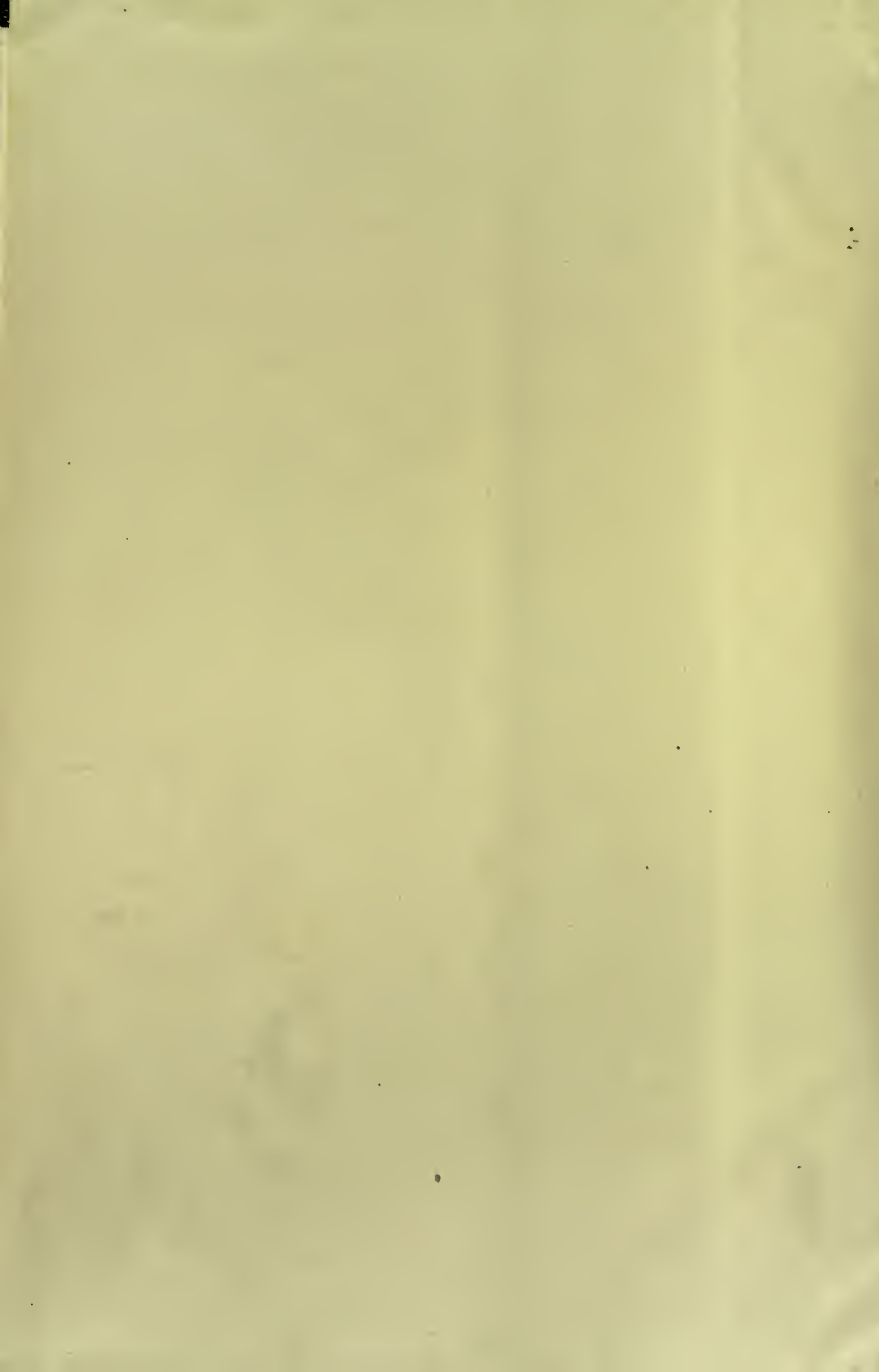


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LAND & WATER



By Louis Raemackers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

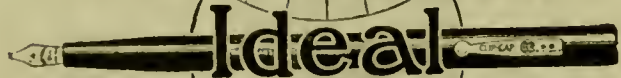
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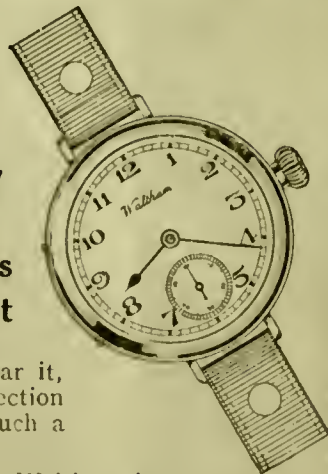
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OUR MOBILISABLE STRENGTH.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE most interesting points arising with regard to the great war this week—that is, up to the moment of writing—are not points concerning movements of troops or susceptible of analysis by description of ground. They rather concern the two questions of (1) British numbers, which have so powerfully affected and even divided opinion in this country during the last few days, and the very interesting minor points of (2) the reliability of German communiqués, both with regard to wastage and other matters as tested by the recent striking object-lesson of the Hartsmannweilerkopf figures which we have been able to submit to analysis in a rather exceptional fashion, from the presence of Neutral and British witnesses and from the striking contradiction between the French and the German figures.

Let us suppose that Great Britain and Ireland were a Continental group, possessed of the population they have to-day, self-contained, so far as the sheer necessities of civil life were concerned, and suffering or enduring a complete system of conscription, such as the French alone of the great Powers have established.

What would be the mobilisable strength of the nation under these conditions? (To which may be added the necessity of supporting a much smaller fleet, but not the necessity of building or maintaining or manning any considerable mercantile marine).

Such a nation would, before the outbreak of this great war, have "budgetted" (if one may apply this word to an estimate of man-power) for a total armed force, available in the first year of war of about $4\frac{1}{2}$ million—counting the men required for the work of the fleet.

Under the strain of the war it would, if we are to follow the analogy of the French and German man-power, have worked very hard to put into the field some additional number, and it would, under the same analogy, have succeeded. It would have produced first and last by the beginning of August 1915 (counting its naval contingent) something between $5\frac{1}{2}$ million and $5\frac{3}{4}$ million.

Great Britain is not a continental power, and is not self-sufficing for its civilian needs.

Its main strength lies in a navy which (counting mobilised man-power and the man-power required for the upkeep of munitionment thereof and addition thereto during the war), accounts immediately for more than half a million men. This half million, it is true, is not rapidly subject to wastage; but still it is a definite permanent deduction from the mobilisable strength by land.

Next, Great Britain depends (has come to depend—I do not say it is a necessity, I note it only as a condition which cannot be changed in the course of a war, nor indeed for a very long time to come) upon over-sea trade for her civilian necessities.

Now what does this mean in absorption or subtraction of man-power?

It means the absorption of man-power in two great categories, exterior to the categories present in a self-contained continental nation. These two categories are:

(1) The man-power required to produce goods for export by which alone the imports necessary to existence can be secured.

(2) The man-power required to build, repair and conduct the ships and other instruments bringing such imports to the islands and taking such exports out of them.

Let us examine these two categories.

(1) The man-power required to produce goods for export, with which we pay for imports, is not in its entirety a subtraction from the man-power which a continental power would be able to mobilise.

There is a certain amount of over-lap. We import dairy produce, for instance, as against certain exports. Those exports are made not only by mobilisable men but by women and by men militarily inefficient, or above or below military age. The labour necessary to produce this export corresponds to the labour required in a continental self-sufficing country to raise the dairy produce.

Nevertheless, though there is a considerable over-lap in the main export, trade demands a far higher proportion of mobilisable man-power to be deducted for its maintenance than does the corresponding production of domestic, civilian necessities.

Such export takes the form largely of machinery, coal, textile fabrics; and in the latter alone is there any considerable proportion of non-mobilisable labour. A self-contained nation at war can reduce its domestic production down and down till, excluding munitions of war and the machinery necessary thereto, it is producing little more than food. It can postpone its building and to some extent its repair of building. It can very largely reduce its production of machinery, barely keeping up what is required for domestic communications on a highly reduced scale. It can economise on its production of coal, already reduced by a reduction of domestic industry, and it can very largely reduce its production of textiles.

But a nation to which import is vital, and to which export is therefore also vital, cannot act thus. It cannot export what it chooses. Still less can it reduce indefinitely its domestic production for export. It must produce what its customers need or it will have no market, and it must produce a certain amount of economic value for export in such goods or it will get no food.

It may seem superfluous to add the reason why export is thus essential, if imports are to be obtained; but for the sake of clearness such an addition, though to most people redundant, may be advisable.

There are only four ways of getting imports from abroad. Payment in gold, the release of

foreign debt, the establishment of a foreign credit, and export trade balancing import.

The limits of the first category are sharp and very narrow. If all the gold in the country were exported in the first year of a war to pay for necessities from abroad it would not nearly meet the bill. But of course the hypothesis is absurd. Even in time of peace, the medium of exchange (which is in the main a mass of instruments of credit), reposes upon a certain gold reserve. In time of war it is the first and most necessary precaution which every nation observes, to export as little as it possibly can of its gold, to withdraw all it possibly can even from domestic circulation, and to centralise the whole stock as far as possible under national control. This first form of payment is almost negligible.

The second form of payment is apparently largely available for such a traffic, if a nation possesses, as does Great Britain, very large foreign investments. But it is in reality severely limited by the market available for the purchase of these foreign investments. A man resident in this country possesses an estate in the Argentine, or rather a share in it, in the shape of stock, which he holds in some Argentine Company. Beef is needed for the army. He is taxed to pay for the beef. The demand for the beef goes to the Argentine. Let us suppose, to make the problem simple, that he pays his tax by selling his Argentine stock. That is an example of the release of debt, and of the obtaining of foreign supply without corresponding export at the moment. What is happening in practice under the complex veil of modern finance is that he is going to the Argentine owner of beef and offering him in exchange for the beef the possession of so many acres of Argentine land. He is losing what was English control over powers of production and transferring it to Argentine possession.

One man can do this with ease and rapidity. He has a market. A hundred men can do it with a hundred moderate holdings. But many thousand men with such holdings cannot do it, nor a few men with very large holdings if they enter the market at once. The purchasers are not available. To put it in ordinary terms the liquidation of such assets can only be gradual. However successful the operation is, moreover, and in proportion to its success, you are impoverishing your own country and enriching the foreigner.

The third method of obtaining imports, without corresponding exports at the moment, is the creation of a credit. That is, the persuading of the foreign producer to let you have the goods on your own promise to give him more goods in exchange at some future date. It is a postponement of export.

This method though less limited than the first is more limited than the second, and has no very great powers of expansion. A nation at war must promise very high rates of profits upon such a transaction, because it is a gamble upon its future power to pay. Even if that future power be believed in by the foreign country, it is a novel and doubtful method which the modern machinery of commerce cannot extend over a very wide field. Another way of putting it is that if you try to float a loan for your nation at war among the citizens of another nation you have to offer very high rates of interest and you cannot be certain of more than a comparatively small total result.

There remains the fourth method—export: the only natural and stable one, and the

only one capable of producing a permanent equilibrium.

As to the number of mobilisable men withdrawn by export produce from the mobilisable strength of a nation in this position that is a matter of expert calculation to which I do not pretend.

Those who have spent years upon the matter and who are best informed have arrived at very different results. There is a wide margin between the maximum estimate and the minimum.

But the point to remember is that even the minimum calculation withdraws from the possible mobilisable strength of the nation dependent upon import a very large proportion of mobilisable. In the case of Great Britain and Ireland, certainly not less than a sixth, and perhaps more.

(2) The second category of the men who must be withdrawn from the mobilisable strength of such a country as Great Britain is the manpower required to build, repair and conduct the ships and other instruments for bringing such imports to the island and taking such exports out.

SHIPPING.

It matters little whether the ships are owned, built, manned and repaired within Great Britain, or whether the carrying trade is carried on by foreigners; for in the second case Great Britain would have to produce extra goods for export equivalent to all this cost in man-power. She would have to pay for the freight of the foreign ships. But the alternative is purely academic, for as a matter of fact much the greater part of our necessary exports and imports takes place in English ships, largely manned and wholly directed by people in these islands, and built and repaired and added to by people in these islands; coaled by the labour of people within these islands, and of course necessarily loaded and unloaded by the labour of people within these islands.

It is here that the expression "and other instruments" comes in.

In much of the discussion that has taken place with regard to recruitment, men have confined themselves to the actual produce of necessary exports within the factories, the actual manning and repairing of the ships which carry the goods. But the absolutely essential connecting links are also very expensive in men.

Any day in the streets of Manchester what you will notice (if you are a stranger) especially distinguishing that town is the perpetual procession of heavy lorries loaded with textile goods on their way from one process to another, or from the last process to the dock or the railway station. To a less extent you will notice the corresponding arterial flow of raw material from the ship to the factory.

Every system of docks in the kingdom has its similar necessary complement of vehicles for distribution. Such and such a proportion of all our railway labour is absorbed in this flow in and out of export and import.

Here again it is for experts to calculate what is the minimum number required of adult male labour of military age to build, command, in some part to man, and to repair ships; to berth and wharf them; to load and unload them, and to take the goods by horse traction and motor from the factory to the ship or from the ship to the factory.

Here, as in the case just quoted, there are many different calculations widely separate. But even the minimum is a very serious item. It is

the shortage of carters to-day, for instance, which, I hear, is the chief difficulty at the water fronts.

The conclusion of the matter would seem to be something after this fashion.

Great Britain and Ireland may support in theory an armed force of four million men, or rather more, excluding any particular function we may serve of provisioning or financing (which is the same thing under another name) our allies, and excluding any necessity we may be under of obtaining from them and for ourselves imports of a purely military nature from neutral countries. If the limit be raised to four and a half millions, we have almost certainly reached the maximum; and this figure, of course does not mean the army in the field, but for the army with all the drafts in sight behind it to repair wastage, and includes all forms of the naval service (you have by the way, in the latter a considerable number of men over and below what is called military age on land, especially in the auxiliary forms of naval service: *c.g.*, mine-sweeping).

Over and above such a number you have only the annual contingents of the young men growing up. These are, to any given mobilisable number in the first year of war, something between one-eighth and one-tenth at the most, according to the population and birth-rate of twenty years ago.

It is perhaps as well to add that calculations of this sort should in common decency during such a crisis be kept free from the personal ambitions of petty individual politicians and newspapermen, and especially from that spirit of advocacy which is the worst enemy of wisdom, and whose chief ingredient is the great solvent of wisdom, cunning. The mobilisable strength of Great Britain at this moment is a very grave national matter, which it is not rhetorical to call a matter of life and death. Those who bring to it anything but their best judgment and reason and sober conclusions, those who act with motives in any way personal and not national, are traitors.

THE HARTMANS WEILERKOPF FIGURES.

We have had this week a very interesting example of two elements in the present situation which all close students of the war are aware of and regard as important.

These two elements are first, the type of falsehood which we do well to expect in the enemy's official communiqués; and secondly, the appearance, now many weeks old and necessarily increasing, of inefficients among the enemy's drafts.

The example of a single action very carefully noted has brilliantly illuminated both these points in the last few days. I refer to the action on the Hartmansweilerkopf or Viel Armand, the pyramidal foothill of the Vosges which directly overlooks the Plain of Alsace.

My readers will, I hope, allow me to repeat that the study of an enemy's inaccuracies or falsehoods has no military value, and does not help us to any military judgment, unless we discover the *kind* of falsehood. Merely to find one's enemy telling untruths and to blackguard him for it is a sheer waste of time. First, because all commands in war must use every method at their disposal to deceive the enemy, and secondly because no conceivable practical result could follow from indulging in such abuse alone.

But if we discover the *sort* of falsehood to which the enemy inclines then we have something

whereby to judge his communiqués as evidence. "The enemy communiqués have said so and so and so and so, but I have found by experience that such and such a part of his statement is usually accurate and such and such another part usually false, and that in such and such a manner. With this knowledge of his methods I can read the whole truth into the communiqués and use it as evidence on which to judge the war."

Now the characteristic of the German official communiqués, as we have often had occasion to find out, is their extreme accuracy when they are telling the truth, and what I may call their detailed enormity when they desire to deceive. There is no *nuance*. The modern North German training leads men to abhor exaggeration, inaccuracy, romance, phantasy. Therefore a statement proceeding from such an authority intended to be false and intended to deceive, is nearly always a bald absurdity. It is one of the many weak sides of a character which has corresponding strong sides, and it is a weakness inevitable to lack of imagination and great attention to detail.

The extreme accuracy of German communiqués when they are telling the truth has misled opinion in this country, especially in the later phases of the war. One finds men of good judgment who hesitate to believe that German casualty lists are not complete. The other day one of our best contemporary students of war maintained the thesis that the German communiqués were invariably truthful.

Well, we have had many examples of the sort of contrast I am examining between detailed accuracy and equally detailed absurdity. Nearly a year ago we were startled by the tomfool boast that the great assault east of Rheims was met and broken by a single division of Rhinelanders. Later on, to mention one case out of hundreds, we had the monstrous assertion that of all the men hit on the German side in trench warfare nine-tenths came back hale and hearty to the firing line! I myself have actually met competent and sensible people in this country who were so impressed by the decimal figures in which the percentage was stated (89.7) and the solemn fake of accuracy about the whole thing, that they were half inclined to believe the miracle. They attributed it vaguely to those two great wooden gods, "Efficiency" and "Organisation": the things that lost the Battle of the Marne.

But I am not sure that the Hartmansweilerkopf affair will not carry conviction to everyone, however occupied with the Prussian legend—that legend which has bitten so deeply into the academic mind of this country during the last two generations.

Here is the whole story.

The French, after an intense bombardment, captured a group of trenches upon the disputed summit of this hill a few days before Christmas.

The Germans counter-attacked and recovered a portion of their ground. All that is plain sailing and the enemy's account of his counter-offensive though omitting, of course, much of the debit side, is perfectly accurate in as far as it goes. But there follows upon this the following dialogue:—

The French announced that they had taken in prisoners—and they only count unwounded prisoners capable of being paraded and of marching past—over 1,300 men. At the close of operations the exact number announced was 1,668 prisoners;

but the main batch first announced was precisely 1,381, of whom only 21 were officers.

To this, the German communiqués replied denying the French claim and saying that it was impossible, because their total losses *of all kinds, whatsoever*, dead, wounded and missing, were not more than 1,100.

This amazing statement (and how amazing it is we shall see in a moment) may be read in our London papers of Friday the 24th of December. It is the German official communiqué from Berlin of the day before, Thursday the 23rd. It contradicts a French announcement already 48 hours old, and it was made after the local German command had had two days in which to check their lists.

Before analysing this sharply-cut example of the enemy's method, the reader will do well to consider what this sort of trench warfare means.

For a period varying from a few hours to two or three days, guns of all calibres shell a zone of trenches from a couple of hundred yards to perhaps 500 yards in depth. The works are knocked to pieces, the dug-outs cave in, the elaborate little shelters which conceal the machine guns are blown to pieces, many men are buried, many more killed and maimed, and a much larger number stunned and dazed by the intensity of the fire. But both sides know that such artillery activity on the part of an enemy means a forthcoming assault. The party thus attacked, therefore, leaves as few men as it dares in the front lines and keeps the mass of its men behind, where the losses will be slighter. The moment the intense artillery preparation stops, the assault leaps from its trenches and rushes over the short interval between the two lines, probably overwhelms the first trench with its dazed occupants, and perhaps a trench or two beyond. The extent of the belt thus swarmed over differs with the magnitude of the artillery preparation and of the forces involved. But such an assault is checked after its first drive by two things. First, that it comes upon the less damaged further portion of ground upon which the artillery preparation has not been so thorough and where a number of machine guns are still in action and the men in the trenches still able to reply. Secondly, the enemy's reserves come pouring up the communication trenches and meet their opponents by a counter-offensive.

It will be seen by anyone who visualises this type of action that *the number of unwounded prisoners* remaining in the hands of the assailants when they thus seize a narrow belt of trench work is necessarily but a small proportion of the enemy's total casualties.

The proportion differs, of course, with different actions, but the experiences of many months upon both sides and the drawing up of hundreds of lists by our own commanders showing our own losses when the enemy thus attacked, permit us to give a rough estimate and to say that the proportion of unwounded prisoners to total casualties will hardly ever be less than *one in five*.

If the enemy can strike so hard as to get, say, 1,000 of our men prisoners when he overwhelms our first trenches, then he will, first and last, have inflicted upon us at least 5,000 casualties.

The proportion during the French offensive in Champagne was more nearly one in *seven*, and far over one in *six*.

In other words, for every prisoner capable of marching and parading taken by the French there

were certainly more than five and nearly six other men killed and wounded on the German side who did not fall into our hands. There have, of course, been innumerable actions, smaller and greater, in which the proportion was very much higher. There have been actions where the enemy made us lose very heavily and hardly took any prisoners, and *vice versa*. But I am speaking of the case of trenches successfully rushed, and I say that a proportion of one in five is the very highest you can get.

Observe then, what the German communiqué means. It means that when the French seized this quite narrow belt of trenches after their intensive bombardment, if they were telling the truth and had really captured 1,300 prisoners, certainly 7,000 Germans were out of action and probably a great many more. If, on the other hand, the Germans are telling the truth, and their total casualties, dead, wounded and missing were 1,100 only, then it would be exceedingly unlikely that the French should hold more than 200 unwounded prisoners and hardly possible that they should hold 300.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

How are we to decide which of the two statements was true?

Mr. Warner Allen was present at the French Headquarters immediately after the German communiqué was issued, and we have the following simple and clear piece of evidence from him:—

"I am able to give personal evidence," he writes, "as I saw the prisoners taken march past the General commanding the Army of the Vosges. There were 21 officers, 1,360 non-commissioned officers and rank and file." A neutral observer present confirmed these figures.

That is conclusive.

I hope that none of my readers will blame me for having dealt with the point at such great length. The number of men involved is very small in such a campaign as this, the action was a mere local affair, the line did not, perhaps, fluctuate by an average of fifty yards, but as a particularly clear example of the point I am driving at you could not better it in the whole course of the war, and the general conclusion is this:—

Where you may reasonably believe the statement of a German communiqué, accept it as rigidly accurate. Where you may with equal reason think it exaggerated, you are free to treat the exaggeration as enormous in almost any degree—as deserving no credence at all.

It is a very important point in judging this war. It confirms what, on the analogy of other nations' communiques, so many observers have hitherto doubted, the valuelessness of the more erratic German claims.

The second point equally illustrated by this affair was that of the type of drafts the enemy is now using. In his evidence upon this point, Mr. Warner Allen is, of course, only adding his testimony to what is now a commonplace with the troops all along the 500 miles of the Allies' western line.

It is perfectly clear that the German Empire has long ago fallen back upon its first groups of inefficients for drafts and has for a fully efficient reserve nothing but the lads of the two new classes.

I hope it is not superfluous to point out again for fear of misunderstanding that this does *not* mean that the German forces are approaching

dissolution, that the proportion of inefficients is so large as to have already greatly affected the enemy's men, or that the inefficients in question are deaf, dumb or blind.

The phrase means no more than it says. But what it says is exceedingly significant. The drafts for filling wastage have now largely to be drawn from the first—that is, the least inefficient—categories of inefficients. The process can go on for a long time, but its effect increases in more than arithmetical progression, for you are compelled to go on from one category of inefficients to another worse one, until you seriously affect the stuff of your whole army.

It should be remarked that the prisoners to whose dilution with inefficients Mr. Warner Allen bears witness, were (1) troops used in positions where it is necessary to have your best and not your worst material. Though the numbers with which you hold the first trenches are thin, yet you have to put into them the men whom you think can best stand the terrible effect of an intensive bombardment, and will be best able after it, when the enemy assault begins, to meet that assault with steady nerves and accurate fire. (2) Troops belonging to formations of a specially selected and supposedly superior type. They were Jaeger troops. Perhaps one ought not to make much of this last point after seventeen months of war, and after a wastage which has largely obliterated such distinctions from the German service, still it must be noted for what it is worth.

BATTLES IN BESSARABIA.

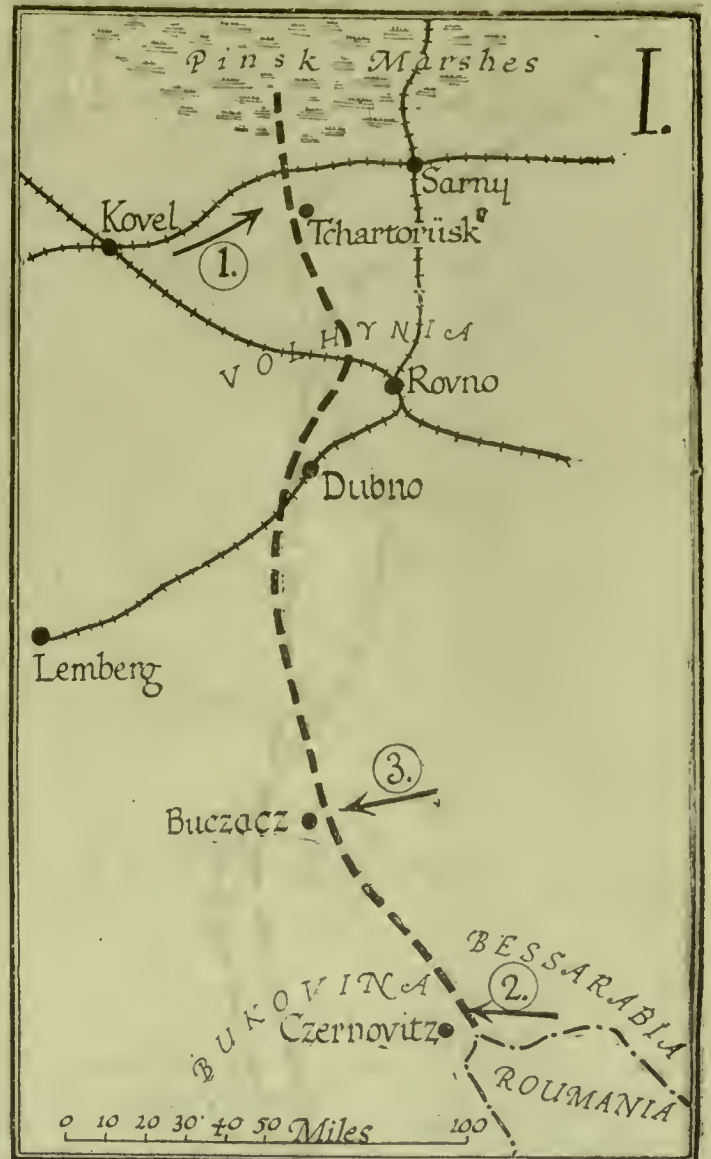
The contemporary enemy preparation for threatening Egypt and the canal I will postpone till next week, as also the very interesting point of the consideration of Salonika as a base for any offensive movement, remarking only, before undertaking that analysis, *that the main effort, the only chance for a true decision, must necessarily remain in the West*, and whether the enemy will or no he must concentrate there and even attempt to attack there, before he either admits defeat or claims victory.

For the moment the threat to Egypt is still, and will long be, a matter of preparation only, and the position of Salonika as a base for an offensive movement is in the same position.

There is only one considerable movement of troops and change of ground upon which our attention can be fixed, and that is the Austro-German offensive against the southern portion of the Russian line and the Russian counter-offensive which is at present proceeding.

Our accounts of this whole business are confused and somewhat contradictory. The affair is still in progress, and nothing approaching even a local result is determined. But if we put together the various brief messages received we arrive at some such conclusion as the following:—

The enemy attacked in force (along the arrow 1 in Sketch I) along the railway leading eastward from Kovel towards the lateral line which runs down south through Rovno and Dubno to Lemberg. It was pointed out during the great Austro-German advance last summer that the capture of this lateral line running from Galicia up through the Pinsk marshes to Baranovichi and Vilna, and so to Dvinsk and Riga was the objective (after the attempts to enclose one or other of the Russian armies in the great salients had failed) of all the end of the enemy's eastward thrust. It will also

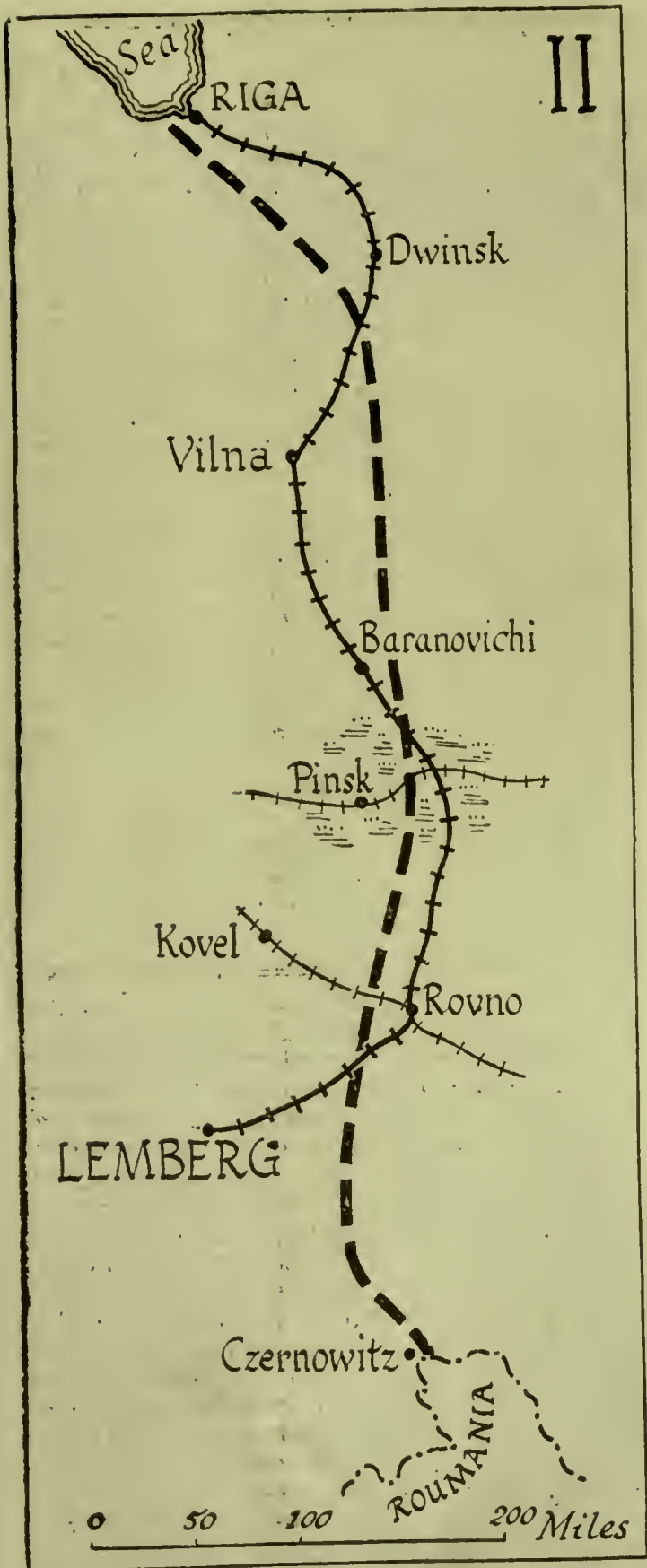


be remembered that when the Austro-German armies had, in Lord Kitchener's words "shot their bolt" last autumn, they remained possessed of no more than a portion of this lateral railway. They prevented, indeed, its complete possession by the Russians (which would have been enormously useful to the latter) but they also failed to obtain possession of it for themselves.

It was widely held in this country, and in France, when the news of this new attack from Kovel along the arrow 1, Sketch I, was first heard of, that a new attempt was being made to get hold of the southern portion of this eastern lateral railway.

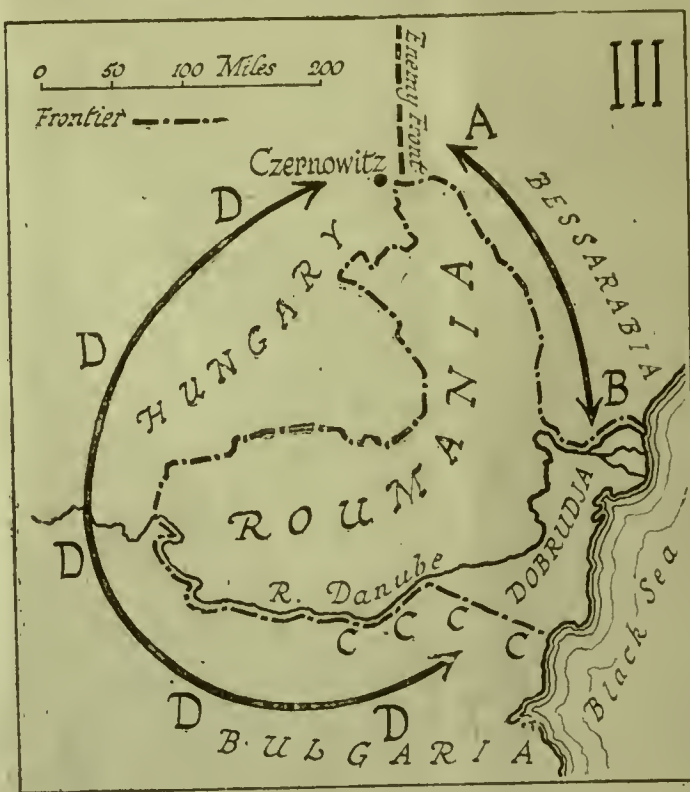
The conclusion seems to me unsound. It would not be in the depth of winter and just after a bad thaw in the Pinsk marshes into the bargain, that the enemy would make a stroke of this kind. It is much more probable that his violent local offensive upon the region of Tchartoriisk (which is the point upon the Kovel railway where the two fronts cross it) was made from information received that the Russians were going to make a diversion further south, near the Roumanian border.

At any rate, what happened was this. The moment the Austro-German attack just south of the Pinsk marshes in the region of Tchartoriisk developed, the Russians countered heavily by a thrust just north of the Roumanian border from Bessarabia. They began a violent offensive along the arrow 2 in Sketch I, for the possession of the heights immediately above Chernovitz, the capital of the Bukovina, defended by very strong and continuous Austrian entrenchments which reach up northward to the neighbourhood of Buczac and follow a line nearly north or south. At the



If we recollect how matters stand in the Balkans; if we further recollect that Roumania is the great unknown factor and that the Roumanian army would make all the difference to the immediate future of the campaign one way or the other from the three factors of its position, its numbers and its freshness; if we add to all this a consideration of the main truth which every General Staff in Europe has first in mind—the enemy's anxiety in the matter of numbers—we shall see the purpose of such an offensive as Russia has apparently undertaken, though perhaps only local and temporary, upon the southern end of her line.

Russia in Bessarabia threatens to some extent the enemy position in the Balkans. It is all very well to say that we do not believe Roumania will allow a march through the Dobrudja or that no considerable Russian forces are massed near the mouths of the Danube, but the mere fact that Russia can concentrate there quickly keeps the enemy—Bulgarian and Austro-German—on the watch and under the necessity of leaving troops watching the frontier along C.C.C. in sketch III. Meanwhile, along comparatively short lines of communication in Bessarabia, Russian forces can strike at or threaten either end of the comparatively short arc A-B in the same sketch. The



same time, or immediately afterwards, another separate offensive of the Russians along the arrow 3 towards Buczacz developed. At the moment of writing (upon Tuesday evening, January 4th) these two offensives in the south have become much the biggest part of the activity along all this southern portion of the Russian line.

Each side claims comparatively small numbers of prisoners. There has been a slight advance of our Allies along their two main lines of attack (2) and (3) in Sketch I, but nothing in any way conclusive or definite has yet developed.

It is perhaps not too much to suggest that the real object upon the Russian side of this new offensive, which has thus suddenly attracted the attention of Europe, is for the moment no more than to compel a corresponding concentration of troops upon the enemy's side, and that with an object quite as much political as strategic

enemy front to the corresponding Russian front runs north from the Roumanian frontier, and is roughly that of the dotted line on Sketch III. The Russian forces now gathered in Bessarabia are in the position to compel the enemy to concentrate with difficulty over very long exterior lines.

A comparatively slight movement upon their part towards A or towards B compels movements by the enemy along the much longer line D.D.D.

Whether a movement towards A, such as now appears to be taking place, is a feint to be followed by a movement across the Danube, or whether it is a main attack the enemy cannot tell. By an alternation of pressure or by threatening at either end A and B of the shorter arc the enemy is compelled always to anxiety and sometimes to concentration at either end of the longer arc D.D.D.

That is the advantage which the strategic possession of Bessarabia and of the Russian forces in it, gives to our ally at this moment. The

Russians by a vigorous offensive, or even by the mere massing of troops, can compel considerable agglomerations on the part of the enemy. They can inflict wastage upon enemy units—and he fears wastage now more than anything. But it is improbable that they can as yet advance seriously. Remember the conditions.

An advance against a strongly and continuously entrenched position involves very heavy preliminary artillery preparation. The Russians have not yet, it may be presumed, a full equipment, as compared with the enemy's provision.

Even if they had, the function of this arm in modern warfare depends mainly upon motor transport. But motor transport in Volhynia and Bessarabia at this moment—at least motor transport of very heavy material—is almost out of question.

AN EXAMPLE OF MISLEADING.

Talking of wastage, is it not an extraordinary thing that after a full sixteen months of this great war the last ten of which at least have turned entirely upon the factor of wastage, and at a moment when every single commander, enemy or Allied, has that one matter in his head to the exclusion almost of all others, our Daily Press in London should continue to ignore this absolutely fundamental point?

I find, in the *Daily Mail* of New Year's Day, a column and a half of editorial advice proffered to the General Officers who are conducting the great war, and I learn from this singular essay in the military art the fact that a modern entrenched line cannot be worn down. It cannot be forced, and therefore two such lines facing each other constitute an eternal deadlock. The original, but anonymous counsellor of war goes on to suggest that the only solution is to fly over the enemy's head with a very great number of aeroplanes.

Now cannot the writer of such matter be got to see his folly? Can one not make him and his readers ashamed? How will you land, say, *one* division (and half your one division must be trained aviators!) behind a line of nearly a hundred divisions, unless you have at least 10,000 machines? And what on earth is that one division going to do, coming down in hostile country without guns, without shells, without limbers, without horses, without waggons, without food, without hospital equipment, without explosives, without petrol, without oats, without field kitchens—without anything at all except men's bodies, rifles and a few cartridges?

It will go to prison.

Now suppose you were to say to a man of this sort—to a man who writes like this and thinks he can teach the Higher Command the art of war—"Could you hold the line from the Swiss mountains to the North Sea with 10 men and ten machine-guns?" He would be compelled to answer: "No, I could not." Even he could not. For you must remember that this kind of talk is not the product of lunacy, but of ignorance.

Then, suppose you were to go on and say: "Could you hold it with a thousand men and a thousand machine guns?" He would perhaps be able to visualise 500 miles as something like 50, and he would see that 1,000 men with 1,000 machine guns would be done for in half an hour upon a front not of 500 miles or 50, but a front of a day's walk.

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON.

The supreme power of genius lies in its ability to illumine by a flash, to transfigure into concrete form by a few strokes of pen or pencil the desires, aspirations and anguish of humanity. Never has this power been more nobly illustrated than in the cartoon "Their Sacrifice," which Mr. Louis Raemaekers has drawn specially for LAND AND WATER and which is our frontispiece to-day. During the Christmas of 1915 good wishes have been checked upon the lips, thoughts of happiness have been chilled within the heart by the remembrance of all the sorrows and sufferings of the war. The only gift which this sad winter the festival of the Christ Child brought into thousands of homes of Christendom was the sword which pierced through the soul of the Virgin-Mother.

It is "their sacrifice"—the sacrifice of the mothers of Christendom "for the sake of humanity"—which is in truth to win for the world freedom and peace in the future. Contrast this view of one Neutral with that view of the other Neutral, which found expression in popular verse "I did not raise my son to be a soldier." Which is the higher and truer concept—"Their Sacrifice" or "I did not bear a son to be a Saviour"?

Curious testimony to the power of Mr. Raemaekers' work has been given us by an anonymous postcard in disguised handwriting, which has come from Torquay. It is reproduced on page 670 of this issue. It would be interesting to know who the writer of it may be.

Ultimately, by this tedious but socratic method, the self-appointed adviser to the French and British armies in the field would discover that there was some minimum necessary to the holding of the line. He would perhaps be astonished to hear that this minimum has been thoroughly thought out by the enemy's commanders as well as our own, and that we know it to within a fairly small fraction. One might next proceed to the necessary instruction of such a man by telling him what minimum is necessary to the holding of any given front, and what therefore to the holding of 1,500 miles of front, and one might further show him by the use of a map and of tables after what point the holding of such fronts would become perilous and after what further point disastrous to forces suffering a given rate of wastage and commanding only another given rate of recruitment—unless before the catastrophe they should have obtained a decision.

When the lesson had proceeded so far one might go on to more technical but very necessary details, such as the role of the machine gun. The writer could be made to look at little sketches of how a machine gun is put into a trench. He could be made to carry one about and appreciate its relative mobility compared to that of the rifle. He might be taken to some sector where he would observe the effects of distant bombardment upon the machine gun shelters, and after all this expansion of his ideas he would be ready for the startling truth that you can have too much of any given weapon in the delicate compromise of armament. And that this is why *no matter what the new instruments devised to strengthen the defensive, a certain minimum of men is always necessary to the holding of a given line.* The Allies are fighting to reduce the enemy plus that minimum.

H. BELLOC.

BATTLE versus SIEGE.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

THE New Year has opened with two very dreadful naval tragedies. The destruction of *Natal*, with many hundreds of gallant and irreplaceable officers and men, and amongst them the last and not the least distinguished of her Captains, Eric Back, is an appalling misfortune. Two more liners have been sunk in the Mediterranean, in the case of the *Persia* with a hideous loss of life. In normal times the destruction of *Natal* and the *Persia* would have thrilled the world with horror. The loss of *Natal* was most probably due to nothing but an accident, but the destruction of the *Persia* is, of course, sheer murder and nothing more nor less. It may and should have a very important bearing on the future history of the war. Now that five liners have been sunk in the Mediterranean almost within a few days of each other, the attitude of America towards the Central Powers cannot remain what it has been. I do not suggest that it is inevitable that America will go to war. President Wilson has found so many ways of avoiding this hitherto that prophecy on such a matter is useless. But it must have a negative effect on American action. I mean it has become impossible for that community to take any strong line which is hostile to the Allies' blockade. Whether resentment in America takes the form of belligerency or not, there is no question that very bitter resentment exists.

THE PARIAH.

These repeated murders or attempts to murder have shown the civilised world two things. The first is that Germany is a pariah among the nations—for it is beyond question that in this matter Austria has taken her policy from Germany; and next, that if civilisation is to be saved, it must be saved by the defeat of Germany. The German Emperor has been informing his troops that his enemies in their madness are reckoning for victory on three elements. First their masses—that is the number of men they can put into the field is vastly superior to that which the Germans and Austrians can put in; next, their effort to starve the entire German people—he is alluding not to the effort which has been made but which undoubtedly should and will be made; thirdly, “the mischievous and malicious calumnies” which they are spreading about the Fatherland and its leaders—and by this no doubt his Imperial Majesty indicates the unpleasant but undoubted truth, that Germany has lost caste amongst the peoples of the world. But that she has engaged in the murder of non-combatants in Belgium and twenty times at sea is not a calumny invented by her enemies. It is an achievement in which she has gloried—which, even at the threat of war from America, she will neither disown nor discontinue. She has invoked upon herself and upon her children the blood of the innocent and the curse of Cain. The Emperor then has stated the crime, and prescribed the method of its punishment. The method is masses and hunger. The time has come for the Allies to inform the neutral world that the full rigour of war has to be enforced

against the active enemy of the Allies and the avowed enemy of the civilisation of all countries, and the announcement will surprise the neutrals far less than the enemy.

The full rigour of war! War is waged principally by two processes, battle and siege. Victory is attained either by the defeat of the enemy's main armed force in battle, or by it being made impotent for battle by direct privation or by being bereft of the spiritual support of the civil population from which it is drawn. The civil population cannot support the army when it is demoralised by the privations of war. To defeat the enemy in battle involves maintaining against him larger armies than he possesses, and armies better equipped, capable of suffering and willing to endure greater sacrifices of life to finish the business. Siege only involves the making of the blockade, both of our enemy's ports and of the neutral ports which supply him, an effective instead of a farcical procedure. Siege involves no risk to any Allied belligerent, and therefore no sacrifice of life. It need involve no sacrifice or real loss to any neutral. By real loss I mean deprivation of any profitable trade which existed *between neutrals* before the war. Siege then is a form of war which is far more economical in life and treasure than is battle.

Is it as effective? If the blockade can be made absolute, there is little question that it would inflict hardships and privations on the German civil population, which might easily become intolerable the moment that population realised that its governors were powerless to relieve them. They would be quickened in realising that defeat must be acknowledged if, at the same time, it was made clear to them that neither Great Britain nor any Ally intended at *any* future time to allow a German ship to put to sea, or any trade to pass between Germany and any Allied country, until full reparation had been made for all the losses which Germany has inflicted in Belgium, France, Poland and Serbia, and on merchant shipping. Whether the blockade could by itself, and without battle, cause the surrender of Germany, is doubtful. But it is not doubtful that it could assist towards causing it, still less doubtful that the more the blockade is mitigated, the more the Allies will have to increase their military effort.

At this moment we are in the throes of a political crisis in England precisely because our own contribution to the military force of the Allies is insufficient. It has become necessary, if our army is to grow to the required dimensions, to use compulsion to obtain recruits. Compulsion has raised two forms of opposition. Some, like Sir John Simon, object on conscientious grounds to Englishmen being deprived of what an ingenious French writer calls their “primordial right” to fight only when they volunteer. Another form of opposition arises from the fear that once the principle of compulsion is admitted, there may be no limit to military demands and certainly no means of opposing them. But if the army grows from three million to four and from four to five and from five to six, it cannot so grow without ruining Great

Britain's productive capacity, destroying her economic equilibrium, and making her incapable of giving to the Alliance that financial support which is necessary to its continuance and to its victory. It has been ignorantly argued against this form of objection that it is an opposition which "prefers money-making to victory." But the verdict of history is on the side of the objectors. The defeat of Napoleon would have been impossible but for the finance of Great Britain, and the wealth of Great Britain was the direct fruit of her sea-power, rightly and ruthlessly employed to maintain and conserve it. Napoleon was finally the victim of defeat in battle. But Waterloo was unquestionably the fruit of the long siege which the British Fleet had maintained from Trafalgar until 1815. But if Great Britain had in 1806, 1807 and 1809 raised colossal armies in England and dislocated her trade and ruined her finances to do so, she would not have been able to maintain her navy, she would not have been able to subsidise first Spain and Portugal, and then Austria and Prussia, she would have failed in encompassing Napoleon's defeat. For it is very doubtful if she could have achieved with her own forces in battle what she finally achieved by the other war process which she adopted.

The moral of the situation then should be plain. There is a limit to the number of men that we can put into the field, but it does not follow that there is a limit to the services which Great Britain can contribute to the Allied cause. Had the siege of Germany been ruthless and complete from the beginning, had we never been hampered by the imbecile provisions of the Declaration of London, had Germany received no cotton from overseas since August, 1914, had our blockade when it was proclaimed in March last been a real blockade and its effectiveness not frittered away by concessions to neutrals here and to neutrals there, Germany might already have been brought to the point when further resistance would not only be hopeless but would be recognised by all to be hopeless. Our failure to make the siege a real one has made it necessary for us to contribute more and more largely to our share in the other process of war, namely battle. Indeed *the measure of our increased military sacrifice is in itself a measure of our naval failure.* Every shipload of goods that goes into Holland for transference to Germany must now be balanced by a shipload of soldiers from England to France. And, to our shame be it said, the supplies which are reaching Germany through neutral countries to-day are by no means all of them neutral supplies. It is not to be doubted that great quantities of British exports either find a German destination, or replace for neutral consumption, neutral goods exported. Bad as the present state of things is there is a distinct danger of their becoming worse. The Washington correspondent of the *Times* has been openly urging that America should be allowed to send tinned milk to German babies. But there is ample milk in Germany for the babies.

The sophistry of the argument is transparent. That it should be uttered at all is an index to the want of firmness with which the whole business of the blockade has been managed. But that it has been managed without firmness should not surprise us. It has been managed almost entirely by diplomatists and civilians—men of the highest and most honourable character, of the most generous instincts, and of proved supremacy in their calling.

But the point and object of that calling is to prevent hostilities and to preserve peace and kindly relations with all, and *siege is a process of war.* If it is to be made effective for war it should be handled and directed by men of war and not by men of peace. It is a naval process and the men of war should be naval men, and as it is a process on which all the Allies are united, and are commonly interested, the blockade should not be a British blockade but an Allied blockade.

THE WHITE PAPER.

The White Paper published on Tuesday morning shows that our blockade to-day is a sterner affair than it was. But it does not show that it is as stern as it could be. The omission of the statement is that we are not told the total of the imports that actually reach Germany. No agreements with traders can really prevent or seriously check such imports because, if importation is free, goods cannot be followed by a private association from owner to owner until they reach the actual exporters' hands. Again what is the use of forbidding the export to Germany of Chicago lard taken into Holland, if all the Dutch lard is exported, and the Hollanders live on the foreign article imported to replace it? There is no alternative, if the embargo is to be absolute, to making the neutral Governments party to it. And the White Paper shows how this can be done, without illegality or warlike threats.

We are then face to face with a very grave situation, in which the necessity for a new kind of action and of prompt action is quite vital to us. We have set our hands to the conquest of Germany and we must conquer in battle. But the stricter the siege the lighter the task of those who fight. We can, if we choose, make the siege absolute. It seems madness not to. We must get from the fleet the ablest officers that can be spared, we must make them, say Second and Third Sea Lords at the Admiralty, and put the blockade absolutely into their hands.

The blockade may involve and very probably will—*forbidding all imports entering the neutral countries contiguous to Germany, except under a definite pledge from the Governments that neither they nor their equivalent in home produce shall be exported over land or by sea into Germany.* If it is objected that this course is virtually forcing the neutrals into war, the reply is obvious. *To the extent to which neutrals are feeding Germany to-day they are taking part in the war already,* and there are obvious forms of persuasion that cannot be confused with threats of force. There is not a single belligerent Allied country that covets a square yard of territory of Sweden, Denmark, Norway or Holland. There is not one of them that is not prepared to guarantee their territorial integrity, and, that is not willing to repay to them any loss of *their normal neutral trade* which compliance with these demands may involve.

LOSS OF THE "NATAL."

There appears to be no reason for supposing that the loss of the *Natal* was occasioned by anything but an accident. It would be easier to bear had it occurred in battle. As it is the tragedy seems senseless and without compensation of any kind whatever. My personal connection with the ship was longer and more intimate than with any other. In the years 1909 and 1910 she was designated for a series of experiments with

fire control invention. In the first period she was commanded by Captain Frederick Ogilvy who died of typhoid before the end of the year. No man at that time stood higher as an authority on gunnery, and his loss was so deeply felt that the honour was paid him of founding an annual prize in his memory. Curiously enough Ogilvy had not been trained as a gunnery officer but as a torpedo-man. But it was his good fortune to have served under Sir Percy Scott when he was initiating the renaissance of gunlaying on the China station, and he became Scott's right hand man in working out and developing the appliances, necessary for teaching gunlayers to overcome the initial difficulty of naval marksmanship, viz., keeping the gun steady on the target while the ship is moving. Ogilvy undoubtedly possessed a mechanical and scientific genius of a very high order, and once started by Scott on the study of gunnery, he soon passed beyond the rudiments, and began the investigation of the far more subtle and far more important department of fire control. In the South African War he had been in command of a battery of 12 pounder guns, so that he realised from the first that no matter how perfected the art of gunlaying might be, it would be less use for war unless it were combined with a development of fire control adequate to the conditions of action. In 1907 and 1908 he was in command of the *Revenge* just when the first efforts to find a system for long range firing were being tested practically. All these systems were more or less based upon the theory first instrumentally embodied in the gear we had tried unsuccessfully in the *Jupiter* in 1905-6. In 1909 we had carried the thing to a much farther point, but we were still far short of action requirements. The main deficiency of our 1909 system was that it was designed to deal only with the conditions when the firing ship kept a steady course. It was really Ogilvy who brushed difficulties on one side, and forced us on the only path that could lead to success.

Had he lived there can be little question that the history of naval gunnery would have taken a very different course to that which in fact it did. He had been designated to the command of *Excellent* before his death, and it was intended that his appointment should coincide with the coordination of all the gunnery schools and establishments. Already in 1909 there was a marked conflict in policy between the Inspector of Target Practice and that of the Director of Naval Ordnance. The Inspector of Target Practice at that time, Sir Richard Peirse, assisted with his Staff—of whom, by the way, Captain Eric Back was chief—at every battle practice held by the Fleet in home waters or in the Mediterranean. He thus became the depository of the Fleet's experience in long-range firing, and the one man who knew exactly what was required to bring long range gunnery to battle worthiness. But while he had the knowledge, he had no authority whatever *vis a vis* to the Board of Admiralty. Officially, the only adviser to the Board in fire control was the Director of Naval Ordnance, whose practical experience in the matter might be, and for some years indeed actually was, negligible. The spectacle therefore presented itself of the experts in the Fleet being in absolute opposition to the official policy of Whitehall in the most vital of all points of preparation for war. The reorganisation that was to follow on Ogilvy's appointment to Whale Island was to have terminated this conflict.

The direction of methods of naval gunnery was to be dissociated from the direction of the provision of naval ordnance, ammunition and mountings—subjects quite large and arduous enough to monopolise the time and attention of even the ablest officer. But Ogilvy's death was followed by changes at Whitehall, and no alteration was made. The conflict between the Inspector of Target Practice and Whitehall consequently became more and more marked until, in 1913, it was terminated by the abolition of the Inspectorship. It was a curious way out of the difficulty. For four years there had been an official representative protesting in the name of the Fleet against the retrograde policy of Whitehall. The obvious thing, it would seem, would be to have ensured that Whitehall was in harmony with the experts. It certainly was one way of obtaining peace to secure that the experts should be silenced. But it was not the way to secure the right gunnery.

A BREAKER OF RECORDS.

A few months before Ogilvy died, *Natal*, with Eric Back on board, broke all records in the gunlayers' test. William James was Gunnery Lieutenant. So great was the sensation created by this performance that James was shifted from *Natal* to Whale Island, so as to make Ogilvy's training methods available to the entire Fleet. But under Ogilvy's successor, Captain W. R. Hall, *Natal* in 1910 surpassed even her own records and put up a performance which it is safe to say can never be beaten. When Captain Hall was commissioned to *Queen Mary*, the former Gunnery Lieutenant of *Natal* became his Commander, and the *Queen Mary* forthwith proceeded to break all gunnery records as successfully as *Natal* had. Hall was succeeded by Captain Greatorex, and throughout all three commissions *Natal* was easily the smartest and most brilliant ship in her squadron. One of the secrets of her successes was that Captain, wardroom, and men seemed always actuated by a common purpose, a common spirit, and a common aim. It is a tradition that I have no doubt Eric Back carried on without difficulty, for he, like his predecessors in that devoted ship, was one of those who command and lead naturally and easily, because their accomplishments and character make their leadership seem both natural and inevitable.

If *Natal* was a happy ship she was a singularly ill-fated one. She lost an officer killed on board during her first commission. Ogilvy, on the whole the most brilliant man I have ever known, died as I have said, before he had been in her a year. Gathorne Hardy, who was Commander under both Ogilvy and Hall, died from blood poisoning within a few months of Ogilvy. Hardy was a man who, everyone was agreed, must have gone, had he lived, to the very top of the naval hierarchy. Gifted with quite extraordinary personal charm and a manner whose gentleness was almost feminine, he possessed an authority over brother officers and men of the most convincing kind imaginable. And now Eric Back has gone as the result of an accident that might just as well have happened in peace as in war. It certainly is curious that a ship that was only commissioned eight years ago should have lost three such brilliant and exceptional officers as Ogilvy, Gathorne Hardy and Back, each by sheer misadventure. Such are the vicissitudes of the naval career.

ARTHUR. POLLEN.

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

A GERMAN phrase-maker has capped the Napoleonic appreciation of us as a nation of shopkeepers by dubbing us in his spleen a nation of week-enders. At this season of the year which is consecrated by a venerable tradition to the wholesome practice of reviewing our pasts and making resolutions for the future, it may be worth while examining our national conscience in the light of criticisms by disgruntled enemies and candid friends. We may profitably give the devil's advocate a free hand and reserve our defence.

A nation of week-enders! It is a phrase with a sting and the sting of it is the measure of truth in it. Unquestionably, habits and sports which used to be the privilege of a relatively small class have been extended to the very large class of the substantial or at least well-paid men of business. All standards of food, clothing, housing and recreation have been raised. There is a very much less widespread habit of saving. Our fathers tell us, with a greater measure of accuracy than often characterises the praisers of departed days, that they came to their work earlier and left it later than we, nor had they such holidays. And if that seems to us rather a matter for compassion than imitation, and we urge, what is indeed the fact, that work is of no such particular sanctity in itself; and, what is equally true, that we work at a greater pace and pressure than they and need more relaxation, then our German friend pokes up his square head and reminds us with a sheaf of Board of Trade returns that business goes to the keen. . . . We have great responsibilities, great estates to keep up. That is why we do really need a little closer attention to business.

A plain trader recently gave as the reason for a certain great trade gradually dropping out of British into German and American hands, the reluctance of the British workman to put in a long succession of good days of work, adding that the employer largely set the bad example. If he had worked for a fortnight he felt he needed a long week-end at Brighton. His week-end habit was the equivalent of the workman's many ruined Mondays. Of course there is a more congenial explanation which is to put down all differences in our rivals' favour to tariffs and dumpings.

Elderly men of business complain that intelligent young men from the universities now present themselves (of course we speak of that almost forgotten age before the war) as ready to fill any well-paid posts which may be available instead of climbing by the hard way of preliminary drudgery and experience. They think perhaps that such posts have already been won on the playing fields of Eton. But the men in authority in such businesses are beginning to ask whether school and university should not be expected to produce something more than character—namely equipment. Men of mature age with commissions in the new armies, men who have been accustomed to sustained hard work, note a general disposition in the new young officer to look on soldiering as anything from a solemn dedication at the best moments to a bore at the worst, but not as a

tough, compressed job of work against time, needing the full stretch of all the energies. Said a candid subaltern challenged on the point, "Yes, I daresay it's so. I suppose we rely on our being Englishmen to pull us through." "An army of week-enders!" says the sneering German with renewed emphasis.

"You Britishers never finish anything," says a Transatlantic critic, illustrating the charge by the homely but significant parable of the screw-driver—which runs as follows: The English tool-maker makes a well finished, exceedingly strong implement, with its working end bevelled, which will in fact put in and take out screws. The American proceeds to make the quite obvious deduction that a blade-end with all but parallel sides will be the most serviceable for use with a straight slot and finishes his screw-driver so as best to engage and keep the slot. He further notes that time and energy can be saved by the addition of a ratchet. He then adds the principle of the Archimedean drill and produces still greater power and speed; and finally overcomes the last remaining difficulty, namely the holding of the screw in position before driving, by attaching a spring holder to the blade. . . . The English tool-maker still makes a well finished, exceedingly strong implement, with bevelled working end, which will in fact put in and take out screws. *Voilà tout!*

Even if the Americans' weakness is to assume that civilisation is too inclusively a matter of steam-heating, express elevators, and telephones at the bedside, his defence, that if he is the great benefactor of human-kind who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, he who drives three screws in the time which it formerly took to drive one, also deserves considerable credit. As long as screws have to be driven let them be driven with the greatest economy of means. There is no real case against finishing the screw-driver.

Ask a doctor or surgeon in his laboratory why he is using the Zeiss microscopes. He will tell you that apart from their fine quality which is unsurpassed, in contradiction of a popular legend which attributes inferior finish, the instruments are handier, because, with their shorter tube length contrived without loss of power owing to the skilful arrangement of the prisms, the hands can get at their work better; that moreover they are planned for the whole range of microscopic work with all parts standardised; while with the English models, a new main instrument is often required for new branches of work, or clumsy and expensive adapters required. The enemy victory in fact is not so notably due to the fine Jena glass, which special privileges and subsidies denied to our own makers helped to produce, as to the mere painstaking development of a plan of absolutely elementary simplicity. We don't finish things, say the critics, with some justice.

We betray, says another critic, this time of our own household, an astonishing lack of imagination

in business. And above all we don't honour our own prophets. One of our foremost artists, a brilliant colourist, relates how he had been commissioned by a German manufacturer to produce a design for a carpet at a fee of two hundred guineas. He declared that he had never been offered a larger sum than ten guineas by an English manufacturer. Yet the English man of business has not, to say the least, the reputation of being less generous than his German rival. It is merely that he has not the curiosity to discover, or the imagination to employ suitably the high talent which happens to be at his command.

This manner of dealing with our prophets is of course notorious. America and Germany welcomed the teaching of William Morris in the sphere of printing, and besides approving it for its own artistic values, also contrived to turn it into dollars and marks. Whereupon, characteristically enough, our men of business began to take an interest in the revived craft thus presented to us *via* these refracting media. We possess to-day the most distinguished formal calligrapher in Europe. No English typesetter has thought it worth while to put him to the task of designing a new type. He has been commissioned to produce four or five such designs for German houses. The mournful story of the aniline dyes is too clearly in everybody's memory to need comment. The incredible neglect of Science by Government on the one hand and by manufacturers on the other is the joke of Europe. The history of modern British commerce is largely a history of lost opportunity due to lack of imagination.

If we turn to development the story is much the same. We note the contrast of the co-operative dairy farming movements of Holland and Denmark with our own. Denmark's success is particularly significant as she wrests her triumph from a harder climate. The garden of England and the incredible Kentish railways make another mournful parable. The neglect of the fisheries is a signal instance of the failure of national imagination, as also is the tolerance of the vagaries of the fishmarket. As to agriculture, the partial and gratifying success of SIR HORACE PLUNKETT in Ireland is more than balanced by its all but entire failure in Great Britain, a failure due to apathy and mutual suspicions. We might profitably note the sublime recklessness by which we have allowed and still allow almost undiminished the waste of fuel which is represented by incomplete combustion in open household fires and the antiquated furnaces used in industry—a waste which brings in its train other wastes such as fogs, involving darkness and therefore extra consumption of artificial light, delays innumerable, depreciation of buildings, the by no means negligible menace to health, and the proved stunting of vegetation—besides all the dirt, gloom, and extra household work involved. The damning facts are not in dispute and the battle for sanity is carried on mainly by a small (if sturdy) private society. As one characteristic result of its activities, a firm, successfully prosecuted for the nuisance of emitting black smoke and fighting the action with bitterness—saved some £3,500 a year in its coal bill by the enforced change to scientific combustion furnaces.

Contemplate a city like London, Mecca of pilgrims of all the world, and you find it all but

uncatalogued; its streets frequently unnamed, its public services difficult to find, its houses unnumbered, or, if numbered, then so inconspicuously that the numbers are invisible by night when most wanted. The District Railway with its carefully thought-out signs, maps, arrows, and coded colour schemes, alone seems to have set an example of rational order.

The general conditions are strangely similar to those already noted in industry. We have the essential services and amenities but we have not taken the trouble to make them completely available. "You Britishers don't finish anything." And while London is in the picture, a glance may be spared for the preposterous waste of its municipal government, its overlapping and conflicting authorities. And we may recall the bitter, unimaginative opposition to the unification of its electrical system and the refusal to face the problem of the co-ordination of its railways and goods distribution.

A good deal of all this is no doubt the extravagance of a careless rich man not to be troubled with small economies. The shock of war will effect greater changes in habit and outlook than can ever be compassed by reflection.

Will it shake us from that supreme indifference to the things of the mind which has left us hitherto content with the least intelligent national education policy in Western Europe? Perhaps it would not be fair to press too far the fact that the chief war economy conceived by the Government of London should be the docking of its education grant. But it is true beyond dispute that the whole national system has been starved by neglect. Our rich men purchase honours instead of deserving them by possessing the zeal and discretion necessary to endow colleges and chairs. Parliament is indifferent.

To take just a single random instance, the project of a Museum of Science which should provide opportunity and apparatus for students to carry on their studies and experiments, urgently recommended by a Royal Commission in the early seventies—is still a project! There are a few posts of honour, a few considerable emoluments at the top of the scholastic profession; but both pay and status in the rank and file, whether in higher or elementary education, have been a disgrace to a wealthy country. In particular the treatment of the elementary teachers, working in the main with a fine zeal against the heavy discouragements of grotesquely overcrowded classes and painfully restricted standard of life, deserves the severest condemnation. The educational ladder is seemingly constructed so that as few as possible shall be enabled to climb by it.

What we have starved in our abundance we must feed in our poverty. It is for plain citizens to think out the implications of this fatal flaw in our national structure so that when we rebuild we may build on surer foundations.

Lytton, Chairman of the Sub-Committee of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, mentions that his Committee has accepted an offer of the Palace Hotel, Montana (in Switzerland), to place that hotel at their disposal, rent free, during the winter for the reception of convalescent officers. A charge will be made to each officer of 6s. 6d. per day to cover cost of food and other expenses, and friends who accompany them will pay 8s. per day. Those who would like to avail themselves of this arrangement should write to Lady Waterlow, 1, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, who is the Honorary Secretary of the Sub-Committee.

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

BY GILBERT FRANKAU.

[“A Song of the Guns” is a true war poem, for it was written under these conditions. The author, who is now serving with the Royal Field Artillery in Flanders, was present at the Battle of Loos and during a lull in the fighting—when the gunners who had been sleepless for five nights were resting like tired dogs under their guns—he jotted down the main theme of the poem. After the battle the Artillery Brigade to which he was attached was ordered to Ypres, and it was during the long trench warfare in this district, within sight of the ruined tower of Ypres Cathedral, that the poem was finally completed. The last three verses were written at midnight in Brigade Headquarters with the German shells screaming over into the ruined town. Mr. Gilbert Frankau has previously won good reputation as a poet with his two long poems “One of Us” and “Tid’Apa”.]

1.—THE VOICE OF THE SLAVES.

We are the slaves of the guns,
 Serfs to the dominant things;
 Ours are the eyes and the ears,
 And the brains of their messagings.

Ours are the hands that unleash
 The blind gods that raven by night,
 The lords of the terror at dawn
 When the landmarks are blotted from sight
 By the lit curdled churnings of smoke,
 When the lost trenches crumble and spout—
 Into loud roaring fountains of flame;
 Till, their prison walls down, with a shout
 And a cheer, ordered line after line,
 Black specks on the barrage of gray
 That we lift—as they leap—to the clock,
 Our infantry storm to the fray.

These are our masters, the slim
 Grim muzzles that irk in the pit;
 That chafe for the rushing of wheels.
 For the teams plunging madly to bit
 As the gunners swing down to unkey,
 For the trails sweeping half-circle-right,

For the six breech-blocks clashing as one
 To a target viewed clear on the sight—
 Dun masses the shells search, and tear
 Into fragments that bunch as they run—
 For the hour of the red battle-harvest,
 The dream of the slaves of the gun!

We have bartered our souls to the guns;
 Every fibre of body and brain
 Have we trained to them, chained to them. Serfs?
 Aye! but proud of the weight of our chain—
 Of our backs that are bowed to their workings,
 To hide them and guard and disguise—
 Of our ears that are deafened with service,
 Of hands that are scarred, and of eyes
 Grown hawklike with marking their prey—
 Of wings that are ripped as with swords
 When we hover, the turn of a blade
 From the death that is sweet to our lords.

*By the ears and the eyes and the brain,
 By the limbs and the hands and the wings,
 We are slaves to our masters the guns . . .
 But their slaves are the masters of kings!*

2.—HEADQUARTERS.

A league and a league from the trenches—from the traversed maze of the lines,
 Where daylong the sniper watches and daylong the bullet whines,
 And the cratered earth is in travail with mines and with countermines—

Here, where haply some woman dreamed, (are those her roses that bloom
 In the garden beyond the windows of my pittered working-room?)
 We have decked the map for our masters as a bride is decked for the groom.

Fair, on each lettered numbered square—cross-road and mound and wire,
 Loophole, redoubt and emplacement—lie the targets their mouths desire;
 Gay with purples and browns and blues, have we traced them their arcs of fire.

And ever the type-keys clatter; and ever our keen wires bring
 Word from the watchers a-crouch below, word from the watchers a-wing:
 And ever we hear the distant growl of our hid guns thundering

Hear it hardly, and turn again to our maps where the trench-lines crawl,
 Red on the gray and each with a sign for the ranging shrapnel’s fall—
 Snakes that our masters shall scotch at dawn, as is written here on the wall.

For the weeks of our waiting draw to a close. . . . There is scarcely a leaf astir
 In the garden beyond my windows where the twilight shadows blurr
 The blaze of some woman’s roses

“Bombardment orders, sir!”

THROUGH THE AMBROSIAL NIGHT.

By J. D. Symon.

THE last train came in exactly to the minute. It had all the outward appearance of that scheduled on the time table, *quidelicet*, it was steam-driven and not electric. There could be no mistake. In good faith, therefore, the traveller seized a corner seat and opened the book that would beguile the next three-quarters of an hour. But in five minutes a grinding of brakes proclaimed a halt and the cry of "All Change" warned at least one passenger that something unusual had happened. The worst, in fact, had happened. This was *not* the last train, but a precursor, a few minutes late, masquerading as the last, worse still the true last would not stop at this wayside station. In due time it flashed through with a pitiless indifference to the stranded and belated, whose only hope now was the last electric which would stop twelve miles from his abode. Another quarter of an hour and the only hope in the way of conveyance had done its duty. After that, Shanks's mare.

Well, it was a fine night. The tramp would be agreeable and would yield, perhaps, some new experience. The clock at the terminus said midnight as the victim alighted, to find that he was not alone in adversity. Two other late-homing pigeons had been beguiled, like himself, by that deceitful late penultimate train. They compared notes and grumbles. One was lucky, he had only three miles between him and bed, the other had seven. Three-miles had already found the only cab the country town had to offer at that time of night, and was bargaining for transport. Twelve-miles tried to arrange a deal, which would include Seven-miles, who frankly declared that cabs were beyond his commission. But Three-miles would not come to terms. He suspected some inexplicable form of swindle, and refused to believe in any equitable division, if the others should finally persuade Jehu to take them a little further on their way. Perhaps it was a case for the differential calculus. Less science would have done, but Three-miles was obdurate. It was *his* cab, he would stick to it. No share was possible. So off he drove in solitary state.

A Long March.

The remainder, glad of each others company, faced the long march, and began to make acquaintance. The Traveller found that his chance companion was a postman; what the postman discovered about the Traveller does not matter. For the first mile or so, under the frosty starlight, conversation was not very lively. Both were sleepy and smarting under injury, the way was long, the wind was cold; the iron ground, slippery as glass here and there, told upon feet already weary. Even a postman can have his fill of walking. But gradually, the brilliant air, the splendour of the night, prevailed over sulkiness and the Traveller, at least, began to enjoy himself hugely. Then the Postman spake and uttered a very human note.

The way now led under high branching trees into a pretty village of renown in the home counties. Darkness lay close about the wayfarers and out of the darkness came a groan. The postman knew where he was. "That's the Starling we're passing," he sighed, "and no chance o' a drink." Night and the hour had sounded for him the top note of Tragedy. Consolation there was none. The Starling, lightless and silent, slept inhospitable, a mockery of brighter hours. Across the village street, darkling, stole two furtive cats. On these the Postman moralised and found relief.

Anon he talked of his profession and of the Territorial Army, of which he was a well-deserving pillar. War was still far away, as men thought, but the letter carrier had the patriotic conscience. One wonders, has he ere now proved it to the utmost, this simple, quaint good fellow. Luck to him, wherever he be to-night! He had a keen sense for night sounds which may have been useful in the field. In a tree by the wayside he spotted a roosting cock, which the more urban eyes of Twelve-miles would have missed. The fowl resented the approach of the foot-pads and crowed lustily. Tabellarius told the bird he was a fool and admonished him to shut up. Then

the eyes of Tabellarius went skyward. He made a chance, curious remark about the stars, and wondered what they were. A little drawing-out proved that this civil servant, with a Board-School education, had not the remotest idea about the hosts of heaven. He had never even heard that they were named. Twelve-miles, beginning with the Pole-star and the Great Bear, imparted a little very elementary astronomy and found the man of letters apt and interested. Aldebaran, Bellatrix and Betelgeuse, the belt and nebula of Orion, the electric flash of Sirius, the wonder of Vega, some day to usurp the Pole, the sweet influence of Pleiades, with these dignitaries of the firmament the Postman scraped acquaintance; he learned to distinguish planets from fixed stars and heard a little about their distances and movements taking it in with the eagerness of a child who listens to a fairy-tale. It was almost enviable to have reached years of discretion with no faintest knowledge of the starry Universe. What would not the sophisticated give to enter that world consciously for the first time.

First View of the Stars.

Such an experience, keyed to the highest pitch of revelation, fell to the lot of a good friend of the Traveller's in early boyhood. A victim of very short sight, he had never even seen the stars, until, with the fitting of stronger spectacles, he at last gazed out into the infinite. It was his good fortune to look up for the first time with clear vision on a brilliant Northern night—just such a night as Masson celebrates in his "Memories"—and the pageant of the constellations thrilled him to awe and wonder. Hitherto he had not known what men meant when they spoke of the stars. At that moment he understood better perhaps than any living person the mystery and the poetry of the rolling spheres. Nor has the memory of that vision ever left him. We, to whom the heavens are too familiar from infancy, can only guess at that ineffable ecstasy.

The seven miles were done, before the travellers had begun to count them. Suddenly the Postman welcomed the lights of home on an upland heath, and descending to earth dwelt lovingly on the supper waiting within. There would be, he said, cold beef and a long drink o' beer, and he needed it. He added that an adjacent light was the baker's, who would now be getting to work on the morning's loaves. Twelve-miles, feeling somewhat empty, bade his friend farewell and tackled the remaining five miles.

Voices of the Night.

Alone, he realised the full wonder and mystery of the hour. The frost struck keener, the road rang metallic to the footfall. Sounds, unheard by day, started into loud prominence; the trickling of a runlet seemed almost a rushing brook; shy creatures of the night crept rustling through the underwood. The very brushing of the sleeve upon the coat was now almost thundrous. And exquisite subtle scents of the countryside came down the faint breeze. Never had the smell of the haystack been wafted to the sense with such delicate and delicious purity. It is not the summer night alone that is ambrosial. The winter night, so it be clear and quiet, can hold its own with high June.

The last mile lay over wide common-land, where the furze encrusted with rime glittered under a now risen moon. And so, just as Orion's belt swung low and touched the horizon, the Traveller, a little footsore but joyful, reached his own door. His time for the twelve miles was five minutes short of the three hours. Fair heel and toe, like Christopher North's midnight tramp over the same Chiltern hills from Oxford to London long ago—*νέκτα δὲ ἀμβροσίην*, in very truth.

Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish a new book by Dr. Charles Sarolea, entitled *Europe's Debt to Russia*. Dr. Sarolea's work is a systematic attempt to remove the pre-conceptions against Russia which are still very widely accepted, and particularly the misconceptions which it has suited Germany to publish in neutral countries.

THE CULT OF KIPLING.

By the Editor.

THE cult of Kipling grows. This was the almost inevitable result of the war and of the close union of the British Empire which has resulted from it. For thirty years and more he has been the Voice, bidding the younger nations make ready for the last great fight of all. All that appertains to his writings has therefore gained a new interest in the eyes of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and for this reason a hearty welcome is assured for Mr. Thurston Hopkins' literary appreciation (*Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation* by R. Thurston Hopkins. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent. 10s. 6d.) which has just been published. Anyone who turns to this volume in order to find personal tittle-tattle about the celebrated author will be disappointed. Mr. Hopkins has confined himself almost entirely to his work, thus carrying out Kipling's own idea that the work is greater than the man, which he expresses in his poem on Patrols, written only this winter:

Sing welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear
How in all time of our distress
As in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

A thoughtful person on reading reviews and criticisms of the writings of famous men of letters, cannot fail to be struck at the implication which critics and reviewers frequently convey that a writer, once he takes pen in hand, ceases to be an honest workman, doing the best in his power without thought or care what his own or later generations may think about him; but at once becomes a *poseur*, who picks, chooses and selects merely to impress, and is ever prepared to "balk the end half-won for an instant dole of praise." Dr. Stopford Brooke, than whom there could be no higher living authority, once told the writer that the deadliest sin which besets the man of letters is vanity, and that once the sin is yielded to, no little of the virtue goes out of the work. Sincerity is a balm that preserves from corruption, and we have only to glance round our own bookshelves in order to understand the truth of the saying.

The Deadly Sin.

No living writer has been more careful to guard himself against this deadly sin than Rudyard Kipling. The last of the "Just So Stories," contains a small incident, in the life of Suleiman-bin-Daoud who "very seldom showed off and when he did he was sorry for it." You may remember "he tried to feed all the animals in all the world in one day, but when the food was ready an Animal came out of the deep sea and ate it up in three mouthfuls." That is frequently the way with the reputation of writers (as well as children) who show off. "Suleiman-bin-Daoud fell flat on his face and said, 'O Animal! I gave that dinner to show what a great and rich king I was, and not because I really wanted to be kind to the animals. Now I am ashamed, and it serves me right.'" Writers court the same fate who start out to show the world what great and clever men they are and not honestly to give of the best that is in them.

Rudyard Kipling, as Mr. Thurston Hopkins reminds us, began his career when in his later teens in an Anglo-Indian newspaper office in Lahore. Being a good journalist he did what lay in his power to make his newspaper interesting. Short stories and occasional verse are the oldest features of Anglo-Indian journalism. It is not always easy to fill the columns of an Indian daily paper with news; the profits of the business do not permit of any extravagant staff; the work has to be done by two or three men and in the hot weather more often by one or two. But all the time there is passing through the country an ever-changing stream of specially selected British brains, men who for the most part would not be there if they had not proved themselves the superior of their fellows in the examination halls. They bring with them their women, who have to endure the tedium of the long long Indian day. Nothing can dull the intensity of the first impressions of the Orient; its keenness is only

surpassed by the gnawing pangs of home-sickness after the glamour has worn off.

Anglo-Indian Journalism.

These clever folk are glad to use their pens for pleasure or relief. So it comes about that one of the main duties of an Anglo-Indian editor is to read through piles of MS. describing either directly or under a thin disguise of fiction actual sensations and episodes. The barrack-rooms of British regiments are not infrequent contributors. Kipling wrote short stories and verse because there was a demand for them. He put the best workmanship he could into the job, and his short stories survive and will survive for the same reason that the vamped historical plays of Shakespeare have outlasted all others of his contemporaries, because each gave the best that was in him to what at the moment appeared to be merely ephemeral work, and their best chanced to be touched by the authentic fire of genius.

One of the commonest charges against this part of Kipling's work is that it showed up his fellow-exiles in a most unfavourable light. They who make and repeat this accusation which on the face of it seems just, are apparently ignorant of the Preface that appeared in the original paper volume *Under the Deodars*, which we notice has escaped Mr. Hopkins, who, as a rule, is a most careful collector of these sidelights. This volume contained, among other stories, "At the Pit's Mouth," which opens, you may remember, with this sentence: "Once upon a time there was a Man and his Wife and a Tertium Quid." This is what Kipling himself said about his Simla stories, as they are now usually called:

Strictly speaking, there should be no preface to this, because it deals with things that are not pretty and ugliness that hurt. But it may be as well to try to assure the ill-informed that India is not entirely inhabited by men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment; while it is a fact that very many of the lads in the land can be trusted to bear themselves as bravely on occasion as did my friend the late Robert Hanna Wick. The drawback of collecting dirt in one corner is that it gives a false notion of the filth of the room. Folk who understand and have knowledge of their own will be able to strike fair averages. The opinions of people who do not understand are somewhat less valuable.

Charge of Brutality.

"Brutal" is a favourite epithet of abuse that stay-at-home critics fling at him. It is one which Mr. Hopkins carefully examines. As a matter of fact Kipling is never one half as brutal as the life to which he has held a mirror up. All his short stories (or practically all) are based on actual incidents; not a few are merely reports of events, and not one, so far as the writer is aware, is more horrible or painful than actual occurrences in India. Here is an example which fell within the writer's own experience. An Englishman in an out-of-the-way station was bitten one morning by his favourite dog. The dog developed hydrophobia and was shot. It was before the days of Pasteurism. A few evenings later the man was dining with friends. He was seized by the madness; his paroxysms were awful; all his friends could do was to shut him in an empty room and fling to him handkerchiefs soaked in chloroform; he died before sunrise. Had that occurrence been described by Kipling, doubtless aforesaid it would have been deemed further irrefutable evidence of his "brutality" by cream-faced critics to whom "seeing life" implied making beasts of themselves in the dark hours of the night amid the vicious haunts of Western cities knowing that their bodies were safeguarded by the police and the common hangman.

I say purposely "aforesaid" for sorrowful evidence accumulates that a new value is being affixed to the word "brutal" in these months of grief and suffering. All are being taught that Death is no longer the discreet visitor he was thought to be, who when he knocked at door of cottage or palace was introduced by a polite physician, and left behind him a smooth-voiced family lawyer and

an obsequious undertaker to make everything as easy and cheerful as possible. Now we see Death as India knows him to be, a bloody-jawed maniac snapping at any one within reach, careless of age or sex, and never attempting to conceal or to ease the horrid wounds which he leaves behind him.

In the Preface quoted above reference is made to "my friend the late Robert Hanna Wick." The story in which he figures is called "Only a Subaltern" and at its head stands this extract from the Bengal Army Regulations:—"Not only to enforce by command but to encourage by example the energetic discharge of duty and the steady endurance of the difficulties and privations inseparable from Military Service." We know now how great and noble is the company of Bobby Wicks who in their lifetime were only subalterns, they who knew no fear either of the disease that walketh at noon-tide or of the flying bullet or bursting shell. It is the same honest workman who gave us this pathetic picture of a subaltern which as everyone is only too well aware to-day, is absolutely true to life, who also drew the "Soldiers Three." The first time the famous Three were introduced was "in the Umballa Refreshment Room while we were waiting for an up train. I supplied the beer. The tale was cheap at a gallon and a half." And the story ends in this fashion:

"Young man, what's t' notebook for?" said Learoyd.

"Let be," said Mulvaney; "this time next month we're in the *Sherapis*. 'Tis immortal fame the gentleman's goin' to give us. But kape it dhark till we're out av the range av me little frind Bobs Bahadur."

And I have obeyed Mulvaney's order.

This first experiment was too successful to end here. No more was heard of the *Sherapis* and the Three have passed into "immortal fame," though their glory will ever be greater among those who realise that they stand less for the rank and file of the British Army than for the rank and file of that unenlisted Grand Army who, notwithstanding faults and failings, despite excesses and distresses, and in the face of errors and perplexities, have linked Hindustan to the British Empire and given new values to the old Anglo-Saxon ideals of courage, tenacity, truth and justice. The author never made any pretence that the Three were those creatures of flesh and blood which many of his critics assume them to be just to pull them to pieces. This is how he wrote of them in his Dedication to the original volume:

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough hewn race,
Since pearls strew not the market place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make
O thou who knowest, turn and see—
As thou hast power over me
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for thy sake,
And breathe in them my agonies.

What some of these agonies may have been, we may learn from "The Madness of Private Ortheris": "I'm sick for London again; sick for the sounds of 'er an' the sights of 'er and the stinks of 'er; orange-peel and hasphalte and gas coming in over Vaux'all Bridge." Were this not sufficient evidence of the pains of exile which gat hold of Kipling as they have got hold of so many of his fellow-countrymen, are there not the poems "Christmas in India" (that originally appeared in print over the nom de plume of "A Dyspeptic") and "In Spring Time,"—"Give me back one day in England for it's Spring in England now."

It is a strange commentary on the ways of critics—even Mr. Hopkins misses it—that scarcely one of them pays heed to this cry, which is the very voice of Anglo-India, wrung from the heart of her by the bitterness of failure and death, in the weariness and torment of "a toil that knows no breaking." "He jests at scars that never felt a wound," and this wound of home sickness is mere phantasy to those who have not suffered it. But it is the true, minted stamp of honest workmanship in the eyes of all who have lived the life.

Do you remember how "With the Main Guard" ends—that night of terrible heat in the Lahore Fort, when Learoyd came near to dying of apoplexy, and

Mulvaney kept him going with his talk? One cannot forbear recalling it now when the pitiless day again breaks for the splendid writer of the story and for so many other over-burdened souls, whom he has ever honestly and to the full height of his genius striven to strengthen, hearten and console:

"Oh, Terence!" I said, dropping into Mulvaney's speech when we were alone. "It's you that have the Tongue!"

He looked at me wearily; his eyes were sunk in his head and his face was drawn and white. "Eyah!" said he. "I've blandandered thim through the night somehow, but can thim that helps others help themselves? Answer me that, Sorr!"

And over the bastion of Fort Amara broke the pitiless day.

"With Our Indians at Marseilles." By Massia Bibikoff. (Smith, Elder and Co.) 5s. net.

The enthusiasm of this young Russian artist, a pupil of Detaille, led her to view everything *au couleur de rose*, and her written impressions of the Indian camps at Marseilles may be gathered from her anticipation of an interview with Maharajah Sher Singh. "I am going to see the being who thrilled my childish imagination," she writes, "and appeared in my earliest dreams amid the flash of jewels that scintillated with every colour. With such expectations, it is little wonder that she found in the Indian contingents much to admire. The book is an appreciation, not a criticism, and even when the Indians threw away the food on which her shadow had fallen she accepted the fact without comment.

Her sketches are gossamer things, confessedly the work of five or ten minutes each, and bearing the mark of impressionism, not of detailed work. Text and sketches together give a good idea of the Marseilles camps, and though the book is exceedingly slight it will assist in giving an idea of what the Marseilles camps were really like. The brief introduction by Maurice Barrès marks, not only his appreciation of the artist's work, but also of the Indians in France.

"The Furniture Collector." By Edward W. Gregory. (Herbert Jenkins.)



A RARE TYPE OF WINDSOR CHAIR.

Mr. Edward W. Gregory is a writer on domestic architecture, decoration and furniture, very favourably known both here and in the United States. He has a most pleasant style, is singularly well-informed, and without ever posing as infallible, has come to be accepted with good reason as a reliable authority on these subjects.

This volume is an introduction to the study of English styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and contains illustrations of typical pieces of furniture from public and private collections.

It includes no doubt some information which is already known to

professional collectors, but to amateurs, whose name is legion, the book will be a sheer delight, for it holds so many little bits of side knowledge, and sheds new light on trophies of the sales-rooms or heirlooms handed down for generations, which are the special pride of many homes.

There is an interesting account of the furnishing of a house of a prosperous farmer or yeoman in the time of Mary Tudor. An inventory of the "best chamber" in Elizabeth's reign is given. A chapter all to itself is devoted to the old Windsor chair and well it deserves it. Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton have also their own chapters, and some very practical advice is given on the vexed question of "Buying and Selling." Mr. Gregory has laid all furniture collectors under a big debt of gratitude; this volume will be one of standard reference for the periods to which it refers.

Dr. Maria Montessori's International Training Course, announced for January 15th, has been postponed to February 15th owing to the sudden death of the Dottorossa's father, Chevalier Alexandre Montessori. It will last three months.



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The King and Queen have been at York Cottage through the holidays; His Majesty coming up to town on business for a day. The weather was very bad, but this does not affect His Majesty, who, if anything, rather likes it. In these days when economy is on everybody's lips, it may be pointed out that there is probably no household in the kingdom where truer economy and simpler living is practised than at York Cottage, which is certainly the humblest home any King and Emperor occupies. But their Majesties thoroughly enjoy that absence of State possible at their quiet Norfolk home.

Lord Dalkeith who came of age on December 30th, bore the courtesy title of Lord Whitechester until his father succeeded to the Dukedom of Buccleuch, a little over a year ago. Like his father before him, Lord Dalkeith is one of eight children, but the present Duke has three sons and five daughters, while his father had six sons and two daughters. Large families and long life have always been characteristic of the Scotts. Though the Dukedom was created over two hundred and fifty years ago and has been uninterruptedly enjoyed, the present peer is only the seventh to hold it. I believe this wonderful record of longevity to be entirely unrivalled.

The Duke of Buccleuch sits in the House of Lords as Earl of Doncaster, which is one of the finest sounding titles on the Roll of the Lords Temporal.

There are eighty-three Viscounties in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and Sir John French will therefore, make the round seven dozen. This honour has been conferred more freely in recent years, nine new Viscounts having been created since 1910. Territorial titles have not always been chosen, preference being shewn, especially by politicians, to cling to the family name, e.g., Viscounts Morley, Gladstone, Haldane, Bryce, and Buxton.

How many people are aware that Canada has a peerage of her own. It is not a large one, for it consists of a single dignity—the feudal barony of de Longueuil in the province of Quebec. This was conferred by Louis XIV on Charles le Moyne, for distinguished services in 1700, with inheritance to his descendants, male and female. This barony has been held continuously since those times, three of the Barons having been Governors of Montreal, and it was officially recognised by the British Government in 1889. Grant is the surname of the present and eighth Baron de Longueuil.

This very interesting piece of news has been sent to me from Fishmongers' Hall:—"Oysters are in excellent condition, better than for many years. Supplies are ample, prices most reasonable and the dietetic value of oysters exceptionally high." But why, if prices are so reasonable, are oysters as costly as ever at all places where men and women do congregate to satisfy their hunger?

Thirty years back London's restaurants were few and far between, and even fifteen years ago they were looked on as pale imitations of their Paris confreres. Now, however, they have come into their own and these holidays they have fully justified their existence. It might have been thought that the liquor restrictions would have sounded their knell, but so far from this being the case, never have they been more greatly patronised. At the Carlton, for instance, the difficulty is to find room for all who would lunch or dine there; on Christmas Day and again on New Year's Eve people had to be turned away.

