomatic correspondence in Washington, bringing out information that is very disquieting to those American citizens who believe that, in the present European War, the United States has an opportunity to capture world commerce, and inaugurate an era of great national prosperity. It is an illuminating record of current history that will richly repay a careful reading.

The author is Professor of Economics in New York University.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

Room 1001 Peoples Gas Building

CHICAGO, ILL.



THE VENUS OF PRAXITELES.
In the Vatican Museum at Rome.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

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VOL. XXIX. (NO. 10)

OCTOBER, 1915

NO. 713

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VICTOR HUGO'S ESTIMATE OF GERMANY.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

VICTOR HUGO once wrote a remarkable poem in which he made his choice between the two nations that were nearest to his heart. They are Germany and France, and of these he gives the preference to France, but it is noteworthy what a high estimate he makes of Germany. The poet dwells long on the greatness of the people with the blue eyes, and the reader feels that he respects them highly. Considering the hatred that now prevails between the two nations, the admiration here exhibited by a great Frenchman for France's enemy is astonishing. Victor Hugo's praise is unstinted. He extols her justice, compares her blond maidens to angels, and forgets his own country in his eulogy of Germany as the greatest of all nations. He admires her heroes, her poets, her religious leaders, and declares "there is nothing on earth that excels her"; even Charlemagne, the founder of France, in some degree is one of her sons and owes his soldierly valor to her.

Victor Hugo exhorts the Teutons to be proud of their ancestors, their laurels and their country. Nevertheless, he turns to France. France is his choice even before the nation which he praises as the greatest, and his choice is made without reason or explanation beyond the one touching address, "Oh, my mother!"

Just now, while a bitter war rages all over Europe, it seems appropriate to call to mind this poetic description of the Teutonic nationality. The hatred between France and Germany is perhaps not too deep to be obliterated in time. Certainly the Germans do not hate the French. In former centuries they have suffered much from them, especially under Louis XIV and Napoleon I, but, with the squaring of accounts in 1870-71, they have been willing to forget old quarrels and live on good terms with their western neighbors.

Indeed it seemed probable that France would find it advantageous to leave Alsace-Lorraine in the hands of Germany, of which it had originally been a part, and seek a continental alliance against Great Britain which has done France such wrong at Suez and Fashoda. The interests of Germany and France lie together; but French politicians of to-day are short-sighted and they were easily duped by English diplomacy. Against their own interests they have become the allies of Great Britain in the present war; and Great Britain is determined to wage the war to the bitter end, or, as has been aptly said, she will fight to the last Frenchman,—incidentally, also, the last Russian and the last Italian.

This beautiful poem of Victor Hugo on Germany and France has been a puzzle in many respects. The great poet was an enthusiastic French patriot, and yet he has gone far in his praise of Germany, so frequently considered the arch-enemy of France. In fact the many mythological names, Velleda, Ganna, Galgacus, Spillyra, have been regarded as an indication that the poem is not to be taken seriously. To my mind they go to show that when Victor Hugo was traveling through Germany he read some books on the ancient history of the country and utilized them in his poetic description.

Victor Hugo's poem proves to me that the French are capable of appreciating Germany, and the Germans will be glad to recognize French appreciation. Indeed my attention has been called to it by some extracts from this grand hymn in a German translation published on a fly-leaf by the Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund, under the title, *Ein ernstes Wort in ernster Zeit*; and the French original in its complete form is contained in Victor Hugo's works under the title *L'année terrible*.

The conclusion of the poem where Victor Hugo gives the palm to France in preference to Germany and in spite of his full recognition of Germany's greatness, is unparalleled in sweetness and devotion. Germany is stern and grand, but to France his love belongs. France is his mother.

The poetic spirit in this poem is peculiar and inimitable. It seems impossible to translate these lines into English verse. So we ask our readers to study the French original and we shrink from the difficult task of rendering it into poetry. We subjoin in all modesty a prose version in which we forego the attempt to reproduce the poetic grandeur of the French poet's lines.

CHOIX ENTRE LES DEUX NATIONS.

PAR VICTOR HUGO.

A l'Allemagne.

Aucune nation n'est plus grande que toi ;
 Jadis, toute la terre étant un lieu d'effroi,
 Parmi les peuples forts tu fus le peuple juste.
 Une tiare d'ombre est sur ton front auguste ;
 Et pourtant, comme l'Inde aux aspects fabuleux,
 Tu brilles ; ô pays des hommes aux yeux bleus,
 Clarté hautaine au fond ténébreux de l'Europe,
 Une gloire âpre, informe, immense, t'enveloppe ;
 Ton phare est allumé sur le mont des Géants !
 Comme l'aigle de mer qui change d'océans,
 Tu passas tour à tour d'une grandeur à l'autre ;
 Huss le sage a suivi Crescentius l'apôtre ;
 Barberousse chez toi n'empêche pas Schiller ;
 L'empereur, ce sommet, craint l'esprit, cet éclair.
 Non, rien ici-bas, rien ne t'éclipse, Allemagne.

Ton Vitikind tient tête à notre Charlemagne,
 Et Charlemagne même est un peu ton soldat.
 Il semblait par moments qu'un astre te guidat ;
 Et les peuples t'ont vue, ô guerrière féconde,
 Rebelle au double joug qui pèse sur le monde,
 Dresser, portant l'aurore entre tes poings de fer,
 Contre César Hermann, contre Pierre Luther.
 Longtemps, comme le chêne offrant ses bras au lierre,
 Du vieux droit des vaincus tu fus la chevalière ;
 Comme on mêle l'argent et le plomb dans l'airain,
 Tu sus fondre en un peuple unique et souverain
 Vingt peuplades, le Hun, le Dace, le Sicambre.
 Le Rhin te donne l'or et la Baltique l'ambre ;
 La musique est ton souffle ; âme, harmonie, encens,
 Elle fait alterner dans tes hymnes puissants
 Le cri de l'aigle avec le chant de l'alouette ;
 On croit voir sur tes burgs croulants la silhouette
 De l'hydre et du guerrier vaguement aperçus
 Dans la montagne, avec le tonnerre au-dessus ;
 Rien n'est frais et charmant comme tes plaines vertes ;

Les brèches de la brume aux rayons sont ouvertes,
 Le hameau dort, groupé sous l'aile du manoir,
 Et la vierge, accoudée aux citernes le soir,
 Blonde, a la ressemblance adorable des anges.
 Comme un temple exhaussé sur des piliers étranges
 L'Allemagne est debout sur vingt siècles hideux,
 Et sa splendeur qui sort de leurs ombres, vient d'eux.
 Elle a plus de héros que l'Athos n'a de cimes.
 La Teutonie, au seuil des nuages sublimes
 Où l'étoile est mêlée à la foudre, apparaît ;
 Ses piques dans la nuit sont comme une forêt ;
 Au-dessus de sa tête un clairon de victoire
 S'allonge, et sa légende égale son histoire.
 Dans la Thuringe, où Thor tient sa lance en arrêt,
 Ganna, la druidesse échevelée, errait ;
 Sous les fleuves, dont l'eau roulait de vagues flammes,
 Les sirènes chantaient, monstres aux seins de femmes,
 Et le Hartz que hantait Velléda, le Taunus
 Où Spillyre essayait dans l'herbe ses pieds nus,
 Ont encore toute l'âpre et divine tristesse
 Que laisse dans les bois profonds la prophétesse ;
 La nuit, la Forêt-Noire est un sinistre éden ;
 Le clair de lune, aux bords du Neckar, fait soudain
 Sonores et vivants les arbres pleins de fées.
 O Teutons, vos tombeaux ont des airs de trophées ;
 Vos aïeux n'ont semé que de grands ossements ;
 Vos lauriers sont partout ; soyez fiers, Allemands.
 Le seul pied des titans chausse votre sandale.
 Tatouage éclatant, la gloire féodale
 Dore vos morions, blasonne vos écus ;
 Comme Rome Coclès vous avez Galgacus,
 Vous avez Beethoven comme la Grèce Homère ;
 L'Allemagne est puissante et superbe.

A la France.

O ma mère !

CHOICE BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

To Germany.

No nation is so great as thou !
 When of old the earth was still a place of terror,

Thou among strong peoples wast the just.
 A tiara of shadow rests upon thy noble brow ;
 And yet, like India, with fabulous visions
 Thou art radiant ; O land of blue-eyed people,
 O lofty light upon the dark depths of Europe,
 A glory rugged, vague, immense, envelops thee ;
 Thy beacon-light shines forth from the mount of giants ;
 As the sea-eagle passes from ocean to ocean,
 Thou mountest from grandeur to grandeur.
 Huss, the sage, has followed Crescentius, the apostle ;
 With thee rulers like Barbarossa do not prevent poets like
 Schiller from arising.

The Emperor, that towering summit, fears the lightning-flash of
 the spirit.

Naught here below, naught eclipses thee, Germania.
 Thy Wittekind braves our Charlemagne,
 And Charlemagne himself is in a sense thy soldier.
 It seemed at times as if a star guided thee,
 And the peoples have beheld thee, O fruitful mother warrior,
 Rebel against the double yoke that weighs upon the world.
 Take up arms, bearing the dawn of day in thy mailed fists,
 Against Cæsar a Hermann, against the pope a Luther.
 Long, as the oak offers its boughs to the ivy,
 Hast thou been the protectress of the ancient rights of the van-
 quished.

As silver and lead are mixed in the brazen vessel,
 So hast thou fused into one united and sovereign people
 Twenty tribes, the Hun, the Dacian and the Sigambrian.
 The Rhine gives thee gold, and the Baltic amber :
 Music is thy breath—soul, harmony, incense ;
 In thy powerful hymns is heard
 Now the eagle's cry and now the song of the lark.
 Methinks I see in thy crumbling castles silhouettes
 Of the dragon and warrior dimly discernible
 In the thunder-capped mountains.
 Naught is so fresh and charming as thy green fields ;
 The fog breaks beneath the rays of the sun ;
 Huddled under the wing of the manor, the hamlet sleeps,
 And the maiden, leaning upon the cistern at evening,
 With flaxen hair, is adorable and like unto the angels.
 Like a temple built on strange pillars
 Germany stands upon twenty dreary centuries,

And her splendor that proceeds from their shadows comes from them.

She has more heroes than Mount Athos has peaks.
 On the threshold of the lofty clouds,
 Where star and thunder meet, there Teutonia appears;
 Her lances in the night are like a forest;
 Above her head a clarion of victory
 Resounds, and its message, ever the same, is her history.

In Thuringia, where Thor holds his lance ever ready,
 Ganna, the druidess with disheveled hair, was wont to wander;
 In the rivers whose waters roll in gleaming waves
 The sirens sing, beings of half-womanly form;
 And the Hartz haunted by Velleda, and the Taunus
 Where Spillyra dried her bare feet in the grass,
 Possess still the spell of austere and divine sadness
 Which the prophetess cast in the deep woods.
 By night, the Black Forest is a sinister Eden;
 By moonlight, on the banks of the Neckar, the woods
 Become, of a sudden, sonorous and alive with fairies.

O Teutons, your tombs are like unto trophies;
 Your forefathers have sown but the bones of heroes:
 Your laurels are everywhere; be proud, O Germans.
 'Tis only the foot of Titans your sandal fits.
 A striking tattoo, feudal glory
 Gilds your helmets, emblazons your escutcheons.
 As Rome has Cocles so you have Galgacus;
 You have Beethoven as Greece has Homer.
 Mighty is Germany and superb!

To France

Oh, my mother!

OPEN LETTERS FROM M. PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON.*

I REGARD you, my dear Dr. Carus, as the very image of an honest man, than whom no one could have a broader mind—pantheist born of the Gospel, extending your benisons beyond every created thing, to every particle of the universe—in fine, a man of the most benignant and the least bellicose nature in the world. You were a very dear friend of my parents; you have continued bountifully to be the dear friend of my own family, even to the point of offering—you, a German-American, German by birth and environment—your eager mite to the hospital for military convalescents, for all soldiers returned from the front, which my wife has established in her home. This trait, like many others, does you credit, and I owe you my testimony of cordial esteem.

But I owe you also my reflections on the extraordinary campaign you have been waging with your pen in the United States ever since the outbreak of hostilities.

Many years ago, if I remember correctly, you once followed the soldier's calling in the land of your birth, then left the country as early as possible for a land where the air was freer, to escape the suffocation of autocracy. Years passed, the great war broke out, and you who, as we think and as you yourself doubtless believe, had attained the culture of the world not merely of one race—forthwith, instinctively, mechanically, you assume the position of a soldier in arms, clicking your heels and, at a blast from the bugle, commanding the assembly of all your forces, of all the arguments, of all the sharpest theses of Kaiserism let loose, to lead them forth in parade in serried ranks in your American magazine, which only yesterday was the organ of the most transcendent humanism, of the most rigorous criticism.

The case is typical and possesses historical value. As far as

* Translated for *The Open Court* by Lydia G. Robinson.

you are concerned I have just indicated my reasons; and it only remains for me to comment with regard to *The Open Court* whose title, it seems to me, ought to signify impartial judgment.