The London restaurant to-day attracts all classes; one sits check by jowl with Bishops and Abbots, Cabinet Ministers and Diplomats, to say nothing of actors and actresses, authors, journalists and politicians. It makes no difference whether spirituous beverages are or are not available. People don't go to restaurants to drink

but to eat their food amid pleasant and exhilarating surroundings, and there seems no reason why this gregarious custom should not spread to all classes.

It is therefore very disappointing to find how little publicans have adapted themselves to the changed conditions. It was hoped that by now serious attempts would have been made to convert the corner pub into a cheerful café; the old ground-glass windows removed, partitions abolished and everything done to encourage people to enter by giving a new air of brightness, spaciousness, and cleanliness to the old surroundings. Public-houses have for the most part excellent frontages, and though such changes would have cost money the outlay surely would have been cheaper than by practically putting up the shutters for the greater part of the day.

Stag hunting is in full swing in Somersetshire and Devonshire, and there have been some fine runs and good sport lately. Many officers home from the front on a few days' leave have seized their opportunity and run down to Exmoor for a day with the stag-hounds, though the weather for the most part has not been good.

"Martin Ross," the very clever Irish writer whose death occurred last month was in private life Miss Violet Martin, the eleventh and youngest child of Mr. James Martin, of Ross. Her eldest brother was the well-known "Bob" Martin, the writer of "Ballyhooly," "Killaloe," etc. But all the Martins could write. There was another brother, Mr. Charles Martin, who won a commission in the Connaught Rangers through the ranks of the 12th Lancers, and was killed by a fall from his horse in Perak. He was a brilliant journalist, verse, short stories, epigrams, and leaders coming with equal readiness from his pen. The Martins of Ross derive descent from a crusader under Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

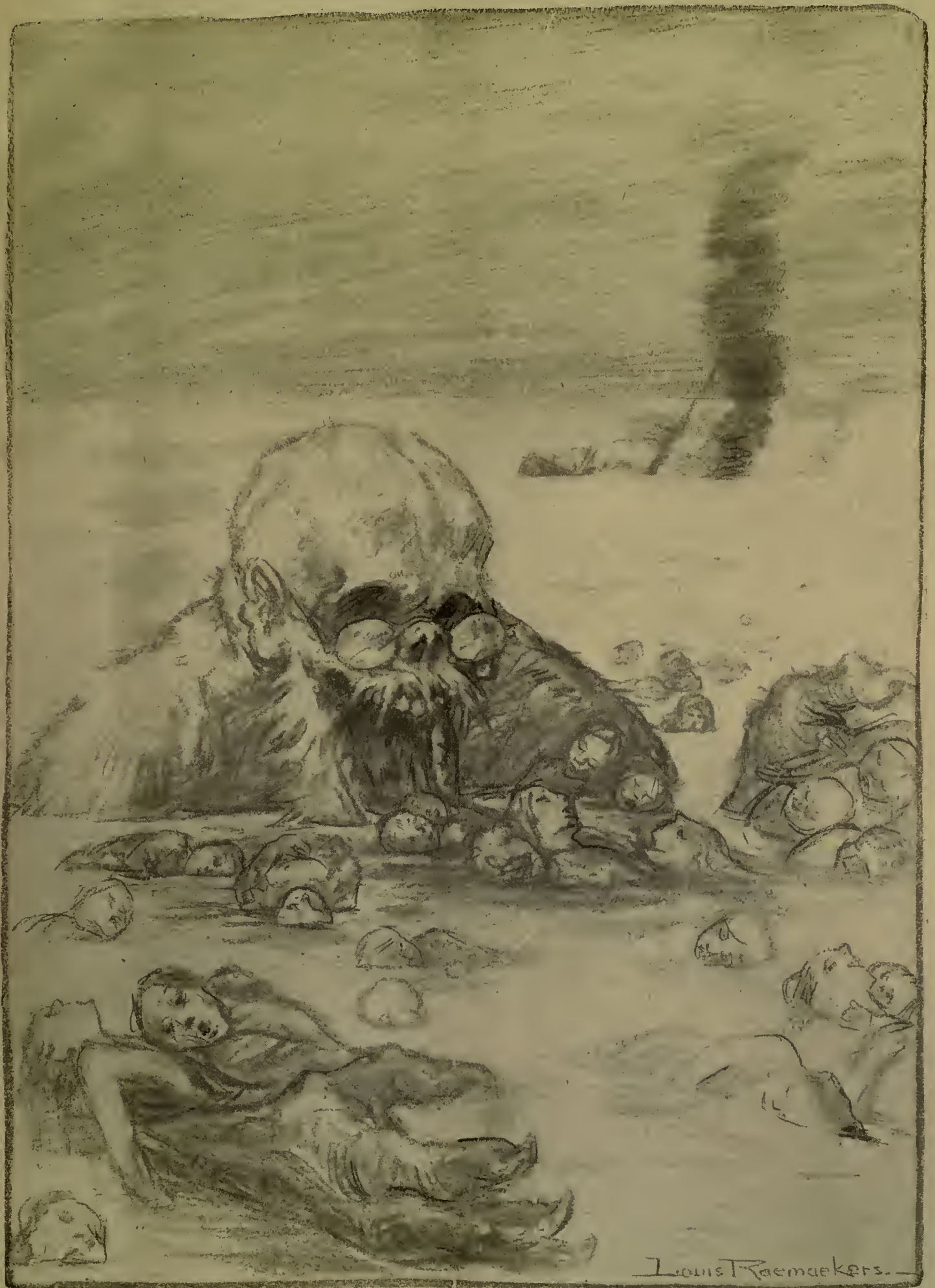
German supremacy is to be overthrown in every field of life, even in places where sausages are made. This Christmas the French chef of the Piccadilly hotel compounded a liver sausage which was far better than any of Teutonic origin. There is no real reason why German sausages should ever come from Germany; it would be far better in the future for many reasons that they did not.

That exacting critic, the Young Person, speaks warmly in praise of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "The Starlight Express," which Miss Lena Ashwell has produced at the Kingsway Theatre. This fairyland play strikes much the same note as we had in the "Blue Bird"; its characters are symbols. The scenery and the music, by Sir Edward Elgar, are beautiful, especially the singing of Mr. Charles Mott. Miss Elsie Hall as Monkey, and Master Ronald Hammond as Jimbo (our old friend, Jimbo) are excellent little players. The "Starlight Express" is a train de luxe, which carries the children rapidly through an enchanted land.

Miss Zoe Windley, who is playing the leading part in the *Odds on Revue* at the Oxford, is an English singer of exceptional talent, as well as being a very clever actress. Miss Windley has a comely presence, and she is mainly responsible for the success of the revue.

Christmas at Harefield Park, which is now turned into a hospital for Australian wounded, was celebrated in traditional manner, but instead of the Australians being entertained by the village, the village was entertained by the Australians. All the children were invited to a monster Christmas Tree at the hospital. Huts have been put up in the Park Grounds in order to provide sufficient accommodation, and have been made into wards. All the wards were decorated with holly, mistletoe, etc., and on Christmas Day itself, prizes were given for the best decorated wards by the hospital staff. HERMES.

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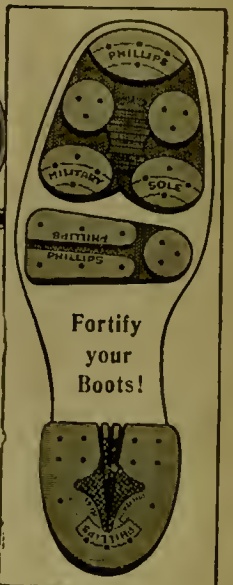
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THE APPROACHES TO EGYPT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

NOTE.—This Article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which does not object to the publication as censored, and takes no responsibility for the correctness of the statements.

In accordance with the requirements of the Press Bureau, the positions of troops on Plans illustrating this Article must only be regarded as approximate, and no definite strength at any point is indicated.

THE activity upon the Southern Russian front continues, and our ally claims an advance in the districts of the centre and the left, that is, upon the middle Strypa and in the Bukowina, of about two miles a day. On the extreme right, south of the Pripet marshes, where the railway crosses the Styr at Tchartoriisk, the line fluctuates with very little variation west or east. But the passage of the river and the ruined village itself, which forms a bridgehead for the Russians, remains at the moment of writing in Russian hands.

The meaning of these three developments put together, the uncertain fighting in the north with the taking and retaking of Tchartoriisk, the clearing of the eastern bank of the middle Strypa and the occupation of the heights five miles east of Czernowitz, is what was pointed out last week in these columns. Our allies are putting all the strength of their new attack into the centre and the left—that is, on the Strypa and in front of Czernowitz. The Austro-Germans are countering by a corresponding pressure in the north at Tchartoriisk, where the Kovel railway crosses the Styr.

Neither party has achieved any appreciable advance as yet. It is not probable that either party will achieve such an advance just now, and the reasons for that judgment are as follows:

The line between the Pripet marshes and the frontier of Roumania, though not a continuous line of trenches like that upon the western front, is, in direct distance, not much over two hundred miles and, with all the sinuosities of the front, certainly less than 300. The enemy can concentrate upon that front, counting all local reserves at least 3,000 men a mile: the Russians say 5,000 men a mile. He has behind him, in the southern part of it especially, good roads. There are continual gaps across which no good defensive organisation can be made, but also across which no offensive is possible on account of the nature of the ground at this season; therefore the *real* line to be held is shorter than that on the map. It is therefore, though not a continuously entrenched line, yet for the purposes of this winter fighting a line which can only be broken or shifted by a success against the specially entrenched sections.

Now we know from all the experience of this war that such a success is only achieved by the use of heavy artillery. We further know that the successful use of heavy artillery depends upon motor traction, and we know, again, that the condition of the ground in Volhynia and the Bukowina at this season hampers such traction in the highest possible degree. It is hardly conceivable, therefore, that a really successful offensive on a large scale should develop against the Austro-German trenches between the Pripet marshes and the Roumanian frontier at this moment.

What the new Russian effort has done is in the first place to concentrate great numbers of the enemy's effectives upon this line.

Secondly, a political result, to affect the impression on *neutrals* in the East and to weaken the legend which Germany in particular had industriously spread, that no Russian offensive, even a local one, could be undertaken for many months—if then.

Thirdly, the new Russian offensive must have some effect upon *domestic* opinion in Germany and Austro-Hungary, which was no more than three months ago persuaded that the power of the Russian armies to undertake a new offensive was finally broken.

That the hurried concentration of the enemy's men north of the Roumanian frontier has had some effect on the Balkan situation cannot be denied. But it would be foolish to exaggerate that effect. The delay of the enemy before Salonika, apart from political considerations which do not concern these articles, is mainly due to the necessity of repairing the railway thoroughly before any advance can be undertaken. The munitionment of the heavy pieces, with which alone an attack can be undertaken, depends entirely upon uninterrupted railway communication to the advanced rail-heads whence the big shells are distributed to the batteries. Now in the case of the attack on Salonika there is but *one* such rail-head—that of the Vardar railway. The line was wrecked by the Serbians and French; and even in peace there is at the best only one single line, and a single line which, running as it does often through gorges and upon ledges of rock, could only be doubled at a very great expense of time.

The bridge over the Save in front of Belgrade has been repaired. (The rolling stock, I believe, already crosses it.) But the line along the Upper Maritza and down the Upper Vardar has not been completely repaired as yet, and even when it furnishes a through communication it will take some time before a large accumulation of heavy shell at the advance base of the enemy in front of Salonika, will be possible.

CONDITIONS OF AN ADVANCE ON EGYPT.

The value of Salonika as a base for Allied offensive action is the academic question of greatest interest in any discussion of the strategies of the Near East. But it remains an academic question only until we have seen what effort the enemy can make against that fortified base, for until he has failed in his attempt to reduce the port of entry upon his flank there can be no use made by the Allies of Salonika for a forward movement. And for that attempt we are still waiting.

Meanwhile the position of Salonika and of the control by the Allies of the Eastern Mediterranean, is bound up with the enemy's menace to Egypt.

The Allies, possessing as they do the command of marine communication, are here upon interior lines. That is, they can transfer troops across from one point to another upon the shores of the Levant (e.g., Salonika to the Gallipoli Peninsula; Alexandria to Salonika; Salonika to the Gulf of Alexandretta, etc.), far more rapidly than the enemy, even with the new railways, can transport them by land round from one point to another. That is the capital strategic factor of the whole situation. But if the enemy develops as he threatens to do, a serious advance against the Suez Canal, it would mean that Salonika could only be held defensively during such a period, and that the mass of the Allied, or certainly of the British, troops in the whole region would be employed to counter the threat against Egypt.

The moment is therefore suitable for some examination of the conditions governing the enemy's menace to Egypt and of the Canal.

The military and political conditions—that is, the objects and methods of an enemy advance against Egypt, are better known than those upon any other frontier except the Western. This is due to the comparative simplicity of the problem to be solved.

Politically, the object is self-evident. It is threefold and aimed entirely at this country.

First, it aims at alarming and confusing general opinion in England in the highest degree—that is the general moral object of the enemy in all he does and has done for months past, for he believes that he can thus best shake the Alliance.

Secondly, it proposes the more concrete and tangible object of cutting off the canal route to the East, thereby rendering communications with India difficult or more tardy, and affecting to that extent the political position of Great Britain in her great Dependency—perhaps also affecting the whole world of Islam.

Thirdly: It proposes the putting of a very heavy economic strain upon the Alliance and particularly upon England by compelling a certain considerable proportion of seaborne material from the East to come round by the Cape route.

It is important that these three objects should be kept clearly in mind—and particularly the fact that the Canal is the objective—because, as we shall see in a moment, they will profoundly affect the strategics of the campaign which would present very different military problems if the Canal were not there, or if the conquest of Egypt itself were the main objective.

The methods wherewith these objects may be attempted are equally obvious. They consist in the use of a large force recruited from the recruiting field of the Turkish Empire, organised by the aid of Austro-Germans, possibly but not probably, including a small proportion of German infantry, but certainly including and depending upon a contingent of Austro-German heavy artillery and of Austro-German engineers. The provocation of unrest in Egypt itself is a subsidiary method that will also be employed to the best of the enemy's ability.

Upon such a general presentation of the case we are able to build an analysis of its strategics.

The first point to note is that the army to be directed against the canal, though it must be large, need not be of that immense size which some students of the war have presupposed. It must be large because the forces which this country

can draw up in Egypt are very considerable in number, and were they opposed by a force much smaller than their own they could organise any action at leisure; prepared even with suitable material for pushing forward water supply, to take an offensive in the Desert itself. Only against forces superior in number would our forces be compelled to a defensive, and even so, that defensive against anything but considerably superior numbers could be organised beyond the Canal. On the other hand, very greatly superior numbers are not demanded by the strategics of the main objective which, be it remembered, is not necessarily, or as a minimum the occupation of fertile Egypt, but the interruption of the use of the Canal. A serious effort cannot be made with less than a third of a million men. That it need be made with much over half a million may be doubted.

These figures, of course, are of the broadest and roughest kind. They would be immediately subject to modification if the situation changed. For instance, an attack upon the enemy's lines of communication would affect them at once and so would any one of half a dozen other contingencies, but I am taking the situation as it stands.

AVAILABLE MATERIAL.

The opportunities for ultimately raising such a force are ample because the margin of recruitment present in the recruiting field of the Turkish Empire is more than sufficient for such an expedition, most of the units of which are already in existence. How far or at what rate these can be equipped we do not know. Such equipment would very largely depend upon the manufacturing capacity of Austria-Germany. Partial equipment, of course, already exists. But generally speaking there is no reason to believe that such a force could not be equipped in time for an advance before the beginning of the summer. The munitionment of such a force with shell, especially heavy shell, would be almost entirely dependent upon Austro-German industry, as would its provision with the special machinery necessary to such a campaign, notably the machinery for providing water during the last portion of the advance.

So far all the main elements of the problem are plain sailing. The Central Empires have an open road by the Danube and Bulgaria to the Turkish Empire. They will in a few weeks have through railway communication as well. The interest of the problem rather begins with the question of the communications of such a force from its ultimate base upon the Bosphorus. What those communications are, and will be, is fairly well known, and what we have to examine is their capacity and vulnerability.

The main avenue of such communications is, of course, the so-called "Bagdad Railway." This railway, German in direction, has for its main line a trace following the immemorial road which crosses Asia Minor from the Bosphorus to the Gulf of Alexandretta, the road of the First Crusade. It serves Iconium (Koniah), and Adana, receiving two main branches from the east and the west, the former coming in from Angora, the latter from Smyrna.

But before reaching Adana there is a gap of 20 miles still unfinished, where the railway has to pass through the Taurus mountains; a gap including several tunnels, viaducts and one



particularly long tunnel, which is far from completion. This gap I have marked in Sketch I by the letter A. There is a second gap over the mountain range coincident with the Gulf of Alexandretta, marked B upon Sketch I.

But both these gaps, although they involve a transshipment of munitions and men, are bridged by roads which have been improved since the outbreak of the war, and are said to be in good condition. The gaps will cause delay, but not of themselves any interruption, in supply. From Aleppo onwards the main line to Bagdad is not yet completed. A branch line strikes southward from Aleppo to Damascus and then follows along the old pilgrim track upon the barren tableland

east of Jordan, proceeding towards the western Arabian littoral and serving Mecca. South of Damascus, at Deraa, a branch line has long been constructed leading to the sea. But for the purpose of an advance on Egypt our interest lies in the construction, undertaken in the course of the war, of a new line marked C C upon the map and leading through the Holy Land past Jerusalem at J, Hebron at H, to Beersheba at B.

It is with the direct object of menacing the Suez Canal and Egypt that this further branch line has been under construction from the junction at Deraa, just south of Damascus down through the Holy Land to the last considerable inhabited point of that country, the Well of (the) Seba, Bir-es-

Seba, which is the Beersheba of the Bible. It is the extreme southern limit of the habitable land, and is upon the last continuous source of superficial water supply, the Wady-es-Seba. Southward and eastward from the mouth of the valley on which Beersheba stands opens that desert region, Et-tili, or the Sinaitic Desert, which has throughout human history formed the principal obstacle to an invasion of Egypt.

The water supply therein is exceedingly scanty. Upon an organisation and proper use of it has depended throughout history the advance of armies from Egypt into Asia or Asia into Egypt. Apart from this difficulty of water supply there arises as Egypt is approached a difficulty of ground. The Eastern portion of the Desert is for the greater part hard. Good going is not so much cut up by differences of level as to prevent roads being engineered without too much difficulty, but the belt near the sea, and so round by the west to the Isthmus of Suez everywhere along the east of the Canal itself, is a surface formation of drift sand which is, after marsh, the worst obstacle to modern construction. This is particularly the case with the belt, averaging over thirty miles wide, which lies immediately to the east of the Canal from Kantara (the bridge) right down to Suez itself.

The railway through Palestine is, we believe, completed as far as Beersheba, at which point has already begun the accumulation of stores which will make it the base of any campaign directed against the Canal. To this I shall return in a moment.

DIGRESSION ON A FUNCTION OF THE CENSORSHIP.

My readers will, I hope, permit me at this point to digress for a moment upon an aspect of the censorship which has been greatly misunderstood. It is frequently said that we should only keep silent upon points which might inform the enemy and that there is no sense in forbidding the publication of matter on which he is already informed. But this is an error. It is often just as important to prevent the enemy knowing how much *you* know about his plans as it is to prevent his knowing things which he as yet ignores about yourself.

To take a simple tactical instance. The enemy in an attempt to outflank you detaches a certain body from his force and sends it round the end of your line to catch you unawares. While his force is on the march it is, if the flanking movement be a wide one, in peril of being cut off by you should you have wind of the movement. Should he know that you have heard of his detaching this force, should he become aware of your being informed while he still had time to go back, he would, of course, go back; because to go forward under such circumstances would mean the cutting of his detachment's communications and its destruction. So long as he thinks you ignorant of his movement and of the road it has taken, so long he believes himself in safety. If, as a fact, you are aware all the time of that movement and of the road it has taken, every day that he advances and every moment of his advance puts him into greater peril and gives you an increasing chance of cutting him off. Under such circumstances it is clearly imperative for the commander upon your side to prevent any news being published of the enemy's flanking movement, not because it would inform the enemy

with regard to that movement, which he knows in far greater detail than you can, but because if he learns in time that you do know it he can save himself from destruction, whereas if he cannot measure the weight of your information he may very well walk into the trap and be destroyed.

The whole of war is full of opportunities of this kind in which it is just as essential to keep one's information upon the *enemy* private as it is necessary to prevent the enemy having information upon one's *own* movements. The authorities are therefore amply justified in keeping silence as they have done so far upon the extent and nature of the enemy's preparations in Palestine and beyond, and it must be clearly understood that such remarks as those of this week in this place are either based upon what has already been admitted to publication in the foreign or British Press or to conjectures only, based upon such publication.

To continue the examination of the Desert conditions:

THREE MAIN APPROACHES.

One may state without indiscretion this much, which is common knowledge:

The railway has reached Beersheba and this point already serves as a base for any force contemplating an attack upon Egypt.

From Beersheba to the canal is, as the crow flies, 175 miles, and the first 40 miles or so of these are through territory technically Turkish by international agreement, up to the point of El Aigua, or Audja, just beyond which runs the arbitrary line established a little while before the war in that desert country as the last frontier between Egypt and Syria.

From Beersheba to El Audja it would seem that the line is not only surveyed, but its embankments, culverts, etc., prepared, only the rails not yet laid down.

It is to be remarked that the provision of water for these 30 to 40 miles (nearer 50 as the turns of the railway will make it) is a problem that has to be surmounted and that this will necessarily delay the completion of the railway even to that point.

From the Egyptian frontier, as established before the war by Treaty between the Egyptian Government and the Porte, there are three main approaches to Egypt on the Suez Canal, that is to the Isthmus of Suez.

The first is the immemorial caravan route, (marked upon Sketch II 1, 1, upon the coast line of the Mediterranean. It is the best watered of all (though the water supply is very scanty, the wells far between and often brackish); it is in touch with the sea for succour or for supply, and it is the shortest direct line from fertile land in the Philistine Plain to fertile land in the Delta of the Nile. It has a starting place at Raza, a point already well within the Desert region, and strikes the Canal at the point where there used to be a bridge across the last arm of the lagoon. It was this bridge which gave the name Kantara to this point, which is now a station upon the railway, and the Canal, about 37 miles south of Port Said.

From Raza to Kantara, is, as the crow flies, rather less than 150 miles, and by the track about 160, but the edge of the really habitable land near Gaza is at least another day's march behind Raza.

The second line of advance is that central one marked in Sketch II by the figures 2, 2, 2,



which was taken by the Turkish Army in their first abortive attempt against the Canal last February. It is towards this line that the railway is now making for El Audja. The trail thence makes its way fairly directly from well to well until it comes at about X to the edge of the drift sand region and the end of the mountain groups, Maghara and Yelleg, between which it has passed.

This edge of the drift sand region is here not 30 miles from the Bitter Lakes—the nearest point of the Canal—and is not 40 from the most vulnerable points in the neighbourhood of Ismailia where the chief blow was delivered last February. The water supply upon this central route remained throughout history until modern times of the very scantiest, the wells far apart and often unserviceable. In one place there was at least 50 miles without any trace of water, in another over 40, and such water as could be found on the rare spots marked as wells was quite insufficient for any considerable force. It was clearly not to the advantage of anyone possessing Egypt to improve that supply by using the methods of modern science.

The third line of advance from Asia to the Isthmus of Suez was described in some detail in LAND AND WATER a year ago. It has been used for centuries by the Egyptian Pilgrimage to Mecca and has in some ways an advantage over the main caravan route along the coast, so far as mere going is concerned, though the water supply is much worse and the road leads nowhere except to the Arabian Desert. It starts from the Head of the Gulf of Akaba and the fortified point of the same name, climbs up a precipitous escarpment and makes for the central point of Nakhl (line 3, 3, 3 on Sketch II), the Well of the Palm Tree, about half way across the desert, and rather more than 100 miles from Akaba.

At Nakhl are cisterns of water, but the road from the Gulf to Nakhl is very ill supplied. Proceeding westward from Nakhl you have the same desert condition until the wells within a day's march of Suez are reached, but the point of this road is that it has the best surface of any trajectory across the Desert Peninsula. It runs over a fairly broad plateau of hard ground with only two difficult portions, the first the steep climb up of several thousand feet from the Gulf of Akaba, the second the descent down to, and the crossing of, the drift sand near the Suez Canal; the belt of which drift sand is, however, at this place not more than a day's march across.

Between the second and the third of these three roads, the Wady-el-Arish, a depression running across the Desert from south to north, furnishes a convenient junction; but it is upon the surface almost entirely waterless.

Along what line the enemy will push his main communication and therefore the extension of his railway we have no public information. But it seems most probable that it will be along the second of the three roads (2, 2, 2), which would leave him at a convenient distance from the sea and danger therefrom, and which would put his main force in position for an attack upon the central portion of the Canal which, as we have already said, is the most vulnerable.

The sea route he certainly cannot take for all the first part of it is exposed to fire from a Fleet, and if he ran his railway further inland he would have difficulty with the nature of the ground. Both along the coast and further inland this way has to deal mainly with drift sand, that capital obstacle to railway construction in desert regions; it has for a decade held up the French railway extension southward from the Algerian border. It is unlikely that he would divert his line up the

Wady-el-Arish to Nakhl and so westward, for that would simply mean the extending of the mileage with at least double the difficulty in obtaining water supply. It would come out, it is true, at a point where the belt of drift sand which strategically protects the canal is narrowest, but not at that central point where a blow would have the greatest effect.

Again, whatever road the enemy chooses for his main advance will be largely governed by the existing wells; and the best line of these, short of the seacoast, is that of the second road.

He will not be so led by the fact that he will use the existing wells—they are far too insufficient for his purposes—but they guide him to points where, with modern methods and deep boring he can hope to obtain a fuller supply, and they give him a trajectory which, though not surveyed, is already familiar to enemy informants and would save the great expense of time and energy required in plotting out a new trace. It has also been rumoured that he proposes a pipe line to be laid along the railway, but in connection with that rumour several things must be remembered:

First, that there is a very small supply of water even at the habitable base from which he starts, Beersheba; secondly, that a line at such different levels would require extensive pumping arrangements to maintain a pipe line; and thirdly, that the distance of something over 200 miles is a very serious consideration, to which may be added the fact that complete dependence upon a single line of this sort would spell immediate disaster if it were tampered with or broke down accidentally. Such a line may be laid as an auxiliary, but the main advance would surely depend upon large stores of water locally collected and presumably upon new wells.

Now upon the hypothesis that the line is laid and that a large force with heavy guns and ample munitionment for the same can be produced and maintained on the edge of that belt of drift sand which protects the Canal from the east, what would be the enemy's most obvious way of achieving his object?

Remember, that object is mainly the interruption of the use of the Canal and that the invasion of Egypt itself is subsidiary or posterior to that main object.

It is clear that the attainment of this object depends upon the successful or superior use of heavy pieces.

What are the conditions of such a use of heavy artillery?

There is one fundamental necessity for this arm, and that is, ample communication behind it for the supply of its heavy munitionment. That means a railway.

Now the problem of the railway is fourfold.

First, the capacity of any railway for supply.

Secondly, the continuity of its line.

Thirdly, the vulnerability of points upon the line to hostile attack (for a line once interrupted anywhere by an enemy force is useless) and

Fourthly, the opportunities for extension.

To take these points in their order.

Given a railway to exist continuously from the arsenals, depots and bases of the enemy to the front against the Suez Canal—at but a few thousand yards from that water-way—its capacity for delivery depends mainly upon rolling stock. What the rolling stock available may be we do not know. It can be supplemented rapidly now

that there is a clear road for the enemy to the Bosphorus and beyond.

As to the second point, the continuity of the railway.

We have seen that there are two interruptions at the mountain ranges in the south-east of Asia Minor. But they are interruptions covered by newly engineered good roads involving in transshipment and unloading and re-loading of munitions and supply a delay of less than a week for both gaps combined. There is a break of gauge in the railway through Syria, I believe at Aleppo. This, again, is a thing remediable with time. But more important is the amount of rolling-stock available on the narrower gauge; for though the main line down as far as a point North of Adana can be supplied with new rolling-stock from Europe, the Syrian line can hardly be so supplied. There will presumably be another break of gauge, for the extension which will be attempted across the Sinai peninsula desert westward of El Audja can hardly be other than a light railway.

It would be impossible to build a full double-track railway across that desert within the time during which alone an attack on the canal will be of service. For we must always remember that the enemy is as keenly alive to his rate of wastage as are our own higher commands, and is calculating time far more closely than the general opinion of the West as yet comprehends.

There will be, then, three gauges, three sets of rails, between the Bosphorus and the objective of the expedition, and with regard to the first, two breaks in the continuity of the rail.

In the matter of rolling-stock we know nothing.

As to the vulnerability of the line. All observers have been struck by the proximity of its trajectory to the sea in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Alexandretta or Aleppo. But *this* vulnerable section is a fairly short one. There has been ample time to protect it from an offensive based on the sea. Moreover, the whole of that question of where the line may most easily be cut by an allied offensive is unfit for public discussion. It may well prove that the most vulnerable sector may not be the mountainous stretch in the south-east corner of Turkey-in-Asia, but at any rate it is clear that the line lies open to some strong offensive from the sea during nearly its whole course, as well north of Adana as in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, and probably again in its trajectory through Palestine.

The last point—the power of continuing the line is worthy of especial observation. As we have seen, the line is already completed with a double track as far as Beersheba, at which point we may conceive that large stores of munitions are already beginning to accumulate.

From Beersheba to the frontier at El Audja, as we have also seen, the line is surveyed and the road-bed made, but the rails not laid down, nor, presumably, water supply yet arranged for.

Now what are the opportunities for continuing the supply of railway across the desert of the peninsula towards the Suez Canal? The mere trace is not too difficult. There are no very abrupt slopes along the middle of the three lines (2, 2, 2 upon Sketch II), which we have presumed to be the probable trajectory of the light railway. The Wady-el-Arish is a shallow depression, the descent into it and the rise from it easy. At

the point of crossing where the track passes between the two mountain masses, marked A and B on Sketch II (the Maghara and the Yelleg) there is perhaps some difficulty from the drifting sand. But the latter hardly extends to the southern edge of A along which the old track, and presumably the light railway would run. The summit, at C on Sketch II, is little more than 1,300 feet above the sea and is approached so gradually that the elevation is insignificant to railway construction, especially of the light kind; though the descent upon the western side is somewhat more abrupt. The real difficulty begins at about the point X on Sketch II, where the hard surface, which the light railway would hitherto have been able to use, is exchanged for the drifting sand. All that region is also very broken, even before the drifting sand and its dunes are reached. Its contours would demand many turns and lengthenings of a rapidly laid light railway line. But that is nothing comparable in difficulty to the dealing with drifting sand in the last two or three days' march east of the canal.

The defences undertaken by the Allied, and particularly by the British forces, for preventing the emplacement of heavy guns within range of the Canal, are not a matter for public discussion. But the other side of the question, the problem presented to the enemy upon the same ground is open to examination, and has an interest of its own. And it is probably the presence of this formation of loose and shifting sandhills for so considerable a distance east of the railway that will most heavily handicap the enemy when his advance is thus far prepared.

In this connection there must also be remembered what was said above, that he is calculating time very closely. The season for such an advance is limited within no very broad space of time—it is generally believed that the month of March will be his best opportunity. Though in the main a Turkish adventure, its fortunes will necessarily depend ultimately upon the state of affairs in Europe where alone the campaign as a whole can be decided, and the state of affairs in Europe depends in its turn upon the rate of Austro-German wastage: so rapid, and already proceeded so far, that every subsidiary campaign is subject to that factor.

For the attack upon Egypt, however largely it develops, or with whatever energy it is pursued, must (and it is exceedingly important to remember this) remain subsidiary to the campaign as a whole.

I have seen printed in more than one paper, what the Government should never have allowed to have been printed—the statement that a successful enemy invasion of Egypt would mean to this country the loss of the war. It would mean nothing of the sort. Even a disaster of this kind, powerfully as it would affect public imagination in this country, and certainly as it would be used to our detriment by the sensational Press, could have no final effect upon the fortunes of Germany in Europe, and therefore on the whole campaign. That vast campaign was probably determined at the battle of the Marne. It will in any case certainly be determined upon the great eastern or western fronts in Russia, or in France, and, much the most probably upon the latter.

H. BELLOC.

The photograph of Mr. Louis Raemaekers, which appeared in LAND AND WATER of December 30th, is the copyright of Miss Compton Collier of 7b, Hervey Way, Church End, Finchley.

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON.

We know that, when the "Lusitania" was sunk by a German submarine, and 1,134 persons perished, including women and children, schools in Germany were given a public holiday and the event was celebrated as a great victory. Since then public acclamation in Germany of these wholesale murders at sea has been modified for reasons of State, but only this week the civilised world learned definitely through the correspondence that passed between the Foreign Office and the American Ambassador over the expatriation of Austrian women and children from India, that this inhuman form of warfare is part of the settled and premeditated policy of the German and Austrian Governments.

Well may Mr. Louis Raemaekers speak of the loss of the P. and O. Mail Steamer, "Persia," as "The New Year's Feast of Kultur." Forty-nine women and twelve children perished, when the vessel sank within five minutes of being struck by the torpedo. The cartoon is a terrible one but it reproduces not only vividly but with truth the full horror of the crime. Who knows but that it may even touch the conscience of the enemy.

A GERMAN APPRECIATION.

THE anonymous postcard from Torquay, a facsimile of which we published last week; which was signed "John Bull" and expressed strong objection to LAND AND WATER publishing "the coarse and vulgar Cartoons by Raemaeker," has caused no little amusement to our readers, many of whom have written pointing out other evidences of its Teuton origin. Moreover, the Fine Art Society of 148, New Bond Street, where the exhibition of Raemaekers' cartoons is being held, has informed us that an almost identical postcard was received by them; the writer of it stated that owing to the exhibition "your Business is being materially damaged in the eyes of many of your Customers at Torquay." Notice how the Teuton mind only recognises material interests.

Another anonymous letter has reached LAND AND WATER Office, objecting to Raemaekers' work and on this ground: "While the conception and ideals of these cartoons are excellent, the crudeness of the execution does most certainly not appeal to me." The letter from Bristol is signed "John Bull No. 2." There are evidently plenty of John Bulls in inverted commas—the equivalent of hyphenated Americans—at large in this country, and this little incident should open the eyes of the authorities to the underground way in which they work to the detriment of the Allied cause and for the advantage of Germany.

These letters refer to the postcard of last week:

SIR,—I think you are probably right in thinking the postcard was from a Teuton. In German substantives aje spelt with a capital. And you will notice that all the substantives in the postcard are spelt with a big capital.

United University Club,
Pall Mall East,

H. A. HADDEN.

SIR,—If you look closely at the Torquay postcard you will see that the letter S whenever it occurs is not written by an Englishman. With the possible exception of the s in Friends the rest are German. And why the apostrophe in Friends?

The Engineers' Club, Manchester.

EDWARD HILL.

SIR,—In the 5th line of the Torquay postcard the use of "shall" for "will" points to a Hunnish origin, this being a common error of the Hun communis.

19, Ewer Street, S.E.,

CHARLES SILCOCK.

SIR,—No doubt you have noticed that your anonymous postcard writer has misspelt "Raemaeker." This is a German name, whereas "Raemaekers" is unmistakably Dutch.

Ardmore, Leigh Woods, Clifton.

J. G. RUSSELL HARVEY.

THE FLEET AT WAR.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

ON Friday of last week, I had the honour of accompanying a party of journalists on a visit to one of the minor naval bases, the headquarters of certain squadrons and flotillas of light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. There is something extraordinarily stirring in seeing such craft and men as we saw and met on the occasion. Submarines, destroyers, cruisers,—they were all just in from sea, just on the point of going out again. We caught them, as it were, on one of their all too short rests from toil and danger. The ships and men bore ample evidence of both. Some like *Arethusa* were badly battle-scarred from stem to stern; on others the cicatrices of the sea had hardly healed. Cheery and brave hearted in speech and bearing as were all we met, there was, to the discerning eye, a certain gravity behind their pleasant civilities that enhanced the dignity that always seems either innate or acquired by sailors. To converse with them, fresh from their work, the honours of war upon them, makes one long for a fuller record of the daily doings of the comrades the world over. What would one not give for a full account of the tales of the *Kingani* on Lake Tanganyika, of the naval brigades in the Cameroons, of the river boats on the Tigris? How real are the dangers of the sea, quite apart from action, might have been brought home to us from the fact that *Arethusa* had lost her Gunnery Lieutenant—washed overboard—in the course of the last trip. One of the submarines, just like those we saw, had been driven on to the beach in Holland during the week. Almost while we were there *King Edward VII.* had gone down all standing—fortunately without loss of life, a triumph of good discipline and seamanship. It was barely a week since the *Natal* had blown up with all on board. The sea hardly really needs war to make it terrible; and warships carry their perils with them.

GERMANY AND AMERICA.

Telegrams from Washington assure us that the trouble between the German and the American Government is about to be terminated in a manner satisfactory to both sides. We have heard the story of this impending settlement so often—the words of Germany's undertaking seem to be singularly like those given in August—that it is as well to reserve judgment as to the character of the solution until the fact that there is a solution is officially announced. But the defiance of Washington could not continue indefinitely. President Wilson, after all, sent Berlin an ultimatum in the month of July, and to that ultimatum there has as yet been no answer whatever. America has taught us so many new lessons in the art of trying to remain dignified under sustained injury and insult, that it may seem rash to say that there was any obvious limit to what she *could* endure at Berlin's hands. Still, appearances notwithstanding, I have, as my readers perhaps wearily remember, insisted throughout that either Germany would surrender, or America would fight. It was not the second of these two

things that was most likely to happen. It will therefore be no surprise to me if in the end Germany's surrender is in such terms, and accompanied by such substantial cash compensation and such solemn promises as to future conduct, as would actually set the question of the past murders at rest, and apparently set the whole future conduct of submarine war upon a new and more civilised basis.

The first thing to strike the detached observer of these events is that, knowing Germany's record from August, 1914, to the present time, the American Government should find it possible to accept Germany's word as to her future conduct. It cannot be given more solemnly to the United States than it was given to Belgium. A signature to an understanding made in Washington is surely no more sacred than one made at the Hague, yet it was here that Germany bound herself not to sink a Prize *without securing the safety of all persons on board the Prize*; nor to scatter *loose mines upon trade routes*; nor to sink vessels of fishers and other poor men of the sea. However, it is for America to judge the value of German paper. If memory serves me right, seven liners have been sunk since Mr. Wilson stated that a single instance of such conduct would be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly." Will he take Berlin's word to mean peace, when he does not take her acts to mean war?

A SETTLEMENT ALTERS NOTHING.

What concerns us more nearly is, the effect such a settlement, if it is arrived at, will have upon the war. Very few people in this country suppose that the interests either of Great Britain particularly, or of the Allies generally, have been at all gravely prejudiced by the submarine campaign. Our feelings have been harrowed, and our indignation inflamed by the murders it has involved. But they have not deterred our merchant seamen from going to sea. Judging by the *Note verbale* Germans and Austrians are far more frightened of submarines than we. Grievous as our losses in brave, innocent and valuable lives have been, they have not affected our capacity to subdue our enemy by battle and siege. Our losses in material have been high too, but not high relatively to what we have suffered in previous wars—certainly not high relatively to the total of national merchant shipping. They are inconsiderable compared with the total of national wealth, and the national economic sacrifices that we have to endure whether the submarine campaign exists or not. And it follows that if the campaign does not hurt us, it cannot help Germany. If then the American settlement were to end the submarine attacks altogether—and this, be it remembered, was the position President Wilson took in his first Notes on this subject—it would not affect the war unfavourably to Germany, or favourably to the Allied cause in any material manner whatever.

But the converse of course, is not true. Were America to decide that the militarism of which the German Government is the expression is the

avowed enemy of human liberty and rights, and that to remain at peace with so diabolical a thing was altogether inconsistent with the liberal and noble traditions of a self-governing people, if, while Christian Europe was fighting to save public faith, it seemed intolerable that America should not resent the murders of which her own people have been victims, but stand idly by exchanging smug courtesies with the assassins—why, then, the course of the war might be altered decisively indeed. It is already a mere matter of time before right is vindicated and Germany beaten to her knees. Were the United States to join in that vindication the time might be made very short. But we do not ask, nor need, America's active alliance.

If America will not help the Allies, will she help the enemy? Many and specious efforts will be made to get this help. There are three forms of action which can give it most effectually. If Congress forbids merchant ships from arming in self-defence, the power of submarines will be enormously enhanced. It is to be presumed that no settlement will be made that does not stop submarines from sinking at sight. But if many merchant ships are armed, submarines will not dare to approach any on the surface. If, then, they are cut off from sinking at sight, their occupation will be largely gone. Next, Congress may forbid the export of munitions. But in this matter the Allies have the commercial interests of the ordnance makers as a strong bulwark against a pro-German policy. Finally, America, having refused to condemn the lawless actions of Germany in Europe or to help Christendom in its new Crusade, may be urged to show its impartiality by trying to relieve Germany of the burden of our sea siege! Already we have received Notes from the Secretary's Department couched in language far more *brusque* than any addressed to Germany. Doubtless if the letter of the law is more important than its spirit, the new conditions of modern sea hostilities leave much of our action unprovided for by international precedent. Should America break down our siege, she will be doing as much, and more, for Germany than if she forbade the export of rifles, guns and shells. She would be assisting her in point of fact to escape from a form of military pressure from which her own military and naval forces are inadequate to relieve her.

ORDER IN COUNCIL OR BLOCKADE?

We must, I fear, be prepared for new efforts of this kind from Washington. It would be as well if, before these efforts are made, our siege were put upon a better regulated basis. It has for long seemed an error in policy to base these proceedings on the Order in Council of last March. Until the German submarine blockade had shown its true character, there was some sense in relying upon this Order. But since we borrowed a leaf from the German book and sent our submarines to the Baltic, our embargo on shipping has been more effective than any blockade recorded in history. A very small understanding of the American character should make it clear that if President Wilson's Government intervenes to relieve Germany from our sea pressure, it does so not from sympathy with Germany, but in a sort of blind obedience to the counsels of lawyers. If we can regulate our legal position, we shall be safe from American interference. Now Americans

have no very great respect for British Orders in Council. They savour a little too much of events that led to the Colonies throwing off their allegiance to the British Crown. But Blockade is a different matter altogether. It arouses no memories but those of her own exploits in the Civil War. It would seem then that our controversial case would be made far stronger if the *Allies proclaimed a joint blockade of Germany*, and our proceedings at sea no longer appealed for justification to a British Order in Council. The American doctrine of a blockade, joined with the equally American doctrine of continuous voyage, could, I should think, be made to justify legally all the proceedings necessary to making our siege of Germany effective.

SUCCESSFUL END OF A FAILURE.

The first paper I wrote for LAND AND WATER dealt with the early and fragmentary accounts of how the men had been put ashore at Cape Hellas. "It will probably be found," I said, "when the full details of the great landing at the Gallipoli peninsula are published, that the most remarkable combined naval and military operation in face of strong opposition has been accomplished." All we have learned since confirms the truth of these words. I little expected that within six months I should be commenting on operations still more singular and extraordinary, namely the withdrawal of two armies landed in circumstances of such furious opposition having been withdrawn without any opposition at all! It was marvellous enough that Anzac and Suvla Bay should have been evacuated without the enemy being aware that the evacuation was going forward. That the thing should have been repeated at Cape Hellas is almost a miracle. We have learned something of the ruses that enabled the first withdrawal to be made. For the second, an entirely new system of deceiving the enemy must have been adopted. In each case the service of mere transportation, that is the purely naval service, must have been a marvel of efficient organisation and of perfectly incredible work.

The thing, indeed, could not have been a more complete success if the enemy, instead of being deceived, had been a party to the proceedings. It is right that the Admirals and other officers concerned should be honoured for so unprecedented a feat.

The lay reader of military and naval history dwells for preference on the purple patches of victory. But it is a mere commonplace to say that the deeper student reserves his soberer enthusiasm for the retreats, the withdrawals, the leading of lost causes, for, by a curious fatality, it is often enough in these that the highest genius is shown. Until the full history of this extraordinary adventure is told it will be impossible to guess what the final verdict of history on it will be. But it seems certain that, but for the strange idea that the battleships could for themselves force a passage through the Dardanelles, there would have been no military force sent to Gallipoli at all. The expedition seems to have been an afterthought, not because it was thought that the battleships could fail, but because it was hoped that the soldiers would make their success more rapid and more complete. It seems to have been entirely overlooked that the unsuccessful early efforts of the ships ensured the soldiers' task being made impossible. As the battleships' task was impossible

from the beginning, it was, from the standpoint of national strategy, a sorry undertaking from first to last, redeemed only by brilliant generalship, by heroic fighting and by the amazing service by the seamen.

A PERSONAL NOTE.

It was only the other day that I heard the news of a naval officer being killed in Gallipoli, Commander George Gipps, who was associated with me in my work from 1910 till 1912. Shortly after he rejoined he was sent to China as second in command of *Newcastle*. When war broke out he was detailed for special work in the far East. *Triumph*, not at that time commissioned, was at once hastily got ready for sea, and Gipps joined as Senior Lieutenant Commander. He served through all the operations of the attack on Tsing Tau, and was constantly in action. In February *Triumph* joined up with Sir Sackville Carden's fleet off Gallipoli. How often she was in action altogether I do not know, but it must have been nearer thirty than twenty times. In all these affairs Gipps distinguished himself greatly. His knowledge of gunnery was almost unique, and the new problems of fire control which bombardments presented, insoluble as they actually were, came as near being solved by him as they could be. He was in *Triumph* when she went down, and the small loss of life was a proof of how thorough had been his work as an executive officer. When he had lost his ship he volunteered to build and equip a heavy battery for Helles, and remained in command of it for some time. The battery was then turned over to the army and Gipps was detailed to prepare a naval siege train, a business which entailed much preparation in Egypt. The failure at Suvla left the siege train without an object and Gipps became N.T.O. at Anzac. He was one of the few who was present first at the landing and then at the evacuation of that much-contested area.

There have been few men of more brilliant promise. He got every first that a sub-lieutenant could get and won the earliest possible promotion to lieutenant's rank. When he specialised in gunnery at Whale Island he passed so brilliantly

that he was selected for the special course at Greenwich, and got an easy first in one of the most exacting mathematical ordeals there is. But no one who knew him, either in his professional work or in private life, would have taken him primarily for a student. Brimful of energy, activity, enterprise and initiative, he was crazily fond of sport, rode to hounds with the hardest and was a first-class shot, and in working for a private firm was as indefatigable as he had been when gunnery lieutenant of a battleship. Gipps had a kind of fury for getting things done in the way they should be done, and his friends in the Navy—and no man had more—sometimes wondered whether what seemed a sort of ungovernable impatience with those who were slower witted, slower footed, slower handed than himself, could ever be sufficiently got under to make him a real leader. No man is a great leader unless he has the gift of making all those around him work towards his aim as a single whole-hearted unit. Organisation is after all only a long word for the art of making others understand what we want, training them how to do it, and making them wish to do it in our way. You cannot attain these objects unless you win their affection as well as their respect and admiration, and affection is not won unless you are tender to all faults that are not those of heart and spirit. Nelson, the greatest of all organisers, owed his success to the recognition of these simple truths.

His friends, I say, sometimes wondered whether George would ever learn the "long-suffering" essential to such success, but I take it from his admirable war record and its recognition in the promotions last July, that, once faced with the real thing, he learned this lesson just as easily as he learned every other. If he was sometimes impatient and rough spoken to subordinates, the least quick witted must have recognised the generosity of his spirit, and that, after all, in nothing was he so exacting as in his example. Death has taken him as I think he would have preferred to die, and once more it is his example that is his sternest legacy to those that follow him. God rest his gallant soul.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

A PLAYER IN THE GREAT GAME.

By Lewis R. Freeman.

[All who have read "Kim" will remember Mr. Kipling's description of the Great Game. Persons unacquainted with India sometimes deem it mere fiction, but this account from the pen of an American journalist will show how the Great Game was played in Mesopotamia only three years ago.]

I had noted on several occasions the surprising amount of detailed information concerning Arabia and the Lower Tigris-Euphrates Valley displayed by certain Anglo-Indian military officers whom I encountered at Peshawar, Quetta and other points along the North-Western Border during my visit of 1911-12, but no adequate explanation of how they came to be so informed was vouchsafed until my friend, Captain Landers (I will call him by that name because it carries no suggestion of his real one) succumbed to the influence of the seductive atmosphere that broods on spring nights over the storied "Iran's Sea," lifted the mask of his reserve and took me into his confidence for one memorable and magic half hour.

I had played through a Bengal tennis tournament with Landers, followed the cheetah and shot panther with

him in Jammu, and circled in his company the big bend of the Upper Indus; but never until the night that our old British India Coaster lay off the Shat-el-Arab bar waiting for the turn of the tide to run up to Basra, did I hear him speak of the things that were really next his heart. A lounging chair, a pipe and a tropical sea are conducive to confidences the world over, but the combination is never so compelling as on the deck of a Persian Gulf Mail Packet, with a crisp slice of new moon setting behind the date palms, the waves lip-lapping under the stern, the whine of Arab pipes welling up from the waist, and the half-guessed odours of goats, camels, musk and rugs mingling in the milk-warm off-shore breeze. At any rate, Landers yielded to the influence, and I, as a consequence, was granted transient vision of the outer strands of the previsionary web Britain was weaving beyond the marches of India against the menace to come.

"For the best part of the last five years," he began suddenly after a long spell of silence, "I have been coming to Arabia and Mesopotamia on 'language study.' In all that time I have not been back to England, and I am almost a stranger to the officers of my own regiment. My speech and mental processes are already more those of the Arab than the white man, and, what with sunlight

and dirt that have gone so deep under my epidermis that they will never come out, I shall shortly have the appearance of an Arab. Perhaps in time—you'd never believe the appeal of the Koran till you've bowed toward Mecca, with a Bedouin on either side of you, morning and evening for six months at a stretch—I shall pray like an Arab. I have had small-pox, dysentery—which has become practically chronic—and a dozen varieties of skin diseases, and I'm mottled from head to foot with 'Aleppo Button' scars, two of which have never healed. I've been alone so much that I talk to myself even in Calcutta and Simla. The Persians in this region distrust me; the Russians and Germans hate me, and the Turks are perfectly frank in saying that they will send me on 'the long pilgrimage' if ever a fair chance offers.

"All that my Government does is to allow my pay to go on and provide me with a passport that will land me at Koweit, Basra, or Bagdad. If I get into trouble they will not—cannot, in fact—do as much for me as they would for a spindle-legged Hindu coolie. And all this on the chance that sometime before I am retired for old age or invalided home, the Russian Bear nosing after warm water, or the Prussian Eagle scratching after 'places in the sun,' may take it into their heads to wander this way. In either of these contingencies, of course, there is no denying the fact that I shall be very much in demand, especially if operations are carried on in my own 'sphere,' that of North-Eastern Arabia, and Lower Mesopotamia up to about a line drawn from Bagdad to Hitt.

"Afoot, or by horse or camel, I have traversed almost every square mile of this region. There is not a bazaar from Kerbela to Koweit in which, disguised, I cannot mingle unsuspected in the throng, or, in case of need, call upon friends who will do anything from giving me a cigarette or a handful of dates to risking their lives to save my own.

Blood Brotherhood.

"I also know every one of the greater, as well as most of the lesser, Bedouin sheikhs whose peoples roam the deserts between Basra and Damascus; and with one of the most powerful of these—his camels and goats are numbered in hundreds of thousands—I have gone through the 'blood brotherhood' ceremony. The blood of our arms has actually mingled, and each is pledged to stop at no act to serve the other. My friends, I need hardly say, are all Arabs, Chaldeans, Syrians, Armenians, Jews, or people of one of the other subject races of this region; to the Turk, courteous as he is to me socially in Bagdad and Basra, my name is anathema.

"A week hence, for instance, I shall exchange Oriental amenities with the Vali of Bagdad in his garden on the bank of the Tigris. He will toast me in scented coffee and drink to the success of my visit; and all the while a double guard of 'zaptichs' or mounted police will be watching the gates to prevent my getting away to the desert and my Arab friends. Personally, I know it would pain him immensely if I were to be shot in the dark for—let us say—refusing to answer a sentry's challenge; but officially he is dead keen that something of the kind may eventuate, and there is no doubt that it would do him a lot of good in Stamboul, where he is not in very high favour at present.

"The whole thing, when all is said and done, resolves itself down to about this: If a war involving operations in this 'sphere' comes within the next twenty years, I—and several other chaps who are doing the same sort of work—provided I do not lose my life, or my health, or the best of my faculties in the interim, will probably break all records outside of a Central American revolution for quick promotion. I might easily be a brigadier-general at forty, with ten or a dozen letters after my name. But if, as is overwhelmingly likely, there is no war, I shall probably continue these little jaunts into the desert until my health gives out, when, at best, I shall be invalided home on the half pay of a captain or major. At the worst—well, since some of the best (yes, and the happiest, too) years of my life will have been spent out here, I should probably sleep better under six feet of desert soil than in the family vault.

"So you see," Landers concluded with a whimsical smile, "my future depends entirely upon whether or not some of our neighbours, or would-be neighbours, see fit to start something in this little neck of Central Asia

within the next decade or two. And now that we are in the Entente with Russia, and acting entirely in concert with her in Persia. I'm very much afraid that it's going to be a case of the 'hope deferred making the heart sick.'"

In Bagdad.

The following day we caught the river steamer at Basra, and four days later arrived at Bagdad, Landers putting up at the grim brown fort which housed the British Consulate, post-office and telegraph station. I saw him on and off for a week, usually at tiffins or dinners given for him by some of his British friends. At other times he was not to be found. "Landers Sahib gone to bazaar," his Pathan bearer invariably answered my enquiries; and Landers himself volunteered no more than that he was spending a good deal of time "renewing old acquaintances." Then, at the end of about ten days, without a good-bye to anybody, so far as I could learn, he dropped from sight.

"Landers is off again to his Arabs," said his friends, but all, knowing that the Turks had been watching him like cats, were more or less worried until the Vali, with a wry smile, admitted to the British Consul one day that "the bird had slipped through his nets."

"I am much relieved," the Consul admitted to me that afternoon. "They hung on him like leeches this time, but Landers finally got away by togging up as an Armenian stage-coach driver when they were expecting him as an Arab. The Armenian came to a native house which Landers had taken, went inside for a few minutes, presently to reappear, climb into his arabanah (stage-coach) and drive off with a load of passengers to Kerbela. In reality this was Landers, who had stained his face and put on the Armenian's clothes. The Turks nabbed the latter when he finally ventured out to the street, but got little out of him, and I don't think they know yet exactly what happened.

"Landers is undoubtedly far into the desert by this time, and the Turks know the futility of going after him among the Bedouins. We shall probably not hear of him again for six or eight months. Either he will come back, or he will not come back; and if he does come, what he has to report will go to Indian Army Headquarters at Simla, not to me. Captain X—, who is working in the same 'sphere' as Landers—and whom you may have heard of as having been awarded high honours by the Royal Geographical Society for the most important work of the year in exploration, was in North-Central Arabia for something like eight or ten months without a word coming out from him. When he finally did slip into Bagdad, he was so burned and dirty, and his English was so halting from long disuse, that the Sikh sentry at the gate of the Consular compound would not pass him in. Landers himself, in fact, returned from his last jaunt in such a condition that he refused to approach within ten yards of any of us until he had had a bath.

"It's a queer game, isn't it? And all against a contingency which may never materialize—at least not for years."

German Activities.

This happened in 1912, and at that time no one that I met—least of all Landers, who had the most to gain by such an event—appeared to dream that the blood-drenched plains of ancient Babylonia and Assyria were likely to echo for many years to the tramp of hostile armies. The broad scope of Germany's activities, extending far beyond the mere construction of the Bagdad Railway, was evident to everyone; that the Germans had ambitious plans for controlling the incalculably rich Tigro-Euphrates Valley no one doubted, but that German influence should prevail over that of Great Britain and Russia in Constantinople appeared not to be dreamed of in Mesopotamia, even by the Turks themselves.

The page or two which I have been able to give from my friend Landers' life is probably as far as it would be proper to go at this time in discussing certain of the ways in which knowledge of the country and its peoples have been gained. It is an interesting commentary on the efficiency of the system employed that the region most thoroughly "worked"—Lower Mesopotamia—was also the one in which the Expeditionary Force carried on all its operations with scarcely a hitch.

THE BATTLE OF CTESIPHON.

By Sir Thomas Holdich.

ON the 12th November General Townshend's force was encamped at Lajj, about seven miles from the Turkish position which covered the village and ruins of Ctesiphon and the road to Bagdad. On the night of the 21st to 22nd, under a clear, bright moon the force marched out in three columns for attack at early dawn.

Column A consisted of six battalions and two batteries and moved out about seven miles to the north. Column B had 10 miles of marching to reach their position, and the cavalry about twelve, extending northward beyond A, Column C remained between A and the base camp. All of them reached the fronts determined without difficulty and "dug in" till daylight. At sunrise many of the enemy were observed retiring northward. It appeared as if Nasr-i-din Pasha had decided to retire on Dialah (nearer Bagdad) and await reinforcements. Column B and the cavalry at once attacked the retreating Turks and found themselves faced with a force of about twice their number.

This time, however, the Turks who had learned their lesson at Kut, did not break but put up a strong resistance. Meanwhile Column A advanced to the attack of th-

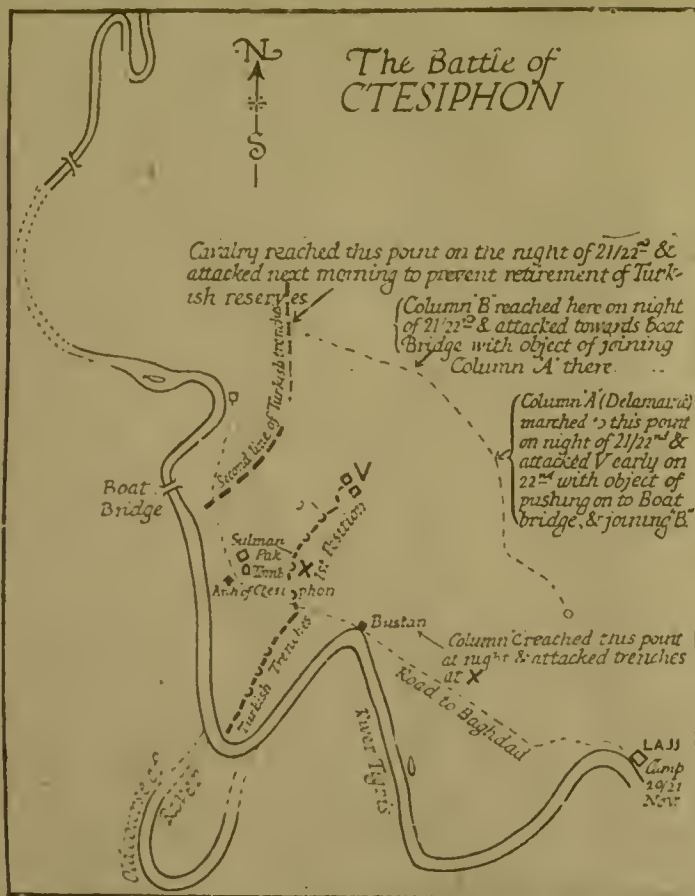
Mahrattas, and 24th Punjab Infantry) and started to the assistance of B about 3 p.m. Column C followed and co-operated, so that the whole force was together to meet what was evidently the main body of the Turkish army. The Turks counter-attacked with great determination, and in the evening succeeded in forcing back our troops into the first line of trenches. They recovered their guns. Column A, however, occupied the village of Sulman Pak; whilst the rest were sheltered in the first Turkish position. The Turks had had enough for the time being and the opposing forces passed a quiet night.

On the 22nd the Turks attacked again in great force, and about 3 p.m. made a desperate attempt to recapture the trenches. The attack failed, and by 6 p.m. all was quiet. The Turks dug themselves in about a mile from the British position. During the night they made three more attacks which were easily repulsed with but few casualties. Then the Turks withdrew their guns before following themselves. There is no doubt that they put up a very gallant fight. They lost 1,500 prisoners and (according to the latest estimate) 10,000 in killed and wounded. They stood up to the bayonet charge and counter-attacked no less than five times. Their losses (if the estimate is correct) nearly equalled the whole strength of Townshend's force.

On the other hand our losses were very heavy, particularly in officers, including the staff, and the division at the end of the battle was minus one-third of its strength. Eventually it was withdrawn to Kut as we know. The wounded reached Kut on the 27th. On the 28th a band of Arabs held the river between Kut and Amara and were dislodged with some difficulty with the help of a gunboat, before communication with Amara was restored. This may account for the Turkish report that communications had been destroyed between Kut and Amara—a rumour which has never been either confirmed or denied officially, and which would have been most serious news if it had been true.

A word or two about the Turk from a very competent authority may be of interest. The Turk is *not* effete, or half-trained, or mutinous, or neglected. On the contrary, he is as well equipped as the British soldier, and better than the Indian. The Turks possess tons of ammunition and do not hesitate to abandon it if there is any difficulty in carrying it away. The nearer they are to Bagdad the better are they supported and supplied. In short the Turk is a formidable nut to crack in Mesopotamia, and it is simple folly to tackle him with insufficient force.

[Since this article was written we have learnt definitely that the position at Kut has been isolated. —EDITOR.]



Turkish position at V which they carried after a fierce fight involving considerable loss. Four battalions were then sent northward to help Column B which was having a hot time of it, as the Turks not only refused to run but were gaining ground. They succeeded in stopping the advance of the Turks and took eight guns. The other two battalions of Column A (Delamain's Brigade) were sent to the assistance of Column C which had advanced later against the Turkish position at X, the two batteries remaining with Delamain and his staff at V. Then followed some hours of fighting.

The first advance was made at 8.45. V was taken at 11, and X was finally captured about 1.30, the whole of the first Turkish position thus falling into our hands. Meanwhile a strong column of Turks was observed advancing against V, where there was practically no infantry defence. It was a case of collecting all the details possible for defence (numbering about 100 men in all), and holding on at all costs. It was an anxious time, but the Turks were repulsed, and when their position was occupied at X matters improved.

The fight north of V was still raging so Delamain recovered his battalions from X (the hard tried Dorsets,

THE CULT OF KIPLING.

To the Editor of *Land and Water*.

Sir,—Every lover of Kipling will thank you for your article in *LAND AND WATER*, and especially for your verdict that no writer is more free from the deadly sin of literary vanity. I met Mr. Kipling on board a home-bound African steamer, and after telling him a story of adventure that I had gathered "half told" from a South African, I expressed a wish that he would tell some of these tales, "because," I said, "they are such dumb dogs; they can't tell a story."

"Of course they can't," he retorted, "if they could talk about the thing, they wouldn't do it. You want a fellow like me to tell the story."

If I ever had doubted his greatness I should have known it then; it is the third-rate scribbler who thinks that "the sun has risen to hear him crow." To Mr. Kipling deeds are far above words; his one aim and object is to shew us the deeds and sufferings of the men on whose bones "the English flag is stayed," and it is this utter singleness of purpose that gives his stories their dramatic force and their marvellous vitality. His worship of "that great idol Pax Britannica that dwells between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin" links him to all who die in her service, and if he sometimes shews a seamy side of their lives, he does them splendid justice in "The White Man's Burden" and "The Galley Slaves."

And our Laureate is a Mr. Robert Bridges, whose poems are about as inspiring as a rice-pudding!—Yours gratefully,
KIRBY STEPHEN.
I. C. S.

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

DETACHMENT is an admirable quality but it may be carried to extreme limits. It is being so carried by a number of admirable people, who while claiming, not always with complete candour, not to be averse from the effective prosecution of the war, are engaged in presenting so coldly balanced a case that plain folk, anxious to be fair-minded and immeasurably saddened by the tragic slaughter and intolerable delays of the War are apt to be a little bewildered. An air of sweet reasonableness which is the weapon of the detached is always a most persuasive thing. And there are singularly few, if any, cases so good that a skilful intellectualist, taking advantage of partial flaws inevitable in human affairs, cannot contrive to give them an appearance of weakness.

Let us suppose a man brought up on a charge of robbing a traveller in circumstances of exceptional brutality and violence. Suppose the facts attested on unbiassed evidence. It would be perfectly possible for a magistrate to point out that the world was in fact arranged on a very inequitable plan. The traveller was rich, and in a perfectly ordered state there would be no such inequalities to excite the passion of envy. There would clearly have been no assault if the traveller had been poor. Moreover it was clear that the traveller when attacked had struck at his assailant, so that obviously he could not honestly raise the point that violence was criminal. It was the fact that the rich man, though he bore a good character in general, had in the past sanctioned some lesser transaction that was not strictly honest. It was reasonably certain that his ancestors had been rascals. We were all extraordinarily imperfect and it was not for so essentially frail a mortal as himself to judge between plaintiff and defendant. The assailant could not reasonably be expected to restore the money because he held the unusual but apparently perfectly sincere view that the rich man had no right to it. Moreover he had spent it and they were therefore both equally deprived of it. And as for punishment that was a sterile thing. Beings gifted as the defendant was with the high endowment of human reason were more susceptible to argument than to force which never yet solved any difficulty. The defendant was the victim of an opportunity; of a system. It was our duty to set to work to alter the system. The case would be accordingly dismissed.

That is admirable as an exercise in philosophic detachment, but it is poor administration of the law. It meets no difficulties of the situation. It provides no guarantee that the defendant will not fall upon the plaintiff as he leaves the court and relieve him of his replenished purse; nor that the loafers in the gallery will not proceed to follow his example. Such mischief indeed will be done long before "the system is altered." And the magistrate unless protected by stout minions of the law will share the traveller's fate.

Nor is this by any means so malicious or extravagant a travesty of the trend of speech and writing of many of our detached intellectuals.

Is such detachment human? Is it not essentially the reverse, too cold, too dispassionate and disembodied? We live under a human law, man-made, administered by men for men. Divine sanctions there may be, not less real because veiled, but no divine interferences. Man in his upward progress or (to beg no question) in his complex development has elaborated a mode of living; he laboriously builds order out of chaos by a series of agreed codes without which a stable life is impossible; in commerce, honest currency and fulfilment of obligations; in marriage, fidelity; in professional counsel, secrecy; in friendship, truth; in international relations, faith in treaties; in sport, fair play; even in war, agreed and definite mitigations of its worst horrors.

The embodiment of all these elaborate codes or greater and less essential significance is law. Its ultimate sanction may be force or the threat of force; but its daily operation is the result of united good-will and a higher human faith and honour in which force has no part. To break down this faith and honour is the greatest of crimes against humanity. It is of the essence of the German crime. We may be all guilty of this war, which is the first premiss of our detached ones (just as our judge assumed we were all guilty of the system under which our traveller was robbed), but that is an abstract and academic guilt compared with the red guilt of action.

Can anyone seriously maintain that that guilt was ours? Assume Germany ringed round with enemies. Was that ring forged in aggression or defence? In the light of the after German conduct, of hymns of hate, of the sickening iteration "England is the enemy," "England planned the war" can we on the analogy of normal life draw no true deduction favourable to ourselves? Does not our almost fatuous innocence cry to heaven for recognition? In the days of our unchallenged supremacy what right was denied her, what pathway to her ships, what privileges to her trade or her subjects? Does no one remember when in the first decade of this century a very few truculent spirits of the extreme blue water school murmured in their clubs and at their dinner tables that Germany meant us ill (as in fact she did) and that we had best strike at her when we could break her, did any among us pay the very slightest attention to them? There is more support for our cause in the significant impotence of those few truculents than in reams of documentary evidence. Who supposes that a war could have ever been made acceptable to us as a nation on grounds like these.

Could the German challenge when it did come have been in honour, refused? Such grossly obvious questions must be asked to straighten out this all important matter, for on the answer depends the answer to further question which may at any time be pressed

by a certain section among us, namely: Are we justified in weakening in our resolution, surfeited with horror and tired of a job that is tougher than it seemed?

Could England, refusing the challenge have ever held up her head again among the nations? That may seem an unimportant thing to the sublimely detached. Is it so unimportant to men of flesh and blood by whom the round world is peopled? Is the betrayal of nations a lesser crime than the betrayal of friends? We have seized or had thrust upon us, it does not matter which for the moment, responsibilities of overlordship. Is the German record such as to suggest she would make a better guide for subject races than ourselves? We remember Denshawi and most of us are ashamed of it. Does it go near the immeasurable infamy of the starvation of the rebellious Herreros?

If Germany, the ringed-in one, had indeed no other purpose but to break the ring, if her own conscience did in fact seem clear to her in shouldering the immense responsibility of war, could not a campaign, prepared as it unquestionably was, resourceful as it proved itself, if waged, not without horror and destruction, for that indeed is impossible, but with an honourable clemency, have gone far to prove the reality of her innocence and the greatness of her spirit? If it had been waged as, for instance, Russia and Japan waged their bitter, but (on the testimony of our military attachés) essentially chivalrous war? Could anything worse have been done than what in fact has been done by her to the people and places in her power? Has anything worse ever been practised on the weak since Alva's infamies in the Low Countries? Could any charges to prove the essential wrongness of her aims have been devised by calumny more damning than are written in the authentic history of these seventeen months?

These things should not be forgotten. And it is by no means so easy to remember—with conviction. The human mind is a strangely constituted thing. All our values alter as the tragedy of the war drags on. We are surfeited with horrors on paper—and paper horrors have a way of losing weight by repetition. But we are sheltered from actual contact with them and that makes possible the detachment of our philosophers.

These things should not be forgotten. Not that hate may be nourished, which leads to excess and is a futile and degrading passion, but to keep alive that anger in us which is a righteous thing. After all *there is a right and a wrong in the matter*. Put aside, for sake of argument, every individual outrage of lust or blood; admit the doubtful plea that all the vandalism, as at Louvain and Rheims, was dictated by real military necessity; distrust all testimony even at first hand of terrified folk and take only the accredited evidence substantiated by neutrals or by the admissions and justifications of the enemy. Yet you must remember the machine-gun massacres of civilians at Dinant and Tamines, 400 at Tamines, 700 at Dinant; the lesser but still considerable slaughter at Aerschot and Termonde, all carried out under disciplined orders. Put aside the repeated charges of the use of civilian screens, because it is not always easy in the confusion of battle to distinguish between fugitives flying and

captives deliberately driven. But credit the boast of a Bavarian lieutenant in a Munich Newspaper that he had "the excellent idea" of seating three civilians in chairs in the middle of a street. "The fire directed at our men diminished and my men were the masters of the principal street. . . . As I learned later the Bavarian Reserve Regiment . . . made a similar experiment. Four civilians whom they also placed in chairs in the middle of the street, were killed by French bullets. I saw them myself lying in the middle of the street near the hospital." Is it likely that all the other charges as to the use of human screens are false?

Receive with great reserve the stories of mutilations, but give credit to the American journalist POWELL who said in an interview with GENERAL VON BOEHN, "I myself have seen the mutilated bodies. . . . How about the women I saw with their hands and their feet cut off? How about the little girl two years old, shot in her mother's arms? How about the old man hung from the rafters of his house and roasted to death by a bonfire built under him?" Is it really well to forget or to forgive such things?

Or the gas at the second battle of Ypres, causing such agonies that doctors and nurses accustomed to every sort of horror could not do their work for tears; or the liquid fire at Hooge?

Or *Falaba*, *Amiral Ganteaume*, *Lusitania*, *Arabic*, *Ancona*, *Persia*, and the attempted hospital ship *Asturias*? Or the shelling of the defenceless E 13 in Danish territorial waters, its crew ranged on its deck with folded arms? We have the *Baralong* case against us, but the submarine crew were fresh from their murders of the *Arabic*. With what face could they claim, even if—it is driving human nature hard—we should have given quarter?

Do our detached ones tell us that there is no difference between replying in kind to outrages and initiating them? Is a duellist fighting with swords still to use his sword only if his adversary draws a pistol on him? Does not the breach of honour in the one make the other's similar action no least breach of honour at all?

These things would not be worth the saying were it not that our philosophers do in fact put forward these pallid suggestions. They are wont now to speak as if it were an academic point to demand from the enemy recognition of defeat.

The recognition of the full defeat of their purpose by the German leaders is worth any sacrifice we can make. We write these words with the fullest recognition of the solemn responsibility which rests upon non-combatant penmen. To demand less is to betray our belief in human right, to deny our hope of a cleaner world. It is to make vain the sacrifices of our splendid dead—an intolerable apostasy. What each man and woman of us needs is to make or renew a sacred decision from the standpoint of there being in human affairs judge by human standards a right and a wrong. Substantially we stand for that right. Our judged who with an elaborate assumption of philosophic calm escapes the agony of decision and rides off on phrases about the common weakness of plaintiff and defendant is simply an unjust judge. The issue is as clear as any that has ever been stated in a human quarrel, and demands a definite judgment. That judgment needs adequate sanction. That sanction is—victory.

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

By GILBERT FRANKAU.

3.—GUN-TEAMS.

Their rugs are sodden, their heads are down, their tails are turned to the storm.

(Would you know them, you that groomed them, in the sleek fat days of peace,
When the tiles rang to their pawings in the lighted stalls and warm,
Now the foul clay cakes on-bitching strap and clogs the quick-release?)

The blown rain stings, there is never a star, the tracks are rivers of slime.

(You must harness-up by guesswork with a failing torch for light,
Instep-deep in unmade standings; for it's active-service time,
And our resting weeks are over, and we move the guns to-night.)

The iron tyres slither, the traces sag, their blind hooves stumble and slide;

They are war-worn, they are weary, soaked with sweat and sopped with rain.
(You must hold them, you must help them, swing your lead and centre wide
Where the greasy granite *pavé* peters out to squelching drain.)

There is shrapnel bursting a mile in front on the road that the guns must take:

(You are nervous, you are thoughtful, you are shifting in your seat,
As you watch the ragged feathers flicker orange, flame and break)
But the teams are pulling steady down the battered village street.

You have shod them cold, and their coats are long, and their bellies gray with the mud:

They have done with gloss and polish, but the fighting heart's unbroke:
We, who saw them hobbling after us down white roads flecked with blood,
Patient, wondering why we left them, till we lost them in the smoke;

Who have felt them shiver between our knees, when the shells rain black from the skies;

When the bursting terrors find us and the lines stampede as one;
Who have watched the pierced limbs quiver and the pain in stricken eyes—
Know the worth of humble servants, foolish-faithful to their gun.

N.B.—A Song of the Guns will be continued in our next issue.

INTERNED IN HOLLAND.

By a Prisoner of War.

THESE notes are written from a forgotten backwater untouched by the hurricane of war that is rending the world. Hardly had we entered the fringe of the storm than we were swept as it were by an eddy into this quiet place. A backwater I have called it. Water still and placid lies all around us, with clustering reeds on the banks and in the summer great water lilies white and yellow lying lazily upon the surface. It is in a Dutch fortress that we are confined. A moated fortress, very old and so ill-designed that after one short campaign it was declared obsolete and since then has been used only as a small depot for munitions. It was hastily constructed to form part of the defences against the invading army of Louis XIV., but it bore an inglorious part, being betrayed by its own commandant almost before a shot was fired.

Now elm trees, seventy feet high, dark and slender, grow on the sunken earth ramparts. They are grouped in clusters on the rhomboid bastions which guarded the corners of the fort. They line the banks which form a courtyard containing the barn-like magazines where the garrison is housed. Outside this courtyard, surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire, are rough one-storied barracks which have been turned into our quarters. They are comfortable enough now, yet woefully inadequate when first we arrived on a wet day in mid-winter. It is not good for men to be shut off from the world. The universe shrinks to the tiny island, with its barbed wire fences, its lights, its sentries, all rather incongruous amid this peaceful fertile country, and even in the overgrown forsaken fortress. The meadows, with their clusters of puny trees, poplar, willow and elm, which form an uneven fringe around the horizon, seem to us remote

as the stars, though in measure of space only fifty yards of water divide them from us.

It is a somnolent land where work proceeds methodically and leisurely. It is strange to see a brown sail rise up apparently from the midst of the fields, for the canals have low banks which slope by an imperceptible gradient from the level of the pasture. Like the roads, the banks of the larger canals are often lined with trees whose foliage envelops all but the topmost rigging of the barges. The country is very flat, as though at some period a smooth and mountainous glacier had passed over it, sweeping away in its course even the smallest hillocks. There are few hedges, but the meadows are divided by waterways or large ditches. There is no land within view under plough. It is all pasture, and everywhere are herds of black and white cattle. In the evening it can become very still; still as the depths of a great forest, and in certain lights the trees frown upon us like giants awakened and displeased.

The effects upon one are curiously paradoxical. They are both narrowing and broadening. Narrowing because a small community can be shaken to the foundations by incidents that would pass unnoticed in the world beyond. One is apt to fall into the smallness, the fussiness, the exaggerated self-consciousness of dwellers in islands and small countries which hold hard to their peculiar characteristics. Yet it is broadening, for the mind becomes contemplative, as the mind of an Oriental to whom time is nothing, to whom it matters not whether a problem be solved in a year, a week or a day. Here one ponders over past experience and the jumbled, unorganised store of knowledge can be set straight. The vital can be separated from the trivial. One can learn

to recognise root principles. Reading and experiences; they clashed in chaos. It was all disordered. The world knew no laws, experiment led to no conclusions. Everything seemed haphazard. The atmosphere, damp and heavy; the surroundings, the circumstances; throw upon us a cloak of apathy enveloping and stifling. Life passes monotonously; there is little to distinguish one day from another. Everyone has sunk into his own groove, getting up at the same hour, eating the same food, playing tennis with the same people. It is wonderful how closely each one knows the habits of the other. I suppose our conversation is only so much repetition.

There are plans of escape ever being discussed. During the summer ten aviators who had been at Groningen, where the men of our luckless brigade are interned, gave in their parole and were sent here. It was amusing, though at the same time rather pathetic to hear them turn over and discuss, at first with confidence which soon melted away, plans that we had thrashed out and rejected long ago. The desire to escape expresses itself in very varying degree of intensity. While most are ever ready to seize or to make opportunities, they do not allow the subject to be for ever in their minds and on their lips; with a few it has become almost an obsession. Two of our number, aided by some luck, managed to get away, but since then several weak points have been rendered impregnable. There was great activity for some days, more lights, more barbed wire, possible cover cut away and a doubled patrol on the other side of the moat.

Schemes of Escape.

Then a scheme of escape, conceived soon after our arrival but abandoned after two abortive attempts, was revived and begun on more thorough and better organised lines. A tunnel was projected from one of the sleeping rooms, under a brick path outside, through the earth rampart to the moat. We dug out a large hole, running the whole length of the room, packing the earth in a space nine inches high, between the floor and the concrete foundation. Into this reservoir, we stored the earth from the tunnel proper. We picked through the brick wall of the foundation and mined six feet deep below the path. Lower we could not go for already the earth was wet. We had cut nearly half way through the rampart, before by merest chance a Dutch servant discovered the trap door under the linoleum and found what lay beneath. The work in the narrow stuffy tunnel had become so hard that no one dug for longer than fifteen minutes at a time. The air was so bad that no candle would stay alight and we worked by the light of an electric torch. There could be no darkness more blinding and more intense, than of that long hole, so narrow that one could hardly turn from side to side. There was no light from the entrance for we had curved the passage to avoid the roots of a tree. The tunnel had meant more to us, even than the path to freedom. In a life of idleness or at the best, of work which could be done when and how we wished, this was a definite task, regular and insistent. When it was discovered our one occupation was gone. We had only old amusements and hobbies to fall back on.

In the winter we play football in a disused magazine with boarded floor. It is a fast, exciting game, in which shoes are worn, and the doors at each end are the goals. In the spring two cement tennis courts were laid down, and they have provided the staple amusement and exercise ever since. Three times a week there are short route marches under heavy guard. Occasional leave on parole is granted. At first it was for one day once in about six weeks, for it was granted only to one officer at a time. Then the Dutch authorities grew gradually more generous, and now three days a month are allowed. Those days away from the fort, usually spent at the Hague, halve the irksomeness of our prison.

The newspapers arrive every morning, only a day late. Monday, when there are no papers, Sundays and Tuesdays with no English mail, produce a faint irritation, and remind us that all days are not the same. There are plenty of books but very little serious reading is done. Almost every profession, and more than a dozen public schools have contributed to our number. The majority has been at one time or another in the Army or Navy (chiefly the latter) for we are nominally a naval brigade.

The dominant characteristic of the group is the diversity of the units. The days do not vary and nothing happens. It is lucky that among individuals is variety of outlook, interests, experience and temperament. A few senior officers have their own rooms, but for most there is no privacy possible, except in summer, or at least when it is fine—on most days it rains—when one can find a sheltered corner of the ramparts.

Loss of Liberty.

One feels the loss of liberty when at sunset, or in summer time at seven o'clock, the Dutch soldiers, searching every nook and cranny, sweep us inside the barbed wire fences which enclose our quarters. Never before has the shortening of the days meant so much. No one realised how rapidly the days of autumn draw in. The lights are lit at sundown; their strong rays shining on the clustering trees, turn the leaves almost to snow white, and the effect is strangely picturesque. For miles round can be seen the glare of the blaze of light.

It is pleasant on warm days to lie on the bank almost on a level with the moat. A dense forest of marine weed grows in the clear water and shoals of small fish thread their way through the dark vegetation. Further out the water is blue as the sky. To the south lie the spires and chimneys of Gondar, rising above trees transmuted by distance from green to misty grey. To the north there is a meadow of vivid pasture, bounded by a bank of silver willows and deep coloured poplars. It appears like a jagged bar of green shades, light and dark, suspended between the blue of water and sky. In April and May the flowers turned the fields to sheets of vivid yellow and delicate white, covering the green like a thin veil; the orchards in the farms near the fort were a cloud of pink blossom. How keenly we enjoyed the first days of spring, even in March it was often warm enough to lie in the sun, looking forward in expectation of summer.

Even this life has certain compensations. One can wear what one likes; usually flannels and an old coat in the day time and uniform in the evening. The absence of women and the peculiar frankness of the gun-rooms where most of us have served, enables candid and outspoken discussion. It is a Bohemian society, in spite of several restraints, some obviously necessary, others rather needless, imposed by the Dutch commandant. Such long and intimate association is a hard testing.

Rumble of Distant Guns.

It is strange that in this old fort amid peaceful meadows, we can hear on still days, faint in the distance, the rumble of guns. Very plain was this shadow of reality during the great actions of the war; at the times of Neuve Chapelle, the attack on Hill 60 and the advance in October. It is little more than a long-drawn murmur, a sound which one feels rather than hears, and that only when the wind is still. Now winter is again upon us, and the days are very short. The leaves fell rapidly in the first days of November. They lay all around, wet, hectic and hattered; too sodden to be stirred into motion by the wind. For long, thin yellow foliage clung to the poplars and elms, but the chestnuts which bloomed early in the spring were in autumn withered and bare before their time. Sometimes the days were brilliantly fine and the sun was hot. Then the trees with their golden colouring were half-hidden by shimmering mists. Now gales of wind and rain sweep for days over the open country. It is a drenching rain. The ditches and canals rise till they are on a level with their banks. The meadows are marshy, the roads rutted and impassable; the path round the ramparts is drenched and slippery. Sometimes the wind is still and the sky is grey and lowering. The sun cannot shine and the horizon is obscured by low banks of fog.

There is a single railway line between Utrecht and Leyden which passes quite close to the fort. The trains rattle by every day, well up to time, an irritating reminder of the world from which we are shut off. Some of us would rather there were in view no roads, no railway, no houses, but only a sweeping expanse of deserted meadow. Yet perhaps these things are good, lest we resign ourselves more and more to this tiny island which for the time constitutes our world.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Prince of Wales came home on a few days' leave last week, Prince Albert having come up to Buckingham Palace to meet him in London. The appointment of H.R.H. to the Chairmanship of the Committee of War Pensions is in every way an excellent one. The Prince while in France has gained the confidence of all ranks, and the fact that he will be at the head of this difficult and onerous work will be taken as a guarantee of straightforward and generous dealing. Pensions Committees in the past have not altogether enjoyed a good reputation, the tendency having been to allow the duties to fall into the hands of one or two individuals, who have often been of the cast-iron red-tape type.

Lady Dorothy Bligh, whose marriage with Mr. D. S. Peplow, 10th Hussars, will shortly be celebrated, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Darnley. Cobham Hall, the family seat near Gravesend, is one of the most beautiful places within easy reach of London. In a favourable summer the rhododendrons, when in full blossom, are a sight once seen never to be forgotten. Lady Dorothy's first cousin is Baroness Clifton of Leighton Bromswold, in her own right, while her elder brother is Lord Clifton of Rathmore, for the Blighs enjoyed two baronies of Clifton, one inherited by marriage in 1713 and the other conferred in 1721.

The rescue of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was miraculous, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to shake off the effects of the severe fatigue and shock through which he has passed. Like Clive, he must feel himself reserved for great things, and he will be encouraged thereto by the tributes of affection which were written in several papers and by more than one friend. In some of these it struck one that unnecessary emphasis was laid on his receiving the Kaiser at Beaulieu as an English gentleman should do. After all it was only what one might expect from a descendant of the "bold Buccleuch," who, according to tradition, put Queen Bess in her place—a much more difficult job one would think.

It was the father of the "bold Buccleuch," also Walter Scott, who won the reputation of being "a man of rare qualities, wise, true, stout and modest"—qualities and attributes which are evidently in the blood.

Sir Alexander Henderson, by assuming the title of Lord Faringdon, is laying up trouble for his correspondents, many of whom will invariably spell it with two "r's" Farringdon Street being so much more familiar. Not far from Farringdon Street is the home of that famous great daily, the *Standard*, the full control of which Sir Alexander took over only a few months ago, after it had passed through troublous times. Already it has responded to the new and healthier influences, for on all sides one hears good spoken of it, so it should only be a matter of time for its old glories to be restored.

Six new peerages were created on the first of this month. During the last fifteen years, since the death of Queen Victoria, 117 peerages have been made. Had this rate of creation been maintained say since James I. came to the Throne, the Roll of the Lords Temporal would have included about 2,500 names instead of 700 as at present. The bumper crop of new coronets occurred in 1906, when the total reached 17, in 1905 and again in 1910 there were 14, and in 1911 13. As against these figures it is interesting to notice that in the Diamond Jubilee year there were only six new peers.

In that year of Jubilee twenty-one baronetcies and 218 knight-hoods were conferred, but in 1911 the accolade was bestowed on 351 worthy men, whereas the record year for baronetcies was 1905, when eight and twenty gentlemen were granted hereditary honours. During the fifteen years since 1901 the number of new baronets has been

273 and of new knights 2,723. For these remarkable figures I am indebted to Debrett's peerage.

The baronetcy of Wake, which has just passed from father to son, stands eighteenth on the Official Roll, having been bestowed on December 5th, 1621; the premier baronetcy, that of Sir Hickman Bacon, was founded just ten years previously—in 1611. It is accepted that the Wakes of Courteenhall derive descent from the Last of the Saxons, though it was only in comparatively recent times that the famous baptismal name of Hereward was revived, Charles and William having for generations been the favourite first name. In the seventeenth century there was an Isaac Wake, which sounds incongruous, and the sixth baronet was Sir Charles Wake-Jones, a Miss Jones having brought to the family as her dowry the manor of Courteenhall, among other possessions.

It really seems as if London has at last reached the limit of war restrictions; the streets can hardly be darker at night and unless all alcohol is to be stopped because, broadly speaking, one per 10,000 of its inhabitants is unable to keep sober, notwithstanding the present obstacles between drinker and drink, it looks as if there can be no further interference in this direction. The restaurants continue to be better patronised than ever; Prince's which is in Piccadilly, and therefore right in the very heart of things, seems always full. There is no pleasanter place for a quiet luncheon than its grill room.

Sarah Bernhardt is receiving her usual great welcome in London, Queen Alexandra and Queen Amélie being present on her opening day. Besides the huge audience inside the Coliseum, a crowd of equally devoted admirers waited patiently for the great actress outside to see her arrive. Mme. Bernhardt presented *Les Cathedrales*, by M. Eugene Moraud, with music by Gabriel Pierné, her own part being the masterpiece. The singing of the Marseillaise at the end rose into a regular ovation.

I am told by one who was present that New Year's Eve at the Piccadilly Hotel was a wonderful sight. Casali had some delightful table decorations in the shape of china British bull dogs guarding Union Jacks which fetched everybody. These were delightful.

The National Portrait Society will hold an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery about the middle of February, and arrangements are already in progress to secure it its full meed of success. Even in war time it is an event which an increasing number of people would be sorry to lose, and the opening day is always an interesting and amusing occasion.

Sidmouth is among the first favourites of South Coast watering places this winter. There is a charm about the place which draws back people year after year. Tucked away in the beautiful Vale of the Sid it is sheltered and warm, and now that it has excellent hotels, the number of its annual visitors has increased greatly. Among the hotels the Fortfield occupies the front rank for it is so comfortable and delightfully situated. It overlooks the sea from which it is only separated by the famous cricket ground, one of the most picturesque in England. The hotel is as it were the Society hub of the town, for its guests find that every place they visit is in close proximity to it. Sidmouth this winter has done better than ever, though it always regards the early spring as its peculiar season.

HERMES.

NEW LIGHTING REGULATIONS.—Motorists, whose cars are fitted with C.A.V. Side lamps, models, "F.S.," "G.S.," "E.S.," or "B.S.," should write for a pair of perforated discs to C. A. Vandervell and Co. (Ltd.), Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.—THE CAR LIGHTING SPECIALISTS.—(Advt.)

LAND & WATER



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

AHASUERUS RETURNS.

Once I drove the Christ out of my door; now I am doomed to walk from the Northern seas to the Southern, from the Western shores to the Eastern mountains asking for Peace, and none will give it to me.—From the Legend of "The Wandering Jew."



"LAND AND WATER" WAR LITHOGRAPHS No. 1.

BRITISH ARTILLERY AT LE MANS: SEPTEMBER, 1914.

By E. SPENGER PRYSE.