I have under my eyes one of your first war numbers, and I am compelled to admit that German propaganda organized in the United States—I mean only that which is most sincere, which owes nothing to Herr Dernburg—has produced nothing better nor more complete. On the cover, bearing the idyllic legend "Peace," stands an old abandoned cannon garlanded with brambles and leaves in a Sleeping Beauty's park, the obvious symbol of the pacific dream of Germany and of her state of unpreparedness for war which had been mechanically imposed upon her. Within the magazine there is a display of superb illustrations, and how eloquent in their contrasts! old Nuremberg drowsing in her calm, like Hans Sachs over his empty glass, and facing it some ugly sparrows from France, those aeroplanes you know, by which that city, so sacred to art, was bombarded before the declaration of war—in the German communications; then, impressive, menacing, the photograph of the pyramidal monument of the battle of Leipsic, all the massive weight of Teuton pride, yesterday's victory, and to-morrow's triumph; then, a Peter the Great, sullen, savage, insolent, slave-driver—recalling the repartee of Bernhardi; then, a delicious morsel, the ruins of Heidelberg castle destroyed by French atrocity, so revealed for the first time by your care—justification in advance for the vandalism at Louvain and Rheims; finally (the sting is in the tail), the reproduction of two of Verestschagin's pictures—a Russian, gentlemen, let us bow before him!—one showing some moujiks shot by Napoleon's troops, and the other some venerable Parsis bound to the mouth of English cannons. After all this, refuse, if you can, to believe in the fragile nature of the Triple Entente, of a separate peace with Russia and in the revolt of the Hindus.

As to the contents of the number it would be cruel to dig them up after seven months have passed. Since that time you have, I must confess, offered my wife the opportunity to reply, but she preferred to pass the pen on to me; you have accorded the same privilege to others who have exercised it in *The Open Court*. It is only just to you to take account of all this.

With due reserve and confidently I have set myself to guarantee a refutation from the course events have taken. Dare you claim that I am wrong?

Let us summarize:

Premeditation of the war since 1913 by Austria-Germany, proved (declarations in the Italian parliament of the unsuspecting Signor Giolitti, a personal friend of Herr von Bülow).

Absence of any effort on Germany's part to counsel moderation to Austria, proved (not one single piece in the German White Book convincing in this respect).

Persistent and sincere efforts of the Czar toward the Kaiser to avoid the catastrophe, including the offer of referring the litigation to the Hague tribunal, an offer rejected by Germany, proved (2d English White Book, in press).

Acceptance by Austria herself, the only interested party (July 30), thoroughly to discuss the Servian question directly with Russia, proved (Yellow Book, 104).

After that, the proposal by Russia to maintain an expectant attitude (July 31) provided that Austria should stop the advance of her troops in Servia while continuing to occupy the country, and the acceptance of this proposal by Austria who informed her German ally of it, followed by the intervention of Germany who, seeing war about to escape her, hurled her crushing ultimatum at Russia in order to make war inevitable, proved (Orange Book, 67; Blue Book, 135).

Immediately thereafter, the violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality by scorning the "scrap of paper" as well as the law of nations, proved (cynical admission of Chancellor Bethman-Hollweg at the meeting of the Reichstag on August 4, considerably *prior* to the alleged discovery at Brussels of pseudo-documents relating to an Anglo-Belgian military convention).

Thereafter, disloyalties, atrocities, vandalisms of every kind—the whole lyre of Nero vibrating in full chord: the whole country set on fire and put to the sword, civilians pushed before soldiers, massacres of populations who would have been perfectly justified in defending themselves by improvising resistance (Convention of The Hague, article 3); amplification of the method, war taxes, ransom of slaughtered victims, burning of the library of Louvain, bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims, bombardment of Notre Dame de Paris, bombardment of English watering places, every sort of raids by Zeppelins and aeroplanes, torpedoing of neutral cargoes, of fishing smacks, even of passenger boats as in the case of the Falaba and Lusitania, without warning, without safety for the passengers; besides various interludes of incendiary shells, of villages destroyed, of the destruction of all the churches, of the

removal of furniture to Germany,¹ of populations transported bodily, of false accounts of murders, of disguises in the uniforms of our armies, of the bombardment of ambulances, etc. . . . ; then in distant lands the secret accompaniment of *Deutschland über Alles* by the allies of your "intellectuals," massacres of Servian women by Austrians, hecatombs of Armenians under the cutlasses of the Turks² etc., etc., and finally, to crown all these splendors, an artificial fire of German chemicals, burning tar, flaming petroleum in the open European battle-field, apotheosis of *Kultur* carried to the throne of the "old German god" on a cloud of asphyxiating gas!

Result:

The loss to Germany of the little sympathy that she could still count on among the neutrals: a sudden change on the part of Scandinavia, shuddering on the part of Holland, the awakening of Germanic Switzerland to the voice of the poet Spittelter, the impatience of Greece and the Balkan states, the emancipation of the United States from your tutillage by the humiliating defeat of your Germanizing candidate for the mayoralty in Chicago—head-quarters of the Kaiser—then a clamor of indignation, of stupor and of rage against your marine assassins; the expulsion of Dernburg, threatening war; the expulsion of Bülow, strengthening war; Italy disdainful to be bought off and deciding for all nations on which side is Justice, entering the fray against the enemy of the human race with head held high; in short, literally the entire world, the whole of the thinking element of the planet, aroused with disgust and anger against your Germany, a moral blockade for a hundred years established around her by her own actions, a circle of fire of her own devastations, a circle of ice of our contempt. There you have it!

Dear Paul Carus, the article you devoted to the war immediately following upon its outbreak closes with these words: "I am open to conviction. . . and in case I shall have to change my views I promise to confess my errors openly and without reluctance."

May your reason tell you if this hour has come for you. Your conscience is noble enough to keep your word to-day.

In this expectation and while greeting you with the pen on the other shore of the ocean of blood with which Prussia has in-

¹ The excess sold in neutral countries, as announced in the journal of Georg Brandes, the *Politiken* of Copenhagen.

² Inquiry on the spot by M. Reiss, professor at the University of Lausanne, Armand Colin, publisher.

³ Dispatches from Greece.

undated the world, I beg of you to forward my postscript to one of your fellow workers.

* * *

To His Excellence Ernst Haeckel,

Professor at the University of Jena.

Dear Master:—

Before conferring immortality on the “Manifesto of the Ninety-three” by affixing to it your signature, eminent above all the others—a sun eclipsing the stars—you deigned to publish in October 1914 in *The Open Court* of Dr. Carus an article entitled “England’s Blood-Guilt in the World War.” By an inconceivable mischance these pages, dropped from the august pen of the most genial of Germany’s scholars, did not compel the attention of Europe. Permit the most humble of your admirers to put a tardy end to this scandal and to bear the echo of your illustrious words to the ears of the allied nations for their confusion and their profit—I mean for their initiation into the critical methods of that *Kultur* of which you yourself are the Zeus.

Page 581, line 3. “The parliament and the press of the hostile Triple Entente, the English, French and Russian newspapers, are endeavoring at present, but in vain, to throw the whole blame [of the war] upon Germany. The falsity of this accusation is so patent to every one who knows the facts that it needs no refutation.”

What a pity, O Master, that you who are acquainted with the facts have not refuted the error for us who are the dupes of ignorance! But the oracle of Olympus is enough. The *Kultur* dispenses with any discussion, and it is also well that you do not discuss it.

Page 582, line 32. You recognize that the invasion of neutral Belgium by German troops *preceded* the declaration of war from England to Germany.

Page 583, line 30 you write: “On the 4th of August the fate of the entire world hung in the balance. It was in England’s power and in that of her government and parliament, in their epoch making decision, to cast the die for peace, justice and right, or to cast it for war, crime and evil.” Permit me to elucidate the meaning of the oracle as it appeared to the obtuse eyes of civilized men: “Justice and right” would approve the violation of Belgium by your troops; “crime and evil” would oppose it. Let us prostrate ourselves in silence before the mystery of German reasoning.

I shall continue our initiation.

Page 584, line 10: "Yet serious as this war would have been [against Russia and France], we should still have had every hope of victory. . . . By England's declaration of war against us, however, on August 4, the political and strategic situation was entirely changed. Now we are compelled to carry on a death struggle on three frontiers. . . . For this reason—through England's fault alone—the dreaded European war has grown to a universal world war of unprecedented extent."

Gloss for the allied barbarians: A war which, without the intervention of England, deals with but a paltry twenty millions of men—Germans, Russians, Austrians, French, Belgians, Serbs and Montenegrins—but with the advantage considerably on the side of Germany, was nothing more than "small beer" as long as it was Germany who guzzled the stein. The abomination first commenced with the unseemly jest of John Bull being about to take the stein from Germany's lips.

Master, our initiation is progressing. That all may see the marvel of Germanic science doubled by a prescience truly divine, I shall simply note what you announce on page 586, line 16; namely, that Germany can count for her victory on "powerful allies" from "Canada and Ireland, India and Australia, Egypt and South Africa." Indeed we are informed, as you have prophesied, that all these colonies have levied on us. It is Wilhelmstrasse that tells you that they are levied against their cruel mother Albion.

And I finally come, O Master, to the finest gem of your casket, to the sacred jewel of your treasuries, which I have extracted with trembling hands from the tabernacle of *Kultur*, to present it to the crowd with eyes closed from dizziness and mystical communion.

Nations, prostrate yourselves and give heed:

Page 581, line 38: *Russia* having in the beginning of August opened the attack on the mid-European Triple Alliance and, in fact, having been the *first to declare war. . . .*"

and page 584, line 8 (for it is necessary that you engrave the fact by a second incision in the granite of eternal history): "when Russia in the beginning of August *declared war on Germany.*"⁴

O speaker of truth! O redeemer! O victor! Under your liberating impulse—new Samson with blinded eyes—falls the temple

⁴This thesis of the eminent Professor Haeckel was taken up and proclaimed officially by his majesty the King of Bavaria in June, 1915, after ten months of war. Wonderful discipline in executing the word of command! Truth will always find a way.

of lies erected by the multi-colored books, including the German White Book, in which may be read the fraudulent statement that it was his majesty the Kaiser who declared war on the Czar (White Book 26).

Master, let us not sound the depths of this mystery. Are you unaware of the circumstances which precipitated the war? Did your suspicious Kaiser conceal them from you at the time you wrote before the appearance of the White Book? Do you indeed still hope to impose by your word on the wandering American tribes? What is the use! What is the use!

You, the father of the ninety-three, the forefather of German science, Method made Man, Criticism made God, Exactness of infinite detail in the magnificence of the All, you the dethroner of Spinoza, the vanquisher of Hegel, the restorer of the Valhalla of the great Pan-Teuton, "your Excellency Ernst Haeckel, professor of zoology at the University of Jena," you have erected in this article to the supreme glory of *Kultur* an imperishable monument, more massive and more overwhelming than that of the battle of Leipsic!

PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON.

[The writer of these letters, M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, is well known in France as a poet and writer, and is active in several reform movements of the day, being an advocate of international peace, republican ideals and the humanizing of the state. His parents, the late Father Hyacinthe Loyson, an eminent orator and theologian, and his gifted wife, Mme. Loyson, were familiar to readers of *The Open Court*, and were prominent because of their stand for Catholic reform. The story of the unique journey which they made through Northern Africa and Asia Minor for the purpose of studying Mohammedanism and bringing about a better understanding between monotheistic faiths, is interestingly told in their book, *To Jerusalem, Through the Lands of Islam*.

We also publish on the following pages another criticism of the editorial position by C. Marsh Beadnell, Fleet Surgeon, an officer of the British Royal Navy. We reserve our answer to both of our critics for a subsequent number of *The Open Court*.—ED.]

THE "OPEN MIND" IN "THE OPEN COURT."

BY C. MARSH BEADNELL.

The only means of preventing surprise attacks from the civil population has been to interfere with unrelenting severity and to create examples which by their frightfulness would be a warning to the whole country. (The Kaiser.)

During the last ten months the Editor of *The Open Court* has vehemently protested that his attitude is not anti-British but, "in a sense, pro-British," in fact, that he "loves the English nation"; he has stated that he has investigated the conditions and motives which led to the war with sincere impartiality, that if refuted by good sound arguments or by real facts he will confess his errors openly and without reluctance. It will be interesting to place on record the manner in which Mr. Paul Carus gives expression to his pro-British sympathies, exhibits impartiality of judgment and fulfils his promises. In the very first number of *The Open Court* devoted to the war we find, out of some seventy odd pages, sixty-six avowedly anti-British, fifty of which are contributed by Mr. Carus himself. This fair-minded editor is also at great pains to reproduce, by means of two full-page illustrations, paintings by Verestchagin, one depicting Indians lashed to cannon and entitled by the artist "Blown from the Cannon's Mouth," the other, French grenadiers shooting Russian peasants inside a church. The connection between these bygone events and the present war is best known to the just and judicious mind of Mr. Carus. Let us assume, however, that his object in doing so was—of course I may be wronging him here—to put France and England in a bad light, and that his disinterment of these long defunct and now somewhat putrid corpses has been for the purpose of distracting attention from certain incidents much more pertinent and nearer home, then his argument amounts to this: In the past "A" and "B" did wrong to "C" and "D," therefore "G" is justified in now wronging "A"

and "B." Being so strictly impartial Mr. Carus will certainly require, for some future number of *The Open Court*, two more pictures to counterbalance those in the October one, let me therefore submit for his favorable consideration two of topical and current interest—there are others in stock should these not prove acceptable. To avoid any misunderstanding I purposely pass by the sinking of the *Lusitania* with her freight of passengers including women and children, for it is possible Mr. Carus may, like other Germans, regard that "incident" as one of the most glorious of the war. I therefore select, as my first scene, a burning farm at Weerde; close by a mother, writhing in mental agony, her two little children, three and four years old, have been murdered before her eyes and are being flung from the bayonets into the flames. Scene two discloses a cosy little farmstead at Haecht; to the door of the house is nailed by its tiny hands and feet, a two or three year old infant, and in the garden lies the body of a little girl shot through the forehead. These are two of hundreds of such scenes, some so shocking that they will not bear mention on paper; they are fully established by evidence taken by Lord Bryce's Committee. No doubt Mr. Carus will endeavor to extenuate such "incidents" by saying they merely prove the eruption of a certain amount of indiscipline among the troops which is inseparable from all warfare. Then listen to the words of the Bryce Committee: "Murder, lust and pillage prevailed. . . . on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries. It was to the discipline rather than to the want of discipline that these outrages were due. . . ."

The war must be conducted as ruthlessly as possible, since only then, in addition to the material danger, is the necessary terror spread.—General von Bernhardt.

We pass on to the November issue; in this Mr. Carus lifts wholesale a pro-German letter contributed to the *Vossische Zeitung* by an Englishman. This gentleman's Englishry may be gauged from the following remarks: "There are English, to be sure, who prefer to go home, but nearly all those whom I know, prefer to remain here (Berlin) because they know they are living in a truly civilized country. . . . Every Britisher who knows Germany, her love of peace and her desire for justice, is indignant at England's quixotic policy." Two articles by Paul Carus also figure in this number; in "War on War" he deftly drags in more comments on "Blown from the Cannon's Mouth." In "Poor Belgium" he excuses Germany's burglarious onslaught by the totally unwarrantable and oft-refuted

statement that, prior to the burglary, Belgium had herself already committed a breach of neutrality. Then, as though fearing the transparency of such equivocation, he asks this silly riddle: "Why did the Belgian people show hostility to Germany when the Luxemburg people behaved like peaceful citizens?" And this from one who has written extensively on "the nature of thought" and "the mind of man"!

We proceed to the December number in which we find over 13 pages (excluding a full-page illustration) devoted to the inventor of those great gas bags whose principal role up to the present has been the slaughtering of women and babies in unfortified towns. Out of 62 pages, despite the repeated protest of "I am not anti-British," 52 contain attacks on the British. The remaining ten pages consist of an English view of Anglo-German relationship copied from a *Saturday Review* of nearly 20 years ago and a pro-English article to which latter the Editor, lest it should unduly impress any readers, is careful to add his own comments thereon together with a reproach addressed to its author. Of the 52 pro-German pages, 37 are contributed by the Editor and in these he makes the wildest accusations against the Serbs of officially practising assassination, insinuates that the Crown Prince of Servia was implicated in the assassination of the Arch Duke, accuses Russia of encouraging Servia to fight her enemies by means of assassinations, and states that he *knows* Germany had positive information that the French intended to advance into Germany through Belgium. Even were these accusations true, which they are not, they strike one as extremely pharisaical coming from an ex-officer of a Saxon artillery regiment who, it may be presumed, was and is conversant with the following frank expression of opinion in the German War Book: "International Law is by no means opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy."

In the January number for this year are two articles, embracing eight and a half pages pleading the cause of the allies, but a frantic effort is made in nine and a half pages of editorial anti-British comments to swamp any effect these articles might have on readers. In this number we have the sorry spectacle of the editor of a magazine devoted to the purification of religion making use of an argument like the following: "The famous German chant of hatred proves that whereas the German fight against France and Russia is a sportsmanlike affair—a shot for a shot and a blow for a blow—England is blamed as giving a shot in the back" (*sic*). Once

again he trots out the refuted statement that England did not intend to respect Belgian neutrality, and flings a conjoint accusation at these two countries of having desired to expunge Germany. An American sympathizer with Germany who, however, declines to allow his name to appear, contributes an article, and at the end of the magazine a Mr. Kampmeier—note the name—proves to his own, and doubtless the Editor's, satisfaction, the "Preconcerted Arrangements of the Allies." The very illustrations in this number display the bitterness of spirit with which Mr. Carus is obsessed and whereby he is blinded to all sense of fairness. There is a full-page illustration of General von Hindenburg followed by two half-page ones of German soldiers distributing food to the poor of Belgium, each, of course, accompanied by laudatory remarks. Then comes a half-page photograph of Lord Roberts inspecting recruits in Langley Park. Now our strictly impartial Editor might have made a few remarks in harmony with those pertaining to the German general and soldiers or he might have held his peace, but he did neither; instead he tells us that the appearance of the troops is not very favorable, they seem undersized and underfed, merely "food for powder." In the same number is the parrot-cry, "I am not anti-British. . . . I am in a sense pro-British."

The more unmerciful the conduct of war, the more merciful it is in reality, for the war is thereby sooner ended.—General von Hindenburg.

In the February issue Mr. Carus appears to be trying to adjust the disproportionate space hitherto accorded the philo-Germans, for he actually gives 30 pages of pro-British views to eleven of the opposite. In this number we see the same old statement concerning the state burglary and the same old excuses—they are getting as inevitable as the Derby dog; but harken to the manner of argument, he says, "I have maintained that, in view of the fact that she was threatened with an invasion through Belgium, Germany was justified in attempting a passage through this no longer neutral territory. . . . Since we know that England herself had intended to break into Germany through Belgium, Germany's action is perfectly justified." What superfine logic! A little further on Mr. Carus hugs himself with delight over the vaporings of a couple of anonymous German professors and selects some choice tit-bits for our delectation; these are so appropriate (!) to a magazine edited by a German, founded by a German, and devoted to the "establishment of religion and ethics on a scientific basis," that I will reproduce them. "We pity

the French and are sorry that the Belgians were so misguided; we regret that our men have to pit their lives against the Cossacks, but we feel a positive hostility towards the English." Presumably the Belgians so far have been experiencing what the Prussians—who never did have any sense of humor—would call "negative hostility." The other professor in this strain: "There is but one enemy, and that is England. She is not only our enemy, but the enemy of mankind. You have not the slightest idea of the hatred which moves all Germany. England is the instigator of the whole war and of all the unspeakable misery which has been brought not only upon innocent Germany but also upon the Belgians and French. . . . Every peasant knows this. . . . so that for centuries the deadliest hatred against England will remain the most sacred inheritance in every German family to be handed down from father to son. . . . All the ambition (of our armies) burns for a humiliation of England. . . . Nothing, is more apparent than the degeneration of that ruthless nation. . . ." and so on *ad nauseam*.

Inexorability and seemingly hideous callousness are among the attributes necessary to him who would achieve great things in war.—General von der Goltz.

Concerning the March and April numbers there is little to say. An anti-British letter of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's to the *Continental Times* is reproduced in the latter and eulogized by the editor as being written by "one who knows whereof he speaks." An English view of the war by G. Sarton, capped, of course, by an editorial putting forth the German view, appears in the May number. The editor here complains that his opponents treat him as though his views were biased; "I am not anti-British" he indignantly protests. Unfortunately the July number has not yet arrived in this country, it will be interesting to see, when it does, whether Mr. Carus will be open-minded enough to acknowledge that the information he culled of Dr. Conybeare was mistaken, seeing that that gentleman has now made in the *Times* a public recantation of, and apology for, his attack on England's ministers.

With each succeeding number of *The Open Court* Mr. Carus falls more deeply under the spell of self-hypnotism. By the constant repetition of statements he would like to be true, he has come to believe they are true. And the futility of his mode of reasoning! Listen! "If the Germans had been assured that Belgium's neutrality would have been respected by the other powers they would have had the great advantage of having to protect only their short and

well-defended frontier. The neutrality of Belgium... would actually have been of great advantage to Germany. Why then did she not keep it, but instead break it deliberately and ruthlessly?" This baffles all comment. One can only say, "Oh! Belgium! Belgium! How could you do such a thing?"

Above all you must inflict on the inhabitants of invaded towns the maximum of suffering. . . . You must leave the people through whom you march nothing but their eyes to weep with.—Bismarck.

I think I have said enough to show that Mr. Carus has not exhibited impartiality nor fought his opponents with fairness. Indeed, he has not fought them at all; with infinite care and patience he has gone the round of the dustbins and collected together bits of rag and straw from which he has constructed effigies. Having stuck these about the stage he has worked himself into an orgy of fury, hurled himself at his dummies and knocked the stuffing out of them, and then, turning round to his audience has cried, "There! Look what I've done!" The whole of Mr. Carus's arguments can be boiled down to:

1. I, Paul Carus, am of the opinion that England intended to commit a dastardly act.
2. Therefore it is proved England intended to commit a dastardly act.
3. Therefore Germany is quite justified in having committed an act which it has been fully proved England had determined to perform.
4. Therefore this act which Germany was forced by England to commit becomes, in view of the serious disadvantage under which it has placed Germany, a righteous and self-denying one.

One of the original objects of *The Open Court* was to prove the existence of an all-just God and to purify religion, yet its very editor sullies its pages by commending to his readers German eulogies of hate. Personally I have no interest either in the Editor's intimacy with, or his patronization of, the Deity, but I should like to quote two of his arguments merely to show their invalidity. He says, "The men of England who have advocated the war. . . have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, that sin which can never be forgiven." In another place he argues thus: God is not neutral as a rule but is on the side of the stronger battalions, nevertheless

he sometimes sides with the weaker against the stronger. . . . "God favors the weaker side if it is led by intelligence and, as it were, promises to promote by its victory the cause of mankind. . . . God is neutral; but I am convinced that, being impartial, he will stand by Germany in spite of the odds that count against her." When an editor who poses as a philosopher and thinker can descend to a mode of reasoning such as the above, we cease to wonder that in *The Open Court* he upholds a German code of ethics which makes black white, twists a wrong into a right, heaps contempt on a principle which insists that written pledges and obligations should be kept inviolate until formally and openly disavowed, and lauds a principle that regards promises of any kind as so much piecrust.

The Germans have robbed the profession of arms of every vestige of humanity. They murdered peace, now they are murdering war. They have made out of it a monstrosity too evil to survive.—M. Anatole France.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.

BY FRANK MACDONALD.

AMERICAN socialists have added greatly to the volume of talk on the war without adding appreciably to the sum of real knowledge. Some blandly assume that the socialists themselves are responsible, that a moral breakdown occurred, that the International failed the first time it was put to a worthy test, or that terrified and trembling capitalism, appalled by the onswEEPing whirlwind of socialism, steered half a score of ships of state upon the rocks rather than permit them to fall into the hands of a new crew.

This is claiming for the socialists a strength and resourcefulness they never had. The other accepted causes, the Kaiser, the Czar, the mailed fist of Germany, the now armored wooden walls of England, the impending breakup of the Dual Monarchy, the hot water habits of Russia, Pan-Slavism, expansion, colonies, territorial acquisition by force or through diplomacy, served as subject matter for long, exciting, acrimonious debates, which went far and at high speed toward nowhere. They also gave the ever welcome excuse to neglect affairs at home.

Our first task when we were certain the Kaiser was not bluffing in order to get increased military appropriations, or that it was not a ruse on the part of the Czar to cover up some particularly murderous act by the Black Hundreds, was to fix the blame on some party, some class, or some fraction of a party or class. Financial capital, our devil of devils, could not alone be held responsible for precipitating the war to wring increased dividends. The ruin was too wide and inclusive for that. Monarchs could not easily be shown guilty of seeking mere military glory. But we were articulate before we were thoroughly enlightened, and many instantly decided that one or another or all of the great European socialist parties had sorely blundered. We differ in fixing the blame, thus showing in our own case, though we are a single nation, that lack of harmony

we believe should have existed among the national units of the European socialist movement. In the face of this state of affairs it seems almost a certainty that we shall once more come through the crisis with all our delusions intact.

We deal in futures. Consequently the first action of our national executive committee was to extend to our warring comrades an invitation to attend an international peace and unity congress in Washington as soon as previous engagements (on the battlefield) would permit. With all the tasks before us, with plenty of work to be done at home, we concluded that it would be well for socialists to come together and talk things over. The period fixed for that gathering is the one in which the nations, victors and vanquished alike, will be prostrate and bleeding. Every man, and above all every socialist, will be sorely needed to bring order out of chaos, bind up the wounds of war and set the social machine once more running. Delegates to congresses are supposed to be picked individuals. Thus the folly of asking them to abandon their pressing obligations at home and come to this country to talk over affairs in general is apparent.

Socialists desperately opposed the war and were unsuccessful. They are now fighting in the war as citizens of their respective countries. The hardest test will come when the war is over and reconstruction begins. What it is to be, how it is to be done and whether on a higher or lower plane than existed before the war rests in a large degree on that force which the socialists are able to exert and on the practicability of our measures. We have not yet been weighed, but we are going to be. The European comrades understood this and politely declined our invitation to a congress.

We should profit by their example. Each national group has so far acted a wise and honorable part. Though we opposed war we were only a feeble voice crying in the wilderness of bayonets. Our strongest unit, the German Social Democrats, voted in the Reichstag for the war budget, though in conference there was a strong minority opposed to going on record for or against. It was courageous and it was as truly facing the facts as the action of the Belgians in hurling themselves on the invaders and the French in rallying to the tricolor. The German Social Democracy is as much the product and expression of German industrialism and social organization as the German army. Antipodal and antagonistic as these two bodies are, nevertheless they show different phases of the national life. Their strength and thoroughness come from the same sources. The rest of the world paid the Social Democracy the

greatest possible tribute in looking to it as a check to the army. It was inevitable, however, in the hour of national peril that the German army and the German Social Democracy should be united in one solid body, the German people.

Competing nations have faced one another in the battle for markets. Side by side with the industrial army and the industrial army's political manifestation, the socialists, have been the soldiers, the modern armed salesmen of the manufacturers. We have been accustomed to look in awe and reverence to the German Social Democracy because of its greatness, solid organization and tremendous equipment in newspapers, expounders, organizers, parliamentarians and industrial leaders. It is an army similarly organized that was thrown into the battlefield. The purpose of an army is no longer the aggrandizement of princes but the protection and fostering of those interests which control the productive forces of a nation. When these interests are threatened or choked the armies must fight. Our conception of right or wrong, justice or injustice, does not influence the fact. The hideous murderous conflict, with all the millions of agonized human beings involved, will be settled by economic might.

In practice the rights of the weak have never been regarded. It is only a recent theory that the weak have rights, but that theory cannot be effective until economic conditions square with it. Naturally they cannot square without a revolution in the control of social productive machinery.