CONTROL OF THE LEVANT.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE mere strategics of war are often compared by a very loose simile to chess. Indeed the simile is so loose that it is exceedingly misleading, and has caused too many students of military history to state in merely mathematical terms problems which are essentially organic and human.

But there is at least this great point in common between the strategics of a widely-developed campaign and a game of chess; that not the best player in the world can see more than a few moves ahead. In other words, there is in both forms of effort the factor which may be called "uncontrolled" development. In both things one may say that the development of each situation in turn is ultimately controlled, because each is ultimately created by the human will acting upon certain known materials. But everybody knows that when you play chess you arrive at one situation after another, which is the product of two opposing wills and never, or hardly ever, entirely foreseen by either of those wills.

Now there has arisen in the mere strategics of the Levant (I mean by "mere" strategics the strategic problems there presented as distinct from the political problems intermixed with them) a situation which many are beginning to realise, but which certainly neither the enemy nor the Allies intended a short while ago. Briefly, this situation may be defined as "the control of the Levant through the possession by the Allies of interior lines."

It is an exceedingly important point in the mere theory of this war. It may well become in the next few weeks a capital point in the practice of the war.

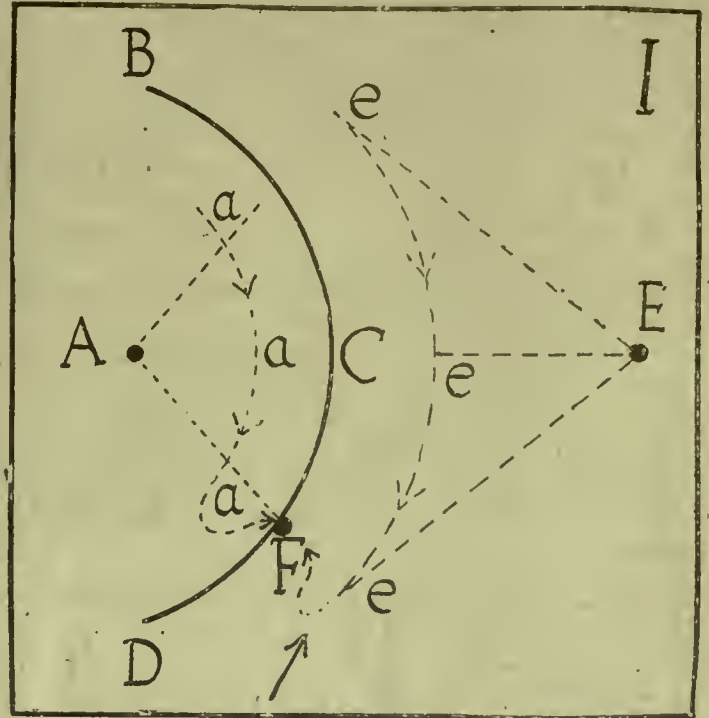
Not that the great war can possibly be decided south of the Danube or east of the Adriatic, but that subsidiary operations morally damaging to the enemy or to ourselves, and certainly creating for either party a drain in men and material, may develop here in such a fashion as to affect all the rest of the war; just as the Peninsula from 1808 onwards affected the fortune of Napoleon, though that fortune was not decided until Leipsic, nor even given a downward direction until the Russian blunder of 1812.

In order to appreciate what is meant by this formula "the strategic control of the Levant by the Allies through their possession of interior lines," I will, with my readers' leave, begin at the beginning. For though everybody knows the elements of so simple a statement, the more fundamental one's origins in a description the clearer the result.

To "possess interior lines" means to be so situated that one can concentrate upon a succession of decisive points *more rapidly* than one's opponent.

The crudest and simplest example of course, is the position of forces within an ample semicircle, the communications within which are of the same type and number as the communications outside. Supposing there is a man commanding a force from the Centre A and he has to deal with an

enemy in equal numbers who must attack him at some point of the half-circle B C D, it is clear that the General Officer in command at A will be able



to concentrate against such an attack more rapidly than his enemy will; supposing always that his enemy and he have the same sort of communications at their disposal—equally good roads and railways, equally ample rolling stock and all the rest of it.

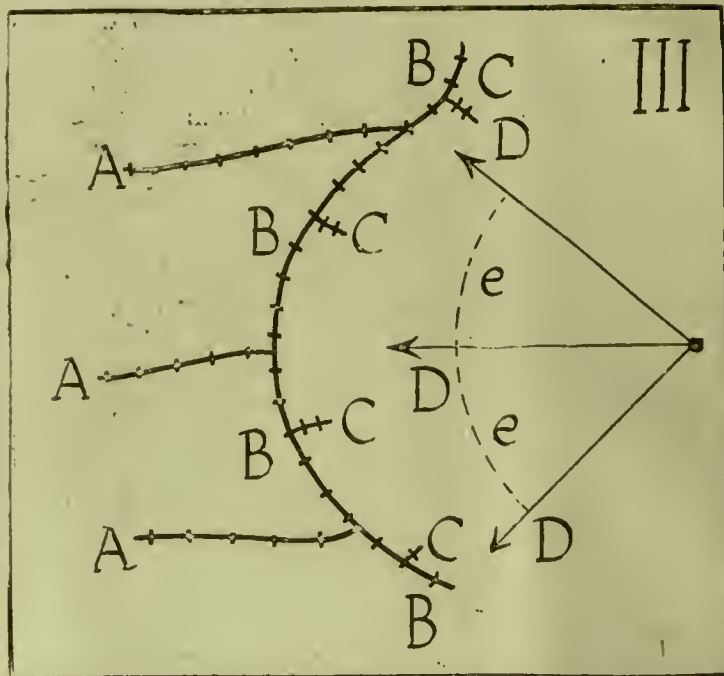
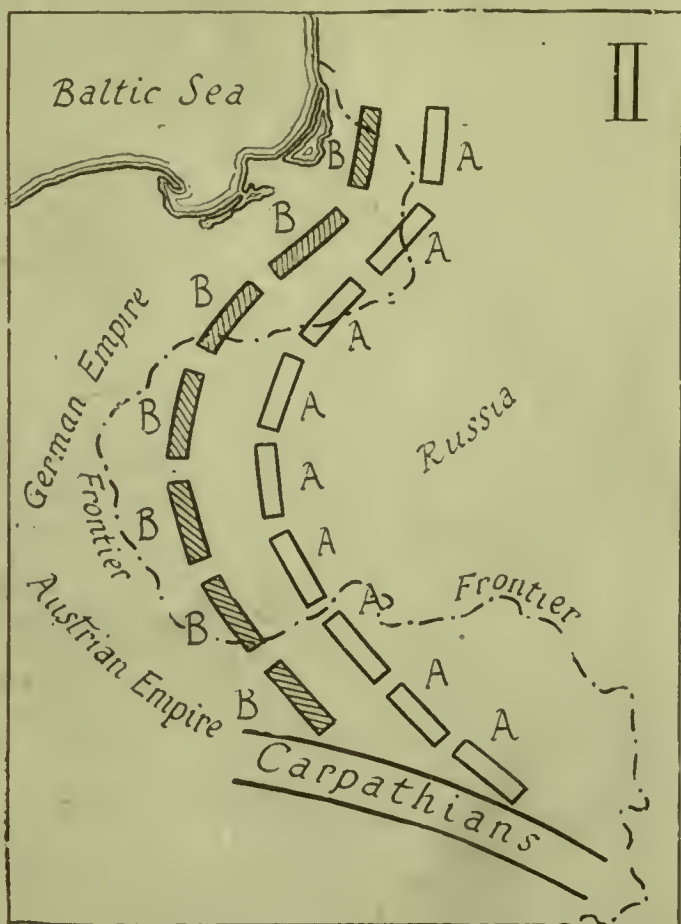
Any movement that the enemy with, let us say, his headquarters at E, makes against the semicircle lines B C D involves greater distances and therefore presumably a greater expenditure of time than is the case with his opponent at A. The General Officer in command at E is manoeuvring to attack A somewhere along the line B C D. He can only send his forces from place to place by following the outer lines parallel to the semicircle B C D. He sends orders for instance, to his force at e, e, e to concentrate at F and there deliver their attack upon A's force within the semicircle. A can gather a similar force in much shorter time, getting his men from a, a, a. Because, in a number of concentric or parallel curves the inner ones will always be shorter than the outer ones. Conversely, if A takes the initiative he can gather his men to surprise E at such a point as F more rapidly than E can gather his men to meet that surprise. And, in general, any Commander possesses essentially interior lines when he has the advantage of rapidity in concentration against any threatened point over his opponent.

Therefore the above rule of thumb text-book type of diagram to explain what is meant by "interior lines" requires a modification, particularly important in modern times.

We take it for granted in that elementary sketch that time can be measured by distance. But, as a matter of fact, this never has been quite accurately the case, and in modern times with the use of the railway and of the steamship it is hardly ever the case. In the old days when men marched by roads, when good roads were few

and when most nations had the same advantages in them, when transport by sea was precarious and dependent upon the wind, it was legitimate, as a rough rule of thumb, to measure the distance by the land map and call that man the possessor of interior lines whose communications to the various parts of his front were the shorter in mere miles. It is the method Napier uses in his diagrams. It was the obvious one for his time. To-day this is not the case. Districts differ widely in the amount of railway accommodation they have and a railway has many-fold the capacity of a road. They also differ very widely even in road accommodation. Again, railways having grown up mainly on commercial lines and not for strategic reasons have very different strategic values. Again, the amount of rolling stock, lacking which mobility is at once affected—is an important element in the problem. Since the possession of interior lines and all the multiplications of power given by such a possession lies in the factor of *time*, and not of distance, it very often happens under modern conditions that one party to a struggle possesses interior lines although on the map they seem to be exterior. We have had a tremendous instance of this on a large scale in the great Polish salient originally in the hands of the Russian armies.

you saw along the Austro-German lines a whole railway system as in Sketch III, whereby the great trunk lines A A A could bring up troops and materials from the bases within Austria and Germany to the front. While all along their positions at that front a lateral line B B B with feeders at C C C going out from it, per-



mitted a very rapid concentration at any desired point. The Russians on the other side had only three divergent railways in the fashion of the arrows D D D to help them and no transverse lines at all, such as the dotted line e e represents. They could not concentrate upon any one point without either going right back to distant railway centres where the lines converged, or marching their men across country. Therefore when you represent the problem in terms of *time* the Austro-Germans could always concentrate such and such a number of men at such and such a point upon the front in much less time than the Russians. Therefore, in spite of the fact that on the map the Austro-Germans held the outside of a semicircle, they were, in fact, "possessed of interior lines."

When we have once grasped the truth that the possession of interior lines is an advantage measured in terms of *time*, and is an advantage in mobility alone, we can appreciate in how very high a degree the present phase of the war in the Levant, properly handled, favours the Allies.

The Allies at this moment possess in that field of action (defining the Levant as the countries bordering the Eastern Mediterranean) three formidable elements of advantage in mobility, each one of which gives them the possession of interior lines: that is, the power of concentrating at any point of action with greater mobility than the enemy.

These three factors are:—

- (1) Configuration of the coast.
- (2) The monopoly of sea communication.
- (3) The lack of homogeneity and the lack of good communications upon the enemy's exterior lines.

The following Sketch IV will show what I mean.

(1) A mere glance at the outline of the Eastern Mediterranean shows that if that Sea from the Straits of Otranto to the shores of Syria be

If you merely drew the position of the Russian armies on the map in the earlier phase of the war you saw them occupying a great bow from East Prussia to the Carpathians, as on the line A A A on Sketch II, and faced by German and Austrian forces as along the line B B B; the situation nearly, but not exactly, corresponding to the old political frontier which bulged out between Russian Poland and the German and Austrian Empire. But the Russians did not possess "interior lines" at all, as they appeared to do upon the map, because their communications were so unsuited to concentration. If, instead of considering the curve of the forces, you were to consider the nature of the communications,



regarded as the field of operations of the Allies; while all the shaded portion up to the Suez Canal be regarded as the enemy field of operation, the Allies possess in mere geographical outline a very high example of interior lines. If we appreciate that action between the two opponents must develop near the sea-coast (where it is emphasised by a thicker line) we see at once the relatively short distances through which an Allied concentration must pass, compared with those through which an enemy concentration must pass. An enemy going right round by land to attempt an attack upon the Suez Canal, for instance, or, profiting by the British concentration against such an attack, attempting another surprise movement elsewhere, has the immensely long exterior lines through the shaded portion alone open to him. The Allies have the far shorter lines across the sea from coast to coast.

(2) If there were no more than this element it would already be a serious advantage. But there is again the fact that these interior communications are communications *by sea*.

There are indeed modern conditions under which a communication by sea, in spite of the great tonnage of modern shipping and the certitude of arrival within fairly exact limits of delay, is inferior in mobility to communications by land. Where there is poor wharfage accommodation at few ports, and on the land ample railway siding accommodation, ample rolling stock and a great number of double lines, there land communication has superior mobility over sea communication, even for great masses of troops. This is undoubtedly the case, for instance, with the shores of Belgium and Picardy. From the mouth of the Scheldt to the mouth of the Seine armies operating by land could concentrate their men and their

material more rapidly from one point to another than armies with communications entirely confined to the sea. But such conditions are rare. They are only found in places where the portions of the land near the sea are part of a high civilisation.

The Levant is a very conspicuous instance to the contrary. Hardly any good metalled roads, only one trunk line of railway, stand upon the one side, opposed to the indefinite power of expansion of sea communication upon the other.

From the Straits of Otranto to the Suez Canal by sea is for any individual transport at a moderate speed a matter of a hundred hours. Transport by rail and road from the same neighbourhood to the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal—even were a railway built from Palestine to the confines of Egypt—would be a matter not of a hundred hours, but of anything you like: double or treble or tenfold that time.

And as against a single railway line supplemented by no proper trunk roads, you have an indefinite amount of shipping at your disposal for the sea routes.

A force concentrating on the southern shores of Asia Minor, say near Adana, with the object of striking at the one railway the enemy possesses for his exterior communications round the Eastern Mediterranean, is, in time, only 40 hours by transport at moderate speed from the shores of Egypt. The force to be marched in opposition to it drawn round by land is four, five or six times that number of hours distant.

The same is true of an attack at any other vital point, such as the concentration of forces against the Gulf of Alexandretta, where the railway line approaches the sea. It is perhaps 50 hours from Egypt, perhaps 150 from the Adriatic,

about 100 from Salonika. And all these routes of concentration by sea are far more rapid in mere time apart from the actual conditions of land transport in that region. That is, even if the railway were of the best quality, even if the land were well supplied with petrol vehicles and rolling stock upon the railways, the sea would still have the advantage.

(3) This leads me to my third point. As a matter of fact, land communication in the Levant is quite peculiarly handicapped.

There is, what we have already remarked, the handicap of only one railway. That railway is not continuous. Further, it is broken in gauge at one point, though this may be remedied later. Good roads are very nearly absent, and on the top of all this you have the lack of homogeneity in the ground. All the North-western part at A—the Balkans—is a mass of mountains. Communications over the plateau (B) of Asia Minor is easier, but there are the great mountain ranges at C and D. There is the desert at D.

Put together all these points and it is clear that the situation of the Allies in the Near East, that is upon the coast of the Levant, presents a case of possession of interior lines almost unique in military history.

RELATIVE STRENGTHS.

But having reached that conclusion, certain other considerations arise which must be carefully noted, if we are neither to overestimate the advantage here described nor to misunderstand it.

In the first place, while the field of operations is for the Allies essentially subsidiary, it is for one of the parties to the enemy group of primary importance. It is of primary importance to the Turkish Empire. To which fact must be added the further fact that the Allies, though now superior in men and in munitions to the enemy, particularly upon the main western front, have no indefinitely large margin of men to spare for subsidiary operations. In other words, the possession of interior lines in this region, which would be of importance if it were the only theatre of war and if the two forces were there numerically equal, is modified by the fact that the enemy will in this region almost certainly have for months to come a numerical superiority, and that his forces there engaged will not be called elsewhere.

The Bulgarian and Turkish bodies combined, even with but small Austro-German additions, working all around the Eastern Mediterranean upon such a point as the front before Salonika to such a point as the front of the Suez Canal, though immensely handicapped by their exterior position will, when their equipment is complete, count more presumably in men and in material than will the Allies (as at present acting) in the same field.

It may further be noted, though it is not a point to insist upon too heavily, that of the allies one only, Great Britain, is here seriously menaced. I say it is not a point to insist upon too much because the cause of the Allies is manifestly one, and a heavy blow delivered at this country would be equally delivered at the resisting power of France, Italy and Russia.

Another point to be remembered is that though we do possess the great advantage of interior lines in the Levant our ultimate bases, our manufactories and our accumulated stores are very far distant. They are, for our own forces, more than a fortnight away, taking the average of

steam, and that Power which is most immediately concerned with security in the Levant, Great Britain, is also that one of the Allies most distant from the scene of operations.

Another modification of the position is the presence of the submarine in Levantine waters. That is a point which I must leave to my colleague who deals with naval matters in this paper, but the experience which has been before everyone in the last few weeks is sufficient to show that this factor is not decisive. Ships and stores have been lost through submarine activity, but in so small a proportion compared with the vast amount of coming and going in men and materials, that it has not, hitherto, at least, seriously modified the control of sea communications upon which all this argument is founded.

One last consideration seems to me of especial moment. It is obvious enough and has been mentioned (a little timidly perhaps) in various sections of the Allied press. It will bear repetition.

Any strategic position wherein fate has given the advantage of mobility to one side is only of value if a moral element be present for the use of this mobility. And that moral element is *Unity of Command*. It is no good having *three days'* advantage over my enemy in the capacity of rapidly concentrating troops upon a particular point if I am condemned to spend *a week* in arguing the matter before starting. It is even true that mobility is a snare rather than an aid when unity of command is lacking. The very fact that you know that you can in the last resort move more quickly than your enemy tempts you to negotiation and delays if unity of command be lacking. Just as an undecided and unpunctual person is more likely to miss his train, if he has a motor car to a distant station than if he is compelled to walk—because he has always at the back of his mind the idea that a very rapid move at the last moment is open to him—so a higher command which knows that in the last resort it has rapid means of communication open to it, will, if divided, only the more tend to delay.

To say that unity of command is vital does not mean that its absence necessarily connotes disagreement, but what it does *always* and necessarily connote is difficulty and therefore delay in co-ordination. Even if no time is lost in discussion from lack of unity of command, time is lost from the necessity of co-ordinating the plans of A with the plans of B, when A and B have an equal authority.

In plain English the advantage now enjoyed by the Allies in the Levant, and it is for the moment very considerable, is directly conditioned upon the control of that advantage lying in one will. Lacking this all the advantage is thrown away.

THE SIX FRONTS.

Of the six fronts, actual or threatened, upon which the great war for the moment turns (1) the French, (2) the Italian and the (3) Russian, the (4) Balkan, the (5) Syrian and the (6) Mesopotamian) only one has in the news of the last week shown any movement worth recording. One has produced a political result (that of the Balkan in the matter of Montenegro): one has been the scene of very great activity (the Southern Russian front) but without any corresponding fluctuations of line. Only the last, the Mesopotamian which, for all the exiguity of the forces

engaged is of high interest, has shown some development. It may be well to summarise the news of the various fronts, concluding with this last one upon the Tigris.

(1) THE WESTERN FRONT DURING THE WEEK.

Upon the Western front there has been no change. The only remarkable feature in the week's communiqués being the long range firing of the heavy artillery on the Allied side. This practice has done some damage in the French town of Lens behind the German lines and shells have also been dropped at long range on to Lille. The enemy has given out in his official communiqués that the shells killed and wounded such and such a number of civilians. It is remarkable that the authorities in this country have not explained to the public the meaning of this long-distance fire; its contrast with recent enemy long-distance fire and the reason that the enemy emphasises the loss (if they are telling the truth) of French civilian life.

The enemy some months ago against Dunkirk and the other day against Nancy has delivered shell at extreme ranges, unaimed and designed only for moral effect upon the civilian population. In each of these cases he has emplaced a gun very securely with apparently no freedom of movement and aimed to drop a shell somewhere in a dense centre of population. In each case his gun thus used after a fashion really puerile, has been discovered and destroyed. The enemy apparently imagines that a few large shells dropped indiscriminately in a considerable town will coerce the French or the English towards peace. It is a complete misunderstanding of the nature of this war. It is on a par with the silly air raids upon London, which do not advance the enemy's military objects by the smallest fraction.

The Allied long-distance fire is obviously not designed to terrorise the friendly population of a French town. *It is designed to interfere with enemy communications.* It does interfere with enemy communications badly. Hence the enemy's official news about unfortunate wounded civilians. It is directed to destroy depots, railway junctions and sidings. It is not delivered at random at extreme range by fixed guns, but with calculation at a particular range and aimed. The more the enemy tells us that it is hurting our friends the more may we be certain that we are interfering with his transport.

For the rest the only other news upon the Western front has been the check of an enemy attack in the open Champagne country east of Rheims and west of Argonne. It was delivered with about three divisions and was checked with very heavy loss because it exposed itself at one critical moment to the full sweep of the French field artillery. It cannot have been intended for anything but a local offensive of the sort to which the enemy is compelled if he is to maintain his lines in spite of his anxiety for men. He lost a considerable number of prisoners—how many the French have not told us—and he did nothing. That it was the beginning of any offensive on a large scale is not credible. Such an experiment in the West may come from the enemy before the end of the winter. It is more likely to come later.

(2) THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Upon this front the only event of the past week has been the re-occupation of the trenches just out-

side Oslavia by our Allies. The position has nothing determining about it at all, as would have, for instance, a similar short advance upon the Podgora ridge, but it has shown the incapacity here of the enemy to hold even a short captured section for more than a day or two against a counter-offensive. Along all this front Austria is hanging on with just a minimum of troops. They are very good troops, carefully chosen; the best she has. It is, paradoxically enough, an expensive policy in men for it puts your line to a heavy strain. It is a gamble upon the war's not lasting more than three or four months more, for we know that Austria is drafting in continually numbers out of proportion to her permanent strength upon this front. Her very high proportion of loss here is due to the weight, number and excellence in handling of the Italian heavy artillery, which stands very high indeed as an arm, and behind which is all the intensive mechanical power of modern Lombardy directed against a front, the Isonzo front, even shorter than the British front in Flanders.

(3) THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

Upon the Russian front the cessation of our Ally's advance which was taken for granted in these columns last week and the week before, was clearly marked in the present week. It is due, as was pointed out in these columns, to the fact that upon a front of less than 300 miles, with many interruptions due to the nature of the ground, the enemy has men sufficient to hold a line of trenches which, though not actually continuous, forms a virtually continuous defence. To force such a line we know from the whole experience of this war that nothing will suffice, save a concentration of heavy artillery and its extremely immobile munitionment. Now such a concentration in a period of alternate frost and thaw and over a country without hard roads is impossible, for it depends nowadays upon motor traction. What the Russian effort has done has been strategically and generally to compel a concentration of enemy forces just when the enemy most wanted to spare men for the Balkans. It has had a *political* effect within the enemy's territory and perhaps upon the politicians of Roumania. Tactically and locally it has cleared the enemy from the eastern bank of the Strypa, it has established a firm bridgehead at Chartoriysk, and it has occupied the heights which overlook Czernowitz from a few miles eastward. It has thus established a straight line north and south from the Pripet marshes to the Roumanian frontier, and there it has halted.

(4) THE BALKAN FRONT.

Upon the Balkan front nothing strategical has developed during the week. Politically we have had the arranged surrender of official Montenegro to the enemy. Strategically this means nothing whatsoever, beyond what we knew last week, that with the capture of Lovtchen Montenegro was overrun. Such of its few thousands as are free to join the remnant of the Serbian Army towards the sea will join it. The event is of no importance to the campaign as a whole.

(5) THE SYRIAN FRONT.

From what may be called the Syrian front, which is as yet potential, that is, the menace to Egypt, nothing has been reported. Air reconnaissance informs us that no railway work has yet been even begun or apparently so much as

surveyed in the desert of Et-tih—and we are already nearing the end of January!

(6) THE MESOPOTAMIAN FRONT.

The Mesopotamian front, though concerned with very small numbers, is of acute interest in this country, has a considerable political significance in the East, and therefore deserves a fairly full analysis.

A British Expeditionary force, which may be called a division in strength, but which was supported by auxiliaries, after advancing to the neighbourhood of Bagdad up the Tigris and fighting successfully at Ctesiphon, found itself in the presence of very large forces, and fell back a week's march down the Tigris to the point where the Shatt-al-Gharaf comes in to the main river. This junction is called the "Kut," or fort, of Amara. The British force here entrenched itself on the northern or left bank of the Tigris, controlling also the further southern bank. The Turks cut it off upstream (as along the line B on Sketch V) and downstream (as along the line C) and the original British Expeditionary Force against Bagdad was thus isolated. A relieving force was meanwhile coming up the river Tigris from the Sea. On the 7th of this month it fought a successful action at the point of Sheik Sa-ad, between 25 and 30 miles east of the beleagured position of Kut El-Amara, and, down stream, perhaps something under 50 miles. It must clearly be understood that the Turkish forces thus beaten and forced back along the Tigris by the relieving force were only screens thrown out (as along the lines 1, 2, and 3 upon Sketch V.) to fall back to some main position where the real test would come. Their retirement has nothing decisive about it and is no definite point in our favour. The Turkish bodies hitherto met are, at such a distance from their main business (the containment of the British force at Kut) only bodies of observation.

In the following week, that is, up to the last few days, the relieving British force advanced along the river as far as the point G, which is marked by the ruins of Orah. There it dispersed yet another stand made by the Turkish army of

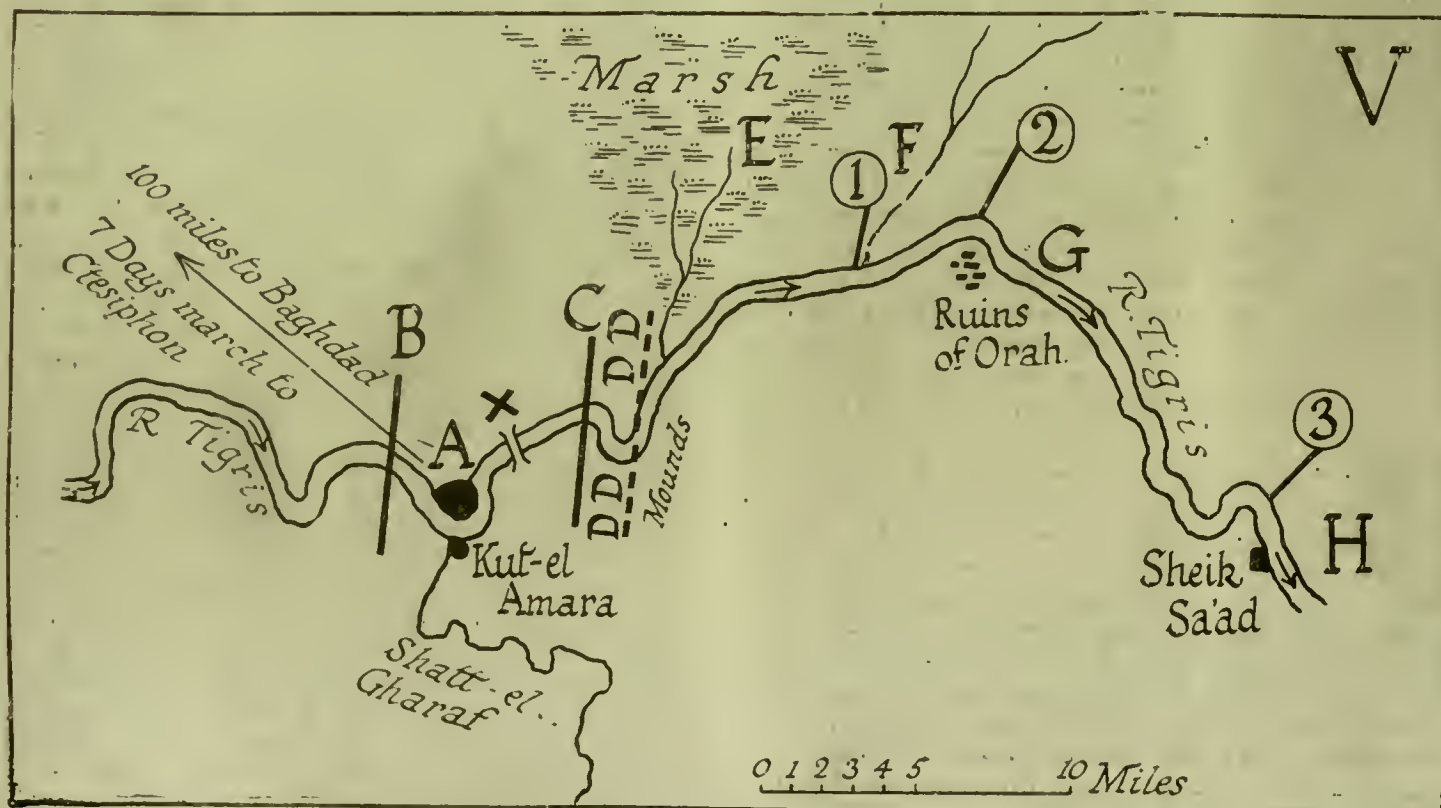
observation, and it has in the last few days advanced up to the Wady, or watercourse (a gully in the dry season, marked upon Sketch V by the letter F). Meanwhile the Turkish army of observation, which in retirement lost prisoners and guns, has fallen back to the main position.

There lies north of the river Tigris at this point, and, between it and the frontier mountains of Persia, a vast expanse of salt marsh, impassable in this wet season, and in the dry season a huge flat of salt. It is in shape a wedge, the apex of which comes down to the Tigris. It is marked upon Sketch V with the letter E.

Now here is a position. From the marsh there flows towards the Tigris a stream, its line is continued by the bend of the river. Beyond the river to the south are certain mounds. From the marsh, therefore, southward, there is a continuous line (marked upon sketch V with the letters D D D) which may be held against the force advancing from the east. This is that position upon which the main Turkish army has now retired, and there it is awaiting the advance of the British relieving force still advancing up river. The relieving force is a small one. It has a numerically superior enemy in front of it. It has the advantage that it comes up the river fully equipped, especially with bridging materials which the enemy lacks. The British can operate on either bank of the stream. The Turks are under difficulties in crossing from the northern bank. The old bridge of boats which once existed at the point X on Sketch V has been removed by the British at Kut-el-Amara. The passage of the Tigris, rapid at this season and broad at this lower portion of its course, is thus a capital element in the situation, and the power of the British relieving force to fight on either side of the obstacle at will is an advantage. But the advantage in numbers is, as I have said, upon the other side.

We shall be assured in the next few days of the effort of this relieving force coming up the Tigris to force the main Turkish position along D D D and to relieve the original British force which lies cut off at A.

H. BELLOC.



NAVAL DIPLOMACY.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

THE contents of the von Papen papers have very obvious lessons for America. Their seizure has no less obvious lessons for us. We can leave it to our cousins across the water to draw their own inferences from events which are no longer novel, but of which we have now supplied them with further and quite convincing proof. It is not for us to tell them what to do in such a situation. But we shall be fools if we do not see and learn our own lesson from this event.

For a second time in the siege of Germany we have completely outwitted the enemy—and outwitted him not in war, but in diplomacy. He asked for a safe conduct for an emissary already unwelcome in America and he got it. But he did not ask for a safe conduct for the emissary's letters and passbooks, and he is furious that he has not been given what he omitted to beg. Readers of the White Paper published a few weeks ago will remember that prominent amongst the measures that enabled us to get neutral shipping companies to observe our limits on neutral imports, was making the use of our world-wide coaling stations by such companies dependent upon their compliance with our wishes. Now, neither this measure nor the seizure of poor von Papen's cheque-book, were combative acts of the ordinary kind. They were mere examples of intelligence in perceiving our advantages and of resolution in using them to the utmost in negotiation. They are examples of a kind of skill we should more often expect amongst barristers, solicitors and diplomatists than amongst soldiers and sailors. What is significant is this: The credit of both of these acts is due to naval officers. Their minds were stimulated by war-sense to perceive the importance of things the civilian diplomatist might have overlooked. Incidentally they show how many sided is naval training, how varied the attainments and proficiencies which the seaman, in the ordinary course of his very exacting profession, acquires.

What is more to the point at the moment is this. I fear I have for many weeks now wearied my readers by reiterating that the siege of Germany is the principal naval operation of the moment. A sea siege obviously cannot be carried on without touching, if not on the rights, at any rate on the convenience of neutrals. And dealing with neutrals in matters of this kind is, in times of peace, a purely diplomatic affair. Where we have gone altogether wrong over our siege is that because it incidentally involved dealing diplomatically with neutrals, and consequently correspondence and negotiation, which as a matter of form, must go through the Foreign Office, we have treated the whole siege *as if it were a diplomatic, and not a war measure*. This is the initial mistake of the whole thing, and I recall it to the reader's attention now, primarily to remind him that, looking at the thing purely diplomatically, our two greatest diplomatic siege successes have been originated and engineered by naval officers.

Does this not rather encourage one to suppose that the thing would gain in vigour and efficiency—and consequently accelerate the effect so impatiently awaited—if we pushed the principle a little

further and reversed the rôles which the Admiralty and Foreign Office are now playing? The siege is admittedly an operation of war, and necessarily involves diplomacy. But the diplomacy is a secondary matter. Why should not the siege be in Admiralty hands and the diplomats be subordinate to the seamen? A much respected correspondent reproaches me that in this matter I am agitating to inflict a humiliation upon Sir Edward Grey! Sir Edward, he points out to me, is the one statesman in Europe whose clearness of view from the beginning, and integrity of conduct throughout, have ensured the moral judgment of the world being on the Allied side. We must, he reminds me, look on present events as continuous with what has gone before, and as continuous with what will follow after. It will be no gain to us in the end to finish the war more swiftly if it means any weakening of that reputation for high principle and honour which we have successfully maintained so far. To inflict a public snub upon our Foreign Secretary, undoubtedly the most eminent and most honoured of the Allied Ministers, would go far towards suggesting that Great Britain was contemplating a moral plane below that which to-day she occupies.

A FALLACIOUS ARGUMENT.

Now, with great respect, the whole of this argument seems to me to be nonsense. Let us assume in the first place that my correspondent is right, and that to take the siege out of the hands of the Foreign Office will, as a matter of fact, inflict a serious snub upon the one public man who has not lost in reputation in the last eighteen months. If by so doing we could secure an end to the war—of course, without the adoption of barbarous and inhumane methods—then certainly it would be our duty not only to ourselves but to our Allies to make this sacrifice. The last man in the world to object to this sacrifice would be Sir Edward Grey himself.

But of course no humiliation of any kind to the Foreign Secretary, and no derogation of principle would be involved in the proposal at all. The thing would not be without precedent—and that a recent one. Lord Kitchener and the War Council have had the entire provision of munitions and army supplies taken out of their hands. Why was this done? Eighteen months ago there was machinery at the War Office for dealing with these matters—a machinery which was adequate in the numbers of its personnel for the supply of the army of its then dimensions, and adequately trained to deal with the industrial conditions that then prevailed. So long as for every army contract there were ten competing manufacturers, the procedure of running army supplies was simple enough. But when the demands of the army outran the manufacturing capacity of the country, the problem of supply changed altogether. It was no longer a matter of taking the cheapest tender, but demanded state production on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. A vast experiment in state socialism had to be made, and to make this experiment an entirely new department had to be created. To the credit of all

concerned, practically every man of experience in production was willing to serve in this department regardless of his personal interest, and from those willing a selection of men of ability has given most amazing results. Has this recognition of entirely new conditions inflicted any humiliation on Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—on the Army Council, or upon the very able and devoted public servants who have put in years of excellent service at the War Office? What was in point of fact an activity in which only civilians could possibly excel seemed to be imposed by necessity on the War Office which had no training and no aptitude for it. The anomaly was frankly recognised, and simply remedied. The matter was taken from soldiers' and officials' hands and put into professional and commercial hands.

SIEGE BY SEA.

It is the reverse process that we want with regard to the siege to-day. The siege is in the hands of diplomatists and lawyers—probably the best diplomatists and the best lawyers in the world. But diplomatists and lawyers are not men of war and the siege is a work of war. Their share in the siege is real but incidental. It is vitally important, but it is subordinate. The policy of the siege should be settled by the Cabinet, and its conduct decided by the Navy. Of course the Navy will need the help of the diplomatists and the lawyers in the framing of their measures, and in the conduct of negotiations.

Throughout this difficult business—and it would be the blackest ingratitude to the Foreign Office not to recognise the enormous extent to which the skill of its diplomacy has reduced the difficulties, narrowed the field of controversy and introduced an enormously higher efficiency into the siege—it certainly looks as if the main strength of the Allied position had hardly been used to the full. This main strength, of course, is that *vis a vis* both to America and the other neutrals, the moral position of the Allies is unassailable, and the moral position of Germany indefensible. Germany's crimes against America call to Heaven, if not to Washington, for vengeance. To murder American citizens upon the high seas was bad enough. To do it in face first of American protest, then of American prayers, and finally of American threats, was to add the most humiliating kind of insults to the most monstrous kind of injury. To intrigue against the sovereignty of the American Government by stirring up disorder, organising the slaughter of peaceful citizens by explosions, and wrecking bridges and waterworks—surely these would have been bad enough if they had been conducted by secret agents of Berlin, whose crimes at any rate could have been decently disowned. But to do these things by the representatives accredited by the Emperor to the President of the United States, was surely to show a cynicism of contempt unparalleled since Gondomar terrified James I. into cutting off Sir Walter Raleigh's head! For reasons which seemed good to the American Government, it has submitted—not without a murmur—but without a blow to this treatment. What apparently our Government fail to realise is that this submission makes it quite impossible for America actively to resent it, if we take the punishment of Germany into our own hands. Such indirect injury as we have done to American trade by a logical enforcement of the siege is relatively trivial. It is not as if American trade in bulk had

diminished. It has grown vastly. And remember that this trade has been protected the world over, *not by the American, but by the British Fleet.*

There is but one weakness in our position. This is, that the siege of Germany is carried out, not by the Allies as a body, but by Great Britain alone, and not under a blockade, but under an Order in Council, the legal validity of which can manifestly be questioned. Surely it should not need much resolution to take the requisite steps for putting the whole thing on to an impregnable basis. Let me tabulate once more what these steps seem to be.

(1) The siege of Germany must be by blockade and not under an Order in Council.

(2) It must be a blockade proclaimed jointly by all the Allies.

(3) The main conduct of the siege should be in the hands of the British Admiralty, as agent of the Allies.

(4) The Board must be strengthened by the addition of war-trained officers from the fleet, so that the best naval brains may be available for this work.

(5) So far as the siege involves the necessary negotiations or communication with neutrals, the Foreign Office and diplomatists should conduct these negotiations, but acting on Admiralty instructions.

(6) The import of ALL goods beyond the average consumption of the neutral countries in previous years, or not intended for our Allies, should be prohibited *absolutely*.

MOUNT LOVTCHEN.

The Italians, and particularly the Italian seamen, have been somewhat severely criticised for allowing Mount Lovtchen to fall into the hands of Austria. The unconditional surrender of Montenegro is the dramatic sequel to this victory. It is clear that the strategic importance of the stronghold in question was not exaggerated. But with great respect, the defence of Mount Lovtchen does not seem to me to be primarily a naval question at all. We do not know the details of the operation by which it was captured, but I should think it exceedingly doubtful that the Austrian Dreadnoughts were of material assistance. At any rate it was quite certain that, as far as this capture was due to artillery, the heavy Austrian howitzers could have done the work just as well as the naval guns. Even if the artillery of the *Viribus Unitis*, of the *Prince Eugen*, or the *Tegethof* helped materially, it was doubtful if such help was in any case necessary.

If we assume that it was necessary, and therefore it was a matter vital to the safety of Montenegro that the Austrian Dreadnoughts should have been prevented from taking part in this operation, there were clearly but two ways open. One was to prevent this squadron entering the Bocche di Cattaro, the other to destroy them when they were inside. But the whole Dalmatian coast from Pola almost to Cattaro is veiled by a strung-out archipelago of islands, so that of the three hundred mile journey there is nowhere more than fifty miles—at the outside three hours' steaming—that need be done in open water. To have prevented the Austrian Dreadnoughts from reaching Cattaro then, the Italian Navy would have been compelled either to hold the whole series of passages between these islands in force, or to have maintained a close blockade of the mouth

of the Cattaro harbour. Neither of these operations is exceedingly simple. Indeed the problems presented are far more serious than those which the Grand Fleet would have to face if told to make it impossible for the German Fleet to indulge in their rare but quite safe little outings in the North Sea. Once past the entrance, and anchored opposite the town of Cattaro in the inner harbour, the Austrian Fleet would be at least 11,000 yards away in a direct line from the nearest point of the coast. To bombard them would present problems of almost incredible difficulty. Nothing in our experience of the Dardanelles justifies us in the hope that this bombardment could have been made effective. I am saying this without having verified the actual heights of the intervening hills. I leave out of account altogether the third course, that the Italians might have seized Cattaro by destroying the forts and forcing an entrance. Again nothing in our own experience in the bombarding or amphibious line justifies us in supposing that this was a feasible operation.

HONOURS TO SEAMEN.

Perhaps it is late to comment on the Honours List, but there were reasons for postponing its discussion. It is, of course, quite without precedent that 44 naval officers should be decorated all at one time, and I think I am right in adding, that never before has a large number of honours gone simultaneously to the Navy in this way, unless the services all arose from the same and those recent events. In this instance many old debts have been paid off. Lord Charles Beresford's peerage is a belated acknowledgment that on many points of naval policy he had warned us in vain for years, and had to wait for war to vindicate the rightness of his foresight. All ranks of the Navy, and the service as a whole, lose by this elevation their only spokesman in the House of Commons. It certainly will be a most fortunate matter if Sir Hedworth Meux succeeds him at Portsmouth. When Prince Louis retired from the Board in November last, a very large section of the Navy hoped, but without expecting, that Admiral Meux would succeed him. He is one of the few men whom everyone in the Navy would accept as the best possible exemplar of a service in which two principles compete—thoroughness in the mastery of professional accomplishments and knowledge, and an ardent—and almost sentimental—regard for the loftiest principles of conduct.

Admiral Sturdee's baronetcy comes 14 months late. It is a gracious reminder of his great services at the Falkland Islands. Would it not have been more gracious had it followed hot foot on that faultlessly conducted engagement? Sir Reginald Bacon's K.C.B. preceded the publication of his most interesting despatch—a description of the work of his fleet of monitors. Fourteen naval officers, one marine officer and two naval surgeons have received knight companionships in the Orders of the Bath and of St. Michael and St. George. Seventeen Rear Admirals and post captains, one acting commander, two marine officers, three engineer officers, one fleet surgeon and one Captain R.N.R. receive companionships in these two orders. Some of the admissions and promotions to the Bath and all, except one, of those to St. Michael and St. George, are for services in the Mediterranean, the exception being that given to Captain Gaunt, whose

RAEMAEEKERS' CARTOON.

To understand Mr. Louis Raemaekers' haunting picture of the Kaiser, one must know the legend of "The Wandering Jew." The traditional episode on which it is based may be thus briefly related:—

Now when Jesus passed from the hall of judgment, He paused in the porch and would have rested. But Cartaphilus, the doorkeeper, mocked and smote him, saying "Thou shalt not rest here. Hasten on. This is no place for Thee to stay." And Jesus, turning, looked on him and said: "Presently I shall rest and have peace, but thou shalt ever wander on and never find peace."

There are variations of this version but this is the oldest. "The Wandering Jew" has been familiar in all countries of Christendom; he came into prominence in England in the thirteenth century, when he bore the name of Joseph. We next hear of him in Germany in the sixteenth century. He appeared then at Hamburg, and had assumed the name of Ahasuerus. This is the Ahasuerus whose return Raemaekers depicts. The West Indies, Italy, Belgium, Spain and France are other countries that have known him, and strange to relate in Picardy until quite recent times (possibly the saying persists even now) when a very violent storm broke over that country, the peasants would remark: "C'est le juif errant qui passe."

Germany now realises the effect which Raemaekers' cartoons are exercising on the mind and soul of civilisation, and as is natural she bullies and threatens. The "Cologne Gazette," in a leading article on Holland writes:—"After the war we will settle our accounts with you (Holland). For each calumny, for each cartoon of Raemaekers, for each insult, for each cinematograph film, for each theatrical performance which is offensive to us, we shall demand payment with the interest that is due to us."

work as naval attaché in America has been of almost unparalleled skill, tact and efficiency.

What is peculiar about this list is, that in no single instance are the services rewarded specified. In certain cases, as for instance those of Sir Michael de Robeck, Sir Sackville Carden, Sir Arthur Limpus, Sir Henry Oliver, Sir Reginald Bacon, Rear-Admiral Singer and Commodores and Captains Keyes, Hope and Greatorex, the field and manner of the services which have won honour are known to the public. As to the employment of the rest, the Navy list has long been silent; so that three-quarters of those who are selected for honours are without other public fame except such as being honoured confers! Could anything testify more eloquently to the secrecy with which the Navy must do its work? And this is a secrecy into which the public will do well not to pry. One comment seems permissible and it arises as much from the promotion list, which again is exceptionally large, as from the honours list. We all recognise that we cannot have from Sir John Jellicoe and the other Commanders-in-Chief, anything approaching to the very full, and in some cases very brilliant dispatches, as those in which the Field Marshal and Generals on land have described the operations in Flanders, France, Gallipoli and elsewhere. But clearly their full dispatches on all the

operations all over the world must exist, and as in the case of the land dispatches, these must have been accompanied by very full lists of the officers whose services have been conspicuously meritorious both in naval actions, in amphibious operations, and what is certainly not less important than either, in the maintenance of the efficiency and readiness of their squadrons, their ships and of special departments of their ships. Now in the case of land operations, not only are the dispatches published, but also the full list of those so mentioned. We have had either three or four such lists from Lord French and Sir Ian Hamilton, and the numbers of officers and men already selected for the distinction of "mentioned" runs to a great many thousands. Is there any reason why the much smaller lists of naval officers and men selected for praise by their Commanders should not be published? Large as is the number of naval honours conferred, it is exceedingly unlikely that once you have got past the highest ranks, one honour is given for every ten officers recommended. When you are dealing with promotions from Commander to Captain and from Lieutenants to Commander, it is again probable that at least three officers are recommended for every one that is fortunate enough to meet with selection. Is not the reputation these officers and men would get by the publication of their praise, theirs by right? If it is why should it be withheld? Such publication involves no evasion of the secrecy which we all admit to be necessary to naval operations.

That forty-four naval names should be included in one honours' list is, as I have said, unprecedented, and the comment has been made that it is a large crop of honours for a relatively small amount of actual fighting. It is pointed out that, if military officers are to be rewarded on the same scale the number of knights would be legion. But this is surely a very illogical way of looking at things. Naval actions have a way of being decisive; in all wars the proportion of sea to land fighting is and must be small. In normal times the Army necessarily sees more actual service than the Navy, and for generations has had ten knight companionships to the Navy's one. The Navy's service must be looked on as a whole, and it must be realised that the number of naval officers eligible for the highest decorations is exceedingly small. Note also that these are the first titles conferred on naval officers since the war began. There is indeed one exception. Rear Admiral Sir Archibald Moore was gazetted to K.C.B. in August, 1914. But the honour was conferred not for his work as second in command to Sir David Beatty, but for long service at the Admiralty. Here—except for six months as flag captain in the *Dreadnought*, and another six months as Captain of the Fleet—he served, I believe, continuously from 1907 to 1914, successively as naval assistant to the First Sea Lord, as Director of Naval Ordnance, as Controller and as Third Sea Lord.

Indeed, far from the Navy's receiving too many honours, it is obvious that it receives far too few, and partly because the flow of honours is arbitrarily restricted by the rule that no officer of the rank of post captain can receive a knight companionship. Now there are only 94 officers on the active list above the rank of captain, and of these, the three Admirals of the Fleet are seldom if ever employed, and even in time of war a large proportion of the full, Vice, and Rear Admirals

have to be without posts. For obvious reasons many commands which are of equal importance to many Rear Admirals' commands, are given to officers of junior rank because of their proved ability and genius for leadership. The greater part of the operations of the Heligoland Bight for instance, were under the personal command of Captain Reginald Tyrwhitt serving as Commodore in command of light cruisers and destroyers. In the fifth and last of his engagements on that historic day he was relieved of the attentions of the German cruiser Mainz by another light cruiser squadron commanded by another post captain, Commodore Goodenough. Again keeping to this operation only, remember that it was only made possible by the extensive and very astonishing reconnaissance which the submarines had carried out, and they too had been under the command of a third post Captain, Commodore Roger Keyes. It would be easy to multiply the instances in which captains have acted on their own as senior naval officers, either of considerable bodies of ships or in command of extensive operations. The case of Captain Cyril Fuller on the African Coast is an obvious instance. Nor should the vastly responsible staff work at Whitehall, now carried on by Captains be forgotten. Whatever the table of relative military and naval precedence may say, not only is work of this kind far more comparable to that which in the Army is discharged by men whose rank entitles them to knight companionships, but it is really open to question whether the colossal multiplication of responsibility which the increase in size and power of the modern battleship has brought about does not, rightly considered, put the Captains of all the latest capital ships on a level at which it is absurd to deny them the right to a title for conspicuously meritorious service. And this suggests a further reflection.

A man who serves his country 20 years in the volunteer force is entitled to a long service decoration, a distinction which is no doubt thoroughly earned. But a man may serve 40 years with credit in the Navy and retire as Captain or Rear Admiral with no honour of any kind whatever. The honours fall to those who by good fortune or superior merit have exceptional opportunities, and to those whose agreeable personal qualities make them acceptable to the distinguished civilians who from time to time govern the Navy. But remember that no man can be promoted from lieutenant to commander and from commander to Captain and serve his due time at sea, without rendering to his country a service with which 20 years in the volunteer force cannot be compared at all. Remember that he has carried his own life, and the life of hundreds in his hands 40 years. He has been responsible for ships whose value may come to millions. It is true he may retire with the title of Captain, but a few years' service in the Army has entitled thousands of young men to such distinction as this title gives. Is it not time to recognise that, merely to reach captain's rank argues a debt from the country that should be recognised by some mark that will distinguish a man from his neighbours on public occasions? The Imperial Service Order is already conferred for years of meritorious work in the different civilian services. Service in the Navy is conspicuously imperial. Why should not every Captain receive this order on retirement?

ARTHUR POLLEN

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

IN *The Forum* of the issue before last, the present writer dealt in the manner of a devil's advocate with some British characteristics tending to hamper the effectiveness of British work. That informal commentary has brought, among other documents, two of exceptional interest: the one a letter of protest against the doctrine of "finishing the screw-driver," the other a fantastic little book, beautifully printed and boldly illustrated, with the title of *The Devil's Devices*,* sent by its author. It is not likely to be a coincidence that the writer of the letter is the illustrator of the book. But though it may be prudent to be on one's guard against such amiable little conspiracies in the future, and to beware of establishing awkward precedents, the writer of these comments gladly confesses that he would have been sorry to have missed the wit and wisdom of *The Devil's Devices*, and is happy to have the opportunity of introducing it to readers of this page.

The burden of both letter and book is that efficiency and organisation are—the Devil. The assumption of both correspondents was that "efficiency and organisation" were the chief and only gods set up for worship in the commentary under discussion.

Says the writer of the letter:—"May I point out that there is a real case against finishing the screw-driver as anyone who has used specialised tools well knows: Whatever may be the state of affairs in factories (the further extension of the methods suitable to which would be a doubtful good), the tool which will do only one job and that only in one way is a nuisance and an extravagant nuisance." But can this position be reasonably maintained? Is it not really the result of the craftsman's bias against any threatening of the hand-worker's primitive processes? Such a bias is eminently justifiable in the case of such monstrosities as machine carving and the various faketments and imitations to which the machine is prostituted in modern production. But a very clear distinction needs drawing between work which the machine does as well as or better than the man, and that which the man does better than the machine.

To return to screw-driving: After all the screw is itself a machine. Even the most primitive screw-driver must be a tool more or less specially adapted for the purpose of driving screws, and can only have a quite secondary, and as one is inclined to think, misapplied usefulness in opening packing-cases or as a weapon of offence. Indeed, this plea against specialised tools is hard to understand. No craftsman does, in actual fact, use a chisel for screw-driving, nor does one cut the pages of a book with one's razor. If the ratcheted, semi-automatic screw-driver does in fact drive screws as well as the primitive tool, who or what in the world is the worse if it drives them quicker? If the improved angle of its blades drives them better,

is there anything but gain? Indeed, if an absolutely automatic screw-driving machine were economically profitable, there could be no possible objection to its adoption, or at any rate no possible way of preventing its adoption. There is no logical position save that of going back to the wooden dowel—if that indeed be logical!

For what the writer of the letter really means is that he regrets the whole development of the machine era. But no solution of our problems can ever be sound which ignores the facts of our actual environment. We are not, nor are likely ever to find ourselves in reformed *Erewhon* where the wise folk, seeing the mastery which the machines threatened to acquire over men, broke them all and made it a crime to invent one. Only such a solution as accepts the actual, substantial and irrevocable facts of our day, which tries to eradicate certain obvious weaknesses and make certain practicable improvements within the general lines of what we had best call our development rather than our progress, is worthy of attention. The rest is crying for the moon.

It does indeed seem a much more reasonable because a more practicable proposition to hold that a machine should be contrived to do *everything* that it can do better and quicker than a man, and that the line of advance of the man should be to provide himself with the leisure and the education and to develop the healthful energy necessary to create those things which it is certain that the machine can never create. Such things, for instance, as works of art, which only the unreflective consider to be of secondary importance in life.

To a certain extent the artist can and should even capture and control the machine. This is quite obvious, for instance, in the case of printing. It still remains true that the more closely the craftsman is in touch with the machine and the more direct the process, the more personality can be got into the reproduced picture. For instance, hand-inked and hand-pulled lithographs are of a finer artistic quality than any printed on the most accurate machine with mechanically distributed ink and perfect impression. But very tolerable results are produced by purely mechanical printing processes. The lithograph remains a good example because there does not arise the controversial question as to the iniquity or otherwise of photo-mechanical engraving. If the original lithograph be beautiful in design and rich in colour, all but those most subtle *nuances*, which rightly have value for the instructed connoisseur, will be retained by skilled mechanical printing.

The application of this can be made very obviously to extend to furniture. If a table is rightly planned, machine sawing, planing and mortising, with only the final fitting and finishing performed by the craftsman, will produce more quickly and more economically a thing as useful, and all but as beautiful as one that is worked throughout by hand. This matter is more significant than might at first appear. It is unquestionable that the English craftsman of the later decades of the nineteenth century, who inspired

* "The Devil's Devices," or "Control versus Service," by Douglas Pepler, with woodcuts by Eric Gill. Published at the Hampshire House workshops, Hammersmith. 1915.

the crafts revival in America and Germany, always committed the fault of holding aloof from the machine. They always assumed that the machine-made article was radically bad; when the fact is, that it may be either good or bad. It is the planning and the treatment that matter. When they might have designed, advised, controlled, our craftsmen maintained a detached superiority. They might have saved our manufacturers from producing shopfuls of "artistic" horrors.

Which leads me to the second indictment of my correspondent—perhaps I may be allowed for the occasion to put aside the formal solemnity of impersonality—namely that I claim that the Germans have honoured the prophets of our household whom we have preferred to leave unrecognised. Well, it is simply true. The doctrine preached by MORRIS and developed by PROFESSOR LETHABY of honest intention in manufacture, has been seized upon in Germany and put to excellent use. Perhaps I may be allowed in explanation to quote what I have written elsewhere. This doctrine "steers us past all such mistakes as making wall-paper to represent tiles, or linoleum to simulate parquet work; plaster pilasters or iron mantel-shelves to look like marble; deal doors grained like—well, like nothing actually on earth, but alleged to be like oak; transparent paper to imitate stained glass, and a score of other such imbecilities.

"If you want a biscuit box you really ought not to make it look like a bag of golf clubs, or six volumes of Shakespeare, or a Chippendale cabinet—all current examples. Such monstrosities make thoroughly bad boxes. Design your box frankly for what it is meant to be, a receptacle to hold sweets or biscuits; decorate it gaily with an amusing pattern, bold or delicate as your fancy dictates, and your biscuit box may become really a thing of beauty, and long after its contents are consumed may serve as a work-box or tea-caddy that a princess might be content to use. You will find, as is common in such returns to sanity, you have also decreased the cost of manufacture."

The Germans have had the imagination to apply on these lines the admirable maxims which were made in England by the Arts and Crafts fellowship. On the other hand, as I wrote, "the history of modern British commerce is largely the history of lost opportunity and lack of imagination." To make his point that the German passion for organisation and efficiency has run amok with disastrous results, my correspondent has added the gloss of "and art" after the word "commerce." But I deliberately refrained in this connection from speaking of art, that desperately controversial thing. Art certainly cannot be organised! But I see no serious danger in a wide application or adaptation of the principles of honest craftsmanship to manufacture.

"The history of modern German commerce and art is largely the history of opportunities seized and exploited with an even greater lack of imagination," retorts the critic. Yet I think we need to concern ourselves less with these Teutonic excesses than with our own defects in this matter. It may show lack of imagination to run the whole business to death by the feverish application of principles, but it surely shows less to make no attempt to apply them at all.

But let me be fair to my critic, who is not a

mere uninstructed grumbler, but a recognised authority in his craft. "It is one of the greatest difficulties—the difficulty of contending with those who imagine that because the Germans take up everything with such astonishing voracity and thoroughness, that therefore they do it well. Now the particular case of MORRIS and the English attempt to revive good printing and calligraphy is an excellent example to the contrary. The Germans' exploitation of the distinguished scribe to whom your contributor refers, their translations of his books, the institution of classes for the study and imitation of his 'style,' the foundation of factories for the production of special pens to make special lettering (just like the American screw-driver)—all these have resulted in a flood of the most abominable, sham-artistic, quasi-mediæval and utterly German lettering, which no one but a modest English journalist viewing it with eyes blurred by tears and comparing it with the smaller and wavering stream of English work, could regard as anything but a nightmare."

As to which it seems pertinent to distinguish as follows: If the books are well-written the translation can be no crime; if the classes are less for the study of the calligrapher's *style* than for the study of his *craft* through examples, which surely is a reading the facts will bear, that is well enough; if, in fact, the chief discovery of the modern English calligraphers was the old method of working with a blunt "point," and getting thicks and thins by a turn of the pen, not by pressure, then I see no fault in the manufacture of special pens capable of being used in that effective way. Nor is this of course in the very least degree 'like the American screw-driver!' From my own observation in this field, I can assert that far from merely imitating, these aggressive German traders had produced, together with much that was good, a good deal more of the rather deplorable, clumsy, "utterly German" lettering. But let me repeat, we need not be concerned with their failures. Their general attitude shows a willingness to learn, to exploit if you will. If my eyes are blurred by tears, it is because (in general, and) in particular with regard to the honourable craft of printing, with which I have some special acquaintance, it is rare in England to find a master printer who knows or cares anything about the history or high tradition of his manufacture, which is still so nearly a craft.

Naturally all this has more significance to those practical men who are quite reasonably intent upon "capturing German trade" than to artist-craftsmen, whose detachment is, as one is glad to confess with respect, one of their fine qualities. But I will hazard this conclusion: avoid the German excesses in this matter; recognise that there are limits to the exploitation of craftsmen in manufacture; but recognise also that there is a distinct and important function that they should be allowed or induced to fulfil, and that there are definite principles by which the course of manufacture, the reproduction of articles in bulk according to pattern, should be controlled. In general the English craftsmen have failed by undue detachment as the manufacturers have failed by indifference. The matter of the *Devil's Devices*, and the more general case against efficiency and organisation must be held over till the next issue.

CAPTURING GERMAN TRADE.

By Arthur Kitson.

MUCH time, energy and money are being expended in the laudable endeavour to get our merchants and manufacturers to realise the unique opportunity presented by the War for capturing much of the trade hitherto enjoyed by our Enemy. The Board of Trade has opened a department for furnishing useful information regarding foreign markets, our Consuls are beginning to send reports of foreign wants and conditions:

The British manufacturer has been severely lectured and criticised for his lack of enterprise, for his refusal to adopt new methods, his conservatism and general thick-headedness. No doubt much of this is well deserved. The foreign agent, anxious to supply British goods, has shed many a bitter tear over the stupidity of the Briton who argues that because his manufactures are recognised as satisfactory in his own country, they should therefore be good enough for the foreigner. His refusal to understand or to try to understand the foreign want has cost this country dearly. But when all this is admitted there remains much that requires further elucidation.

Great Britain in the past has been easily the first and leading industrial power. Her early inventors, the enterprise of her capitalists and merchants, the skill and perseverance of her artisans made this land the world's home of industry. For over a century we reigned supreme in the Industrial World until we began to find ourselves challenged first by the United States and then by Germany.

New Competition.

The advent of American and German competition has however, entirely changed the character and methods of trade. Since the days when Richard Cobden preached his gospel of the civilising and pacific influences of trade, trade methods have undergone a complete revolution. Far from being pacific, modern trade involves a merciless system of warfare. It is war to the knife, in which the financially weak must succumb to the financially strong. Nowadays business success requires something more than brains and more than skill. Success is usually on the side of the big bank account. Finance has become more and more the dominating factor in the international trade warfare which has been waged with such determination and ruthlessness during the past thirty-five or forty years. And it is this particular factor which is never referred to in all the literature which the authorities are distributing so generously.

A comparison of the methods by which the Germans have captured so much of the world's trade, with our own will throw a flood of light on this subject. For the past fifteen or twenty years German trade with Russia and Turkey, for example, has increased at an enormous rate. Notwithstanding the Germans are and have been personally disliked by the people of both countries—owing to their insolence, coarseness and trickiness—the Turks and Russians have found that their wants have been better supplied on more reasonable terms than by those of any other nation. The Russian dealer likes long-time credit. The German firm gives him all he demands. I have seen German bills drawn against Russian firms for terms of three, four and even five years.

Again, the German merchant not only learns and speaks the language of the country he wishes to trade with, but prints all his catalogues and price lists in the same language, and adopts the same monetary, weight, and measure units. His prices usually include delivery to the customers' doors. He distributes samples of his goods freely. He measures the character of those he deals with, and acts accordingly. He has no scruples. No Oriental politician can rival the smart Teuton salesman in matters pertaining to bribery and corruption.

But behind all this stands the German Government in the persons of the German Ambassadors and Consuls, whose duty it is to assist in every possible way the introduction and extension of German trade. No German prince, not even the Kaiser himself, has ever considered it beneath his dignity to solicit favours and privileges from

foreign Rulers on behalf of German merchants. Much of the loyalty and patriotism of the average German is directly attributable to the belief that his King and Government are interested in his particular welfare and make it one of their duties to support him in his efforts to secure success. But the chief factor in Germany's industrial success is undoubtedly its banking system.

German Bankers.

The German banker understands that his chief and most important client is his own countryman, and he stands ready to assist him to the best of his ability. The German manufacturer, inventor, merchant, tradesman, agriculturist and producer generally, have little difficulty in securing whatever financial support they require, provided, of course, they can satisfy their banker of their ability to produce and sell goods at a reasonable profit. The German banker shares in the profits of the industry he supports, and hence the holders of his bank shares do not depend upon the mere interest charges on loans. German banks are therefore part and parcel of German industries, aiding and supporting them, ready to assist in every emergency and in every industrial development which promises success.

Now, contrast all this with our British methods. The average Briton knows no language but his own—and that often imperfectly. He produces only the goods he has been accustomed to all his life and makes little or no effort to improve his methods or understand the wants of foreigners. He sends his English catalogues abroad and quotes in English currency, F.O.B. London, Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow, or some other British port. His terms are cash against documents, or so many days after receipt of invoice. There are of course, many exceptions, but I am referring to the *average* British firm. And unlike the German, he meets with little or no support from his own Government. Neither his Ambassador nor his Consul will, as a rule, move a finger to help him secure a contract or develop his foreign business. He stands absolutely alone! Not only so. Very frequently he will find his Consul addressing him in Teutonic accents. For some inscrutable reason, the British Foreign Office has, for the last half-century or more, considered that British interests in foreign ports were as safe or safer in the hands of Germans as in those of the British themselves.

British Consular Service.

In an article entitled "Consular Service Reform," published in the *Open Review* (July, 1909), Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., says: "From a long and intimate acquaintance with the methods of modern Consular Service, gathered, I may add, in every part of the world, I am firmly convinced that a more clumsily conceived or a more indifferently conducted system of Consular representation does not exist than that of Great Britain . . . Many persons who occupy the position of British Consul are 'British' neither by birth nor sentiment nor in method. . . . It was proved that throughout the great Empire (Germany), which is opposed so much to British trade and commerce, and between whose commercial representatives and ourselves has so long existed and must ever exist the keenest rivalry, nine-tenths of the Vice-Consuls are of German birth and origin." This was written, bear in mind, just five years before the war.

In addition to all these disadvantages, the British manufacturer and merchant reap no financial benefit at the hands of their banker by reason of their being British citizens. The English banking system has been extolled—mostly by the moneylending classes and foreigners—throughout the world. Viewed from the standpoint of the foreigner, there is no question that it is a wonderful institution. For it collects the savings and earnings of the British people and distributes them with the utmost impartiality to the highest bidder, whether British or foreign, all over the world. The London

banker is essentially an internationalist. He regards all nations with an entirely impartial eye. He is swayed by one motive only—namely, the determination to win big dividends with the least possible risk. If the foreign competitor requires financial accommodation and is willing to pay a higher rate of interest than the British producer (with the same security) the foreigner wins. There are dozens of German industries flourishing to-day, built up and supported by British capital. It has long been the cry of English firms that their banks offer them little or no support in the development of their businesses.

The Two Banking Systems.

The broad distinction between the British and German Banking System is that whilst the former depends for its rewards upon what the ancients termed usury (that is, payment for use), the latter depends upon production. And between these two systems a great gulf is fixed. For the one is less concerned with the industrial success of its own country than the other. It is not of such serious moment to the London banker whether British trade is dull as the decline of German trade is to the German banker, for the London banker regards the world as his oyster. If the British producer finds trade too dull to employ the bank funds profitably, there are others. The German, or American, the Canadian or Argentine merchant will be glad to employ them. Hence the dividends of our banking companies show comparatively little variation regardless of our trade conditions. But industrial depression of the Fatherland means financial depression for the German banks, and *vice-versa*. Hence it is entirely to the advantage of the German banker to assist to the best of his ability in stimulating the industrial prosperity of his own people. Our banking system deserves a chapter to itself. As a safe system for earning steady dividends for bank shareholders it stands almost unrivalled. For, as was demonstrated in August, 1914, in times of crisis it has the credit of the nation behind it without having any well-defined responsibilities thrust upon it, so that whilst the banks are allowed to reap all the profits, the nation is compelled to take the risks. There are no obligations on the part of any of our banks to render aid or facilities to any British industries whatsoever. Such help is purely optional.

As a national institution, our banking system is one of the most expensive and harassing that could possibly be devised. It taxes the British producer for the benefit of the foreigner. It compels him to provide at all times a free gold market and a fixed level for gold, chiefly for the benefit of foreign merchants. It subjects him to the most variable bank rate in the world!! It has been variously estimated that every advance of 1 per cent. in the bank rate costs this country from £50,000 to £100,000 per week!

In addition to all the advantages enumerated and possessed by the German producer, there is the further one that he is protected to a large extent from foreign competition in his home market. Every Government department in the Fatherland is forbidden to order goods from foreign firms where similar goods are purchasable in Germany. On the other hand, it has long since been the settled policy of our own Governments, Railway Companies, Municipalities and Corporations generally, to buy in the cheapest market, regardless of consequences. *What possible chance then is there for British firms to capture German trade? The answer is that there is no chance unless the conditions are completely changed.*

Before the War.

Prior to the war, the man or firm who made such an attempt, soon discovered that he was fighting not merely a German competitor but—the entire German nation. And just as many of the small shopkeepers have been driven out by the great departmental stores, just as the small producer has been wiped out by the Trust and Combine, so many of our manufacturer and merchants have found successful competition with German houses—backed as they are by all the strength of the German Government—impossible! Since the war started, many instances have come to our knowledge of enemy firms having been guaranteed certain dividends by their Government, provided they used every effort

to oust rival nations from foreign markets. These firms were even advised to offer goods below cost, until all competitors were driven out, such losses being made good by the State.

Again, the interest of the German authorities in every branch of industry is illustrated by their policy of furnishing gratuitous help to German inventors and discoverers. Take, for example, the glass industry. Heat-resisting glass is a comparatively modern discovery, and was practically a German monopoly when the war started. The story of the rise of this industry was told me by a German professor of Jena some years ago. Two professors of the University of that town stumbled upon a method of manufacturing glass which could withstand both high and low temperatures without breaking. Recognising the value of their discovery they applied to the Government for financial assistance, and it is said the Government immediately responded with a gift of 300,000 marks for the purpose of completing their experiments and starting the industry. This industry employed at the outbreak of the war many thousands of people, and represented some millions of pounds of revenue to the German nation.

Again, compare the German Government's attitude towards their dye industry, which has become another vast monopoly, to the treatment accorded this industry by our own. Here was an original British invention made the basis for a German monopoly! Is it not a fact that hundreds of British inventors have had to go abroad or sell their inventions to foreigners in order to get them taken up? Have not many of our progressive manufacturers been compelled to import German chemists and scientists to assist them in the development of their manufactures? Can we possibly wonder at the enormously greater progress of German industries when we contrast the entirely different attitudes of the two races and their Governments?

Business Patriotism.

What advantage—economically speaking—has it been to an inventor or manufacturer or business man generally speaking, to belong to the British nation? What privilege or advantage has his British birth and citizenship conferred upon him which the foreigner is not equally entitled to? Except for the purpose of taxing him or soliciting his vote, what evidence is there that our Governments have been actively interested in the success of the average Briton?

In conclusion, German trade can be captured only by the nation that can emulate Germany in her enterprise, her knowledge, her organisation (where the Government lends its wholehearted support to its producing classes), and finally, in her banking methods, where the banks recognise their chief functions to be the support and development of this nation's trade and industries.

The lesson of business patriotism has yet to be learned both by our Government and people. No German could have written such a letter as that recently published by a well-known Earl, who asked if it was conceivable that the British public would stand being compelled after the war to pay more for certain goods instead of buying them from Germany? If we are to win in our future trade warfare, we must present a solid front to the enemy. We must mobilise all our forces of production. We must consolidate our credit. The Government and people must unite to support and help each other. Our Ambassadors and Consuls must all be British to the core. They should be conversant with trade and commerce in all its branches, and constitute the advance guards for opening up new fields for conquest by our merchants and manufacturers. The Government should nationalise our banking system and place banking facilities on easy terms within the reach of all classes. Inventors, discoverers and scientists should obtain social recognition proportional to their attainments, and the conferring of titles on men of wealth regardless of the means by which their wealth has been acquired should cease.

In spite of our many shortcomings, this nation possesses all the material and resources for leading the world industrially, intellectually and spiritually, to greater heights than have ever yet been foreshadowed. For the accomplishment of this, all we need are leaders who have the knowledge, the will, and the ability to organise and develop these resources.

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

BY GILBERT FRANKAU.

4.—EYES IN THE AIR.

Our guns are a league behind us, our target a mile below,
And there's never a cloud to blind us from the haunts of our lurking foe—
Sunk pit whence his shrapnel tore us, support-trench crest-concealed,
As clear as the charts before us, his ramparts lie revealed.
His panicked watchers spy us, a droning threat in the void,
Their whistling shells outfly us—puff upon puff, deployed
Across the green beneath us, across the flanking gray,
In fume and fire to sheath us and baulk us of our prey.

Below, beyond, above her,
Their iron web is spun:
Flicked but unsnared we hover,
Edged planes against the sun:
Eyes in the air above his lair,
The hawks that guide the gun!

No word from earth may reach us save, white against the ground,
The strips outspread to teach us whose ears are deaf to sound:
But down the winds that sear us, athwart our engine's shriek,
We send—and know they hear us, the ranging guns we speak.
Our visored eyeballs show us their answering pennant, broke
Eight thousand feet below us, a whorl of flame-stabbed smoke—
The burst that hangs to guide us, while numbed gloved fingers tap
From wireless key beside us the circles of the map.

Line—target—short or over—
Come, plain as clock hands run,
Words from the birds that hover,
Unblinded, tail to sun:
Word out of air to range them fair,
From hawks that guide the gun!

Your flying shells have failed you, your landward guns are dumb:
Since earth hath naught availed you, these skies be open! Come,
Where, wild to meet and mate you, flame in their beaks for breath,
Black doves! the white hawks wait you on the wind-tossed boughs of death.
These boughs be cold without you, our hearts are hot for this;
Our wings shall beat about you, our scorching breath shall kiss:
Till, fraught with that we gave you, fulfilled of our desire,
You bank—too late to save you from biting beaks of fire—

Turn sideways from your lover,
Shudder and swerve and run,
Tilt; stagger; and plunge over
Ablaze against the sun:
Doves dead in air, who clomb to dare
The hawks that guide the gun!

N.B.—A Song of the Guns will be continued in our next issue.

SPENCER PRYSE'S WAR LITHOGRAPHS.

We publish to-day the first of a series of War Lithographs, which Mr. Spencer Pryse drew at the beginning of the war. He was the first English Artist to find himself within sound of the guns. Events in those days moved quickly, and he covered numberless miles in order to see all there was to be seen, passing from Antwerp to Bordeaux, through Belgium and France, and again along the French trenches in Artois and Champagne. His views of the Western Front are unrivalled and have acquired strong historical interest. Many of them were drawn direct on the stone, and so they have an actuality which is uncommon in lithographs. Mr. Spencer Pryse's work is too well known in this country to need any commendation from us; he stands on an eminence by himself.

FRENCH WAR BOOKS†.

By F. Y. Eccles.

THE publishing house of Larousse, famous all over the world for the enterprise with which it disseminates useful knowledge in popular forms, has begun to issue a series of selections from French war literature for circulation in neutral and allied countries. I think it was well worth doing. Converts to our cause are hardly to be gained at this time of day by any arguments short of evident successes in the field; but something may be done to confirm the timid sympathies of neutrals by the mere echo of a reasoned confidence and determination which have hitherto perhaps been most effectively expressed in the French language. It is, however, among the allies of France that such a series is likely to be most useful; for in the sphere of opinion our *service de liaison* is still defective, and from day to day misapprehensions are bred by the debauch of idle or interested rumour. It is really important to realise what Frenchmen believe that they and we are out to destroy, and why compromise is inconceivable to them; and the best way is to read the authors whose credit with their countrymen stood high before the war and has risen with their utterances since. The union of the national intelligence with the national will has never been so intimate as now.

The series begins with MM. Maurice Barrès and Emile Boutroux. Each author is introduced by a short appreciation of his whole work. The excellent account of Maurice Barrès is from the pen of a fellow Vosgian, M. Fernand Baldensperger, the distinguished professor at the Sorbonne, who is serving at the front. M. Boutroux is introduced by a philosopher, M. Marcel Drouin. I do not quite understand how it happens that the introductions are printed in English as well as in French, while the text itself is not translated.

The selections from Barrès consist of articles contributed to the *Echo de Paris*. Many of these *pages choisies* formed part of a volume already noticed in these columns, and the rest are no doubt reappearing in its sequel, which is just announced under the title of "Les Saints de France." It is probably superfluous to recommend these admirable writings, in which there is not a word which does not tend to action, and at the same time to illustrate that reflective and religious quality which reinforces the instinctive patriotism of the humblest as of the most cultivated Frenchman.

M. Emile Boutroux, the philosopher—more exactly the critic and historian of philosophy—has a universal reputation as a representative of the speculative French intellect of to-day. His superior eclecticism supposes a rare familiarity with German thought, and his articles and lectures on subjects connected with the war are a solid contribution to the knowledge of the German soul. Even in France, where Teutomania never flourished, there must be thinkers who have felt latterly obliged to vindicate their patriotism at the expense of their penetration or their consistency, or who have only avoided a rather ridiculous retraction by fostering the legend of "the two Germanies." M. Boutroux, who has lived in Germany before 1870 and since, who has an immense respect for Leibniz, knows *Faust* by heart, and is not disposed to underrate the positive achievements of German science and erudition, has nothing to retract. He is not one of those who explain the aggression of 1914 as the effect of a sudden or at least a recent aberration on the part of the rulers of Germany. He knows that the firing of Louvain, the horror of Gerbéviller, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* are consistent with theories which it is not at all fantastic to trace back to certain illustrious German metaphysicians. They are justified by that divinisation of "Deutschum" which is at least as old as Fichte, and is by no means unconnected with what philosophers call subjective idealism.

"The ego, says Fichte, is effort; thus it implies something to resist it, namely, that which we call matter. The master-people commands: there must therefore be nations made to obey it. Indeed, those nations, which

are to the master-people what the non-ego is to the ego, must resist the action of the superior nation. For that resistance is necessary, in order that the latter may develop and utilise its strength and become itself in the fullest sense."

But the close and lucid reasoning of the article on "Germany and War," and of the lecture on "The Development of German Thought," do not lend themselves readily to quotation. M. Boutroux heard Treitschke lecture against the French, and was scandalised when Zeller (whose *History of Greek Philosophy* he was afterwards to translate), opened a lecture with this announcement: "To-day I propose to construct God."

The next volume of these "Ecrivains Français pendant la Guerre," will contain selections from the veteran historian Ernest Lavisse.

"Hilaire Belloc, *The Man and His Work.*" By G. Creighton Mandell and Edward Shanks, with an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen and Co.) 2s. 6d.

Readers of LAND AND WATER who have come to regard Mr. Hilaire Belloc as the lucid expositor of the progress and events of the Great War, the student of military history, who interprets for them the significance of strategy and tactics as they are unfolded week by week, are inclined to overlook that he is also one of the most charming living essayists in the English language, a writer of "nonsense" verses which are already classics and a man who has carried the fine art of travel to as high a level as it has ever attained.

In this little book these truths are well set out, and not the least part of its value lies in the numerous citations from his works, which are for the most part excellently chosen. Mr. Belloc has run a tilt against many of the worst abuses of Party Government, and has stripped the tinsel and gaudy deceits from that old idol, whose worship so many Englishmen find it so hard to abandon, even in these hours of earthquake and whirlwind. But in this direction his work may be said to be only at its beginning, and we believe he will accomplish much more in the years to come than anything he has achieved hitherto. Though Mr. Belloc has written little poetry, the most of it is of the highest order, and has already been the begetter of rhyme. It is mentioned in these pages that Rupert Brooke acknowledged his indebtedness to Hilaire Belloc, and the extraordinary resemblance between Brooke's well-known sonnet, "The Soldier," and one of Belloc's poems in "The Four Men" is too close to be accidental. The first two verses of Belloc's poem run:

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interweath
Love permanent with the wild hedgerows:
He does not die but still remains
Substantiate with his darling plains.

The spring's superb adventure calls
His dust athwart the woods to flame;
His boundary river's secret falls
Perpetuate and repeat his name.
He rides his loud October sky:
He does not die. He does not die.

Leaving aside his writings on war, it is as a traveller that Hilaire Belloc has won the affections of so many readers, and the chapter in this volume on this part of his literary career seems to the reviewer to be inadequate. In one paragraph he is unjustly praised for committing the heinous sin of "Fine Writing." Belloc is much too great an artist to be guilty of either "Fine Writing," or "Superfine Writing." But wherever he wanders he takes us by the hand, and shows us all that is visible to himself. That is the true spirit of the honest lover of Earth, the mother of us all. We are all children together and but he has the longer sight, and his delight is to disclose for others all he himself sees. And nothing better on travel has been written than these few sentences from Belloc's pen, with which we will end this brief review:—

Look you, good people all, in your little passage through the daylight, get to see as many hills and buildings and rivers, fields, books, men, horses, ships and precious stones as you can possibly manage. Or else stay in one village and marry in it and die there. For one of these two fates is the best fate for every man. Either to be what I have been, a wanderer with all the bitterness of it, or to stay at home and to hear in one's garden the voice of God.

Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., announce new editions of "The Autobiography of Froebel," and Pestalozzi's famous work, "How Gertrude Teaches Her Children!"

† Ecrivains Français pendant la Guerre. 1, Maurice Barrès (pages choisies). 2, Emile Boutroux (pages choisies). Paris: Librairie Larousse, 1915.

ARTISTS IN PEACE AND WAR.

By a Correspondent.

HERE has been opened at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, an exhibition of paintings and etchings by the members of that famous corps, the Artist Rifles. The first impression which a walk round the galleries creates is the singularly high general standard of merit—every picture has individuality, and it would be difficult to bring together a collection so exempt from poor workmanship.

Artists evidently soldier as well as they paint; so we can readily understand the tribute of praise which General Viscount French of Ypres paid to them on his departure from France—a tribute of which the regiment is naturally proud. "Officers and Men," he said, "it is singularly appropriate and nothing could give me greater pleasure than that your regiment, the Artists' Rifles, should be the last British troops that I shall see in France. You have done wonderful work since you came out. You have furnished some of the finest leaders of the army from your ranks, and in doing so you have suffered perhaps greater losses than any other regiment out here. You have done great work, and I have no doubt that you will continue to do so till the end of the campaign. I am very pleased that the Guard of Honour on my leaving France should be supplied by the Artists' Rifles. I wish you good-bye and good luck."

This exhibition is not by any means a war exhibition, much of the work was done previous to August, 1914, and in some instances this very fact gives a new significance to the exhibit; thus No. 49 shows us "Ypres, April 1914," by Private Eric Sharpe. This must be among one of the last pictures to be made of the old capital of Flanders before the Hun fury broke against it and battered it into a mass of ruin, and it gains now deep pathos. Next to it is an etching of "The Belfry, Bruges," by 2nd Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, which is a very fine piece of work. "The Flight from Belgium," reproduced on the opposite page, is by the same artist. Lance-Corporal E. L. Pattison has a striking etching of "Magdalen Tower, Oxford." Sergeant Garrard's lithograph "The Port of London," is a fine study. Something which is out of the common, and which will necessarily command attention in that it shows how intertwined in these bloodstained days are peace and war, is the sketch of the proposed "Government Building" at Ottawa, by 2nd Lieutenant T. H. Hughes. "St. Omer from the Abbey," by Cadet Adrian B. Klein, is sure to arrest many a Staff Officer from Lord French downwards. It would be difficult to give a better idea of the beauty of this part of the exhibition than by a glance at the bottom picture on the opposite

page, "Chinon Castle," which is by Lance-Corporal Malcolm Osborne.

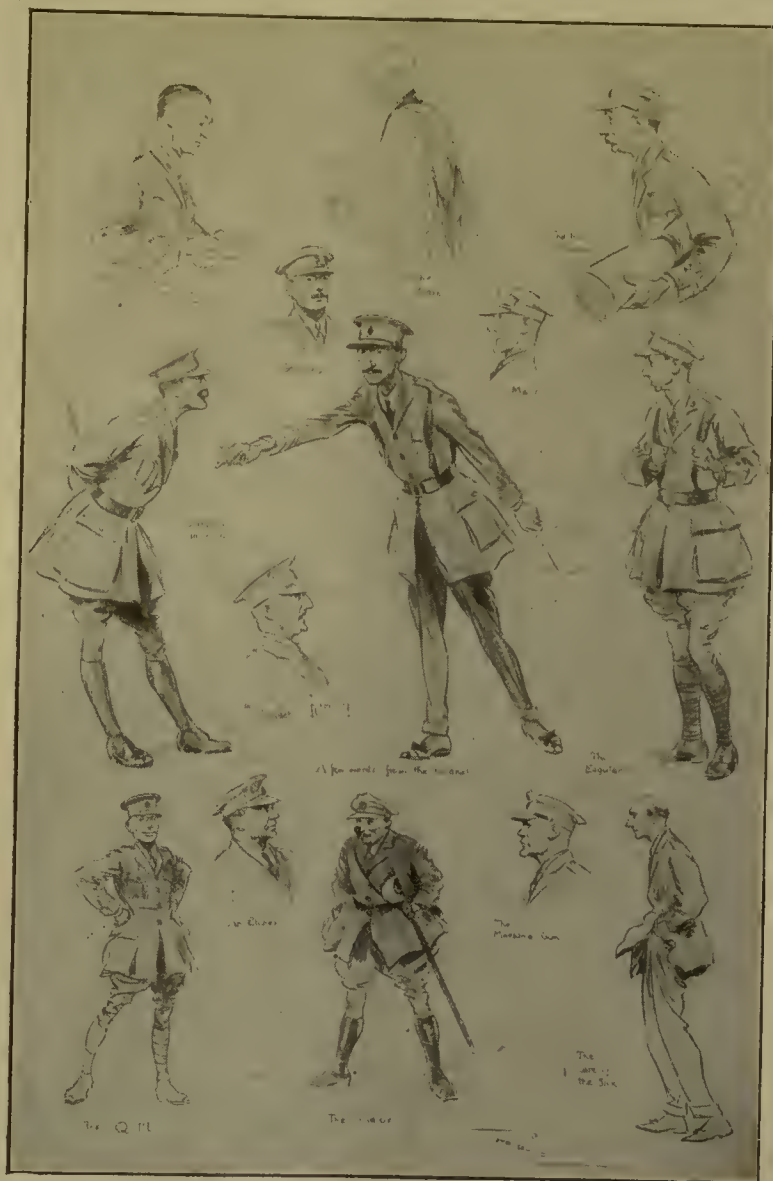
In the Reynold's Room where the paintings are hung, one meets again with pleasure the Egyptian paintings of Mr. Lance Thackeray, now a Lance-Corporal in the regiment. No. 68, a drinking place at Dierout, Upper Egypt, is a perfect example of his exceptional power in reproducing the atmosphere of the desert. Corporal Gerald Ackermann shows two excellent pictures, one of "Corfe Castle" and the other of "Richmond Castle," and there is a touch of the Futurist that is very pleasing in Private Paul Nash's "Tree-Tops" (85) and "Summer Garden" (91). Breadth of vision and treatment characterises Captain Gerard Chowne's

"The Cliff" (66); Sergeant C. Maresco Pearce's "Mentone" is a splendid presentation of Italian domestic architecture, and Lieutenant W. Lee Hankey's "France in 1914-1915" (74 and 78) are admirably expressed.

"Somewhere in France" (93), by Sergeant E. Handley Read, is a vigorous painting of a typical willow-avenued road flooded with rain; and 2nd Lieutenant Adrian Klein (we notice from the catalogue that he has been given a commission since he gave up etching and took to painting, although whether on account of it or not is not mentioned), has a pathetic painting of the "Flemish Mill, Ypres."

Other contributors to this admirable exhibition are Colonel Walter C. Horsley, Captain Charles J. Blomfield, Captain Hall, Second Lieutenant A. E. Cooper, Corporal Montague Smyth, Lance-Corporal Dobson, and Private W. H. Fisher. Glancing through the names and at the work on the walls of which these men are capable, the thought very naturally arises what will be the

result of actual experiences in the field, under tropical conditions, on the future output of these artists. They have the power of expression, as well as the capacity to feel the emotions to the full, and it seems obvious that the new life in which some of them are even now engaged will cut deep into their work. Mr. Spencer Pryse, whose lithographs enjoy a unique reputation in the world of art, has already shown us how deeply not only the sadness, but the sharp contrasts that are inevitable in war-time impress him. One could not wish for a better example of this than the lithograph that appears in the present issue, British Artillery at Le Mans—English guns resting under the shelter of the old French Cathedral. The scene at first glance attracts by its incongruity, but in its dramatic power lies the quiet strength of the glorious building and the restless activity of the gunners and their battery. It seems to shadow forth the quiet potency and immutability of religion



HIGH BEACH: SEPTEMBER 1915.

By Lance-Corporal James Thorpe.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

and the petty unrest and activity of human hatred and destructiveness.

At one time there was an idea abroad that the artist was the stormy petrel of humanity; that he felt instinctively the coming storm before its approach was realised by the rest of mankind, and that all the revolt against conventions which found its loudest expressions in the Futurist Exhibitions (the Futurist often being only a man who was trying to revive all that was best in the Primitive and to be finished with Artificiality), was merely a symptom of the political and social cataclysm which has now engulfed Europe. It is more than doubtful whether this idea can hold water, especially when we remember the particular school was but a small one, but what it does prove is that before the war there was a strong movement in existence for greater sincerity in life. Nor was it only confined to art circles. The war naturally has quickened this movement and imparted to it intense vitality.

None the less, conventionality and insincerity still abound; the forces which they represent are not easily crushed; their vested interests, to use a common phrase, are too powerful. But we do believe the struggle against these modern demons has now a better chance of succeeding than ever before. Artists have a noble part to play in this fight, and this exhibition is ample evidence that there is any amount of talent among men who are manfully discharging their duty to their country, and have not hesitated to lay aside brush and palette to go forth and defend the right.

Published in aid of the Belgian Red Cross and other Belgian charities, *Belgian Art in Exile* (Colour Publishing Co., 5s. net) is one of the most sumptuously produced volumes that the war has called forth, and is one which will appeal to all lovers of art. Nearly a hundred Belgian artists and sculptors are represented in the volume; many of these men are in England at the present time, others are prisoners in Germany, and yet others are with the Belgian army. The best of Belgian art is represented, and the collection is sufficiently complete to give even an amateur a comprehensive idea of the range of colour and form in the work of Belgian painters and sculptors. Apart from the aims which the book is intended to further, it is a work of permanent interest from the artistic point of view, while literary contributions by Jean Delville and Maurice Maeterlinck add to its national value.

An echo of Rupert Brooke's work is to be found in *The Volunteer and other Poems*, by Herbert Asquith (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s. net). This is specially notable in "The Fallen Subaltern":

"And those, who come this way in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell."
The rest of the poems are characterised by a similar note. It is good verse of the Oxford order.

"Memoirs of M. Thiers, 1870-1873." Translated by F. M. Atkinson. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.)