It must be remembered that, essentially, this "right of might" so savagely proclaimed by the German militarists is a rephrasing of our own socialist economic determinism. It is no more hideous and repulsive than the facts from which it springs, and our reluctance to admit it is balanced by our reluctance to admit its origin.

What makes us aghast and numb at the spectacle of the present war is that it is fratricidal instead of merely homicidal. We are by race descended from the nations involved. They have lived side by side, and in late years have freely traveled from land to land, and there has been much intermarriage. But each nation was an armed camp and each frontier a rampart. The move by the Germans was staggering. It was not unexpected, for it was due to the same causes that have driven them beyond their borders before, that led them to exterminate the Britons and beget the English, to amalgamate with the inhabitants of France and become the French people, that has sent the English to the ends of the earth in search of ever more territory and power, and that has now started

the glacier of Russian humanity toward the southern seas. When a million people invade our country we advise them to take out their first papers. Western Europe cannot do it. On the contrary they must find new lands or new markets. Such is their destiny under capitalism. The righteousness in every event is decided by the outcome, and not all the misery inflicted, outrages committed and hopes shattered can change it. We feel and suffer. Hundreds of thousands blindly die, and there is no individual justice. It is little consolation, by their ruined homes, to know—

“.....in the end the lie shall rot;
The truth is great and shall prevail—
When none cares whether it prevail or not.”

It is for a complete overthrow of such conditions that the socialist movement is organized. We hold that productive science is advanced to the point where ample means of livelihood should be accessible, and that the only thing standing in the way of complete and lasting peace is the private ownership of socially operated machinery.

Hitherto we have based much of our propaganda and most of our expectations on internationalism. National hatreds might exist; the socialists the world over were in accord. In August, when the war started, we were to have held our congress in Vienna. To-day our anti-monarchists, whether socialists, syndicalists or anarchists, are in the armies of the Allies fighting their brothers in the armies of Germany and Austria. Peter Kropotkin, greatest of the anarchist-communists, is at last in agreement with George Plechanoff, whose *Anarchism and Socialism* is one of our standard volumes against anarchy. Jules Guesde, who in the Paris congress of 1900 led the denunciation of Millerand's acceptance of a portfolio from Waldeck-Rousseau, is now in the cabinet with Millerand and with Briand, whose earlier advocacy of direct action and the general strike he strenuously fought. The anti-militarist Gustav Herve fights as enthusiastically with his pen as do Robert Blatchford and Henry M. Hyndman, who these many months have proclaimed that England must prepare for the onslaught of Germany.

Yes, European socialists are united on the side of their own countries. As far as we have unity here it is as partisans, and in our absorption in events on the other side of the ocean many of us are neglecting our own affairs at home.

It is plain that what has unified the national groups in this hour of combat is the rediscovery of patriotism, the reawakened love of

native land and home and the unconquerable impulse to defend them.

Again it is the right of might, economic determinism, that impels them. They could no more keep out of this awful deluge of blood than they could keep out of the hideous grind of industrialism. The world has no onlookers, neutrals or calm and impartial critics, when such a test comes. The socialist Reichstag members might have refused to vote the budget, Emil Vandervelde might have kept out of the Belgian and Jules Guesde out of the French cabinet, and still have gone to war. To do so would have been as hypocritical as it would have been suicidal for the French syndicalists to have precipitated a general strike, or for the followers of Pouget and Sorel to have advocated sabotage on the French implements of war. Theories spike no guns in a crisis like this.

The greatest of industrial machines, those of England and Germany, were breaking down long before the war came. There have been plenty of indications that they would. The recent strikes, the nature of proposed social legislation, the rush to organize armies and build up navies and to form new diplomatic alliances, show the coming trouble. We had looked for a peaceful readjustment and the arbitration of various points. We should have known that national antagonisms to-day take the form of strife for trade outlets, and no nation willingly arbitrates such things, for there is always the fear of conceding something. Our socialist movement seeks a new basis of operation. We were opposed by the dominant classes of England and France as bitterly as we were in Germany. Our opposition to militarism in each land was derided for the same reasons. We had the fatalistic feeling that war must be the arbiter under existing conditions, and in striving to end war we began by striving to end these conditions. We failed completely to do so, and this only intensifies real socialist activity for we now face the greatest task, that of settlement.

Our country is not aside from the path of trouble. We spend only a quarter of a billion dollars a year on army and navy. This represents the amount our government feels called upon to pay for our "place in the sun." By the grace of nature we have one of the happiest on earth. But we are convinced, to the extent of a quarter of a billion dollars, that we may be called upon to defend it from those who would push us from it.

Nietzsche, who possessed such a fiendish faculty of pointing out the obvious that to some he is forever accursed, says: "And ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say

unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jehovah, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jehovah."

It is self-evident. We have more generals, colonels, majors, admirals and captains in the world than priests, and we spend more money for war than for religion. Giving is the test of sincerity in worship, and willingness to submit to taxation is the measure of faith in the objects for which the tax is levied. To the gods whom we would propitiate or from whom we expect benefactions, we make the greater sacrifices. As we give much, even in times of peace, to the God of War, we must believe in his power. We spend one-half as much for war as we spend for schools, and that we do not spend more is because our militarists are not strong enough to exact it. If we kept to European standards we would spend it and send our children from their schools and their churches, where they heard the message of peace and brotherhood, to the armies where they would learn scientifically to kill.

We cannot organize armies to exterminate the armies of those who believe in war. Our method is to restore to all the people control over the things that now constitute the spoils of war. To do this we must begin at home, and there must be sound, intelligent and just nationalism before internationalism will be anything more than a dream. A belief in socialism does not put us outside the psychology of our nation, as is strikingly seen in the case of our Jewish comrades in America. Though even in Russia they were outsiders, were persecuted and saw thousands of their race murdered and were finally whipped forth from the land, many still turn now in hope for success in Russia, because they believe such success means a lightening of the burden carried by their people. While such hopes may be illusory they have never been extinguished in the hearts of men.

American socialists must, for their part, discover or rediscover patriotism before they can make a beginning. In sound nationalism lies unity of action and that conviction of righteousness which is the supreme element in religion. We are not and never have been spiritually dead. The materialistic philosophy of socialism is a splendid foundation for true religion, though sometimes it leads to the acceptance of fantastic creeds instead of sound beliefs. We have been leaders in spiritual hopes and aspirations, and our faith has been boundless; still we have been mole-blind to material things in spite of our philosophy. We have fed fat on windy abstractions and have earnestly spun the clouds of our dreams. But this big

socialist movement is now in the position of the crowd in Hans Andersen's little story of the deceitful tailors. We see our King Abstractions has not as many clothes on as the law and the state of the social weather require.

The first great requisite for progress and improvement is that of learning to mind our own business. We have attended beautifully to many things that did not concern us. Now we might as well pause in the settlement of affairs in Europe and look at things here at home.

As an organized body what is our influence on the growth of the socialist sentiment in this country? We had over 900,000 votes in the last presidential election and we have 82,000 party members, many of them women without votes, or non-citizens. We lost one-third of that vote in 1914. All our socialist papers, including the largest, have not for their daily, weekly and monthly circulation much over 700,000 copies regularly. Making all allowance for duplications, wasted copies and those read by non-socialists, we must conclude that an amazing number of socialist voters are not in touch with the socialist press. They may read a pamphlet, a book or a magazine article now and then or listen to a socialist talk, but this is scarcely sufficient to establish a common basis of understanding or bring about uniformity of action.

We are far from uniformity. On the Pacific coast socialists are as much under the spell of the "yellow peril" as other people are. On the Mexican border affairs on the other side are the supreme question. In the South is the fear of the negro. Socialists in the industrial centers have no comprehension at all of what is needed in rural communities. We presented a revolutionary program and nearly a million people were sufficiently drawn to it to cast their vote for it. Such a vote involves the most solemn responsibility, and to meet it we must begin by knowing America first.

I have met some of our nominees who did not know for what office they were running, the district they were supposed to represent, the simple geography of their district or the names of their opponents. Democrats and Republicans were rhetorical figures of speech or impersonations of evils to be remedied. While this may have been satisfactory to us it carried no conviction to many of those who listen to us. They were incredulous of our ability to improve conditions because they often sensed the fact that we took no pains to find out what were the actual conditions to be remedied. Still socialist sentiment grew and spread so rapidly that we must

awaken to the fact that there are forces outside ourselves making for it and that it is we who must catch up.

We have especially failed to make any real impression on the trade unions. Neither the conservative nor the radical bodies look with much favor on us. Our members are of varying degrees of wealth and training, and socialism has had an especially strong attraction for professional men and women. The comedy battle between "proletarians" and "intellectuals" has had one strange aspect. The "intellectuals" have generally swung to the side of the radical or revolutionary trade unions and worked for the organization of the unskilled or the unorganized. This action, which may be the outcome of keener insight than is possessed by most, is not so considered by the conservative members of skilled trades.

These workers believe that such advocacy of the cause of the unskilled, or "playing their game," is not born of real sympathy but of an inherent antagonism between the "intellectual" and the organized skilled worker. The pose of condescending can be maintained toward the unskilled and criminally underpaid, whereas the skilled worker often meets the "intellectual" as his economic equal. He considers, further, that his equipment as a worker is of as high an order as that which is obtained in college, and he refuses to be "uplifted" unless the uplifting is done by himself. Furthermore he distrusts the "intellectual" who fights the conservative unions as one who is in revolt as a pastime or who is looking for adventure or copy, while he, the skilled worker, is in a grim fight to defend his economic position and advance it where he can. Consequently he resents what he believes to be an attempt, not to raise the standard of the unskilled workers, but to pull himself down. It is undoubtedly a mistaken belief, but we have not convinced the unionists that it does not exist.

We, more than most people, have groaned under the tyranny of words and the absolutism of print. The war offers an excellent chance to scrap our old vocabulary and send much of our literature to that supreme editor, the old-paper handler. Our failure in some instances is explained by ourselves on the ground that our ultimate object is so great that we cannot do anything now. It is similar to the explanation of the complete lack of success of one of our speakers that his inability to make any impression on his audiences was because he knew so much they could not understand him.

Whether or not we trust our European comrades to settle their own affairs, and settle them in their own lands, makes no difference. They are going to do it in any event and without help or hindrance

from us. At the same time we might take a lesson from them and begin a study of our own problems. Two years ago one person in each one hundred of our population was a Socialist voter. One out of each sixteen persons who voted in the presidential election cast his ballot for the Socialist candidates. This surely should give us enough work to do, for socialist sentiment has increased and socialist claims are being more and more closely studied. In order to make good we must have an American movement. Membership in the International is not enough and generalities no longer suffice.

Whatever may be the effect otherwise of the war on the socialist movement, of one thing we may be assured. The nihilism inherent in all Russian philosophy will in a large measure oppose the highly organized and many-officered German Social Democracy. Long before the war there was a revolt in Germany itself against the machinery of the socialist organization. Paid party secretaries were usually the delegates to national conventions and international congresses. The great body of editors, organizers, lecturers and writers constituted the officialdom of a party state within the German nation. It is not probable that success could have been won on any other lines. It is likewise inevitable that the success of such a body should create a movement for its disruption and destruction. The philosophy underlying such a form of organization is in all ways Germanic. The contrary philosophy of social revolution is of the Russian nihilistic school. It centers largely in Switzerland, and the booming of the opening guns of battle had scarcely died into an echo when the exiles in Switzerland began pointing out the defects in the German form.

National extremity has for the time being merged all the socialist groups with the other people. When the pressure is removed they will again become distinct political factors. They cannot be what they were before and it is certain there will be a fight of a nature similar to the memorable battle between the Marxists and the Bakuninists in the reorganization of the parties.

We may stand aside from this if we wish. Probably we shall not. Our American Socialist party is a gathering of fragments, some of them discordant, and has within it tendencies that are the product of European, not American, conditions. The Socialist party in order to claim the right to existence must meet the needs of this country. It must be patriotic.

True patriotism is not jingoistic, nor does it declare for "my country right or wrong." It is no longer an argument in denun-

ciation to shout that "this is worse than Russia," for evidently the people of Russia have found the country one for which they can valiantly fight. Her exiled children, Jews, Finns, Poles, and Letts turn in hope to her. Outrage and exile have not killed their nationalism, and persecution could not stifle the identity of their real interests with the interests of the vast body of people in their country. It is still their country even when they are driven from it and they can no more help thinking in terms of its interests than they can help talking in the accents of its speech even to the end. It is a patriotism they denied and they believed did not exist. Here it is in them as in all others when the great crisis comes.

To say that our socialists must be American means that socialists here, like all other people in this country, are affected by American conditions and those conditions are the great concern. We hope to make a better world. The place to begin is in our own street, and from there we can extend our influence to Washington and thence to the rest of the world.

Sound nationalism is the only safe foundation for internationalism. The work of a Socialist party in this period of transformation and readjustment of necessity can be nothing other than a juster use of existing social and governmental machinery. The few victories we have so far won have been because of the belief by the voters that Socialism would be more efficient.

Few of the persons who voted the Socialist ticket had revolution as their object, though the Socialist program contemplates a sweeping social revolution. The voters desired better social service and believed the Socialists were best qualified to give it.

When the desire for better material conditions for yourself is coupled with the knowledge that you can gain nothing lasting that is not likewise to the benefit of your fellow men, you have reached the highest patriotism. Internationalism is the brotherhood of the world, the world as our country, the world as our fatherland. But to win it we must begin at home.

Many of the poets of England and some of her statesmen refer touchingly to the "mother" and her many "daughters" throughout the world, and her most wonderful "daughter," the United States, who left the mother's house long ago because of a quarrel, a family strife, that should be forgotten in the mother's sore hour of need. The German's plea is to the sons of the fatherland who live in the new world. It may seem banal, foolish, alluring, throbbing, the heights of appeal or the depths of inane and drivelling sentimentality, just as you choose to look at it. There may be another feel-

ing, and that is one of intense resentment against the presumption that the United States is simply a breeding place for men to be used in European wars, or of producers who toil that others may fight.