These Memoirs of M. Thiers, covering the period from September 1870, when the great French Statesman started on his tour of the European capitals on behalf of France, until May 24th, 1873, when he resigned the Presidency of the Republic after his defeat in the National Assembly, have appeared at an opportune moment. In reading them through one often finds it hard to realise that forty-five years have elapsed between then and now, so naturally do present events appear as the corollary of the happenings of those days. How many people are aware that but for the firmness of M. Thiers Belfort would have been a German town. On this point he was adamant, and finally France had to choose between the humiliation of the German triumphal march through Paris or the cession of Belfort: She unhesitatingly chose the former. Very different might have been the story of this war had she, to escape the temporary degradation, let go her permanent hold on Belfort.



THE FLIGHT FROM BELGIUM.
By 2nd Lieutenant W. Lee Hankey.

We strongly recommend a perusal of this book to all who take an interest in the political complications which lie behind and follow on a great war. History repeats itself with surprising exactitude in this respect.

"With Botha in the Field." By Moore Ritchie. (Longmans Green and Co.) 2s. 6d. net.

Little has been written on the campaigns in South Africa, which rank among the most notable successes of the war; for this reason a special welcome must be bestowed on this book. Mr. Moore Ritchie was a member of General Botha's Bodyguard, and took part both in the suppression of the rebellion and in the conquest of Damaraland.

The author makes no attempt to go into strategical questions or political problems; he gives us a vivid picture of the hardships which the troops had to endure, and endured willingly, under General Botha, whom they idolised. He never spared himself or them, and their marches across the desert will rank

high as a military achievement. This book is the more interesting in that it is copiously illustrated with photographs.

And when the fighting was over and the victory won, kindness was shown to the conquered Germans. "The conduct of the South African troops," writes Mr. Ritchie, "should assuredly be noted. The very confidence of these German townspeople that they had nothing to fear from the hated troops of the British Union of South Africa was



CHINON CASTLE.
By Lance-Corporal Malcolm Osborne.

eloquent. The thing stood out, a piece of bitterest irony in connection with a people whose kindred across the seas were making civilisation shudder at their atrocities afloat and ashore. General Botha's forces had crossed a desert through which it was the open boast of the enemy that it was strewn with mines and with every well poisoned. Was a single defenceless citizen of Windhuk or Karibib the worse for it after the occupation? Not one. It was magnanimous, it was magnificent. But I wonder if the chivalrous Teuton would call it war!" We also wonder.

LAND & WATER



By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

PRIVATE JOSEPH WALKER.

No. 16,092 BEDFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

On September 9, 1914, Joseph Walker enlisted in the Bedfordshire regiment for the duration of the war; on January 11, 1916, the sea gave up the body of No. 16,092 Private Joseph Walker, Bedfordshire regiment, on the dyke at West Capelle in Holland. And the kindly Dutchmen, as a last tribute to the British soldier, sent for an English clergyman, and with the Union Jack as his pall and the prayers of his Church read over the coffin, his body was laid to rest in consecrated ground. The full story is told on page 9.



“LAND AND WATER” WAR LITHOGRAPHS No. 2.

By E. SPENCER PRYSE.

BRITISH ARTILLERY LEAVING RAILHEAD: OCTOBER, 1914.

MR. TENNANT'S FIGURES.

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

PUBLIC opinion in the present phase of the war hesitates in judgment much more than it did in the earlier phases. That hesitation may turn ill. It may produce weariness or an unreasonable depression or perhaps, what is worst of all, confusion.

Against such a danger there is a preventive to hand, which I will take the liberty of suggesting to those in authority at this moment. It is possible for them to undertake a policy which would, I am convinced, be of the greatest value in strengthening and moderating that general civilian judgment upon which ultimately all governments at war depend, and which, therefore, in the last resort, decides the fate of the armies themselves.

This policy consists in the official publication at fairly regular and fairly short intervals of statements upon the general position—e.g. : upon the enemy's presumed condition of supply, wastage and recruitment ; upon the nature of the ground in this or that field of action ; summaries of the results of special actions, criticisms of enemy statements, etc.

It may be of value to give first the arguments in favour of such a policy before proceeding to examples which show what follows in its absence.

The public now receives its information upon the war in the following form :—

1. Official Communiqués, very brief and undigested, issued daily by the various belligerent Powers. The average educated and intelligent man who is concerned to understand the course of the war (and therefore his own fate !) reads daily half a dozen things like this : " On the Strypa near Zudka-Gora we occupied yesterday 2 kilometres of the enemy's trenches and successfully repelled three important counter-attacks. In the region of Chartoriysk we have maintained all our positions."

To aid his assimilation of such a statement there is nothing : no map, no recapitulation of the past, no commentary.

2. He further receives (what is more valuable to him) expanded descriptions from the pens of accredited correspondents, a very few of whom are permitted to visit the actual fronts. These give him pictures often enough vivid and always interesting. They are written by men of ability and not infrequently they convey a real military lesson. But they are not consecutive. They are even highly sporadic. Piece together *all* such description provided in our Press during the year 1915 and you obtain no more view of the war than does a traveller on the railway along the Ligurian Coast obtain an impression of the general landscape from the brief glimpses of sea that he gets between the tunnels.

3. You have further the expansion, explanation and commentary upon all the information that reaches us written by writers who collect it here and whose business it is to put it into a general and comprehensible form. Such work is being done, for instance, upon the *Manchester Guardian*, by that very excellent writer who signs himself " A Student of the War " and by the " military correspondents " of all the great dailies and weeklies. The Monthly reviews also publish such

summaries ; as does this paper. This form of information is that upon which the public as a whole most relies. But it suffers from two disabilities. First that, as it represents the judgment of varying men, it is not homogeneous : Secondly that, in a campaign where the necessity for secrecy has been so thoroughly realised it is not " official " and *does not carry to the public that hall-mark which, under present circumstances, is of the highest possible value.*

This leads me to the next category of information :—

4. Brief statements—often mere sentences—are given from time to time, irregularly, and often at very great intervals, either in reply to questions in Parliament or by men holding public authority and speaking from the platform. These, *being official*, are in spite of their rarity and incompleteness universally believed and always produce a deep effect. It is this category in particular for the expansion and regularising of which I am pleading. At present it is of all forms of information at once the most accepted and the rarest—as also the least regularly supplied.

5. Lastly, there is the flood of suggestion and " tendency writing " with which the Press is filled and which whether it is calculated to depress our spirits unduly or to raise them unduly is almost equally pernicious. It takes the form chiefly of headlines—that is, its effect of suggestion upon the mind is principally an affair of head-lines—and it only too frequently represents individual and personal policy, the desire to influence the public for such and such private ends. This last element of information has but little weight in contrast to official pronouncement *when the one can be set against the other.* But for one official statement there are hundreds or thousands of such unofficial suggestions and their effect upon public opinion is unfortunately profound. It would, in the face of regular official information, disappear.

These various sources of information stand in the proportion described above so far as this country is concerned. The proportion is far different in other belligerent countries. The French Government has, wisely I think, added largely to expanded official statement and has at the same time, by a strict Censorship, curtailed the bad influence of mere political suggestion. The German and Austrian governments have virtually reduced all information to official information or comment agreeable to the official point of view. That is an extreme we are not likely to follow, and it is, further, a policy which has, on the side of the enemy, been abused, though the abuse is not yet fully apparent because the time for liquidating the moral debt it implies has not yet come. Other belligerent governments have in other different proportions combined correspondence at the front, domestic commentary and official statement. *In this country alone has the latter been almost negligible in amount.*

Now, having put the arguments in favour of such a policy as briefly as possible, let me proceed

by way of example to show what results from its absence.

I will take for this object-lesson two things ; one positive, one negative. The first is a case of *insufficient* official pronouncement upon a fundamental matter guiding all our judgment ; the other an actual *omission* to provide official information in a matter where that information abundantly exists and where its public statement would have been of the highest value.

The first of these examples consists in the figures twice read out recently to the House of Commons by the Under-Secretary of War, Mr. Tennant, upon German losses ; the second consists in the analysis of enemy casualties and enemy statements in connection with the great offensive of last September.

GERMAN CASUALTIES.

On Tuesday, the 21st of last December, Mr. Tennant, in answer to a question put him by Lord Kerry, quoted the following figures for the German casualties published in all the lists for the Land Forces of the German Empire up to the 30th of November, 1915 :

He gave the total of those casualty lists at 2,524,460.

He further told us that of this total 484,218 represented killed or died of wounds, 384,198 represented the severely wounded, 27,674 represented those who had died from disease, 381,149 represented the missing.

It would, I think, astonish the authorities were they able to see the mass of correspondence and private calculation which followed immediately upon this very imperfect official statement. *Because* it was official the great mass of opinion seized upon it, took it for a complete and exact piece of evidence, and drew conclusions accordingly.

It drew, especially, the utterly false conclusion that these figures represented the *Official British view* of the *total German losses* up to the end of November—that is, during sixteen full months of fighting. The figures so given—because they were officially given—formed the basis of innumerable private calculations, the general conclusion of which was that as, of the total a certain balance not named presumably represented light cases of wounded, most of whom would return to the front, the dead loss of the German forces in the first sixteen months of fighting was a little over a million and a quarter men !

Now, the War Office never intended so farcical a result. It was not giving its own calculation. It was merely giving the German official total. It knew that this official German total of November 30th referred to a date many weeks earlier. It knew that the lists even so were incomplete. It knew that the only doubt about total German dead loss up to the end of November is whether it is about 3½ millions or about 3¾ millions—the only real discussion in the matter is on the margin of the quarter million. The War Office also knew that not a man in Europe who is following these things with attention (out of the hundreds of men so engaged) would put the absolute losses in the first sixteen months of the war at less than 3,200,000, while very few would put them as high as four million—though the French General Staff, in its detailed and exhaustive calculations, based upon the widest possible range of evidence, is not short of that figure.

We all know then that Mr. Tennant did not intend to convey by that answer the astonishing conclusions to which his hearers none the less came—that German losses were about one-third of the truth. We all know that the highly-trained and competent permanent officials who furnished him with those figures were not within a thousand miles of such an intention.

All those figures meant was that the enemy's own official total of killed and wounded only (not sick)—which happened to be dated the 30th of November, and referred to early October—was 2½ million odd, divided as we have seen, into killed, missing, etc. The enemy's own authorities would be the first to admit themselves the two great modifications : First, that the lists are belated, secondly, that they leave out all cases of sickness (except deaths from sickness). Every single observer in Europe could further prove that the lists were incomplete—for there is abundant evidence of this—and that in particular the category "Deaths from Disease" was so falsely stated as to be unworthy of notice.

For all this of course neither Mr. Tennant nor the Permanent Officials who supplied the figures are in any way to blame. They were asked to say how the German totals stood, and they replied accurately : "The German totals published on the 30th of November give such and such figures."

So far so good—or so bad. The meaning and extent of an official statement had been wholly misunderstood by the public not because the statement was slipshod or false, but because it was so unexpanded that the misunderstanding was almost bound to occur.

But something was to follow much worse even than this misunderstanding due to incomplete statement.

Exactly four weeks later on Wednesday, January 19th, Mr. Tennant again read out in the House of Commons in answer to a question, a new set of "revised" figures which were obviously at variance with his first. This new set of figures referred to totals later arrived at *here* by a careful revision of the individual German lists up to some date before the end of the year.

But all the public could grasp in so brief and incomplete a statement was the idea that this *second* set of figures was again the *official* view of *our* Government of the German losses up to December 31st, supplementary to the one given "up to November 30th." In other words they imagined that our Government had given them its official and considered view of the total German losses during December.

The result was startling.

This second set of figures was as follows :—The dead now came to 588,986 ; the wounded to 1,566,549. The dead from disease to 24,080 and the missing to 356,153.

That general instructed public which had taken such a hold upon the first set of figures immediately began to analyse this second set and was very naturally bewildered. They noticed the following points :—

1. That apparently in this one month of December, when there had been the least fighting of all, the 17th month of the war, 104,768 Germans had been killed !

In other words the Germans during that astonishing month had been killed off *more than twice as fast* as they had during the heavy fighting of the summer and autumn !

Of the wounded about 60,000 had become unwounded—time and space and the four rules of arithmetic had abdicated during this month of miracle!

In the same apocalyptic four weeks 3,594 of the Germans "dead from disease" had come to life again!

Lastly, 24,996 of the missing Germans had turned up again safe and sound without a scratch!

It is no wonder that after this second set of figures the calculating public was in despair. One military writer of high competence and deservedly influencing a great number of readers gravely remarked in a great London daily that "there was little more than 11,000 difference between the two total figures, surely far too low a figure for the average monthly loss." He said nothing of the resurrection of the dead, nor of the sudden and appalling mortality, he only wrote that one sarcastic sentence. For 11,000 German losses in a month is indeed too low! It is at least 19/20ths too low!

Well, all this confusion and all this misunderstanding would have been saved and the public solidly informed upon the most fundamental element of all in our judgment of the war if, instead of two brief answers in Parliament, the Press Bureau had issued some such statement as follows:—

"The official figures given by the German Government of losses in their casualty lists up to and including those of the 30th of November, but excluding the losses at sea, give a total of just over two and a half millions: 2,524,460. These lists do not include losses from disease (save deaths from disease); they do not refer, upon the average, to a later date than the early days of October and certain features in them also point to their incompleteness. For instance, the small proportion of wounded compared with the dead clearly indicates the omission of many light cases. Again, the figures set down for deaths from disease are manifestly misleading. They can only refer to some particular category, such as deaths in the base hospitals, or deaths from a particular set of diseases. We know that this is the case because the figures given are actually less than half the death rate from disease of men of military age in time of peace. The number of German prisoners in the hands of the various Allies further proves that the figures for the missing are insufficient, allowing as we must a considerable margin for the missing who are not prisoners but deserters or dead. The total losses of the German Empire alone up to the date in question, November 30th (and not the early days of October to which at latest the official German figures refer), are, upon every line of evidence, somewhat over four million. Of these, however, close upon a million must have returned to service after recovery from wounds or sickness, and we may set the total loss of fighting men from the forces of the German Empire up to November 30th at not less than 3¼ million, more probably 3½ or even over."

Such a statement issued by the Press Bureau officially would at once have raised the value of official pronouncements—for every competent observer would have endorsed it—and would have been a most salutary piece of food for the public. It would have had an utterly different effect from the short, hurried and misleading statement made in Parliament just before Christmas. The Permanent Officials who gave those totals would have been particularly pleased to have told

the whole truth and, necessary as a rigid censorship is in time of war, there was nothing here that could have benefited the enemy.

Then when the time came for the second statement, made the other day, the Press Bureau might have issued something like this:—

"Since the estimate issued last month upon German losses giving the official German totals and showing how false and misleading these were, the lists have been carefully revised in this country and the totals so arrived at are of even greater significance. Thus we find that in the individual lists over 600,000 are accounted for as dead; the official German totals give barely more than 500,000. We further find that the proportion of wounded to dead is still lower than that originally given; therefore even more certainly false. While the number appearing in the individual lists as "deaths from disease" is lower again: a point which conclusively proves that the enemy delays or suppresses portions of this item in the individual lists. The Press Bureau will issue from time to time statements contrasting German official totals with the results arrived at by our own analysis of his individual lists and will continue to show how these mislead neutral opinion by the belittling of the real German losses."

Were our authorities to act in this fashion, apart from the moral effect which it would produce upon opinion, one of two other results would also certainly follow. Either the enemy would be driven to draw up really full up-to-date lists (inevitably thereby betraying himself to our advantage) or he would continue his old method. In this—as our permanent officials are well aware—a greater and a greater difference would appear between his statement and the obvious truth, and his official presentation of his case to neutrals would be more and more weakened.

I can see no reason why a policy of this kind should not be adopted. As things are, those who know the truth talk and discuss among themselves in a tone quite different from that which the meagre public pronouncements would warrant. They leave the public ignorant of the evidence most in favour of the Allies, and they leave the field free for the dissemination of false suggestion and, on occasion, panic.

So much for the principal example which I proposed to give.

THE GERMAN LOSSES DURING THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

The second one though, of less extent in application is perhaps no less significant.

The great offensive delivered by the British at Loos and the French in Champagne three months ago produced a certain set of casualties in the German ranks which the French estimated at the time as equivalent to about six army corps at full strength, or say about 240,000 men.

Since that date everyone in Europe who is observing and following the figures has been concerned to establish the real damage the Germans suffered. The Germans themselves issued an official communiqué in which they said that the main shock in the Champagne had been resisted by a *single division!* They flooded the American press with a statement that the Allied losses were quite three times their own or more, their own being therefore presumably about 50,000 men. (We may remark in passing that that is, to begin with, more than two divisions in losses

alone; but the original statement about one division was so grotesque that no one believed it.)

Now evidence of the *minimum* German loss—the loss admitted by the enemy—began to dribble in with the third week of October. It was then (October 17th, 18th, 19th) that we began to see in the German lists the casualties referring to units we know to have been engaged against the great Allied offensive of last September. The big lists of prisoners were already noticeable in the lists of October 29th. These items extended on week after week (so belated are the German returns), until *after a full three months only* does one begin to appreciate in round numbers what the Germans themselves admit in the lists to have been their losses on that occasion.

These lists give us *not much less than* 300,000 men. By the end of November they had provided us with the names of 266,752 of whom about 24,000 were prisoners, about 44,000 killed and rather more than 198,000 wounded. But all during November more names kept on appearing in the belated lists—12,000 for the Infantry alone—and, on the analogy of German lists in the past, yet more names will continue to appear during January. The total must be already, as I have said, close on 300,000. It will probably pass that figure even in the German official lists, incomplete as they are, before the whole tale is told; and even this enormous total makes no mention of the men suffering from shock and of all the other casualties apart from wounds—the sick list consequent upon a strain of that kind.

I say this work has been done very thoroughly and completely by numerous observers—by none better than the neutral (by no means adverse to the enemy) who carries the greatest authority at the present moment in Europe—Colonel Feyler. I am sure that work on much the same lines has been done by our own officials in this country.

Would it not be of real advantage to opinion and to the judgment of the public if our government were to issue from the Press Bureau with regard to this one item of news some such statement as the following?—

"The Press Bureau authorises the following statement: It is now, after a delay of more than three months, possible to establish from the German casualty lists themselves the extent of the catastrophes suffered by the German armies during the great blows delivered upon them in the British offensive at Loos and the French contemporary offensive in Champagne, at the end of last September. It will be remembered that the enemy put forward the obviously untenable claim that the main shock of this offensive was met in Champagne by no more than a division, say in full strength 20,000 men. This statement carried no weight and has deservedly been forgotten, but it is remarkable how much greater his losses were even than was at the moment the Allied estimate of them. The highest such estimate hitherto made by the victors upon that occasion put the enemy losses at some 240,000 men. So far we can already discover from the German lists alone a loss of close on 300,000 men, excluding all cases of shock, sickness, etc., necessarily arising in large numbers from so intense an action.

"We must further remark upon the delays in the publication of the German lists and their consequent incompleteness. Even during the third month after the action, the Infantry lists alone included 12,000 names checked and admitted after so great a lapse of time, and this fourth month after the action, January,

is still providing us with new names in the lists. It will probably be found when the history of the war is written that counting all casualties, the enemy suffered no less than 350,000 of loss and certainly more than a third of a million in those memorable days."

I say that a statement made in those terms officially (and it would be strictly accurate) would be of immense advantage and I say that a policy of issuing such statements sometimes for the sobering of opinion, sometimes for the enlightening and heartening of it, has become an immediate duty of those in authority.

THE FRONTS.

In the six main areas of the war there is no news of movement save in connection with the threats made by the Allies against Bagdad and the Mesopotamian communications of the Turkish "Caucasian" army. Of these that of most interest to this country is of course the advance of the British up the Tigris in their attempt to relieve the force beleagured at Kut-el-Amara.

WESTERN FRONT.

On the western front the only point of interest has been yet another of these curious little local offensives, in which the enemy is now perhaps compelled to indulge. This week the attacks were delivered first in the neighbourhood of Arras, later about 100 miles off on the extreme north of the line, and then again near Arras. In both cases there was the usual intense, but short bombardment against a very short sector of front (about a mile), followed by an attack with considerable bodies of men. In two cases this attack set foot in the French trenches for a moment, in the other case it did not even succeed to that extent. In both cases the comparatively small local offensive broke down. It is not too much to say that in all these cases it was expected to break down—the talk of the sensational newspapers about an attempted piercing of the Allied lines—"A bid for Calais"—in such manœuvres is, of course, nonsense. When the enemy shall try to break the western line he will not proceed in this fashion, but in a fashion very different indeed. It will not be a matter of a few thousand shells, but of a few million; not of a brigade or two, but of massed armies; and not of a kilometre or two, but of a twenty-mile front at the least.

If we ask ourselves why the enemy is perhaps compelled to indulge in these local attacks, which are very expensive to him and which have absolutely no permanent result, the best answer is by a metaphor.

If you are trying to hold a door against pressure from without and you are already in a state when you find it difficult to hold that door, you will almost inevitably be led to a succession of sudden jerks against your opponents, each destined to give you something of a breathing space. This necessity is not only a material, but a moral one. Little local offensives of this kind, even when you only get a few yards of ground and a handful of prisoners for your money, hearten troops. They are probably valuable when new drafts have reached the front. They also test troops. But they are not the tactics of a defensive line which feels itself immovable. In neither case was the attack delivered against anything of even local importance. It was not

meant for the seizure of a good observation point or of a knot in local communications, or for anything definable at all except the general necessity of keeping up such local offensives as part of the enemy's defensive policy in the West.

ITALIAN, BALKAN AND RUSSIAN FRONTS.

On the Italian front there has been even less movement; before Salonika nothing but the great French air raid against Monastir; and on the Russian front only further details—of the greatest interest, however—upon the nature of the recent fighting in Volhynia. There came through in the course of the week a most vivid description of the way in which this almost immobile fighting on the 300 miles south of the Pinsk marshes inflicts waste upon the enemy.

We have had, in some detail and most vividly related to us, the crossing of the frozen Strypa by one Austrian division at the moment when, a fortnight ago, the Russians cleared the Austro-Germans off all the eastern bank of the river. The single wooden bridge was destroyed. The troops could only cross through slushy water more than ankle deep, covering the rotten ice. This ice had not the strength to bear wagons, and though it appears that the artillery had already been withdrawn over the bridge before, a considerable mass of the wheeled material must have fallen into Russian hands. The crossing had hardly begun before it was subjected to the fire of the Russian field artillery and before it was concluded great numbers of the unfortunate division had been drowned where the ice had proved treacherous or been shot down or destroyed by the breaking of the ice in which it was fired. Many more had been left behind upon the eastern bank, wounded or stragglers, and, in the result of this particular unit perhaps one-third reached the western bank, of whom we know not what proportion, but some fragment or other, may still be fit for service.

It would be of the utmost value if pictures of this kind could be multiplied, and if we in the

west could actually visualise, as we can now only occasionally do from intelligently described glimpses of this kind, what the Polish campaign has come to mean for the enemy. To most of us in the west that campaign is but a series of unpronounceable names. Even to a close daily student of the war it is but an unmoving line across a map, to which may be added by those who know how to reason upon such affairs, certain rates of wastage. But the *reality* which would make us understand how the Austro-German forces will lie when the ordeal is over, what the strain is, and what this winter is costing in general health and nerve as well, to great numbers of the enemy, are only got by such very rare examples as that which I have quoted.

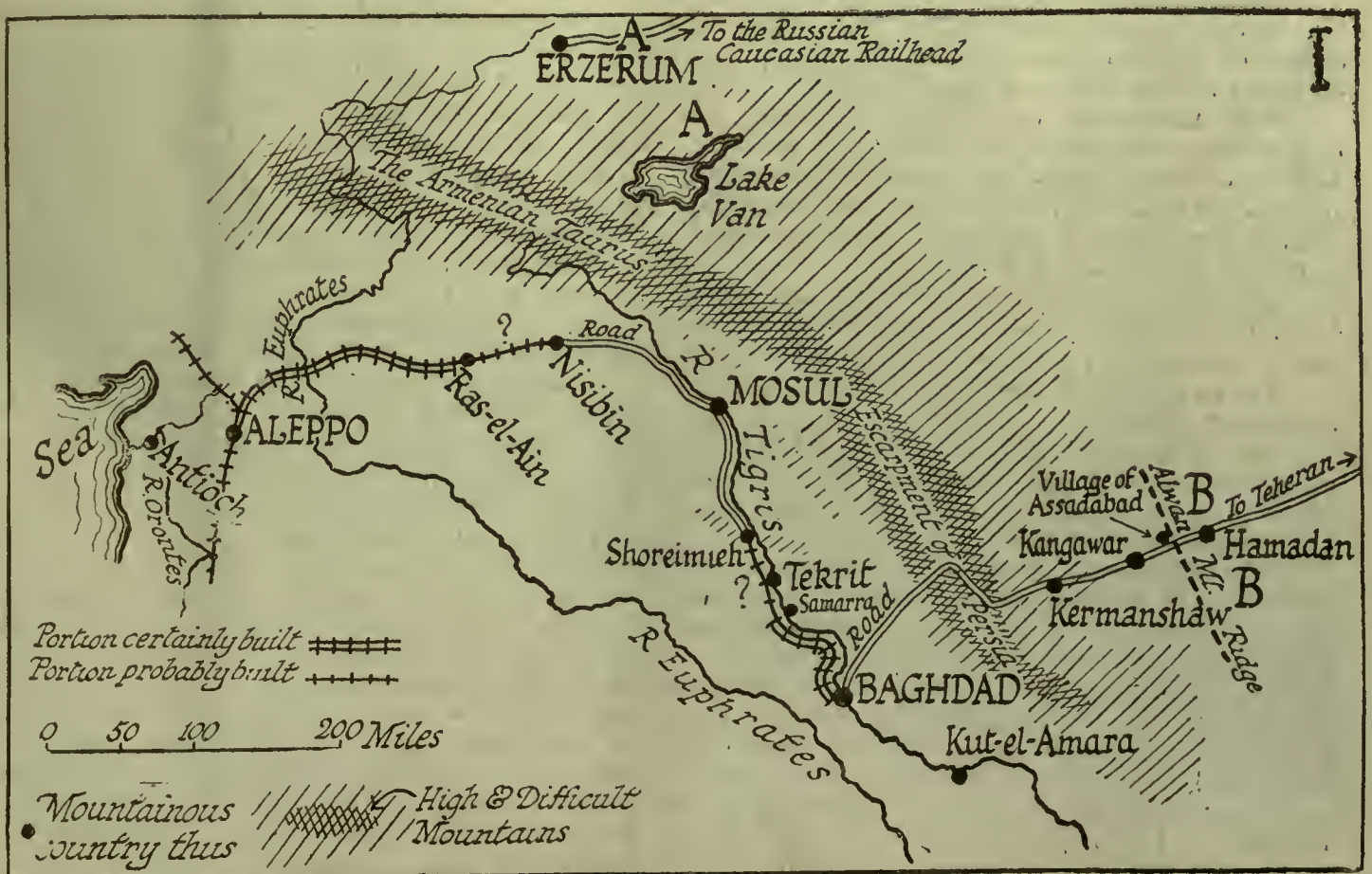
THREE MOVEMENTS IN ASIA.

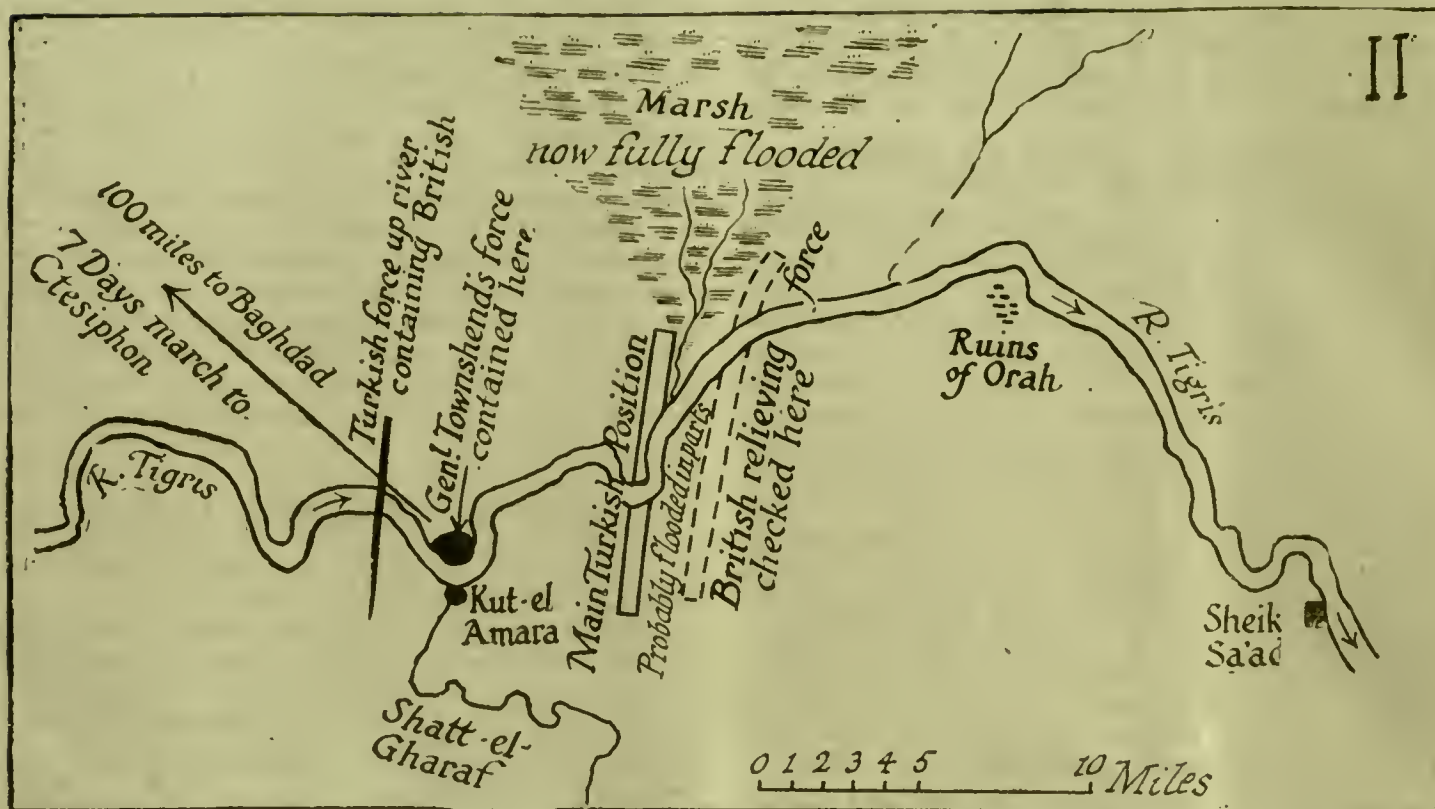
The Asiatic movements are, as I have said, the most arresting to us in this country.

There are at present in the Asiatic field of the war three movements. Their unity is recognised by the general, if imperfect, term "Caucasian" invented by the enemy and particularly by the German General Staff, to designate the forces operating in this field.

There is in the first place the Russian army of the Caucasus proper at A, A, of what strength we do not know, but operating, perhaps, against four Turkish corps, or perhaps five. These forces have defeated the Turks thoroughly in the last few days and are now holding various points in the rough mountain land between Lake Van and the Black Sea, but their main advance has been up the only road worth calling a road in the whole district: To wit, the road leading from the Russian railhead to Erzerum.

The Russians have pushed along this road, captured numerous Turkish prisoners and guns and are now in touch with the outer forts of Erzerum, which they have already begun to shell:—though we may be quite certain that they have not there at present any heavy siege train.





The second movement is of the Russians in Persia at B B.

They have advanced also along the only road to be discovered for many days' marching in those regions, the road from Teheran to Bagdad. They have taken the town of Hamadan, crossed the mountain ridge called the Alwan and come down to the plain of Kangawar upon the further side. A German wireless affirms that the Turks have retaken the town of Kangawar itself and pushed up to the roots of the Alwan mountains, retaking, for instance, the village of Assadabad immediately at their feet. At any rate, the limits of the Russian attack, so far, is marked roughly by this short and steep Alwan mountain range.

Finally, there is, of course, south of Bagdad, the British force coming up the Tigris with the object of relieving the original Expedition now encircled by the Turks at Kut-el-Amara.

Now the nerve of all this business, the channel of communications which, if it be maintained, certainly gives the enemy a superiority in Mesopotamia both in numbers and munitions against anything that is likely to come against it, is the so-called Bagdad railway.

We must estimate the value of any movement made, whether by the Russians or by ourselves in terms of that avenue of communication.

Let us first of all see how the Bagdad railway at present stands.

We have, of course, no public information upon the limits it has reached at this moment, but it is to be presumed that the rail stands much as is suggested upon Sketch II.

The railway was, at the moment when the war broke out, in process of completion by work done from both ends. It has been pushed forward from the Aleppo end eastward and also northward and westward from the Bagdad end. It had from the Aleppo end reached and passed the river Euphrates and was being pushed eastward. We may well imagine that in the long interval of time since war broke out everything has been done to extend it. It is almost certainly workable as far as Raslain and quite possibly as far as Nisibin.

At the other end it extends up to the Tigris, at least as far as Samarra, probably to Tekrit, and may even possibly have already reached the point above Shoreimieh, where the Tigris passes through narrows between higher ground upon either side. The extension, however, up the river is not here so very important because, especially at this season, the river itself is an excellent avenue of communication. The real breach in continuity to the Turkish armies in Mesopotamia at this moment is between Ras-el-Ain (or possibly Nisibin) and Mosul. Along that stretch a road is already in existence which has been undoubtedly of importance to the enemy in the last few months.

There are no very appreciable difficulties, no sharp contours and no peculiarities of soil that would interfere with its rapid construction and maintenance. And the whole distance is no more than 200 miles at the most, at the least 130 to 140 miles, say three weeks to a fortnight's marching, with the exception of certain very heavy munitionment. The gap is not so serious as comment in this country sometimes regards it. And we may take it that the Turkish armies, whose main business it is to maintain a position in Mesopotamia, and particularly Bagdad, are in fairly rapid touch with their distant bases.

Now the threat to that central nerve upon which the whole depends is extremely remote. The Russians advancing upon Erzerum are 200 miles away with the enormous mass of the Armenian Taurus between them. The Russians on Lake Van are much nearer, but with the very worst of the mountains in front of them, and no sort of good road whereby they can advance.

The Russians on the Persian side are comparatively few in number. There is here again at least 200 miles between their present position and Bagdad. And, moreover, the whole tangle of mountains, the escarpment which has from time immemorial politically separated the plateau of Persia from the Plains of Mesopotamia, the heights to which Persia owes its national existence and history, stand between.

There is no real threat to the communications of the Turkish Army at Bagdad, still less a threat to the city itself until the allied troops are on the further side of this Persian escarpment on the east and with the Armenian Taurus on the north.

We shall be most unwise if we regard either of those events as probable in the near future.

Our forces, which are now attempting to relieve the original expeditionary force beleaguered at Kut-el-Amara, will not enjoy the effect of any appreciable pressure exercised upon the enemy elsewhere.

What the position now is in this critical spot (it is critical for us, small as are the forces engaged compared with the total forces of the Allies) the despatches read in the House of Commons last Monday sufficiently explain.

The relieving force has, as we said in these columns last week it was bound to do, come into contact with and taken its shock against the main Turkish positions, which lie a couple of hours' march east of Kut-el-Amara. Those positions it has been unable to force. The advance of the relieving force up to the river Tigris and the retreat of the Turks before it at Sheik Said first, and then at Orah, were but a preliminary to this main action, the first phase of which we have just seen to end without any success to the relieving expedition.

There has been very heavy loss upon both sides, but it is to be feared that that loss can be better replaced by the far more numerous enemy than by ourselves.

The Tigris, for some days past bank-high, has flooded the low-lying regions: an impediment to either party, but obviously more of an advantage to the defence and of disadvantage to the attack. And there the matter stands. The only refreshing element in the news from this quarter, and that unfortunately not a permanent element, is the information that the force contained at Kut-el-Amara is still well supplied.

GERMAN POLICY OF SHELLING OPEN TOWNS.

Certain correspondents of mine have asked for proof of the statement that the enemy policy of bombarding distant open towns differed from the allied policy of long range fire against special points in the same.

The proof of that contention lies in measurements upon the map first, and secondly, in the nature of the raids affected and the damage done.

In order to appreciate how strong is the contrast between the two policies, how truly the allied policy is military and the German policy in this respect political, consider the following points.

The enemy in the past shelled no open French towns except Dunkirk in this fashion. They dropped very large shell into Dunkirk at a range of 30,000 yards or thereabouts. At such a range, with the calibre of the piece employed, there was no question of aiming at a particular mark. So long as the shell fell somewhere within the inhabited area of Dunkirk all that was desired was achieved. You cannot at these extreme ranges take an aimed shot. Moreover, when the French discovered the piece and destroyed it, they found it not misplaced, but set permanently at its angle of maximum range and incapable of changes of elevation

(Continued on page 10.)

RAEMAEEKERS' CARTOON.

The nation's debt of gratitude to the rank and file of the British Army can never be fully repaid, it is as a small tribute to these brave men that LAND AND WATER publishes to-day as its frontispiece in the place of the usual cartoon, Raemaekers' illustration of a pathetic incident which occurred in Holland earlier in the month. The report of this incident which was published at the time in the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," is translated below.

* * *

"The burial will take place at once; the clergyman is only waiting for the Vice-Consul who has just arrived by tram from Flushing." So spoke to me the policeman at West Capelle.

I walked past West Capelle's big light house—past the church tower of which the church itself had disappeared, and I stood before the chapel in the churchyard. Through the open door I saw on a bier the white wooden coffin in which rested the body of Private Joseph Walker, an English soldier of the Bedfordshire Regiment, regimental number, 16,092.

On September 9th, 1914, Joseph Walker enlisted for the duration of the war; on January 11th, 1916, the sea bore his dead body to the dyke at West Capelle. Usually, a body washed ashore in this neighbourhood is buried at the foot of the dunes, without coffin, without ceremony. But not this time. This afternoon at 1 p.m. while the north-west wind whistled over Walcheren, the English soldier was buried in the churchyard of West Capelle. Behind the walls of the tower where we sought protection from the gale the Burial Service was read.

First the Vice-Consul in the name of England spread the British flag over him who for England had sacrificed his young life. Four men of West Capelle carried the coffin outside and placed it at the foot of the tower, that old grey giant, which has witnessed so much world's woe, here opposite the sea. The Reverend Mr. Fraser, the English clergyman at Kortryk, himself an exile, said we were gathered to pay the last homage to a Briton who had died for his country. It was a simple, but touching ceremony.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live. . . . He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." Thus spoke the voice of the minister and the wind carried his words, and the wind played with the flag of England, the flag that flies over all seas, in Flanders, in France, in the Balkans, in Egypt, as the symbol of threatened freedom—the flag whose folds here covered a fallen warrior. Deeply were we moved, when the clergyman in his prayer asked for a "message of comfort to his home."

Who, tell me, oh silent field,

Who lies buried here? Here?

Yes, who is Walker, No. 16092, Private Joseph Walker, Bedfordshire regiment? Who, in loving thoughts, thinks of him with hope even now when we, strangers to them, stand near to him in death? Where is his home? We know it not, but in our inmost hearts we pray for a "message of comfort and consolation" for his people.

And in the roaring storm we went our way. There was he carried, the soldier come to rest, and the flag fluttered in the wind and wrapped itself round that son of England. Then the coffin sank into the ground and the hearts of us, the departing witnesses, were sore. Earth fell on it, and the preacher said: "Earth to earth, dust to dust."

such as would have been necessary to the correction of fire had an aimed shot (impossible as that was) been intended.

Now it is perfectly clear that when you drop big shells thus into an open town (full of hospitals, by the way) your only object can be to terrorise. It is a strictly political object, and on a par with very much else that the enemy has done.

But more than this, you have the fact that the enemy had been acting in precisely the same way in his raids upon England. He had not struck at points of military importance upon the coast. He bombarded Scarborough, a watering-place. He had, in dropping bombs, dropped them mainly upon places where he thought they would have an effect upon civilians. In thus dropping very large shells at extreme ranges—that is, at random—upon Dunkirk, he was also aiming at affecting British civilian opinion, both because Dunkirk was the nearest point upon the Continent to England which he could reach, even at extreme range, by the use of his artillery, and also because it was packed full of English wounded and contained a considerable number of English civilians at the time. After an interval of many months he begins exactly the same trick against the French open town of Nancy. He has got it into his head that the French will be more willing to spare their enemy if he destroys some architectural monument or a certain number of civilian lives by such bombardment. Here also he aims at no restricted area of military importance for the simple reason that he is not aiming at all. He is dropping shells at extreme range with the knowledge that they will fall somewhere within a very large inhabited district, and that is all his concern. We know perfectly well, from his first experiment against Dunkirk and indeed from the nature of the case, that when the gun is found by the French and duly destroyed, it will be found emplaced in such a fashion that it is incapable of movement.

Another characteristic of this kind of action and a proof that the enemy believes it to be of great value, is the enormous expenditure connected with it. When he loses one of these guns he loses a very large sum of money. He similarly risks very large sums, and by their occasional loss loses those sums, in the Zeppelin raids upon England, the military effects of which are insignificant and are not intended to be significant.

If one were to prove the thesis on more general lines one would only have to consider the Prussian attitude during peace towards a population believed to be hostile. The only method ever attempted is the method of terror. It requires no subtlety of suggestion or comprehension, it is suited to the most base and mechanical type of brain, it is first cousin to "efficiency and organisation," and it is the only method known against the Poles or the natives of Alsace Lorraine. Since the war you have had exactly the same thing in Belgium and in Serbia. You will have the same thing wherever the Prussian goes, because he is incapable of permanent organic work in political matters. He cannot govern. This policy of terrorising civilians in order to get better terms when he is losing is all of a piece with that very simple cast of mind which surely by this time is sufficiently familiar even to his admirers.

Note at the same time that the German aeroplanes never carry out long air reconnaissances behind the Allied lines, very rarely attempt to attack railway junctions or stores behind those

lines, and have not risked a single Zeppelin for military purposes of this sort.

Now contrast with such a policy what the Allies have done and at once you perceive that while the Prussian policy is pivoting upon the political motive, the Allied policy is pivoting upon a military one. The shells dropped on Lille were dropped upon two very important specified restricted areas of military value, and only of military value. They were dropped at ranges of 16,000 to 18,000 yards—that is, ranges susceptible of correction and of aimed fire. This is still more true of the shells dropped on the railway junction at Lens, which is, of course, at a much shorter range from the Allied heavy batteries behind the lines. The same is conspicuously true of the French heavy gun work in Alsace. The shells are aimed at the railways, particularly the railway junctions, at the enemy's barracks, at his sidings and at his stores of goods and material. They are never delivered at extreme ranges, but always at objects susceptible to correct and particular aim from comparatively short distances.

Let me give an example with which I have personal acquaintance. The Germans dropped a shell into St. Dié in the Vosges a little while before I visited that place. The shell was sent from extreme range, aimed at nothing in particular save the general area of the town, fell in an outlying street and killed a child. The French, by way of reprisal, dropped an aimed shell into the gas works of St. Marie on the other side of the mountains and blew them up. They desired to attain a particular object and they attained it. They threw all those arrangements which depended upon a gas supply into disorder. If any civilian life was lost it was incidental to a purely military operation.

Again the allied air work is constantly penetrating to great distances behind the German lines and undertakes reconnaissances pushed as far as possible eastward, and with very few exceptions never drops bombs with the mere object of terrorising civilian populations. Those very few exceptions, of which Freiburg was one, were strictly reprisals. The enemy was warned that on account of his contempt for his engagements and his breach of the conventions hitherto obtaining between belligerent white nations, he would be made to suffer in the same way that he had made others suffer, and only after such warning was the punishment of the civilian populations in one or two towns upon the Rhine undertaken. It was successful and for some time after obviously affected his policy. It may be necessary to undertake these reprisals again, and so it is to be hoped that they will be as thorough and decisive as possible. But it will still be true that the allied policy as a whole pivots upon purely military considerations in work of this kind and the Prussian policy does not. And anyone who doubts this has only to measure ranges and to note the objects upon which the Allied bombs fall as compared with the enemy's bombs.

When the Zeppelins reached the London area they knew perfectly well that they could not effect any military result there. They were not intending any military result. What they wanted was to get up a clamour against the authorities. They knew how weak the authorities had been in failing to suppress treasonable journalism and they hoped to add to our domestic confusion by some lucky shot.

H. BELLOC.

BLOCKADE AND RUMOURS.

By ARTHUR POLLEN.

WITHOUT doubt the most urgent question of the day for us is to find out if the siege of Germany can be made effective and to make it so if it can be. The past week has revealed gratifying advances in public opinion, not only in this country, but in America, on this question. There is now a practical unanimity that the siege should be proclaimed to be, and in fact become, the common work of all the Allies, whether the lion's share in actually enforcing it continues to fall to Great Britain or not. There is next an increasing opinion in favour of proceeding by a regular blockade instead of pleading the sanction of an Order in Council, whose legality seems dubious to American jurists, and there is a marked advance towards agreement that we shall be more likely to find—and certainly more prompt in adopting—means to make the siege a reality, if its conduct is more under naval than diplomatic authority. So far there is legitimate ground for a very genuine satisfaction on the part of those who, for the last six months, have been urging these three points on public attention.

Finally, there have been published in New York the returns of the quantities and destinations of American exports during part of the year 1915. These have been largely reprinted in the London Press, and though accurate and well-informed analysis will greatly alter their apparent meaning, there can be little doubt that those who during the previous half-year have maintained that our methods of carrying out Mr. Asquith's threat to prevent "all commodities from entering or leaving Germany," have been so far fruitless as to rob our siege of its war value, are substantially right. For to subject a civil population of a country to inconvenience is only irritating, while to subject it to real privation and famine is to reduce its army to impotence.

But the past week has also brought us evidence of another result of this campaign of education by no means as satisfactory. There has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* an article, signed by Mr. Archibald Hurd, which emphasised the incalculable degree to which the fortune of the Allies is bound up with the right use of the British Navy. Mr. Hurd draws two lessons from the Napoleonic War. The parallels of 1805 and 1812 are, he tells us, an illumination and a warning as to what we should do now and why we should do it. We need at the helm the firm and experienced hand of such a master of sea war as was Lord Barham; if the Navy is to do its work the "Nelson touch" must be restored to the Admiralty; if trouble with America is to be avoided we shall need statesmanship at Whitehall as well as consummate professional ability; if public confidence is to be maintained, we need a head of the navy whose authority is unquestioned and unquestionable. The application of these lessons is obvious. Lord Fisher, he urges, is the man and must replace Mr. Balfour at the Admiralty.

It is then a sort of summary of the position to say that there is absolute unanimity as to the importance of making the siege a reality; a

general unanimity that this must be an Allied and not a British operation; a growing inclination towards procedure by blockade; a growing dissatisfaction with the authorities so far responsible for the siege—a dissatisfaction that has resulted in thinking that it would be better run if it were in naval hands. But it is also recognised that this cannot be done without changes at the Admiralty; and the fact that such changes may be desirable re-opens the question "How is the capacity of Whitehall to run the naval war to be increased?" Is it best to look to the Fleet itself, for new blood, and choose new advisers from those who have had eighteen months' experience of the real thing? Or is it better once more to place our confidence in so old and distinguished a public servant as Lord Fisher? As it is folly not to recognise that all these questions are interdependent, and, as the successful termination of the war depends upon the right course being taken in each particular, let us briefly look at the various questions in detail.

SHOULD THE SIEGE BE ALLIED OR BRITISH?

There are two reasons why it should be allied. First, Great Britain is taking great responsibilities *vis-a-vis* with America and other neutral Powers, by acting solely in this matter. It is not fair that this should fall solely upon us. Secondly, the fundamental difficulty of the sea position is to reconcile neutrals to the course which the Allies require to be adopted. The most important of the neutrals in America, and for a hundred reasons the public of the United States—to whom Mr. Wilson professedly looks for guidance as to his conduct towards the belligerents—would regard controversy with the Allied Powers as something different altogether from a controversy with Great Britain alone. But as on this point there is virtual unanimity no more on it need now be said.

(2) ORDER IN COUNCIL VERSUS BLOCKADE.

The argument in favour of proceeding by blockade is twofold. The neutrals question the validity of the Order in Council. The legality of a blockade seems easier of establishment. If the validity of the blockade can be legally maintained, the blockading powers have the right to confiscate not contraband goods only, but both goods and the ships carrying them when they attempt to break through the blockade. It is then a more efficient process. If the supplies entering Germany have to be carried by ships that must insure against the risks the blockade runner has to face, two results would follow. Only a very small proportion of ship owners would face the risk, and supplies would not only automatically become less in bulk, but enormously more costly. It might be thought, if the United States has protested so vigorously against our proceedings in the matter of contraband, that they would protest still more vigorously if we adopted

the infinitely more drastic measure of blockade. If the hanging up of American ships seemed a hardship would not the confiscation or destruction of the chartered ships seem intolerable? As to this we have something to guide us in the character of the Notes which the United States have addressed to the German Government. Omitting the case of the *William P. Frye*, a grain ship destroyed by a German cruiser after the cargo had been removed, there is not amongst Mr. Wilson's published notes to Germany a single word of protest against the destruction—without legal trial or any prize court procedure—of a single capture made by the Germans either by surface ships or by submarines. So far as we know the whole of the Washington-Berlin correspondence is concerned with the inhumanity and injustice only of the German proceedings. Indeed, there seems no other interpretation that can be put upon the third *Lusitania* note, than that Mr. Wilson accepts, as a necessary development of modern naval war, that prizes should be destroyed on the high seas. He is only concerned that if this destruction is carried out by submarines, the safety of the non-combatant passengers and crews should be properly secured. If then a plausible legal argument can be made out for the blockade, it is unlikely that the Americans, having waived the right to trial, will raise against our proceedings objections they have not raised against Germany's.

IS A LEGAL BLOCKADE POSSIBLE?

The main question is, can the legality of a blockade of Germany be sustained? The principle of naval law is, that no blockade is valid unless it is effective. Those that have advocated the blockade of Germany have had to meet this objection, "How can you blockade Germany, when the whole Baltic coast is open to Danish and Swedish trade coming from ports East of the Sound, and when you have no hold over any capture that you allow to enter the Sound when bound for any neutral port beyond it?" There are two main lines on which these objections can be met.

In the first place, from the date of the third *Lusitania* note, when Mr. Wilson gave his sanction to the summary destruction of prizes, it became obvious that the most powerful of the neutrals would oppose no obstacle to our carrying out through submarines those privileges of the sea that hitherto have been limited to the Power that has general command of the sea by surface boats. Although Mr. Wilson finally adopted this attitude in July last, it was not until October that we availed ourselves of the liberty which it manifestly gave us. But since October we have maintained a submarine force in the Baltic, the efficiency of which in preventing trade between Sweden, Denmark and Germany, has no doubt varied; but, allowance for all such variations being made, it has imposed an obstacle quite as effective as that which in previous cases has been held sufficient to maintain the legality of the blockading operations.

The second point is this. The Baltic is an inland sea which can be approached only through narrow and territorial waters. The conditions of modern warfare oppose, to the passage of narrow waters by a surface fleet considerable enough to seize and hold the command of the Baltic, obstacles of a kind which are insuperable.

Mines and the employment of torpedoes by submarines and destroyers have admittedly introduced new factors into naval war. These must be taken into account in all their bearings. Amongst the new effects must be recognised that of converting inland waters as the Baltic and the Sea of Marimora, into *closed seas* to surface ships. Suppose the United States to be at war with say Germany and Japan, and Germany to be blockading the Atlantic coast and Japan to be blockading the Pacific, and both blockades to be generally effective, could it be pretended that any court in the world would deny the legality of either on the ground that neutral ships could communicate freely with Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo? Similarly it could not be held that Germany had allowed the blockade to become ineffective if it permitted British ships to enter the St. Lawrence with goods on board whose destination it was sworn was wholly neutral. The Baltic is a parallel case to the Great Lakes. It can then, it would seem, be convincingly maintained, that to blockade the Sound is to blockade the German coast beyond it, and that to permit neutral ships with cargoes of a neutral destination to pass the Sound would not necessarily invalidate the blockade at all.

Again, although the blockade can be proclaimed and will be valid, there still remains the same problem that faces the allies to-day, namely how to deal with neutral ports on both this and on the other side of the Sound itself. Frankly there is no other way of tackling this problem except pushing the doctrine of "continuous voyage" to its logical limit, and rationing the neutral countries. The dependence on agreements with bodies of private traders is, on the face of it, worthless. There is no other alternative to making the business an affair between the neutral and belligerent governments.

IS THERE TO BE A LORD HIGH ADMIRAL?

It goes very much against the grain with me to deal controversially with the name of any seaman. It is doubly so when that seaman is so old a public servant, so widely and so rightly honoured in the Navy, so gratefully and even affectionately looked upon by his countrymen. But if Mr. Hurd is free to advocate the supersession of Mr. Balfour by Lord Fisher, those who disagree are compelled to exercise an equal frankness in stating their case. The situation is altogether too serious for false delicacy. Mr. Hurd is conjuring with the magic of a great name. His own reputation for cool judgment and wide and unusual knowledge of the profession which he interprets so clearly, stands very high indeed. And in this matter he speaks not only for himself, but for a journal which throughout the war has been distinguished by a patriotism as sane as it has been ardent. Mr. Hurd's advocacy then is not a thing that can be ignored, and it would be no compliment to his hero to do so.

His argument is briefly as follows. The fortunes of the Allied cause depend upon the British Fleet. The Fleet depends upon the men at Whitehall. There supreme power is vested in Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Balfour knows nothing of sea force. He has as counsellors men whose names are utterly unknown, and he is not even bound to accept their unconvincing advice. These are not

reflections on the First Lord and his colleagues. "They are merely facts which no one would deny." His predecessor illustrated his rashness and faulty judgment by ignoring the seamen, and we have the Dardanelles fiasco as a consequence. Mr. Balfour may not be rash, but he too may fail through being too cautious or too indolent. When Pitt saw the Navy at a standstill in 1805, he chose Lord Barham, a full admiral and eighty years of age, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and in six months got the reward of his foresight in the Battle of Trafalgar. Once more sea supremacy is vital and has yet to be won. Lord Fisher is the creator of the Navy on whose power to win supremacy we rely. The Battle of the Falkland Islands, our success in crushing the submarine piracy—these are samples of the work he has already done. We have not exhausted German naval plans for our discomfiture. Plans to counter them must be prepared. Is it not obvious that we must have a sailor answerable for sea policy and a sailor who enjoys the full confidence of the nation? It must be a sailor, for with his naval colleagues on the Board he must carry on the Blockade and make the war his care. He must have seniority, wide experience, and a long and honourable career behind him, or he will not carry conviction with the public and reassure us, as he should, from his place in the House of Lords. Lord Fisher, in short, must go to the Admiralty because he is our only embodiment of the Barham traditions and "the Nelson touch." These are Mr. Hurd's arguments.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA.

It is an eloquent and sincere plea. But I submit that we need hardly go beyond the principles Mr. Hurd lays down, to find its refutation. The ideal First Lord must be a sailor whose professional attainments and knowledge are such as to secure infallibility; he, "with his naval colleagues on the Board" are carrying on the administration of the Navy. Now Lord Fisher was from November till May, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. He was principal naval adviser when the Dardanelles project was first proposed, and he signed every order necessary for carrying on the naval operations there until he went out of office. Mr. Hurd tells us that this fiasco was due to the faulty judgment and to the rashness of the admiralty's lay chief. We know from Mr. Churchill's own words that he was misled by the analogy of the fate of Liege, Namur and Maubeuge into thinking that naval 12-inch and 15-inch guns could repeat on the Dardanelles forts the work which the Austrian howitzers had done on land. Once seized with this delusion, he planned to send pre-Dreadnoughts and the *Queen Elizabeth* to carry out an operation which seemed to him to be manifestly within their power. Lord Fisher seems throughout to have been haunted with vague misgivings that the business was unwise. But, *he was never aware that, from the first, success was impossible.* Had his acquaintance with modern gunnery practice been either intimate or recent, he would have realised that all the pre-Dreadnoughts in the world and all the *Queen Elizabeths* that could be built, could never, *unless aided by land forces victoriously occupying the heights above them,* destroy the Turkish forts of the Narrows by gun fire. Had his professional grasp of this elementary technical truth been of that infallible character so necessary to the desired new chief at Whitehall, he could have

nipped the whole Churchill project in the bud by forbidding it on technical grounds. These not even Mr. Churchill could have questioned.

Taking then the first of Mr. Hurd's points, it would seem that the moral is this. To use the modern navy with effect, it must be in hands that in technical matters are guided by exact knowledge of, and familiarity with, the limitations in the use of naval force. The unhappy history of the Dardanelles adventure shows that we did wrong to rely for this knowledge on anyone, however eminent, whose sea experience ended long before the development of modern methods began.

Now let us take Mr. Hurd's second point. The ideal First Lord "is to act with his naval colleagues." When Lord Fisher returned to the Admiralty in November, 1914, he found the administration of the Navy as he had left it in 1910 with one somewhat startling difference. Lord Cawdor, Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. MacKenna had adopted the principle that having chosen Lord Fisher as their principal adviser, it was both logical and loyal to give him a free hand. So from the autumn of 1904 till Christmas, 1910, while the supreme authority at Whitehall was nominally lay, it was actually naval and was in fact in Lord Fisher's hands alone. Mr. Churchill revived the principal of autocracy, but he made it his own and not a professional autocracy. It was a state of affairs which everyone familiar with the course of naval events, since the beginning of the war, had recognised as a growing danger. Had Lord Fisher recognised this danger; had he realised that the remedy was that which Mr. Hurd suggests, viz., the *co-operation of the seamen on the Board*, Lord Fisher could have averted not only the disaster of the Dardanelles but a great many other very undesirable things that happened. And with regard to the Dardanelles question, let this too be added. We have seen that Lord Fisher did not perceive the primary fallacy that inspired that operation. He had misgivings and doubts as to its wisdom, but they were apparently not doubts for which he could give any cogent reasons. But it is characteristic of Lord Fisher to have brilliant inspirations. Many of his most valuable naval reforms have arisen from an instinct for the right thing. The value of the reforms has had to be realised by the work of others. If these instincts and intuitions are to be of value they must be subjected to naval criticism. If, in those eventful days of January and February last year, he had put his doubts before his naval colleagues and insisted upon the question of the Dardanelles being made a Board question, it is certain that no more would have been heard of that unhappy project.

Taking then Mr. Hurd's own principles, it is not necessary for us to argue whether Lord Fisher's very wonderful record as a peace administrator encourages us to entrust him in war with the sole control of the Navy. For it is clear that on the two points vital to success, he has already been tested and found wanting. And, again to quote Mr. Hurd, in pointing these things out, I am not reflecting on a famous man whom an unfortunate loyalty has placed in a false position, but merely recording facts "which no one would deny."

ARTHUR POLLEN.

P.S.—The above was written before the War Trade Departments analysis of the recent figures of neutral imports was published.

POLICY OF THE BLOCKADE.

IT is clear that the Government of this country stands at the present moment at a turning point in the policy of the blockade.

We need waste not a moment of our readers' time nor the least of our own space in ridiculing the violent nonsense that has been talked upon one side in favour of a sort of revolution in policy probably involving a universal war or in denouncing upon the other the muddle headed and contemptible rubbish about "sparing" the civilian population the impossibility of crushing a nation of such and such a number of million men or the "claims of humanity" against the power which is not only determined to destroy this country but has tortured and burnt without mercy wherever it has passed. Those who are in authority at the present moment are necessarily concerned to win the war. They are concerned in this to an extent far greater than any other men with the exception of the soldiers in the field.

Being in touch with the million details of affairs so enormously complex they must necessarily avoid extremes, and were one to put suddenly in place of any one of these men any one of those who have been clamouring for extremes the new comer would either evoke a disaster or, much more probably, break down under the weight of his new responsibility.

In the maze of detail, every item of which has to be weighed and balanced, two great groups have necessarily presented themselves to the Government in the past year.

The first of these groups was the mass of neutral interests closely interlocked not only with our own commercial interest but with our own power of obtaining essential supplies for the campaign. The second group was the simpler group of aggressive policies open to the power which commanded the sea: the group of actions which in various ways would isolate the enemy and check his power for production (especially in material for war), cut off his food as far as possible (a most legitimate operation based upon his own precedents and policy) and in general establish the strictest possible blockade.

To arrive at a working compromise between these two motives—neither of which could be neglected without peril of disaster—has been the anxious business of all departments but especially of the Treasury, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Foreign Office.

It is possible that a determined policy of maximum blockade declared immediately upon the outbreak of the war would, in the shock of the moment, have been possible without the challenging of neutrals to arms or even interfering with our own supply from neutrals. It would have been an extremely risky gamble at very great odds and, remember, with Italy and the Mediterranean then involved. At any rate the discussion of this is merely academic to-day for, like universal service and many other drastic policies that one psychological moment was essential to such a move, and once the moment had passed every succeeding week made it more and more difficult. The way in which the Government actually attempted to reconcile the weighty opposing motives acting upon them was to exercise an increasing pressure—a pressure increasing slowly but none the less increasing to wait the entry of Italy into the Alliance before making cotton, for instance, con-

traband of war (for how could we prevent a potential ally from obtaining what might be and in the end proved to be material for our own explosives?). to treat the small North Sea nations, in separate categories, favouring the more friendly, and in the result to establish a curve of gradually increasing strictness in the starvation of the Austro-Germans and the Turks in the matter of essentials not only for war but for civilian life.

That policy has now reached a certain critical state in which for the first time it is useful and legitimate for public criticism to be directed upon it. It will in the immediate future be of some consequence both to the support the Government shall receive at home—a matter of very great military importance—and to the successful prosecution of the war that henceforward, of the two motives present that of the blockade shall more and more outweigh the other.

The reasons for this conclusion are already apparent to most men of sober judgment and are beginning to find expression in quarters which deserve and obtain the attention of the Cabinet. The first and main reason is one even better known to the authorities than to even the best instructed portion of the public; it is the fact that the blockade has at last begun to tell very seriously upon the enemy. Now it is a maxim in every kind of struggle that in such critical moments you must exercise a novel and peculiar pressure. To tighten the screw just when there is a touch of panic or breakdown is the essential of every sound policy of success in every form of combat. The chief Prussian bombardment of Paris coincided with the first sharp rise in the death rate, especially of children, and with the serious pinch of famine.

Next we have the fact that after a year's careful observation and a very methodical and thorough tracing of that curve of increase of pressure of which we have spoken, our Government and those of the neutrals can establish a close estimate of what imports, and in what quantities, are necessary for the maintenance of neutral production and trade, and what margin may be fraudulently going to the enemy.

In the third place we have arrived at a point where we are far more independent than we have been in the past of external material from neutrals.

All these things combined do mean not that this is the moment for any revolution in policy, or for any violent departure; but for the transference of weight as it were from the consideration of foreign complexities to the consideration of the enemy's really acute need. A man stands on two legs but in action, in fencing or in boxing, he is depending more upon one than upon the other according to the work of the moment. His weight reposes upon one or upon the other. It is easy to understand how during all the anxious middle part of the past year and even late on into the autumn the weight lay upon the "leg" so to speak represented by the careful and singularly successful work of the Foreign Office in handling the complex problem of the neutrals, in safeguarding at least one of the few routes into Russia and in increasing our own supplies. But the time would seem to have come when there should be an absolute transference of that weight to the other "leg" of the Navy. For at last we have many essential supplies of the enemy in our power.

BRITAIN'S BANKING SYSTEM.—I.

By Arthur Kitson.

IN his remarkable book "Germany and the next War," Bernhardt mentions the following as one of the many advantages gained by war:—"All the sham reputations which a long spell of peace undoubtedly fosters, are unmasked." The present war has undoubtedly "unmasked" the "sham reputations" of several of our most venerable—and hitherto admired—institutions—both political and economic. Among these may be mentioned the doctrine of "laissez faire" which has long been the accredited gospel of our Governing classes. Free trade appears also to have fallen from its lofty pedestal during the past few months, judging from the recent parliamentary debates and editorials in certain Liberal journals. But our one idol that is at present in the greatest disrepute is Britain's banking system.

Scathing Criticisms.

Nowadays, it is almost impossible to peruse either a trade journal or newspaper without noticing some scathing criticism of the system which has hitherto been held up as a shining example of financial strength and efficiency. The *Daily News*, which prior to the war never expressed anything but blind and absolute faith in this national idol, publishes an article (January 15th) by the Editor, entitled "Money for all," in which he says:—

When the war came, the false bottom fell out of our banking system and we made a startling discovery. We found that the banks were an imposing fair weather structure which tottered like a house of cards when the storm came and only survived because in one swift hour Mr. Lloyd George gave them the security of the nation. It was discovered that behind all the appearances of strength, the banks were a fiction and the reality on which they traded was the credit of the State, yours and mine and everybody's. Gold disappeared from circulation and there flowed forth a torrent of notes issued by the Treasury and represented nothing but the credit of the Nation.

Walter Besant once said that "the art of banking was to get other people's money and use it for your own advantage." There has been no more illuminating revelation during the war, and the question for us to ask is whether this private monopoly of the national credit can be permitted to continue? Can we start the future with a "corner" in money? Or must we not see that money like political power must be democratised? If money is only a symbol representing the whole credit of the community why should that symbol not be at the command of the whole community whose credit it represents?"

Now the remarkable thing about this article is not that it should be written at this time when "sham reputations" are falling in all directions, but that the writer did not make these discoveries and disclosures sooner. During the past forty years quite a library of publications have appeared, exposing the rotten foundation of Britain's financial system and predicting a collapse sooner or later. This danger has been the subject of many discussions and resolutions at various meetings of our Trade bodies and Chambers of Commerce all over the United Kingdom for the last thirty-five years. Some of the most vigorous criticisms have been written by members of the banking profession themselves, such as Sir William Holden, and by financial writers like Walter Bagehot, and on one or two occasions no less an authority than the late Lord Goschen (when Chancellor of the Exchequer) uttered words of warning about the volcano upon which we were living. But like the warnings of the late Lord Salisbury, Frederick Harrison, Lord Roberts, and a host of others to prepare for the war in which we are now engaged, these utterances fell on deaf ears. For it has been the policy of the Press, with a few exceptions, to refuse a hearing to prophets who foretell danger or evil.

Now that the murder is out, it will be instructive and interesting to examine the wonderful financial edifice—the sham Gibraltar—which collapsed days before even hostilities had begun or a single shot had been fired. In his well-known work, "Lombard Street," Walter Bagehot wrote:—"The peculiar essence of our banking system is an unprecedented trust between man and

man, and when that trust is much weakened by hidden causes, a small accident may greatly hurt it, and a great accident for a moment may almost destroy it."

Inherently Weak.

To an outsider who for the first time learns the true nature of banking, it will appear amazing that intelligent men should devise a system so inherently weak and seriously regard it as a basis for a great nation's trade and industry! That it has lasted so long speaks volumes for the honesty and faith of the British people—the most trusting people in the world. That the system should have been facetiously termed "The Great Confidence Game" is not surprising, for it is apparent that the basis of our banking business is public confidence. It is, however, only fair to say that the present system was neither designed nor foreseen by its founders as we now know it. It is a development, a sort of monstrosity—an abnormal growth—like a man's body attached to an infant's feet and legs.

In 1844 Sir Robert Peel, a well meaning but narrow-minded statesman, placed British banking in a pair of iron boots. The foundation of the system was rigid and narrow. Little or no provision was made for the future development of commerce. The only question that appears to have been considered by Sir Robert Peel was how to conserve the value of the sovereign. The development of industry and its needs was quite a side issue, indeed, it seems hardly to have received any consideration. Consequently as the banking needs of the nation increased, accommodation had to be provided by enlarging the superstructure without any attempt to enlarge the foundation to a corresponding extent. The system, therefore, came to be likened to an inverted pyramid.

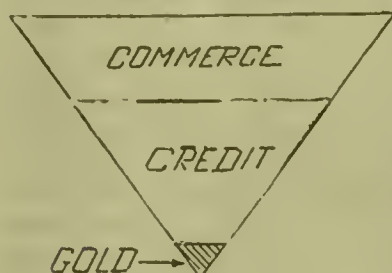
The system is briefly as follows:—The Bank of England (which by the way is a private stock bank and is not in any way a national institution so far as its control and management are concerned) is the financial rock upon which all other British banks and financial firms and institutions repose. It is known as the Bank of the Bankers. "All our credit system depends upon the Bank of England for its security" says Walter Bagehot; "on the wisdom of the Directors of that one Joint Stock Company, it depends whether England shall be solvent or insolvent. This may seem too strong, but it is not. All banks depend on the Bank of England, all merchants depend upon some banker."

Banking Laws.

Our financial system is the result of certain Acts of Parliament such as our Legal Tender laws, and the Bank Charter Act. The former defines specifically the manner and form in which debts must be paid. The latter defines restrictions under which the Banks are permitted to supply the public demand for the debt-paying commodity. And although the one created the necessity for an ever increasing supply of legal tender, the Bank Act not only made no provision for such a supply, it even made such provision both difficult and expensive. So that it became more profitable for the banks to find a substitute for legal tender—thereby increasing the public risks. Hence the invention of the cheque system. Debts beyond forty shillings, both public and private, were made specifically payable in gold on demand. The mints were opened to the coinage of gold in unlimited amounts at the fixed rate of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce. The Bank of England was allowed the privilege of issuing notes to the extent of whatever gold it possessed, at the above rate. An additional issue of what has been termed "inconvertible" notes was allowed against securities and the National Debt to the bank (£11,000,000) at present amounting altogether to about £18,500,000. Subsidiary coinage was also provided for. *But the main fact in the Bank Charter Act, which constitutes the inherent weakness of the whole system, was that the amount of legal tender available for carrying on the nation's trade and commerce depended not on our domestic needs but upon the conditions of the money markets*

abroad! If, for example, a trade boom in Germany or America created an urgent demand for gold, the only method the Bank of England possessed for retaining its reserves was to raise the Bank Rate. Whilst this tended to cut off some of the foreign demand it also penalised our own people by taxing their banking facilities. It became a double-edged sword that cut both ways, and although it has proved a wonderful instrument for booming the value of bank shares, it has proved a dead-weight upon the backs of our producing classes and a serious brake upon the wheels of industry.

Our economic system has been ingeniously illustrated by this inverted pyramid.



It is supported upon its gold apex, which carries all the credit of the country. Upon this we have reared all our trade, manufactures and business generally. The amount of gold has been a very varying quantity—but in any case it has represented an extremely insignificant sum in proportion to the load it has had to carry. Just prior to the war the total amount of gold available throughout the country was estimated at less than £60,000,000. The volume of credit resting upon this ran into hundreds of millions. The bank deposits alone—subject to withdrawal at sight—was at least ten times all the gold available. It is safe to say that altogether, the volume of credit redeemable in gold on demand on August 1st, 1914, was more than 25 times all the gold that the bankers could possibly scrape together! *The truth is, that ever since the passing of the Bank Charter Act, every bank in this country has been doing business on a margin of bankruptcy!*

The engineer who constructs a bridge or machine, estimates the sizes and chooses his material on the basis of a margin of safety. He first calculates the maximum strains to which the bridge or machine will be subjected. He then multiplies this by two or three and builds accordingly. The Bank Charter Act compelled our bankers to adopt a margin of risk. No provision was made for any extraordinary event, such as war or panic. The one door of safety was—suspending the Act. This was actually done on three different occasions during the life of its famous author, with the result that the nation was saved from bankruptcy on each occasion. Imagine a Government passing an Act ostensibly for the protection of the public, which has to be suspended periodically to save the nation from its disastrous effects!

But the danger to which this Act exposed the country was not merely apparent in times of war crises. It was liable to arise at any moment through foreign events which otherwise would have been of little or no consequence to us. The removal of the cotton crops in Egypt or in the United States, the speculations of financial "plungers" in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, the decision of a Board of Railroad Directors in Argentina to extend their system, a presidential election in the United States, and hundreds of similar events which have little or no direct relation to our home trade—any one of these was sufficient to affect our bank-rate by causing withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England and to influence our commerce disastrously. So sensitive is our money market, in consequence of this stupid Bank Act, that we actually experience greater and more acute financial disturbances on account of foreign events than is experienced in the countries themselves in which these events are happening.

When the Germans were besieging Paris in 1870, our bank-rate stood at 10 per cent., whilst the rate of the Bank of France was only 7 per cent. The German Minister of Finance has boasted that no such panic occurred in Berlin when war was declared in August, 1914, as that which was experienced in London at the same time. The wonder is not so much that our banks collapsed at the mere rumour of war, but that they have been enabled to continue so successfully for so long on so unstable a foundation. Can we wonder that foreigners have christened the British banking system, the "Great Confidence Game"?

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S FIGHTING FORCES.

Military brevity, which characterises right from beginning to end. Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood's new work (*Our Fighting Services*, Cassell and Co., 21s. net), is rendered absolutely necessary by the magnitude of the subject, for the book is no less than a history of the Navy and Army—especially the Army—of Britain from the Norman Conquest to the end of the South African War. Since the book concerns the way in which the "fighting forces" made the Empire, reference to the present war is very wisely omitted, for in the first place this present war has little connection with Empire-making, and in the second place it is impossible to write history without historical perspective, either in sevenpenny parts or in volume form.

To many readers the first part, dealing with the rise of the Navy and Army from the time of the Conquest to the end of the Tudor period, will prove the most interesting, though Hastings and Crecy are dismissed in brief paragraphs. The author has been at pains to trace the tactical developments of each period, and to show the modifications of method arising out of the changes in armament. On the framework of history he has built up a book essentially military in form and principle. He has not, however, neglected the romance of military history, and its stirring incidents. Beside the story of the death of Wolfe is set the equally pathetic story of the death of Montcalm; the anti-climax to the story of Hawke's daring naval strategy is given in a few lines that relate how in London the great commander's effigy was being burnt in the belief that he had failed in his duty. One of the chief features of the book is the way in which the salient features of each event are seized on and presented, giving the reader adequate grasp on each phase of the great story.

In the chapters devoted to the oft-described Waterloo campaign, the events leading up to the great battle are given their due prominence, making of the campaign a coherent whole, and this is characteristic of the whole work. It is the strategist, as well as the historian, who writes, omitting irrelevant detail, and careful that no operation with a direct bearing on the historic sequence shall lack its due place. Thus the whole of the Marlborough campaigns do not occupy half the space given to the Peninsular War, for the former were barren of result, while the latter had direct bearing on the downfall of Napoleon and the re-making of Europe. Sound military judgment is united with conscientious accuracy in the compilation of this story of the fighting services, and the comprehensive bibliography given at the end of the book shows that it is intended as an introduction to the study of military history, a purpose which it worthily fulfils.

Expressions of personal opinion are few in these pages; the bare story is given, and the reader may form his own opinion, for the book is a record of duty done, not a critical study. In this, as in the end which such a book serves, more especially among the younger generation, it is consonant with its author's career.

The Machine-Gunners' Pocket Book, by "An M.G.O. in Flanders" (Graham and Lathom, 1s. 6d. net), is an encyclopædia of the Vickers or Maxim machine-gun. In addition to instructions on fire direction and control, the book gives full details of the mechanism of the gun, and of the action of the mechanism, with causes of stoppage of fire and the method of remedying them. It forms a handy little training manual for machine-gun officers, and is one that every officer or N.C.O. on machine-gun work ought to possess.

A cheap edition of *The Grenadiers of Potsdam*, by J. R. Hutchinson, issued by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Co., at 1s. net, provides evidence of the fact that the Prussian bully is not, as is sometimes alleged, a growth of the last forty years, but has been evolving since the time of the first Frederick William of Prussia. The way in which the giant grenadiers were crimped and kidnapped makes interesting reading, and the story of the regiment, fully told in this book, forms a good commentary on Prussian methods, especially when it is remembered that the book was written before the war, and thus is without the prejudice the war has caused to appear in the work of many writers.

Published at 2s. net by Messrs. Holden and Hardingham, *Higgs and Potter*, by J. Beard Francis, provides the class of light comedy that would make the book a welcome one in a hospital ward, or for any occasion on which the object is to divert the mind of the reader rather than to instruct him. The doings of Higgs—and Potter—at their seaside boarding house are decidedly amusing, and the obvious garrulousness of the author, a sort of free and easy method of writing that brings in a multitude of side issues, adds to the humour of the work. Both Higgs and Potter are worth knowing—in print.

THE SIGNALLERS.

By Boyd Cable.

"It is reported that . . ."—EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

THE "it" and the "that" which were reported, and which the despatch related in another three or four lines, concerned the position of a forward line of battle, but have really nothing to do with this account, which aims only at relating something of the method by which "it was reported" and the men whose particular work was concerned only with the report as a report, a string of words, a jumble of letters, a huddle of morse dots and dashes.

The Signalling Company in the forward lines was situated in a very damp and very cold cellar of a half destroyed house. In it were two or three tables commandeered from upstairs or from some houses around. That the one was a rough deal kitchen table and that another was of polished wood, with beautiful inlaid work, and artistic curved and carven legs, the spoils of some drawing-room apparently, was a matter without the faintest interest to the signallers who used them. To them a table was a table, no more and no less, a thing to hold a litter of papers, message forms, telephone gear, and a candle stuck in a bottle. If they had stopped to consider the matter, and had been asked, they would probably have given a dozen of the delicate inlaid tables for one of the rough strong kitchen ones. There were three or four chairs about the place, just as miscellaneous in their appearance as the tables. But beyond the tables and chairs, there was no furniture whatever, unless a scanty heap of wet straw in one corner counts as furniture, which indeed it might well do since it counted as a bed.

Towards Midnight.

There were fully a dozen men in the room, most of them orderlies for the carrying of messages to and from the telephonists. These men came and went continually. Outside it had been raining hard for the greater part of the day and now, getting on towards midnight, the drizzle still held and the trenches and fields about the signallers' quarters were running wet, churned into a mass of gluey chalk-and-clay mud. The orderlies coming in with messages were daubed thick with the wet mud from boot-soles to shoulders, often with their puttees and knees and thighs dripping and running water as if they had just waded through a stream. Those who by the carrying of a message had just completed a turn of duty reported themselves, handed over a message perhaps, slouched wearily over to the wall furthest from the door, dropped on the stone floor, bundled up a pack or a haversack, or anything else convenient for a pillow, lay down and spread a wet macintosh over them, wriggled and composed their bodies into the most comfortable, or rather the least uncomfortable possible position, and in a few minutes were dead asleep.

It was nothing to them that every now and again the house above them shook and quivered to the shock of a heavy shell exploding somewhere on the ground round the house, that the rattle of rifle fire dwindled away at times to separate and scattered shots, brisked up again and rose to a long roll, the devil's tattoo of the machine guns rattling through it with exactly the sound a boy makes running a stick rapidly along a railing. The bursting shells and scourging rifle fire, sweeping machine guns, banging grenades and bombs were all affairs with which the Signalling Company in the cellar had no connection. For the time being, the men in a row along the wall were as unconcerned in the progress of the battle as if they were safely and comfortably asleep in London. Presently any or all of them might be waked and sent out into the flying death and dangers of the battlefield, but in the meantime their immediate and only interest was in getting what sleep they could. Every once in a while the signallers' Sergeant would shout for a man, go across to the line and rouse one of the sleepers; then the awakened man would sit up and blink, rise and listen to his instructions, nod and say "Yes, Sergeant! All right, Sergeant!" when these were completed, pouch his

message, hitch his damp macintosh about him and button it close, drag heavily across the stone floor and vanish into the darkness of the stone stair passage.

A Journey in Darkness.

His journey might be a long or a short one, he might only have to find a company commander in the trenches one or two hundred yards away, he might on the other hand have a several hours' long trudge ahead of him, a bewildering way to pick through the darkness across a maze of fields and a net-work of trenches, over and between the rubble heaps that represented the remains of a village, along roads pitted with all sorts of blind traps in the way of shell holes, strings of barbed wire, overturned carts, broken branches of trees, flung stones and beams; and always, whether his journey was a short one or a long, he would move in an atmosphere of risk, with sudden death or searing pain passing him by at every step, and waiting for him, as he well knew, at the next step and the next and every other one to his journey's end.

Each man who took his instructions and pocketed his message and walked up the cellar steps, knew that he might never walk down them again, that he might not take a dozen paces from them before the bullet found him. He knew that its finding might come in black dark and in the middle of an open field, that it might drop him there and leave him for the stretcher bearers to find some time, or for the burying party to lift any time. Each man who carried out a message was aware that he might never deliver it, that when some other hand did so, and the message was being read, he might be past all messages, lying stark and cold in the mud and filth with the rain beating on his grey unheeding face; or on the other hand that he might be lying warm and comfortable in the soothing ease of a bed in the hospital train, swaying gently and lulled by the song of the flying wheels, the rock and roll of the long compartment, swinging at top speed down the line to the base and the hospital ship and home. An infinity of possibilities lay between the two extremes. They were undoubtedly the two extremes, the death that each man hoped to evade, the wound whose painful prospect held no slightest terror but only rather the deep satisfaction of a task performed, of an escape from death at the cheap price of a few days or weeks pain, or even a crippled limb or a broken body.

A man forgot all these things when he came down the cellar steps and crept to a corner to snatch what sleep he could, but remembered them again only when he was wakened and sent out into their midst, and into all the toils and terrors the others had passed, or were to go into or even then were meeting.

Hardly More than Shadows.

The signallers at the instruments, the sergeants who gathered them in and sent them forth, gave little or no thought to the orderlies. These men were hardly more than shadows, things which brought them long screeds to be translated to the tapping keys, hands which would stretch into the candle-light and lift the messages that had just "buzzed" in over their wires. The sergeant thought of them mostly as a list of names to be ticked off one by one in a careful roster as each man did his turn of duty, went out, or came back and reported in. And the man who sent messages these men bore may never have given a thought to the hands that would carry them, unless perhaps to wonder vaguely whether the message could get through from so and so to such and such, from this map square to that, and if the chance of the messages getting through—the message you will note, not the messenger—seemed extra doubtful, orders might be given to send it in duplicate or triplicate, to double or treble the chances of its arriving.

The night wore on, the orderlies slept and woke, stumbled in and out; the telephonists droned out in monotonous voices to the telephone, or "buzzed" even more monotonous strings of longs and shorts on the "buzzer." And in the open about them, and all

unheeded by them, men fought, and suffered wounds and died, or fought on in the scarce lesser suffering of cold and wet and hunger.

Fluctuations of the Fight.

In the signallers' room all the fluctuations of the fight were translated from the pulsing fever, the human living tragedies and heroisms, the violent hopes and fears and anxieties of the battle line, to curt cold words, to scribbled letters on a message form. At times these messages were almost meaningless to them, or at least their red tragedy was unheeded. Their first thought when a message was handed in for transmission, usually their first question when the signaller at the other end called to take a message, was whether the message was a long one or a short one. One telephonist was handed an urgent message to send off, saying that bombs were running short in the forward line and that further supplies were required at the earliest possible moment, that the line was being severely bombed and unless they had the means to reply must be driven out or destroyed. The signaller took that message and sent it through, but his instrument was not working very clearly and he was a good deal more concerned and his mind was much more fully taken up with the exasperating difficulty of making the signaller at the other end catch word or letter correctly, than it was with all the close packed volume of meaning it contained. It was not that he did not understand the meaning; he himself had known a line bombed out before now, the trenches rent and torn apart, the shattered limbs and broken bodies of the defenders, the horrible ripping crash of the bombs, the blinding flame, the numbing shock, the smoke and reek and noise of the explosions; but though all these things were known to him, the words "bombed out" meant no more now than nine letters of the alphabet and the maddening stupidity of the man at the other end, who would misunderstand the sound and meaning of "bombed" and had to have it in time-consuming letter by letter spelling.

When he had sent that message, he took off and wrote down one or two others from the signalling station he was in touch with. His own station it will be remembered was close up to the forward firing line, a new firing line which marked the limits of the advance made that morning. The station he was connected with was back in rear of what, previous to the attack, had been the British forward line. Between the two the thin insignificant thread of the telephone wire ran twisting across the jumble of the trenches of our old firing line, the neutral ground that had lain between the trenches, and the other maze of trench, dug-out, and bomb-proof shelter pits that had been captured from the enemy. Then in the middle of sending a message, the wire went dead, gave no answer to repeated calls on the "buzzer." The sergeant, called to consultation, helped to overlook and examine the instrument. Nothing could be found wrong with it, but to make quite sure the fault was not there, a spare instrument was coupled on to a short length of wire between it and the old one. They carried the message perfectly, so with curses of angry disgust, the wire was pronounced disconnected, or "disc" as the signaller called it.

Repairing a Break.

This meant that a man or men had to be sent out along the line to find and repair the break, and that until this were done, no telephone message could pass between that portion of the forward line and the headquarters in the rear. The situation was the more serious, inasmuch as this was the only connecting line for a considerable distance along the new front. A corporal and two men took a spare instrument and a coil of wire, and set out on their dangerous journey.

The break of course had been reported to the O.C., and after that there was nothing more for the signaller at the dead instrument to do, except to listen for the buzz that would come back from the repair party as they progressed along the line, tapping in occasionally to make sure that they still had connection with the forward station, their getting no reply at the same time from the rear station, being of course sufficient proof that they had not passed the break.

Twice the signaller got a message, the second one being from the forward side of the old neutral ground in what had been the German front line trench; the report said

also that fairly heavy fire was being maintained on the open ground. After that there was silence.

When the signaller had time to look about him, to light a cigarette and to listen to the uproar of battle that filtered down the cellar steps and through the closed door, he spoke to the sergeant about the noise, and the sergeant agreed with him that it was getting louder, which meant either that the fight was getting hotter or coming closer. The answer to their doubts came swiftly to their hands in the shape of a note from the O.C. with a message borne by the orderly that it was to be sent through anyhow or somehow, but at once.

Now the O.C. he it noted, had already had a report that the telephone wire was cut; but he still scribbled his note, sent his message and thereafter put the matter out of his mind. He did not know how or in what fashion the message would be sent; but he did know the Signalling Company, and that was sufficient for him. In this he was doing nothing out of the usual. There are many commanders who do the same thing, and this, if you read it aright, is a compliment to the signalling companies beyond all the praise of General Orders or the sweet flattery of the G.O.C. despatch—the men who sent the messages put them out of their mind as soon as they were written and handed to an orderly with a curt order, "Signalling company to send that."

You at home who slip a letter into the pillar box, consider it, allowing due time for its journey, as good as delivered at the other end; by so doing you pay an unconscious compliment to all manners and grades of men, from high salaried managers down to humble porters and postmen. But the somewhat similar compliment that is paid by the men who send messages across the battlefield is paid in the bulk to one little select circle; to the animal brawn and blood, the spiritual courage and devotion, the bodies and brains, the pluck and perseverance, the endurance, the grit and the determination of the Signalling Companies.

Very Urgent.

When the sergeant took his message and glanced through it, he pursed his lips in a low whistle and asked the signaller to copy while he went and roused three messengers. His quick glance through the note had told him, even without the O.C.'s message, that it was to the last degree urgent that the message should go back and be delivered at once and without fail; therefore he sent three messengers, simply because three men trebled the chances of the message getting through without delay. If one man dropped, there were two to go on; if two fell the third would still carry on; if he fell—well, after that the matter was beyond the sergeant's handling; he must leave it to the messenger to find another man or means to carry on the message.

The telephonist had scribbled a copy of the note to keep by him in case the wire was mended and the message could be sent through after the messengers started and before they reached the other end. The three received their instructions, drew their wet coats about their shivering shoulders, relieved their feelings in a few growled sentences about the dog's life a man led in that Company, and departed into the wet night.

The sergeant came back, re-read the message and discussed it with the signaller. It said: "Heavy attack is developing and being pressed strongly on our centre a-a-a.* Our losses have been heavy and line is considerably weakened a-a-a Will hold on here to the last but urgently request that strong reinforcements be sent up if the line is to be maintained a-a-a Additional artillery support would be useful a-a-a."

"Sounds healthy, don't it?" said the sergeant reflectively. The signaller nodded gloomily and listened apprehensively to the growing sounds of battle. Now that his mind was free from first thoughts of telephonic worries, he had time to consider outside matters. For nearly ten minutes the two men listened, and talked in short sentences, and listened again. The rattle of rifle fire was sustained and unbroken, and punctuated liberally at short intervals by the boom of exploding grenades and bombs. Decidedly the whole action was heavier—or coming back closer to them.

(To be continued.)

* Three a's indicate a full stop.

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

By GILBERT FRANKAU.

5.—SIGNALS.

The hot wax drips from the flares
 On the scrawled pink forms that litter
 The bench where he sits; the glitter
 Of stars is framed by the sand-bags atop of the dug-out stairs.
 And the lagging watch hands creep;
 And his cloaked mates murmur in sleep—
 Forms he can wake with a kick—
 And he hears, as he plays with the pressel-switch, the strapped receiver click
 On his ear that listens, listens;
 And the candle-flicker glistens
 On the rounded brass of the switch-board where the red wires cluster thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
 Wires that whisper and chatter
 At night, when the trench-rats patter
 And nibble among the rations and scuttle back to their lair;
 Wires that are never at rest—
 For the linesmen tap them and test,
 And ever they tremble with tone:
 And he knows from a hundred signals the buzzing call of his own.
 The breaks and the vibrant stresses,
 The Z, and the G, and the Esses,
 That call his hand to the answering key and his mouth to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
 On the words that his mouth shall utter,
 When rifle and Maxim stutter
 And the rockets volley to starward from the spurting parapet;
 And always his ear must hark
 To the voices out of the dark,
 For the whisper over the wire,
 From the bombed and the battered trenches where the wounded moan in the mire;
 For a sign to waken the thunder
 Which shatters the night in sunder
 With the flash of the leaping muzzles and the beat of battery-fire.

N.B.—A Song of the Guns will be continued in our next issue.

INCREMENT VALUE DUTY.

To the Editor of *Land and Water*.

SIR,—Although the Land Union is anxious to avoid anything in the nature of political controversy at the present time, it nevertheless considers it a duty to draw attention to the following facts.

Mr. Lloyd George recognised the unfairness of the claim for Increment Value Duty in the Lumsden case. When the Revenue Bill was in Committee in the House of Commons on August 1st, 1913, he stated that Clause 2 in that Bill was inserted "in order to protect people like Mr. Lumsden." Unfortunately the Bill did not reach the Statute Book, and the same fate befell the Bill of the following year into which a similar Clause was introduced. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister and the Secretary to the Treasury on July 23rd, 1914, undertook, on behalf of the Government, to introduce a one-clause Bill to annul the effect of the Lumsden Judgment and to bring the assessment to Increment Value Duty into harmony with the original proposals put forward when the Budget of 1909 was introduced into the House of Commons—namely, that there must be a rise in the value of the bare site before Increment Value Duty is demandable.

War having broken out, the Land Union makes no complaint that the Government has been unable to introduce this Bill, but it does complain that after the injustice suffered by Mr. Lumsden was fully recognised by the Government, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue continue to demand, under threat of legal proceedings, Increment Value Duty under the Lumsden Judgment when it is agreed that there has been no rise in the value of the bare site, and have actually

issued writs to enforce their claims. In Mr. Lumsden's case they write that unless £22, the Duty demanded, and costs amounting to £249 9s. 4d. are paid, they will take legal proceedings without further notice or delay.

The Land Union deplores this action as likely to provoke ill-feeling at the present time, and urges that either the promised Bill should be passed without delay, or in the event of that being impossible, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue should be instructed not to press their claims in these cases until Parliament shall have had time to deal with the matter.

Yours obediently,

DESBOROUGH,

Chairman of the Council, Land Union.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

January, 1916.

In the Memoirs of M. Thiers, reviewed in these pages last week, a remarkable passage occurs. The negotiations for an armistice were being discussed between M. Thiers and Count Bismarck in November 1870, when the question of the fleets of the two nations came up. M. Thiers proceeds: "As to the German fleet, whose position Count Bismarck did not know, it was agreed that it should stay wherever it was at the time. At this point Count Bismarck spoke to me of the thirty-five merchant ships that we had taken, and whose captains had been made prisoners. That, he said, was an intolerable abuse of force. The Germans had therefore taken in our towns forty citizens whom they were equally holding as prisoners in Germany." Verily Germany has travelled a long distance backward since the mere imprisonment of captains of merchant ships in time of war was considered "an intolerable abuse of force."

BOOKS THAT EXCEL.

"The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry." By Sir Henry Newbolt. ("Country Life" Library). 6s. net.



SIR JOHN MOORE.

For the earlier chapters of this volume, the chapters which concern the old 43rd and 52nd regiments of foot, the author has very evidently relied mainly on general history more than on the histories of the two regiments, and he has specialised on the 43rd more than on the 52nd. Full prominence is given to the

association of the 52nd with Sir John Moore, who was colonel of the regiment, and made of it and of the 42nd units in the famous light division which under Wellington assisted so largely in the Peninsular struggle. Moore's retreat to Corunna is graphically described, and these earlier chapters, more especially those in which the taking of Quebec and the American War of Independence are detailed form the best part of the book.

The work of the two battalions in the Mutiny is very briefly summarised, and their service in the East as a whole is mentioned rather than described. The author has been at some pains to trace the doings of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry in the present war up to the first battle of Ypres, and this part of the book is in keeping with the earlier chapters. It is a stirring story rather than a regimental record; we look vainly for the point at which the regiment's present title was conferred on it, for the author is concerned more with action than with dry detail, and is, as every good historian should be, thoroughly in love with his subject.

"The Balkan Peninsula." By Frank Fox. (A. and C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.

The problems that have vexed the Balkan States for so long arise, for the most part, out of the diversity of races inhabiting the Peninsula, and in this book—or rather, in the first part of it—an outline of the various races is given. The later chapters are devoted to the experiences of the author as a war correspondent during the Balkan War which preceded the present great conflict—the book was written prior to the outbreak of the European War. The historical sketch, outlining the rise and fall of Turkish power in the Balkans, forms a concise and useful summary with regard to the causes of Balkan unrest.

The later chapters extol the Balkan peasant and execrate his rulers, for the most part; there is little to choose, the author says, between Turk and Christian. "Always Turks and Exarchate Christians and Patriarchate Christians are plotting against one another new raids and murders," but "if freed from the promptings of priests and politicians the Balkan peasants of any race are quite decent folk." These conclusions are based on experience of Balkan life, and mainly on life among nations at war with each other.

The work is interesting throughout, and many of its chapters form useful matter on which to form a judgment of the various states described, but probably the author's estimate of Bulgaria has been modified to a certain extent, since the writing of the book, by recent disclosures and events.

"The Note Book of an Attache." By Erio Fisher Wood. (Grant Richards). 6s. net.

As voluntary attaché to the American Embassy at Paris Mr. Wood saw the effect of the opening stages of the war on the French capital, and lived through the breathless expectancy that preceded the battle of the Marne. He visited the Marne and Aisne battlefields, went to Berlin, to London, to Berlin again, to Vienna, and to Buda Pesth. A shrewd observer, he made deductions from the facts that he saw, and many of these deductions are distinctly unpleasant to any reader of Allied nationality—and even more unpleasant for American readers. The book is an honest and unbiassed report of things seen, and is also useful evidence of certain phases of the first seven months of war.

It must be read, however, with a consciousness of later happenings. Mr. Wood saw an undisturbed Germany, and the German war machine was at its strongest in the days of which he writes. His conclusions, for instance, with regard to the French medical services and the relative strengths of aeroplane services, true in the time of which he writes, need revision now. Still, the value of his work, due mainly to his

impartial honesty, remains, and the interest of his comment on what is already matter of history is unquestionable.

"The Individual." By Muriel Hine. (John Lane.) 6s.

In spite of the difficulty of her subject, Miss Hine has managed to make this new novel as attractive and as stimulating as those which preceded it. The problem, in this case, is the reconciliation of theory with life; Taverner, successful doctor and eugenist, was confronted by the problem of either living up to his own theories with regard to the continuity of the race, or tacitly admitting himself a renegade. The way out that he chose was a selfish one, in that it affected his wife more than himself—but in the end the problem was solved for him, and the book thus becomes an illustration of the fact that life solves its own problems. The title is merely a compression of the statement that the individual should be sacrificed to the community where the interests of individual and community are at variance.

Taverner, sympathetically drawn, is interesting. Elisma, his wife, is more harshly lined in, and we cannot help feeling that her side of the case might have been more definitely stated. In spite of this, however, there is no denying the interest of the book as a whole, while the delicate problem of which it treats is handled in a way that clears it of suggestiveness and makes for success. In spite of traces of midnight oil, this is undoubtedly among the novels of the year that count.

"Thornley Colton." By Clinton H. Stagg. (Simpkins, Marshall and Co.) 6s.

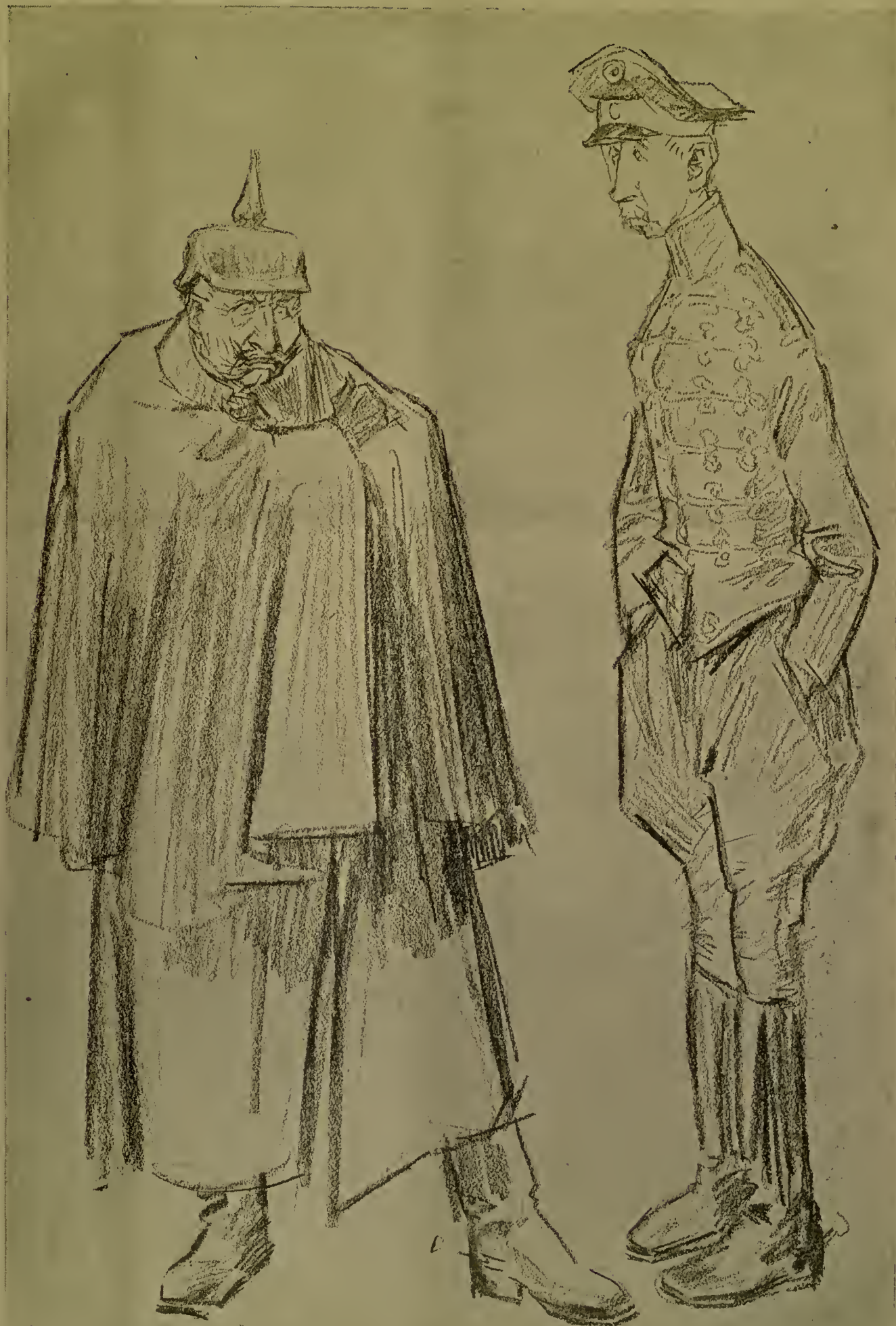
The eight "problems" that are solved by Thornley Colton in the pages of this book are of a nature to make even the seasoned reader of detective stories forget about bed-time and go on reading. Colton, in direct succession to Sherlock Holmes in ingenuity, is a blind man, and his theory is that sight is a drawback rather than an aid to the detection of crime, since in seeing the obvious people miss the really important things. The problems include such weird things as a pistol, held by no human hand, shooting a man stone dead, and a ruby vanishing in mist from the hand that held it. How these things are accomplished is all explained by the wonderful Colton, who, to tell the truth, is almost too wonderful for full credence—if the reader stops to think. The power of the stories lies in the fact that the reader does not stop to think, but is so engrossed in the mystery and its solution that he reads on to the end—and then begins another problem. Dramatic situations abound, and in spite of a certain reiteration of detail in some of the stories Thornley Colton has few equals in detective fiction.

Lessons in Thrift, by G. C. Pringle (Teachers' War Service Committee, Edinburgh, 3d. net) is a series of notes on the subjects of thrift in general and thrift in time of war. The writer has outlined in these notes a series of lectures suited not only for use in schools and colleges, but also for lecturers to adult audiences. The work is an admirable summary of the doctrine and practice of thrift in war time forming a brief but complete exposition of the subject in outline. All proceeds of the sales of the book are devoted to the Teachers' War Fund, but, apart from this, the circulation of such a work should be furthered in every way, since the work itself is of distinct service to the nation in such times as the present.

A complete and authoritative summary of the various aspects of the great war is provided in *The British Dominions Year Book for 1916*, issued by the British Dominions General Insurance Co., of Royal Exchange Avenue, London. The compilers of the work have secured the work of specialists in military and naval subjects, in finance, international law, and other subjects bearing on the war, so that the book is of definite historical and statistical value as a record of the year 1915. In addition to war articles the book contains much interesting and useful general information, and on the whole it must be regarded as one of the best of the many annual handbooks issued.

The January number of the *Asiatic Review* provides an exceptionally long and well-varied list of contents. Noteworthy articles are "Some Parallels of the Present Situation" by a military correspondent, which deals with current fallacies in comparing the present war with the Napoleonic campaigns, and incidentally provides a summary of the military situation; "Carmen Sylva," by Oliver Bainbridge, a sketch of the Queen of Roumania, and a literary supplement which gives special prominence to recent works on the Near and Far East. An article giving "Impressions" of Persia and Mesopotamia will also be found of great interest at the present time.

LAND & WATER



Louis Raemaekers.

By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

"Those shameless English! They have now sacrificed their most sacred principle of voluntary service! The barbarians!"



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BRITISH INDIANS IN THE GROUNDS OF A CHATEAU.

By G. SPENCER PRYSE.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1916.

OPTIMISM & PESSIMISM.

TWO words which have come into constant use with regard to the war are the words "optimism" and "pessimism," and they are used to mean statements or opinions supporting a hopeful view for the Allies, and statements or opinions supporting an unhelpful view.

We need not delay upon the misuse of terms which properly only relate to systems of philosophy and properly have no meaning in this connection. The word "optimist" no more means a hopeful man, or the word "pessimist" a despairing man, with regard to a particular event than the word Cow means Mangel-wurzel. But these journalistic expressions take root and wise people do not waste time in discussing their origins or ultimate value. For the mass of English people to-day these two words mean hopeful and unhelpful statements of opinion with regard to the progress of the campaign.

Now there arises in this connection a curious and even dangerous confusion of mind which must be carefully guarded against by anyone who desires to preserve a just view of the tremendous business upon which the whole future of Europe and of this country turns.

From noting, as every sensible person must, that a passing mood, quite apart from reason or from original motive, will affect action, one passes to disliking bad news or unpleasant but reasonable conclusions to thinking such statements or judgments positively harmful to the nation, and one may easily end by regarding them, however true, as treasonable if they are expressed.

On the other side, from fearing that neglect or belittling of the war or of our peril may lead to slackness in recruiting and in munitioning effort and the rest, and thence to disaster, a man may very easily begin by suspecting every favourable statement or hopeful judgment, and soon end by regarding any such with anger and aversion.

In the first case a man decries what he calls "pessimism and the pessimists" and tries to counteract or to deny every statement or judgment that would increase his alarm; in the second case he is compelled to the exact opposite and is led to counteract or deny almost every statement or judgment that would make him hopeful. The nation in a moment of highly anxious tension, never relieved and exasperated by the immobility of the great siege lines, gets divided into two groups. The one suspecting or hating what it calls "optimism"; the other what it calls "pessimism." Very much worse than this the nation gets to swing, in the great mass of its opinion, from one pole to the other. There will be weeks (like those of last April) when warnings are disregarded and the chances of immediate victory are absurdly exaggerated; there will be months (like those of last October and November) when the great bulk of men are at the opposite extreme, will hardly believe the simplest and most obvious truths that would make for their heartening, and violently suspect all favourable conclusions, however moderate and guarded, to be deliberately misleading and ruinous to the national temper.

It will be clear to everyone who thinks over the matter at leisure that both these moods are irrational. But it is also common knowledge backed up by all human experience that unreason—irrational moods—are the very gravest peril any individual or society can run when they are under a strain. Panic, which is the deadly poison of an army, wild speculation, which is the ruin of a man, proceed equally from the one mood or the other. Everyone is agreed when the matter is soberly stated that the chief requisite for action, especially in competition or struggle against other human wills, is to keep the whole problem quite steadily in view, playing one's

judgment upon it coolly and tenaciously as every new development arises. That spirit is not one which gradually fades off into vaguer and less efficient moods; it is something very highly limited and rapidly dissolved. When a man loses grip of reality under a strain, he tends to lose it at once and altogether. The curve is very steep from the moment that the process of a dissolution in judgment begins. But a short interval separates, in times of great crisis, the solid use of reason from the folly of rashness or despair. Experience tells us that this is so, and we know that it must be so from the very nature of things; since men in a great crisis are peculiarly susceptible to nervous revolutions.

The moral would seem to be that we should, during the progress of this awful task, constantly feed upon reality.

In the question of numbers, for instance, we should concern ourselves not with whether this or that statement is depressing or the reverse, but rather with the proofs attaching to it. In the matter of movements we should not incline to the description of our own side or our opponent's, we should weigh with as ample experiments as possible the probable bases of either statement. Your own side claims in a subsidiary local action in Alsace, rather more than a thousand unwounded prisoners from the enemy. The enemy in another action on the Somme claims a similar number. It is a simple matter but a good test of mood, whether the little success is doubted because it would lead to optimism and the little failure accepted with exaggerated headlines because it is bad news. Both attitudes are as foolish and dangerous as would be the reverse, an exaggeration of the first, a belittlement of the second. The sane man accepts both, and sees that both are trifling.

Again, the whole of military history is there to tell one the significance of the occupation of enemy territory during the course of a war; its political effect; the crucial matter of the extension of front it usually involves; the nature of communications to the occupied territory; the economic effect, and the effect upon neutrals. You have a hundred campaigns in the past to guide your judgment in such a matter. If you say the occupation of enemy territory is negligible simply because it solves no strategical problem you are mistaken. If you say that it is decisive and final—a test of strategical success—you are making a far worse mistake. Were the enemy to evacuate Brussels and Lille to-morrow without great loss and, according to his own plan and on his own initiative fall back upon a shorter line, he would be stronger and his chances of prolonging the war would be greater. It would be impossible to avoid an immense wave of enthusiasm in the Allied countries should that event take place, but the wise man in judging that event would not yield to that enthusiasm.

The converse is equally true. It would be foolish to say that the occupation of all Serbia and Montenegro was not of high political effect in the Eastern theatre of war, in spite of the fact that it perilously extends the obligations of the half-exhausted enemy.

The whole matter may be summed up by saying that those, though a minority, who are concerned only with positive facts and reasonable deductions therefrom, will be the best fitted to judge the future trend of the war. They will by their sobriety probably profit as individuals. That nation which most nearly reaches and maintains such a stand will certainly profit most in the final settlement. It is of good augury to note that of all the belligerent nations, that one most hopelessly out of touch with reality to-day is the mass (not the higher command) of the German Empire.

The present war fully justifies the prediction made in *Among the Ruins*, by Gomez Carillo (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net) to the effect that the complete disappearance of permanent fortifications will be one of its results. M. Carillo's book is a record of sightseeing among the wreckage of war, which he visited after the battle of the Marne. His descriptions of Epernay, Rheims, Clermont in Argonne, etc., form yet another indictment of the infamous methods of the Germans. One of the most striking incidents in the book is the burning of Auve, a village in which no act of war took place, but which was utterly destroyed by the Germans as a sort of revenge for their defeat on the Marne. Tragic though the book is in character, it expresses the belief of the French people—as distinct from the Army—in ultimate victory.

WAR SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

In a message delivered upon Wednesday, January 26th, in London, news was received that the Turks before Kut had been heavily reinforced and that the weather during the course of the day's fighting already reported (which was five days before, upon Friday, January 21st) had been very bad, strong winds and heavy rain flooding much of the ground and hampering operations.

The Turkish official message with regard to the same action describes the British attack as having taken place under the protection of river gun boats and as having developed upon both banks of the Tigris. It claims that our force retired some kilometres after attacks and counter-attacks lasting six hours and that, after the British retirement 3,000 dead were counted upon the field and mentions the granting of an armistice for the burial of the dead. The same communique claims a check administered to another British column, with the loss of about 100 dead at the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Upon the same day a message was received from General Townshend that his force contained by the enemy at Kut el Amara was amply supplied.

On Tuesday, January 25th, two German aeroplanes dropped 15 bombs upon Dunkirk, killing five persons and wounding three, at about 6 in the morning. Two hours later a British machine off the coast to the North-East of that town forced a German seaplane to descend upon the water. On the same day a German aeroplane squadron dropped bombs upon Nancy.

On Wednesday the 26th, after a heavy artillery duel the French re-occupied the last of the crater the enemy's mine explosions had formed near Neuville in Artois. The same day a Zeppelin dropped some bombs on villages near Epornay, and there was heavy artillery work against the German positions on the Bois le Prete in Lorraine.

Upon Thursday the 27th, news reached London of an action against the Senussi delivered by General Wallace's force on the previous Sunday, the 23rd. The enemy was driven back in the course of the morning. His Camp was occupied and about 80 tents burnt. The strength of the enemy is estimated at about 4,500 with three guns and three or four machine guns, the Arabs evidently handled by trained soldiers.

On Friday, the 28th, a German local attack upon the British near Loos was repelled.

The German official report on the same day gave, since October 1st, the loss of 63 Allied aeroplanes as against 15 German. This statement can only be understood in connection with the fact that the Allies crossed the German lines and proceeded far Eastward of them, the German machines very rarely crossing our lines. While the Allies, and especially the British, record more than four flights to the German one.

On the same day, Friday the 28th, a number of local attacks were delivered by the enemy in Artois, the object of which it is not easy to decide. They were all repelled. As a reprisal for the Zeppelin raid of the previous Tuesday a French dirigible balloon dropped in the night between Thursday and Friday, eighteen 6 inch and twenty 4 inch bombs upon Freiburg, especially upon the station and the barracks.

On the British front there was another local attack near Loos, delivered by the enemy and repelled, and a certain amount of mining work near Givenchy.

News was received the same day of considerable local Russian successes near Erzerum, notably just West of Melazghert, north of Lake Van, where a large amount of arms and munitions were captured, many ammunition carts and a certain number of prisoners. The town of Kynsskala was entered and held in the pursuit with many munitions and a great amount of stores, the Turks retiring towards Mush. A similar success was obtained in Persia south of Lake Urmia; while at the furthest southern point of the Russian line on the road from Hamadan to Bagdad the Russians further advanced. It is probable that the Russians in this move reached, or even passed, Kangawar, where the Turks had recently counter-attacked with success.

On Saturday, the 29th, a strong German attack against the French, on the Somme, resulted in a considerable success for the enemy, 1,300 prisoners, and 13 machine guns taken from the French at Frise, south of the Somme, and trenches of the first line over a space of some two miles. The French account shows that this action developed over a much wider front, and that the German attack was completely unsuccessful in all the Southern section, only succeeding on the bank of the river itself.

On Sunday, the 30th, the first counter-attacks of the French had re-occupied portions of the lost ground.

On Saturday night, the 29th, in conjunction with this expensive, but successful, effort upon the enemy's part at Frise, a Zeppelin dropped bombs over Paris, causing 53 casualties, nearly half of which were deaths.

On the following night, Sunday the 30th, a Zeppelin appeared again and dropped ten bombs, none of which took effect. The airships were flying at some 11,000 feet, from which height it was impossible to take aim. The bombs were dropped quite at random, and in the second case appear to have missed the city altogether and to have fallen only upon waste land upon the outskirts.

In Alsace the French heavy artillery set fire on the same day to a munitions store east of Munster. News reached London upon the same day (Saturday the 29th), that upon Friday the 28th, the Greek fort of Karaburn, commanding the entry to the Gulf of Salonika, had been occupied by the French, British, Russian and Italian Marines.

On Saturday, the 29th, St. Giovanni di Medua and Alessio, on the Adriatic, were occupied, according to the uncontradicted Austrian Communique, by Austrian troops, representing an advance of about 20 miles from Scutari.

GERMAN ACTIVITY IN THE WEST.

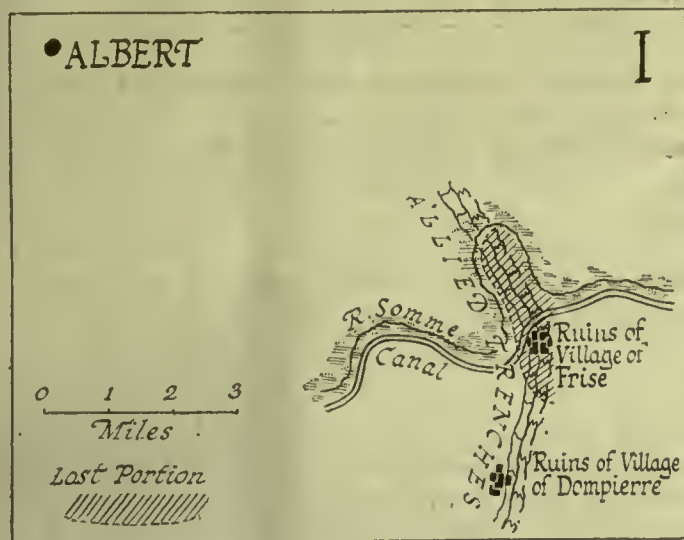
By Hilaire Belloc.

BY far the most important part of the war news is the suddenly renewed activity of the Germans upon the Western front.

Three or four strong local offensives have been delivered between the end of the great Soissons salient and the North Sea in the last few days. They have been delivered over narrow fronts, but at the expense of considerable numbers, and all have failed save one—with which we will deal in a moment.

The policy of these continued local attacks—which are not aimed at breaking the line at all, being on far too small a scale for that object—has been already described last week. It is the act of a man who, to keep a door shut against the pressure of stronger forces outside, jerks it forward at intervals. As the system develops it has a further object (very often) of concentrating men against particular parts of the line in the hope of weakening those parts elsewhere where a really strong attack is later intended.

Whatever the policy, the enemy, at this very considerable expense in men, achieved, after nearly a fortnight of such efforts, a marked success. It was of the following nature.



The Upper Somme between Peronne and Bray is a small, but not fordable, very sluggish stream, winding through a belt, from three to six hundred yards wide, or even more, of marshy ground impassable to troops. It was this same belt of marsh which Henry V. crossed with so much difficulty, in the great march to Agincourt, using the remains of the Roman causeway some few miles above the point we are here concerned with.

At a place where this belt of marsh with the small and sluggish stream winding through it, makes a great hook (the loop is cut off at its base by the lateral canal of the Somme) stands the village of Frise—now of course in ruins. Due south of it lies the village of Dompierre, now also in ruins. North of the river the line runs directly northwards, covering Albert.

It is in this region that the French and English lines met for many months, although there has been a slight extension of the English line since last autumn. There was, at any rate, an English element present in the forces at Frise, when the attack was delivered.

It will be seen that the forces at Frise and those in the trenches just in front of that ruined village had their back to the marshy belt of the unfordable Somme, and were at a disadvantage on that account if they were really hard pressed. Disadvantageous as such a position is, in the present war of trenches there is no great consideration for such points. When lines have been once established—"crystallised" is the current phrase—pretty well haphazard in the last few days of mobile fighting, they remain as the chance of that fighting has left them save for an occasional advance and retirement by a few hundred yards upon either side, the result of such episodes as the one we are examining.

The German attack was preceded by a very violent bombardment over several miles of front from the

Somme southwards. There followed the attack of two or three divisions. All that part of it which struck to the south or right of the French at Dompierre was thrown back with very heavy loss. In the loop of the river and north of the canal it was otherwise. The Germans, at an expense estimated by the French at something over 10,000 casualties, occupied the ruins of the village of Frise and the trenches there lining the river, claiming as a result, probably justly, as many prisoners as the French took the other day on the Hartmansweilerkopf, about 1,300.

It does not seem that the enemy was able to advance from the marshy belt, up to the edge of which he had reached, or that he had any success north of the river. It will be interesting to note from six weeks to two months hence what losses are admitted in this action in the enemy casualty lists, when we have ascertained the units he was employing at this point.

Position in Mesopotamia.

There has been no change in the position of the relieving forces held up by the Turks upon the Tigris or, unfortunately, in that of General Townshend's division, which they are attempting to succour. The relieving force has been unable to move since the heavy action of a fortnight ago. The Turkish trenches up river to the West, that is, those containing General Townshend's force on the far side, have been moved a mile further upstream, presumably to avoid flooded ground; but the movement is of no effect upon the general situation.

Meanwhile an error, which should be noted by all those who are following the war carefully, was committed by the India Office in transmitting the first telegram. To this error was due a corresponding error in the Sketch Map published in these columns last week.

The first telegram described the shock between the relieving force and the Turks as having taken place on the position of El-Essin, between six and seven miles east of Kut. This is the main Turkish position, and was that upon which we were all prepared that the action should take place.

A second telegram from the India Office corrected the error of the first and told us that the action had as a fact taken place between 23 and 25 miles east of Kut; in other words, upon the line of the Wady, or watercourse, up to which the relieving force reached at the end of its pursuit of the retiring Turkish advanced bodies a month ago.

The Turks appear to have lain upon either side of the Tigris and, upon the left bank or north, were immediately behind the Wady. Exceptional rains had filled this watercourse and even flooded the neighbourhood, and to this, as well as to the superiority in numbers of the enemy, the check received by the British force must be ascribed.

The difference between the first supposed position of the action and the second position which we now know it to be, is shown in the following sketch.

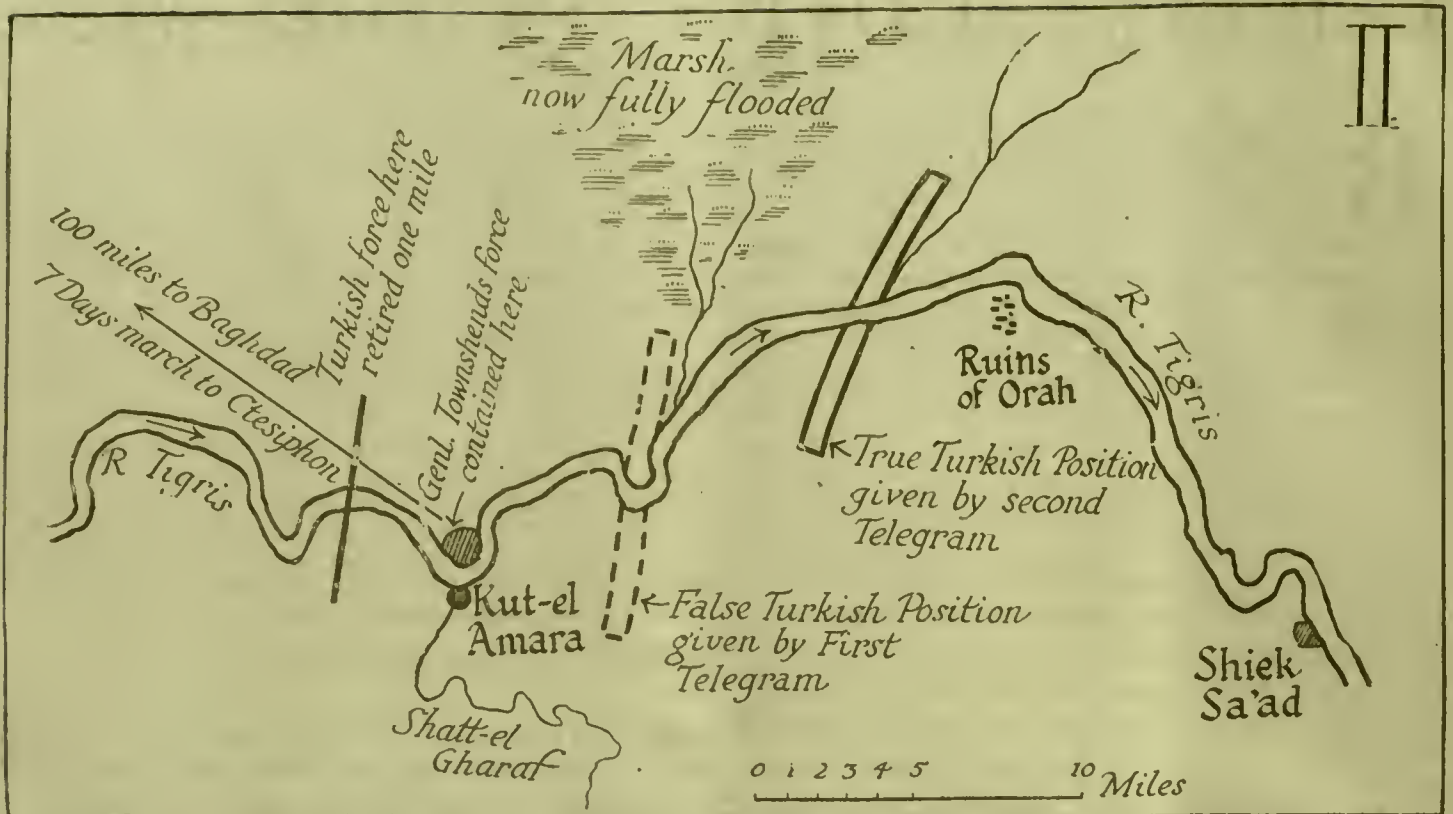
The error is not really a material one, for whether the relieving forces were checked seven or twenty-five miles from its object is of little ultimate consequence. The real point is the power of resistance of the enemy, and this, unfortunately, appears to be sufficient for its purpose.

The Italian Resume.

An exceedingly important document has been issued this week in Rome. The public had it last Saturday. It has been about three weeks preparing, and it is most unfortunate that our Press—with the exception of the *Morning Post*—has not given it more prominence.

This document is the official account under the authority of the Italian Commander in Chief, General Cadorna, of the results of the operations upon the Italian front up to the end of the year 1915.

With regard to the movement of the lines nothing need be said because in the first place they have been slight—involving not more than the complete security of the Italian Plain from invasion at least with such forces



as the Austrians could spare; in the second place because they are fairly familiar to all those who follow the war at all carefully.

What is really important in this campaign of attrition is the estimate our Allies make of the enemy forces they have drawn to this front, and the figures of prisoners.

General Cadorna does not hesitate to give the total Austrian forces between the Trentino and the Adriatic at twelve corps. Opinion most favourable to Italy has not hitherto mentioned anything like that figure. In the columns of LAND AND WATER six have been suggested as a minimum, and just possibly ten as the very outside maximum. The general (and worthless) "conversational" estimate—if one may use the term—has put the Austrian figures ridiculously low; five corps or less.

General Cadorna's high estimate is to be accepted with little reserve, for the Italian higher command is alone in a position to judge the matter, and its accounts have always been moderate and restrained after the fashion happily set by all the Allies, perhaps better followed by Italy than by any other. But even if we do not admit the full complement of the corps mentioned, we are dealing with something not far short of 400,000 men. And considering the excellence of the Italian heavy artillery, the immense rate of munitionment which Italy (to the great increase of her prestige) has successfully maintained, and the now notorious precision of Italian fire, we can judge upon the analogy of all other fronts what wastage in enemy strength these figures mean. The Italian front has not cost Austria in the eight months less than 200,000 men dead loss—probably more. The number of prisoners alone in Italian hands is over 30,000. It will be no surprise when the official history of the war comes to be written from collated documents, if the total enemy wastage due to Italian effort does not prove to exceed a quarter of a million upon this front alone.

That is most admirable work, and when we think of quality as well as quantity it means even more. All these months, at any rate since July, Austria has been able to send her best units to this South-Western front of hers. It is these that have been broken and harried after such a fashion, and we must bear in mind in reading such figures what they mean for the future.

How will that front look when the opening year permits more general offensives? When the rearmament of Russia is accomplished and when Austria-Hungary will be subject to the imperative need of finding some men from somewhere to fight upon two fronts at least and more probably upon three?

Of the really significant documents issued in the last five months, this is perhaps the most significant.

I would refer my readers in particular to the full account published in the *Morning Post* of Monday, January 31st, with its two excellent and detailed maps.

A Further Note upon Mr. Tennant's Figures.

My readers will remember that the figures given by Mr. Tennant in Parliament—which were no more than the German totals as given by the enemy himself—were subject to very grave criticism and were, indeed, manifestly erroneous. In connection with this, of which the analysis made will convince anyone who followed it, there has appeared a new piece of evidence which is conclusive; though that really was hardly needed, for probably no one took the original figures seriously.

It will be remembered that in Mr. Tennant's figures the total gross losses (not net) of the Germans for the one month of December (excluding sickness) were given at about 11,000. It will also be remembered that the well-deserved sarcasm of one of our principal military writers was quoted in connection with that absurd figure.

The new piece of evidence to which I refer is the evidence of the British losses during the same month.

They are now officially given as just short of double the German losses! Over 21,000.

One has but to mention so ridiculous a contrast to settle the credibility of the first set of figures.

The British forces during the month of December have no casualties in action of any appreciable size save upon the French front. They have no fighting in Salonika, none in Gallipoli, none in Egypt. Of all the very large proportion of British forces in the East only the quite small body in Mesopotamia was engaged at all.

The forces on the French front were engaged in no considerable actions. The whole period was one of lull. Those forces are mainly responsible for the figure of total casualties for December—which we know upon the English side to be very accurately kept and up to date.

The German armies in the field were during the same month continually engaged. There was some fighting in the Balkans (on no very large scale it is true), very heavy fighting indeed, with very high casualties, on the southern part of the Russian front, and the usual measure of activity upon the French front. The German forces engaged during that same month and often engaged in very heavy and expensive operations, numbered something between four and five times the British forces engaged, and we are asked to believe that their total losses were only *half* as many!

The thing is, of course, manifestly ridiculous, and it is perhaps a waste of space to allude to it again, but if anyone is still in doubt as to the valuelessness of the original figures given this argument should, I think, convince such a one.

The total German losses during the month of December, counting the sick, permanent and temporary, may have been a good deal below the usual average, for on the whole it was a month of lull save for the rather heavy

fighting on the Russian front, but the fantastic figure of 11,000 given in the House of Commons is negligible.

Reprisals.

In the present mood of the enemy it is exceedingly important that opinion, in this country especially, should be clear headed upon the question of reprisals.

Reprisals in war, which cannot be often repeated, must have a military object, and a military object alone. In other words, if during war you forgot even for a moment the prime object of war—if you turn to consider revenge for mere "scoring" or occupation of territory, or the discomfiture of important persons, you are not only losing your own power but you are inevitably lowering your general fighting strength.

Reprisals, then, are essentially political acts undertaken with a political object, which political object is expected to react upon the whole military situation. Short of that they are worth nothing. If, for instance, you are fighting an enemy who tortures his prisoners, as savage tribes have done in warfare against Europeans, there would be nothing but waste of energy and worse in torturing the prisoners you took unless you thought that such an action might weaken the moral of the enemy. The punishment you propose to inflict upon an unscrupulous, barbaric, or insane enemy, should in all military common sense be postponed to the period of execution which follows victory.

If we only keep this first principle steadily in mind, it will be a sure guide to the actions wherewith we should meet the enemy's consistent and increasing tendency to savage or insane action in the present struggle. It is always from the enemy's side that the first breaches

of common morals have come. They began with the murder of innocent civilians, murders committed with the object of striking terror and securing the passage of his armies. They proceeded to indiscriminate murder at sea, then to the use of poison gases on land, and to the dropping of high explosives upon open towns. They may perfectly well in the near future go on to the employment of poison in ordinary life, they may attempt to taint the water supplies of our great cities; they may go from that to the massacre of prisoners. They have no very clear object in what they are doing. Their action is spasmodic and sometimes particularly exulted in because they are inexcusable. Their general motive is obvious enough. They propose to cause confusion in the political organisation of the Allies, dissatisfaction of citizens with their Government, and weariness with the war in general. As against these attempts we must remember that the modern German is politically vulnerable for reprisals for two reasons: first of all, he is nervous in type, mainly a town dweller, and, as the whole course of the war has proved, peculiarly unstable under a nervous strain. He is, especially during this struggle, in a mood of "exultation." Secondly, he has been almost entirely immune so far as his own soil and his own political organisation are concerned.

The conclusion is that sharp reprisals undertaken as soon as possible after each of his crimes would be of real service, though reprisals should be thorough, but should occupy as little of the energy and the time of the Allies as possible. And it is to be concluded with fair certitude that if a few really vigorous examples were made with certain of the Rhenish towns, for instance, together with action against enemy property, it would influence him in the immediate future. H. BELLOC.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

By Arthur Pollen.

THE past week has been interesting for three exceedingly important developments. In the Blockade debate, the Government did not disclose either the character of the steps to make the siege of Germany more strict, nor indeed that greater stringency was to be enforced. Yet the debate as a whole made this intention obvious. That the American attitude towards the belligerents is on the verge of dramatic change can hardly be questioned. On Thursday, January, 27th, the summary of Mr. Lansing's new note on submarine war and the arming of merchantmen, was published, and it was followed immediately by a series of speeches by Mr. Wilson, all couched in a tone entirely new to that strong but singular man. It is significant that the Note and the speeches coincided with the stay in Berlin of Colonel House, reputed to be Mr. Wilson's unofficial emissary to Europe. Finally the news that anchored German mines had been found off the Spanish coast and that ships had been lost by them, indicate new and tragic departures by the enemy.

The Blockade Debate.

The case Sir Edward Grey had to meet in the debate was, that the Government had not carried out Mr. Asquith's threat that we would prevent commodities of any kind from entering or leaving Germany. It was part of the case that this failure could partly be explained by the fact that we had proceeded by a method of our own, under an Order in Council, instead of by strict blockade, which the facts of the naval situation and a reasonable interpretation of the American doctrine of "continuous voyage" would have enabled us to do. It is, of course, only by an appeal to this doctrine that we establish our title to hit at Germany through the neutral ports at all. A blockade, it was maintained, would add nothing to the diplomatic difficulties of the position, would indeed in some respects simplify it, by resting our case on a better legal basis, and, if feasible, must certainly be more effective. It was also urged that, in proceeding against Germany at sea we should act as the

agent of all the Allies, and not as if the cause were our own singly.

Such was the case put forward by Mr. Benn and Mr. Leslie Scott, and it is substantially identical with the suggestions put forward in these columns since September last. On only one of the points raised did Sir Edward Grey give any direct satisfaction to his critics. He made it clear that for the future all discussion with America is to be carried on by Great Britain and France jointly. I have urged this now for five months, and the concession seems to me both useful and important. For the rest Sir Edward Grey made no attempt to answer any of these criticisms; nor did he see his way to accept any other of the suggestions made. Indeed he made light of his opponents. A certain proportion of goods had no doubt got past us to the enemy, but Lord Faringdon, who had made special enquiries into the matter, was satisfied that much less had gone through "than could have been expected"—a not very specific method of indicating the success or failure of our efforts. The figures that had recently been published had been subjected on the previous day to a somewhat damaging criticism in a White Paper issued by the War Trade Department. Sir Edward pushed this form of criticism still further, and repudiated with complete success the accusation that the Foreign Office had interfered with the action of the Admiralty. He also asserted with great force and vigour that if we attempted a strict blockade of all the neutrals in Europe, we might indeed end the war more quickly, but in a fashion disastrous to ourselves. Indeed nearly ten out of the sixteen columns of Sir Edward Grey's speech in Hansard are devoted to these three points, the misleading figures of the American exports, the alleged interference by the diplomatists with the navy, the folly of threatening all Europe with a blockade for the sake of starving Germany. But no one in the House of Commons had made himself responsible for any of these accusations or proposals, so that Sir Edward was demolishing critics who hadn't appeared in the lists against him.

Up to this point it was as if he had said that the blockade was so well managed that it could hardly be

improved, and except for the concession about co-operating with France, no willingness to adopt a more stringent or a more forward policy was expressed. Why then was Sir Edward Grey's speech received with such universal—and quite proper—satisfaction? It was because he challenged all the neutral countries to question or oppose the Allies' right to use their sea power to the full. We had no right he said, to deprive neutrals of goods genuinely intended for their own use, but we could not give up our right to interfere with enemy trade. The main question for neutrals was this. Do they admit our right to apply the principles employed by the American Governments in the war between North and South? In fairness they are bound to admit it, and if they do, surely they should assist—at least through corporations of private traders—to make our exercise of that right as easy and as effective as possible. But if any neutral takes upon himself to deny that right, *the Allies will regard such a denial as a departure from neutrality*. In saying this the Foreign Secretary took the highest tone it was possible for him to take, and he put the policy of this country and of its Allies upon a foundation which it is impossible for any neutral to misunderstand. Such plain speaking could not have been necessary—except that the situation called for new departures, and that new departures were coming. If drastic steps for tightening the bonds on Germany are in contemplation, the neutral powers have to be prepared for their employment. And, as if to reconcile them to this new and sterner policy, Sir Edward Grey ended with an indictment of German conduct at sea that left nothing to be desired in scathing vigour. Those of us, then, who have been urging a stricter siege so patiently, can, it seems to me, rest satisfied with the situation.

Part of Sir Edward Grey's indictment of Germany's sea policy was that she had continually sunk merchant vessels without notice or warning or attempting to safeguard passengers and crews, and that she had done this, not only by submarines, but by sowing the sea with mines, by which ships that were not even bound for any port within the so-called war zone had been destroyed. And he noted that no protest has been made by neutral governments to Germany in this matter of the kind made against our own quite civilised proceedings. Our action could indeed be questioned on the grounds at law, but it's illegality was, at its worst, doubtful. But German action was not only obviously illegal, but scandalously inhumane to boot. In emphasizing this point, Sir Edward was no doubt anticipating a part of the reply to Mr. Lansing's latest proposals.

Reckless Mine-laying.

The recent great and reckless extension of the German mine-laying policy must also be taken into account. The restrictions imposed upon mine-laying by the Hague Conventions are well known. Germany has never observed these restrictions and the development of mine-laying submarines confers on her the capacity to lay these mines where she will. It is obviously impossible for any system of sweeping to keep the channels leading to all commercial ports constantly swept, and the fact that mines are laid so far afield as the Spanish coast is a final evidence that there is no pretence that they are laid with any military object, or so as to destroy belligerent shipping only. Indeed, the fact that neutral vessels mostly not bound for belligerent ports at all have been sunk at the rate of nearly eight a month since the war began, is conclusive evidence of the character of German contempt for civilised opinion. We must, I fear, be prepared for an increase in the loss of merchant shipping both from this cause and from attacks—at least on our own shipping—by submarines in areas in which these boats have not hitherto operated. Nor can we reasonably hope very greatly to restrict the operations of submarines in the open sea by the kind of counter-offensive that has been effective in home waters. The only *effective* means of limiting their action would be by making the supply of oil and other necessaries to them impossible. But without the co-operation of powers now neutral, this cutting off of supplies is exceedingly difficult. The only limitation then to the destructive malignity of our enemies will be the opportunity afforded to them, and, for practical purposes, the only way of limiting

their opportunities, is for all merchantmen to be armed.

The New American Proposals.

When then we come to consider America's latest proposals we must bear these two fundamental facts in mind. First, Germany's breach of the canons of civilised war is not limited to the sinking of merchantmen and liners by submarines, but has, from the very outbreak of hostilities, included the most dastardly of all crimes the wholesale sowing of mines upon the sea, a policy which the minelaying submarine now enables her to extend indefinitely. And, secondly, the sole means of protecting merchantmen and liners against submarines, outside of home waters, is for the trading ship to carry guns. This is so because, if the ship is defenceless, a modern submarine can operate safely as a surface ship armed with guns *overhaul* and run down almost any ship afloat, thus making every merchantman seen a certain victim unless rescued by a patrol; whereas, if the submarine can only manœuvre to attack when submerged and is limited to the use of the torpedo as a weapon, the number of her victims is necessarily reduced to those ships that she has been successful in *waylaying*. Such ships as she waylays she will sink on sight, and there will no doubt be a heavy loss of life in each case. If no ships are armed three or four times as many ships will be sunk, and the loss of life will depend upon the inclination or convenience of the submarine commander who sinks them.

The official text of Mr. Lansing's proposal has not been published, but the summaries, if correct, show that America proposes to forbid the Allies to arm merchantmen, and Germany to sink merchantmen without providing for the safety of those on board. If the Allies decline this request, their ships are to be forbidden the use of American ports, except on warship terms. If Germany declines, or having accepted breaks her word, the penalties are not specified. What should our attitude towards these proposals be?

The two most obvious objections are these. As we have seen, the disarmament of merchantmen makes the destruction of our sea trade incalculably easier for the submarine. Consequently to fall in with the proposal would be to condemn our merchant shipping to far more serious losses than it has yet endured. The next objection is that we should get nothing for this sacrifice except Germany's word that no sinkings at sight would take place, nor any sinkings without passengers and crew being secured. There are two difficulties in accepting Germany's word in this matter. The first is that no one outside of Germany believes that that country's plighted word will ever be kept a moment longer than convenience dictates. And they believe this because no one inside Germany has ever professed any other doctrine. Our disinclination to accept Germany's word then, is based not only on her many and atrocious breaches of it, but more firmly on the fact that she glories in her freedom to break it when she needs to. But supposing this difficulty could be got over, a large assumption, what is the worth of any undertaking given by submarine captains that the safety of those on board sunk merchantmen should be secured? There is only one method of providing for this safety. It is to put passengers and crews into properly manned and properly provided boats, and to turn them adrift to make their best way to port. Whether this is virtual safety or not depends upon a great number of things—the distance from port, the weather, the currents to be encountered, the frequented or unfrequented state of the sea neighbourhood amongst others. Is a code of rules to be drawn up in these matters and to be accepted by the Germans? Can turning women and children adrift in these circumstances more than, say, twelve hours from port, in any circumstances be regarded as a civilised proceeding?

Nor is this all. The excuse given for sinking the *Arabic* was that the submarine commander suspected her intention to ram him. Disarming merchantmen will not necessarily make submarines safe from merchantmen. The submarine captain with guns and torpedoes at his disposal must be left with a free hand to judge the military necessity. What kind of guarantee can there be here that life will be respected? Merely on the merits of the proposals, then, one sees certain objections almost impossible

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

By Gilbert Frankau.

6.—THE OBSERVERS.

Ere the last light that leaps the night has hung, and shone, and died,
 While yet the breast-high fog of dawn is swathed about the plain,
 By hedge and track our slaves go back, the waning stars for guide . . .
 Eyes of our mouths, the mists have cleared, the guns would speak again !

Faint on the ear that strains to hear, their orders trickle down :
 " Degrees—twelve—left of zero line—corrector one three eight—
 Three thousand " . . . Shift our trails and lift the muzzles that shall drown
 The rifle's idle chatter when our sendings detonate.

Sending or still, these serve our will ; the hidden eyes that mark,
 From gutted farm, from laddered tree that scans the furrowed slope,
 From coigas of slag whose pit-props sag on burrowed ways and dark,
 In open trench where sandbags hold the steady periscope.

Waking, they know the instant foe, the bullets phutting by,
 The blurring lens, the sodden map, the wires that leak or break :
 Sleeping, they dream of shells that scream adown a sunless sky . . .
 And the splinters patter round them in their dug-outs as they wake.

Not theirs, the wet glad bayonet, the red and racing hour,
 The rush that clears the bombing-post with knife and hand-grenade ;
 Not theirs the zest when, steel to breast, the last survivors cower . . .
 Yet can ye hold the ground ye won, save these be there to aid ?

These, that observe the shell's far swerve, these of the quiet voice
 That bids " go on," repeats the range, corrects for fuze or line . . .
 Though dear the task their masters ask, what room for thought or choice ?
 This is ours by right of service, heedless gift of youthful eyne !

Careless they give while yet they live ; the dead we tasked too sore
 Bear witness we were naught begrudged of riches or of youth ;
 Careless they gave, across their grave our calling salvoes roar,
 And those we maimed come back to us in proof our dead speak truth !

7.—AMMUNITION COLUMN.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain :
And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again ;
Railroad, lorry, and limber, battery, column, and park ;
To the shelf where the set fuze waits the breech, from the quay where the shells embark.
 We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef : the long dull day drags by,
 As I sit here watching our " Archibalds " strafing an empty sky :
 Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the plane—
 Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link of the chain,
 Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are hungry again :
Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun ;
To the loader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops where the steam-lathes run.
 There's a lone mule braying against the line where the mud cakes fetlock-deep ;
 There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn where the drivers sleep ;
 And I hear the pash of the orderly's horse as he canters him down the lane—
 Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the self-same chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link of the chain ;
 And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again :
From wagon-limber to gunpit dump ; from loader's forearm at breech,
To the working party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech.
 So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right,
 At the tail of a blood-red afternoon ; so the flux of another night
 Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again. . . .
 Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain !

N.B.—A Song of the Guns will be concluded in our next issue.

(Continued from page 8.)

to overcome. The final objection to the bargain is, as I have said above, that added to all its disadvantages as a bargain, it deals with one aspect of Germany's sea criminalities only.

The Washington Government has access to naval advice of the highest authority and skill. Its whole conduct since the beginning of the war shows it to be deeply concerned to maintain the claims of justice and humanity. It is obvious then that the Cabinet must thoroughly understand all the objections to its proposals—a few of which I have just set out. What is its intention in putting these proposals forward? In this matter we can only guess at an explanation. Two are current. The first is that Mr. Wilson hopes, by the threat of closing American ports to British traders, to force acceptance by the Allies, and by the threat of war to force Germany's compliance—if indeed Germany would need any forcing into the acceptance of a bargain so extremely favourable to herself. Once the new arrangement came into working we should find ourselves face to face with the helplessness of our sea trade in the presence of German submarine warfare. Would not this be a favourable moment for reopening that question of the freedom of the seas to which Mr. Wilson has always "been committed"; to which Germany—defeated at sea—is now so ardent a convert? So long as the submarine war was carried on only in the war zone, the counter campaign could not only keep it under, but make it far more costly to Germany than to ourselves. Make the destruction of commerce on the high seas easy, put it out of the Allies' power to defend their trading ships, and then probably they will prove amenable to American and German reason.

There is another view which is not untenable. It is obvious that the United States community is gravitating towards the view that the Administration's attitude towards Germany has been entirely too long suffering. The time has come when the Administration must take some action. How could it take action which will carry the anti-German sentiment with it without alienating the pro-Germans too violently? It can only do so by appearing to impose its will upon *both* belligerents. Are the Lansing proposals made with a view to ultimate intervention on the Allies' side, but under the guise of an impartial policy? The Administration may think that Germany cannot act in good faith, and that a breach is therefore inevitable. If, when the breach came, the Administration could point to good faith on our side and perfidy on the other, it might secure unanimity.

Whatever the intentions of the Administration are, it seems to me highly improbable that events will afford an opportunity of demonstrating them. In other words, the Lansing proposals appear to me to be still born. No suggestion for our acceptance of Germany's word can or should receive consideration. And this after all is the root of the matter.

The Renaissance of the "Appam."

The *Appam* has reappeared, and startled the world as if she had risen from the dead. The Germans have scored grimly, but greatly, over the Navy. That it was possible for an armed cruiser to break the Blockade outwards and get upon the trade routes, is a possibility which naval officers have always foreseen. If we are astonished it is not because of the difficulty of the thing that has been done, but largely because it has not been done sooner. Manifestly it is not a thing which can be done very often, or on a large scale. It is impossible, for instance, to suppose that warships could escape except by the merest fluke. A tramp could conceivably be seen and not pursued. Could a warship be so disguised as to be seen and escape detection? It is unlikely. The news arrives too near the time for going to press for this incident to be treated fully. The question which excites the greatest curiosity at the moment is this. At the time of writing we only know the *Appam* has arrived at Norfolk with a prize crew of twelve on board. This, of course, cannot be the whole personnel of the *Mocve*. There is no other news of the *Mocve*. Is she still at large, or have her officers and men been transferred to one of the captures, and is the capture at large as a rover on the high seas? If she is, a pretty problem is propounded to the British Navy. What success will she have before her inevitable end?

ARTHUR POLLEN.

RATIONAL REFORM.

THESE has come by chance into the possession of the writer a slim, brown-covered magazine, bearing the title of *The Trust Review*. Its name does not at first sight reveal its purpose, so let me add forthwith that it is "a quarterly review published for promoting the principles of disinterested management in the retail sale of alcoholic liquors in Great Britain." This is its first number.

Time flies quickly and one hardly realises more than fifteen years have slipped by since Lord Grey founded the Home Counties Public House Trust. Other and isolated efforts were even then in progress to reform the ale-house and liquor bar on sensible lines. The Trust, as Lord Lytton remarks in the editorial columns of the *Review*, was founded in the belief that in any community, whether village, town or district of town, or even a club, public sentiment favours temperance and abominates drunkenness. "Drunkenness is a vice of the individual, not of the community." Will anyone to-day question the absolute truth of this assertion?

It is a little difficult at the moment to realise fully the extraordinary chasm that divided total abstainers from even the most moderate "drinkers" in the latter half of the Victorian era. The Blue Ribbon army is apparently as dead as a doornail, but at the end of the seventies and in the early eighties of last century, it was most vigorous, and every man or boy who had signed "The Pledge" vaunted a bit of blue ribbon in his buttonhole, one effect of which was to stimulate the weaker brother to indulge in inebriation "just to prove his independence." At that time, in a commercial establishment of the City, it occurred to a wit, irritated by the flaunting virtue that thrust bits of blue ribbons in his face, to carry the war into the enemies' country, and ripping the red silk tape with which it was then customary to keep cigars in their place from an old cigar box, he divided them into short lengths, distributing them among friends of like feeling with himself. The idea promptly caught on; the custom spread, and thus came into existence the Red Ribbon army, the only covenant of which consisted in its members being pledged to indulge in at least one alcoholic drink a day. It was the very last thing which the founders of the Blue Ribbon army had in mind, but it is typical of the spirit which fanaticism awakens among the peoples of this Realm.

Then in the last year of the nineteenth century came Lord Grey, the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of Chester, and two or three other common-sense Englishmen, who had faith in their fellows and honestly believed it were easier to induce a stubborn Anglo-Saxon to adhere to the paths of sobriety than to force him there under compulsion. And so was born an enterprise which for years the writer has believed and is more than ever convinced to-day, is sooner or later to solve a social problem which has hitherto defied both the most sincere and the most strenuous efforts of reformers.

"Surely a time will come some day when the fact that the working-classes must go into separate houses for food and liquor will be a thing of the past." This from the *Trust Review*. It is a point which the present writer has been hammering at for a dozen years or more. Why should not the working-classes be given the same facilities for alcohol with their food which are granted in every restaurant to the upper and middle classes?

But the Trust would proceed even beyond this and wisely so. Says its *Review*: "We should have liked to combine in many places the provision of cheap meals with a little music, but in the present state of the law and practice this is considered a criminal offence, and those who attempt to carry out the idea are liable to be proceeded against for keeping a disorderly house." Oh dear! Oh dear! How heavily do the sins of our fathers and our fathers' fathers ride upon our shoulders!

But all those who struggle for the cause of true temperance may take heart of grace from *The Trust Review*. Lord Grey contributes to it a series of verses which that rabid teetotaler, but perfect gentleman, the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, wrote on the movement at its inception. They are excellent evidence of the advance in public opinion on this momentous question. In fact, all the satire of Sir Wilfrid's lines has entirely evaporated and to most of us it is a little difficult to realise the uncompromising spirit, and, one must add, the narrow-mindedness which gave them utterance.

Drunkenness nine times out of ten is not a vice but a symptom, and if only we could rescue the State once and for all from the mistaken and pernicious view of regarding alcohol merely as a revenue-earning commodity, the battle of temperance would be more than two-thirds won. This is what Lord Grey's Trust is doing. *The Trust Review* is a rallying point for all rational temperance reformers. It may be obtained, post free, for sixpence, from The Editor, Home Counties P.H. Trust, Ltd., Radlett, Herts.

ENEMY PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES.

OPINION in this country and elsewhere among the Allies has been somewhat exercised upon the question whether the cause of European civilisation in this great struggle were being properly represented to the greatest of the neutral countries.

The enemy (or rather the Prussians, who are the directing force of all the enemy's remaining power) had prepared for their abominable aggression, as we know, in every way that suggested itself to their mechanical and limited minds.

There was the very elaborate spy system—almost comically enormous in scale, not very efficient, and characteristically missing the most important point of all, which was the probable action of the governing classes in this country in case of a sudden war of aggression waged by Prussia upon the Continent. Their spies seem to have mixed with and tapped the opinion of every one in England who didn't count.

There was the accumulation of material for war, more successful, and yet so rigidly conceived that when it was put to the test it broke down at the Marne against forces little more than half those of the invasion.

There was the honeycombing of Russian administration, which was to have balked the Russian mobilisation, and later to have procured a separate peace.

There was not, indeed, any adequate preparation for striking at the English Mercantile Marine on a large scale, because that would have meant the entertainment by Prussia of alternative plans; and alternative plans involve rapidity of judgment and elasticity of mind: Two things incompatible with mere mechanical organisation.

There was, on the other hand, the highly successful and long prepared raid upon the London markets which, at the beginning of the war, was a very real asset to the enemy.

A Minutely Organised Plan.

At the end of the list comes the expensive, minutely organised and very widely cast plan for the influencing of American opinion. We know how America has been deluged with pamphlets and magazine and newspaper articles, her special correspondents from America have been welcomed and methodically fed with just the statements Prussia desired to be believed, and we know how the most distinguished subjects of Prussia (to the work of one of whom we will turn in a moment) has been put to the task of aiding in this moral campaign.

All that has impressed, perhaps a little too much, certain sections of opinion upon this side of the Atlantic. But if we look closely at the affair we shall find that it suffers from the same sort of faults as are to be discovered in every other branch of the general aggressive effort which Prussia had planned for so many years. It is not finished work. It is extensive but clumsy. It carries the stamp which the spy system in England also carried of a vast amount of energy wasted and not properly fitted to its aim.

Among the minor examples of this one may note the apparent incapacity of the Germans to see that you will more easily persuade a man in his own tongue, or in your own, than in a mixture of both.

It may be unreasonable, but we are all prejudiced against the person who argues with us in a foreign accent. It would have been perfectly possible for the Germans to get hold of any number of people who could write idiomatic English, or better still, English characterised by the modern American idioms. These could have been employed to write the pamphlets, they could have translated some good German prose into equally good English prose of the American model. Instead of that you have continually appearing in the Propagandist literature sent out by the enemy the most ridiculous slips in English idiom which almost makes one feel as though one were listening to a German barber talking to one after a few years residence in England. We all remember, for instance, how a certain Oxford Don who had the misfortune

to be inclined towards the enemy became the "so-learned Professor Conybeare"; occasionally one got the verb at the end of the sentence, and perpetually the characteristic use of German academic phrases which no Englishman or American could conceivably write. Indeed, you will hardly find one of these innumerable documents which is not on the face of it a bad piece of English marred by direct Teutonisms.

It was an error in the same field to print so much of the matter in German type. Nothing affects the mind more comically, except perhaps a foreign accent, than the sight of one's language printed in a foreign type. Nothing would have been easier than for the Germans to have printed their appeals to America in that country itself, or at any rate with type of the American sort. They were preparing this sort of thing for years, and it was really inexcusable to overlook so simple a precaution.

The Intellectual Atmosphere.

But these and dozens of other similar little points, though exceedingly significant, are negligible compared with the general intellectual "atmosphere" of the thing. English readers are already familiar with the mass of self-contradiction and, not infrequent nonsense, which has increasingly marred this German work in the United States. Only the other day one of their correspondents, describing in a very lengthy article the delights of life in Belgium under Prussian rule, gave a touching picture of the Picture Galleries in Brussels. These were always open, as in time of peace, and the visitor noted, "German private soldiers looking at the picture, not with the vacant stare of men of similar social rank in other countries, but with intelligence and appreciation; *some even stopping to make sketches of the more important masters!*"

Another informed his compatriots in the United States that German losses were about one-third those of the Allies in proportion to their numbers. Nearly all were concerned in the summer to expound the very simple strategy of suddenly taking away the German armies from Poland and using them somewhere else.

But the touchstone of the whole business still is, and will continue to be, the astonishing performances of General Bernhardt.

One has a right to use that word "astonishing" because it is really out of all ordinary experience to see a man highly distinguished in one walk of life turned, by the clumsiness of his superiors, on to work which he has never studied and for which he is completely unfitted.

There is something almost indecent in having to criticise the antics in one field of a man dignified and respected in another. Bernhardt's studies of Modern War have not perhaps carried the same weight as those of Foch. The French book is probably the better. But at any rate he was one of the very few men whom all other men in his own profession listened to with high respect and read knowing that they should rise from their reading informed. When he takes to journalising he is

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE CLOSING OF MUSEUMS.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?

COMEDY OF ERRORS, v. i., 78-80.

contemptible. Read, for instance, the extraordinary stuff which appeared in the *New York Tribune* over his name, towards the end of the year:—

"It is rumoured that the Italian army is destined to defend Egypt on behalf of the English."

"France and Russia have been so thoroughly beaten that were they left to themselves they would renounce all hope of victory."

"England sends countless legions into the field against us."

(The total force voted so far by Great Britain is about half the German mobilised forces for the war, and the numbers actually in the field against Germany proper less than an eighth. This nonsensical sentence is specifically applied by Bernhardt not to the Allies in general, regarded as the miserable servants of Britain, but to the British and Colonial soldiers.)

"By the time these lines are read Roumania and Greece will have definitely settled upon their line of conduct."

Then, of the strokes in the Champagne and Loos, you have the following:—That they were "driven back with heavy loss . . ." and that "the recapture of such German positions as were lost is being *actively proceeded with*."

"The Russian armies were driven to a retreat with the utmost precipitation" (just under one mile a day).

"The Russian offensive in Galicia has exhausted its strength. They have ceased their attacks and have retreated." (This was on the eve of the recent vigorous movement in Bessarabia.)

"The evacuation of Kiev has already begun." (!)

"It is in the cause of English and French financiers that the present war is being waged" (which shows that these gentlemen were able to command at will an ultimatum from Berlin to St. Petersburg and Paris!)

"The Italians on the Isonzo front are *ten times more numerous* than their adversaries." (That is, the Italians on the Isonzo front have from three and a half million to five million men.)

"The King of Italy is suffering from a complete mental collapse."

Only Samples.

These are only samples of the sort of thing for which, coming on the top of much else, a little less vague and rhetorical, but increasingly unconvincing, the highest name in German military literature is made responsible in the United States newspapers at this moment.

There is something more: There is something which would be inconceivable from the lips or the pen of say Joffre or Castelnau or Haig or Cadorna or Foch, to wit, specific prophesy of the cheery detailed sort, surely never written before except by quite irresponsible young journalists who were not bound to sign their names.

Thus we are told that the Austro-Germans must of course take Dvinsk and Rovno and that *quite probably all this will have been done "before the present article appears in print."*

The same jolly and really futile temper breaks out about the Senussi. They are just going to bowl over the English in Egypt. (This in November.) India, meanwhile, is about to break out into a "dangerous revolt." (Also in November). The British in the Gallipoli Peninsula will not be able to get away, they will be destroyed by the winter storms which will prevent their getting food. And, in general, the German Army (not the Magyars, or the Bulgarians, or the Austrians, or the unfortunate Poles and Roumanians and Alsace-Lorrainers and Servians, pressed into the service) has already won the war, and the reason of this now accomplished victory is that the "mental and moral" value of the writer's compatriots is so immensely superior to those of anybody else. He writes thus knowing that half the German effectives are lost for ever, that the whole policy of his country is to save what can be saved, and that he is consciously and deliberately making worthless rhetorical and political points, not only false in themselves, but not within a thousand miles of sober military analysis.

The whole thing is pitifully weak and inefficient and it may quite possibly be true that we gain more by letting Prussia thus make a fool of her principal men and of her whole cause, than by competing with her in the same field.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

"Exile." Dolf Wyllarde. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 6s.

Claudia Everard, the wife, Edgar Everard, the husband, and Richard Hervey, the other man, are the protagonists of this book. A concurrent plot, with a fresh young English girl and her love affairs for interest, bores the reader and dilutes rather than relieves the main story, which is that Claudia, having found out that Everard is a dishonourable brute, and, moreover, being threatened with murder at his hands, goes over entirely to Hervey, whom she loves. Thereat one is inclined to question whether two wrongs make a right, or whether, under all the circumstances, Claudia was wrong.

The setting of the story is reminiscent of Aden, a sort of tropical station where the temptations to drink, to talk scandal, and to make material for scandal—if only as subject-matter for conversation—are almost irresistible. The subject of Claudia and the other man is handled frankly, but the author is slightly lacking in the sense of proportion, and totally lacking in the sense of humour, which is very much akin to that of proportion. Still, it is an interesting and well-told story, a stimulating variant of an eternal problem.

"Moby Lane and Thereabouts." By A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane.) 6s.

Mr. Lyons has transferred his affections from London streets to Sussex byways, and in his book he presents the habitants of Sussex with the mixture of humour, pathos, and even tragedy that characterised "Arthur's" and "Sixpenny Pieces." He is not quite so happy in his rendering of the Sussex dialect as in the reproductions of Cockneyisms, but in the presentment of village character his touch is as sure as ever.

The Mobies, the butcher's boy, the Chickun-fatter, and the rest of the people in these short sketches, are real people; their weaknesses are ruthlessly reproduced, so that we either shudder at them, laugh at them, or sympathise with them, and, whatever the emotion may be, it is a real emotion. The book is mainly in lighter vein, and gives much cause for laughter, but a sketch here and there gives cause for thought as well. A better collection of short stories than this from the pen of a single author will be hard to find.

"Many Thanks—Ben Hassett." By H. de Hamel. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) 6s.

Ben Hassett is one of the most irritating criminals that ever figured in a book of detective stories, for the reader never knows whether Ben Hassett is Ben Hassett, or whether he is Charles Manning's uncle, or somebody else. Manning starting in the story as a private detective, loses his post through being outwitted by Hassett in the first attempt at capture of the criminal, and the book takes us through a series of such attempts, until at the end Hassett is trapped by the merest chance.

The book is unlike other detective mysteries in that neither criminal nor detective is infallible; it is breezily written, and a love interest is not lacking, though, as is usual in such books, the lady of the romance is a very shadowy figure. A distinct sense of humour and a good deal of originality combine to make this a relief from the general run of detective fiction, and we heartily recommend it as diverting work.

"In Pastures Green." By Peter McArthur. (J. M. Dent and Sons.) 6s. net.

Apparently the only reason Mr. McArthur had for taking up farming was that of making a living by journalism, and the experiment proved a howling success. "Lecturers for the farmers' institutes made it a point to call on me when they were in the neighbourhood, and after the first shock was over proceeded to gather specimens of noxious weeds that they found it hard to get elsewhere," for the farming was done in a "rambling, desultory way," between spells on the typewriter.

The book makes a picture of a Canadian year that cannot be read without laughter, and it is characterised throughout by little bits of wisdom and shrewdness, as well as by evidence of a strong love of nature and study of country life. "In spite of the Shorter Catechism," says the author, "the chief end of man is to make a living," and obviously, since his journalism is so good, it would be a pity if he took to farming seriously and abandoned the making of books of this kind.

The beauty and fertility of Ontario, and the superiority of country life over city existence, are well brought out, but they are mere incidentals, all the same. Whether he is speculating on ethics, struggling with refractory cows, or out fox-hunting with the boys, the author is always witty and interesting, and when he sets out to raise a laugh, which happens with commendable frequency, he succeeds.

THE LONDON GOLD MARKET.

By Arthur Kitson.

[This is the third of the articles which Mr. Arthur Kitson is contributing to LAND AND WATER on the British Banking system, more particularly in its relation to British trade and commerce. The first, "Capturing German Trade," appeared in the issue of January 20th; the second on the "British Banking System," in the issue of January 27th.]

FINANCE, as taught in our standard financial books and by our orthodox professors, reminds one of English history as it was taught in British schools fifty and more years ago. At that time the average scholar could recite from memory the names of all the Kings and Queens of England from the Saxon invasion to the accession of Queen Victoria in chronological order. He could tell you the dates of all the great English battles and which side won; but of the intellectual, economic and social development of the English people—in fact of the *real* history of England—he knew nothing, for the simple reason that the history books told him nothing. It was assumed that the lives of monarchs and their Court favourites, their virtues, vices, intrigues and wars were the only things that mattered, and chronicles of these events, interlarded with Court gossip, passed for English history. Similarly, British books on Finance such as one finds recommended by our Schools of Political Economy and by the Press generally, are usually confined to a history of the rise of the Bank of England, a description of the money market, the rules and practices of our Banking Companies and a eulogy of the whole system as well as the usual tribute to the honesty of our bankers. In short, the writers of these books tell their readers only one part and the least important part of their subject. They show how efficient, safe and profitable (to the banker) is the British Banking system, how advantageous (to the banker and bullion dealer) is London's free gold market, what a wonderfully elastic and economic currency the cheque system provides. But the most important and essential part, viz., the relation of this system to industry, its effect upon British enterprise—whether stimulating or deadening—its cost to the nation, etc., in short, the public side of the question, is ignored.

Banking, in the eyes of the banker and his shareholders, may possibly be nothing more than a dividend-making business, first and last, but from the public standpoint, it is a necessary part of the great National Economic Machinery for the production, exchange and distribution of wealth. And the *raison d'être* of the banker and his institution upon whom special privileges have been conferred by British Governments, is to be justified by showing that he is "doing his bit" in supporting and developing British trade and production.

Like all inventions, Banking Systems are merely means to certain ends, and they should be judged solely by their efficiency in accomplishing those ends. And just as an Eastern traveller, who having confined his visits and observations to some Sultan's palace with all its riches and glories, without noticing the degradation, the poverty and misery of the inhabitants, might write of the wealth and prosperity of that country, so the average financial authority is apt to write of the marvellous success of our Financial System, because he has seen only the prosperous side, the big dividends and the wealth which—thanks to our special laws—our bankers are able to amass, whilst the bankruptcies and failures, the burdens and anxieties which this system imposes on labour and capital are unknown to him. An example will make this clear. The most popular and recent book on this subject is "The Meaning of Money," by Hartley Withers, a well-known financial writer for the Press and at present the holder of a recently created office in the Treasury.

In a chapter extolling London's banking methods, Mr. Withers instances the great money crisis of 1907 which struck the United States and created such havoc in industrial, commercial and financial circles. This crisis, which it is now known was deliberately engineered by a clique of Wall Street gamblers, reacted on all the money markets of the world, particularly that of London, "The

business of managing the exchanges of the world during commercial crises," says Mr. Withers, "is obviously thrown on London, as things are at present, by its position as the only monetary city which is prepared to produce gold on demand." Gold was shipped from Europe to New York in large quantities—estimated at some £25,000,000 sterling, according to Mr. Withers—most of which went from London. As this amount would have depleted the reserves of the Bank of England, the bulk of it had to be drawn from abroad by the usual method of raising the Bank Rate. "It was," says Mr. Withers, "a very remarkable demonstration of London's complete control over the World's exchanges" since "four-fifths of the amount shipped to the United States were supplied by foreign contributions." He adds:—

It was thus shown by the events of this memorable crisis, that London's tremendous responsibility of providing gold when it is required anywhere by a pressing emergency, is one that can be bravely and cheerfully borne as long as England is in a position, by applying sufficient twists of the monetary screw, to force other nations to contribute their share to the common necessity.

Now this is] very comforting and reassuring to the reader who knows little or nothing of the practical side of the question. But the most interesting part of the story has been conveniently omitted. It is true that our banks "weathered the financial storm with ease," as the late Lord Avebury expressed it, *but at whose expense?* The Bank Rate was raised to seven per cent., and kept there for nearly three months, and although this enabled the banks to "weather the storm" by acquiring gold from abroad, incidentally it ruined hundreds of British merchants and producers and played havoc with our trade generally.

If there is any truth in the statements made so frequently, that every advance in the Bank Rate of one per cent. costs British borrowers somewhere between £50,000 to £100,000 per week, then this "twisting of the monetary screw to force other nations to contribute their share to the common necessity" served also to squeeze from the British producers somewhere between £2,500,000 and £5,000,000 in the shape of increased interest charges, to enable our bankers to save the American banks from the result of the machinations of a gang of unscrupulous Wall Street gamblers! But this is only a part of the story. When the Bank Rate runs up, as it did in 1907, all our banks begin reducing overdrafts and refuse accommodation to thousands of British merchants and manufacturers who are often in sore need of such help. In consequence, enterprise is checked, production decreases, workmen are thrown out of employment or put on half-time, the public reduces its demand for goods, and business generally is depressed! Moreover, it takes months and sometimes years for the nation to recover from the effects of such a crisis. If the total losses caused to this nation by the 1907 panic could have been carefully estimated, it would have been found to far exceed in amount all the gold sent by our philanthropic bankers to save the American bankers from the just punishment their recklessness and unscrupulousness deserved.

The necessity which our bankers find imposed upon them of rendering aid to foreign banks during financial crises, is one of the penalties this country is compelled to pay for the questionable advantage of maintaining a free gold market—the only one in the world.

Perhaps it will be convenient at this point to deal, once and for all, with this question of a free gold market. The bankers' bogey, which is invariably raised whenever a drastic change is proposed in our Banking or Currency laws, is the fear that London may cease to be the World's monetary centre. Any interference with the system which compels us to provide a free gold market (chiefly for the convenience of foreigners) is represented as fraught with the gravest commercial and financial dangers to this country. What advantage is it then to our industries, our trade and commerce that London should maintain its financial position as the World's banking centre? Soon after the United States currency crisis, the present writer put this question to

the late Mr. Arthur Lee, a well known financial and commercial authority who had given years of study to this particular subject. The reader need hardly be reminded of the vast importance of this particular question—especially at this time—when we are threatened with a stupendous trade war at the conclusion of hostilities. As our industrial and commercial classes will not be able to afford to carry any unnecessary burdens, it is wise now to consider closely whether this luxury of a free gold market is worth to the nation what it is costing.

Mr. Arthur Lee was a member of the London Chamber of Commerce and at one time President of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, and in reply to an enquiry as to what advantages, if any, our free market for gold conferred upon British trade and industries, he wrote:—

It would be true to say that a free gold market in London is of assistance in securing to us such advantages as may accrue from London being the clearing house of the world. So long as London is the market of the world where gold may be most freely bought and sold, and so long as a monopoly is conferred upon gold in respect to its debt-redeeming power, so long will the exchange bankers and bullion dealers retain the enormously profitable financial business in which they have been engaged ever since modern laws conferred a monopoly value upon gold. This would be an exact and truthful statement of the case. Whenever the pronoun "we" is used, I am always tempted to ask the question, who are "we?" I have heard from the lips of a working man words somewhat similar to those you say you found in a recent article on the subject of "London's Free Gold Market." I asked him if he had thought whether "we" included himself, and if not, would it not be well for purposes of argument if he used the correct noun instead of an incorrect pronoun? The advantages of a free gold market to certain classes are obvious enough, but the advantages to the country as a whole are counterbalanced by such serious disadvantages that it seems probable that the latter outweigh the former. The advantages are:—

1. The expenditure in this country of the profits made by a very small class of financiers (mostly cosmopolitan).
2. The deposit in this country of balances due to foreigners, payable on demand, or at very short notice.
3. The ready negotiability in a foreign country of a bill of exchange payable in London. This may possibly enable

a British* buyer to buy foreign goods at a lower price than a buyer in another country.

The disadvantages are:—

1. The constant disturbance to business caused by rapid fluctuations in the rate of discount.
2. The opportunity given to foreign speculators to make profit at the expense of traders in this country by manipulating the open gold market.
3. The draining of the savings of the people confided to country bankers in the direction of Lombard Street and thence to the financing of foreign speculators.
4. The discouraging of what is termed "the fixing of capital" in this country, which is another term for money sunk in sowing the seed which will spring up for the future benefit of our home industries.
5. The financial danger to the country of holding upon loan, large floating balances payable on demand, or at short notice, to foreigners.

The advantages and disadvantages of a free gold market may be shortly summed up thus: It gives us facilities for getting into debt and it places debtors peculiarly at the mercy of creditors.

This letter appears to give a fair and complete summary of the whole question. As to the enormous value our banking methods and free gold market have been to foreigners—particularly to the Germans, in creating German industries which have successfully competed with our own, the following extract from Mr. Hartley Withers' "Meaning of Money" will show:—"Foreign financiers were quick to detect the advantages of the English credit system and to turn them to their own profit and to the furtherance of the trade of the countries that they represent. It is often contended that *the rapid expansion of German trade, which pushed itself largely by its elasticity and adaptability to the wishes of its customers, could never have been achieved if it had not been assisted by cheap credit furnished in London, by means of which German merchants ousted English manufacturers with offers of long credit facilities to their foreign customers.*"

Could any indictment of our Banking System be stronger than the words italicised here?

London bankers have never discriminated against foreigners in favour of British merchants. A foreign buyer can as readily arrange to have his bills drawn on London, as the British buyer, and so obtain the same advantages. No one can rightly accuse London Bankers of any excess of patriotism!—A.K.

THE FORUM.

A Commentary on Present-day Problems.

THIS page of commentary in the last issue dealt with a vigorous letter of protest against the modern spirit of organisation and efficiency, and promised to concern itself this week with a brilliant little satire, *The Devil's Devices*, written by Mr. Douglas Peplow and illustrated by Mr. Eric Gill in which essentially the same protest was attractively elaborated. The general ideas which the author of this exceedingly able little satire seeks to establish are: That under the general formula of organisation and efficiency an enormous amount of fussy, grandmotherly and, at worst, tyrannical legislation is being forced upon the simple folk by a law-making caste; that the liberty of the worker is being threatened in the name of democracy as it was never threatened by monarchy or oligarchy; that, in fact, not merely Conservatives and Liberals of the landowning or manufacturing classes, together with the theorising Radicals, but that the very extremists among the leaders of Labour and Socialism are all combining to forge new fetters for the worker; that the whole paraphernalia of Compulsory Education, State Insurance, Old Age Pensions, School meals form but successive links of the fetters. This last idea is, of course, not new, but it is usually urged by the people who have more natural sympathy with the managing than the exploited classes.

Some patience is necessary to disentangle the real meaning from the fantastic form in which our author has chosen to present his vision. "The Devil" of this satire is a very plausible person, the servant of the capitalists, the lawyers and the politicians, who presents the case for organisation and efficiency with an immense show of good feeling for the worker, much sweet reasonableness, and a fine zeal for ordered accomplishment and

all the modern watch cries—education, health, increased production, scientific management, success.

The chief idea that the author seems to wish to canvass is that the true line of progress for Labour is to throw off the policy of demanding doles and accepting controls, controls which are only making of the man more and more a mere cog in the industrial machine; and to demand and take on more responsibility, to show less "funk." The significance of all this is that it reinforces a judgment which from quite different points of view other thoughtful students of the labour tangle are making. Most casual observers of the Labour movement, as well as most employers, are apt to sum it up as an organised attempt to get more pay and do less work, and to say that the case at issue between Capital and Labour is merely the question of the distribution of profits. The idea that the real demand of Labour is a demand for status rather than for wages, and that the essential bitterness of Labour, by no means confined to agitators and extremists, is formed by the growing sense that they are not their own masters, but, increasingly, other peoples' pawns, is well worth the deep consideration of those—and what men of vision or reflection are not amongst them?—who view the re-opening of the Labour question after the war with serious apprehension.

It is of course true, as it is natural, that the Labour issues are most often expressed in terms of wages, hours, limitations. These are the tangible, immediate gains proposed by "practical" leaders who appreciate the difficulties of holding men together merely by the larger visions and hopes which, however substantial, are necessarily hopes deferred. But go deeper and you find the

natural passion for liberty asserting itself—and that in men who have least of the agitator about them.

A partnership of Labour and Capital in production, not merely in the matter of profits (that partnership exists now in a sense though it turns itself into a quarrel about shares), but in the much more essential matters of responsibility and control, seems the only possible termination of a barren struggle of which the effects are on the material plane, immeasurable waste which the world can nowadays ill afford, and on the spiritual plane, hatreds and suspicions which dissolve the essential fellowship that patriotism should primarily mean.

Unquestionably the Guild Socialists and Syndicalists, the vanguard of self-conscious labour, by their doctrines and intrigues hope to effect something more than is either just or profitable; as employers in their opposition wish to yield something less. But a problem goes some way to being solved, if its essentials, as distinct from its accidental accretions, can be stated. On neither side of a quarrel do men rally to what is unjust in their cause, but to that which is right and just. That is a fundamental truth on which all hopes of real progress are based, and it is a demonstrable truth, not a mere figment of irresponsible optimism. The paramount ideal that is simmering in the ranks of Labour is the spiritual idea of freedom. Those who wish to understand and meet the difficulties of the coming Labour struggle will be enormously helped by realising this.

Timid souls, who, very reasonably, would be frightened of such thoughts if they met them in syndicalists' journals, might very well be induced to give them consideration in *The Devil's Devices*, coming as they do from one who has reached his conclusions by quite unexceptionable paths. An official of the L.C.C., who retired on grounds of conscience after discovering in the actual personal experience of the administration of ameliorative legislation that it tends to sap character and interfere with liberty, that it is vitiated by the fact that essentially it is the contrivance of one caste, the comfortable managers, for the improvement and control of another caste, the impecunious managed, has such good right to a hearing as experience gives over theory. If the somewhat disconcerting form of rather bizarre satire—"The Broad Road to Heaven—a Cinema Comedy (Satan's Circuit)" and the like—and a certain amount of irrelevant fooling for the sheer fun of the thing does not, as it should not, affright the reader, he may be referred to *The Devil's Devices* for illuminating chapters, whose excellent sense could not be conveyed by means of paragraphs wrenched from their context.

And now I must address myself to the challenge which the writer offers in his attack on the devil's devices of efficiency and organisation. On this score his argument may be summed up not altogether unfairly in this wise. Germany is a deplorable State: Germany is highly efficient, superbly organised. Therefore efficiency and organisation are deplorable things; and by inference British slackness and the habit of "not finishing things" is excellent. But what we need is more inefficiency and disorganisation for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Which has only to be stated to suggest its refutation in terms of a middle way. The wrong things may be organised or the right things disorganised, or one efficiency (say material) may be pressed at the expense of a higher efficiency, the spiritual.

Organisation is but due economy of means, the elimination of waste. There is nothing inherently vicious in it. On the contrary, it is an ideal which cannot in itself be assailed, but only in the range and manner of its application. It seems a pity that the author of *The Devil's Devices* should allow entirely visionary aspirations a place alongside his generally sane philosophy of life. There is an undercurrent of desire (one suspects that he has been unduly influenced by his craftsman illustrator) for a return to the pre-machine era. Now it is a quite arguable (but by no means obvious) proposition that we are none the better for steam, the telephone, gramophone, rotary press, wireless, photographs, cinematographs, or the mechanical triumphs of the nineteenth century, because progress is to be measured exclusively in terms of

the spirit. But it is a wholly unprofitable thing to sigh for a machineless age, or build any hopes of spiritual reform upon its return. Let us face the clear fact that we shall never again have such an age. Our line of progress is not to abolish, but to control the machine, and it is certain that there is nothing inherently wicked or unspiritual in the production of things by machinery. While the machine in industry has brought its special horrors, it is not difficult to prove that the general rise in the standard of living and the improvement of communications have given valuable gifts to humanity; nor is it foolish to foresee the possibility of a day when the machine shall be entirely the servant of all mankind, not the servant of the few and the master of the many. At any rate, to work towards such a day is a better and a wiser thing than to cry for a day that is for ever gone.

And as to the bogey of organisation. Clearly there are some things that must be very highly organised in a day of enormous cities. The apparatus of health, for instance, about the details of which our author is apt to be scornful. Sewers and dust destructors are but co-operative slop-emptying. They are better than the good old habits of the days of freedom when garbage was bestowed in the streets. This kind of organisation may be expected to be developed and rightly developed amongst us. Our mediævalists sighing for the very old days are inclined to remember the pleasant sense of freedom (pleasanter in prospect than in fact) and forget the Black Death. Transport, too; here must be scheduled times; the individual whim sacrificed to the collective convenience. The mere complexity of our daily life calls for an amount of regimenting and dictation that can, perversely, be represented as a limitation of freedom, whereas it is rather a fuller freedom from the ills which the lack of such restrictions would bring. Certainly in this kingdom of material contrivance and convenience there seems hardly any limit to the proper function of organisation. It is certain that we have not come near to reaching that limit. One has heard such a proposal as that every street and house in a city be duly labelled and numbered in such a way that the street or house could be found by a stranger, denounced as a regrettable manifestation of the modern spirit of interference with personal liberty. Whereas no one denies that a fifty-thousand volume library needs a catalogue and numbered shelves. We should distrust the opponents of organisation and efficiency less if they admitted its efficacy where there is nothing but real gain.

In the production of commodities, efficiency and organisation are not mere barren watchwords, or symbols of a regrettable tyranny. When Labour comes to its own as a responsible partner in industry it will discern that essential truth. It has a hard lesson to learn, for which it has been ill-prepared—to discipline itself.

It is well, however, to remember the real truth at the back of the protests against our organisation. To lay organising hands on the things of the mind and the spirit, or to make so admirable a machine of a subject, whether for industry or war, as to suppress the *man*—that is the great danger. It is the German danger, and it is no doubt the natural tendency of those among us who recognise the convenience of the method without recognising its limitations.

The convenience is obvious enough. And if there were any divine law which pre-supposed a set of governing minds and another set of minds destined only to be directed and governed, a set of rulers on the one hand, and of instruments on the other, there would be little to say against it.

But it is the proud discovery of our race that there is something in every man which gives him a right, balanced by the just rights of others, to control his own destiny. It is a doctrine not without its difficulties in application, but it is essentially the fundamental doctrine of our political creed. We are in less danger from its being pressed too far by some than from its being limited by others with a modifying clause to the effect that it is well for us, "the right-thinking minority to impose its will on the non-thinking majority." This is the doctrine attributed to the Devil of our author's fantasia. It is a just ascription

OPEN WEATHER.

By J. D. Symon.

UNDER a climate that seems resolutely determined to deny us what is conventionally known as seasonable winter weather, we have almost forgotten what snow and frost were really like. They are rapidly becoming a myth, and might indeed have passed out of remembrance were it not for the persistence of the tradition in the pages of illustrated journals and occasionally on a Christmas card. Elderly people remember or profess to remember long weeks of snow when skating was the daily pastime, and they tell wondering children most enviable stories of parties on the ice, prolonging their exercise sometimes until the small hours under a wintry moon, and able to celebrate the season as the season should be celebrated until it reached its glorious and proper end on Twelfth-night.

But for such winters we have almost ceased to hope. They have little snatches of that old-fashioned pleasure in Scotland still, but in this London latitude we have had no such good fortune since the January of 1895. The onset of that memorable frost had its herald in another now less familiar feature of Cockayne, to wit, a genuine "London particular," of which throat and eyes still retain a vivid and unwelcome memory. An age of electricity and the efforts of Sir William Richmond would seem to have had some effect, for the worst fog is certainly rarer nowadays. One may have missed more recent visitations, but that in question remains the finest example in a rather long private experience.