The daughters and the sons have work in their own house, and the house must soon be put in order. Feelings and sympathies may be inherited, and traditions concerning our fathers' home may sway us. That was home; this is. It is to this home that we are bounden.

In war only two things are certain. To victor and vanquished alike there is the burden of unutterable agony and to the unborn there is the heritage of debt and hate. Americans, being of all the peoples now in arms, will in some way share that burden. We have outlived the keener antagonism of the Civil War, and most of us have forgotten the sorrow of those families to which the war had left only the memory of boys they had loved. There are only a few of the maimed survivors to-day. But that war which was small, and is merely history this half century, left a deal of sorrow, and all the wounds are not yet healed and not all the mourning is stilled.

The socialists are planless for the future as they proved to be weak in the past. They hope that a revolution, or something, may turn up. They are doing little, and they will continue to do no more until they rediscover patriotism, begin to build in this country and make a study of the problems here. It does not matter of what stock they come or what their ties of intellectual sympathy may be with the people in Europe. They live here, and their hope in this country must be as true as that of the Belgians, the French, the Germans, the Servians, the Austrians and the English who are fighting for their national lives.

APHRODITE.

BY THE EDITOR.

APHRODITE, the goddess of love, represents originally a distinctly cosmic principle. She is the tendency of procreation, the exuberance of growth, the fertile humidity of spring and the spread of organic life. It is but natural that this cosmic creatrix was in an early stage identified with love in every form, and especially with human love, with propagation and the pleasures of family life.

Aphrodite was worshiped in a prehistoric age and the origin of her cult is plainly traceable to the Orient, especially to Phenicia and further back to Pamphylia, Syria, Canaan and Babylon. The Phenician Astarte was imported to the islands of the Aegean Sea, to Cythera, Paphos and Amathus. Hence even in the Hellenistic age she was still honored with the names Cytherea, Paphia and Amathusia.

From the Aegean islands the cult of Aphrodite spread rapidly to Sparta, Athens and other Greek centers. The barbaric origin of the Aphrodite cult is in evidence in the myth of Aphrodite's birth as the foam-born, but it is difficult to say whom we shall deem responsible for the legend—perhaps the inhabitants of the islands. Certainly we cannot lay the burden of the invention of the story upon the Asiatics, at least not on the Syrians, for according to an account by Nigidius Figulus¹ the fish of the Euphrates found a large egg in the floods and pushed it ashore, where it was brooded upon by a dove until the Syrian goddess came forth from it.

The Oriental goddess was originally the queen of the starry heaven, either the moon or the morning star, and as such she is the same figure which in other places gave rise to the development of Artemis. We may emphasize here that like the Christian Mary the pagan female divinity was at the same time both the eternal virgin

¹ As reported in Roscher's *Lexikon*, s. v. "Aphrodite."

and the celestial mother. Mythology cannot stand the application of logical rationalism, and we must not try to make the traditional legends rigidly consistent.

While we recognize a strong Oriental influence in the Greek construction of the Aphrodite cult, we must acknowledge that we



THE BIRTH OF VENUS.
Relief found in the Villa Ludovisi.

have before us a new and independent origin of the divine ideal of femininity. In Mesopotamia Istar was a very popular deity, and innumerable idols have been found in the shape of a naked woman commonly called "Beltis" or "lady," but this conception of the goddess of femininity cannot be regarded as the prototype

of the Greek Aphrodite who at an early period assumed the type which is now well known as Venus. Without detracting from her universal significance as the cosmic principle of generation, the



DETAIL FROM THE LUDOVISI RELIEF.

artistic conception of the Greek mind at once idealized her as the incarnation of loveliness and grace, and from Phidias down to the end of paganism she has remained this ideal.

In Homer she is called the daughter of Zeus and Dione, and when later usage degraded her to a conception of promiscuous sexuality, philosophers distinguished between Venus Urania, celestial love and Venus Pandemus, or promiscuity.

In Cnidos Aphrodite was worshiped in three forms; as gift-giver (*δορίτις*), as goddess of the high places (*ἀκράια*) and as the lucky sailor (*εὐπλοια*), and we learn that bloody sacrifices were not permitted (Tac., *Hist.*, II, 3) even on the main altar in Paphos.

Originally, Aphrodite was not only love, grace and beauty, but the mistress, (i. e., the possessor or owner and supreme commander, *domina*) as the lady, the queen (*regina*, *βασιλεῖα*); and so she is represented in Cythera as fully armed. The same is true in Sparta and in Corinth where her temple was erected on the highest place



WINTER.



SUMMER.

End pieces of the Ludovisi sculpture.

of the city, called Acro Corinthus. She was the life spender, but possessed also a deep significance in the world of death, a chthonian aspect which is indicated by the symbols of the apple and the poppy found in the hand of her statue in the temple at Sikyon (Paus. II, 10, 4). In this same city her priestesses were bound by a vow of chastity.

The chthonian aspect of the Aphrodite cult appears in the legend of the death of Adonis with all its details of funeral lamentations and ceremonies, and the great hope of his resurrection. Istar herself descends to the underworld, and we know that at least in Cyprus a tomb² of Aphrodite has been shown.

The sensual features of the Aphrodite cult were certainly not absent in ancient Hellas. We know that in Corinth there were large numbers of hierodules in the temple who helped to make the

² Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, I, p. 364.

ceremonies gorgeous and impressive, but judging from the language used by Aeschylus and Pindar they were highly respected and



VENUS CROUCHING IN THE BATH.

In the Vatican Museum.

received public acknowledgement for their fervid and efficient prayers during the Persian wars.

We learn from coins that in olden times the goddess was represented by a pillar with a column on either side, and these stone pillars gradually changed into very awkward statues. Further it is noteworthy that all the ancient representations of the goddess show her not only fully dressed but even veiled, and it was not until the age of Phidias and Praxiteles that the figure of the goddess



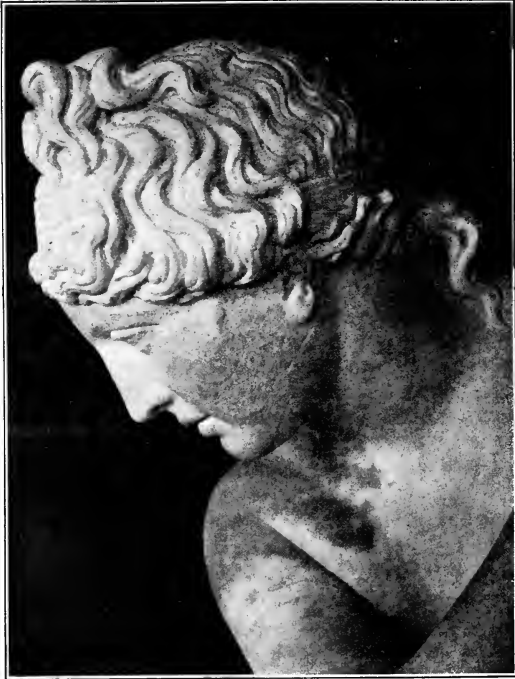
THE STATUE OF VENUS BY KALAMIS.

From Roscher's *Lexikon*, I, p. 412.

was represented at first as partly uncovered and finally entirely nude. As an instance of the older type we reproduce a statue of Venus by Kalamis thought to be the same as that called Sosandra, "the saviour of men," which stood on the Acropolis. Praxiteles seems to have been the first to dare picture Aphrodite stripped of her dress apparently at the moment when she rose from the sea, or when ready to descend into a bath.

In Rome Aphrodite was identified with Venus, the goddess of

vegetation and gardening, and in the imperial age her popularity increased because the legend of Aeneas made her the ancestor of the Julian family and the protectrix of Cæsar. The nature of Venus as the mother of the universe, the mistress of existence, and the representative of all that is charming and lovely endeared her



HEAD OF THE CROUCHING VENUS.

to philosophers and poets, and so even the freethinker among classical poets, Titus Lucretius, dedicated to her his philosophical book of poetry, *De rerum natura*, in these often quoted words:³

“Mother of Rome, delight of Gods and men,
 Dear Venus that beneath the gliding stars
 Makest to teem the many-voyaged main
 And fruitful lands—for all of living things

³ Translated by Dr. William Ellery Leonard.

Through thee are risen to visit the great sun—
 Before thee, Goddess, and thy coming on,
 Flee stormy wind and massy cloud away;

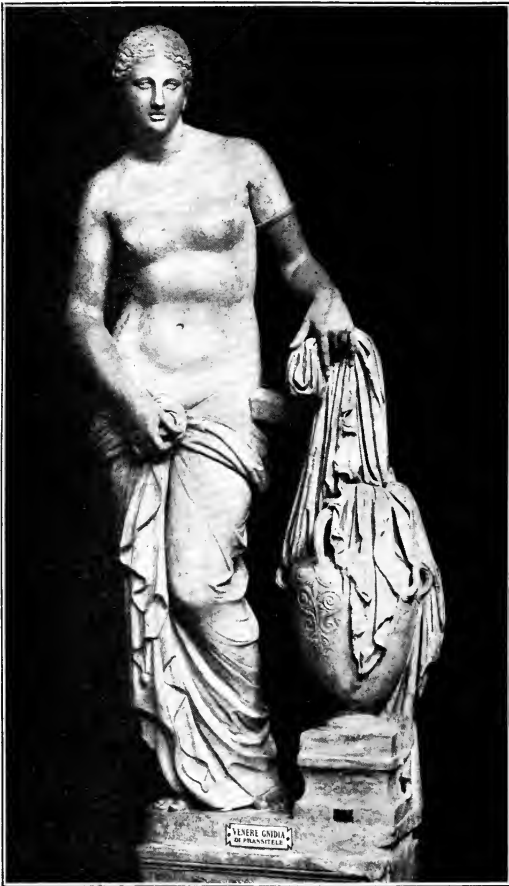


THE CNIDIAN VENUS OF PRAXITELES.

In the Vatican.

For thee the dedal Earth bears gentle flowers;
 For thee wide waters of the unvexed deep
 Smile, and the hollows of the serene sky

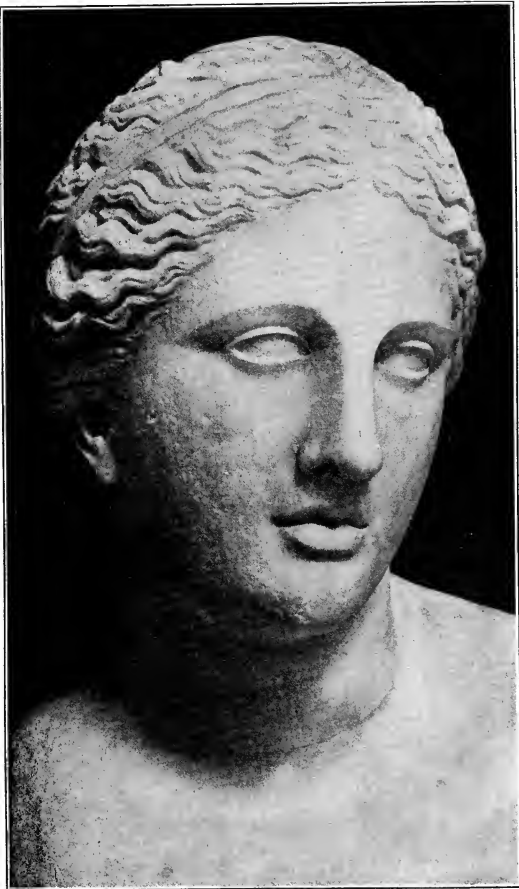
Glow with diffusèd radiance for thee!
 For soon as comes the springtime face of day,
 And procreant gales blow from the West unbarred,



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CNIDIAN VENUS.

First fowls of air, smit to the heart by thee,
 Foretoken thy approach, O thou Divine,
 And leap the wild herds round the happy fields

Or swim the bounding torrents. Then amain,
Seized with the spell, all creatures follow thee
Whithersoever thou walkest forth to lead;



HEAD OF THE CNIDIAN VENUS.

And thence through seas and mountains and swift streams,
Through leafy homes of birds and greening plains,
Kindling the lure of love in every breast,

Thou bringest the eternal generations forth,
 Kind after kind. And since 'tis thou alone
 Guidest the Cosmos, and without thee naught
 Is risen to reach the holy shores of light,
 Nor aught of joyful or of lovely born,
 Thee do I crave co-partner in that verse
 Which I presume on Nature to compose
 For Memmius mine, whom thou hast willed to be

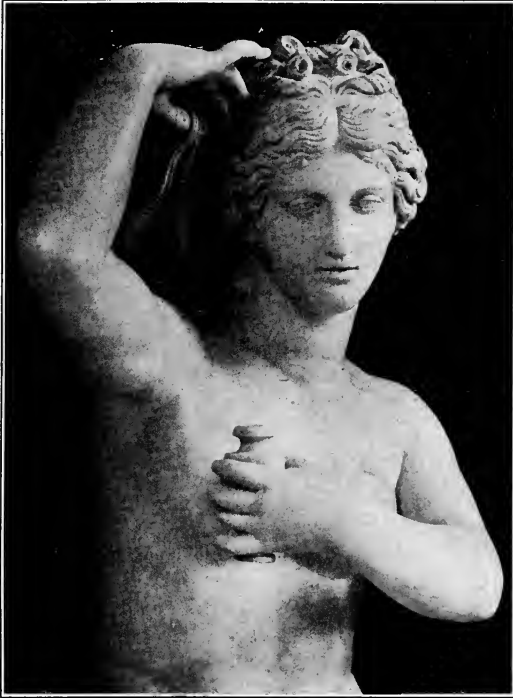


ATTIC SCULPTURE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

In the National Museum at Rome.

Peerless in every grace at every hour—
 Wherefore, indeed, Divine one, give my words
 Immortal charm. Lull to a timely rest
 O'er sea and land the savage works of war,
 For thou alone hast power with public peace
 To aid mortality; since he who rules
 The savage works of battle, puissant Mars,

How often to thy bosom flings his strength,
 O'er-mastered by the eternal wound of love—
 And there, with eyes and full throat backward thrown,
 Gazing, my Goddess, open-mouthed at thee,
 Pastures on love his greedy sight, his breath
 Hanging upon thy lips! Him thus reclined
 Fill with thy holy body, round, above!



VENUS WITH THE UNGUENT JAR.

In the Vatican Museum at Rome.

Pour from those lips soft syllables to win
 Peace for the Romans, glorious Lady, peace!
 For in a season troublous to the state
 Neither may I attend this task of mine
 With thought untroubled, nor may mid such events
 The illustrious scion of the Memmian house
 Neglect the civic cause."

THE RELIGIONS OF COMTE AND SPENCER: A NEW SYNTHESIS SUGGESTED.¹

BY CHARLES E. HOOPER.

SOME people might say that Comte and Spencer had no religions. It is certain that they had no theologies. And yet these two remarkable prophets of the age of science were men of great earnestness, and each thought that he had a religion. Each considered his own faith to be, not only true and reasonable in itself, but a great improvement on Christian orthodoxy, and quite adequate to satisfy the legitimate cravings of the human soul. But what could be stranger than the contrast between the religious outlooks of these two thinkers; outlooks so much more incompatible than their respective systems of philosophy?

Their philosophic systems are indeed very different, and yet have much in common. They agree with one another and with the writings of J. S. Mill, who occupies a somewhat intermediate position, in a determined attempt to bring philosophy into line with science, to found it anew on strictly scientific data, to limit

¹The author of this article has, since 1896, been associated with Mr. Charles A. Watts in the publication of the English Rationalist monthly, *The Literary Guide*, and from 1899 to 1913 he acted as secretary to the Rationalist Press Association, of the (honorary) board of which he is a member. The "R. P. A. Cheap Reprints," comprising many famous scientific and critical works, are well known in most parts of the English-speaking world, while the "History of Science Series" (published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons) and the "Inquirer's Library," together with many original books, mark the Association's contribution to contemporary thought and discussion. Its publications range from a distinctly non-theological to a strongly anti-theological point of view. Mr. Hooper's books on philosophical subjects are *The Anatomy of Knowledge* (1906) which leads up to a somewhat novel classification of the sciences; and *Common Sense* (1913), in which he endeavors to give a psychological analysis of common sense and a discussion of its bearings on theories of knowledge and causation. Mr. Hooper is an ardent advocate of peace principles and in 1907 wrote *The Need of the Nations: An International Parliament*, advocating a permanent and representative international council. A modification of his earlier suggestions, in the light of the present crisis, is given in a pamphlet entitled *The Wider Outlook Beyond the World War* (Putnam's Sons).

recognized knowledge to the relations of phenomena and banish all speculation on the older metaphysical and theological lines. Both are dominated by the idea of a progressive and generally ascending process of change in the universe, and both apply this idea, though in different ways and with somewhat varying results, to the growth of human knowledge and civilization. These two thinkers were alike engaged in creating the science of sociology, although they could not foresee, and we cannot foresee, its ultimate developments.

There are, however, some outstanding differences of philosophic method, which may partly account for the differences of religious outlook to which I must shortly allude. Spencer was a psychologist—a student of the changeful combinations of sensation, thought, emotion, and desire, as they appear in the diurnally renewed flow of conscious life. Comte eschewed psychology on principle, regarding knowledge as a subjective synthesis made from the point of view of humanity rather than from that of the individual thinker. He accordingly started with logical discourse as the common instrument of all human inquiries, and with the “positive” method of employing this instrument.

Again, Spencer was a strong individualist in sociology, while Comte was an ardent collectivist. Lastly, Spencer was bent on applying a single mechanical law of evolution throughout the various spheres of natural knowledge; while Comte emphasized the unbridged (if not unbridgeable) differences between the points of view of the chief sciences. According to him each of the transitions from mathematics to physics, physics to chemistry, chemistry to biology, biology to sociology, if not also that from sociology to ethics, involves the bringing in of fresh data, with a new and higher scientific outlook. The top rung of his “ladder of the sciences”—the moral or moral-sociological point of view—is that from which he habitually looks forth.

Let us now glance at Comte’s religion, with its characteristic differences from Christian orthodoxy on the one hand and abstract ethicism on the other. It is clear that we have no positive knowledge of individual objects higher in the scale of being than men and women; but human persons differ enormously in physique, in mental endowment, and in moral character, so that the highest individual object we can conceive is not a human being, as such, but what we take to be the best type of—or the ideal—human being.

Most Christians suppose that Jesus, the Messiah, was a morally

ideal man, and there are some rationalizing Christians who hold that his ideal humanity constitutes his whole title to divinity. For Comte, however, Jesus was simply one of the great and good reformers of morals and religion who have, from time to time, appeared in the world. His character, like that of every one else, was partly due to his natural ancestry, and partly due to the human environment and circumstances into which he was born, and to which his thoughts and feelings reacted more strongly and fruitfully than those of a lesser man would have done.

All men and women of historical eminence are moulded in mind and character (though not independently of their own conscious activity) by the social influence of their contemporaries; but they are also powerfully affected by that of their forerunners, through the standard literature and traditions, and the creations of art and industry, to which they have access. The really valuable and permanent elements of culture, which are passed on from century to century and extended from nation to nation, are a product not solely of the more celebrated individuals with whose names many of them are connected. They are also a result of the upward strivings of the great mass of human beings who think not only of what concerns themselves, but also of what is good for others or for all men. Very many of these people contribute directly to the common stores of knowledge, art, and practical wisdom, without attaining notoriety; and all of them exercise a subtle influence in spurring the greater geniuses to achieve the best that is in them.

From these and like considerations Comte arrived at the conception of a Great Being, Humanity, which is not merely the collective multitude of living human individuals, but the efficient unity of all men and women who have ever striven, however vaguely, for the common good. The dead still cooperate with the living in producing one great and growing historical fact: the collective life of the nations to whom the earth belongs, headed by those powerful nations of the West who inherit the science and art of Greece, the legal and moral codes of Rome and Judea.

Humanity, taken in the above sense, is certainly the most directly beneficent thing of which we have any clear knowledge; for its far-reaching and persisting influence is compact of the varied achievements of all great personalities as well as of the unobtrusive goodness of the multitude whose names are forgotten. Comte, therefore, sought to institute a worship of this Humanity, which we know positively though imperfectly, in place of the wor-

ship of a God whom, according to him, we do not know at all. And, be it said, this religion of Humanity may be valid in its way and may survive in essence, even if the elaborate ritual with which Comte sought to surround it, and which caused it to be humorously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity, cannot or should not be put into practice. The small bodies of positivists who look up to him as their spiritual master have among them thinkers who are by no means incapable of criticizing and setting aside some of his teaching, while it belongs to their avowed ideal to accept the later advances in science and practice which the continued progress of humanity must bring to light.

If Comte considered himself, and is considered by his followers, to be the founder of a new era in human civilization, it must not be forgotten that his whole teaching precludes the idea of there being any miraculous prophet or sage whose authority ought to outweigh the growing experience and science of mankind.

It will, I think, be admitted that, while humanity, taken in its essential solidarity, is morally the grandest thing we know, human selfishness and folly, human vindictiveness and depravity, are the worst things knowable; and we have only too much evidence of their existence. Hence some people think that, if a strictly natural religion be possible, it should be a religion of pure ethics; not of humanity as such, but of what we are convinced is good in human character and social relations; no matter whether this good be destined to triumph in the dim future or to be swallowed up in the tragedy of a deteriorating world.

To this heroic type of ethicism a positivist might object that it is the general consensus of enlightened opinion which causes certain conduct and certain motives to be recognized as good, and other conduct and motives as bad. Humanity, rather than the individual, with his possibly and quite probably prejudiced type of conscientiousness, is the arbiter, because it is the maker, of morality. Moreover, there would be little inspiration for ethical religion if we could not feel that mankind is in fact progressing in the direction of true human betterment; that the passions which man inherits from his animal ancestry, and still more perhaps from the ages of tyrannical force, ruthless predatory warfare and savage superstition, are indeed being brought under the strong control of rational and humane sentiments, expressed in juster laws and better relations between individuals, classes, and nations.

* * *

Comte's doctrine of Humanity has made a much wider appeal

to modern thought than is evidenced by the small band of his nominal followers. It has doubtless exercised a powerful influence upon theistic and Christian thinkers who are not too orthodox; while, for those who no longer believe in a superhuman providence or a divine revelation, but who do believe in the gospel of human advancement, it becomes an increasingly inspiring idea.

Many, however, cannot accept the religion of Humanity at Comte's own valuation, because, while they are willing at times to stand beside him on the top rung of the scientific ladder, and view everything from the moral-sociological standpoint, they like also to view things from some of the lower rungs which, strange to say, give glimpses of a universe altogether greater than humanity; greater by the immensities of time and space; by endless process and limitless substance; by boundless potentialities of form and motion, life and consciousness. They discover that self-conscious humanity is the child of savage races; these the offspring of an animal ancestry; that, of more primitive types of life; also that all are children of mother earth, and earth dependent on the sovereign sun and conditioned by the all-enfolding ether. Thus, while they may recognize that the slowly integrating being of Humanity, ever striving toward the good, is the thing most worthy to be worshiped with love, they cannot withhold all veneration from those mysterious sources of energy, life, and organic progress which have undoubtedly been necessary, even if they have not alone sufficed, to make humanity all that it is, and all that it may become. To venerate them as though they were human and moral would be mere anthropomorphism; but not to venerate them at all seems to disclose a somewhat narrow attitude of self-satisfaction in human achievements. It is as if the child, mankind, were still in the womb of primitive nature, conscious only of itself and caring nothing for the mother who is to bring it forth; whereas, the relative independence of pre-sociological conditions which man undoubtedly possesses argues his ability to reflect on pre-sociological nature, and to see that it is indeed his mother and deserves some at least of his reverence.

When we have learned to forgive nature for not being human (which many people seem unable to do) we shall perhaps begin to revere her for being what she is. This attitude might seem more consonant with the robust monism of Professor Haeckel than with Spencer's austere doctrine of the Unknowable; and yet that doctrine undoubtedly asserts the value of an ultimate reality which is not specifically human.

The pervading mystery of the universe which meant little to Comte's predominantly social spirit meant much to Spencer. He came to suppose that science and religion might be ultimately reconciled in the recognition of a great First Cause or Inscrutable Absolute; a reality underlying at once the facts of consciousness and the facts of matter in motion, but not to be identified with either, nor yet with both taken together at their phenomenal value. His religion is thus a sort of modern sphinx-worship; but be it said without sarcasm; for the sphinx was a profoundly symbolic monster. Probably I am not alone in thinking that where he erred was in objectifying the pervading mystery of being under such titles as Cause, Power, and Absolute, and supposing that it contrasts radically with a sphere of phenomena which can be definitely known; whereas the very fact of knowing, in the true or intellectual sense, involves a relation of subjective ideas and judgments to some object-matter with which they are not commensurate; something which they *mean* but do *not* equate with or substantially resemble. The mystery of being is seen to lurk in all those things that are called phenomena, and even in the simplest sensations, when we try to understand them in their manifold real relations, and do not satisfy ourselves with the familiarity of their *names*, as though this familiarity were true knowledge of them.

It is fairly certain that the chapters on the Unknowable in Spencer's *First Principles* do not appeal strongly either to persons of religious or to persons of scientific temperament. There are, however, various incontrovertible truths contained in those chapters, and if Spencer had contented himself with showing how many of the questions which men formulate are verbal rather than conceptual, and had preached, instead of the Inscrutable Absolute, *that Infinite Reality to which knowledge is ever more nearly approximating, but which thought can never fully represent*, many who withhold assent from his doctrine as it stands would have freely gone along with him.

* * *

To the Christian believer, or to any believer in supernaturally-grounded religion, the religions of Comte and Spencer must of course both seem unsatisfactory. It is, however, from the point of view of purely natural religion, and as making an appeal to the rationalist rather than to the orthodox that they have to be seriously considered.

Now it may be that the majority of rationalists are in fact, if not in profession, secularists; that they do not want a natural

any more than they want a revealed, religion. Certain rationalists, however, do feel that the individual soul should learn to link itself, in love and reverence, with realities greater than itself. Some, therefore, become positivists; while others, who may be not less zealous for human progress, reserve their religious emotion for what transcends humanity; for what they may, with Spencer, regard as the unknowable Absolute, or may view simply as the stupendous encompassing and indwelling mystery of nature. Each of these sorts of natural religion seems to me somewhat one-sided. Why should not the rationalist seek to unite the intimate worship of Humanity, as the most intensively beneficent reality known to him, with an imaginative veneration of that infinite Nature, in which the life of humanity has not only its external setting but its very being? Certainly there is a sense in which these two objects of reverence may seem opposed. Nature contains so many forces hostile to man and entails on man so many elements inimical to true humanity. But man himself is after all a part of nature, and the highest excellence of individual and social life can only be attained in and through nature. The superiority of man to his subhuman surroundings is not a superiority to that Reality which embraces the subhuman and human alike.

Thus nature is not essentially, though it may be accidentally, inimical to human ideals. Moreover, there is a third object of possible natural religion to be considered; one which is identical neither with nature nor with humanity, but is instrumental to our knowledge of both. Whatever we realize either of humanity or of nature over and above those inarticulate feelings for the good and the beautiful which are best expressed by music and the fine arts, is realized in that form of connected and mutually supported thoughts which is fairly described by the familiar word reason.