Women at the Well.

Jack Frost, playing the historian that bygone January, revived another incident of a still older London, for water had to be drawn from stand-pipes in the street, and therewith reappeared the ancient congregations of women at the well, who fell at once into the antique habit of their great grandmothers and made the occasion subserve the ends of gossip. For to the women of an earlier day the well was what the shop of Figaro was to their lords. Perhaps they missed this daily rendezvous when the thaw came, and may have thought more lightly of "every modern convenience," and counted the toil of water-carrying worth its added opportunities of exchanging the universal cordial of human-nature. But the glory of a wintry London has sadly declined since the brave days when Bob Cratchit went so gaily and so often down a slide in Cornhill. A slide in Cornhill! Incredible! Even 1895 hardly paralleled that giddy dissipation. To such delights the present generation is a stranger. It gives one more or less a shock to realise that that means twenty years of almost uniformly open weather in winter. It means also that to thousands of young people seasonable winter weather is merely hearsay, and to very little children it must seem like a fairy tale.

In this connection there arises a point of some remark, which was made by an acute French journalist during that spell of skating which came to surprise Paris in the winter of 1913-14, as if to allow the city a moment of keener enjoyment before the dark days that were so near and so little suspected. All Paris, young and old, turned out to share it, and the excellent scribe, writing, I think, in the *Figaro*, called upon all men to behold a miracle. It was nearly twenty years since Paris had skated before, whence then had come the extraordinary proficiency which the younger people displayed in the art? Certainly not from roller-skating, which is quite different. But the answer was, after all, not very far to seek, for it lay in Alpine Winter Sports for the well-to-do and for the less well-to-do in the exceeding ease with which a nation of accomplished dancers can learn to skate. Our discerning writer did not raise his point until the young people whose grace and dexterity he so much admired had profited by quite a week's practice, and no doubt should King Frost graciously favour us in these ensuing days we shall see a similar marvel on every skating pond. But pending such joys, we must make the best of our open weather.

The mere term "open weather" has a peculiar charm, not to gardeners and masons alone. It is however, the gardener and the farmer who must have invented it, with a peculiar satisfaction, as they thought of ground,

unfettered by frost, lying open to planting and sowing. And to the mason, open weather means work, for in time of frost he dare not attempt to cut the stone. To the fox-hunter, open weather is the thing chiefly to be desired, with a southerly wind and a cloudy sky.

Endless Delight.

But to one who is no tiller of the soil, nor huntsman, nor mason, but a mere Rambler about the countryside in the intervals of an entirely superfluous occupation, open weather is a thing of endless delight. Its charm lies to a great extent in its negation of what we fondly believe to be the characteristics of winter, although it is really high time that we revised our opinion on that point. But with some deep-rooted faith in the eternal uncertainty of our climate, we assume that the last twenty years of open winters is only another if rather prolonged freak of the clerk of the weather, and will certainly be succeeded, before our time is out, by the bracing rigours of which our fathers have told us.

In the open winter morning, when the quiet yellow sunlight, slightly watery perhaps, lies level over the fields and makes a golden filigree of the thin stems in the coppice, winter can put on the disguise of spring, so cunningly sometimes, perhaps so cruelly, that the foolish buds are tempted out untimely. On such days, despite the softness of the roads, it is good to make an early start, piously resolved to spend all the short light in the open air, with only a brief halt now and then at a wayside inn for homely country fare, which must never be more elaborate than bread and cheese. At such times many tracks are forbidden, for the floods may be out, and meadows which at other times offered the pleasantest of paths are now either under water, or so marshy that no going is possible. But the grateful sense of abundant moisture on the earth and in air is of the essence of these days of open weather, and where there has been overflow of the river or the brook, the landscape takes on a new character and reveals new tricks of light and shade, while a humid sweetness comes up from the land, telling of forces that are preparing in secret depths for the lush richness of June.

Caldecott's Hunting Pictures.

But none the less does open weather permit of drier and more bracing days than these. Then it is that stripped fields and trees give the setting for such hunting pictures as Caldecott used to draw. His hand, cunning as it was at the snowy landscape, with its good old-fashioned suggestions of warm cheer to follow for those who had to face the rigours of winter, had as deft a trick of suggesting winter without its conventional accompaniments. He caught the cold light on the fields with a delicate economy of means, a single flat wash of colour was sufficient to secure his effect, and there you had the very setting and no other that called for the Three Jovial Huntsmen.

Without breaking the spell of open weather, a fleeting touch of frost will often nip the air at sunset, and thus it is that the western lights are purely those of winter and not of borrowed spring. Your spring sunset is not counterfeited here, and the mild winter finds in its sunset some assertion of that severer character which may or may not be a fable. There is no mistaking these wintry sunsets with their low-hung mists, their gorgeous trails of crimson reaching up into the earlier darkening sky; there is no mistaking such for the longer lingering light of spring. Here at the end of the day is winter's self indeed, and were there no other sign to tell us the real name of the season, there is always the position of the sun. This sector of the horizon and no other is that of the wintry sunset, and in this no other season has part or lot. Not only our own consciousness may tell us this, but the sub-consciousness of generations back stirs in us and makes us feel, without definite realisation, that here, whatever its disguise, however open the weather, is potentially the inhospitable season of the year. To-day it may be spring; to-morrow icicles may hang by the wall and Dick the Shepherd blow his nail.

THE SIGNALLERS.

By Boyd Cable.

[The opening of this story was published in "Land and Water" of January 27th, and told the difficulties under which the signallers work whose duty it is to convey despatches from and to the firing line. An action was in progress, and it sounded as if it were coming back closer to the signallers who were carrying on their work in the cellar of a half destroyed house.]

The sergeant was moving across the door to open it and listen when a shell struck the house above them. The building shook violently, down to the very flags of the stone floor; from overhead, after the first crash, there came a rumble of falling masonry, the splintering cracks of breaking wood-work, the clatter and rattle of cascading bricks and tiles. A shower of plaster grit fell from the cellar roof and settled thick upon the papers littered over the table. The sergeant halted abruptly with his hand on the cellar door, three or four of the sleepers stirred restlessly, one woke for a minute sufficiently to grumble curses and ask "what the blank was that"; the rest slept on serene and undisturbed. The sergeant stood there until the last sounds of falling rubbish had ceased. "A shell" he said and drew a deep breath, "Plunk into upstairs somewhere."

The signaller made no answer. He was quite busy at the moment rearranging his disturbed papers and blowing the dust and grit off them.

A telephonist at another table commenced to take and write down a message. It came from the forward trench, on the left and merely said briefly that the attack on the centre was spreading to them and that they were holding it with some difficulty. The message was sent up to the O.C. "Whoever the O.C. may be," as the sergeant said softly. "If the Colonel was upstairs when that shell hit, there's another O.C. now, most like." But the Colonel had escaped that shell and sent a message back to the left trench to hang on, and that he had asked for reinforcements.

Reinforcements.

"He did ask," said the sergeant grimly, "but when he's going to get 'em is a different pair o' shoes. It'll take those messengers most of an hour to get there, even if they dodge all the lead on the way."

As the minutes passed, it became more and more plain that the need for reinforcements was growing more and more urgent. The sergeant was standing now at the open door of the cellar, and the noise of the conflict swept down and clamoured and beat about them.

"Think I'll just slip up and have a look round," said the sergeant. "I shan't be long."

When he had gone, the signaller rose and closed the door; it was cold enough, as he very sensibly argued, and his being able to hear the fighting better would do nothing to affect its issue. Just after came another call on his instrument, and the repair party told him they had crossed the neutral ground, had one man wounded in the arm, that he was going on with them, and they were still following up the wire. The message ceased, and the telephonist leaning his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands, was almost asleep before he realised it. He wakened with a jerk, lit another cigarette, and stamped up and down the room trying to warm his numbed feet.

First one orderly and then another brought in messages to be sent to the other trenches, and the signaller held them a minute and gathered some more particulars as to how the fight was progressing up there. The particulars were not encouraging. We must have lost a lot of men, since the whole place was clotted up with casualties that kept coming in quicker than the stretcher bearers could move them. The rifle fire was hot, the bombing was still hotter, and the shelling was perhaps the hottest and most horrible of all. Of the last the signaller hardly required an account; the growling thumps of heavy shells exploding, kept sending little shivers down the cellar walls, the shiver being, oddly enough, more emphatic when the wail of the falling shell ended in a muffled thump that proclaimed the missile

"blind" or "a dud." Another hurried messenger plunged down the steps with a note written by the adjutant to say the colonel was severely wounded and had sent for the second in command to take over. Ten more dragging minutes passed, and now the separate little shivers and thrills that shook the cellar walls had merged and run together. The rolling crash of the falling shells and the bursting of bombs came close and fast one upon another, and at intervals the terrific detonation of an aerial torpedo dwarfed for the moment all the other sounds.

The Sleepers Awake.

By now the noise was so great that even the sleepers began to stir, and one or two of them to wake. One sat up and asked the telephonist sitting idle over his instrument, what was happening. He was told briefly, and told also that the line was "disc." He expressed considerable annoyance at this, grumbling that he knew what it meant—more trips in the mud and under fire to take the messages the wire should have carried.

"Do you think there's any chance of them pushing the line and rushing this house?" he asked. The telephonist didn't know.

"Well," said the man and lay down again. "It's none o' my dashed business if they do anyway. I only hope we're tipped the wink in time to shunt out o' here; I've no particular fancy for sitting in a cellar with the Boche cock-slying their bombs down the steps at me." Then he shut his eyes and went to sleep again.

The morsed key signal for his own company buzzed rapidly on the signaller's telephone and he caught the voice of the Corporal who had taken out the repair party. They had found the break, the corporal said, and were mending it. He should be through—he was through—could he hear the other end? The signaller could hear the other end calling him and he promptly tapped off the answering signal and spoke into his instrument. He could hear the morse signals on the buzzer plain enough, but the voice was faint and indistinct. The signaller caught the corporal before he withdrew his tap-in and implored him to search along and find the leakage.

"It's bad enough," he said, "to get all these messages through by voice. I haven't a dog's chance of doing it if I have to buzz each one."

The rear station spoke again and informed him that he had several urgent messages waiting. The forward signaller replied that he also had several messages, and one in particular was urgent above all others.

"The blanky line is being pushed in," he said. "No it isn't pushed in yet—I didn't say it—I said being pushed in—being—being, looks like it will be pushed in—got that? The O.C. has 'stopped one' and the second has taken command. This message I want you to take is shrieking for reinforcements—what? I can't hear—no I didn't say anything about horses—I did *not*. Reinforcements I said; anyhow, take this message and get it through quick."

A Terrific Crash.

He was interrupted by another terrific crash, a fresh and louder outburst of the din outside; running footsteps clattered and leaped down the stairs, the door flung open and the sergeant rushed in slamming the door violently behind him. He ran straight across to the recumbent figures and began violently to shake and kick them into wakefulness.

"Up with ye!" he said, "Every man. If you don't wake quick now, you'll maybe not have the chance to wake at all."

The men rolled over and sat and stood up blinking stupidly at him and listening in amazement to the noise outside.

"Rouse yourselves," he cried. "Get a move on. The Germans are almost on top of us. The front line's falling back. They'll stand here." He seized one or two of them and pushed them towards the door. "You."

he said, "and you and you, get outside and round the back there. See if you can get a pickaxe, a trenching tool, anything, and break down that grating and knock a bigger hole in the window. We may have to crawl out there presently. The rest o' ye come with me an' help block up the door."

Through the din that followed, the telephonist fought to get his message through; he had to give up an attempt to speak it while a hatchet, a crowbar and a pickaxe were noisily at work breaking out a fresh exit from the back of the cellar, and even after that work had been completed, it was difficult to make himself heard. He completed the urgent message for reinforcements at last, listened to some confused and confusing comments upon it, and then made ready to take some messages from the other end.

"You'll have to shout," he said, "no, shout—speak loud, because I can't 'ardly 'ear myself think—no, 'ear myself think. Oh, all sorts, but the shelling is the worst, and one o' them beastly airyale torpedoes. All right, go ahead."

The earpiece receiver strapped tightly over one ear, left his right hand free to use a pencil, and as he took the spoken message word by word, he wrote it on the pad for message forms under his hand. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that the message took a good deal longer than a normal time to send through, and while he was taking it, the signaller's mind was altogether too occupied to pay any attention to the progress of events above and around him. But now the sergeant came back and warned him that he had better get his things ready and put together as far as he could, in case they had to make a quick and sudden move.

"The game's up, I'm afraid," he said gloomily, and took a note that was brought down by another orderly. "I thought so," he commented, as he read it hastily and passed it to the other signaller. "It's a message warning the right and left flanks that we can't hold the centre any longer, and that they are to commence falling back to conform to our retirement at 3.20 ac Emma, which is ten minutes from now."

Over their heads the signallers could hear tramping scurrying feet, the hammering out of loopholes, the dragging thump and flinging down of obstacles piled up with an additional defence to the rickety walls. Then there were more hurrying footsteps and presently the jarring *rap-rap-rap* of a machine gun immediately over their heads.

Falling Back.

"That's done it!" said the sergeant. "We've got no orders to move, but I'm going to chance it and establish an alternative signalling station in one of the trenches somewhere behind here. This cellar roof is too thin to stop an ordinary Fizzbang, much less a good solid Crump, and that machine gun upstairs is a certain invitation to sudden death and the German gunners to down and out us."

He moved towards the new opening that had been made in the wall of the cellar, scrambled up it and disappeared. All the signallers lifted their attention from their instruments at the same moment and sat listening to the fresh note that ran through the renewed and louder clamour and racket. The signaller who was in touch with the rear station called them and began to tell them what was happening.

"We're about all in, I b'lieve," he said. "Five minutes ago we passed word to the flanks to fall back in ten minutes. What? Yes, it's thick. I don't know how many men we've lost hanging on and I suppose we'll lose as many again taking back the trench we're to give up. What's that? No. I don't see how reinforcements could be here yet. How long ago you say you passed orders for them to move up? An hour ago! That's wrong, because the messengers can't have been back—telephone message? That's a lot less than an hour ago. I sent it myself no more than half an hour since. Oo-oo! did you get that bump? Dunno, couple o' big shells or something dropped just outside. I can 'ardly 'ear you. There's a most almighty row going on all round. They must be charging I think, or our front line's fallen back, because the rifles is going nineten to the dozen, a-a-ah! They're getting stronger too, and it sounds like a lot more bombs going; hold on, there's that blighting maxim again."

He stopped speaking while upstairs the maxim clattered off belt after belt of cartridges. The other signallers were shuffling their feet anxiously and looking about them.

"Are we going to stick it here?" said one. "Didn't the sergeant say something about 'opping it?"

"If he did," said the other, "he hasn't given any orders that I've heard. I suppose he'll come back and do that and we've just got to carry on till then."

The men had to shout now to make themselves heard to each other above the constant clatter of the maxim and the roar of rifle fire. By now they could hear too, shouts and cries and the trampling rush of many footsteps. The signaller spoke into his instrument again.

"I think the line's fallen back," he said. "I can hear a heap o' men running about there outside and now I suppose us here is about due to get it in the neck."

There was a scuffle, a rush and a plunge and the sergeant shot down through the rear opening and out into the cellar.

"The flank trenches" he shouted. "Quick, get on to them—right and left flank—tell them they're to stand fast. Quick now, give them that first. 'Stand fast; do not retire.'"

The signallers leaped to their instruments, buzzed off the call and getting through, rattled their messages off.

"Ask them," said the sergeant anxiously. "Had they commenced to retire." He breathed a sigh of relief when the answers came. "No," that the message had just stopped them in time.

"Then," he said, "You can go ahead now and tell them the order to retire is cancelled, that the reinforcements have arrived, that they're up in our forward line, and we can hold it good—oh!"

He paused and wiped his wet forehead; "You," he said, turning to the other signaller, "tell them behind there the same thing."

"How in thunder did they manage it sergeant?" said the perplexed signaller. "They haven't had time since they got my message through."

"No," said the sergeant, "but they've just had time since they got mine."

"Got yours?" said the bewildered signaller.

"Yes, didn't I tell you?" said the sergeant. "When I went out for a look round that time, I found an artillery signaller laying out a new line and I got him to let me tap in and send a message through his battery to headquarters."

"You might have told me," said the aggrieved signaller. "It would have saved me a heap of sweat getting that message through." After he had finished his message to the rear station he spoke reflectively: "Lucky thing you did get through," he said. "'Twas a pretty close shave. The O.C. should have a 'thank you' for you over it."

"I don't suppose," answered the sergeant, "the O.C. will ever know or ever trouble about it; he sent a message to the signalling company to send through—and it was sent through. There's the beginning and the end of it."

And as he said, so it was; or rather the end of it was in those three words that appeared later in the despatch: "It is reported."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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COMMONSENSE ABOUT MONTENEGRO

By Alfred Stead.

FAR too much has been made of the Austrian occupation of Montenegro. Now that the Montenegrin episode is finished and the country in the hands of the enemy, it is possible to deal more comprehensively with the participation of the country of King Nicolas in the war. For many months Montenegro had ceased to be an active ally, it is doubtful whether there was ever a moment during the war when her rulers were not actuated solely by a desire that any participation in hostilities should be directly beneficial to themselves, they gave no thought to the common good, and in some instances worked deliberately against it.

Much has been written and spoken of this, the smallest of the nations banded together to combat the German menace, and sentiment has magnified the doings of the Montenegrins in inverse proportion to the importance of their efforts. Bluntly, we must eliminate from our minds all the official Montenegrin communiqués, issued in the various European capitals, noting only *en passant* that for some time these inspired documents have not been issued in London. Facts are stubborn things, but a skilful use of official communiqués on a basis of an uncomprehending glamour may do much to give an idealised impression, and Montenegro resembles most of all the self-starting device on modern motor-cars, which only are in action until the main engine starts. It has been the rôle of Montenegro to be among the starters, generally even to steal a few lengths, but serious application to war is quite another matter. Not that anyone should seek to say that the Montenegrins are not a courageous people; they can be that in excelsis and yet be of small value as a fighting element in the present great war.

Not a Feat of Arms.

Lying outside the regular beat of special newspaper correspondents Montenegro has enjoyed during this war the rôle of fixing for the outside world her own desired estimate of Montenegrin valour and fighting work. There has been no means of establishing a perspective, indeed it is doubtful whether the newspapers would have cared for the truth, when the fiction was so much more picturesque. But now the time has come for a detached and objective summing up of the Montenegrin situation, so that the Allies can gain some adequate idea of the value of the most recent success of the Central Powers. It may be said at once that, from a military standpoint, the loss of Montenegro as it was utilised, has no importance whatever. From the moral effect standpoint the importance is small in the circles where the truth is known, however much it may have been boomed in an endeavour to enthuse the public in Vienna or Berlin. At the Ballplatz and Friedrichstrasse they know well that the conquest of Montenegro is primarily a commercial financial operation and not a brilliant feat of arms.

From the Allies' point of view the only military value of Montenegro was that within the frontiers of that country were situated the dominating artillery positions overlooking the Bocche di Cattaro. But since in the eighteen months of the war no real effort had been made to utilise these positions, no heavy modern guns placed on them to render the Bocche impossible for the Austrian fleet, the present loss of the Lovchen positions makes no real difference to us. It makes the Austrian position surer and enables the bulk of the Austrian fleet to remain in this magnificent natural harbour; it also makes the task of conquering the Bocche a much more possible one. Such attack, if it ever comes, must necessarily be preceded by the recapture of the Lovchen positions above Cattaro. And the Austrians are not likely to leave these positions without adequate means of defence.

The reason why the Allies, and especially Italy, did nothing to send heavy guns to Lovchen is a mystery, since the advantages are so obvious. The only excuse given is that had such an attempt been made, the Austrians would have occupied Lovchen before the guns could have reached there. There is one thing certain, and that is, that had Montenegro been an ally of Germany and the Bocche in our hands with our men-of-war sheltering in it, there would have been heavy guns on all the positions

above Cattaro. I was present at the first attack made by the Austrians on the northern extremity of the Lovchen ridge, which was the first indication of the coming of the end of Montenegro.

A Bird's Eye View.

I stood at the farthest Montenegrin outpost and saw the whole Bocche, with its forts and warships at anchor spread out below me, as from an aeroplane. The Cettigne-Cattaro road, close to which are the gun positions, is over nine hundred yards above the sea-level, the highest Austrian fort is not much over seven hundred. It was a curious feeling, looking down on the forts and seeing their guns firing at the Montenegrin positions while the troops around me could have thrown pebbles into the chimneys of the barracks of the Austrian garrisons. And there were no guns worth looking at. The French, in bitter jest, did send some 120 mm. long guns of old pattern firing black powder, which were blown out of action by the twelve-inch guns of the Austrian warships anchored in the Bocche. For it was not only possible to see the forts, but the smallest detail of the daily life of the ships' crews on the warships was as an open book to the spectator on Lovchen. And with it all nothing was done—until the Austrians decided to remove what must ever have been a terrible menace, and occupied Lovchen.

They first built roads towards the northernmost point which was also the highest and dominating one—zigzag military roads constructed with infinite patience and labour—and the defenders looked on while the Allies continued to ignore the good existing roads of Montenegro, up which guns could have been dragged to destroy both the Austrian road and its makers. When all was ready the Austrians poured a tremendous fire from all their heavy guns on this chosen point, Ratkova Gova, and captured it—the Montenegrins lost five men killed and the whole of the Lovchen positions as well as Cettigne itself was at the mercy of the Austrians. With the taking of Ratkova Gova the military value of Montenegro to the Allies disappeared. The subsequent happenings, the signing and tearing up of armistice or capitulation, were of quite minor importance. After Ratkova Gova was in the Austrian hands at least one Foreign Legation took steps to place its papers in security beyond the frontiers, a wise precaution, as things eventually turned out.

The expected *dénouement* could not long be delayed, the only question was, what exact form would it take. The generally expected termination was a reversion to the former arrangement with Austria whereby Montenegro should make a semblance of warfare without, however, doing anything serious enough to necessitate large Austrian military concentration on the Montenegrin fronts. There were indications that negotiations were being carried on to this end, not only in Montenegro, but in Vienna.

Russia's Foresight.

Russia had already regarded the situation as lost, and for some time previous had removed her active representatives from Cettigne. The country was overrun with Austrian agents, and in Cettigne well-known Austrians could be seen in the streets any day, quite unembarrassed. On one occasion I saw the former commander of the Austrian cruiser *Qenta* busily employed selecting billets for coming staff-officers among the houses of Cettigne. Everything that was known in Cettigne was known in Cattaro; through Budua there was easy and convenient contact. There was no question of spies, because these are persons supposed to work in secret, the Austrian agents in Cettigne worked openly, nor were they looked upon as enemies, save by the Servians from Dalmatia and Bosnia who had sought shelter and immunity from Austrian military service in Montenegro. It was a curious state of affairs, perhaps more comprehensible when it is remembered that Montenegro's whole economic existence was bound up with Austria and with no other country.

It must be said, however, that the mass of the Montenegrin people are intensely patriotic, and in this differ strongly from those who governed them; but the mass had little say in the decisions of Cettigne. Formerly Prince

Nicolas ruled autocratically, hampered largely by an entourage of relations and parasites. The idea of a constitution recommended itself to him as a means of freeing himself from his relatives, and he adopted it. At first, however, it threatened to be a most dangerous enemy to the autocracy, and a *coup d'état* was needed to bring matters to the condition in which they found themselves at the beginning of the recent wars.

King Nicolas had secured autocratic power with constitutional lack of responsibility. The governing few, having firmly grasped the opportunity of enriching themselves, showed a callous disregard to the welfare of the Montenegrin people, almost unprecedented in any country. Thus the patriotic, undoubtedly courageous mass was helpless in the hands of the self-seeking few—the governing *regime*, as a Montenegrin deputy said in the Parliament a few weeks ago, was unworthy of the traditions of the country and had betrayed the people. Even the charitable funds raised in England and elsewhere were diverted from the people into the pockets of the Government. The Palace and the Ministers seemed perfectly ready to allow the people to starve and the army to go without bread, so long as there was a chance of filling their pockets. This being the case it would have been perfectly idle to expect a fierce pushing of the war on the part of the Montenegrin Government.

Always seeking to arrive at the headship of the whole Serbian race, King Nicolas rejoiced in the disaster which had overcome the Serbians and sought rather to exaggerate the *débâcle* than to mourn it. The open pleasure shown at the Palace was hard to bear by the Serbian officers forming the General Staff of the Montenegrin army. The feeling that Russia had chosen Serbia as her favourite *protégé*, helped on the cause of Austria in Montenegro enormously. Nor must it be forgotten that there was a very general belief in Montenegro that the Central Powers had already won, and as one very highly-placed personage said, "Why does England go on with the war—Germany has won already."

Austria the Real Power.

To the Palace and the Government Austria is a real power, while even Russia is only an unknown one. Few Montenegrins have been in England, and the power of a dominating fleet is unknown to them. In the matter of fleets, all they know is that the Austrian submarines were able to sally out of Cattaro when they wished and sink Montenegrin transports. Then there came Austrian aeroplanes over Cettigne and all the towns, while the whole of the Montenegrin coast was mined and blocked by the Austrian Navy. It is a small wonder, therefore, that in the governing circles of Montenegro there was a very strong desire to "keep in" with Austria.

Despite the Italian marriage, relations with Rome were far from good, and it was openly said that Italy was not able to do anything against Austria. Austrian influence was very strong in all departments; it paralysed any national action. A notable success was when the Montenegrin Government was "persuaded" not to construct the road through the mountains to Ipek, although this was an essential undertaking to secure contact with the Serbian armies. The absence of this road meant later the loss of all the Serbian artillery and train and of many soldiers. And this is only one instance. The Italian wireless station on Lovchen, which reported the movements of the Austrian vessels in the Bocche, had its telephone wire to Cettigne cut several times a week, and notably when any vessels were leaving the harbour. All movements of transports arriving for Montenegro were known immediately in Cattaro, with obvious results. Indeed it would seem as if much of the cargo in some of the ships was destined for the Austrians, not for the Montenegrins. There were instances of vessels being captured by Austrian submarines off the Boyana River, conducted to the Bocche di Cattaro and then sent back again after the Austrian goods had been discharged. The whole atmosphere at Cettigne was one of unreality, and all those who were working for the Allies were convinced that they were flogging a dead horse, and that the Government was simply seeking to get as much as possible out of the Allies without having any intention of being loyal.

"The truth was not in them," is the only way to describe the tactics of the Montenegrin Government. This was especially so at the time of their occupation of Skutari.

Austria's most popular move was when she gave her sanction to a Montenegrin occupation of this Albanian town, even during war time. It was obviously better for Austria to have her puppet there than to see either Italy or an independent Albania at Skutari. But the Montenegrins were crazy to have Skutari, and so went there "to receive the keys of the town from Austrian notaries," as a Montenegrin deputy put it. It was the dominating passion, this cult of Skutari. A most serious Montenegrin Professor, a leading opponent of the King and the governing clique, told me quite calmly that he would break his word of honour or lie if by so doing he would secure Skutari to Montenegro. And Austria gained ground by acquiescing, by pushing Montenegro into Skutari; the Allies opposing and refusing to recognise the occupation, lost ground considerably. It was commonly said that King Nicolas was quite ready to barter the Lovchen positions for Skutari—indeed, to Montenegro the Lovchen positions were of small value, however formidable they might have been to a great Power.

Serbia's Steadying Influence.

The steady influence on the Government was the army and the Serbian General Staff. The Serbians took on their shoulders much of the cost and burden of feeding the army and undoubtedly a great majority of the troops were more ready to follow their Serbian officers in the defence of their country than desirous of acquiescence in surrender, if ordered by their King. But it must not be rated too high. The Montenegrin army, its methods of fighting are not those of modern warfare. The highest number of soldiers was about 40,000; but there were few moments when even a quarter of these were at the front or firing line.

Cettigne was thronged with men of military age, and so were nearly all the towns. But there was not any real need for the army to be busy. The Austrians did anything but press them, even after the defeat and retreat of the Serbian armies. The numbers of Montenegrin killed and wounded are insignificant and bear no comparison to the reports circulated by the official communiqués abroad. To tell the truth the Montenegrin army has done proportionately less fighting in this war than any other. The combats reported and exaggerated have been largely affairs of patrols—recently even orders had been sent to the troops not to fight. It was only the efforts of some Serbian Montenegrin patriots who exhorted the soldiers that some attacks were made and engagements occurred. The army had ammunition, but was short of food; it had, however, no reason for despair now rather than formerly.

The population of Montenegro was tired of the war because there was a very great shortage of food. In many respects the country resembled a besieged city—there was only one means of sending in food, and that was by San Giovanni de Medua and the Borjana River. The proximity of Cattaro and the openness of the Medua anchorage made the supply of food very precarious. In normal times it is only the Montenegrin towns which are dependent upon outside food. The country people raise and store enough for their own needs. Thanks, however, to the passage of the Serbian army, which enabled the Montenegrins to realise fabulous sums for their stores and tempted them to deplete their stocks of food—and also owing to the quartering of local regiments near the villages, the normal self-sufficiency of the country side had disappeared and the whole people was short of food. They are still short of food to-day, and this is undoubtedly one of the great problems which the Austrians will have to deal with at once.

Food for the People.

The difficulty of finding food for the people was complicated by the venality of the governing régime, by the lack of distributing machinery—while the Montenegrin grain-ships at Medua were much more frequently lost than those coming for the Serbian army. The attitude of the Government to the question of famine reminded one of an episode in one of Voltaire's plays where the prophet comes to announce to King David that he has sinned and must be punished but can choose his punishment. The first suggestion is three days' pestilence. The second, three weeks' discomfiture at the head of his troops. David rejects both as being personally dangerous, but accepts the suggestion of three months' famine

because as he says "There will always be something to eat in the palace." And that was undoubtedly the attitude at Cettigne. But the lack of food was an excellent talking point whereby to ask for money aid, or explain how resistance must become impossible. The gradual starving of the people was an excellent method of making them desire a cessation of hostilities, a reconciling them to an arrangement with Austria, always a very present actualité in Cettigne. In his interviews with the diplomats King Nicolas had been preparing the way for some time past—ever since the Serbian army had arrived in his country. While they were there nothing definite could be done, it was too dangerous, but as soon as the bulk of the forces had reached Skutari, matters became acute.

Warning of the Attack.

There was a delightful naiveté about the whole proceedings. A high foreign office official drove round to the allied diplomats one evening and announced that the Government had information that the Austrians would make a general attack on the evening of the orthodox Christmas. This was some four days previous. The Montenegrins would do all they could to defend themselves but—of course the men were starving and short of everything. Incidentally I may say that when I was on the Lovchen positions the men were receiving bread—it was the third day, for two days they had only had potatoes—the stories of twelve days' starvation had no foundation. On the night of the Austrian attack, King Nicolas himself visited the allied ministers and informed them that all was lost, and that they should flee. He also sent a telegram to the Servian General Staff at Skutari in which he announced that all was lost, and that he had refused both armistice and peace, but that his men had no food nor ammunition. This was all so much setting of the stage for the capitulation. It is practically certain that the Austrian advance was no surprise to King Nicolas nor to the Government, which he had changed shortly before to one composed of men ready to do his bidding blindly. The Austrian contention that an armistice and possibly a capitulation was signed, is most probably true, and also that they were signed either by King Nicolas, Prince Peter or the Government. So far the arrangement had been carried out, but then the army put down its foot. The capture of the Lovchen positions was one thing, but the occupation of Montenegro and the disarming of the entire population was another. The bulk of the army therefore refused to be bound by the signatures of their governors and decided to fight on.

Escape to Skutari.

Many were in no position to do so. They were in outlying parts of the country without any means of supply or retreat. Such forces as could escape made their way to Skutari—with them went Prince Mirko, General Martinovitch, an honest man who was recently in this country, General Vukotitch, the brother of the Queen and the Serbian officers. King Nicolas and Prince Peter, who was thoroughly Austrian fled the country, dreading both the anger of the Montenegrin army and the rage of the Austrians who found that the arrangement made had gone astray and that they were not going to have an easy walk over. Exactly who was the biter and who the bitten it is hard to tell, but there is no denying that the last days of Montenegro were rather tarnished than glorious. The capture of Lovchen was not accompanied by any heavy fighting although there was heavy firing. Afterwards the rôle of such of the army as declined to surrender was simply that of retiring on the Serbian rearguard at Skutari, preserving the national honour and remaining an embryo of hope for the future.

The occupation of Montenegro, while it enables Austria to complete the subjugation of the Serbian peoples and secure her occupation of Cattaro, must mean leaving a large garrison in the country. It also means feeding the whole population since otherwise there will undoubtedly be guerilla warfare. The chance of using the manhood of Montenegro as soldiers (as has been done in Serbia) does not present many attractions, since the Montenegrin fighter is of small value in a modern army. One result is that now the ultimate inclusion of Montenegro into a

greater Serbia is hastened—in any event it was only a question of a short time.

The military assistance given to the Allied cause was never great, the anxieties and worries in connection with keeping the governing régime supplied with money, and at the same time endeavouring to benefit the deserving population, were very great. It is probably no exaggeration to say that to-day the conclusion of the Montenegrin chapter comes as a relief to the Allies rather than as a surprise. For long it has been known that it only needed an opportunity or an Austrian desire to accomplish the occupation, partial or total, of Montenegro. And it must not be forgotten that the future of Montenegro is not settled to-day nor will be until the final settlement after the war—and in that settlement the evidence of the past four years will be weighed and known. Whatever may be the judgment of the arbiters of the new map of Europe, it is certain that the sins of commission and omission of those recently responsible for the Government of Montenegro will not be laid at the door of a brave and patriotic mountain people, whose history entitles them to respect, whose recent sufferings to pity. There have been instances of Governments being betrayed by individuals, in Montenegro we have an instance of a people being betrayed not once but several times by a Government. The future of Montenegro is inextricably bound up with that of Serbia, if that be safeguarded then we do not need to be anxious as to the results of the Austrian occupation of King Nicolas' kingdom. As the wave of Austro-German occupation of the lands of the Serbians is rolled back, a free Montenegro people, untrammelled by corrupt government will play a part and in so doing achieve a real national existence.

"BLACK JACKS."

To the Editor of *Land and Water*.

SIR,—Apropos of the paragraph in a recent issue of your journal respecting the old Black Jacks at the Merryweather Museum at Greenwich, there are, of course, other places in the London area where these interesting relics can be seen by the general public. Six remarkably fine specimens are kept in the Great Hall at Chelsea Hospital. These are all of the same size and shape and appear to be in an excellent state of preservation. They are large Jacks, each about 22 inches high and date from the 17th century. In the Tudor Room of the London Museum there are three 16th century Black Jacks, one of which was found in a well on the site of the Aquarium, Westminster.

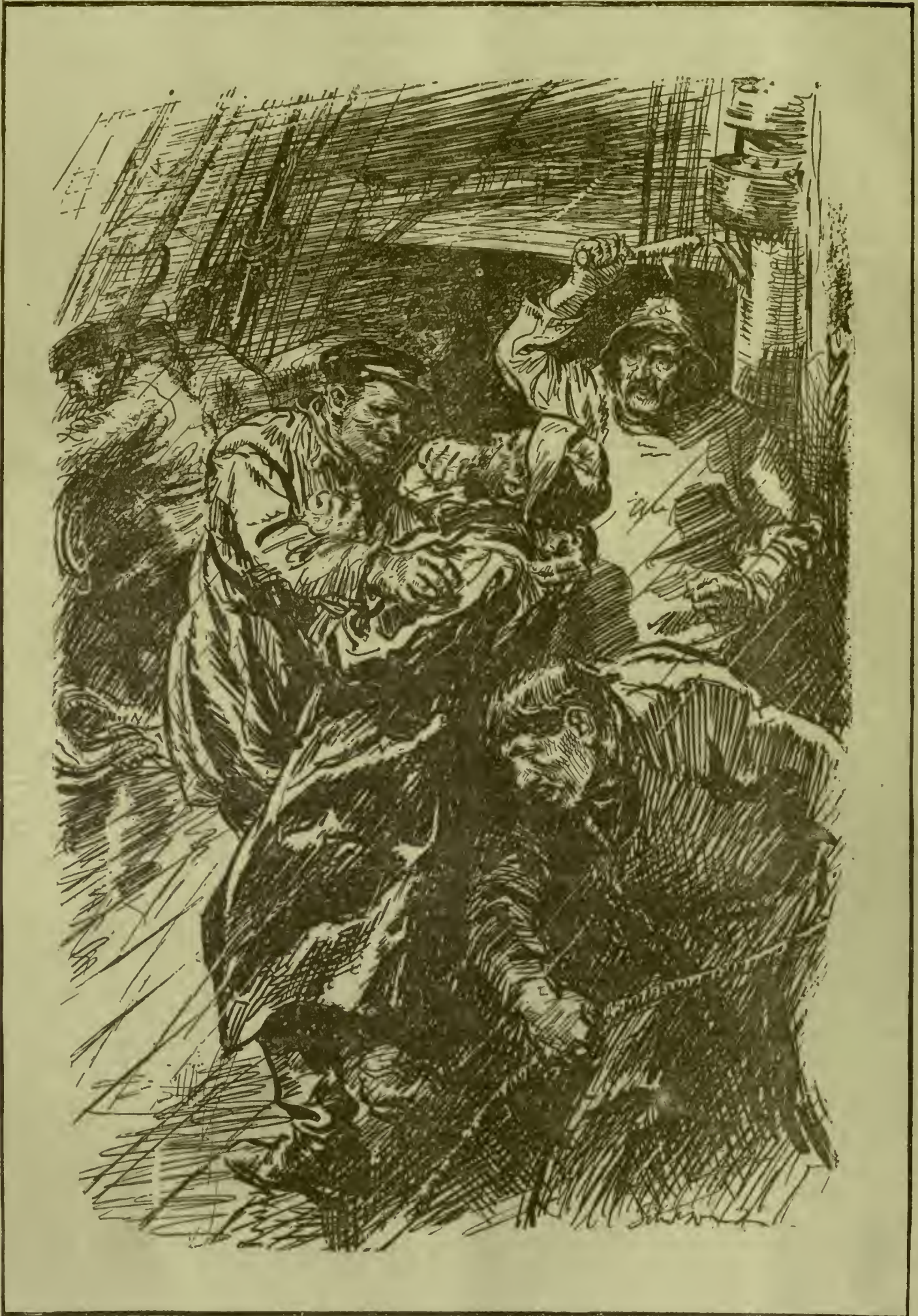
Although the use of this once popular drinking vessel—a relic of the days when the lord and master partook of his meals in the company of his retainers—has completely died out the glamour of its old associations still lingers.

SILENUS.

Mr. John Lane has just published *A Book of Belgium's Gratitude*, which has been designed as an expression of the gratitude felt by Belgians for the help and hospitality of Great Britain and the Colonies. The contributors include all the most distinguished Belgians in politics, society, literature, and art, among them being the King and Queen of the Belgians, H. E. Paul Hymans, M. Davignon, M. Lambotte, Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Verhaeren, Emile Cammaerts, etc. The translators also include distinguished people, among them being Lord Curzon, Lord Cromer, Sir Claude Phillips, Lord Latymer, and Mr. John Buchan.

Field Gunnery, by Donald A. MacAlister. (John Murray. 1s. 6d. net), is a manual prepared with special reference to the work of the heavy batteries. The work will be found very useful by junior officers in heavy artillery works as well as by those belonging to field batteries. The author explains the elements of ranging and teaches men to get out their own formulae.

Lieut.-Commander Taprell Dorling, R.N., has compiled a very useful little handbook in *Ribbons and Medals* (G. Philip and Sons. 2s. net.), which illustrates and describes a hundred and twenty-five naval, military, and civil medal ribbons in colour, and gives numerous reproductions of the various orders and medals which these ribbons represent. The book is not intended as a cyclopædia of the subject, but is designed to permit of recognition of the most-worn decorations by the curious observer, and to furnish particulars of the service by which the decorations in question were earned. This purpose it fulfils admirably, and as a reliable text-book on the subject at a popular price it is to be recommended.



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

“ Well Sir ! I tell you it didn't take long for those fellows to do their work.”

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

We begin to-day one of the best stories of adventure that has ever been written on the South Seas. Mr. de Vere Stacpoole won fame with his beautiful tale "The Blue Lagoon." He not only knows, but he makes his readers realise the mystery and exquisite loveliness of those distant regions where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile."—but not all men. The story opens in Sydney.

MACQUART.

DAY was breaking over the Domain, glorious, gauzy with mist, warm and blue.

The larrikins and loafers, drunkards and unemployed who had spent the night on the grass were scratching themselves awake. Houghton on a seat had ceased yawning and stretching himself. He was talking to a stranger, a man slightly over the middle-age who had slept beside him, and who was now making his toilet with a bit of comb, running it through his hair and his grizzled beard and talking all the time in an easy, garrulous, voluminous manner, more suggestive of long intimacy than of total unacquaintanceship.

Houghton, who had awoken surly and stiff and out of temper with the world, was sitting now with his arm across the seat back, his legs crossed, and his foot swinging, listening to the other who was making the conversation, and wondering vaguely what manner of man he might be. He had never seen anyone at all like him.

"And the strangest thing," went on the gentleman with the comb, "is the fact that the off-scourings of the city sleep in this splendid place, fill their lungs with good air and wake refreshed, whilst the prosperous folk sleep in dog-holes—bedrooms, if you like the term better—and wake half poisoned by their own effluvia. But don't think I am a crank. Oh, dear no. When I am well off, I am just as tough to common sense as the rest of humanity. I sleep in a bedroom, eat too much, drink too much, and smoke too much; but between whiles as now, for instance, when I am driven to the simple life I enjoy it, and I get a glimpse of what might have been if men had stuck to tents instead of building houses. Freedom, air, light, simplicity, great open spaces—those are the things that make life. Yes, sir; those are the things that count."

"You have been about the world a lot?" said Houghton.

The other, having finished his toilet, was now regarding his boots with a critical eye; one of them showed a crack where the upper met the sole at the instep. He made this crack open and shut like a mouth for a moment, viewed it with his head on one side, and then said:

"Almost all over the place. North, south, east and west, doing almost everything that has got excitement in it. Living, you may say—that's the word. How old may you be, if it's not an impertinent question? Twenty-three, and you are English, I can see that. You belong to the class they call in England the gentleman class, and you're out here sleeping with old rovers like me and all that hoggerly over there on the grass in the Domain of Sydney, without maybe more than a shilling in your pocket. Well, I was like you once, and if you keep on as you are going, you'll maybe one day be like me. Look at me. I am forty-seven years of age, or maybe forty-eight, for I've always gone by dead reckoning—and I haven't lost a tooth, I could digest an ostrich, I haven't a care in the world, and I'm always alive because I'm always interested. I have made three fortunes and lost them. Now do you think I set out to make those fortunes with a view to sitting down on the Hudson or on Nob's Hill or in the city of Paris or London and enjoying them? I never had a view to that. I never had a view to a palace and a fat woman covered in diamonds for a wife, and sons and daughters and all such like. No, sir, I fought for money for the fight of the thing. Money! I love it; it's my dream; I hunt for it like a pig for truffles, but when the durned thing is in my hands it turns to lead if I don't use it to make more, and that's what breaks me. For I'm like this, lucky as you like when I'm on the make adventuring in out-of-the-way places, but unlucky as Satan when I'm speculating. For instance, I made a big pile over the Klondyke and lost every cent in the wheat pit at Chicago.

"I was going about Chicago on my uppers same as I'm going about Sydney now, had to accept a loan to get away, then I bought an island."

"You bought an island?"

"To speak more truly, I bought the lease of one. You can buy islands, mind you, and if you knew the Pacific as I do, you'd open your eyes at the trades that have been done over islands in these seas. There's Ten Stick Island, for

instance, in the New Hebrides. It's nothing much of a place, just a rock sticking up out of the sea. You Britishers wanted a target for gun practice, and they bought the durned thing for ten sticks of tobacco from the chief who owned it. At one time big fortunes were made by fellows who came along and picked up islands and stuck to them, shell lagoons and copra islands; but nowadays the governments have all closed in on everything bigger than a mushroom, even bits of places like Takutea and god-forsaken sand banks like Gough Island have their owners. Well, the island I came to negotiate for was in the New Hebrides. It was valuable because its top part was one solid block of guano. An old whaler captain brought news of it to me. I met him in a bar just off a cruise. 'But where's the use,' said he. 'It belongs to the Australian Government, and at the first wind of guano they'll close down on it.' That was four o'clock in the afternoon, and by four o'clock next day I had got a syndicate together, and not long after we had a lease of the place for ten years for almost nothing. And when we got to the place to work it, it was gone, nothing but a vigia left. Islands go like that. Kingman Island and Dindsay Island and a hundred others have ducked under, leaving only a reef a'wash or leaving nothing. Well, there we were—done with long faces and empty purses—Gimme a match."

He took out a pipe and some tobacco wrapped up in a scrap of the Sydney *Bulletin*. Houghton supplied him with a match and he began to smoke.

Houghton was young for his years. He had left Oxford without a degree to spend two thousand pounds which came to him on his majority. A woman had helped him to spend the two thousand and had died of galloping consumption, leaving him broken and heart-broken at the same time without a profession, with expensive tastes and no earthly means of making money save with his hands.

And you cannot make money with your hands in England, so he came to the Colonies, fell in with some bar acquaintances, risked his last penny on a horse race and lost. He had rooms in Sydney and some gear, but he could not pay his rent. He owed for board and lodging, and for the last two days had been living from hand to mouth. No one need starve in Sydney, it is the most tolerant city towards loafers in the world, not that Houghton was a loafer; he was just a man without a job.

He sat looking at the other for a moment, then he said, "My name is Houghton. I'm English, as you say. What are you—American?"

"No, sir," replied the stranger, "there's no American about me. I'm the most thoroughbred mongrel that ever crawled on God's green footstool and jumped for scraps. Macquart is my name. Simon Macquart, a prospector by nature and profession, and as you see me sitting here talking to you I don't look much, maybe, but I'm out after a fortune. A dead sure thing. Money enough to make a dozen men rich."

He stopped short and puffed at his pipe, his eyes fixed away towards the sea as though the fortune had suddenly materialised itself and were visible. His profile seen like this hinted at a character both daring and predatory. Remember that a man's essential character is exhibited in his profile more surely than in any other outline or combination of outlines, and the character of Macquart spoke loud at that moment as he sat with the pipe firmly clenched between his teeth and his eyes straining towards the distance.

"What is it?" said Houghton, "a mine?"

"Mine!" said the other, returning from his thoughts. "Oh, lord no! It's a proposition, and this very morning I am going to lay it before one of the biggest bags in Sydney. I've been carrying it about in my skull for a matter of some years, always hoping to be able to find money of my own to work it with—Couldn't. Laid hold of it first up there, Borneo way—never mind exactly where, reached Portuguese Timor and sounded one of the biggest men there, a Dutchman, he only laughed at me—d---d ijit. I was so broke there that I had to help lading ships with copra—they've taken to growing cocoanut palms in Timor.—Then I took a voyage to Frisco for my health, in the foc's'le. Had no luck in Frisco and drifted to Valdivia. There I nearly had a chance in a loose way of business; started a faro table with a

Spaniard, and was piling up the chips when my partner scooped the pile and the police did the rest. Lord, I never was so beat as that time. I got a boat that took me to Liverpool. I did not want to go to Liverpool a bit; but the boat did and as I was one of the hands I had to go with her."

He tapped the dottle out of his pipe against his boot heel, and as he did so Houghton caught a glimpse of the fluke of a blue anchor tattooed on his wrist and exposed by the stretching of his arm. It was the only thing about the man suggestive of the fact that he had been a sailor.

"From that I worked back to New York," he went on, "and from New York here and there till I arrived in the old Colony, *always* with an eye on my proposition and another eye out for a suitable man to lay it before. I was near giving up when I fell in with a likely chap, a gentleman born; met him in a bar on Market Street, cottoned to him at once, just as I've done to you, gave him a whisper of what was in my mind and set him alight with it. He's in the swim here though he hasn't much money of his own. Bobby Tillman is his name, and he's going to lay me and my proposition before a likely man this very morning; eleven o'clock's the hour. If we can fix things up, Tillman is the man to collect the hands for the job and find a likely vessel; he's in with all the water-side. Money is useful in a thing like this, but it's the men that pull it through; get the wrong ones and you're done."

"Look here," said Houghton, "I don't know what this job of yours may be, and I don't want to be inquisitive, but it seems adventurous and you seem to want men. Would there be any show for me in it?"

"And why not?" asked Macquart, "if you're game for roughing it. 'Pears to me I've been telling you a lot of things I wouldn't have told to a casual stranger. Well, it's just because I seem to cotton to you. Mind now, and don't be flying away with things, building up on a treasure venture as if there was a fortune for everyone in it; there's not that. There's the chap with money to be considered, there's me and there's Tillman. But you'd have your share and you'd see things, and maybe you'd be better off than on any job likely to turn up in Sydney. Can you handle a boat?"

"I've done a good deal of yachting in a small way."

Macquart laughed.

"That's the English all over," said he, "bred up in idleness and sport, and then, when the pinch comes, in out-of-the-way places the sport helps them through. And I suppose you know the which end of a gun?"

"Yes, I'm a fair shot."

"You'll do all right. Oh, I reckon you'll do all right, if we can only collar the bug with the money, which is my business, though maybe you can help a bit in that, too. I'm not much to look at, but your clothes are all right; you only want a wash and a brush up to be the English gentleman new to the colonies. There's nothing like a bit of good appearance to help a deal through. Tillman is good enough, but he's a bit off the handle. His father was a big marine store-dealer and he died worth a good deal; left his pile to Bobby, who spent half of it and was choused out of the rest—or nearly so, for he's got a bit left, not much but enough to keep him idle. Well, shall we get a move on? I'm going to a place I know for some breakfast—have you any money?"

"Two shillings," said Houghton, without any shame in stating the fact of his destitution.

"Well, keep your money in your pocket. I'll pay. I have tick at the place I know. You'll want something for drinks, maybe, and I expect by to-night we'll be a durned sight better off if I can touch this chap with the money."

They left the Domain and entered the city. The morning was now blue and blazing, the streets brilliant with sunlight, and Houghton, walking beside Macquart, felt a wonderful uplift of mind and spirit.

Macquart was practically a tramp, though better dressed than the ordinary hobo; a man without money or home or prospects, yet of such an extraordinary personality that in his companionship all these details of life seemed of little account. This dreamer of wealth had the power of inspiring others with his dreams—or his disease. With him something wonderful was always going to happen, a sure thing that would shower gold on himself and his companions. Given a man with a grain of imagination and placed long in the company of Macquart, and that man would be lost—or at least his money would be lost, but at least he would have had excitement for his money, fabulous dreams of wealth, and the vision of a gorgeous future.

Houghton was under this spell now. Macquart had told him quite definitely that his—Houghton's—share in the Venture would be small; that did not matter, the Venture was the main thing, the atmosphere of romance and new life that Macquart was able to cast around him without any effort, the spirit of youth he was able to conjure up to assist in his infernal projects.

No man can influence without being influenced himself, no man can make others feel what he does not feel himself. Macquart's whole-hearted enthusiasm in pursuit of his own ideals, his genuine joy in their pursuit, and his abandonment to imagination were the factors no doubt of his success. The old clothes that covered this walking romance were forgotten by they who read him, the dubious morality hinted at in his physiognomy was passed over; the fact that he was a walking parable on Poverty was unheeded—he showed men Fortune, talked of her as his mate, and made them believe.

He led the way past the post-office and town-hall, of which splendid buildings he seemed as proud as any Sydneyite, and then, expatiating on the palms growing in front of the latter building, on the tramway traffic of the streets and the general prosperity of the city, led on down a by-way to the doors of the modest-looking café where he possessed tick.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN WITHOUT IMAGINATION.

AT ten o'clock, Macquart leading the way, they entered Lamperts bar at the corner of Holt Street. Lamperts is the most extensive and expensive place of its kind in Sydney, and that is saying a good deal. After and before a race-meeting it is crowded, and it is said that more money is made and lost here than on the Wool Exchange. Here you may meet a great many notabilities, from the men who write and draw for the first paper in the Eastern Hemisphere to the man who has won the last sweep-stake. Lamperts has known Phil May, his pictures are on the walls; and it was towards a young gentleman contemplating one of these pictures that Macquart now advanced.

Tillman, for it was the redoubtable Bobby Tillman himself, turned at the footstep of the other, recognised him, and taking his cigarette from his mouth gave him greeting.

Tillman looked about eighteen; he was in reality twenty-seven; fresh complexioned, clean-shaved, and well-dressed in a suit of blue serge, wearing a straw hat on the back of his head and his hands in his trousers' pockets, he was a typical "boy."

Every race-course knew him, every bookmaker had made money out of him; he had spent a little fortune on dissipation, yet he remained to all intents and purposes quite fresh, innocent, and young.

Houghton took a liking at once to this new acquaintance, and having been introduced by Macquart as "My friend, Mr. Houghton, just arrived from England," found himself leaning against the bar counter, a soft drink at his elbow and his attention entirely occupied by Tillman, who was talking to Macquart yet including him in the conversation.

"What I like about you is your punctuality," he was saying. "A man who doesn't keep his appointments is a man who, ten to one, doesn't keep his word. Well, here's to you."

"Here's to you," said Macquart; "and how about the business?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Tillman. "I saw Curlewis again last night and reminded him. We are to be at his office at eleven sharp; he's interested and that's the great thing. Does your friend know anything of the affair?"

"Enough to make him want to lend a hand," replied Macquart, half turning towards Houghton. "He can't put any money into the thing—"

"Not a cent," cut in Houghton, with a laugh.

"But he's a yachtsman," went on Macquart, "and a good shot and used to roughing it—just the man we want."

"Good Lord! I should think so," said Tillman enthusiastically. "Blow the money; a good man is better than riches in an affair like this; strength in the after-guard is what we want and chaps that aren't afraid of the weather. Houghton, I'll be glad to have you with us."

"I've told him that the pay won't be great as viewed in proportion to the takings," said Macquart.

"There you go," cried the enthusiastic Tillman, "talking of pay as if you were going to open a fried fish shop. What comes to us will be shared in proportion to what we do or what we put into the business. You see, in a safe land show it's all very well talking of salaries, but in an affair where we all risk being eaten by fishes or chewed by tigers, shares is a better word than salaries."

The word "tigers" made Houghton look up.

"There aren't any tigers," said Macquart; "tree cats and leopards, nothing worse."

"I don't want to ask too many questions," said Houghton, "or make you give the show away before you want to, but would it be too much to ask where we are going?"

"Mean to say you don't know?" cried Tillman.

"Not in the least."

"Well, you take the biscuit. You do, indeed. By

George, that's the spirit I like, ready to sign on, maybe for Hades without a question!"

Mr. Tillman did not say Hades. I doubt if his classical knowledge included the meaning of the word. He clung to the Anglo-Saxon, and Houghton laughed.

"I'd just as soon sign on for there as stay in Sydney without a cent in my pocket," said he, "and it couldn't be hotter."

"Well, it's not far from here we are going," said Tillman. "It's up north."

"New Guinea," put in Macquart.

"Up a river in New Guinea to find something that's there," said Tillman. "You'll hear it all when Macquart spins his yarn to Curlewis. Well, shall we be going? It's some way from here, and it's no harm to be a bit before time."

He led the way out of the bar and they passed down the street, Tillman saluting nearly every second person they met. He seemed to be a well-known character and the greetings he received—so Houghton fancied—spoke of amiability and good-fellowship rather than high respect. Houghton's interest in this strange budding venture was concentrated now less on the main than the immediate objective. How would Curlewis receive his irresponsible visitor? How would he receive the seedy Macquart? He felt himself to be a fifth wheel in this ramshackle chariot so boldly setting out on the road to riches, and outside the wool broker's office he frankly said so, suggesting that he should wait in the street till the interview was over.

But Tillman would have none of that. He declared Houghton's presence to be an indispensable factor in the proceedings. He was one of the "crew," why should he skulk in the street whilst the others were putting in hard work?

"Hard work—by Gad, all the rest will be nothing to this—raising money, why, it will be more like lifting it. I tell you, we have to carry this chap by assault; he's as good as they make them, but y'see they made him a business man and that's the worst sort. However, we'll do it, if only Screed isn't there. Screed's his partner, hard as nails, no ideas about anything but wool. Well, come on."

They entered the building, found Curlewis' office, and were ushered right into the great man's private room.

Curlewis was standing with his back to the empty stove. He was a joyous and opulent-looking young man of some thirty years, immaculately dressed, easy-going, an optimist and enthusiast by birth, judging from all appearances. Houghton, at sight of this gentleman, felt his spirits rising. Here was surely a man to further adventure, or, at least, not to cast cold water on the adventurous.

He scarcely noticed a mean-looking man like a clerk seated at the desk near the window, till he heard Curlewis say in answer to Tillman, "Oh, Screed won't be disturbed by you; he's busy with his letters and he has no ears or eyes for anything else. Chatter away as much as you like."

He saw in Screed the rock on which their venture might split, and he hated Screed accordingly.

But Tillman was talking now:

"Well," said he, "we'll get to business then, at once, and if this is a fool's holiday, maybe we'll prove we're not such fools as we look."

"Tillman," put in Macquart, now speaking for the first time, "there's no manner of use in blowing a man's own trumpet in the first lines of a prospectus. Whether we're fools or whether we're not doesn't matter a row of pins if the proposition is a good one. I'd a durned sight rather be led to a fortune by a fool than stick round making a living under the guide of a wise man." Then turning to Curlewis: "I'm the head and front of this business, and looking at me you might say, 'Here's a nice sort of chap to come talking of fortune—why, he's broke.' "Well, maybe I am; but if I am, it's because I have been going about with knowledge in my head that's worth more than the fools who won't listen to me will ever make in business. Did you ever see a prospector who wasn't broke till he managed to make good and hit the stuff he was after? Well, the long and the short of it is, I'm after John Lant's treasure and I mean to lift it."

"John Lant?" said Curlewis, tentatively.

"The same," replied Macquart. "You don't know who he is—or who he was, to speak more properly. Well, he was one of the chaps who used to trade from Sydney in the old days. It's not so very long ago either, but long enough to have covered his traces."

Curlewis had taken a box of cigars from a side table, and was offering the narrator a smoke. The box was passed round and Houghton lit up cheerfully. Curlewis was evidently interested; only the infernal Screed, who evidently was a non-smoker, remained outside the charmed circle, and the occasional scratching of his pen could be heard like a comment on the words of Macquart.

"Every one of them," continued the Prospector, "and the tricks he didn't find to his hand he invented; and the

ones he found he embroidered on. Well, he went like that laying up the chips, till one day he had a dust up with the Dutch Government; and what he'd done I don't know, but the Dutch Government confiscated his property. He'd invested his plunder in land at Macassar, and land in other parts owned by the Dutch. They say there was a big gambling shop in Macassar owned by him; anyhow, all his savings were under the thumb of the Dutch. You see, he'd been doing so many shady things, I expect he didn't like to have ownings where the British Government could touch them, which proves he was a fool, for the British Government is the best friend to a chap like that who has money enough to work the law. The Dutch Government didn't bother about the law; they knew he was a rogue and they scooped his property.

"It was when he called at Macassar with his ship that he got the news, and they impounded the ship. They impounded him and his crew, too, in an old calaboose place. He had stepped right off the blue sea into blue ruin, but that did not check Lant. He got wind in prison one day that a Dutch ship from Amsterdam had just come into the roads and that she was loaded up to her hatches with specie, to say nothing of general cargo. The *Terschelling* was her name. It was during the rains, and Lant and his men broke out of the calaboose that night, rowed off to the *Terschelling* and boarded her, shouting out "Customs" to the chap that was on duty. He flung them a ladder to help them on board.

"Well, sir, I can tell you it didn't take long for those fellows to do their work, the anchor watch being below sheltering from the rain and wind, all except the man who'd helped them aboard. They clapped the foc's'le hatch to, stunned the look-out man and shoved him in the lee scuppers, knocked the shackle off the anchor chain and loosed the topsails, all before you could say 'knife.' Lant and his crew were handy men, and they had that brig away like picking a purse from a pocket, and there was nothing to chase them; the Dutch gunboat on the Macassar station was poking about after pirate praus on the Bornean coast, and the biggest bit of piracy ever done in those waters going on right before Macassar. It all fell in like a tune, besides, no one wanted to chase them, for no one knew, till the next morning when sun up showed the *Terschelling* gone.

"All the same, Lant would have been had most certainty and surely if he'd been an ordinary man; for where could he have taken the *Terschelling*? What port in God's earth could he have taken her to, she smelling of Schiedam and Amsterdam a mile off, with all her papers made out in Dutch and the very timbers of her shouting her nationality. No, sir, it couldn't be done. And then the specie. How could he have dealt with that. What would the Customs have said? You can fancy him getting those treasure chests ashore in any harbour, can't you, just 'bout as easy as you can fancy a dromedary playing a fiddle. Well, Lant knew better than that; he knew of a river on a certain coast, a river that came down and disembogued itself among coral reefs and sea lagoons, places where the Chinese go for trepang and where the pirate praus used to wash up and brush themselves after a fight, and he knew the chaps who were chief men there, for he had traded with them and fought with them till they were all as friendly as the members of a Baptist tea-party when the Sally Lunns are going round.

"You see, gentlemen, the Malays and the Sea Dyaks nave their vices no doubt, but they're not wild animals any more than you and me. They have lots of straight in them, and once you have got their confidence by punching their heads, you can depend on them so long as you act straight by them.

"Now this river I'm speaking of was not situated in Borneo, as I've told Mr. Tillman. It was and is situated on the New Guinea coast. The people that live on its banks aren't New Guinea folk but Sea Dyaks from Borneo. What drove those Sea Dyaks to colonise a New Guinea river, I don't know, but there they are, like a plum graft planted on an apple tree, as you may say.

"Lant brought the *Terschelling* in here, telling the Dyaks that she was a new ship of his, and he got her up that river by warping and kedging till she was lying safe and sound in one of the upper reaches, with the mangroves brushing her yard arms and the monkeys playing the fool in her rigging, brought her up to the steep bank same as if it had been a quay side.

"The rains were on, as I said, and that gave him very deep water, though it didn't need the rains, for these rivers are scoured out deep and always have a big command of water. Some of the biggest hills in the world are in the middle of New Guinea and one of the finest lakes, too.

"Lant told the Dyaks that he was tired of sea roving and had come to live among them for awhile. He had got such a name for fighting that they almost looked on him as an immortal, which he pretty near was, for he was riddled with

bullet wounds like a sieve yet as full of life as a grig. I reckon he was the sort of immortal a crocodile is.

"Well, Lant played up to that game, and the cargo of the *Terschelling* being of no manner of use to him, he makes huge presents to the chief men, and by night on the sly he gets his cases of specie ashore and caches them. The value of that specie ran to, roughly, half a million as counted in English gold coin, or pretty near seven tons of gold."

Macquart paused for a moment to deal with his cigar, and let the statement sink into the intelligences of his audience.

Curlewis alone spoke.

"You are pretty precise," said he. "Yet all that happened, as you say, a good while ago."

"Wait till I've finished," said Macquart, "and you'll see I'm speaking by the book."

"Lant, having cleared everything of worth out of the *Terschelling*, set alight to her by accident, and that's the blackest bit of the business, for it seems she caught fire while the crew was a board, and somehow or another the toe's-le hatch had been lashed, so the whole lot were fried—"

"Good God!" said Curlewis. "Why, this chap murdered them."

"Seems like it," said Macquart; "but one man of them escaped, a fellow to whom Lant had taken a fancy; he was a sprightly chap and Lant's right hand, and so he escaped."

"Well, Lant settled down among the Dyaks, waiting till things had blown over in Macassar and his name was forgotten, and he fell into the life there and grew lazy and took a wife to pass the time. The young fellow he had saved from the crew didn't like this; he fancied, and rightly enough, that Lant was done for, sprung in the initiative and grown fat in the intellect; besides, Lant began to treat him as a subordinate. Besides, he had a wish for that lump of specie all for himself, and Lant didn't give him even the promise of a sniff in. Besides, one day Lant's Dyak wife presented him with a baby. Chaya was the wife's name and Chaya they called the girl, and the young fellow saw that with a family growing up his chance of the specie was growing smaller, so he fixed it in his mind to do Lant in."

"What was that young fellow's name?" suddenly asked Curlewis, with his eyes steadily fixed on Macquart.

The question brought the tale-teller up all standing. He hesitated a moment.

"Smith was his name. Or let us call him Smith, for I'm not free, under promise—though he's dead now—to give the real thing. We'll call him Smith."

"Go on," said Curlewis.

"Well, this Smith, he fixed it in his mind to do Lant in, and so it happened. Lant one day disappeared. He'd kept his dignity with the Dyaks and his distance, so that they still believed in him as a sort of God, not a real God, you understand, but an Atu Jalan. White people among the Dyaks had the name once of being Atu Jalans, sort of spirits returned from the dead. They thought Lant had gone a trip to heaven or somewhere, and would return, sure."

"Well, Smith found himself free of Lant, but he hadn't reckoned on Lant's wife, Chaya. There's nothing more sure than that women and dogs hunt by scent, and have some means of finding out things that men don't suspect. Anyhow, Lant's wife took a down on Smith. You see, she didn't think Lant a god for the very good reason that he was her husband, and she suspected Smith of having done him in, and she got up a yarn about him, said he had witched her baby, which was only three months old then, and she got lots of believers. They had never cottoned to Smith from the first, and they went for him, and he escaped down that river by the skin of his teeth—that was sixteen years ago. He got off in a prau and was picked up by an English ship, but he'd taken with him the bearings of the cache and the chart of just where it was. Much good they did him."

"Three years he knocked about the world, and then he had a dust up somewhere in the French colonies and killed a Frenchman and got sent to Noumea for life. He was stuck there seven years and escaped. He still had his chart and his knowledge of the cache. Much good they did him. The world is so chock-full of fools he could get no one to listen to him. Then I met him two years back and did him a service, and before he pegged out he gave me full directions and the chart, and more than that, the New Guinea coast map with the river marked down. It was easy for him to put his finger on the point.—There's no mistaking the entrance to that river."

Macquart rose and threw his cigar end into the grate. Then he sat down again.

"Well," said Tillman, breaking silence, "that's a straight yarn if ever there was one; all the details and a chart to back them. I'm ready to risk my life on the thing and my bottom dollar. Well, Curlewis, what do you say?"

Now Bobby Tillman had up to this known only the lighter side of Curlewis. He had played cards with him, attended race meetings, met him at the clubs and grown to regard him as a good companion, an easy-going man ready to fling his money about, and asking nothing better than amusement. He fancied that he knew Curlewis; as a matter of fact, he only knew the surface of that gentleman.

Curlewis, despite his surface irregularities, was one of the most level-headed men in Sydney, one of the hardest business men in the Colonies, one of the least imaginative of traders. His business self and his social self were as widely different from the other as the two profiles of Janus, and the business side of the man was the real side.

"Well," said Curlewis, taking the cigar from his mouth and tipping the ash into the grate. "It's an interesting story, but I am not inclined to back you in any financial undertaking based on it."

"But, good heavens!" said Tillman, "think for a moment. This isn't a financial undertaking but a speculation, the grandest speculation that ever flew in Sydney."

"That's just my reason," said Curlewis. "I never speculate."

"Never speculate. Why, what's horse racing?"

"Gambling—and I never gamble."

"Oh, good Lord!" said Tillman. "Why, I've seen you."

"Yes, you have seen me back a horse for a few pounds, and I think you have even seen me lose a few pounds at Bridge—but I never gamble. When I say I never gamble, I don't refer to the few shillings I amuse myself by losing or winning at the card-table or on the race-course, and even in that feeble way my losings and winnings are negligible—Last year—he took a small note-book from his pocket and referred to it, "my losings on the race-course amounted to seven pounds, and my winnings at Bridge—" he turned to another page—"to four pounds ten. Two pounds ten, you see, I spent last year on this sort of work, and if my memory serves me, I came out the year before five pounds to the good."

Tillman, dumbfounded at the mechanical and orderly and entirely sane and sedate individual disclosing before his eyes, said nothing. It was like watching a butterfly breaking to pieces and a grub emerging from the debris.

"Now if I were to put, say, a thousand pounds, into this venture of yours, I might lose it or I might win it back and a good deal of money on top of it. But win or lose would not alter the fact that I would have broken my principle."

"Besides, though the story bears the evidence of genuineness, I do not think, honestly and speaking as a business man without any intention of giving offence, that any sane business man would risk his money on it. I don't think you will carry that story about in Sydney to a profit. I am cruel only to be kind. I think you are wasting your time all of you unless—"

"Yes?" said Tillman.

"The three of you put your heads together and write it out. The *Bulletin* might give you something for it."

It was Macquart who broke the stony silence that followed on this piece of advice, and he broke it in an unexpected way.

"Mr. Curlewis is right," said he. "No sane man in Sydney would part on such a prospectus. I'm not wishing to be rude to Mr. Curlewis, but sane men don't do these things, it's only the insane men that rise to a big occasion. I reckon Rhodes or some chap like that is what we want and we won't find him in Sydney, but I'm going to put my hand on that stuff if I have to walk to New Guinea 'long the great Barrier Reef and dig for it with my teeth when I get there. I've been held back from it too long. My constitution won't stand it. Well, thank you for the cigar and good-day to you, and when I see you again, I hope you'll be tearing your hair at having been out of it. Come along, boys."

He had come in last, he went out first, leading the others and looking not in the least dejected.

When they were gone, Screed stopped his writing and turned to Curlewis.

"Do you know what I am thinking?" said Screed, "I am thinking that chap Macquart never met anyone called Smith. It's his story, first-hand."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, it was he that did the other man in, Lant—or whatever his name was—and that it was he who was sent to Noumea."

"Anyhow, he won't get any of my money," said Curlewis. "Lot of d—d lunatics—but I won't say it was a bad story. That chap can pitch a yarn."

Screed finished his letter, then he rose and went out, telling the other as he took his hat from the peg by the door that he would not be long.

(To be continued.)

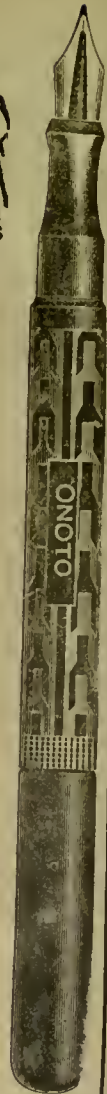


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TOWN AND COUNTRY

The King came to town for a day again last week, in order to attend a meeting of the Privy Council. The Queen had intended to accompany him but was detained at York Cottage by indisposition. It was only a cold, but Her Majesty enjoys such exceptionally strong health, that to read of the Queen's illness came almost as a shock. Both their Majesties hope to be present at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, when Verdi's requiem will be rendered by the Royal Choral Society in memory of those who have fallen in the war.

Among the latest to be thrown into mourning by the war is the Duchess of Bedford, who has lost her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Tribe, 41st Dragoons, who has fallen in the Mesopotamian fighting. Colonel Tribe was a distinguished officer of the Indian Army and had seen much active service along its frontiers. His father was an Indian chaplain, at one time Archdeacon of Simla, and it was at Simla that the Duke, then Lord Herbrand Russell, an A.D.C. on the staff of Lord Lansdowne, met and married the Duchess.

Lord and Lady Granby had not an ideal day for their wedding; it was dull, damp and dreary out-of-doors, but once within St. Margaret's the atmosphere was different. The church had been beautifully decorated with palms and ferns and flowers by Goodyear, and the contrast with the greyness without made it seem all the more lovely. Marriage and giving in marriage seems to be

epidemic in the Prime Minister's family circle; we do not suppose that any First Minister of the Crown has so often appeared as the kind uncle at the bridal. In old-fashioned days of wedding breakfasts it would have meant a speech each time, but Mr. Asquith is spared this.

Now that the year is on the turn and flowers herald the approach of spring, no place in Town is more sought after than the Zoo—the Zoo where it is a pleasure to loiter in the open, and watch the birds and beasts at one's leisure. In former days it used to be a scamper from one overheated building to another, and the chief impression left on the bored child on leaving was how extraordinary were the number of nasty smells in so small an area. But that way of seeing the Zoo has gone for ever, and everybody who goes there just potters around. If the weather be warm, it is pleasant to bask in the sun and sit before the Mappin terraces or the big aviaries.

The Duke of Portland is the President of the Entente Cordiale Society for the current year. Few people realise the splendid work which this Society has accomplished since it was founded close on twenty years ago. It was the first beginning of that better understanding between Britain and France, which found official expression when King Edward came to the throne and which, of course had its consummation at the outbreak of the war. The Entente Cordiale Society has been worked on thoroughly sensible and practical lines. The

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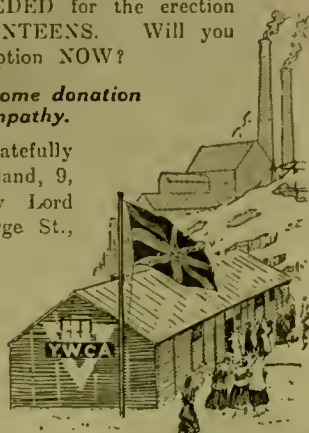
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OUR AIR SERVICE

THE current talk about forming a "Ministry of the Air" requires careful consideration, for public opinion has undoubtedly been moved to some anxiety and to some questioning in the matter of aerial defence in general, quite apart from articles in the daily newspapers. There has, indeed, been no general demand for a creation of a "Ministry of the Air." It is not a solution upon which the public mind has turned, or, for that matter, which most men would be able to define. But that portion of the Press which has mentioned the subject is, in raising a debate upon the matter at all, expressing public opinion insomuch at least as that opinion is now rather doubtful and disturbed about the whole matter.

Now the first thing that strikes one in this connection is that uncertainty and debate of this sort is precisely what the enemy would have desired. That is not in itself a sufficient reason for avoiding the subject. It is a sound rule in war, at least where definite military plans are concerned, to do other than that which your enemy wishes you to do. But it does not follow that in so vague a matter as a general debate upon aerial defence the abandonment of it merely because the enemy desired to create anxiety and confusion would be wise. There must be an element of debate in the affair and conclusions, to stand firmly, must repose upon reason.

But it is precisely when we apply the rules of reason to the case that the value of the suggested policy become more and more doubtful. The more rigidly we examine the *pros* and *cons* the less does the prospect of any such change as the creation of this new political department reinsure one. The fundamental principle in this matter, as in any other matter subsidiary to the war, whether it be the policy of reprisals or economic policy, or this one of aerial defence, is simply this: How far does such and such a suggested policy or change conduce to victory?

The function of aircraft in the attainment of a victory is novel—but it is entirely military. Soldiers only—especially now after many months of this modern war—can decide how aircraft should be used, in what numbers and with what object. Even among soldiers it is only one particular expert branch which can be consulted in this highly technical matter. It is exceedingly important to remember this.

In every science there are general principles appreciable to the layman, though even these he will grasp less thoroughly and certainly or much more imperfectly than the man whose trade it is to follow that science. But the further you get into any science the more you discover departments which require thoroughly detailed and expert knowledge for the barest comprehension of them. And this is true of the science of war. Any civilian, for instance, may see the importance of numbers and insist upon a policy which produces numbers, but no civilian worth considering would give advice upon the disposition

of a machine gun shelter or the probable margin of error upon a windy day for such and such a piece firing at such and such a range. No civilian would give his opinion upon the handling of cavalry in particular circumstances. And in the Service itself no one would presume to give his advice outside the arm in which he had been trained; at least, where that advice regarded highly technical matters.

Now if there is one department of which this is peculiarly true it is the new fourth arm. The men actually flying, and especially those commanding the flying of others at the front, are alone competent to decide not only the use but the number and type of weapons required. The creation of a civilian department (which at the best could only repeat what was told it by the soldiers, but at the worst might and very probably would interfere with the soldiers) serves no apparently useful purpose at that best and quite clearly serves a very bad purpose at the worst. But there is much more than this. If the particular service in question were a failure, if the soldiers connected with it had blundered in any conspicuous fashion, there would be an argument, though it would hardly be a valid one, for the replacing of the expert by the amateur. If there had been any timidity in general policy there might be an argument for the presence of a strong will, though that will were possessed by civilians, to govern the weaker wills of more expert men.

In the particular case of the British Air Service it is notorious that these conditions are exactly reversed. The British Air Service has been the most conspicuous success of the whole war. It has led the Allies in almost every new departure. It showed its supremacy at the very outbreak of hostilities. It has brilliantly maintained that supremacy through all these months. It has exhibited in every part of it a unity of direction and a rapidity of development which are nothing short of a triumph for the British Service among all the belligerent powers. To interfere with and to change an achievement of that kind at such a moment could not possibly be other than a blunder. Nor does that exhaust the case. Even supposing that we were dealing not with a triumphantly successful thing but with a thing which had badly failed, and even supposing that one could amend that failure by the admixture in its direction of vigorous though amateur ability, that might be an argument for choosing some man conspicuous for his qualities in this particular field and appointing him to the direction of it. But there is no question even of that.

We all know in practice that the creation of the proposed "Ministry of the Air" merely means a post for a politician, and there is no one at this time of day still eager to create more posts for civilian politicians wherein at the expense of an enormous salary some one selected from a very small set of men, in no way trained to the business, should be deputed to over-ride the decisions of soldiers. To anyone who really grasps the enormity of this campaign and the quality of the issues dependent upon it there is something grotesque in the suggestion that one of its most vital factors, which happens to be also one of its most successful factors in favour of our side, should suddenly suffer disturbance and rearrangement for no better object than to provide yet another salary and to lend a chance for experiments to yet another incompetent, because untrained and inexperienced, layman.

Everything connected with this war by land, save the direction of its general political ends, is clearly a matter for soldiers and for soldiers alone. But as much at least as the most technical of its branches, as much as the artillery or the staff work, more perhaps than any other, this is true of the military air craft. It is not likely that the blunder will be committed. Were it committed it would be unpardonable.

CHANCES OF A GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

By Hilaire Belloc.

THE elder and greater Moltke said: "There are always three courses open to the enemy—and he takes the fourth."

That epigram illustrates completely the folly of prophesy in war.

But the following of a campaign, while it does not ever permit of exact forecast, does show one, with a clearness in proportion to the closeness of the study, the conditions under which alone the future can develop.

For instance, no one could tell during the Russian retreat of last summer upon what line the equilibrium would be restored and the Austro-German forces compelled to halt. But what any competent observer *could* say and what all competent observers *did* say was that unless some organic portion of the Russian armies was destroyed such a line of "balance" or equilibrium between advance and retreat would be established, and that when or if it was the Austro-German stroke would have missed its object.

As a matter of fact the whole development of the affair proved the truth of so elementary a statement. We saw the Austro-Germans entirely devoted for four months to the destruction of some organic portion of the Russian Army. We saw them again and again (six times in all) create a great salient or bulge in the Russian line by massing their immense superiority in heavy guns against two separate sectors. We saw them try hard to cut off that bulge—and fail. The particular line upon which equilibrium was reached after these six failures (the last of which was the great effort round Vilna) was the line with which we are now so familiar from the Gulf of Riga to the Bukovina. But this halting place of the Austro-Germans was forced upon them. It was not deliberately chosen. They stopped when their advance had weakened them to a degree after which they could no longer compel a further Russian retirement; and this was clear from the way in which they went on week after week throwing men away without avail against the Dvina line. They had, in Lord Kitchener's exceedingly exact phrase, "shot their bolt," words which so unduly angered the Press of all Berlin and part of London.

The same set of ideas applies to the present situation. To prophesy that the enemy will make a great offensive here or there, that he will make it before we do, or anything of that kind, would be futile. But to say that whatever he does must be done under certain conditions, to establish the limits within which his action and our own must turn, is both possible and useful, and a study of that kind will enable us to understand the future.

Decline of Numbers Governs the Enemy's Plan.

The one fundamental condition governing all the present plan of the enemy, is that which has been emphasised repeatedly in these columns: *The exhaustion of the enemy's useful reserve.*

That phrase does not mean that his armies in the field have grown less or will grow less for some little time to come. It means that the period has arrived in which the enemy can only by an abnormal treatment of his human material maintain himself at full strength, and that the limit of time within which that abnormal treatment can be sustained is at once short and its duration clearly appreciated.

Somewhere towards the end of November or the beginning of December, what I have just called the "period of abnormal treatment" had begun. That is, the drafts necessary for the filling up of gaps in his units at the front had to be found in a novel and unsatisfactory fashion.

Up to that date the drafts had been furnished normally. The normal fashion of furnishing drafts is to take men of military age and fully efficient: to train them; when they are trained, to keep them in depots; from such a reserve in hand to "feed" the units at the front and keep them at their full strength.

Rather more than two months ago this normal source was drying up. It remained possible only to draft men younger than those of full military age, or older, or to begin to trespass upon the field of what are called "inefficients." There is no precise line of demarcation between the efficient and the inefficient. But the rough rule is that when you begin to sift out again, and yet again, for recruits, a mass already rejected you are getting near the line.

The first drafts of inefficients but very slightly weaken your units, for they are few and their level of efficiency is comparatively high. But the process is cumulative, and the curve soon gets steep. The moment you trespass on the "inefficient" field your anxieties have begun.

We know perfectly well—at least all soldiers know—that this was already clearly the state of affairs about a month before the end of the year, and it is also perfectly well known by what abnormal method the enemy met it.

He ceased to develop any considerable and expensive attacks; he turned to some extent to the younger men as volunteers, to some extent as conscripts. He began to include what was at first a very small proportion (and what still remains no great proportion) of inefficients; and he deliberately kept back the lads (the boys from 18 to 19) whose remaining numbers (not yet volunteered) may amount to 800,000 and are probably not less than 600,000.

Briefly, the process might be called "Trusting to a lull and to filling the gaps with inefficients in order to keep back the remaining efficient but very youthful groups for the last chance of decisive operations later on."

Comparative Position of the Allies.

Here, of course, we must remember that the enemy's exhaustion thus described must be compared with the condition of his opponents.

Had all the belligerents been from the beginning fully conscript nations, all fighting at their top strength also from the beginning, and all suffering proportionately equal loss, then this fundamental factor, the exhaustion of the enemy reserves, would not have the consequences we shall point out in a moment. It would apply equally to both sides and would leave either party free to act almost as they had acted in the past.

But in point of fact the two sides differ very greatly in this respect.

Only one of the Allied services has been fighting at full strength from the beginning, and that is the French—whose numbers are but a third of the Austro-German. The Russians, the British, the Italians possess untouched very great reserves of men, and even the French, though they have called up their very young classes (which the Germans have not yet fully done) are in proportion to their numbers, less severely hit than the enemy. They have not begun to think of touching inefficient reserves. They have not severely sifted the rejected over and over again as the enemy has been compelled to do. They feel themselves free, in particular, to abstain from using the older classes which the enemy has been compelled to use up largely in the field.

What the disproportion of losses between the French fully conscript force fighting from the beginning at full strength, and the enemy similarly fighting, may be exactly we do not know. For though we can now estimate to within 10 per cent. one way or the other the total German losses, we have not the same data for the French. The French proportion of losses to their numbers may be as low as five-sixths that of the enemy, or as high as nine-tenths. It is not very material, because the two main facts are known: First, that the French losses are somewhat inferior in proportion. Secondly, that the difference is not so great as to affect

the whole character of the campaign. It is the very great reserve of men in all the other Allied countries which makes the difference.

Effect on the Enemy's Present Plans.

Once we have grasped this fundamental factor of the enemy's condition in numbers, it is clear that both his strategy and his policy governing strategy are dictated by it. With every week that has passed since the autumn the enemy has clearly relied more and more upon political factors. He has issued threats of no real consequence, but threats the wildness of which were characteristic of the situation. He has trusted the licence of the Press of one country, the unpopularity of parliamentary government in another, and the ignorance of a third. He has greatly increased the violence of his appeals to neutrals, and he has done his utmost to produce dissension between the Allies. At the same time he has begun to protest against a "war of mere extermination," to explain through various agents of his that "neither side can really win," and to foster the comically unmilitary conception of "a stale-mate."

With all that political effort of his (though it is the most important of his present activities), we need not here deal except to notice that it is proof of his now playing rapidly against time.

With the *strategical* effect of the same situation we are directly concerned.

The Enemy Requires an Offensive.

In such a situation as we have described, the enemy must necessarily attack—if he is allowed to do so and is able. He must be laying a plan for some action which, if it is completely successful, will give him a decision and which, even if it is only partially successful, will at least lend great and novel support to his political efforts and will give him a better moral basis for arranging an inconclusive peace.

I do not say that such an offensive action on his part is nearer or further, or may not be forestalled by a stroke of the Allies. What I do say is that anyone standing in the shoes of the enemy's higher command at this moment, must be contemplating somewhere a vigorous offensive upon a large scale. To let all the winter and spring go by without it would be to play directly into the hands of the Allies.

To undertake such an offensive would mean a further sharp step in the rapid exhaustion of his numbers. But it would be capital well spent, even if its success were quite incomplete, so long as it had the mere political effect the enemy desires. While if it were more successful; if (to suppose an extreme case) it really gave him a decision, it would be remaining capital invested to the very best possible advantage.

For instance, let us suppose a violent attack upon a broad front in the West resulting in the capture of some thousands of prisoners and some scores of guns—and no more. After so incomplete an effort the enemy could count upon the Press in certain of the Allied countries taking it as a proof that his numbers were still far from exhaustion. He could count in the same Press upon a clamour for, let us say, the evacuation of Salonika, or at least growing complaints against the formation of that *place d'armes*. The loss he would have sustained would be well worth his while. While if the result of such an attack were seriously to modify our lines on the West and to give him the occupation of any considerable further area of territory, he could count on a very serious effect indeed.

The same would be true in a lesser degree of corresponding losses in the south-east or upon the Russian line.

Left to himself then, and supposing he is able to act or allowed to act before corresponding action upon the part of his opponents, the enemy must, by all calculation be projecting a considerable offensive movement.

Where would such an Offensive be Delivered?

There are, of course, three fields in which such a movement can take place.

There is the comparatively narrow south-eastern front before Salonika; there is the Polish field; and

RAEMAEEKERS' CARTOON.

Desolation and heart-broken women by the wayside—it is the normal state of Belgium under German occupation. But we who live only such a few miles away, find it all but impossible to realise the misery of Belgium, and the cold calculated brutality of her oppressors. It is, therefore, well that we should be reminded of it now and again.

M. Louis Raemaekers is at present in Paris, where an exhibition of his cartoons has been opened. The well-known French cartoonist, Forain, who is now in the army, wearing his uniform, presented Raemaekers with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which M. Poincaré has bestowed on him. The Dutch cartoonist is being feted both officially and unofficially. There is a reception at the Hotel de Ville, a banquet at the Quai d'Orsay, and a public reception at the Trocadero, all in his honour. His exhibition is as crowded in Paris as it was in London, and the Minister of Fine Arts has intimated to M. Raemaekers that the State desires to purchase several of his cartoons, which it is said are to be placed in the Luxembourg.

France appreciates the great work Raemaekers has done at its true value.

there is the Western field.

There is indeed a fourth possible field on the Italian front. A vigorous offensive there could be imagined in connection with the prevention of an advance from Salonika—for what the enemy must most fear in that field is Italian co-operation towards Monastir from the Adriatic, and violent action on the Isonzo would paralyse that for the moment. But the conclusive and main action of the enemy could hardly be against the Italians, (1) because that front is exceedingly strongly held; (2) because it has lying behind it a wide mass of mountains, the communications in which are ill suited to supply a great body of men; (3) still more because it is far too narrow to deploy a very great body of men; and (4) lastly because no effort here could be really decisive.

As for action in Mesopotamia or against Egypt, it is obvious that this could only be subsidiary to the main war.

The Western Field is the Most Obvious.

Now of the three main fronts thus involved, the strongest arguments are obviously in favour of such an offensive developing in the West. This has been so clear to all observers that it has perhaps been the chief cause of the recent talk of such an offensive. The telegrams from Holland talking of a great concentration of guns and men against our lines, whether true or false, are negligible. The Intelligence Departments of the Allies upon the West have fairly full and continuous knowledge of the enemy movements and vague paragraphs of the sort mentioned are only sent for civilian consumption. But the solid reasons for an enemy offensive taking place upon the Western lines are of a different nature from mere rumour and are well worth consideration. A great portion of them are summed up by a French Service Journal, *La France Militaire*, in a recent issue.

This journal begins by noting the cardinal factor in the whole affair, that the enemy reserves for the making good of wastage, particularly in Germany, are now strictly limited in time. It repeats the elementary truth (common to all students of the campaign), that this limit of time, even if the use of a proportion of inefficients during the winter prove successful, is strictly calculable and does not extend into the early summer. With spring it will be necessary either to call up frankly inefficient categories (such as the elder men hitherto immune) or to suffer a diminution in the numerical strength of the units at the front.

As a consequence of this state of things the enemy will, according to the argument advanced in *La France*

Militaire be strongly tempted to obtain a decision where the conditions of ground favour early action.

Now it is clear that the Western front here offers great advantages over the Eastern: Innumerable roads quite practicable in any weather serve on that front, and a great mass of railways. Supply can be brought up at any time and in any weather, and even infantry attack only has to wait for a dry spell. In this it differs radically from the Eastern front. The communications leading up to the Western front from the German arsenals and supply centres are not long and the great mass of the German forces is gathered there.

It is next to be remarked that if Germany must get decision within a brief limit of time—or retire to shorter lines—the Western front would have another most obvious advantage over the Eastern. It is upon the Western front that the really formidable menace to the Central Empires exists. It is there that you have the overwhelming supply of munitionment piling up; it is there that you have much the greater number of the Allies present, and it is there that you have the most intense, complex and efficient civilisation opposed to the aggressor. It is again the Western front which is most nearly in touch with neutral supply and, in general, it is from the West that the German lines, if or when they weaken, must fear the worst peril of breaking. It is on the Western front, therefore, alone, that a true decision is possible; in the near future, though later when the season has changed and Russian rearmament is completed, the difference between the East and the West will be less marked. The argument is that knowing this and knowing that the delay within which such a decision is necessary to him is brief, the enemy's next great effort—the last one which he will be able to deliver in full force—will develop in France and Flanders.