This reason is not simply reasoning, still less is it mere arguing; it is just the clearest understanding and the truest judgment of which we are personally capable. It is the circle of subjective ideas and opinions which at once link up with one another and reach out to an objective goal; be that some object of contemplation or of passive feelings evoked by contemplation, or be it some practical achievement which the moral sense approves and to which rational reflection points the way.

A truer appreciation of humanity, a fuller conception of nature, a humbler sense of that part of natural reality which lies beyond present knowledge, a better ability to serve mankind socially or to utilize the knowledge of physical forces for human good are all

alike dependent on an increase of individual understanding, which can be brought about only by training the person to think as widely and earnestly, as carefully and impartially, as possible. Such thinking, or exercise of reason, necessarily mediates between self and humanity, self and nature, and even in some sense between nature and humanity themselves. Must we not therefore consider reason as being closely linked with these, its greatest objects; a third term in the supreme natural trinity? Does not reason also deserve to be in some sort venerated? True, it does not possess the moral dignity, the social fulness, and the inspiring appeal of humanity; nor does it possess the infinite sublimity and manifold wonders and charms of nature; but what were humanity and nature to us without it? Simply nonentities!

I would therefore suggest that a reasonable religion for the avowed rationalist is to venerate Nature, as the supreme but never wholly revealed reality; to love Humanity as his own higher self and highest end; to reverence Reason as the essential means to the best that he can either think or do, and, in its collective exercise, to the best conditions that humanity itself can achieve.

If natural religion can exist at all, it can only exist as the complement of advancing knowledge. Whatever the inevitable limitations of reason may be, there is nothing too high or too sacred to be inquired into; provided the inquiry be, not a pursuit of arguments in favor of some foregone conclusion, but a sincere quest of truth, marked by willingness to relinquish or modify our old beliefs in the light of stronger evidence and clearer understanding.

A religion of Reason can be approved only if it hearten us to an ever-increasing exercise of the thing itself. The actual hard work of scientific observation, experiment and induction, of scholarly research, and of logical rearrangement of ideas should of course be undertaken in the mood of the workman, not in that of the devotee. Moreover those persons who, without pretending to be original investigators, would learn in broad outline what has actually been ascertained as to the constitution of nature and the history of mankind must be workmanlike in their studies, more especially as there is, under our present system of education, a lamentable dearth of sound instruction on these most important subjects.

We must really know something of the wonders of evolution, cosmic and biological, and of natural law, before the sublime mystery of Nature can become an object of religious feeling. We must form some fairly distinct mental picture of the world-history of which British history is only one comparatively modern and Amer-

ican history a much more modern section, before the ideal-ward striving spirit of Humanity, which has moulded all that is worth living in our lives can become for us a great and imperious reality.

It is, however, when we clearly perceive what an absurdly small distance can be traveled by personal knowledge toward conceiving the infinite reality of Nature or measuring the essential goodness and greatness of Humanity that natural religion may well arise to supplement natural knowledge, without in any degree supplanting scientific investigation or the patient learning of its results.

How much of that religion should take the form of ceremonial observance, or at least of the gathering together of like-minded worshipers, and how much is best left to the individual soul or to individual expression in poetry (which usually tends to view Nature and Humanity with true reverence, and may be expected to grow increasingly religious in this sense) is a question worth asking, though I shall not here attempt to answer it.

ITALY AND THE WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is difficult to understand why Italy entered the war. The Italians are not a warlike people, and it is not likely that they will reap laurels on the battlefield. Italy is the youngest nation of Europe, the union of all the states of the peninsula occurring in 1870. The founder of United Italy was Victor Emmanuel, a Piedmontese prince, and he was supported by the republican Garibaldi who in the name of republican Italians was a fitting hero to champion the ideal of a united Italy.

Even to-day Austria is regarded as the arch-enemy of Italy, though in the past Austria has given up portion after portion of her Italian possessions, not because of any Italian conquest but because other conditions forced Austria to yield. First, Austria gave up large sections of northern Italy to Napoleon III, who won the battle of Magenta, and Napoleon III ceded this stretch of western Lombardy to Italy, but retained for France the most beautiful stretch of the Riviera at Nice. The surrender of Nice was greatly resented by the Italians, but they comforted themselves by the gain of western Lombardy. Eastern Lombardy was surrendered by Austria in spite of Austrian victories over the Italian army, on account of Prussia. Italy had been the ally of Prussia, and Prussian victories forced Austria to make peace, Prussia insisting on rewarding her ally by the eastern portion of Lombardy in 1866.

But Bismarck did not mean to cripple Austria and cut her off entirely from the sea, so this surrender of Italian country did not include Trieste; and we must remember that Trieste was the only harbor in possession of Austria. We can understand how, in the present war, Austria was not willing to give it up to Italy. Italy is not in need of more ports, for the sea touches it on three sides and it is richly endowed with most valuable harbors. A fair consideration ought to allow Austria to keep this port.

In 1883 Italy joined the Triple Alliance and has derived great benefits by being in close touch with Austria and Prussian Germany. In fact it was through Prussia that Italy was able to accomplish its designs of complete unification, for France prevented Rome from falling into the hands of the kingdom. Napoleon favored the Roman Catholic church and protected the pope in his political ambitions as a worldly sovereign and head of the Eternal City. French troops garrisoned Rome, and so King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi were prevented from taking the jewel of Italy, the natural capital of the country, by storm. It was during the war of 1870-71 between Prussia and France that the French garrison was withdrawn and that Garibaldi boldly entered Rome and deposed the pope as a temporal sovereign. The Italian government however has been careful to respect the pope as a spiritual authority and has allowed him unreserved and even sovereign rights in the Vatican. At any rate the possession of Rome is due to Prussia's support of Italy, and after the establishment of the alliance between Prussian Germany and Austria-Hungary the Italians found it quite advisable to join the two central powers and so establish the Triple Alliance.

Italy's ambition has been to become again the power of the Mediterranean Sea. The main obstacle to this plan was first of all England, for England has the Mediterranean locked up at both ends, at Gibraltar and Suez, and in addition holds Malta, a strategic central position. France is more powerful than Italy, and so France with the connivance of England has increased her navy and has begun to play a prominent part in the Mediterranean as a kind of protectorate state of Great Britain. When the Triple Entente was formed the Mediterranean was, as it were, promised to France by Great Britain, and this promise involved the condition that Italy's ambition should not be considered. Nevertheless Great Britain was ambitious to isolate Germany and break up the Triple Alliance. Thus the British diplomats, first of all by favoring Italy and not opposing the Italian intention to gain Tripoli, imitated the policy followed by France to gain Algiers and Morocco. Germany was naturally inclined to let Italy gain a foothold in Africa, for Italy belonged to the Triple Alliance, so she exercised sufficient pressure on Turkey to cause the latter to surrender this portion of African territory. It was through peace with Turkey that Italy gained Tripoli. Otherwise she would have found it very difficult to gain a foothold in that country. At any rate the fight was much harder than the Italian military leaders had expected.

Of late the Italians have broken away from the Triple Alliance.

They owe their very existence to the support of Prussian Germany, nevertheless they found what they believed were sufficient reasons for not declaring war on France while still living up to their agreement with the Triple Alliance. I will even go further and say that the terms of the Triple Alliance were not such as to oblige Italy to go to war. Italy regarded the war on Germany's part as offensive and not as a mere defense against her enemies. But not content with remaining neutral, Italy finally joined the enemies of Germany and declared war on Austria-Hungary. In an endeavor to keep Italy peaceful, Austria-Hungary, at the suggestion of Germany, offered to surrender those portions of Austrian territory in which the Italian language is still spoken, with the single exception of Triest, Austria's only harbor, which she therefore could not give up without surrendering her entire navy and all her maritime interests. She offered, however, to make Triest a free city and endow it with an Italian university, which would have been a great advantage for Italian interests in the city. But all these offers were refused and Italy preferred the doubtful issue of a war.

It is difficult to understand why Italy joined the cause of the Allies. In the first place, France and England are her most powerful rivals in the Mediterranean. If the Allies prevail in this war Italy's influence in the Mediterranean will be practically reduced to that of a vassal of England. Moreover, if this state of things should come about, France would still be her direct rival, for France is not likely to tolerate an Italian navy as strong as her own in the Mediterranean, and it is still more unlikely that France will agree to divide her influence in the Mediterranean with any other power.

Italy can accomplish her ambitions only with the assistance of Germany and Austria, the central powers of Europe. As matters stand now, she has broken with the friends who would naturally stand by her and has joined those who are her natural enemies.

How was it possible that Italy should have entered into this war, not only needlessly but also against her own interests, by joining her natural enemies and opposing her natural friends? It almost looks as if some sinister personal interest were at play. The end which the Italians are made to serve in this war is exclusively in the interest of the Allies without any possible result for Italy except perhaps the acquisition of Triest in the event of a victory of the Allies over Germany and Austria.

This is Italy's fifth war against Austria-Hungary, and there is scarcely any battle or combat in the four previous wars, in sixty-seven years, in which the Italians have gained any advantage. The

Italians fought against Austria in 1848 and, after a truce, in 1849; further conflicts occurred in 1859 and 1866; and now, in 1915, the countries are at war for the fifth time.

Field Marshall Radetzky is still mentioned in the book of fame for his great victory at Custoza on July 25, 1849, where, after a hard fight of ten hours, the Sardinian army was utterly routed, as afterwards also at Villafranca. On the 21st of March, 1849, the Austrians beat the Italians at Mortara, and on March 23 Radetzky beat the Italians again at Novara, King Charles Albert of Sardinia abdicating his throne in consequence of the defeat. In 1866 another battle at Custoza was fought on June 24 under the Archduke Albrecht of Austria, where 75,000 Austrians beat 130,000 Italians under King Victor Emmanuel. In the same year, 1866, on July 20, the Austrian navy under Admiral Tegetthoff gained a complete victory over the Italian fleet under Persano. In spite of these decisive victories Austria ceded northern Italy to Italy in the peace made with Prussia at Vienna.

The Italians are not warlike, but that is no fault. Peaceful people too have a right to existence. But it seems to us that nations that lack the necessary manhood for waging war should be distinguished by a love of peace. But among all the nations no one has cared more for war than Italy. The sons of Italy have even shown themselves incompetent to meet savages in battle, and when the Italians sent a goodly number of their army to East African shores it was a sorry day for them, for the whole army was cut off by the Abyssinians, and not one of the poor Italians who were ambushed in the Abyssinian mountains returned to tell the tale. At that time Italy did not dare to send a punitive expedition but allowed the Abyssinians to continue their independence from the Italian crown.

It is a dangerous game that the Italians are playing, and we must wait to see what will come of it. It is a war that certainly cannot serve Italian interests, for if Great Britain and the Allies win, Italy will be reduced to a state of British vassalage; and if they lose, Italy has offended her best friends by having ranged herself with their enemies. Why the government of Italy has taken this course is almost incomprehensible. At any rate we must confess that British diplomacy has here shown its great genius for inducing nations to go to war against their own interests.

BEHAISM.

IN REPLY TO THE ATTACK OF ROBERT P. RICHARDSON.

BY I. G. KHEIRALLA.

THE evils, deceptions, wars and murders, which the followers of Christ committed against each other and against people of different faiths since the birth of Christianity until the present day, and all the shameful accusations against the personality of Jesus Christ himself and against his claims by Pharisees and Scribes, and the misdoings ascribed to his faithful disciples and early followers, were all naught but vague and untrue evidences as we all know, and failed to prove that Christ was a pretender and Christianity was a false religion. How much more unfair it is to state that Huseyn Ali was not Beha Ullah, the Manifestation of the Everlasting Father and that the Behai religion is false and insane, because Mr. Robert P. Richardson read some records against Beha Ullah and against his Forerunner the Bab, which were certainly attributed to both of them by adversaries; also because Mr. Richardson visited some Bostonians claiming to be followers of Beha, and found them deceitful as they had cheated Miss Farmer out of her property known as "Greenacre." Indeed, "History repeats itself."

It is waste of time to say more on such a useless subject, and now, I like to draw the attention of the reader to the following proofs, which should convince him of the fact that Huseyn Ali was the Appearance of the Everlasting Father, and that his knowledge, teachings, life as well as his personality were superior to those of Jesus Christ as he himself declared in the New Testament.

I am of the opinion that the Prophets and Manifestations of God must prove to the people of the earth the truth of their divine missions by producing the following four evidences in order that the people may believe and acknowledge them. Should they present

such evidences and yet should we reject them it would be our own fault and not theirs.

First: To utter verses which contain striking truths and principles, whereby the human race is uplifted and elevated, and the extremely wicked become upright and good.

Second: Their appearance is foretold by the prophets of yore.

Third: To display a divine knowledge, which is beyond that of man.

Fourth: To show a superiority in their lives and in their personalities.

These evidences were fully established in the person of Huseyn Ali, so as to leave no doubt that He was the Glory of God, and the Manifestation of the Father. In brief all the prophecies were fulfilled in him as you will see by some of them which shall here be mentioned.

By comparison we find Beha Ullah more excellent and uplifting than all the other prophets. For his teachings are not visionary nor prophetic, but practical, final, and useful to the high and the low, to the civilized and the uncivilized. At the same time they are in accord with reason and science and in harmony with the laws governing the world.