To these arguments there may be added one which the French study omits, but which would seem to be of considerable weight. *An offensive in the West could be delivered with German forces alone.*

An offensive in the East would demand the co-operation of the Austrian service in a very large proportion. United though the control now is in Prussian hands, there is a lack of homogeneity necessarily present in any further operations in Poland. The strong stiffening of first rate German troops present nine months ago disappeared in the enormous losses of the summer fighting.

An operation against Salonika again (it could not possibly be decisive of the war nor even immediately productive of negotiations for an inconclusive peace) would be still more heterogeneous in composition. The material conditions for undertaking it will be present when the Vardar railway is so thoroughly restored as to be capable of bringing up great masses of heavy shell, which may be in anything from a few days to a month. But the infantry, which would have to clench the artillery attack, would be of all sorts and conditions, principally Bulgar, perhaps partly Turk, and the whole thing complicated by political considerations highly divergent as between the Austrians, Germans, Bulgars and Turks, with the further element of confusion presented by the fact that Greek soil would be invaded.

If then, the arguments in favour of the enemy's attempt of an offensive in the West are the strongest, as they clearly are, of what nature would such an attack be, and what would be the chances of its success?

Chances of Success.

Here the answer can only be on the analogy of the past. Such an attack would apparently be an attack upon not less than two main sectors, the largest upon a front of not less than some fifteen miles, and more probably twenty, the smaller certainly at least ten, and the two separated by so considerable an interval as to be sufficient to form a dangerously large salient, should the Allied line be bent back at the two separated points of attack. At each such point the preliminary to that attack would be the same massed heavy artillery fire which the French were the first to develop in this campaign a year ago in Champagne, and which the enemy copied so successfully three months later upon the Dunaiec.

All analogies, by the way, with the fighting in front of Ypres at the end of 1914 may prove misleading. At

that time the "drum fire" of a vast number of heavy pieces concentrated on one comparatively small area was neither possible nor attempted. *There has been no experience yet in the West of the enemy attacking in this form.* The present economy of shell practised by the enemy is no guide. He is certainly accumulating ammunition this winter as he did last. It is possible, or probable, that the artillery preparation would be preceded by very active trench work; the attempt to bite into and to weaken sections of the line by an increase in the number and rate of fire of the trench weapons. There is even a theory that the future of the war will see a modification of heavy artillery attack in favour of a great development in this concentrated short range work delivered from the trench line itself. It is a theory which cannot be judged by the observer at a distance. It is one which only practical experience can judge; but it is already debated.

At any rate, after such a preparation, mainly presumably of highly concentrated fire, long maintained from heavy pieces, will come, as it has already come from our side in the past, the massed infantry attack with a hope at the best of breaking the line, at second best of occupying, as the Allies occupied in September, a wide belt of first line trenches, capturing some thousands of prisoners and some scores of guns.

Now the possibility of prosecuting such a plan depends upon two things: (1) The power to concentrate either unobserved or undisturbed, and (2) the inability or unwillingness of your opponent to create a diversion.

The great French and British concentration before the attack of last September was imperfectly observed by the enemy because his air work was not adequate to the task. He certainly had information sufficient to make him obtain a rough judgment of that concentration, but he seems to have missed the details of it. Further, he was in doubt as to the moment when the infantry attack would be launched. This was particularly the case in Champagne where the "drum fire" would be checked for a moment as though an assault were to take place, the German communication trenches would be immediately filled with men coming up to repel that assault, and once those trenches were encumbered with moving troops the drum fire would begin again with murderous results.

On the other hand, the Germans last September were not in a position to check our concentration by an earlier counter-attack upon our line elsewhere. The number of their pieces, and of their men, and the amount of their munitionment collected on the West was calculated to a minimum for defensive purposes. Their weight was in the East; and they had just completed a very laborious concentration of weapons and munitionment upon the Danube.

It is clear that in both these respects the Allied line as against a German offensive in the near future would be in a very different position from what the Germans were in when they received the Allied attack of last September. The new German monoplanes have, partly and for the moment checked, but not in any decisive manner, the extended flights of observation still taken by Allied aircraft over the German lines. It would be quite impossible to prevent the higher command of the French and British having a thorough and detailed acquaintance with the enemy's concentration of men and guns. His junctions, once such a concentration was in full swing, would be under bomb attack from the air and long range artillery attack from the land.

In the second point also the Allies are in a very different position from what the Germans were four months ago. They are not cut down to a bare defensive. They have a great superiority in number whether of men or of guns or of munitions. There is nothing to prevent their meeting an enemy concentration by a violent diversion elsewhere.

One side lesson would seem to emerge very strongly from these considerations, and that is the extreme importance of leaving our airwork at such a moment untouched by any interference foreign to the military organisation which has given it such perfection. The keeping back of aircraft to calm the nerves of civilians at home, indeed any kind of publicity with regard to the production and use of the machines or open criticism of that use would, at such a moment, be criminal and

treasonable. Those two words are very strong words, but they are not too strong for the occasion. Airwork is so much the pivot upon which all the elements of surprise and of discovery (which are capital to the enemy's offensive or to our counter-offensive) turns that in these next few weeks especially it is plain duty—which the Government should, if necessary, enforce—to prevent any confusion of the air-service by political or civilian intrigue at home.

Two More Examples of the Necessity for Fuller Official Statements.

My readers will remember the analysis I gave of the statement of German losses, too briefly stated by Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons on the 21st December, and again a month later on January 17th.

The figures were, in the one case apparently taken from certain totals issued by the enemy, and in the other case corrected by a careful consideration of his detailed lists. They did not tally and in some features were self-contradictory.

It is, of course, universally known by those who study the matter that these lists are imperfect, and the evidence of this has been so often set forth in LAND AND WATER that the briefest of repetition is sufficient; on the face of it, they are from six weeks to two months late, and often contain names far more belated—some times six months, very often three or four. They omit all mention of the sick (shock to the system, frostbite, lung diseases, laming, accident, etc., etc.), and many of the lighter cases of wounded.

We pointed out how, if these *modified* lists had been soberly stated in an enlarged official announcement, the result would have been of the greatest value to the confirming of public opinion; not to its heartening or disheartening—the time has passed for looking at news either way—but simply to its knowledge of facts. Those facts, coupled with other sources of evidence, as they would appear in any reasoned official statement, give a total dead loss (counting permanent margin of temporary losses) of at least more than three and a half millions.

That is a mere commonplace for all military opinion, and it agrees roughly with the proportionate losses of all the other belligerents.

The very great harm done by the negative policy of *not* making such expanded and reasoned official announcements, may be seen in the current issue of the *National Review*.

Here is a publication very widely read among the educated classes, commanding considerable influence, and edited by a public-spirited man, undoubtedly desirous of supporting opinion to the best of his abilities during this strain. Yet I find on pages 825 and 826 matter which would never have appeared if, what is common knowledge throughout Europe to those who are following these matters, it had only appeared in the form of an official document—as it does in France for instance.

Mr. Maxse in the *National Review*, has taken the total German losses up to the end of 1915 to be "officially stated" by our own Government as not more than 2½ million men!

Mr. Tennant did not desire, of course, to give that grotesque impression. But the impression *has* been given and is widely believed in this country simply because the German figures quoted in the House of Commons were cut down to the barest possible limit without any explanation or comment.

In the same connection Mr. Maxse remarks that while Germany is only losing 500,000 killed per annum, her new recruits actually approximate this number. The idea behind this remark being that wastage is pretty well replaced by recruiting.

As we all know, the amount of German dead is very much more than the figure mentioned—it is, to the end of 1915 at least 700,000—and the total wastage of any army is a high multiple of its dead; always at least five times as much, and usually nearer six.

The whole matter is a detail which it would be hardly worth wasting space upon were it not for a consideration of the effect such nonsense may have on opinion. We have seen plenty of other nonsense; Russians passing through England in whole divisions and army corps; the "steam roller"; the new short range German acro-

plane making flights over the Midlands; German submarine boats walking along the bottom of the Channel and coming up on the beach at Dover. (It is true that this was in a popular paper.) The immediate entry of the United States upon our side—and heaven knows what other rubbish. Now we have the scare that the enemy wastage is in some miraculous way only half of the corresponding wastage of the Allies, and involves the coming to life of dead men.

It is, of course, nonsense, but it is nonsense worth checking at the moment of its appearance; though it will be as dead as mutton when the present mood of depression is past.

The second example of the same necessity, furnished in the past week, is to be found in connection with the Mesopotamian expedition. An official message from Delhi, of the briefest, reached London Tuesday, the 9th, to the effect that the British force at Kut would stay there (they can hardly do otherwise for the moment!) and that General Aylmer's force is not so much a relieving force as a "support." Now the only possible expanded meaning of such a statement is, that the force at Kut has ample supplies for a very prolonged resistance, and that therefore the containment of it by the enemy involves it in no immediate danger. That is excellent news. But with such a valuable piece of public information in hand of no conceivable advantage to the enemy, one moreover admitted by implication, why not publish it openly and at some length explaining the added strength such a situation gives to further operations on the Tigris? It would be all to the good and very little trouble.

H. BELLOC.

KNOWLEDGE FOR WAR.

We have received a little work from the pen of Major B. C. Lake, King's Own Scottish Borderers, entitled *Knowledge for War* (Messrs. Harrison and Sons, St. Martin's Lane.) This book may be most heartily recommended, and that at a moment when the output of such elementary and practical text books is considerable and increasing. It is specially marked by an immediate practical quality which distinguishes it from the greater part of similar work and includes a great mass of observation and experience entirely gained in the last few months of the present campaign.

To those who would test the value of this frankly laudatory criticism we would suggest a reading of pages 47-63 which deal with the practical side of trench work, or again 69-74, which deal with the practical work of entanglements and obstacles. It is rare indeed to see so much useful statement immediately available put into so small a space, and the drawings which illustrate the text are exactly what is needed to convey the fullest and most rapid instruction. Not only soldiers but civilians who desire to understand the present trench warfare will do well to possess themselves of the book and to note the points it describes. It is difficult to pick out individual passages from what is so good, but further praise may be extended to the notes upon the "hasty improvement of ground" on page 21, or the few very valuable notes on the drawing of a trench trace on page 39.

The book is provided within the outer cover with a certain number of blank pages for notes, and with a fairly sufficient list of contents at the beginning. It is a convenient small size for the pocket and not too thick. It is a defect that no price is mentioned upon the cover or within the book, so we are not ourselves able in this notice to mention at what sum the work is sold. Author and publisher would do well to remedy this. It may also be noted that the thin red card binding chosen will very soon go to pieces in field use, and those responsible for so valuable a little work may accept the suggestion that the issue of a certain number, leather covered, and perhaps at a slightly higher price, would be gratefully received.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has started a sale of "Regimental Rings" on behalf of the blinded soldiers at S. Dunstan's, Regent's Park. Everybody wishing to help these brave men who have suffered so cruelly for us should buy one. They are made in gold shell at 2s. 6d. each, or in 9 carat gold at a guinea, and each one is engraved with any crest required.

MR. ARTHUR KITSON'S ARTICLES.

We regret that owing to pressure on our space Mr. Arthur Kitson's current article on "The British Banking System" has to be held over until next week. It deals with the effect the war has had on our banks.

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

By Gilbert Frankau.

8.—THE VOICE OF THE GUNS.

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our flashes?
 Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and the shuddering crashes?
 Saw ye our work by the roadside, the shrouded things thick-lying,
 Moaning to God that He made them—the maimed and the dying?

Husbands or sons,
 Fathers or lovers, we break them. We are the guns!

We are the guns, and ye serve us! Dare ye grow weary,
 Steadfast at night-time, at noon-time; or waking, when dawn winds blow dreary
 Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier-water,
 To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute decided for slaughter?

Swift the clock runs;
 Yea, to the ultimate second. Stand to your guns!

We are the guns and we need you! here, in the timbered
 Pits that are screened by the crest, and the copse where at dusk ye unlimbered;
 Pits that one found us—and, finding, gave life (Did he flinch from the giving?);
 Laboured by moonlight when wraith of the dead brooded yet o'er the living,

Ere, with the sun's
 Rising, the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him? Strip us for action;
 Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's refraction;
 Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped soul's assoiling;
 Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of the barrel recoiling

Deafens and stuns!
 Vengeance is ours for our servants: trust ye the guns!

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the burden?
 Hard, is this service of ours which has only our service for guerdon:
 Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which aforetime we trusted;
 Flawed, the clear crystal of sight; and the clean steel of hardihood rusted?

Dominant ones,
Are we not tried scrifs and proven—true, to our guns?

*Ye are the guns! Are we worthy? Shall not these speak for us,
 Out of the woods where the tree-trunks are slashed with the vain bolts that seek for us,
 Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell fighting,
 Hissing that rushes to silence, and breaks to the thud of alighting;*

*Death that outruns
 Horseman and foot? Are we justified? Answer, O-guns!*

Yea! by your works are ye justified—toil unrelieved;
 Manifold labours, co-ordinate each to the sending achieved;
 Discipline, not of the feet but the soul, unremitting, unfeigned;
 Tortures unholy, by flame and by maiming, known, faced, and disdained;

Courage that shuns
 Only foolhardiness; even by these, are ye worthy your guns.

Wherefore—and unto ye only—power hath been given;
 Yea! beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and riven;
 Yea! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the skies high dominions;
 Yea! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the Death-angel's pinions.

Vigilant ones,
 Loose them, and shatter, and spare not! We are the guns!

FINIS.

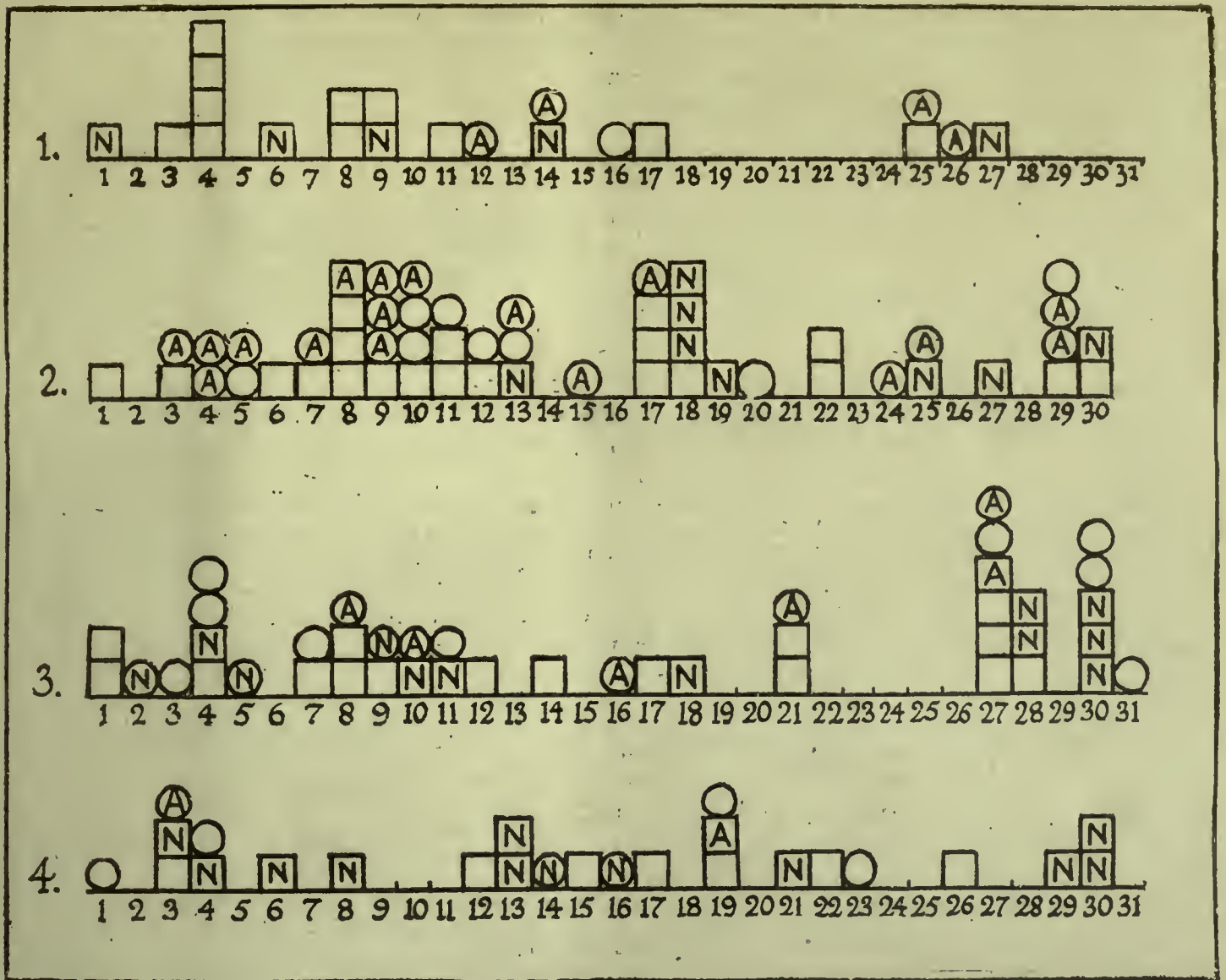
N.B.—Mr. Gilbert Frankau's poem "A Song of the Guns" which has been appearing in LAND AND WATER during the past few weeks, will be published immediately in book form at one shilling net by Messrs. Chatto and Windus under the title of "The Guns."

AMERICA AND GERMANY.

By Arthur Pollen.

IT looks as if the controversy between Washington and Berlin must at last be terminated one way or the other. The issue which President Wilson raised in May is quite simple. Mr. Wilson laid down in language that is fresh in our memory, that it was contrary to justice and humanity that private ships should be sunk upon the high seas, without both the formalities of search and provision for the safety of those on board. The reconciliation between the United States and Germany depends upon Germany accepting this view, and squaring her future conduct by Mr. Wilson's code. And Germany cannot accept this code without in terms disavowing her previous acts, and disavowing them because they are illegal. This

ance of the American view and a breach between Berlin and Washington. But further, unless Mr. Wilson surrenders, there seems no prospect of a breach between the two countries being very long postponed. By this I mean that if Germany yields now, as very likely she will, it can only be as a purely temporary expedient. It will be done with the idea of putting off the evil day of an open quarrel with America for as long as possible. The open quarrel is finally inevitable because our blockade, unless checked, must, in the course of six months or so prove fatal to Germany, and a ruthless and relentless submarine war is Germany's only possibly reply. That it has already brought her extremely low in many necessaries of life is obvious. That it can and will be made far more stringent



The above diagrams show ships attacked or sunk by mines and submarines in the months of October, November and December, 1915, and January, 1916. Circles denotes ships sunk in the Mediterranean; squares the ships sunk elsewhere. Blanks indicate British ships; the letter A Allied ships, and N Neutral ships.

has been Mr. Wilson's contention since May last. This has been the point, and the only point, which has kept controversy open to the present time. Germany has long since offered to pay compensation and has already assured the United States that instructions have been given to the submarine commanders that are consonant with America's wishes. The controversy then has been kept alive solely on the points of *disavowal and illegality*, and on these Germany will not surrender.

The American correspondents of the London papers assure us now that a form of words will be found that will get over this difficulty. But there can be no form of words that saves German pride that does not involve America in the humiliation which Germany avoids. And this being so I cannot for my own part accept the view of the situation which the correspondents have put forward. I see no alternative between a German accept-

and effective is certain. And a *relentless* submarine blockade is Germany's only answer, because if submarines have to comply with Mr. Wilson's rules their power for mischief is reduced to a point of virtual impotence.

Are there any evidences that Germany has a very severe submarine campaign in contemplation? The record of the submarine and mine campaign of the last four months shows that there were 21 successes in October, 53 in November, 43 in December and 25 in January. The Mediterranean campaign shows five in October, 25 in November, 17 in December and seven in January. The home waters campaign, 16 in October 28 in November, 26 in December and 18 in January. It looks then as if the Mediterranean campaign had been got in hand and that the home waters campaign had never recovered from the figure it was reduced to after the heavy toll our counter campaign had taken of the pirates

in the month of August and September. But it would be a great error to deduce from these figures that the onslaught on our trade will be or can be kept to these comparatively low figures. The toll which was taken of the German submarines—a toll by the way, which still continues—limits the number of boats actively engaged against us. But it is not the only limiting element. There are fewer boats out, not because there is a paucity of boats, but because there is a paucity of trained crews to man them.

Of the German capacity to produce submarines, and submarines of a larger and more formidable type—more formidable because designed for a greater radius of action and carrying a heavier gun armament—there can be no doubt whatever. Indeed it is a capacity that has certainly shown a progressive increase since the war began. The inference is then that Germany probably possesses many more submarines than she can man, and that many of those that she can man are withdrawn from hostilities for training purposes. The situation that existed in the months of October, November, December and January, 1914, and 1915, has in all probability been recreated. A reasonable inference is that as soon as the new crews are ready a more violent and a more extensive onslaught on our trade will be made, and will be made in the light of the very costly experience which Germany has already had of our counter efforts. It will therefore probably be made with sea-going submarines, in the open sea, and as far as may be from the narrow waters which we have learnt to protect. I say that this is a reasonable inference because no other counter stroke to our blockade is conceivable.

Should this prove to be the situation is it not inevitable that either America must stand by while Germany sinks indiscriminately, or that a breach between America and Germany must take place? It might seem at first sight as if to force America into hostilities could only defeat Germany's ends by ensuring the blockade being made more stringent. The truth probably is that Germany knows that even without American assistance the blockade will be made stringent enough to do the work. The indications are, then, that there will either be an immediate breach between Washington and Berlin or that Germany will yield for the moment, knowing perfectly well that the exigencies of the situation will compel her to throw over the American code as soon as her submarines are ready for business. It is quite inconceivable that having stood out for a principle for nine months, that Mr. Wilson should waive that principle now. Finally, it would be a useless humiliation if he submitted. America cannot stand by in the new campaign, if it is one that disregards Mr. Wilson's code. And it must do so.

The High Seas Raider.

The raider that held up the *Appam* is supposed to be a new merchant ship, the *Ponga*, that was building at Hamburg at the outbreak of war. If this supposition is correct, it is unlikely that her speed is greater than 14 or 15 knots. Lieutenant Berg has been telling American reporters that she is so enormously fast that our work will be cut out if we try to catch her. If this is so, some very radical changes must have been made in her construction. People on the *Appam* describe her as displacing something more than 4,000 and certainly less than 6,000 tons. No ship of this displacement, built on the lines of a merchantman, can possibly be driven at 25 knots. Captain Harrison, it is true, said that her above water hull was shaped as a tramp, but that her lines under water were those of a yacht. But this hardly satisfies the conditions that Lieutenant Berg proclaims. Until it is proved there is no reason for supposing that her speed is anything exceptional, and speed would be a material fact or in her power for mischief.

Her story up to her encounter with the *Appam* seems fairly clear—but the date of her escape is not given. She escaped through our patrol lines disguised as a tramp and flying false colours. There is nothing remarkable in this. Not every neutral ship leaving the North Sea has been stopped and searched as is every ship that enters it. This, at least, has probably been the rule; but it can be the rule no longer. It will have to be a very clever raider that gets through now. Where has the *Ponga* gone? There is still no news of her. No new captures have been

announced. There is no news of ships being overdue. For the moment then no new captures can be presumed. We can, of course, only conjecture as to her whereabouts. Her two obvious choices are as follows: If she is looking only for a place of safe concealment, the innumerable inlets round Cape Horn offer the best prospect. It was here that the *Dresden* sheltered so long. It is possibly here that the *Macedonia*, once in von Spee's fleet, may still be hiding. But this would give her safety only. But the best combination of refuge and raiding opportunity is undoubtedly to be found on the old hunting grounds of the *Karlsruhe*. The north coast of South America, with its many inlets, the West Indian Islands, with their innumerable coves and anchorages and the trade route that passes Pernambuco to fall upon—this is unquestionably the ideal field. The *Karlsruhe*, it will be remembered, captured 16 ships in ten weeks in this neighbourhood. But the *Karlsruhe* could show a clean pair of heels to almost everything we had in the Atlantic, and the *Ponga*, as we suppose, has no such advantage.

If she has, we have cruiser resources to-day which we did not possess in August, 1914. At that time, we had under construction 16 fast cruisers—eight *Arctus* and eight *Calliopes*—all sixteen must long since have gone into commission, and others as fast have no doubt succeeded them on the slips. With the Indian Ocean, the Pacific and the North and South Atlantic otherwise free from enemy surface ships, the demands on the services of our cruisers is limited to (a) the scouting and screening work demanded by the Grand Fleet and the warships in the Mediterranean, and (b) the enforcement of the blockade of Germany. Things are thus very different from what they were in the first six months of the war. It is obvious then that the cruiser force available for running down this or any other raider, is not only enormously greater in numbers, but may with perfect safety be made very different in quality from that which could be employed against the cruisers and armed merchantmen sent out against our commerce when war began. Note first then that the career of any raider is neither likely to be long nor destructive while it lasts. But it is also worth remarking that if the Germans have inaugurated this raiding adventure in the hope of distracting counsel or weakening the cruiser force in the North Sea, her expectations are likely to be disappointed. Our available cruiser strength is, for once in our history, greater than our immediate needs call for. Had Germany expected war with Great Britain, had she put a sufficiency of armed ships upon the trade routes before war began, the story would have been very different. It will be very different if fast ocean-going submarines come out in the spring. But for the moment the situation is satisfactory.

German Plans.

As I remarked last week, the most obvious comment on this incident is that it surprises us only because the inertia of the German Fleet during the last eighteen months has been so extraordinary. Just as our submarines, both in the Baltic and in the Sea of Marmora, have completely eclipsed the doings of the German submarines, so would the naval resources of Germany, had they been in the hands of British officers, have done something either in the North Sea or in the Baltic in this long interval of time. There are those who would have us believe that the coyness of the German Fleet masks subtle and deep laid plans for our confusion. We should be foolish indeed if we supposed that because Germany was taking no overt action against us, she was not preparing—and as sedulously as she could—some action in the future. But the particular form of action with which we are threatened does not seem well authenticated by evidence, nor intrinsically very probable, nor, if true, very formidable. About Germany's shipbuilding resources there is after all no mystery. As she did not expect war with England, it is unlikely that before the middle of 1914 she had made any vast naval preparations that were secret. That she has done all the shipbuilding in her power since August, 1914, we can take for granted. But when all allowances are made, it is unlikely that beyond the *Kronprinz*, *Lutzow* and the *Salamis* she can have added more than a single ship so far, or can add more than four ships before the end of the current year. What

we are asked to believe is that the ships Germany has in preparation are more formidable than anything afloat, and that she is changing the character of the ships she already possesses.

The 17 in. Gun Scare—and its Purpose.

It is now nearly eight weeks since an effort was first made to work up a kind of scare by spreading the story that the Germans had built a 17-inch gun, and were arming all their new ships and re-arming their old ones with this formidable weapon. For some time the censorship succeeded in keeping this story out of the papers, but somewhat more than a fortnight ago—all other efforts having failed—Mr. James Douglas of all people, got the story into—the *Daily News*! Unfortunately Mr. Douglas gave his reasons, instead of his authority, for his statements. And the reasons resolved themselves into this, that a 17-inch shell had been fired into the town of Dunkerque from a naval gun. The facts which are fairly well known are, that some time last spring a few rounds of heavy shell were fired into Dunkerque, but they were 15-inch, and not 17-inch, and an airship reconnaissance showed that they were fired from a giant howitzer and not from a naval gun! Mr. Douglas illogically deduces from his wrong information that as it was a naval gun, it must have been built by Krupps, that the *Ersatz Hertha*—now christened the *Hindenburg*—must be armed with it, that probably a homogeneous squadron of such ships are already afloat and in commission, that the whole German Fleet is being re-armed with this weapon, and that any way monitors, or some such craft, carrying it will be sent on some (undefined) mission for our destruction.

The tale was from the beginning a flight of imagination and would not be worth commenting on but for the discussion to which it has given rise. It may be said to have culminated in the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Observer* calling for Lord Fisher's return. The argument for Lord Fisher's return has during the last few months been based on the following curious series of statements.

1. He is our greatest sailor and naval strategist since Nelson.
2. If he is a very old man—a disadvantage in war—well, so was Lord Barham.
3. He is the creator of the Dreadnought fleet—and therefore the only person capable of using it!
4. He discovered the means of destroying German submarines in home waters.
5. No sooner had he left the Admiralty than submarines began to appear in the Mediterranean—a thing he would not have allowed.
6. Germany has adopted a gun bigger even than Lord Fisher adopted, and therefore Lord Fisher must return to produce a bigger one!
7. Germany is preparing a series of naval surprises for us. Lord Fisher is the only person who can discount these surprises and invent counter surprises of a still more astonishing—and no doubt—practical nature.
8. Lord Fisher was the author of the Falkland Islands success.
9. Although as first sea Lord he could have prevented the Dardanelles fiasco, his failure may be excused because naval opinion was divided on the possibilities of effective bombardment. Hence the fact that he signed every order necessary for the Carden and de Robeck attacks, leaves him in no sense responsible for the policy that dictated them!

All the above statements are quoted almost textually from the columns of various papers of influence—many of them from the signed articles of professed naval correspondents. They are all either untrue, or *non-sequiturs*. It is somewhat of a task to attempt a reply to statements of this kind. How are we to compare any seaman with Nelson until some sailor has handled fleets in war and in action with some results comparable to Nelson's? There hangs in front of me as I write an old picture of Nelson surrounded by the effigies of 26 sail of the line at whose capture he had assisted between 1793 and 1801, that is *before* he had accounted for Villeneuve's fleet at Trafalgar. What common ground is there between the career of a man who had seen this amount of fighting before he was 43,

and the record of a sailor statesman whose sole experience of war was the bombardment of Alexandria? It is impossible to go through these arguments in detail. The truth is that Lord Fisher's friends are more enthusiastic than discriminating. Note that it is purely a Press campaign. In the navy, where admiration for Lord Fisher is genuine, but instructed, a very different, but perhaps saner view is taken of that remarkable man's career and capacity. To the majority of officers, the objection to Lord Fisher's returning to power is twofold. First, his failure either to formulate a sound technical judgment of his own, or to organise his staff so as to ensure the best technical guidance, was absolute; and this failure was Mr. Churchill's only defence for the lamentable blunder of last February. Secondly, if Lord Fisher were once more put in authority the loyalty of the Navy to Whitehall would be strained to an intolerable point. "The Band of Brothers" would be split into cliques. And this is a matter I would seriously ask the newspapers to weigh. It is really more important that the navy, which knows its business, should be satisfied with its rulers, than either the public or those that guide the public. For they do not, and cannot know the navy's business so well as do the men on the active list. A very distinguished officer, holding a high and important command, was discussing a day or two ago the latest manifestations of the Fisher campaign. "Is Fleet Street," he asked, "so called because real knowledge of naval strategy and of the inner working of the British Navy is only to be found there?"

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The Two-Stroke Engine, by Dr. A. M. Low, D.Sc. (Temple Press, 1s. 6d. net), the first full manual on the subject of the two-stroke engine, is designed to reduce technicalities to such a level that the layman will be able to comprehend them, and at the same time to be of such a quality that it shall not be beneath the notice of the expert.

Dr. Low has favoured the expert rather than the layman, and some of his sayings will prove hard to the common understanding. Such a compromise as he has attempted, however, is a very difficult matter, and in fairness it must be said that the merest tyro will gain from the book a very good idea of the two-stroke engine, its advantages, its defects, and its various patterns. The book is fully illustrated with diagrams that assist an easy comprehension of the text, and the work throughout is as authoritative as it is complete.

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE ZEPPELIN RAIDS.

*Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief.*

KING JOHN, III., ii., 24.

"The War Office has control of the defences of London. The coast-line and the rest of England are the care of the Admiralty."
—THE LINES, February 4th.

*My soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both.*

CORIOLANUS, III., i., 108-11.

THE FATE OF L19.

*For what doth cherish weeds but gentle
air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too
much lenity?*

3 HENRY, VI., II., vi., 21-2.

THE IMPERIAL TASK.

By Neoimperialist.

RELUCTANCE to discuss after-war developments till after the war be won is normally the mark of the practical intelligence. It is a waste of time building airy structures on foundations of prophecy, or on calculations of which so many terms are unknown that they have all the disadvantages and uncertainties of prophecy.

A very important exception must be made in favour of as free and detailed a discussion as can be contrived amidst our tragic preoccupations and anxieties, of the great question of the Imperial settlement.

It is certain that the urgency of that question and the general lines of the settlement will be unaffected by any possible issue of the war. The utmost that the already chastened imagination of the directors of the Central Powers can now envisage in the way of success is the stalemate which may give them the pause for the rebuilding of their grandiose plans. Such a result, disastrous as it would be to us, could only, under the driving sense of a common danger now intimately realised, precipitate that process of setting our house in order, and welding the peoples of Greater Britain into a duly organised state, as opposed to the mere casual and indeterminate alliance which the British Empire is now in actual fact—an alliance with certain very definite factors of disintegration conflicting with the more obvious factors of unification.

If, on the other hand, victory crowns the arms of the Allies, as the resolute temper of the allied peoples and conservative calculation of their resources alike give the most abundant hope, there will be given to the British race an opportunity of erecting the most solidly based system of defences of personal and political freedom of which the world yet holds record. It is indeed a destiny that beckons with an heroic gesture.

Let the reader not think that such phrases are lightly set down in a mood of rhetorical exuberance. It is easy to wax vaguely eloquent over the obviously spectacular aspects of British Imperialism. The least imaginative of those amongst us who have a little freedom and leisure in our lives can be inspired by the acreage of a territory amounting to but little less than a quarter of the earth's surface, and by the grand muster of its peoples, numbering substantially more than a quarter of the human race.

These vast figures cover a variety of types and stages of political development, a series of problems of widely differing character and complexity. They convey a general sense of enormous responsibility, or, to those who still think in terms of dominion, of enormous power. Clear thought about this immense conglomerate can only begin when the problems are sorted into their various categories. Naturally the first problem which detaches itself, the key-problem in fact, is that of the relations between the Mother Country and the self-governing dominions. It is that problem, referred to as the Imperial settlement and separated so far as is possible from the question of the relations between the Imperial Government and the less-developed races, which will be considered in this series of Imperial studies.

The thinking that must go to its final and adequate solution cannot be postponed till the happy issue of the war, because only very slowly can the principles which a somewhat intricate problem involves be apprehended, canvassed and established in the public mind. It is indeed more than likely that our own preoccupation with clamorous domestic problems of demobilisation and the labour troubles, with the recriminations and inquisitions as to the preparedness for and conduct of the war, when the general peace breaks our particular political truces, may then prevent this question being seen in its proper perspective. It is really the fact, though it may sound paradoxical, that the days of our trial provide a better occasion for those who are not directly engaged in the business of war to think out this problem of the completion of the unfinished constitution of the British Empire, than the days that follow the declaration of peace.

The paramount fact that the writer seeks to establish in these articles is that the real issue is shirked. That

real issue is: that the self-governing nations, The Dominion of Canada, The Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, conveniently but loosely referred to as the Dominions—a term which carries mischievous implications—must, as the essential token of their free fellowship in the Imperial Federation, be, on demand, admitted to a responsible share in the control of imperial foreign policy; with the corollary that they must also share the financial responsibility in some justly calculated proportion. Control of voted funds is an essential, not merely an accidental, attribute of responsible self-government.

No doubt the issue is often not clearly seen. A vague cloud of good will, good will now immeasurably increased by the splendid fellowship of the war, tends to obscure the fact that a quite definite and precise solution of a tangible difficulty must be sought—a difficulty which unsolved may imperil the unity of Greater Britain, as a not altogether dissimilar difficulty, left unsolved, actually sheared the American colonies from England with the Declaration of Independence on that fateful fourth of July in 1776.

In a recent review in these columns of *The New Empire Partnership* occasion was taken to observe how two well-informed and zealous Imperialists, Messrs. Percy and Archibald Hurd, forecasting the future of the Empire, curiously failed to face this essential issue. The whole trend of their argument seemed to lead their horses to this particular fence, but they refused the jump. Another notable instance may be recalled in Sir Joseph Ward's motion at the Imperial Conference of 1911. Whether from a prudent decision not to press a point for which the occasion seemed in his judgment unfavourable, or from actual confusion of thought as from the context seems more likely, he allowed the President (Mr. Asquith) to ride him off the essential ground of discussion.

It is quite possible that the President's action on that occasion was deliberate. Politicians do not want problems with sharp edges. Serious changes and real difficulties are involved in preparing for the final and irrevocable step of the "self-governing" dominions from restricted to full responsibility of government.

Reasons for the general reluctance of statesmen and writers to approach a direct solution must be discussed in due place.

Meanwhile the general procedure is to assume quite rashly that good will and loyalty will carry us through all troubles as they have already carried us in strengthened unity through this testing crisis of war. But "sentiment is not government" though it prepare the way for a solution of the problems of government. It is the business of statesmanship to put this admirable mutual regard to use in steering through the undoubted difficulties of the future settlement.

It will make clearer the general argument of these papers if the thesis, which, as the writer begs leave to argue, states the logical and only safe solution of the Imperial problem, be here outlined.

The Dominions must be allowed to claim a share of responsibility for Imperial and Foreign policy, co-ordinate with, and of the same essential nature as, the responsibility of Great Britain. The Imperial Executive must be answerable to the electorate of the Dominions as well as to the electorate of Great Britain which now alone decides questions of foreign policy and a war; because no other solution is consistent with the fundamental rights of self-government, the unassailable heritage, as it has now become by accumulated precedent and common consent, of every British subject fit to exercise political responsibility; because no other can prevent ambiguous loyalties, causes of quarrel and disintegration of which significant episodes of our history give us warning.

There can be no half-way house between organised unity on the one hand and inevitable disintegration on the other. And the Mother of Parliaments must realise that she has to face sacrifices of privilege which she has grown to think established in the nature of things—she has to pay the price of Admiralty and of Service.

BRITAIN'S AEROPLANE POLICY.

By F. W. Lanchester.

[The public have been dazzled from time to time by accounts of monster aeroplanes capable of carrying a numerically large crew and many guns of various calibre. Sections of the British Press have asked why we are behindhand in the development of the big aeroplane. In the present articles, Mr. Lanchester points out the limitations of the big machine and some of the advantages to be derived from concentrating our national resources on numbers rather than on individual size or power.]

THERE is a degree of attractiveness, and to the more adventurous an almost fatal fascination, in any *extreme*, no matter in what direction it may be, which is not possessed or excited by anything moderate or ordinary; the ordinary thing by contrast frequently wears the aspect of the humdrum. This attractiveness or fascination is commonly greater when bigness rather than smallness is in question. A proposal to do something or anything on a scale larger than has ever been done before is rarely found to lack advocates. It is to this that many of the "white elephants" of history have owed their existence; thus for example, the anticipation of the mammoth liner of to-day in the building of the *Great Eastern*—incidentally a striking monument to the genius of Brunel—was, broadly speaking, a fruitless enterprise; it was premature. Again the attempts made by engineers (mainly on the Continent), to build gas-engines of large individual units, *i.e.*, cylinders of 30 inches bore or even greater, were foomed to failure—failure which might have been predicted by any scientific engineer of the period, and probably would have been so predicted had not those concerned been hypnotised or dazzled by the hopes of big achievement—by the very idea of bigness.

Fearlessness of Pioneers.

On the other hand one cannot be other than filled with admiration for the fearlessness of the pioneers of the steam engine when confronted with some of their handiwork. Take for example a large Cornish pumping engine, or the engines of the *Great Eastern* itself, cylinders of colossal size almost unknown in modern practice, and this at a time when available resources in material and knowledge were not a tithe of what they are to-day. And, let it be said, this early work has stood the test of time to a degree and in a manner that even its authors can scarcely have anticipated; examples have survived as much as a century's continuous usage.

To a certain extent therefore we must regard the craving for bigness as one of the factors in history which has contributed materially to progress, in fact it is probable that there is scarcely a man who has made a mark in the world, who has not at one time or another derived inspiration from the mere thought or conception of something bigger or finer than anything of which he has experience.

When it comes to execution or realisation in any problem it is necessary to strike a balance; on the one hand we must not be carried away by an access of mild megalomania, neither on the other hand must we be incapable of imagining a courageous thing and of carrying it into execution when the circumstances warrant. We must be ever prepared to adopt a bold and fearless policy when once after due consideration we have decided that it is right; it is in the matter of reaching the correct decision that the scientific training of the modern engineer should if anywhere justify itself.

There is a popular tendency which frequently manifests itself to jump to conclusions by founding a too hasty judgment on analogy. To postulate an analogy is dangerous; it is dangerous in any case, but it is often the more dangerous by its very plausibility, at the best it is a mere imitation of true reasoning. We may grant that experience has demonstrated the commanding importance of the big warship, whether battleship or cruiser;

also experience has demonstrated the value of big guns both in warfare by land and by sea; big ship must be met by big ship, big gun must be answered by big gun. But it does not follow from this in the least degree that the big aeroplane will require to be met or answered by big aeroplane, or indeed that an extension in the direction of bigness will in the aeroplane be of any advantage whatever. This is a matter which must be settled by the properties or characteristics of the aeroplane as an instrument of war, and in this connection the aeroplane, and more generally the Aeronautical Arm, must be studied as a thing *sui generis*.

Cheap Analogies.

The foregoing might be deemed as bordering on the obvious, but, that it is not so, witness the enormous number of "cheap" analogies which are made the basis of so-called inventions, and dished up for the delectation of the various inventions committees and sub-committees—much to their pain and sorrow.

As a prelude to entering on the main subject of discussion it may be pointed out that the most appropriate size of aeroplane, and number required, for the performance of any stated duty will in any case depend upon a balance of advantages and disadvantages. There are some factors which in any case are without material or serious influence, and which in the language of the mathematician may be regarded as constants; at the outset it is necessary to form some true appreciation of the relative importance of those other factors and considerations on which the issue may be definitely said to depend.

Firstly it may be laid down that the basis, on the material or economic side, must be that of *cost*. It may be asked, when so many hundreds of millions are being spent annually and when so relatively small a part of this mighty total is being spent upon aircraft, why worry as to cost. If big machines are better than small why not order big machines in the same numerical quantity? The reason is that just as cost *qua* cost ceases to be important, it follows that the manufacturing resources of the country, and we may say the world, will be occupied to the full, and so cost as a measure of the facility of manufacture becomes again paramount, or, we may say, *remains* paramount.

Cost and Size.

Now as to the relation between cost and size of machine. There is no invariable rule relating the cost to the size (or weight in the present case) of any manufactured article. Expressing the cost at per lb. or per ton there are cases, as in yacht or ship building for example, where for a certain class or quality of article the cost *per unit weight* is little affected by size. It so happens that the military aeroplane comes roughly speaking within this category; it can be manufactured and sold at the present time complete with engine, at a figure round about 15s. per lb. whether it be large or small. This figure is no actual guide to the future; eventually it may become lower, but for some time it may rise, since the tendency is for the power installation to increase, and this is the most expensive portion of the whole. Beyond this the greater part of the cost is involved in removing or cutting away superfluous material, and so far as improvement is effected in this direction the weight is reduced and the cost increased so that the price per lb. goes up on two counts.

The point of importance here is not so much the actual present day or future cost figure or selling value, it is the fact that cost and weight go together, and that consequently the military problem, as concerning constructive policy, is to determine, for any given duty, whether a certain limited aggregate weight of tonnage of machines is best disposed by the provision of a certain number of large machines, or by a greater number of smaller ones. Put tersely the problem is, given a certain total tonnage to what extent it is desirable that it should be subdivided in order to obtain the highest military value. There may arise special reasons why a machine for

some particular duty needs to be of a definite minimum weight, appropriate to the load it may have to bear. Thus if for some purpose it is deemed that a giant bomb, weighing say one ton, is necessary, the aeroplane to carry it must weigh in the region of four tons. To exceptional cases such as this the present discussion does not of course apply.

In all cases where no such condition exists there is one very strong argument in favour of employing units as small as conveniently possible in great numerical strength. This reason is that of *fire concentration*. In my "Aircraft in Warfare" I have shown that this is determined by a law which I have termed the "N²" Law; this law, which rests ultimately on mathematical demonstration, but which is independently supported (quantitatively) by an analysis of Nelson's dispositions prior to the battle of Trafalgar, informs us that if a fleet, in the present application our air fleet, meets an enemy fleet in battle, its fighting strength or value is proportional to the square of its number of units, and directly proportional to the unit value or power.

Relative Strengths.

In the simplest case if the units of both fleets are of the same value, the relative strengths of two opposed fleets is proportional to the squares of their numbers respectively; thus a fleet 50 strong could meet and destroy a fleet of 40 and the residue could meet on equal terms a fleet 30 strong, because $50^2 = 30^2$ plus 40^2 .

In practice the chances would be very much in favour of the single fleet of 50, for, flesh and blood being what it is, some remnant of the first fleet to be engaged would assuredly quit the scene when it becomes evident that the alternative is annihilation.

In the case of machines of different individual fighting value, the advantage of seeking strength by number rather than by individually powerful units becomes immediately demonstrable. Thus let the one belligerent be assumed to place his reliance on machines of great individual gun power, and build a fleet of "battle planes" mounting three machine guns apiece; let the enemy on the other hand send into action a fleet of the same tonnage of single gun machines—we may fairly assume of three times the numerical strength—thus if the numerical strength of the first fleet be n , by the N-square law that of the second will be $3n$, the fighting value of the first fleet will therefore be n^2 by 3 and that of the second will be $(3n)^2$ by 1 = $9n^2$ or three times the value of the other. That is to say for a given expenditure on the creation of a fleet, and for the same number of men and guns, the policy of the small one-man machine gives a superiority over the large three man machine in the ratio of three to one in effective fighting strength, an advantage which can only be described as overwhelming.

It is always to be admitted that there is the personal factor which cannot be taken into account by any mathematical comparison. Also there are such questions as the direction of light and the other unforeseen conditions which in any actual engagement contribute to a potent degree to the ultimate result. All and any of these, however, are as likely to favour one belligerent as the other and the arithmetical computation of relative strength as a generalisation is in no wise invalidated by these considerations.

The N-Square Law.

It is not without interest to follow out the working of the N-square law in detail in the example above given. Let it be first assumed that the large machine offers as good a target, but no better than the small machine. Now we will suppose one large machine which we will call the Battle Plane with its three guns to be attacked by three of the single-man craft of the enemy, which we will call Fokkers, to fix our ideas; let it be supposed that each of the three guns of the Battle Plane are directed at one of the Fokkers, then, under the return fire of one of the Fokkers the Battle Plane will be hit just as often as it itself "gets one home," and if we count only hits which are deemed mortal, the Battle Plane will be mortally hit three times over (once by each of its assailants) whilst each of the said assailants are hit once each. Hence where large numbers are concerned a given tonnage of single gun machines would destroy three successive fleets of equal

tonnage of three gun machines before its own power is completely broken.*

Now as to the assumption. The actual target presented by the three gun machine is considerably greater than the one gun machine; this, so far as it is a vulnerable target in respect of which one hit is mortal, is still further against the three gun type. In this category we may include engine, petrol tank, and such-like. The three gunners, although presenting three times the vulnerable target of one, will commonly require three hits for their destruction, and this may be taken as neutralising the larger target they present since with equally good gunnery they will collectively receive three hits to one given. Thus the net result is to place the three gun machine at a disadvantage beyond that which the N-square law indicates.

As a mode of defence against counter aircraft artillery also the importance of *numerical* strength is paramount, though perhaps not so decisive as in aerial combat. Thus one well directed shell of large calibre is sufficient to put an end to an aeroplane large or small, in fact the large machine presenting a greater vulnerable target is at a disadvantage. The destruction of a fleet of raiders, therefore is the more difficult as the number of aeroplanes is the greater. Conversely the injury inflicted in "loss of tonnage" per unit time will be inversely as the number of machines employed. From this point of view therefore the smaller the individual machines the more efficiently and economically will their duties be performed.

In the present article the case has been fully presented for numerical strength as against the individually powerful unit. In a second article the arguments will be given on the other side, and, so far as it is possible, conclusions will be formulated as to the general lines which in my opinion should be followed in our constructive programme.

Our Present State of Knowledge.

I will say, however, here that in my opinion there are no satisfactory arguments which can be formulated in the present state of knowledge in support of the large machine for conducting aerial warfare, the "Battle Plane" as it has been popularly termed. I am fairly convinced that in any case the numerically strong fleet of one-man one-gun machines represents the best line of policy both for the time being and for the more immediate future. A day may come when the size of air fleets will be so unwieldy that the only possibility of increasing fighting strength will be by augmentation of the power of the unit, but this is so far distant that it cannot legitimately be allowed to influence our present policy. Above everything in the fighting machine for defensive purposes, whether for annihilating the reconnaissance service of the enemy, or for defeating his aerial raids, the big three or four-man aeroplane is radically out of place. Such heavy type will never be able to give a good account of itself in comparison with an equal tonnage of the smaller machine.

We have heard in the daily press much talk about the German "Fokker," the supposed wonderful qualities of which machine have been lavishly praised. It is not the technical excellence of the Fokker which we have to fear or watch, it is—if I may say so—the *Fokker policy*.

In *Moll Davis*, by Bernard Capes (George Allen and Unwin) 6s., a pretty comedy of Restoration days, more depends on manner than on matter; the author has evidently a horror of solecisms, which, perhaps, is the reason why he spares us the entry of Charles himself, although the scene is mainly at Whitehall, and stops short at the Duke of York as a figure in the play. *Moll Davis*, gay and heartless, is set by George Hamilton to complete the estrangement between Lord Chesterfield and his wife, George having designs on the wife after the custom of the times. Since Chesterfield and his lady are not on speaking terms, Moll enters their house as guest, letting each suppose that the other had invited her; the result is comedy, never degenerating to farce, but with many witty touches interspersed among the incidents of the story.

The author has been careful to avoid exaggeration of the manners of the period, and his book serves to pass a pleasant hour or two—as a well-told story ought.

* A careful examination of the argument as here given shows that it is not exact; it must be taken as a popularised version of that which is proved more rigidly in my "Aircraft in Warfare" (Constable, London) in which many examples and applications are given.

SAVE THE SERBIAN ARMY.

By Alfred Stead.

[We have made many mistakes in the Balkans—there is danger of yet another. There is one paramount and pressing duty before the Allies to-day. It is to lose no more time but at once reorganise the Serbian army and add a hundred thousand men to the Allied armies. The writer, Mr. Alfred Stead, has only recently returned from the Balkans.]

SERBIA has suffered more cruelly and more uselessly in this war than any of the Allied Powers. And to-day the Allies have a great duty to fulfil towards the remnants of the Serbian nation and army, a duty which must be fulfilled at once. Delay is impossible, unthinkable. We have already sacrificed the Serbian people through delay, and cannot now sit down and watch the final destruction of the few thousands of fighting men who, undaunted by hardships and undiscouraged by abandonment, only ask to be allowed to fight again. For that is all that the Serbian army asks to-day to be allowed to reorganise itself and re-equip so that in a few short months, a Serbian force may co-operate with the British, French and Italian troops in the Balkans. Let us therefore bend every effort on making the Serbian army an active fighting force again as soon as possible.

The Allied policy in the Balkans has centred around one principal error, which nothing seemed capable of driving out of the heads of those in power in London, Petrograd or Paris. The belief in Bulgarian friendliness to the Allied cause was able to resist all the onslaughts of facts—proof of a treaty between Bulgaria and Germany before the war, a Bulgarian loan from Germany during the war, Turkish cession of territory to Bulgaria, all these were unavailing. It was, therefore, no wonder that the warnings from Bucarest and the apprehensions of Nish went unheeded.

Reasoned Advice.

We choose to ignore the reasoned advice of the Serbian Government, treating the Serbian allies as if they were prejudiced, narrow-minded self-seekers—quite overlooking the fact that the earlier months of the war had given the Allies ample proof of the value of Serbian aid to the common cause. The Serbian armies had been able totally to disorganise the Austrian military machine, but the Serbian Government was not worth listening to when it came to be a question of Bulgaria. And so inevitably the allied policy towards Serbia became warped, and instead of regarding the Serbians as loyal allies, it became almost a habit to look upon them as pig-headed and undisciplined fellows standing in the way of an arrangement with Bulgaria.

On the Serbian side, every day brought a growing belief in the certainty of a Bulgarian attack, and an increasing disinclination to embark in any action until the Bulgarian question had been disposed of. Led by the nose by the astute sovereign of Bulgaria, the Allies bullied Serbia, forced her to agree to relinquishing much of her territory to satisfy Bulgarian demands, and all this without any real certainty of winning Bulgaria. Had the Serbians not been very loyal such an allied policy might well have had the effect hoped for in Vienna and Berlin, that is to say, Serbia disgusted, and rightly, would have been driven into a separate peace and an advantageous arrangement with the Central Powers. But Serbia has always been too loyal to allied policy and allied advice; it would have been better for her and for her Allies had she disregarded much of the advice and gone her own way deciding her own course of action.

In one thing only did Serbia go counter to the allied desires, and that was in the occupation of the strategic points of Albania and the support of Essad Pasha. And to this alone the Serbian army owed its sole refuge in disaster and was able to pass through the Albanian tribes with a minimum of loss.

The obvious project of an attack by Allied and Serbian troops towards Budapest in the early part of last year was not proceeded with. This attack would have pierced the Achilles heel of the Central Powers,

would have brought in the Roumanians and enabled the Russians to pass the Carpathians—it would also have brought Bulgaria to reason and the Turks to their knees. But there were no men to be found to send to Serbia. It was only later when the Dardanelles expedition was decided on that men were found for the Near East. Having lost the chance of an offensive there still remained the possibility of a successful defensive. The German-Austrian offensive was long in preparing; adequate information as to numbers and weight of artillery gathering on the Northern banks of the Danube and Save was forthcoming in ample time. At the same time, the Serbians had accurate information as to the decision of Bulgaria to attack, even before the order of mobilisation.

The Main Object.

From the point of view of the Allies, the main object to be secured was to prevent a contact between the Central Powers and Bulgaria. They took the view that the Bulgarians would not attack the Serbians if the Austrians and Germans did not cross the Danube and Save. Therefore, they said, "Mass all your men in the North," and we will protect the railway line to Salonika. The Serbians, seeing the greater peril from the East, wished to strike a decisive blow there before the northern forces could cross the rivers. They accordingly concentrated their forces principally against Bulgaria, and at the moment when Bulgaria ordered mobilisation were in a position to throw some 120,000 men, concentrated near Pirot, straight at Sofia, only defended by 20,000 Bulgarians. In a week the Bulgarian capital would have been in Serbian hands, and if the German attack developed the whole Serbian force would have been available to encounter them. The Serbian plan was the axiomatic military one of dealing with your enemies separately. But the Allies put their foot down on this idea, motiving their refusal by the negotiations still proceeding in Sofia.

It was the unforgivable mistake. The Serbians loyally obeyed orders, unfortunately. The Serbian armies sat still near the frontiers until the whole of the enemy forces were ready, the Germans, the Austrians, and the Bulgarians, and then were attacked at thirteen different points. When the Serbians were denied the right to attack the Bulgarians, Serbia was lost.

Orders were given to retire slowly, saving the army intact as much as possible. Thus there were few serious engagements and the armies made their way southwards and westwards in good order, expecting always to find the pressure being relieved by the advance of allied troops from the south. But as no help came, and as the hydraulic pressure of enemy troops became ever greater on the right-angled front, the Serbian army, denied the right to sweep back the invaders as it had done in the last Austrian invasion, was condemned to continuous retreat, culminating in disappearance as an offensive force.

That the Serbian army, as it was at the beginning of the offensive in October, 1915, could have been expected to defend its long line against the heavy artillery of the Central Powers and the heavy infantry superiority of the Bulgarians was quite impossible. The wonder is not that the Serbian army did not do better, but that it did so well.

Dominant Guns.

The Germans and Austrians passed the Danube and the Save, thanks to their heavy guns, which pounded the Serbians out of their positions without any chance of retaliation. Belgrade was practically denuded of troops, but the positions behind cost the Germans some regiments when it came to infantry fighting. But the guns always dominated the situation and the Serbians were forced to retire continuously. In the north there was little serious fighting after the first two weeks, but against the Bulgarians there was plenty of fighting and successful. The Serbians were more than able to hold their own against the Bulgarians, although they consider the Bulgarian infantryman as superior to either the German or the Austrian. But success against the Bulgarians did not suffice, since it was always necessary to retreat westward

to avoid the German descent upon the only road open for retirement.

A Curious Fact.

One of the most curious features of the campaign was that the Serbian troops were given specific dates until which positions had to be held, as if there was some hope of relief coming. In every case the positions were held longer than required, but nothing happened. Gradually, inevitably, the Germans secured contact with the Bulgarians; they freed the Danube; they captured Nish and possessed the direct line to Sofia, but they were never able to capture the army. The Russian retreat was child's play compared to the Serbian; the Russians had a straight line of defence and gradually retired. The Serbians had a right-angled line and had always to be looking over their shoulders, sometimes only finishing a successful attack eastward to see the shells bursting in the hills to the north of their line of retreat. Also, as the forces fell back, all the principal depots of food had to be destroyed and there was a shortage of everything. The services of distribution also became dislocated, it being impossible to reorganise supply when the army was never for more than a few days in one place.

The Bulgarian coup in occupying Vranje and thus cutting the line south, was a terrible blow, since it prevented intercommunication between the forces in Old Serbia and the weak Macedonian forces and the Allies. Very soon the army was on short rations, and as the retreat went on food became more and more scarce. The fact that the mountainous nature of the country left only available a few valleys and passes for the escape of the armies made the question of transport far more difficult. But notwithstanding all this much of the army made the retreat in very good order and without disorganisation. When it is remembered that there was never too much discipline in the Serbian army; it was wonderful to see how orderly was the retreat. It was always a retreat never a rout.

This was especially the case up to Prishtina. It was in this town that definite news came that there was no hope of any real offensive on the part of the Allies in the south and the army had to resign itself to further and still more hopeless retreat towards Albania. Up till then the army was still an offensive force, afterwards it became only a defensive one. But, despite the fact that there were practically no roads, some of the heavy siege guns were dragged as far as Ipek.

Serbian Psychology.

The psychology of the Serbian soldier must be taken into account. The Serbians are a people who have never emigrated, and to leave Serbia is a terrible thing to the peasant. He is thus a wonderful defensive soldier, but of much less value as an offensive element outside his country. The effect on the army after it had left the old boundaries of Serbia was very marked; the homing instinct began to become irresistible and desertions took place much more frequently. Also there was much less vim in the army. The further the retreat took them the more the feeling of all being lost grew. The Serbian soldier also does not understand retreating without fighting, giving up without a blow of large portions of his beloved country. All this sapped the moral of the troops still more even than did starvation and privation.

"Why go to Montenegro to die of starvation like women and children?" was frequently asked. It was held to be much better to stay and die fighting. "But, of course, if there is a chance of starting again, let us go to Montenegro or Albania." When before the frowning walls of the Montenegrin and Albanian mountains it was necessary to destroy all the artillery, automobiles and much of the baggage train, the army passed a terrible moment. To cross the mountains looked like bidding a long farewell to their homes and going out into the unknown, where they would no longer each be an independent landowner, but dependent upon the bounty of others.

But the desire to start again conquered, and gradually but surely more and more men arrived in Skutari. They came hungry and wearied, many without guns, without good shoes, with uniforms in rags hanging loosely on them, but they came. Even the Serbian officials were astonished that there were so many. But at Skutari the

Serbians had further proof that the Allies had not yet reached the point of provision or anticipatory preparation. It had been evident for a considerable time that the Serbian army must arrive in Montenegro and Albania, and that it would arrive starving. It would have seemed natural that the Allies should have taken prompt steps to accumulate food along the line of retreat in Montenegro and in the towns of Albania before the arrival of the troops. But this was not done and the starving soldiers had to wait nearly two weeks before any real store of food arrived.

It was an incomprehensible additional cruelty. After all its sufferings and sacrifices, the Serbian nation found itself forced into the position of a suppliant for alms. As one Serbian minister put it, "Tears came into my eyes when I wrote the telegrams imploring aid which we had to send." It was an unworthy recompense for all the Serbian effort, and yet the Serbians desire only to go on co-operating with us. But to be a member of one of the great Allies of Serbia in Skutari was to be ashamed, very ashamed.

It was physically impossible for the worn troops arriving in Skutari to proceed over mud tracks to Durazzo, without rest or food. If they had found the expected stores there, they could have set out at least two weeks earlier. Little or nothing had been done to improve the roads south, and save for a swing bridge over the Matia river nothing material had been accomplished in the month's pause which the Bulgarians and Austrians kindly gave, in the way of facilitating the salving of the Serbian army.

The Original Plan.

The original idea of the Serbian Government was that the army should go to South Albania to reorganise, protected by the Italians and the Greeks. This desire was based on the necessity to keep the Serbians on the mainland. South Albania was barred to them by the Italians who fixed the Skumbi river as the southernmost limit, and then Albania became impossible, since there was no guarantee for security. And troops which have been retreating for weeks need a feeling of security to reorganise.

There has been a terrible spectacle of divided counsel since the Serbian armies arrived in Albania. The Allies could not decide who should do what. Consequently, the unfortunate soldiers died of starvation or ran the risk of capture by the enemy while their friends argued who should take each department in hand. There was no one power ready to take responsibility and command. And yet only that can save the situation. Otherwise the Austrians from the north and the Bulgars from the east will force the Serbians to do what they never dreamed of doing even during the most terrible moments of the retreat—that is, to capitulate.

The Serbians believe that the Allies will win, and their faith in this is largely because we are amongst her allies. Let England be worthy of this confidence and lose no time in putting the whole of her effort into saving the Serbian army and placing it safe from outside influences, where it can re-organise itself in the shortest possible time. All that is needed is a little decision and real desire to help. Surely we have enough on our consciences in respect of Serbia without wishing to put the crown on our shame and while promising that the Serbian nation's future is as our own, callously allow the Serbian army to be lost and wasted.

It is no use to say the French will do this or the Italians will not do that. The question before us to-day is, "What are we going to do for Serbia," and on our answer will depend the possibility of turning defeat in the Balkans into the first step towards decisive victory.

The reply to the request from the Postmaster-General for books and magazines for the troops has been good but not good enough. Two hundred and fifty thousand books and periodicals are needed every week, and one hundred and forty thousand are forthcoming. The shortage therefore is over a hundred thousand. The process is so simple and many people get such large accumulations of literature that it is amazing the response has not been better. All anybody need do is to collect their superfluous books and magazines and hand them without packing, payment, or address, over the counter of the nearest post office.

EVACUATION OF ANZAC.

By a Naval Chaplain.

THE personal impressions of one who saw the closing of an heroic chapter in the history of the war may be of some interest to those who have followed the course of the campaign in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

As a Naval Chaplain, I had the privilege of being in a ship which took part in the covering of our troops at the Suvla Bay landing, and which, from August 7th to the ringing down of the curtain on December 19th, was almost daily lying off Anzac as a covering ship to the New Zealand and Australian Forces. During those five months, a very strong feeling of comradeship sprang up between us in the ship and our colonial brothers on shore. We took an intense personal interest in their welfare. On two occasions officers from the ship visited the trenches, and several times officers of the New Zealand and Australian Divisions came out to the ship as our guests.

We had the first definite news of the proposed evacuation of Anzac and Suvla a few days before the operations took place. The thought of the magnitude of the task was overwhelming. Many thousands of men, a great number of guns, a large quantity of ammunition and stores, the sick and the wounded, the animal transport, had all to be removed from a narrow front of twelve miles, from open beaches. Everyone of those beaches could be swept by the enemy's fire, and all this had to take place without the enemy being aware that a single man, or gun, or mule or waggon had been withdrawn. No wonder we shook our heads and doubted. How could it be possible to maintain such secrecy as would entirely deceive the enemy? In some cases the opposing trenches were within whispering distance of each other, and the whole shore from Brighton Beach to Suvla Point was under enemy observation.

For the success of the withdrawal, calm weather was essential. The difficulty of conveying thousands of troops in boats and lighters from a gale-swept shore through a stormy sea to the waiting transports would be immense. Throughout the days, December 18th and 19th, there was a great calm; there was scarce a ripple on the water. The nights were light, but from land and sea there arose a kindly mist; not sufficient to hinder our movements, but thick enough to hide them from the enemy. During the day, the enemy could see transports waiting in Kephala Bay, some eleven miles away. They could see lighters plying between the beach and the ships lying off Suvla and Anzac. But everything points to the fact that the Turks were completely deceived. The lighters, they supposed, were being used in the ordinary daily routine of bringing stores to the beach, not of removing stores to the ships.

Sunday, December 19th, was the critical day. A twelve-mile front was being held, with very few guns, against an enemy at least six times superior in numbers. Would they discover that? If so, the evacuation would end in tragedy. The tension of that Sunday was great. From noon to 1 p.m. was an anxious hour. The Turkish batteries suddenly began to shell Lala Baba and Hill 60 very heavily. The bombardment of the latter position lowered our hopes. As we watched the heavy black smoke of the shells hanging in the still air, we thought the enemy had discovered all, and were preparing to launch an attack. On the other hand, the shelling of Lala Baba raised our hopes. However, after about an hour all was quiet again; no attack of any kind had been attempted. Meanwhile, three monitors, a cruiser and two destroyers had left Kephala to take up positions off the south end of the Peninsula, and proceeded, during that afternoon, to put the fear of God into the heart of the Turk. The land batteries at Helles co-operated. This bombardment lasted all through the afternoon, and developed into a fierce battle which went on far into the night.

After dinner that Sunday evening, I went up on deck and stayed there, except for occasional intervals, until 4.30 a.m. It was an ideal night for the operations. The moon was at its full, but a light mist lay over land

and sea. Everywhere except at distant Helles there was an uncanny quiet. The sea was dead calm. Sometimes subdued voices were heard coming across the water; a ship's bell, perhaps a mile away, was heard striking—seven bells, eight bells. Midnight was passed. Through the mist were faintly to be discerned the ghostly forms of transports lying off the beach. At intervals the sharp report of a rifle would pierce the stillness, followed by the "tat-tat-tat" of a machine-gun. The enemy were undoubtedly nervous; possibly they were expecting an attack in force. How anxiously too, we watched for any sign that the withdrawal had been discovered.

At 3.25 a.m. the strain was relaxed. A message came through from the last wireless station on the beach at Anzac. "Evacuation complete"; not a single man, hale or wounded, left behind. All that remained were six guns which had been kept back in case of emergency, and were blown up at the last moment; some odd stores of bully beef and biscuits, a few hospital tents and certain fixtures such as water tanks. At 3.26 a.m. there was a great heaving explosion under the trenches in the position known as the Nek, near Russell's Top. A mine connected up with the wireless station on the beach had been blown up. The explosion was followed by a most furious burst of rifle fire from the Turks which continued for forty minutes. To us it was ludicrous, yet weird and uncanny for we knew they were firing at empty trenches. Soon afterwards, a great fire blazed up on the beach at Suvla. Stores which were not worth removing had been soaked with petrol and fired. The peninsula for miles round was lit up, and the covering ships at Suvla stood out against the fierce light in sharp silhouette.

At daybreak on Monday we could afford to laugh; an operation unparalleled in military history had been most successfully carried out. And laugh we did, for at 6.45 a.m. the Turks began to shell the late Australian position at the Lonesome Pine, and afterwards attacked. Then they discovered for the first time that the trenches were empty! Not even then did the enemy understand what had happened, for they continued desultory shelling all through the morning; and that in spite of our having begun at 7.15 a.m. to bombard odd collections of stores and the tanks on the beach at Anzac. By mid-day, the Turks had realised that we had withdrawn; we could see them swarming over the cliffs, in and out of the dug-outs. Later on parties of the enemy reached Lala Baba, and there an insolent German officer hoisted the German flag. Large bodies of Turks were seen coming across the Salt Lake. We opened fire on them with shrapnel, and were ourselves fired on by a field gun which the enemy troops had brought down with them. After a time we withdrew and once more lay off Anzac, now no longer a covering ship to the New Zealand and Australian Divisions.

At 4.15 p.m., after evening quarters, we held a thanksgiving service on deck, and sang the Te Deum—a thanksgiving to God for the entire success of the evacuation which might so easily have been a great tragedy; a thanksgiving too for the marvellous weather which had made the withdrawal possible. That evening was wonderfully beautiful. The sun was setting, a glowing ball of fire, behind rugged Imbros. Twilight came quickly. The moon was up, and as daylight died away the sea became all a-shimmer with silver light. A message came ordering us to return to our base. The screws began to churn up the quiet deep blue of the sea into foaming white, and soon we were under way—the last ship to leave Suvla Bay and Anzac. I stood in the stern of the ship and watched the land being swallowed up in the gathering mists. Three great fires were still burning on the beach, and as we drew further away, they became three twinkling stars. It was with a full heart that one thought of the heroes who had fought so valiantly and died so nobly; who now lie buried on an alien shore. I commended their souls to the mercy of God, then turned and went below. So has ended an epic of heroism.

That night a great gale sprang up from the south-west.

WINTER FLOWERING SHRUBS.

By Eden Phillpotts.

THIS year some of the flowering shrubs of autumn were belated, for that fine evergreen *Hoheria populnea*, the lace bark, from New Zealand, only opened its snow-white flower clusters in late November; *Colletia cruciata*, a singular Chilian, whose flowers I expect during October, is blooming now, in mid-January, with tiny white bells clustering among its thorny anchors; and *Pittosporum Tobira* was in full splendour at Christmas. But to atone for such delay one seldom remembers so interesting an exhibition as this which opens the new year in many a West Country garden. Even favoured South Devon remembers no such a genial January, and abundance of early blossom.

Of rhododendrons, *R. Nobleanum* is gay with unusually fine pink trusses, and the little deciduous hybrid, *R. præcox* has covered its naked limbs with pale purple blossoms. Too often an unforeseen frost will destroy these beauties in a night, for though all rhododendrons, save, of course, the Japanese and some from low Himalayan levels, are hardy, their blossoms are not, and when the bud grows pale green and the first glimmer of colour shows, then, unless the weather be above suspicion, they should, where possible, be screened to break frost. A fine hybrid between *R. arborea* and *R. Shilsoni*, is at this fascinating stage of swelling bud in a snug corner, and one watches the evening sky sharply for its sake.

Peumus citriodora from Chili, is not a generous flowerer. Last spring I found the first promise of inflorescence and now after many months of slow development, the cymes of little cream-coloured stars with orange eyes have opened amid the shining, ever-green foliage. *Peumus* loves a shady spot and abundant moisture. The fruit is a Chilian delicacy, which we are not likely to see in the open here, but there is nothing finer and richer in the garden than the aromatic fragrance of the crushed leaf.

Evergreen Barberries.

Berberis japonica is already in full flower, with clusters of sweet lemon blossoms; but a daintier shrub having larger leaves and most graceful pendulous tresses of bloom is *B. Bealii*, now at its best. The flower-scent is that of lily-of-the-valley. These evergreen barberries love half shade and a cool, moist soil; but that kinsman of the daphnes, *Edgeworthia chrysantha*, from China, will thank you for full sunshine above and a light loam to live in. The flower buttons are annually formed at the ends of the new growth and, when the leaf falls, they shine there silver bright. This year they have already opened and *Edgeworthia* is now covered with rosettes of fragrant orange-coloured flower clusters as great as half-crowns. The *Mezereum* daphnes are also out—pale purple, dark purple and pure white. They stud the naked ramage with countless flowers; and the white *mezereum* furnishes summer beauty also, for its sparkling fruit is orange yellow and makes the shrub gay again in August. *Daphne indica*, which dwells just outside my stove and enjoys that comfort in winter-time, is just about to open its pink blossoms and shed its oriental fragrance on the winter air.

Dendromecon rigida, the great tree poppy from California, is seldom without a flower, and despite harsh treatment under our winter storms, which have robbed it of many a branch, still flaunts five orange cups to-day, though itself a miserable object until a new crop of leaves opens to hide the skeleton. Against a wall it grows twelve feet high in the West Country and must be very nearly hardy. A dainty little plant is *Sarcococca ruscifolia*, from China. This evergreen resembles a ruscus and is now bright with crimson fruit and sweet with little sprays of snow-white blossoms. It likes a shady corner in peat and, if happy, soon makes a specimen. *Chimonanthus fragrans*, the winter-sweet, was in full splendour at Christmas, and its strange, pale, transparent stars clustering on their leafless branches made welcome decoration and brought rare fragrance to the dwelling-rooms. No garden should lack this great treasure from Japan, yet it is surprising how rare it continues to be, though as a matter of fact it is of ancient introduction.

The Hamamelis folk are in full flower; indeed, *H. mollis*, the handsomest of all witch-hazels, is almost sped. Its bright yellow spiders with purple bodies covered the shrub, and their tender scent reminds one of the bluebell and the coming of spring. *H. zuccarina* and *H. arborea* are now flowering abundantly. The brown, dead leaves of the latter cling to their boughs and make a beautiful harmony with the little yellow stars of the inflorescence. *Buddleia asiatica* has opened fresh racemes of creamy bloom ever since the autumn and is still flowering freely. It lacks the rare purple and gold

of the great summer buddleias, but has an incomparable sweetness—the very soul of ripe fruit. *Parrotia persica* is in flower also, with strange little pale pink clusters of blossom after the fashion of an elm tree. This hamamelid comes from Northern Persia and its kinsman, *Parrotia Jacquemontiana*, from Kashmir, has a more showy and developed blossom; but its flower belongs to summer.

Tree Peonies.

The *Cydonias*—pink and scarlet and cream—are all bursting their buds and the tree peonies are breaking, so that we may see the promise of bloom long before we wish to do so. In the west these noble plants will bud too soon for their comfort and ours, and incur much danger as a result.

Camellia on the other hand is safe enough and its tight buds will not open their scarlet and snowy blossoms until all danger be past. Too often one sees camellia planted in full sunshine, which is more than it can stand; but given half shade and cool soil these evergreens will prove hardier than most gardeners imagine. The queen of the group: *Camellia reticulata*, however, should have the support of a wall facing westerly, and if the bud is far advanced in early spring this glorious shrub is worthy of a little protection. All the species revel in peat.

Azara microphylla is in full bloom, though the tiny inflorescence does not appear; but lift the bright green sprays and beneath them you will find the gold dust of the flower and smell its strong perfume of vanilla. *Cornus mas*, the Cornelian cherry, has also covered its naked limbs with gold. This is the variegated form and it generally sets a good sprinkling of red autumn fruits; but these are all stone and of no value even to the birds.

In these favoured scenes, that grand climber, *Stamtonia latifolia*, from the Himalayas, is as hardy as ivy and makes enormous plants. It will cover the side of your house, or climb up an elm tree with equal industry. The pale green, fragrant blossom is just about to open in sheltered gardens, and the double crimson fruits hang still on the branches. *Ercilla spicata* from Peru—another climber—is late and its buds have not yet broken into pale pink trusses; but the winter flowering *Clematis cirrhosa*, from Southern Europe, is in full bloom, with clusters of little pendant butter-coloured bells, crimson spattered in the cup. The wands of the familiar *Kerria japonica* are also breaking into bright yellow stars, and the purple prune, whose dark foliage masses and light habit are so precious in a shrubbery landscape, is white with blossom. I have never seen this shrub flowering so richly; but its dark cherry-shaped fruits, that make such beautiful house decorations in Italy, are seldom set in this country.

Devastating Bullfinches.

The bullfinches devastate *Prunus pissardii*; beneath the branches one finds a sad litter of the pink, unopened blossom bud. *Forsythia suspensa* is another of their favourites and my heart sinks as I hear their soft call and see the faithful pair arrive together, with gentle undulation of flight. Often they bring last year's family also, for the young of the bullfinch is prone to stop with its elders till pairing time. All birds are welcome here, save the "bud-hawks," but they are the deadly enemy of deciduous shrubs as well as pear and plum. To them therefore one extends a frosty welcome—or even a fiery one. *Forsythia* would be in full bloom now, with the yellow jasmine, but the birds have marred its performance as usual, and the lemon coloured blossoms that have escaped are scattered but thinly on the drooping boughs.

Spring has indeed over-run winter for the moment, though we must be prepared for winter to catch her sister again, albeit there are many signs that no great severity of cold need now be anticipated. I am disposed to trust my missel-thrush. He has arrived with his bride and certainly intends to nest once more in a great poplar here. Already he sings full-throated—a song that lacks the quality and variety of the song-thrush, or the mellow charm of the blackbird and ring-ousel; but his music of five or six fine notes rings pleasantly from his perch aloft upon the poplar. He sits there in the winter sunlight like a little star entangled on the tree top.

The Log of H.M.S. Bristol, by William Buchan (Westminster Press, 4s. net) is the first published naval record of the war from the participator's point of view, and the book provides a good account of the hunt for the *Dresden* and *Karlsruhe* and the *Bristol's* share in the battle of the Falklands. As leading signalman on the *Bristol*, the author was able to keep an accurate log of events in which his ship took part.

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

[SYNOPSIS: Macquart, who describes himself as lucky with adventuring, but unlucky as Satan when speculating, finds himself in Sydney down on his luck. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, a sporting man about town, Tillman, offers to introduce him to an apparently sporting and really wealthy wool-broker, Curlewis, with a view to financing his scheme. The night before the interview Macquart, sleeping in a park, not having the price of a bed on him, makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman, also out of a job. Tillman, Macquart and Houghton go to Curlewis' office, and Macquart tells his story: Screed the partner of Curlewis, is also present, but takes no part in the conversation, going on steadily with his work. They resent his presence, and when Curlewis turns down their proposition, they feel it is due in an uncanny way to Screed's antagonism. Macquart's story of how the gold came to be hidden and deserted is most thrilling but conveys the impression that he himself took an active part in the work, though he talks of a dead man named Smith. Macquart walks out of the office with a bold air, telling Curlewis that it needs a great man like Rhodes, not "a sane business man," to grasp the proposition. Soon after the three have left Screed leaves the office telling his partner he will not be long.]

CHAPTER III.

SCREED.

BUT out in the street, Tillman was the first to speak. "Well," said he, "I never thought Curlewis would have drawn blank like that. I thought it was a dead certain thing; he was the last man I'd have expected to put forward all those objections. I thought he was a sportsman. Pears I was wrong. Seems to me you never know what's really back of a man till it comes to the pinch. Well, we'll have to do without him and find someone else. I tell you, I'm not going to be done on this thing. It has got into my blood."

"The worst thing about it, for me, is that I can't wait," said Houghton. "I'm broke. I simply must get some money, if only to pay my landlady."

"How much do you owe her?" asked Tillman.

"Oh, it's not much, less than two pounds; but there you are, two pounds wants a lot of getting when you're on your beam ends and haven't a trade."

Tillman laughed.

He had only known Houghton for a few hours, but in Sydney a few hours in certain circles is equal as far as acquaintanceship goes, to many days in England.

The Expedition also had woven its bonds between them, and then Houghton was a man to get on with at sight.

"You don't worry about that," said Tillman. "I'll see you through if I have to borrow the money. The thing we want now is a drink; let's get back to Lampert's. Who knows but we may get someone there to help."

It was now a little after twelve o'clock. The day was blazing hot, and they got on a passing tram, Tillman paying for the tickets.

Lampert's bar, the favourite place of its kind in Sidney, was crowded. Men from up-country, tanned and fresh from the sun-swept desolation of vast spaces; men from the sea, from western ports or the hazy heat-ridden harbours of the China coast or Dutch Settlements; clerks from business houses; newspaper men; racing men; men on the look-out for something to turn up; Yankees, Colonials, English, Irish, Scotch, a German or two; all in a haze of blue cigar smoke, laughing, drinking, chattering, or dumb, and on the watch.

Tillman, releasing himself from his numerous friends, herded his fellow adventurers in a corner by the bar and stood drinks.

"There's not a bit of good in being down in the mouth," said he. "We'll all go and have luncheon presently, and I'll see about that money for you, Houghton. There's a man called Drake I'm expecting to see in here; he's richer than Curlewis. I wish I'd thought of him first; anyhow, it's better late than never."

Macquart, standing with his drink in his hand, seemed for the first time to have lost something of his enthusiasm.

"You don't expect me to tell that yarn twice in one day, do you?" he asked. "It's not as if it was a made-up yarn, then one might sling it as often as you want. Being what it is, it takes it out of one."

"You'll be able to sling it all right after a bottle of cham-

pagne," said Tillman. "You'll be—hello!" He stopped short.

The door had just opened, and a man who had entered was pushing his way through the crowd towards the bar.

It was Screed.

He had sighted Tillman and his friends, and was making towards them.

Now Screed was rarely seen about town, very rarely seen in bars. This dry-as-dust individual was ungiven to conviviality.

Men looked on Screed somewhat as we look on the unpleasant necessities of life; he was considered to be the buckram at the back of Curlewis, the thing that gave stiffening and solidity to the business. Curlewis fostered this idea. It suited him to pose as the butterfly, the ornamental partner, the easy-going, irresponsible, kindly, clap-you-on-the-shoulder unbusiness man, with a testy, level-headed partner. As a matter of fact, Arthur Curlewis was the genius of the firm, the keenest business man in Sydney.

Requests for loans, time extension and so forth, were always granted by Curlewis and negated by Screed. Curlewis had never, or scarcely ever, shown his hand so openly as he did to Bobby Tillman that morning. With most other men he would have referred the proposition to Screed with secret instructions to refuse it. But he had a great contempt for Tillman, and, besides that, he wished to set Tillman down.

Bobby had been a bit too familiar of late, and Curlewis was not over-pleased at the confidence with which Mr. Tillman had brought forward his wild-cat scheme as though he, Curlewis, were a fair mark for the first adventurer to shoot at.

"Why, it's Mr. Screed," said Tillman, and it will be noticed that whilst Curlewis was Curlewis to him, Screed had the honour of the prefix. "Why, this is quite a surprise. Won't you join us in a drink?"

"No, thanks," said Screed. "I never drink between meals. I came down here thinking it was likely I might meet you. I want to have a word with you."

He led Tillman to the door.

"Bring those two men to my rooms this evening at seven," said he. "No, not seven, eight. I want to have a talk with the three of you."

"A talk with us?"

"About that business you brought to Curlewis. I may be able to do something."

"You?"

"Yes. Me. And don't you say a word on this matter to anyone. Not even to Curlewis."

"Well, I'm d—d," said Bobby.

"That's maybe likely," said Screed; "but all the same, bring your men along, and don't enter into any negotiations over the business with any other party. I'm interested."

"Oh, I say, this is good, this is ripping! You of all people! Say, *won't* you have a drink?"

"No, thank you; and don't go drinking yourself if you want me to do business."

"I," said the other, "I haven't touched anything this morning, only soft drinks. Think I'm such a fool? No, sir, when I have business on hand, I'm a Quaker. Eight o'clock?"

"Eight o'clock at my rooms; 10, Bury Street."

Screed open the door and slipped out hurriedly, as though ashamed of his visit to the place; and Tillman returned to the others radiant.

"We're safe," said he. "It's a sure thing. Screed is going to take it up." He told of the conversation with Screed.

Macquart listened attentively, then he said:

"That fixes it. I noticed that all the time he was writing, he had one ear on my story; he's harpooned. Well, he's a clever man, a much cleverer man than his partner; and he has the money, you say?"

"Oh, he's full of money," said the enthusiastic Tillman. "He's always making it and he never spends anything."

"You can never tell what a man spends," replied Macquart, "or how he spends it."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHART.

Sydney, taking it all together, is one of the most delightful cities in the world. It breathes the air of the Pacific, and the poetry of the Islands mixes with the roar and rumble of trade. No other maritime city has such a



Chaya. a' Romance of the South Seas]

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

“I think we may take it your map is not in error,” said Sreed.

harbour, few cities of the world such a sky; Cadmus would have loved it. Here above everything else is the spirit of Youth; Daring and High Adventure breathe in the Pacific wind and fill the lungs of the men who pursue Trade to the confines of the earth.

In this city of youth, the three adventurers were at no loss for amusement during the hours separating them from their appointment with Screed. Tillman, having raised some money, invited them to luncheon at a restaurant, after which they took themselves off to Farm Cove, where Tillman had some friends amongst the Navy people. Here he secured the loan of a boat and went fishing for bream.

"This is better than sitting in restaurants and places," said the ingenuous Tillman. "There's no drink to be had, and you get the fresh air and you get fish—sometimes. Besides, you can think out here better than ashore."

Macquart in the stern sheets, lounging, with one foot across the gunnel, and his old hat tilted over his eyes, nodded. He had done nothing, neither rowed nor helped with the lines. He seemed the concretion of laziness. When manual work was forward, it was always the same, the engineer of fortune shrank into himself, and it was noticeable now that the two younger men, so far from even mildly resenting or jesting at the supineness of the Wonder Worker, accepted it. He was the thing that interested them at this moment more than any other thing in life. Leaving aside the fact that he held all the threads from which they hoped to weave their fortune, the man himself exercised a potent spell on their imagination. The fishing proved good, but even the excitement of hauling in red bream and trevally did not entirely obliterate the figure of Fortune in the stern of the boat, or the fascination of the thought of what it might lead them to.

At five o'clock they hauled in their lines. Tillman presented the fish they had caught to the owner of the boat in return for the loan of it, then they went off to tea at an inn, and at eight o'clock punctually they appeared in Bury Street. Bury Street, in the suburbs of the city, has a touch of France about it, bright-looking little villas set in prim little gardens alternate with semi-detached residences. At one extremity it tails off into workmen's cottages, and it ends, frankly discarding the higher respectabilities, in a steam laundry. Screed's house was at the better end of the street, and he was working in his garden when they arrived.

He had a passion for gardening. Screed was one of those broody individuals very difficult to assess at their proper value either in morals or money. He had risen from nothing, yet he was reputed to be exceedingly well-off. He had the reputation for wealth, yet he never gave away a penny and he made no show at all. He was plain almost to ugliness and he dressed abominably. All these facts stood him well in business; they had gained for him the reputation of being a solid man. Dinky as a moth, he corrected the gaudiness of his partner, Curlewis, and he knew it. With one of the most brilliant business intellects in Sydney, he was condemned to hide his shining light behind the shutters of the firm, to do all the thinking and let Curlewis do all the talking.

He might have escaped from all this by starting in business for himself, yet he did not. There was some want in his nature, some timidity in entering upon a lone venture, some defect that made it impossible for him to row alone—and he knew it, and he hated Curlewis for it.

It was not a melodramatic hatred. He would not have hurt his partner in business or in person for the world; it was more in the nature of a good substantial dislike based on the firm foundation of his—Screed's—limitations.

Now when Macquart had told his tale that morning in the office, Screed's unerring instinct for truth where money was concerned had warned him that here was Truth. He did not think it highly probable that an expedition started after this long-buried gold would succeed in bringing it back, but he considered it highly possible. He saw in Macquart an adventurer of a new type, he felt his soul; with that profound instinct for men that never erred, he was not baffled by the strangeness of this new specimen of humanity that had come before him.

He had listened to Curlewis casting cold water on the story and he had made up his mind. He would investigate the matter for himself, and if he saw a chance of success in it, he would push it. The thing might fail—if it succeeded, the money returns would be less to him than the triumph over Curlewis. Besides this, Screed was a man of imagination with an instinct for adventure, but no stomach for it. Besides this, he possessed the gambling instinct none the less strong from long suppression.

He gave his guests good-evening, put away the hose with which he had been watering the garden and led them into the house.

Houghton looked around him as they entered. It was a long, long time since he had felt the atmosphere of comfort and home. He had been condemned to lodging-houses and

cheap hotels, and life on ship-board as a second class passenger, and he was a man who possessed a fine sense for all the things that make for ease and quiet enjoyment of existence.

The lamps were lighted in the little hall where Maori paddles and spears slewed on the walls, with here and there an etching or a rare print, and the room into which Screed led them, half library, half sitting-room, gave more evidence of the quiet good taste of the owner.

Whiskey, a syphon of soda-water and cigars stood on a side table, and Screed, having helped his guests and asked them to be seated, plunged into the business on hand.

Standing before the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, he cross-questioned Macquart upon points in his story, and the latter answered up without hesitation or demur, evidently pleased with the business-like manner of his questioner.

"And now," said Screed, after he had finished, "let us look at that map you told me of."

Macquart rose up, fetched his hat, which he had placed on a chair by the door, and took from the lining of it a folded piece of paper yellow as parchment. He spread it on the table before Screed, and the others gathering round looked over the wool broker's shoulder as he sat with his spectacles on his nose and the paper before him.

It was a rough map of the southern coast of New Guinea, very rough in detail except for a certain section of the coast almost due north of Cape York on the Australian shore. Here the marking was much more minute, shewing several rivers and one whose disembogement was indicated by a cross.

"That's the river," said Macquart, "that one with the cross to it. The shore is pretty hilly around there and there's a big rock standing up on the shore to the east of the mouth. The Pulpit Rock it's called. It looks like a light-house from the sea and you can sight it a long way out. All round there is coral reef, but the course into the river is a clear fair way. You see, the fresh water has eaten the coral down. There's no difficulty in navigating at all, though it looks bad enough from seaward."

Screed got up and going to a portfolio lying on a ledge of one of the book-cases, took some charts from it.

"I borrowed these to-day," said he. "Let's see what they have to say on the matter."

He spread out a chart of the waters from the northern boundary of the great quadrangle of the Gulf of Carpentaria right up to the New Guinea coast and including Torres Straits, and by it another chart of the northern part of Torres Straits and the New Guinea coast directly north of Prince of Wales' Island.

This was the important chart, as it gave more particularly the reef soundings and the rivers.

"Ah, that's something like," said Macquart. "Now you can see whether my map is correct or not. Look, there's the river, there are the reefs, there's where she comes out. Look at the soundings of the channel, ten fathom water and seven fathom right up to the mouth where it rises to twelve. You see, there's no sand to silt up the mouth, that river brings down very little stuff with it, too. It's different from the other New Guinea rivers, that mostly come out through mud banks and mangroves. It's gin-bright from that big reach right down to the mouth. I reckon it's such an old river that it has eaten its way right down to bed rock. You see, it draws most of its water from the big lakes, it doesn't draw from a lot of mushy little streams."