For instance, history proves that neither through Christianity nor Mohammedanism could peace be established upon earth, for the first shed blood, if not more, not less than the other, and the present horrible war bears witness. But in the Tablets which Beha Ullah, the Prince of Peace, sent to the rulers of the world, He prohibited them from warring with each other, and commanded them to settle their differences by arbitration. He also strictly forbade the waging of war for differences in faith or otherwise. By His teachings, He established the foundation of peace and enlightened the world with the light of union, concord, and love. He urged His followers to rise up by the help of God, and deliver the world from religious hatred and enmity, which are a consuming fire devouring the human race. He came to unite all those who are upon earth and save the world from the fetters of ignorance. He said, "Let justice be your army, and your weapon reason."

Jesus said: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Beha said: "Come that I make you vivifiers of the world."

Jesus said: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Beha said: "To be murdered is better for you than to commit murder, were ye seeking the pleasure of God."

Jesus said to preach the gospel to the people, and whosoever believeth shall attain everlasting life, but whosoever rejecteth shall have everlasting fire.

Beha said: "If ye follow Me I will make you the heirs of My Kingdom, but if ye rebel against Me I will kindly be patient; I am the Forgiver, the Merciful."

Also Beha said: "Communicate to all people what ye know, with the language of love and kindness." "Consort with people of all faiths, with fragrance and spirituality." "Allow not the zeal of bigotry to display itself in you, for everyone cometh from God, and unto God shall he return. He is the Causer of their being, and the Center of their final attainment."

The verses written by the Supreme Pen of Beha Ullah contain an ocean of sublime spiritual teachings, thrilling precepts and admonitions, excellent bases of religious principles, just and equitable laws and edicts. When the time comes, wherein those teachings shall be diffused and read in the civilized countries, the people of understanding shall find therein the remedy for healing the sick body of this world. Through His teachings and commandments, the great peace shall come, capital and labor shall be conciliated, the wolf and the lamb shall live together, the unity of race shall be established, a universal language shall be adopted, and the people of the earth shall live as brothers, as one kindred, one family, loving not only their country, but the whole world.

All the prophets of yore foretold the coming of the Father and the establishment of His Kingdom on earth. They gave the signs of His coming, and that Elijah shall come as a forerunner. They located the city of Akka as the new Jerusalem. They predicted the year of His Manifestation, and described the condition at His day. Every prophecy in regard to the Manifestation of the Deity upon earth was fulfilled in Huseyn Ali, and proved that He was the Glory of God.

Jewish rabbis, Christian theologians, Mohammedan doctors, and priests of other faiths, all expected the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth in the nineteenth century. They were not mistaken, for their scriptures foretold His appearance. Jesus said: "The Lord of the vineyard cometh"; "The Comforter will come"; "When the Spirit of Truth is come he will guide you into all truth." He prayed: "Thy Kingdom come."

In the twenty-first chapter of Luke, Jesus, after giving the signs of the Kingdom, taught that our salvation is in God at the

time of His coming: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh" (verse 28)... "When the Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem and before His ancients gloriously" (Is. xxiv. 23). "For unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Is. ix. 6-7). "This was the appearance of the likeness of the Glory of the Lord" (Ezekiel i. 28).

Huseyn Ali was born Nov. 12, 1817, and manifested Himself as Beha Ullah, the Glory of God, 1867, and departed May 28th, 1892.

All the signs of His coming which were mentioned in the scriptures of different religions were fulfilled in the nineteenth century. Jesus Christ said: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come." In the last century, the Christian missionaries preached the Gospel to all nations. Mohammed said: "When ye behold the ships sailing upon the land, then He shall come." The trains sailed upon the land a few years before He manifested Himself. Nahum said: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning." In this sign the material atoms declared the coming of the Glory of God. It is an accurate prediction of electric cars and modern vehicles which throng our streets. "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" (Malachi iv. 5). In 1844 Elijah the prophet came, for there appeared in Persia a young man who possessed great powers of wisdom and spiritual inspiration. He is known in history as Ali Mohammed. He called himself "The Bab," meaning the "Gate" or "Door." He was also termed "Nokteh," the "Point," signifying the center of religious truth. He was Elijah, the forerunner, and gave the glad tidings of the coming of the Kingdom of God and the appearance of "Him whom God shall manifest," the Glory of God.

Akka is the new Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, unto which He was exiled as a prisoner of the Turkish government, and from whence He departed. It is upon the Syrian Coast nine miles from the foot of Mount Carmel, and during the Crusades it was the headquarters of the Knights Templars, who called it Saint Jean d'Acre. It is a fortified city and celebrated for its unhealthy climate

and filthiness. It is the Turkish city of exile and the place of confinement for the prisoners of the Government.

Isaiah (ix. 1) accurately located the new Jerusalem at Akka (literal translation of the prophecies of Isaiah by Professor Cheyne of Oxford, England): "Surely there is (now) no (more) gloom to her whose lot was affliction. At the former time he brought shame on the land of Zebulun and on the land of Naphtali, but in the latter, he hath brought honor on the 'Way by the Sea' (Akka), the other side of Jordon, the district of the nations. The people that walk in darkness see a great light; they that dwell in the land of deadly shade, light shineth brilliantly upon them. Thou hast multiplied exultation, thou hast increased joy; they rejoice before thee as with joy in the harvest, as men exult when they divide spoil. For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his back, the rod of his taskmaster, thou hast broken, as in the days of Midian. Yea, every boot of him that stamped with noise, and the cloak rolled in blood—they are to be burned up as fuel of fire. For a child is born unto us, a son is given unto us, and the government resteth upon his back, and his name is called Wonder-Counsellor, God-Mighty-One, Everlasting-Father, Prince of Peace; increased is the government and to peace there is no end; upon the throne of David and throughout His Kingdom, in establishing and supporting it by justice and by righteousness from henceforth and forever. The jealousy of Jehovah Sabbaoth will perform this." The spot described by the prophet between the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali is *Akka*; and to appoint the exact situation, he said, "But in the later time, he hath brought honor on the 'Way by the Sea'" (Akka).

From ancient times the highway to Damascus from the sea commenced at Akka. In *Prophecies of Isaiah* we read in a note on page 59: "Via Maris, M. Renan observes, was the name of the high-road from Akka to Damascus, as late as the Crusades." "Way," however, means "region." Thus literally, the Manifestation of Jehovah, Beha Ullah, appeared in the latter days and brought honor upon the "Way by the Sea" (Akka).

Huseyn Ali manifested himself as The Glory of God to all the people in the year 1867 A. D., at the exact time announced by Jesus in the twelfth chapter of Revelation, and by Daniel in the twelfth chapter. It was three times and a half after the appearance of the two wonders, the Papacy and Mohammedanism. Three times and a half are 1260 years.

The Papacy and Mohammedanism appeared about the same

time in the year 607 A. D. Therefore, the basis of chronology is the Christian era. By adding 607 years to 1260 years, we find that the year 1867 A. D. is the appointed year of His Manifestation.

The vision of the image and that of the tree mentioned in the second and the fourth chapters of Daniel have the same significance concerning the appearance of the Kingdom of God, the time of its coming, as shown in the latter chapter, to be after "seven times" had passed over the head of Nebuchadnezzar. Seven times (360 years) make 2520. From the date of Nebuchadnezzar's birth, 628 B. C. seven times or 2520 years forward, will bring us to 1892 A. D., the year of the departure of the Manifestation and the completion of His organization of the Kingdom of God.

The prophets described the day of God as a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, and said that He would come in clouds. Indeed, the nineteenth century was the day of God, for the spiritual ignorance shrouded humanity like unto thick clouds. Humanity became more civilized, but less sanctified; men gained material knowledge, but they were losers in grace. The prophecy of the appearance of scoffers was fulfilled, and a great number of our fellow creatures based their theories of life and religion upon materialism and pantheistic doctrines. Hundreds of false Christs and prophets appeared. Celibacy and vegetarianism were advocated. Accumulation of wealth and estate came to pass. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." "Wars and rumors of war and no peace to him that went out or came in."

The Divine knowledge and wisdom which Huseyn Ali displayed in thousands of Epistles and Tablets to his followers, in the just and beautiful laws He gave the world in the Most Sacred Book (Kitabul-Ackdas), in the tablets which He sent to the rulers of the earth, inviting them to come to His Kingdom and partake of the Spiritual Banquet, eat and drink with the elect, in knowing the past and the future as was stated in His numerous predictions, proved conclusively that He was the Glory of God, as such knowledge is beyond that of man.

For instance, in the second tablet sent to Napoleon III He informed the Emperor concerning his past secrets, and judged him, because he cast aside the first tablet which Beha sent to him. The prediction was that the Empire shall depart from the hands of Napoleon, and humiliation shall come upon him, and commotion shall seize the people of France, and his glory shall pass away. A

few months later Napoleon declared war on Germany and was defeated, dethroned, humiliated as a prisoner of war, and finally died an exile in England. Also the commotion seized the French people at the revolution of the Commune.

Beha Ullah proclaimed the downfall of the Sultan Abdu'l Azez, the death of Ali Pasha in a foreign country, and the judgment of Turkey. The downfall of Zill-i-Sultan was foreshadowed in the epistle to Sheik Bakir. He foretold the exile of some of his followers, and Ismail Pasha of Egypt exiled them to Khartoun. Then He sent them an epistle wherein He announced that their oppressor, Ismail Pasha, would fall from power, and soon they should stand again in His presence. After a while Gordon Pasha came to Khartoun as the governor of Soudan and liberated them, and Ismail Pasha was exiled to Naples in Italy; and some of them visited Akka and stood in the presence of Beha. The numerous written and verbal warnings of impending events which took place, and which shall come to pass, are plain evidences of His Divine Knowledge.

The life and personality of Huseyn Ali are convincing proofs that He was the Manifestation and the Glory of God. For forty years he suffered in jails and in exile, oppressed and afflicted, was threatened with death by Mohammedan doctors and rulers, yet under the sword of the enemy He summoned all the people of the earth and their rulers, even those who imprisoned and exiled Him, to come to God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth. At the same time He uttered volumes of wonderful teachings and precepts, vigorous in style, clear in argument, powerful in proof, displaying perfect acquaintance with the scriptures of different faiths. He spent His life for the salvation of our race, and suffered humiliation for our elevation. He was imprisoned to free us from the fetters of ignorance. If more proofs are desired, read my work entitled *Beha Ullah*.

The wonderful and heavenly atmosphere of spirituality which shrouded the place of His presence, proved His divinity. Professor Browne of Cambridge, England, the greatest historian of this faith, who recorded what the friends and the adversaries said in favor or against Beha Ullah, went himself and met Beha Ulla in person, that he might be able to write his own experience and knowledge independently from what the others said. But he was attacked and blamed by Christian theologians and missionaries because he recorded his experience truthfully. While visiting Beha, he wrote as follows:

"I might, indeed, strive to describe in greater detail the faces and forms which surrounded me, the conversations to which I was privileged to listen, the solemn melodious reading of the Sacred Books, the general sense of harmony and content which pervaded the place, and the fragrant shady gardens whither in the afternoons we sometimes repaired; but all this was naught in comparison with the spiritual atmosphere with which I was encompassed. . . . Let those who have not seen disbelieve me if the will; but should that Spirit once reveal itself to them, they will experience an emotion which they are not likely to forget."

The followers of Beha were more loving and devoted to the personality of their Master than those of Jesus. When Jesus was arrested His disciples left Him and fled, and the most courageous of them, while following Him secretly, denied Him when asked if he were one of His followers. But those of Beha followed their Master to prison and exile. No hardships, no persecution, no calamity and no death could separate them from Him, and to this profane history bears witness. Indeed, what Jesus said was true, that the Father was greater than He. Professor Browne also said: "In the corner where the divan met the wall sat a wondrous and venerable figure. . . . The face of Him on Whom I gazed I can never forget, though I cannot describe it. Those piercing eyes seemed to read one's very soul; power and authority sat on that ample brow; while the deep lines on the forehead and face implied an age which the jet black hair and beard flowing down in indistinguishable luxuriance almost to the waist, seemed to belie."

"No need to ask in whose presence I stood, as I bowed myself before One who is the Object of a devotion and love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain."

The appearance of the Father is distinguished. It is more excellent and more sublime than all other Manifestations. When the fragrance of His teachings shall be diffused among the people of understanding, they will realize that Behaism is the only competent religion which has the capacity of receiving into her bosom all other religions, unifying them into one. Indeed, a day shall come when the banners of all religions shall be lowered under her Glorified Flag, and the melodious air shall universally be sung: "The Kingdom, the Glory and the Power belong to the Father."

Germany's Isolation

An Exposition of the Economic
Causes of the War

By

Paul Rohrbach

Translated by PAUL H. PHILLIPSON, Ph. D.

It is undeniable that so far, Germany, which has been so bitterly blamed for the great war, has not had equal opportunity with her enemies to state her side of the case.

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In his concluding chapter, Dr. Rohrbach gives the attitude of Germany to her foes as follows:

In spite of the hatred toward Germany, a hatred which the French have been nursing for over forty years, there is no need of reducing the rank of France as a world power. Territorially this would mean that her continental boundaries be left undisturbed and the greater part of her North-African possessions untouched. Financially, however, the indemnity imposed upon her can scarcely be too large.

Russia, with her population of one hundred and seventy millions, must at all hazards be reduced, and her ability to attack Central Europe diminished. It will not be difficult to carry out such a plan as large stretches of western and southern Russia are inhabited by non-Russian peoples who would hail their release from the control of the czar with every show of satisfaction.

But the real enemy of Germany, and not only of Germany but of the culture and civilization of all Europe, the enemy who for the sake of his own commercial profits delivered Germany into the hands of the Muscovite and conspired to rob Germany of her rightfully earned place among the nations of the world, that enemy is—England. Peace with England is impossible until her power to do harm has been broken for ever. It would be premature to discuss the ways and means which lead to that end. Let it suffice to say that those ways and means exist, and that Germany is resolved to use them in due time. Then, and then only, Germany's future will be assured. To display leniency toward England is now but to commit an act of treason against the future of the German Empire.

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