Screed said nothing; he was still intent on the soundings and on the comparison of the chart with the rough map of Macquart.

"Well," said he, at last, "I think we may take it that your map is not in error. Now let us get to business. I will go into your venture, on conditions."

Tillman drew a deep breath, and Houghton, who had been hanging in breathless suspense, glanced at him. Then they went to the other side of the table and took their seats, whilst Macquart, bright of eye, drew a chair up and sat down close to Screed. The meeting had suddenly become a conference, and the papers upon the table did not detract from that impression.

"The business," went on Screed, "is the biggest gamble that was ever placed on the market in Sydney. My partner Curlewis gave you his ideas about gambling this morning, and he was right; but he did not entirely touch the point. Gambling is only dangerous and only wrong from a business point of view when indulged in outside limits. Now if I were to take a thousand pounds and use it in speculation or horse-racing for the purpose of winning money, the danger to me would be not the danger of losing my thousand, but the danger of losing it and trying to get my losses back. Men never are ruined by their first losses in gambling; *they are always ruined by trying to get those losses back.*

"But if I take a thousand pounds and put it in this venture of yours, and if this venture fails, I lose my thousand

but by no means would I risk more money to get my thousand back in this particular venture. I hope I am not worrying you, but I always like to explain what is in my mind."

"Not at all—not at all," cried Tillman and Houghton. Macquart said nothing; he was rubbing his hands, palms together, under the table. He nodded to the others in approval, but not a word escaped his lips.

"I have determined, then, to take a thousand pounds," went on Screed, "and—lose it."

Macquart broke into a laugh.

"That is the spirit I like," said he. "That's what brings success."

"My terms," finished Screed, rather coldly, "will be half profits."

"Half profits," said Tillman.

Macquart said nothing.

"There are three of us," began Houghton, then he stopped and glanced at the others as if to find out what was in their minds, but they gave him no lead.

Screed, who had taken a paper and pencil from his pocket, placed the paper on the table and holding the pencil between his fingers went on:

"If the money is there, and if it amounts to the sum named, a third share—after deducting my allowance—will mean that each of you receives a very large fortune.

"I am not against Mr. Screed taking half profits," said Macquart, speaking to the others. "He fits out the expedition, we are no use at all without him. A thousand that brings him in two hundred-and-fifty per cent. will be a good investment—but then there's the risk."

"Oh, I'm not objecting," said Houghton. "I'm only thinking that there are three of us, you, Tillman, and myself. How do we stand towards one another in the matter of sharing?"

"That's the rub," said Tillman.

Screed moved restlessly, and Macquart, as though fearful of any friction making the wool-broker break away from the business, cut in:

"We won't quarrel over that," said he. "Right here and now I'll settle it. We are the three working partners and will share alike. Eighty thousand is enough for me, I'm no dud to go scraping after the last halfpenny. I only want enough to be comfortable while I live—what do you say?"

This splendid generosity nearly did for the business. For a moment, Screed took fright, and whilst Tillman was shaking the generous one's hand, the turn of a hair would have made the wool-broker cry off.

Instinct told him that Macquart and Generosity formed a suspicious alliance, instinct told him that this man would most certainly diddle his partners if he had the chance. Then Reason reassured him. The gold was useless to Macquart without a man to handle it for him and get rid of it, and he—Screed—was the only man for that purpose. This was not exactly a shady job, but it was, so to speak, an extra-governmental job. Macquart trying to dispose of the treasure off his own bat would rouse enquiries, and then all sorts of claims would come down on the money, it would be held up, and if the treasure seekers received a tithe of it after years of worry, they would be fortunate. Screed had the means to obviate all that.

Besides, though Macquart might try to diddle his partners, Tillman and Houghton were not children, but very wide-awake individuals indeed, and well able to look after their own interests and the interests of Screed as well.

So, instead of breaking off from the business, he opened the paper which he had taken from his pocket and spread it on the table beside the charts.

"I have made out a few lines with reference to this business," said he. "It's not exactly an agreement, for between you and me a legal agreement is not of much count, considering the fact that not one of us will be able to invoke the law, seeing that the law if it stepped in would place its hand most certainly on the money. It's just a letter of promise, so to speak, from the three of you, stating that in view of the fact that I am fitting out your expedition you agree to divide equally with me all moneys accruing from that expedition. Then," finished Screed, with cold jocularity, "in the unlikely event of the death of any one of you, I would be assured of half his share, and in the more unlikely event of the three of you trying to play me false—don't say anything, Mr. Tillman, I am only making a legal joke—I would be able to pursue you and call the law in, not to get me my money but to prevent you from enjoying yours, and this document, you will notice," finished Screed, "says nothing about treasure at all. So that should I be driven to pursue you in law, I am free to make any statement I like about the object of your venture; for instance, I might say it was a pearling venture, leaving a lawyer to dig out of you in open court all about the treasure."

Macquart said nothing; the tortuous, cautious and trap-like nature of Screed's mind thus suddenly disclosed seemed to

have disconcerted him. Tillman flushed and Houghton, with a spark in his eyes, looked straight across the table at the wool-broker.

"We aren't going to chisel you," said he. "You are dealing with gentlemen, I hope."

"Mr. Houghton," said Screed, "there are no such things as gentlemen in business, there are only men. There is no such thing as friendship in business, only calculation and Profit and Loss. In business, one must secure the safety of one's interests by every possible means, and in going into a wild-cat venture of this sort, I am going to tie you all up to my interests by every possible means. There, you have it quite plain. Now will you all sign this paper, please—if you want my thousand pounds."

Macquart signed first, then Tillman, then Houghton.

Screed put the document away in a drawer and lit a cigar, the first he had smoked that evening.

"Now," said he, "we have settled that and we can get to work. I have my hand on the boat you want; she a fifty-foot fishing yawl built by Bowers, she's only six years old, she has been in the pearling business and she was re-fitted last year. I have some interest in shipping matters and only a week ago Mr. Culloch took me over her, wanting me to buy. I telephoned to him this afternoon and found she was still unsold, so I told him to hold her for me on an option. You are a good schooner sailor, Tillman; what do you say to a yawl?"

"I'd sooner handle a yawl than a schooner," said Tillman; "best rig in the world if one is short-handed."

"I know all about yawls," said Houghton. "Ought to; I owned one for a year and lived in her—only a thirty-footer though."

"I haven't used yawls, but I've used every other rig from a jackass barque to a catamaran," said Macquart. "Sail handling is pretty much a matter of instinct, I reckon; besides, I'm ready to do the navigating. I'm not an AI navigator, but I've got all the essentials and I know the road. Give me a chronometer properly wound and set, and a decent sextant and charts; and I reckon I can make good. Why, down Sooloo way I sailed with a Dutchman; he had a pearl boat, but he was crazy with rum most of the time, and I guess he was the first sailor after Noah. He'd got one of those Amstel Charts of the Sooloo waters, made in Amsterdam they were, and they've got dolphins and mermaids figured on them, and for sextant he used a back-stick, one of the first sextants ever used. That hooker would have been the Flying Dutchman, only she didn't fly, yet we made out somehow."

"I can do a bit of navigating myself," said Tillman, "and Houghton here tells me he has got the rudiments."

"Not much more," said Houghton.

"That's all to the good," replied Screed, who was putting the charts away. "The question was uppermost in my mind whether we would require a navigating officer, and I didn't much like the idea. We don't want any more than we can help in this job, but you can take a black fellow with you to give a hand."

Macquart rose to his feet.

"Well," said he, "that's settled; and when can we see the hooker and how long do you expect to be in getting stores on board?"

"We will arrange all that to-morrow," said Screed. "I want the three of you to be here at six o'clock in the morning, sharp at six; I have to be at the office at nine. The yawl is lying near Farm Cove and I want to take you over her. I will have some coffee and sandwiches here for you at six. And now, one point more. This business is a secret. I don't want my partner to know of it, I don't want my friends to know of it, and I don't want the authorities to know of it. You are going on a pearling venture, that is your explanation to anyone who may poke his nose into the affair. If the real business leaks out, I will throw up everything."

"We'll be mum," said Tillman. "You may rest assured—and now about ready money. I have enough for myself, but Houghton here is badly placed; in fact, he's on the rocks—and as to Mr. Macquart—"

"Oh, a hundred dollars will do me," said Macquart, "or less; I'm not bothering about present money, I'm only thinking of the expedition."

"Ten pounds would do me," said Houghton. "I owe four pounds to my landlord and six will carry me on."

Screed took ten sovereigns from a drawer and divided them between Macquart and Houghton.

"That will carry you on for the present," said he, "and mind, six sharp to-morrow."

"By the way," said Tillman, as they took their departure, "what's the name of the yawl?"

"The *Barracuda*," replied Screed."

(To be continued.)



REFUGEES. "EARLY DAYS IN BELGIUM."

By G. SPENCER PRYSE.

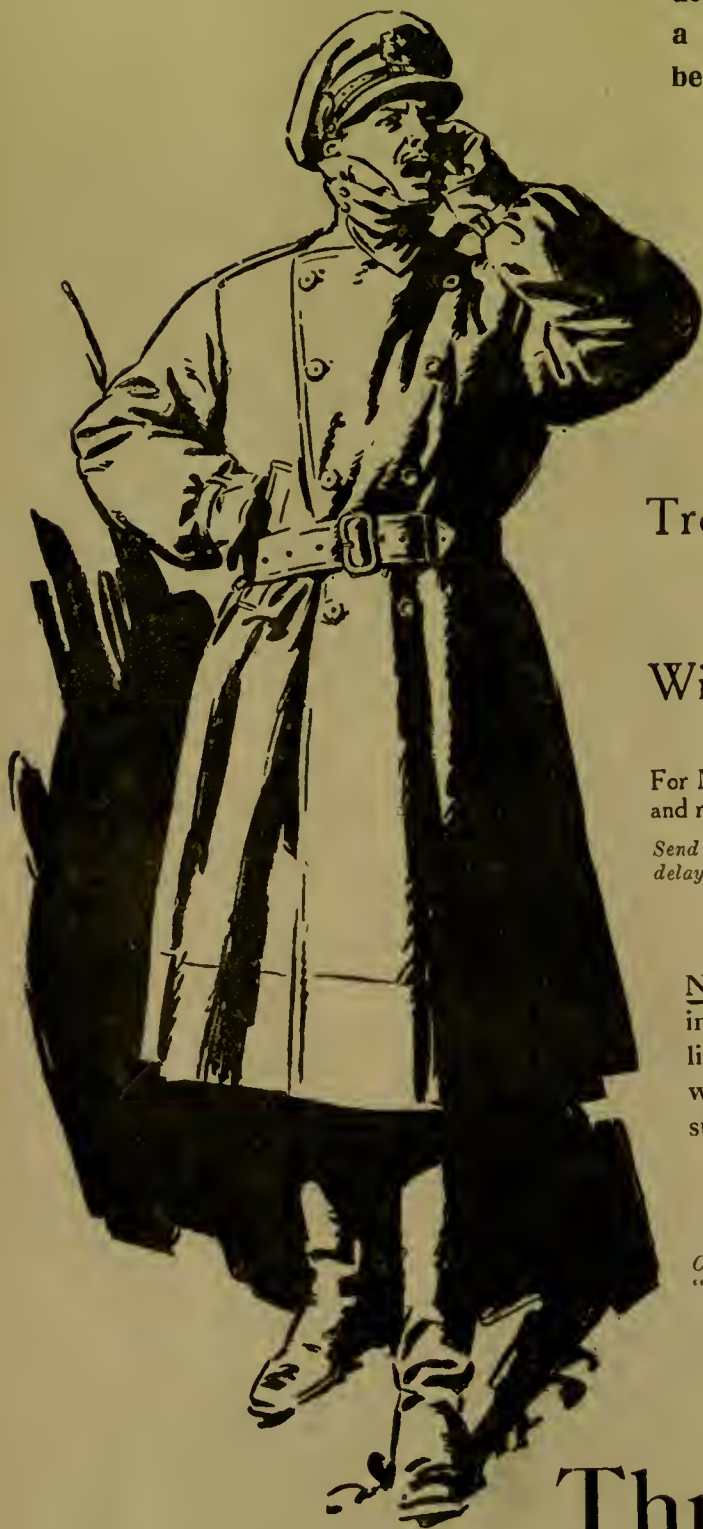
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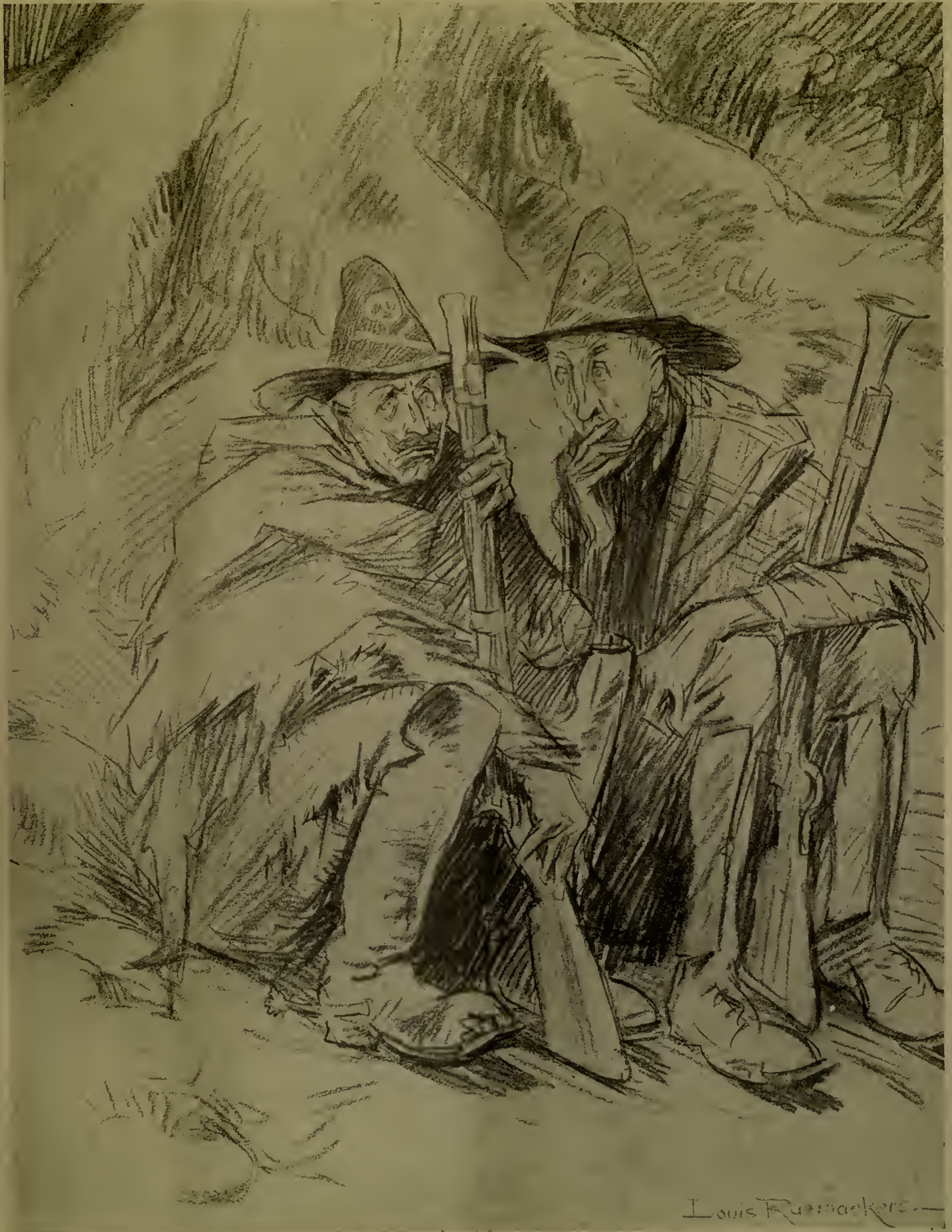
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By Louis Raemackers

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

"Father, what will it be like when we take to honest work again?"



"LAND AND WATER" WAR LITHOGRAPHS No. 5.

By G. SPENCER PRYSE.

OF THE GREAT WAR

LAND & WATER

Empire House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Telephone : HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1916.

FIGURES AND CRITICISM.

THERE are two points which have been continually emphasised in the columns of this journal by our military critic. One is that a just estimate of the military situation can only be obtained by constant reference to the all-important factor of *numbers*, especially to the enemy's original man-power, to his rate of wastage, and thence to his probable reserves. The other is the need of sober and authoritative guidance in these matters in order that such a just estimate might be accessible to and accepted by ordinary civilian opinion.

The first point, long so amazingly neglected, is now conceded by all. Of the second an excellent illustration can be found in the misleading effect produced by the publication by Mr. Tennant of the German casualty figures without any such sober and authoritative guide to their criticism.

On January 7th this year the *Times* published an article from its military correspondent which contained the following passage :

The military situation of Germany, in spite of her successes on land, is not brilliant. Out of some nine million men of military age which the writer assumed to be her mobilisable total early in the war, she has probably lost 3,500,000 in killed, badly wounded, prisoners, and sick. . . . She has suffered, since the war began, an average loss of nearly 200,000 men a month, and it is probably the loss of men that affects her most. If the war preserves in the future its past character she must find herself, at some date between May and October, unable to maintain her effectives at the front with men of a military age, and she is therefore bound, before this date, which will be known to her, to force a decision at one front or another.

Our readers will be familiar with the figures given above since they are approximately the same as those given, and constantly repeated by our military critic ; at least they are within the margin of possible error for which he allowed. They are based on careful calculation and a similar result has been reached along quite separate lines of reasoning by several competent authorities in Europe.

Then comes the publication by Mr. Tennant of the "official" German figures—official, be it observed, so far as the German Empire is concerned, not as regards our own War Office. The *Times* military correspondent then executes a surprising "volte face" and proceeds to demolish his own figures. In the *Times* of February 9th he says :—

"All things considered the net German losses during the past eighteen months of war may be approximately estimated at 2,627,085 total casualties, minus 790,000 wounded returned to the front, and plus 630,000 invalided and 150,000 sick in hospital, or on the whole estimate a net loss of nearly 2,600,000 in round figures, and an average monthly loss of a little over 144,000 men."

In other words, he reduces the total German casualties by nearly a million, and the monthly wastage by over 50,000 !

This astonishing calculation brings him to the conclusion that the Germans must have 2,000,000 men in reserve and that consequently their effectives will not begin to fail until February, 1917. The climax is reached when he accepts the preposterous estimate of 36,000 German losses for the month of January, to which he adds : "If we dispose of no more Germans per month than we did during the month which has just elapsed, namely, 36,000, there is no particular reason on the basis

of numbers alone why we should set any particular term on the war !"

One could almost afford to leave the matter there ; but it becomes more amazing when the writer's own statement as to the character of the German lists is examined. Here it is :—

Can we trust these casualty lists ? Up to a point we probably can. They are often belated, but so are ours. They contain many errors which are subsequently rectified, but so do ours. They only contain the names of some men who have died of sickness, probably in the army zone, and omit altogether, as do ours, the names of men invalided and the floating population of hospitals and sanatoria.

Now if it were absolutely certain that the German lists were exact and exhaustive, a military critic might be quite right to reduce on their authority his own estimate by something approaching a third, though it might be thought that he could hardly do so without some shock to men's confidence in his judgment. But it is obvious from the passage quoted above that the writer cannot even pretend that these lists are either exhaustive or exact. They are "belated" ; they "contain many errors" ; they refer to only a proportion of those who die of sickness ; and they "omit altogether the names of men invalided and the floating population of hospitals and sanatoria."

Nevertheless the military correspondent of the *Times* accepts them ; and by a series of wild guesses at the missing items, guesses wholly unsupported by any kind of evidence and containing the perfectly preposterous suggestion of fifty per cent. of wounded returning to their original duties—we know that the real proportion in all armies is something between a quarter and a third—succeeds in bringing out a figure almost exactly the same as the German "official" figure.

As we go to press there appears still another article in the *Times* in which the same critic admits that the German casualty lists are open to grave suspicion, though he does not suspect the enemy of anything so base as deliberate falsification. He agrees under pressure, that the number of 36,000 officially quoted as the German losses in January cannot be accepted ; in which case we are entitled to ask what is the value of his conclusion on February 9th, based on this same figure of 36,000, that there is no reason "to set any particular term on the war ?"

When asked to account for the fact that the "official" list of German casualties on all fronts appears to be only equal to those of the Allies on the Western front, he ascribes it to "the superior numbers and armament of the enemy." An explanation which leaves much to be desired.

Finally, he declares that none of the press criticisms which he has received give him convincing reasons for changing his figures. What, then, was the "convincing reason" which produced the startling change between his figures on January 7th and on February 9th, a process by which he brought to life again very nearly a million of the enemy ?

For a detailed examination of the strange methods by which this result is reached, we must refer our readers to Mr. Belloc's article in another column. It is hardly necessary to emphasise the point which he makes sufficiently plain that the "so do ours" argument really tells not for but against the conclusion arrived at by the *Times* military correspondent. If it be true that the figures given by all Governments are belated and contain large categories of omission, that is a reason for augmenting and not for diminishing the additions which we must make to the German figures if we are to arrive at a true estimate. If the German returns can be shown—as they have been shown by a careful comparison with our own figures and those of our Allies—to be in certain respects exceptionally defective, and if in addition all figures of the kind are somewhat defective, then we have two allowances to make—one for the normal and one for the abnormal defect.

But the main lesson remains unchallengeable. It is the duty of the Government when it publishes such enemy figures to accompany them, as the French Government does, by a competent and authoritative criticism. Such criticism would not only enable the public to form a true instead of a false estimate of the facts, but it would prevent or render innocuous such errors as those with which we have been dealing.

THE NEW SESSION

THE session which opened this week must of necessity be mainly occupied with financial business. It is true that from various quarters other questions will be pressed upon the House. With the agitation for an Air Ministry we dealt last week, and in spite of rumours to the contrary there is good reason to hope that the Government will negative this newspaper scheme. Possibly ten years hence warfare in the air may have developed to such a degree that it may be necessary for us to have air fleets almost on the same scale as our sea fleets, and in that event it is possible that a separate air department might be advisable. But for the needs of the present war, aircraft are required mainly for assisting the operations of the army, and it is essential that the aircraft employed should be controlled by the army. The navy also has its special equipment of air planes and seaplanes and these, in the same way, must of necessity be under naval control. Even if a separate Air Ministry were to be created it could not in any reasonable period obtain the aircraft necessary for a third service, because all the aircraft that we can now build are urgently required either for army or navy.

Another question that may come up for discussion is the effectiveness of our naval blockade. Until recent months, as is now generally admitted, our naval blockade was defective, and there is little doubt that the defect was ultimately traceable to the unwillingness of the Foreign Office to abandon its pre-war conceptions of the use of sea-power. Latterly the Foreign Office has moved a long way, and though it may still be true that a considerable quantity of goods is getting through neutral countries to Germany, we are undoubtedly using our naval power very much more effectively than we were before. Whether there is still room for improvement is rather a question of technical detail than of general principle.

A third issue which may be raised, though from an entirely different quarter, is the question of the operation of the Military Service Act. The pacifists, though completely defeated in the House of Commons and even more completely discredited in the country, are doing their best to stir up resistance to military compulsion and may succeed in making a certain amount of trouble. Their proceedings will be sure to find some echo in the House of Commons, which still contains members like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Philip Snowden, etc., who in defiance of the wishes of their constituents, retain their seats and misrepresent those who sent them to Parliament.

When Parliament decided to prolong its existence beyond the quinquennial period it ought to have introduced some provision for dealing with those members whose moral claim to sit in the House of Commons has come to an end. The simplest plan would be to authorise a constituency by means of a plebiscite to compel its member to resign when he persistently follows a policy which is at variance with the wishes of his constituents. It is a subject that demands consideration.

But the main work of the session, at any rate for several months to come, is bound to be financial. Although the Government must continue borrowing to meet the major cost of the war, it is imperative that steps should be taken with very little delay to increase taxation, and already there are rumours of a very big Budget.

The case for taxation may be very briefly stated. In the first place it has always been the honourable tradition of this country to meet a very considerable part of the cost of each war out of current revenue. Undoubtedly it is right that posterity should pay part of the cost because posterity will enjoy—at least so we hope—a very large part of the gain, yet it has always to be remembered that posterity will have its own burdens to face, and it is more than possible that those burdens will include new wars. Even to-day we have not yet paid off half of the debt accumulated during the Napoleonic Wars. The second reason for high taxation at the present time is the great prosperity of the country. That prosperity

is ultimately traceable to the artificial demand for labour which the war itself has created. Nearly all the wage-earning classes are doing better than they have ever done in their lives before, and the open-handedness with which they are spending their money creates prosperity in all businesses that cater for their comforts, for their luxuries, and for their amusements. Thus there is no question that the great majority of the population could at the present time easily bear a much higher scale of taxation than has yet been imposed.

By imposing extra taxes now the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to secure an increased contribution to the outgoings upon war, and when the war ends he will be in a position to remit taxation; whereas if the opposite course were adopted and our revenue were confined to an amount just sufficient to cover the interest on loans the end of the war would find us compelled to maintain the same rate of taxation indefinitely. As far as can be foreseen the chances are that when the war ends the present prosperity will end also, and there will be a general decline both in wages and in profits. A remission of taxation under such conditions would be of enormous assistance to the country in the recovery of its economic strength.

As regard the actual taxes which will have to be imposed, there will probably be no general disagreement, though each particular tax is certain to arouse particular opposition. On all hands there has been a demand for a tax on cinema tickets, theatre tickets and other forms of popular amusement. The amount that could be obtained is certainly appreciable and there is no tax in theory more justifiable. It may also be assumed that the scale of import duties will be very widely extended, not only for the sake of obtaining revenue, but also to check importation. It is a matter of the first importance to decrease the sums which we have to pay abroad, and to diminish the demand upon our mercantile marine for carrying across the sea goods with which we could afford to dispense. On this point it is satisfactory to see that with very few exceptions the keenest free-traders have expressed their willingness to suspend their pre-war theories in order to meet the exigencies of war facts.

Neither taxes on amusements nor taxes on imports will alone suffice to raise the additional revenue that is required. There must be a considerable increase of the income-tax. In September last it was anticipated that Mr. McKenna would put up the income-tax to 5s. in the £. He contented himself with fixing the general scale at 3s. 6d., which only becomes fully operative in the coming financial year. To this, however, has to be added a rising scale for super-tax, so that the larger incomes will be paying more than 5s. in the £, even without any fresh addition. Some addition there must be; but if the wealthier classes are asked to give up more than a quarter of their incomes for the necessities of the war it is only right that the poorer classes should all of them, without distinction, make some direct contribution in proportion to their means. There is little reason to doubt that if the Government were to appeal to the patriotic instincts of the working classes there would be a general willingness expressed to accept an income-tax on wages as a necessary part of our war finance.

Happily the whole position of the Government is very much better than it was a few months ago. The successful passing of the Military Service Act has immensely strengthened Mr. Asquith's hands, and the complete failure of Sir John Simon to lead a revolting party has acted as a warning to other dissidents. The main fault of the Government now, as in the earlier months of the war, is a lack of confidence in its own strength. From the beginning, the country has been more willing to make sacrifices than the Government has believed, and if Ministers can bring themselves to treat with a little more indifference individual grumbings in the House of Commons they will find a more eager response from the country as a whole.

TRUE AND FALSE IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR.

By Hilaire Belloc.

IT has become apparent in the course of the last few weeks that the main danger, so far as this country is concerned, lies in the misleading of public opinion; that is, a tendency to exaggerate everything in favour of the enemy and to belittle everything in favour of the Allies. Short of actual incompetence in the field, there is nothing so ruinous for a nation at war.

The authorities have an easy and obvious antidote. They have but to issue from time to time reasoned and fairly detailed statements of the military situation, such as have already been advocated in these columns, and the effect on the public would be instantaneous. If the very grave importance of this subject were appreciated, if the magnitude of the negative effect attaching to its neglect were grasped, I am confident there would be no hesitation in adopting a policy so necessary.

Example of Mr. Tennant's Figures.

The Government hardly seems to realise, for instance, the effect of those brief unmodified statements upon enemy and British wastage made by the Under-Secretary for War in the House of Commons. In the form in which the statements were made, the public were left to infer that the enemy permanently lost at the rate of 50 per cent. of his strength in seventeen months—that is, hardly 3 per cent. a month. Almost in the same breath we have another official announcement that the wastage of British infantry is five times as great, that is, 15 per cent. a month!

When the thing is put as baldly as that no one can miss it; and of course the authorities responsible for such statements will tell us that they never intended to create such grotesque misunderstandings. But those misunderstandings are created, and necessarily created, when uncritical partial statements are the only official information vouchsafed.

The other day the Italian Government issued a document of capital importance to which only one newspaper, the *Morning Post*, did anything like justice. In this excellent *résumé*, the Italian authorities showed the extreme importance and value of the work that had been done on the Alpine and Adriatic front. They gave a most vivid and accurate summary of the present position and of the solid foundation on which it was based. They estimated for us the permanent numbers occupied upon the enemy's side and their rate of wastage. They described the strategical value of the work done so that any man reading the summary rose from his reading with a clear perception of how the alliance stood in that particular field.

But until that document appeared, what was the general impression which had been given to our public in this country? It was of the most ludicrously insufficient type followed by what is graver than insufficiency, misapprehension.

Irresponsible telegrams from time to time announced the fall of Gorizia, simply because such "news" was sensational. Of the solid work accomplished by the Italian Service, of their excellent and dominating heavy artillery, and of the mountain warfare, and of its meaning in the general campaign, there was but little said in the Press, and nothing official.

Example of Salonika.

Take the position of Salonika. To read a certain sort of comment upon this undertaking, the successful fortification of that base, its present ample munitionment and now completed value as a threat upon the flank of all the enemy's work towards the East, one would imagine that the general officers directing the Allies had blundered there with no precise plan in their minds and were staying there with no clear idea of why they should.

Nothing would have been easier than to issue from time to time, without telling the enemy anything he did not know, a reasoned statement showing of what value the move was, or at least, of how the enemy regarded it. One could construct from German criticism alone, as it has appeared since the expedition was undertaken, a most illuminating document which would give, to the mass of educated opinion at least, a view of the whole business in its right perspective and with its proper weight. As it is, the public is left either mystified or suspicious and ready, when the first strain comes, to be alarmed.

Example of Trench Work.

Or take this example: The very meaning of trench work. There is a great mass of opinion—I do not say it is universal, but it is formidable—which conceives that unless there is a movement upon the map nothing is happening: That a besieged enemy in his trenches suffers no loss, and that shells are exchanged as a sort of "reprisals." Why could we not have from time to time an exposition for the public guidance of what trench work is, and of how the enemy is suffering under it? It is only a question of building a bridge from the experience of the hundreds of thousands of men abroad to the appreciation of the millions of the public at home.

The Times Figures.

Now it is generally accepted that the total mobilisable strength of efficients in the German Empire is more than eight and less than nine million men for the first two years of the war. The military correspondent of *The Times*, in an article which appeared in that paper on February 9th, emphasises the point (it is rather late in the day to do so) that *numbers* form the one fundamental factor in the situation, and that a just estimate of enemy losses is the only way to judge the present nature of the war. The article in question slightly overestimates the total mobilisable force of the German Empire, but this is due to an odd and unsatisfactory way of arriving at the figures, for it takes vague guesses at the proportion of various trades that can be mobilised instead of following the more direct and exact methods of analogy—*e.g.*, the known percentage of inefficients, the known maximum percentage mobilisable in a population—with other countries.

It wisely warns its readers against counting in men over military age who may be summoned because these, though they swell numbers on paper, have little military value.

But the gist of the article is none the less an example of the vicious method contrasted with the right method of appreciating the present state of the campaign. It is essentially a *plea*—an argument to a brief—instead of a cold and dispassionate analysis. Its object is to get the readers of *The Times* to believe in the smallest possible amount of German dead-loss, just as the object of a barrister in Court is to get the judge and jury to believe everything they possibly can in favour of their client.

I will begin my criticism of the article in question, and of the numbers at which it arrives, by pointing out the really remarkable contrast between its conclusions and those printed in the very same columns only a few weeks ago. *The Times* military correspondent, in an article which appeared on January 7th, estimated the German losses at three and a half million.

The article which I am about to criticise suddenly reduces the original estimate by nearly a million!

That is startling to say the least of it!

It lessens the value of the reasoning to follow. When one sees the same writer pass from the admission of three and a half million to a novel plea for a million less, and make this amazing diminution without apology or introduction, one cannot but be shaken in one's confidence,

however ignorant one may be of the methods whereby such things are computed.

But when we look into those methods we shall, I think, be amply satisfied that they are imperfect and indeed, almost valueless.

The writer begins with the foundation for all these calculations, the lists published officially by the German authorities.

He adds these together, including those which appeared during the month of January, and arrives at a total of 2,627,085 casualties, up to and before February 1st, 1916.

But when he comes to the criticism of these figures, he breaks down altogether.

The Four Critical Points.

There are four essential departments in this criticism :

(1) We have to find out what proportion of wounded and dead these lists either delay in publishing or omit altogether.

(2) We have to find out what proportion of those appearing in the lists return to active service of the same sort as that which they left when they were wounded or invalidated.

(3) We have to estimate what proportion over and above those mentioned in the casualty lists are men off the strength at any moment from sickness, because that category, as we have seen, is not mentioned at all in the casualty lists.

(4) We have to estimate the " permanent margin of temporary losses."

Unless we can get somewhere near a rough estimate of these four points our calculations are obviously worthless.

Now the writer of the article makes no sort of attempt to arrive at and to prove any one of these four fundamental estimates.

Suppose you want to know what a man's available cash is at any moment. He gives you an account dated upon the very day of your enquiry. He admits, however, that the account does not include his last transactions, but is, in all its items, more or less belated ; Of one set of items there is no record for three months past, of another for two months, etc. He further admits that one whole category of expenditure is *never mentioned at all*. Finally, he does not tell you in his accounts what proportion of his expenditure is in the form of loans subject to repayment, but only tells you that " a large part of it " is of this sort.

It is obvious that his accounts so stated are, for the purpose of an exact estimate, worthless. You could only arrive at such an estimate by judging from other of the man's actions or from the analogy of other men similarly placed : (1) What is the average delay in the appearance of an item upon the accounts ; (2) What proportion of the expenditure is in the shape of good debts which have been repaid ; (3) what proportion of the whole is formed by that category of expense which he has refused to mention ; and (4) what money is still out on loan.

It is perfectly clear that if you do not know anything about these four things the accounts he has rendered you are worthless.

It is precisely the same with a set of casualty lists.

The delay between any financial transaction and its mention in the accounts corresponds to the delay in the appearance of names upon the casualty lists.

The proportion of expenditure consisting of loans which are repaid corresponds to the sick and wounded who come back to full active service again.

The category of expenditure which your informan refuses to mention and which he admits does not appear in his accounts at all, corresponds to the cases of sickness as distinguished from wounds.

While the amount of cash which is not at the moment available because it is still out on loan and has not been returned, corresponds to that number of sick and wounded men which, at any given moment, are off the strength although they will at some future time be back on the strength again after their cure. It is this which is called " the permanent margin of temporary losses."

Now when we turn to the article in the *Times* of February 9th we find no sort of argument upon these four fundamental essentials.

On the first point, the average delay in the mention of the names, we have the exceedingly vague sentence : " They are often belated—but so are ours."

The sentence is not only worthless as a piece of exact calculation, but it is obviously bad in logic. What has our rate of delay got to do with an estimate of the enemy's losses ? Though we should publish no casualty lists at all there would yet remain the problem of ascertaining what *his* losses were. As a way of excusing the enemy from deliberate bad faith such a remark may have some purpose, but as a method of belittling the enemy's losses it is meaningless. If our own lists are very much belated the only conclusion useful to the present purpose which could be drawn from that fact would be that the German losses were even larger than was supposed. For instance, if the average British Army in the field were a fifth of the average German Army in the field and if we were working only on the analogy of our own figures, we should multiply our casualties by 5 to arrive at theirs. But if our real casualties (on account of delay in publication) were at any given date half as much again as the numbers published to that date, then, on the same analogy the real German losses to date would be half as much again as the published ones.

The first part of the sentence is clearly useless. Everybody knows that the German lists, like all lists, are somewhat belated. The whole point is *how* much belated. Unless you can answer that question within certain approximate limits you are not calculating at all, but only talking at large.

Now the readers of this journal are familiar with the methods by which the average amount of delay can be arrived at. It varies, of course, with the amount and the severity of the fighting, with the distance over which the information must travel, with the opportunities for ascertaining and checking the results—opportunities that differ with ground, climate, and a hundred other things. But the average rate of delay we know to be from six to eight weeks.

How do we know this ? We know it by noting after what delay certain losses, the exact date of which the Allies can determine, appear in the lists.

For instance, a particular German company was captured almost entire on the 26th of September by the French. It appears in the German lists on the 29th of October. Certain German dead identified by the French in the first days of October do not appear until December. Even in the month of January there is a respectable number of names appearing, the casualties referring to which took place more than three months earlier.

The work has been done with minute care all over Europe. Its results are fairly well known. The general conclusions are published from time to time, particularly by the authorities in Paris. There is no excuse for ignoring exact results of this kind, and if one does ignore them one's conclusions have no value at all.

The very figures given in the article to which I am referring are amply sufficient to prove so obvious a truth.

For instance, the *Times* gives the German losses in August 1914—killed, missing, severely wounded, lightly wounded—all—at 9,213 ! August was the month of the great assaults on Liège, of the cavalry skirmishes through Belgium, of the tremendous struggle on the Sambre, of Guise, of Le Cateau, of Sarrail's violent and successful stroke against the Crown Prince which saved Verdun ; the first two days' fighting of the bloodiest battle of the lot, the Grand Couronné, took place on the last two days of August ; finally, August saw the smashing of the two Army Corps defending East Prussia and the tremendous counter-stroke of Tannenberg.

The total German losses in that month may have been 15 times 9,000 or may have been 20 times or 25 times 9,000 ; but the figure 9,000 for all those August losses is obviously nonsense.

What then does it mean ? It means that the lists compiled and checked up to and including the 31st of August, 1914, were only the first dribblets and referred only to the very first stages of the fighting.

There is no need to elaborate the point. The average two months delay is perfectly clear. You do not begin to get the big figures of the early fighting until the September lists. They are not even near completion till October, when the highest totals are reached and the full effect of the Marne, etc., is felt.

On this first count then the calculation is worthless because there is not even an attempt to estimate the average of delay.

II.

Now for the second point. What is the proportion of those appearing in the lists who return to active service?

This article in the *Times* rightly says that the German claim to over 80 per cent. is false, but it goes on to say, "If we assume that 50 per cent. of the whole number of wounded return to the front" we get such and such a result. On what ground is 50 per cent. chosen, and in what time do these 50 per cent. return to the front? What proportion of them at any one time are still in hospital? How many should be added for the sick who return to the front? On those questions there is no answer nor even any attempt at an answer. Yet they are vital to even the roughest conclusion. It has already been determined, by careful analysis of our own casualty lists, that the proportion of those appearing in these lists who subsequently return to active service is not more than one-fourth of the total. As we have no reason to suppose that the German hospitals are superior to our own, or that the German methods of healing the wounded excel our own, an estimate of 50 per cent. is obviously far in excess of the true figures. All that counts in war as a true "return" is the man who, having been wounded or fallen sick, *actually returns* to his original duties, and can be maintained there.

III.

The third necessity of the calculation is to estimate the unmentioned number of sick. Without some such estimate it is obvious that our calculations are valueless. A man off the strength from sickness is just as much off the strength as though he were a prisoner or dead. If he is back, but only at light work, he and others like him are soon absorbed, and, though light work may be made for them and their discharge refused, they are still no part of the true army.

Now as the Germans do not tell us anything about these cases we have only two ways of making our estimate. The first is through the Intelligence Department, which gets news from prisoners, from spies, from captured documents, and from the putting together of evidence (printed or otherwise) published within the enemy's country. The second way is by analogy with our own figures.

The results of these methods—though the first is accurate enough, and the second exact as far as our own figures are concerned—are not communicated to the public. But they are pretty widely known, and their effect upon a general estimate of wastage is perfectly well known because one of the Allied higher commands, the French, has had the sense to publish those general conclusions from time to time.

In this article in *The Times* those conclusions are not so much as alluded to! We have nothing but a personal affirmation admittedly uncertain, and based apparently upon nothing. We are told that the invalided men "may amount" to 35,000 men a month, or "may be more, or less." We are further told that the "floating population of the sick in hospitals may be 150,000—or, again, more or less."

IV.

Finally, on the fourth point, the permanent margin of temporary losses—which we have to add to the dead loss in order to get the total amount off the strength at any given moment—there is complete silence!

So much for the way in which this capital problem is attacked and treated—I will not say solved, for there is not even an approximate solution.

At the end of these few lines of statement, without any exposition of the method of calculation, and in startling contradiction to the results arrived at by the

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON.

It will be remembered that in LAND AND WATER, January 27th, in the place of the usual cartoon as the frontispiece, we published a picture by Raemaekers of the funeral of No. 16092 Private Joseph Walker, Bedfordshire Regiment. Private Walker's body was cast up by the sea on the dyke at West Capelle, and kindly Dutchmen arranged for a funeral, conducted by a British Chaplain. In the account of the scene published in the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," the writer asked, "Where is his home; who in loving thoughts thinks of him?"

A day or two ago a letter reached the Editor, from Offley, a village in Hertfordshire, written by Mrs. Walker, the mother of Private Joseph Walker. This picture was the first intimation she had had of her son's death, and she is very grateful to those good souls in Holland, who had arranged for his burial with this impressive ceremony. A framed artist's proof of Raemaekers' picture is being sent to Mrs. Walker by LAND AND WATER as a memorial of her son's death.

same writer on January 7th, we get the abrupt concluding sentence that "the nett permanent loss of the German army during the past eighteen months of war" is nearly 2,600,000. And there the matter ends—except for an estimate of remaining drafts, itself based upon such exceedingly vague and erroneous matter.

To sum up:—

(a) The article begins by suddenly cutting down the original estimate in the *The Times* by a million. (b) It takes for the losses of eighteen months, killed, missing and wounded, what are really the losses of about sixteen. (c) It makes no allowance for the omission of names. (d) Its allowance for the proportion of sick (who are not mentioned) is based upon no analogy and no evidence. (e) It says nothing of permanent temporary losses. (f) It leaves wholly out of account all the numerous forms of evidence which have been supplied for the solution of this problem and with which the readers of this journal are familiar (the losses of particular corporations, the counted losses upon particular occasions where the Allies have had the opportunity to make such calculation, the analogy of the Allied losses, etc.). (g) It ends by a bald unsupported statement reducing the enemy losses to the lowest possible figure.

This illustration of numbers emphasises the need for clear and regular official statements which will serve as a guide to public opinion. Nothing is more fatal than the alternation between confidence and depression, which can readily be produced by the Press without any relation to the actual facts. We are all familiar with the alternation.

When the Austrians suffered their defeat before Lemberg, we were told that their army had gone to pieces and no longer counted. When the Russians first advanced into East Prussia, that advance was magnified with the ridiculous metaphorical name of "The Steam Roller." When the Germans were approaching Paris we had the infamous account of panic and rout as a travesty of that admirable retreat which led to the Marne and saved Europe. When hopes were thus revived the Russians were to be in Berlin "in two months." When the guns of a corps-artillery were caught in the marshes of St. Gond, those pieces miraculously became "the artillery of a whole corps."

Suddenly the order changed. There came months when the whole object to be attained was to depress public opinion. When the Austro-German line pursuing the Russian Armies halted, exhausted, short of the Dvina, we were assured that its advance would be continued. Just before this the Austro-Germans had failed signally in their attempt to destroy the Russian armies at Vilna. During those critical days everything that could lead us to believe in the coming of that disaster was emphasised and trumpeted abroad.

Even as I write the one chief triumph of the British



service during the whole campaign, the Air Service, is the butt of just such an attack.

The Press has great power, for good or evil, but if it is used to distort facts, to depress public opinion, there is grave danger that it will and so lead to an inconclusive and therefore disastrous peace.

The Western Front.

The continued attacks upon the northern part of the French front may or may not be preliminary to a general attack, but it is the almost universal opinion of continental observers that they are; the reason for this growing conviction, the value of which the future alone can show, is largely the similarity of the method now being used in the West with that which preceded the great offensive against the Russian Front in Galicia last April. It is true that the conditions here and now are vastly different. There the enemy knew that his opponent was gravely inferior in munitionment and almost without heavy pieces—at any rate without any of large calibre. Here he knows that his opponent is his superior in munitionment and his equal in pieces. There he had on the whole lesser numbers opposed to him; here he has far greater numbers opposed to him. Here he knows that a violent diversion could be created against him at any part of an open line 500 miles long; there no such diversion was possible. There he had far the superiority in his observation over the enemy's lines to discover any concentration on the Russian part and to hide any of his own; here it is exactly the other way. It is we who know more easily where and when he is concentrating and he who discovers less easily the corresponding movements upon our side. Nevertheless we know from the past that the German Higher Command always tries to repeat in detail any former success, and it is on this that the conjecture of a coming attempt at a decision is largely founded.

For the rest the little local attacks continue; they rarely cover a front of more than one mile, never of three; they are expensive to the enemy but worth his while if in the course of them he can discover points of weakness. They are being carried on so continuously that if they have not some such ulterior object they are already guilty of waste; for every one of them costs some thousands of men and the completely unsuccessful ones, which are the majority, are pure loss.

Salonika.

On the Macedonian front the sending of detachments west of the Vardar is chiefly important as showing the rapidly increasing strength of the Allied Forces behind the lines of Salonika. As a base for a direct offensive

northwards against the main enemy line of communications which it is intended to threaten, the Port is badly handicapped. Immediately in front of it stretches the mass of mountains which marks the great frontier and through these there are but two avenues by which large bodies can advance—the valleys of the Vardar and the Struma, but, with a superiority in numbers, there is an obvious method of driving the enemy northward, and that is by attacking in flank from the west from Valona and the Adriatic in synchrony with a direct attack from Salonika itself. There is practicable going for troops and guns directly from west to east, and the whole situation were it to develop thus would exactly reverse the conditions under which the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians attacked Serbia in the autumn.

They came from the north supported by a powerful attack in flank from the east; they had far superior numbers. The combined frontal and flank attack compelled the retirement of the Serbian army southward with a loss of half their effectives and all their guns; the Allied counter-attack when or if it is possessed of similar superior numbers would come in front, northward and in flank from the west compelling an enemy retirement north-eastwards. But there is this great difference between the two operations! First, that the enemy is not as the Serbians were—strictly limited; he can reinforce his menaced front by a continuous rail communication; secondly, the Allies have the power, which is capital in value, of creating sudden pressure on the Galician front the moment the enemy tries to reinforce in Macedonia. Thirdly, the enemy can retire intact (unless Roumania decides in our favour). There is no boundary near by such as was the Adriatic shore to the Serbians against which their retreat could be driven. But the whole of this hypothesis depends upon the presence of very large forces acting from the Adriatic against the Germans and Bulgarians towards Monastir. Failing that a direct and isolated advance from Salonika would do nothing.

The present movement of troops across the Vardar presages nothing of the kind. It is no more than the securing of the bridge heads where the Monastir road and railway cross the Vardar, perhaps the securing of the low hills beyond which at long range threaten the Vardar front of the Salonika lines, but it proves, as has been said, the continually increasing force within those lines.

H. BELLOC.

[Mr. Belloc's analysis of the military operations of the week is unavoidably brief, owing to his temporary absence in France on a special mission. He will deal fully with several important questions next week.]

THE NEW PIRACY.

By Arthur Pollen.

THE week has been remarkable for a serious naval calamity—the loss of *Arctusa*; for an unexpected raid by German destroyers on some small craft in the North Sea; for an absurdly bragging account of this incident by the German Admiralty; for the announcement of a new piracy, a brusque reminder from Berlin to Washington that Germany is not to be trifled with; and for Mr. Garrison's resignation from Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. The arming of merchantmen has naturally come once more into discussion, and there is a lull in the agitation for upsetting the Board of Admiralty.

As for the loss of the *Arctusa*, the sense of relief that her Commodore—who is simply irreplaceable—her exceptionally able Captain, her war trained officers and almost all her gallant crew have escaped destruction, is so great, that the loss of the ship itself seems almost unimportant. Not that it is really unimportant, for, whatever the activities of the builders may have been since August, 1914, we never can have too many fast cruisers, and we began the war with lamentably too few. But such casualties are to be expected. "The pitcher that goes oftenest to the well" . . . and *Arctusa* certainly had a bellyful of fighting and of risk in her brief but brilliant career. Like *King Edward VII.*, she has fallen to a mine. It seems that no vigilance, no practicable completeness in arrangements for sweeping, no protective additions to ships, can render cruising in the North Sea safe. The laying of mines by submarines introduces new elements into a form of warfare distinguished by uncertainties and dangers that are great enough already; and it throws new burdens on a section of our naval force, of whose doings we hear but little, but whose task is second to none in importance or in peril.

The reality of these risks is exemplified by the German announcement of a great naval victory on the Dogger Bank—an announcement that has thrown the German press into transports of happiness. The Fatherland's destroyers—so the story ran—swept majestically into the North Sea, where some British cruisers—one so modern that the name does not even appear in the Navy List!—had, contrary to the lurking British habit, too boldly ventured. They were made to pay dearly for their temerariousness. One, the *Arabis*, was sunk, and some of the officers and crew actually rescued, captured, and brought home as prisoners! A most surprising thing. Another was badly injured—a third and fourth put to ignominious flight. Their superior speed—now said to be 16 knots—one supposes, alone explains their evasion of their determined German conquerors.

The Hun civilians are a simple credulous folk, strangely ignorant of sea affairs. But even to such an audience as that, this story should surely have been too thin. The sort of cruiser, modern or not, that *destroyers* can conquer, is surely not the sort that can escape! For the slowest destroyer has a speed of 28 knots, and no cruiser of this speed would be inferior in armament. The Admiralty version of the incident affords an explanation more in harmony with the credible elements of the German story. The *Arabis* and her consorts were not cruisers, but mine-sweepers; coasting craft or trawlers, and probably unarmed, certainly unescorted by even the feeblest of war vessels. Thus then is the German success explained. It probably never occurred to anyone that an escort could be necessary; it has certainly never been necessary before. So rare a thing as a German dash into the North Sea will not deter other sweepers from carrying on exactly as if the incident had not occurred. What then is singular about the incident is first, that, like the *Ponga's* escape, it is without precedent, next that so trivial a success should be so stupidly exaggerated.

Submarine Extensions.

But a certain verbal stupidity seems to characterise an German pronouncements. The proclamation of a new frightfulness—the sinking of all British merchantmen

at sight, because they are armed—does not announce a new practice, or explain an old one by a new excuse. At most, it promises an extension to wider fields of methods already as infamous as they are familiar. On February 4th last year, Germany announced the creation of a "war zone" in which "all British vessels" were to be destroyed without regard to the safety of the non-combatants on board—and neutrals were told that to distinguish between their ships and ours would not always be possible. It was thus the most comprehensive murder programme ever put out. It was not a programme that could be extended. But the submarine was the only specified agent of this threatened destruction. When America protested—February 12th—that she recognised search and capture, but no other form of action against neutrals, and would hold Germany to strict account for any other—Berlin retorted—on February 16th, three days before the campaign officially began—that as Great Britain had armed its merchantmen, and acknowledged the use of false colours, distinction between belligerents and neutrals would not be possible. Germany had to strike back, for Britain was trying to starve her—to kill on sight was then a German necessity. And she would as far as she could close the war area by mines—which cannot distinguish between friend and foe—and destroy all shipping by every means in her power.

How consistently Germany has acted up to her creed a long tale of outrage and piracy proclaims. The new threat is then neither novel in method or pretext. And it is singular only for its bearing on the controversy with Washington. The position there is as obscure as ever it has been. Mr. Garrison, one of Mr. Wilson's able colleagues, has resigned, apparently because he was unsupported in his demands for a larger and better military force—but it is suspected that he questions Mr. Wilson's latest policy towards Germany.

If this is well founded, we have the first—and only—confirmation of those who think Mr. Wilson will surrender. But in spite of the omen, this still seems to me impossible.

And now, while the final issue of the controversy is still in doubt, Germany, as if to close her side of it, announces with every circumstance of insolence that this persistence will continue. It is not a disavowal of her crime—it is a reversion to the attitude of February 4th and 16th of last year, and to the childish plea of her last published retort on the *Lusitania*—a case, she said, which showed "with horrible clearness the jeopardy to human life to which the barbarous methods of war of *Germany's adversaries* must lead." From first to last she has had no other argument than the parrot cry "England has completely interrupted neutral navigation and thus Germany was driven to submarine war on trade." There has never been any weakening of the principle that German necessity justifies anything; never any pretence that this principle is compatible with that which America champions.

What will be Mr. Wilson's final decision? The issue, so precisely defined, so categorically raised, insisted upon with such threats—"the United States would omit no act necessary to safeguarding her citizens in the exercise of their acknowledged right to pursue their lawful errands as passengers in the merchantmen of belligerents"—cannot be evaded. The words are carefully chosen and leave the principles "which are immutable and on which the United States must state" free of all ambiguity. They are laid down, the disavowal is demanded, the menace is repeated after, not before, Germany had pleaded the hollow excuse that our merchantmen were armed. Indeed this issue is distinctly met in the second Note after the *Lusitania* murders. That ship, declared the President, was not "offensively armed," and a defensive armament would not, of course, change her civil character. For America, then, there is only one answer open consistent with her profession; only one thing to do that squares with "the sovereignty and dignity of a neutral Power." The arming of

merchantmen does not create a new political situation. Nor is it a naval novelty.

The Theory of Armed Merchantmen.

There seems to be much confused thinking on the subject of arming merchantmen. In the earliest times there was no distinction between fighting ships and trading ships, simply because sea fighting was not carried on by any special ship weapon, but by warriors on board; and all trading ships had to defend themselves in almost all seas and against all comers. Indeed Mr. Hannay tells us in his excellent *Short History of the Royal Navy* that, until the days of the Tudors, there was little distinction between the calling of the pirate and the calling of the trader. Right into the 18th century merchant ships plying in distant seas had still to arm themselves. The great East Indiamen continued the practice almost to modern times. And all these ships were armed, not as is erroneously supposed solely against pirates. The sea trader has, by the common consent of civilised mankind, always been free to protect himself—if he could—against the warships of his country's avowed enemies, and to be so armed as to protect himself, neither constituted him a man of war, as some American writers have ignorantly suggested, nor yet a pirate, as the Germans have quite dishonestly proclaimed. The reason that merchantmen have ceased to arm themselves is twofold. It is partly because, as State navies have become more highly organised and more numerous, the necessity for self-protection grew less, but much more because as the fighting ship became specialised, self-protection became hopeless. This was indeed a necessary consequence of guns becoming the principal armament of warships, for it is clear that no ship could carry a formidable battery together with a crew to man the guns, and still retain the hold space necessary for a profitable trade. So long, then, as the only enemy to be encountered at sea was a gun-armed enemy the handicap on trading ships was prohibitive, and when to the possibility of a heavier battery a more protective method of construction was added, the disparity in fighting value between the lightest of warships and a merchantman carrying the heaviest possible armament became so great that any useful arming of traders was out of the question.

But with the appearance on the sea, and its employment for the attack on trade, of a warship that was quite defenceless against even the lightest of guns, the situation of the 15th and 16th centuries revived. It so happens that this particular form of defenceless warship is also incapable, as Mr. Wilson pointed out in one of the *Lusitania* notes, of visiting a ship in due and proper order at sea, of making her a prize, or of sinking her without leaving the non-combatants on board of her to the mercy of the sea in open boats—*actions or omissions inconsistent with civilised practice*. Consequently, the President continued, it was manifest that this class of vessel cannot be used against trade, without "inevitable violations of many sacred principles of justice and humanity." If then it is said that in arming merchantmen we are reverting to the practices of barbarism, the answer is simple. We have done so because the practices of barbarism have been revived against our merchantmen.

It has been the object of Count Bernstorff's amazingly successful press campaign at Washington to cloud this issue by saying that British merchantmen are armed by the Admiralty, and their guns manned by naval ratings, and that the object of this is to use trading vessels offensively against submarines. Every armed merchantman thus necessarily becomes an auxiliary cruiser. Our own government has not so far replied on the alleged facts. But on the theory of the thing the reply is obvious. No one has ever questioned the right of trading ships to arm themselves *defensively*. It is a right admitted generally by the American government, and specifically, as we have seen, in the second *Lusitania* note. Nor need it be disputed that if used offensively, armed merchantmen are virtually cruisers. The thing turns on this. Are they so used? It cannot be presumed. We have had a year's experience of submarine war, and there is something more to appeal to than theory.

Of the general fact—that Germany has not once or ten times, but many hundreds of times, destroyed

belligerent and neutral shipping, both by submarines and by mines and in each case without warning—there is no dispute whatever on either side. All that Germany has claimed is that she was justified in doing it. If, as America has always contended, to sink civilian ships unsearched and unwarned is inhuman and unprecedented, then the criminality of the submarine is established and acknowledged beyond argument. It is now contended, not for the first time, but as the foundation for a new argument, that merchantmen are armed for offensive purposes. They have, one presumes, been armed for a considerable time. Also a considerable number of merchantmen must have been armed. If the purpose of this was offensive, one is entitled to ask, *has this armament ever been offensively used?* Where merchantmen have rammed submarines they have not been slow to tell the story, but we have never heard of any gallant merchant seaman who has sunk a submarine with a well aimed shot. We have never heard that Germany has alleged that this has in fact ever taken place. If no such case has been reported or alleged, it seems a fair inference that no one has sought to use merchantmen offensively. Indeed, had so many ships, over so long a period, been so employed, there must surely have been one success. At any rate if there has been none, then the uselessness of so arming them, and therefore the futility of the complaint of their being so armed, is manifest.

But if they have not been so used, and yet the Germans complain most bitterly of the fact of arming them, and are toiling to pervert American opinion on this subject, what is the obvious inference? Why, that the presence of guns on board merchant ships has put the fear of the Lord into the submarines, and made them to a great extent useless for their piratical purposes. Hence, doubtless, the German tears. But this is exactly why they were armed. It has been purely defensive in its intention, and what is far more to the point, entirely successful in carrying that intention out.

Whether in fact it is wise and advantageous to arm merchantmen depends entirely upon one thing—namely, the *efficiency of the armament for the purpose*. That Germany contemplates a new and wider submarine campaign, and probably with submarines capable of a higher surface speed, of a larger pelagic radius, and armed in all probability with greater calibre guns is highly probable. Mr. Hurd announces in Tuesday's *Daily Telegraph*, that our enemy has already produced a kind of submarine monitor, with a continuous armoured battery extending like an elongated hood for a great part of the length of the hull. He seems to suppose that this submarine can emerge this battery above the water and engage a gunned ship with all the advantage that results from being itself impenetrable to small shells. I have, for various reasons, a difficulty in accepting this story. But if it be true one of two alternative results must follow. If the bulk of the enemy's submarines are armoured and therefore impenetrable to small guns, small guns will then become useless. If merchantmen can be armed with larger calibres, and hitherto 6-inch have, at least by the Americans, been considered within the defensive limit, it will be a case of "as you were."

In any event it is obvious that the arming of merchantmen turns upon the old considerations. There is in all probability no limit, in theory, to the size and, therefore, to the defensive qualities of the submarine. There is obviously a limit to the gun carrying capacity of merchant ships. The question has arisen solely from the *vulnerability of the under water boats of the present type*. It is a state of affairs that might not endure even throughout this war. It is certainly unlikely to recur in future wars. It will be strange, if it turned out to be true, that Mr. Lansing's *démarche* on the arming of merchantmen was provoked by suggestions from the Navy Department. At least it will be strange if the Department's suggestion had any professional origin. The American Navy Department, like our own Admiralty, has suffered before and, I hope unlike our Admiralty, may suffer again, from ignorant civilian interference both in policy and administration. But it is quite impossible to believe that American naval officers, many of whom are conspicuous for their historical knowledge and their firm hold on naval doctrine, could have put forward so untenable a theory as is attributed to them.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—I.

By John Buchan.

WE have all been taught that history is philosophy teaching by examples, and that if we are to get the value of the past we must be quick to seize its lessons for the present. But we must set about the task cautiously, for nothing is easier than to mis-read history. We find a fancied resemblance between some old event and an incident of to-day, but too often the resemblance is trivial and superficial.

During the summer many honest souls were greatly depressed about Gallipoli, because they could not get the Syracusan Expedition out of their head. That was a case where you had an amazingly close surface parallel. The chief sea power and the chief democratic power, Athens, was at war with Sparta, the chief land power and the exponent of oligarchy. Athens, under the influence of a brilliant but erratic politician, Alcibiades, undertook a divergent operation in the shape of an expedition against Syracuse. It was commanded by a general who was much under the influence of politicians at home, and Lamachus, the ablest practical soldier, was not listened to. It was an amphibious expedition, an attack by a landing force with the support of the navy. At first it won some small successes, and then the thing fell into a stalemate and the besiegers became the besieged. Presently a Spartan army, under Gylippus, arrived to help the Syracusans. And so matters went from bad to worse, till that disastrous autumn when Nicias laid down his arms, and the flower of the youth of Athens perished in the quarries. The expedition was the death-blow of the Athenian Empire.

It was very easy to read modern names into the story—Britain, Germany, Turkey; Mr. Churchill, Sir Ian Hamilton, von Mackensen. It was easy, but it was quite misleading, for there was no real parallel between the two enterprises. Happily the issue of Gallipoli has stultified the prophets.

After the brilliant success of the German armies in 1870 it was the fashion for many years to regard the Franco-Prussian war as the most illuminating subject for a soldier's study and as the type to which all successful campaigns must approximate. The Napoleonic wars were neglected as out of date, and the American Civil War was contemptuously dismissed by the German staff as a struggle of mobs of skirmishers. The view was scarcely sound, for the Franco-Prussian war was by no means the only or the most fruitful object for a soldier's attention. Its conditions were abnormal, and, though nothing can detract from the merits of Moltke's strategic plan and the perfection of his preparations, it was a war in which the victors made countless mistakes and followed many false doctrines. The surprising success of the German invasion was due less to any great brilliance on their part than to the hopeless disorganisation of the French.

During the last twenty years the study of the Napoleonic campaigns has come to its own again under the guidance of many distinguished French officers, such as Colonel Colin. The military student will still find in the operations of the greatest of all soldiers the most useful guide to his profession. And for British soldiers the story of the American Civil War is not less important, for it was a war fought under the kind of conditions which Britain must necessarily face in any great struggle.

I propose in the following notes to collect some of the parallels to the present case which we may find in the American conflict, and to suggest a few of the lessons to be learned from it. You will get little identity as to incidents, or striking likenesses as to persons, but in the case of the North you will find many of the essential difficulties with which Britain was confronted in August, 1914. It is an inquiry which should make for encouragement rather than for depression, for after every kind of mistake, and after a most desperate and heart-breaking struggle, the North won a complete victory.

The causes of the quarrel need not detain us. The

North stood for the larger civic organism, the nation; the South for the smaller organism, the State. Slavery, we know from Lincoln's own words, was not the main issue. It was the immediate cause of the conflict, but the real causes lay deeper. It is fair to say that the Civil War was a genuine conflict of idealisms, of theories of Government, each in itself reasonable, and each forming the highest allegiance for the men who had been brought up under a particular kind of tradition. We may say, too, that the ideals of both North and South were necessary to the creation of a complete national life. Because each side stood for no mean cause it was one of the cleanest and most chivalrous, as well as one of the most heroic campaigns ever fought. The North won and deserved to win, for its creed was more in unison with the main march of humanity. But there is no honest American of to-day who would not rejoice to claim kinship with the great men who led the Confederate armies.

Assets of the Combatants.

The North started with all the advantages but two. It had a population of 20,000,000 whites, while the South had only a little over 7,000,000. It had the great industries, the mineral fields, the big shipbuilding yards. It had practically all the navy there was. It had great wealth, far greater than the South, and was not only more self-supporting, but owing to its ships could import what it did not produce from overseas. It had all the rank and file of the regular army, and four-fifths of the officers. The South, on the other hand, had few industries and few ships. It was mainly agricultural, a land of vast estates worked by negro slaves, with only a scanty white population. It was poor, in the sense that, if driven back upon itself, it had within its own borders only a limited number of the necessaries of life and of war.

I have said that the North had all the advantages except two. But these two were vital. They made the South triumphant in the first phases of the war, and more than once almost gave it the victory. The first was that its aristocratic squirearchy could be more easily adapted to military organisation and discipline than the Northern democracy. The vast majority of its citizens were countryfolk who could march and shoot and were better natural material for making soldiers from than the townsmen of the North. It was a nation, too, of horsemen and horse-masters. Obviously such a people, if armies have to be improvised, have less to learn than men who come from a different kind of environment. This advantage was a real one, but, of course, it was terminable. In time the South had to recruit townsmen, and the North enrolled the hardy pioneers of the West. Besides the townsman when he was trained, made as good a soldier as the countryman.

In the second place, it was the fortune of the South to have fighting on its side by far the abler generals. Lee and Stonewall Jackson have had few equals in the art of war. The North produced many competent soldiers, such as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas, but no one of them reaches the small and select brotherhood of the greatest captains. If, taking the whole of history, you limit that brotherhood to five names, you must include Lee; if you extend it to a score you will scarcely include Grant.

Problem of the North.

Now wars are won by superior strength—by weight of numbers, if the numbers are properly trained and supplied and decently led. Military history shows no exceptions to this maxim. A splendid genius or some extraordinary initial advantage may give to the weaker side an immediate victory, which paralyses and disintegrates the enemy. But if the enemy refuses to be paralysed, if he still fights on, if he develops a stubborn defensive, if he

learns his lessons, and if he has greater resources than his antagonist, in the end he will win.

Against material preponderance, if it be reasonably handled, the most inspired generalship will beat ineffectual wings. Hannibal in the long run is worn down by the much inferior Scipio. Napoleon falls beneath the accumulated weight of the Allies. But—and it is a vital proviso—the nation which is strongest in human and material resources must learn to use these resources. Until it learns to use them it will go on being beaten.

That was the fate of the North. It had to assemble its greater man-power, it had to train it, it had to find a Commander-in-Chief who could use it reasonably well, it had to discover how its greater wealth could be best applied to cripple its adversary. It took it four years to learn these things, and when it had learned them it won. There was a time when it looked like never learning them, and in consequence it was very nearly beaten.

Is that position so remote from our own? We and our Allies have greater reserves of man-power than the Teutonic League, but at the beginning of the war it was not organised in armies. Like the North, Britain, and to a large extent Russia and France, have had to improvise their armies, and Britain, like the North, had not only to do this but to improvise more or less an army system. Again, we and our Allies, like the North, have greater wealth, but we have had to learn how to mobilise that wealth for war. We and our Allies have command of the sea, as the North had, and we have to learn how to use that command of the sea to the uttermost so as to stifle the enemy. Lastly, we have to find the leaders—admirals, generals and statesmen—who can so use our strength in *personnel* and *matériel* that we get the good of it. These were the problems of the North and they are ours. When we solve them, as the North did, we shall be victorious.

Let us look a little more closely at these urgent questions. Abraham Lincoln was beyond doubt one of the two or three greatest men ever born of our blood. He seems to me to be in many respects the foremost statesman of our race—foremost in courage and in the essentials of wisdom—since Chatham. But as a war minister Lincoln had his job to learn, and he took a long time learning it. If he had died before Gettysburg history would have recorded that he was a great leader of his people, a great inspirer, a great prophet, but it would also have recorded that he was one of the worst war ministers that ever lived. He had no natural aptitude for the task, except an iron courage, exhaustless patience, and a calm belief in God. He was a man of peace, as remote as John Bright from any dreams of military glory. But he had that complete intellectual honesty which can look squarely at facts, even unwelcome facts, and after many ups and downs he led his people to victory. Let us see how it was done.

How the Armies were Raised.

His first business was to raise the men. He had about 18,000 regulars, most of them serving on the Western frontier, and he had four-fifths of the regular officers. A good many of these officers had had experience in the Mexican war fourteen years before, just as many of our officers in 1914 had had South African experience. Lincoln showed how little he appreciated the magnitude of the coming conflict by asking for only 75,000 volunteers, and these to serve for only three months. Then came the battle of Bull Run, which opened his eyes.

He was empowered by Congress to raise 500,000 volunteers for three years' service, and a little later the number was increased to 1,000,000. Recruits came in magnificently. If we remember the small population of the North I think we must rank the effort as among the most remarkable ever made by a system of voluntary enlistment. The President began by asking for 600,000 men, and he got 700,000. After Fredericksburg he asked for 300,000 more and he got 430,000. Then he asked for another 300,000, of which each State should provide its quota. But he only got 87,000, a little more than a quarter of his demands. The South, it should be remembered, had for many months before this adopted conscription. It was now a year and a half since the first battle, and the campaign had entered on that period of drag which was the time of blackest depression in the North. Then Lincoln took the great step. The North was,

of all parts of the world at the moment, that in which the idea of individual liberty was most deeply implanted. It was a country which had always gloried in being unmilitary, in contradistinction to the effete monarchies of Europe. The American Constitution had shown the most scrupulous regard for individual rights. The mode of political thought which we call democracy—for democracy is rather a mode of thought than a system of government—was universally accepted. The press was unbridled, and the press was very powerful. The country, too, was full of philosophic idealists who preferred dogmas to facts and were very vocal in the papers and on the platforms. Moreover, there was a General Election coming on, and, since the war had gone badly, there was a good chance that Lincoln might be defeated if he in any way added to his unpopularity.

Lincoln and Compulsion.

There were not wanting crowds of men—some of them very able and distinguished men—who declared that it was far better to lose the war than to win it by transgressing one article of the current political faith. There were others, Lincoln's friends and advisers, who warned him solemnly that no hint of compulsion would ever be tolerated by free-born Americans, and that if he dared to propose the thing he would have an internal revolution to add to his difficulties. Again and again he was told—in language familiar to our ears—that the true friends of the enemy were the Compulsionists. Remember, too, that Lincoln was in the fullest sense of the word a democratic statesman, believing that government must not only be *for* the people, but *by* the people. When he was faced with the necessity of finding some other way of raising men than as volunteers, he was faced with the task of jettisoning—I will not say the principles, for they are hardier plants—but all the sentiments and traditions of his political life.

But Lincoln, being a very great man, knew that it was the business of a statesman to lead the people, to act, to initiate a policy; and not to wait like a dumb lackey in the ante-chamber of his masters. He knew that politics should be not an abstract dogma, but a working creed based upon realities. He knew also that in a crisis it is wisest to grasp the nettle. He saw the magnitude of the crisis, that it was a question of life or death, whatever journalists or demagogues might say. So he took the plunge, and on March 3rd, 1863, a law was passed to raise armies by conscription. He answered those who met him with the famous "thin edge of the wedge" argument in words which should be remembered: that "He did not believe that a man could contract so strong a taste for emetics during a temporary illness as to insist on feeding upon them during the remainder of a healthful life." There was some resistance at the start. There were violent mass meetings and much wild talk, and there were riots in New York, where a number of lives were lost. But the trouble soon passed and the good sense of the country prevailed.

It was one of the two greatest acts of Lincoln's life; the other was when he decided to fight for the integrity of the nation. And like all great acts of courage it had its reward. Four months later Gettysburg was won, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant, and the tide turned. Recruits came in—300,000 in October 1863, nearly 1,300,000 in 1864, and the curious thing is that 85 per cent. of them were volunteers. The effect of conscription was to revive voluntary enlistment. The total number of recruits in the North from first to last was 3,000,000, and that out of a population of 20,000,000 is surely a remarkable figure. The men had been found, the resources of the North were fully mobilised, and two years after the passing of the Act came that April day when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox.

Photograms of the Year (Hazell, Watson and Viney, 2s. 6d. net) is a literary and pictorial record of the best photographic work of the past year, sumptuously produced as regards its portfolio of representative photographic studies, and authoritative as regards its literary section. Such a volume is enlightening with regard to the artistic value of the camera, and many of the studies reproduced are of such quality as to suggest the artist rather than the craftsman. The views and portraits reproduced are revelations of the possibilities of photographic work.

ROUMANIA'S DECISION.

By Alfred Stead.

[Mr. Alfred Stead, who was in Bucarest for nine months last year, fighting the German propaganda, and previously in Athens, was formerly Roumanian Consul-General in London for five years. His connection with the Balkan States dates back to 1903, and during this period he has at one time or another been brought into contact with the leading personalities of that troubled region. Last October on leaving Bucarest he was attached to the Serbian Army, was with it from the fighting on the Danube to its retreat through Montenegro, and after witnessing the capture of Mount Lovchen returned to England by way of Skutari and San Giovanni di Medua. There is no living Englishman more conversant with Balkan problems than Mr. Alfred Stead.]

IN all the welter of the world-war it has been reserved to Roumania to remain aloof, openly bound neither to one camp nor the other, master of the national destinies. The sphinx of Europe has not yet spoken, but when the Ministers of the Allies or of the Central Powers quit Bucarest, a decision most momentous to the peoples at war will have been taken.

To-day the enigma of Roumanian policy is puzzling the majority of the statesmen and generalissimos. For it lies with the Danubian monarchy, with its six hundred thousand or more fresh troops, to play a decisive part in the determining phases of the war. But which way will the cat jump? That is the question of the moment. The Government at Bucarest has shown masterly qualities of keeping its own counsel, and it is doubtful whether the majority of the Roumanian nation are any wiser as to the real position of their country in the international groupings than are the people of London, Paris or Berlin. It is a singular triumph for M. Bratiano, the Roumanian Premier, who stands out almost alone as an astute statesman at a time when diplomacy and statesmanship are at a very low level. Holding in his hands all the strings, practically Minister of War and Minister for Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister, this comparatively young man has succeeded in pursuing an eminently national policy. This, despite the blandishments or the threats, the offers or the menaces of the belligerents.

In Roumania the power is in the hands of the Monarch and of the Government more perhaps than in any other constitutional country blessed or cursed with a parliamentary system. The mass of public opinion, scarcely formed and incoherent, plays no part in the government's decisions, the Opposition and the leaders of the parties not in power have very little weight. They are those who talk more freely than members of the government, and thus impress a semblance of their importance upon the outside world ignorant that much of their speeches and utterances have rather a local than an international object in view.

The King.

Thus, to-day, in seeking to divine what Roumania is going to do, it is necessary to plumb the depths of the minds of King Ferdinand and M. Bratiano, not to listen too eagerly to the speeches of the Opposition or be affected unduly by the leanings of the majority of the thinking population. The mass of the population does not interest itself in the war or its details unless we except a certain universal idea that the time has come to "liberate" the Roumanians in the Dual Empire. But the Roumanian nation is not swept off its feet by any idea of a greater Roumania or a reunion of all the Roumanian peoples.

While undoubtedly the Roumanian people would wish to see Roumania greater and the acquisition of Transylvania and Bessarabia, they have as foundation of their idea the natural desire to retain the Roumania of to-day. They do not wish to share the fate of the two other small States which have had the privilege of joining in the war. The earlier fate of Belgium and the recent destruction of Serbia do not tempt Roumania to go and do likewise. This sane national attitude in Roumania has aided largely in the achievement of successful non-intervention. And this, although the country is fringed with warring peoples and possesses a longer frontier facing war than any other nation.

King Ferdinand, a Hohenzollern of the elder branch, whose aunt was the mother of the heroic King of the Belgians, has been much too frequently regarded as a certain German element in Roumania. The King of Roumania to-day is a Roumanian sovereign, desirous of

furthering the welfare of his subjects and promoting the future of his country. He is a Roumanian first and last, just as his beautiful Queen, the daughter of our Duke of Edinburgh is Roumanian, although English and Russian by blood. The Throne will decide on national, not on family lines.

M. Bratiano bears an historic name, and his actions and decisions must inevitably be affected by the traditions of his father, who guided Roumania through the stormy times of the Russo-Turkish war, and saw both the victory of the Roumanian army at Plevna and the treacherous filching by Russia of the Roumanian Province of Bessarabia—tearing up the "scrap of paper" by which the Tsar had guaranteed Roumanian integrity. Keeping his own counsel, refusing to answer questions in Parliament, or outside, M. Bratiano has to-day the destinies of Roumania in his keeping. His very success in maintaining a policy of aloofness so far, strengthens his hands.

Learning from the Past.

If it is impossible to gain any real idea of what M. Bratiano thinks or decides, it is possible to gather some very valuable indications from the attitude of Roumania during the past months of war. It must not be forgotten, that before the autumn of 1914 Roumania was a party to the Triple Alliance, her participation depending upon Italian intervention. The country had been financed and developed economically by German capital and German energy. Owing to an artificially developed prejudice in England and France against the country because of supposed persecution of the Jews, the purse-strings of London and Paris were not untied for Bucarest. It was only after the British Navy began to look to the Roumanian oilfields for fuel that it was realised that Roumania offered excellent fields for investment and development. But the antidote to German influence was only beginning to be applied.

The few months before the outbreak of war were occupied by very real and partially successful efforts on the part of the Triple Entente to detach Roumania from the Central Powers. The great personal friendship of the late King Charles for the Emperor of Austria made it difficult to secure anything more than a probability of neutrality. But in view of the former certainty of Roumanian action on the side of Germany, this was a great gain. As will be shown, the neutrality of Roumania has been a very precious aid to the Allies. It has been the unforgivable sin in the eyes of Vienna and Berlin. As a Roumanian politician said, plaintively: "The only people who are sure that we are with the Allies are the Germans, the Allies do not seem to believe it." And yet Roumania has given proof on proof of her goodwill towards the Allies—and this at great risk and peril to herself.

A National Policy.

The moment the idea of a national policy forms the foundation of Roumanian diplomacy, it is evident that a premature decision on one side or the other must force intervention. And while a large State can look forward with equanimity, if not with satisfaction, to a war lasting months and years, a small State has seriously to consider her staying powers. And therefore it has seemed well for Roumania to reserve her forces until proportionately they represent a greater value and can hope to hasten the end of the war within a measurable period.

The Roumanian policy is an eminently sane one; it is not quixotic, it is not suicidal. But in order to be able to avoid an earlier entry, it has been necessary to devise means and methods of procrastination—to create a buffer zone of uncertainty in the minds of possible adversaries.

The simplest method was to bargain as to territorial recompense, for neutrality or for active participation. This, not because it was vitally essential to be assured beforehand of the Transylvanian territory or the Bernat, but simply because by asking both sides, it was possible to make Berlin or Vienna, Paris or Petrograd believe that the decision had not yet been reached.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Bucarest Government would have been very seriously embarrassed if at any moment either group of Powers had suddenly acceded all her demands. As they did not, the equilibrium was maintained. M. Bratiano availed himself very cleverly of the various members of his government and of the Opposition, of the pro-ally M. Costinescu, the Minister of Finance, of the pro-German M. Marghiloman, one of the Opposition leaders, &c. M. Bratiano's task was always to create an unclear situation, so that the Central Powers could never come down on him and say, "You are with the Allies."

The Russian Factor.

Roumania has to-day contact only with one of the Allies, and that the one least able to help and the least trusted at Bucarest. The loss of Bessarabia is more recent than the loss of Alsace Lorraine, and whereas Germany was the enemy of France, Russia had just been saved on the slopes of Plevna by the young Roumanian army. Also Roumania lies between Russia and Bulgaria, and the way to Constantinople. Two dominant forces exert influence in Roumania, mistrust and fear of Russia and dread of a Greater Bulgaria. And unfortunately the Allies have left much of their negotiations at Bucarest in the hands of the Russians, and the Roumanians have seen Russia leading the Allies at Sofia blindly to endeavour to create a greater Bulgaria at the expense of Serbia, which country had already made sacrifices and won victories for the Allies.

The Germans have been very active, they have been extraordinarily clever. The whole country has been inundated for months by German agents and money, the newspapers have been bought, money has been lavishly spent. In Bucarest there were Germans on every hand, there were no workers for the Allies, especially none from England or France. It is true there were occasional special missions, who generally arrived from Sofia and worsened the situation by explaining to the Roumanians that the Bulgarians were with the Entente and that they were surer of Sofia than of Bucarest. And in Roumania there was no doubt that Bulgaria was in alliance with Germany—the Roumanian Government informed the Allies of this months before the recent events.

Oil and Agriculture.

Roumania is a country depending upon agriculture and oil for revenue, and is in no position to manufacture munitions. Nor had she a large stock in hand. The ammunition ordered and paid for in Germany before the war was not delivered, has never been delivered—a significant indication of how little sure Berlin is of Bucarest. But it was essential of Roumania, before embarking on war, to have adequate supplies accumulated or assured. The Salonika line, even at its best, was a poor line to rely on, change of gauge and transshipment made arrivals slow. From Russia munitions were not to be had. Also, when the Russians were forced back from Bukovina and Galicia the railway connection through Moldavia was imperilled.

Roumania demanded guarantees from the Allies, and it depends not upon Bucarest, but upon the Allied Governments, if the Roumanian army enters into action. The whole attitude of Roumania has been unmistakably pro-Ally all along but the Roumanian Government is not going to war without being sure that there are enough Allied troops to co-operate and to make success probable. To do otherwise would be foolish.

If, on the other hand, the Balkan situation be not taken seriously, Roumania will remain neutral. There is no question of bargaining, the situation is quite clear, The Germans and the Bulgarians are alarmed at the prospect because Roumania is as a knife at their throat. The tortoise has put out its head and its neck is at the mercy of Roumania. Had the French not literally forced us to remain in Salonika, all hope of Roumanian intervention would have gone. To-day the danger is

rather that the Central Powers, seeing themselves confronted with the almost certainty of Roumania joining the Allies, will force the pace. But it is doubtful whether they feel ready to bring into play a fresh body of six hundred thousand men, well equipped and trained, occupying an ideally dangerous position. Unless the Allies make some supreme blunder—and who can guarantee that they will not after the experience of Sofia—the Roumanian situation is very satisfactory.

Nor must it be forgotten that Roumania has already done much for the Allies during the past months. The only country which has found neutrality to spell economic and financial ruin, Roumania would have every right to regard the recent purchase of wheat for ten millions as a mere drop in the bucket. For two years there has been a practical cessation of export of cereals, the bulk of two years' crop are lying in the country, much at the frontier railway stations. The whole wealth of Roumania is in cereals and petroleum, and both these are in a terribly bad way. At the time when the Allies had the idea of starving out Germany, Roumania by refusing to allow her railway trucks to pass the frontier, practically stopped the export of grain.

It is of course an arguable point that perhaps Germany would have suffered more had Roumania sold her grain for gold, the drain of gold being more disastrous to Germany than the disadvantage to the Allies of allowing some four weeks' food supply to go out of Roumania—incidentally, Roumania would have then had a strong financial position. Be that as it may, the bulk of the grain stayed in the country, and as all the financial institutions are founded on agricultural wealth, the financial situation became bad. The few sales at high prices of an odd lot of grain to Germany, in exchange for coal or other commodity, had no real influence. The prohibition of the export of petrol and some other products of petroleum crippled the oil industry. In the first six months of 1914 131,204 tons of petrol were exported, in the corresponding period of 1915 only 8,992 tons. The petroleum industry is at a standstill, the production has fallen, all the tanks are full, prices are practically non-existent. Germany and Austria have not grain or petrol from Roumania, but Roumania is ruined.

Proofs of Friendliness.

But there is still more proof of Roumanian friendliness. Until the occupation of Serbia gave the Central Powers contact with Bulgaria and Turkey, Roumania consistently stopped the passage of war stores to Constantinople and Sofia. Whole trains were held up at the frontier, while truck-loads clandestinely introduced were seized at Bucarest. Every manner of device was resorted to in the hopes of securing the passage of vital parts of shells, etc., but the vigilance of the searchers let little past. But it was necessary to do this stopping work very circumspectly because the long frontier with Austria and Hungary rendered reprisals easy. But Roumania loyally stopped the bulk of the munitions. On the other hand she took a large view of the use of the Danube for the passage of stores between Russia and Serbia.

With the practical ruin of her resources Roumanian has been faced with the dislocation and expenditure of maintaining the bulk of her army mobilised. She has seldom had less than 300,000 men under arms, with a result that her army is in a state of extraordinary efficiency to-day. The line of the Carpathians is in an admirable state of defence, many of the heavy guns from the Bessarabian frontier having been transferred. The enemy cannot surprise Roumania, an attack must dispose of at least half a million men—nor can heavy guns be used in the mountains. The southern frontier is the more dangerous, a crossing of the Danube covered by heavy artillery having been proved to be quite feasible but with an allied army at Salonika, Italian troops in Albania and Russians at Czernovits to cross the Danube would be a hazardous adventure.

Roumania dreads a Greater Bulgaria, she believes the Allies will win because England is determined to win—let us lose no time in being worthy of the confidence placed in us and if necessary let us remove any fear that Roumania may be shut in after the war by Russia at Constantinople, by offering her a way out to the Aegean through the territory which was once Bulgaria and now is eastern Germany. The Roumanians wait on us—the moment has come for the great stroke of the war.

BRITISH AEROPLANE POLICY.

By F. W. Lanchester.

ONE of the most common reasons put forward for the justification of an increase in the size and weight of the military aeroplane, is the need for increased petrol capacity in order to command a greater range or radius of action.

Whatever the nature of the military duty happens to be, there is always some definite number of men (sometimes a pilot alone, at other times also an observer or cinematograph operator, or one or more gunners) which is appropriate and necessary, and the dead weight this represents has to be deducted from the total freight-carrying capacity of the machine, and correspondingly limits the amount of fuel which can be carried. In an extreme case, if this dead weight, or *military load* as we may call it, be equal to the total freight capacity, there will be no margin for carrying petrol, and the design must be considered useless. If we consider the total freight-carrying capacity as one definite percentage of the gross weight of the machine, then the bigger the machine, the greater will be the relative petrol capacity and range or radius of action.

If it be assumed in the present state of the constructors' art that 30 per cent. of the gross weight can be carried as freight, the freight capacity for a machine 2,000 lbs. gross is 600 lbs. and supposing the military load to be 400 lbs., the difference, 200 lbs., is the petrol capacity, equal to 10 per cent. of the gross weight of the machine. The range of flight will then be about 100 miles. If we take the machine as of twice the above weight, namely, 4,000 lbs., the total freight at 30 per cent., becomes 1,200 lbs.; deducting the military load 400 lbs. (as before) there remains 800 lbs. or 20 per cent. of the gross weight for petrol, with a range or radius of action of about 600 miles and so the calculation may be made for any other size of machine.

Such is the argument in its most bald simplicity. When, however, the conditions are examined critically, it is found that the story has not half been told. There are factors of vital and commanding importance which have yet to be taken into consideration.

Weight of Wing Structure.

The weight of the wing structure in a flying machine is itself not constant in relation to the gross weight. When discussing the weight of the wing structure and its influence, we have to be careful to avoid being misled by appearances; figures given by different constructors are not properly comparable. The factors of safety used at the present time by aeronautical constructors differ widely; in my James Forrest Lecture*, it is given that the factor of safety varies from three in certain machines (which shall be nameless), to as high as seven or eight in the case of certain of the machines constructed at the Royal Aircraft Factory. The recommendation of the Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, formulated after duly considering the conditions with which military aeroplanes have to comply, is that the factor should not be less than five or six. Now with this great variation of nearly three to one in existing practice in the matter of wing strength, it is necessary to be careful in comparing different designs of machine, for it is evident that in some cases the petrol capacity might be nearly doubled merely by cutting down the weight of wing structure without going outside the limits of existing practice.

In dealing with the question of wing structure weight, therefore, the comparison between one aeroplane and another must be based on the assumption of a constant or uniform factor of safety. On this basis for a given type and class of construction the wing-structure weight will vary as the cube of the span. Also for a given flight velocity, which is the proper criterion to take, the gross load supported varies as the square of the span, and consequently, the weight of the wing structure, expressed as a percentage of the gross weight, increases in proportion as the span is increased.

The following are not actual figures, but they are sufficiently near actual figures for the purpose of illus-

tration. We will assume the gross weight of a machine as 2,000 lbs., and its span as 40 feet, and we will take the weight of the aerofoil or wing structure for this machine to be 20 per cent. of the gross total, that is to say, it will be 400 lbs.† We will take it that in this machine the total freight capacity is 30 per cent. as in the earlier example.

The Big Machine.

Now let us take a machine of twice the span, namely, 80 feet. The gross weight will be $4 \times 2,000$ lbs. = 8,000 lbs., and the weight of the wing structure, on the law just given, will be eight times as great as previously, that is to say, 3,200 lbs. or 40 per cent. of the gross weight; this will encroach, to the extent of 20 per cent., on the freight capacity which is now reduced to 10 per cent. as compared with the previous 30 per cent. Hence, although a gain may be made by an increase in the size of a machine, from the point of view of the relatively less military load, this gain will be partially, wholly or more than wholly, discounted by the increase in the weight of the wing structure; we have only to go a little further than in the above example and the machine will have no surplus or freight-carrying capacity at all. Clearly an advantage in flight range can only be secured by increasing the size up to a certain point, after which any further increase is detrimental.

The foregoing figures are only given for the purpose of illustration. If I were to give real figures the results would not be greatly different, though it may be said in fairness to the big machine that the foregoing figures have been based on a high factor of safety, and the result given may therefore be looked upon as in the direction of being an exaggeration.

By a simple mathematical demonstration (which it is not necessary to enter into here) it may be shown that the size of machine of *greatest range or duration of flight* (as determined by its petrol capacity) may be defined for any given type of wing structure (monoplane or biplane, for example), and for some stated factor of safety, as that at which *the weight of the wing structure is equal to twice the weight represented by the military load*.

This is an important result; it is not altogether exact for many reasons—it may, from a mathematical standpoint, be regarded as a "first approximation"; but it can never be far from the truth, and it is a result which should be "writ large" wherever the question of aeroplane size is debated, to prevent those with whom the decision rests from being carried away by the grandiose suggestions of the charlatan.

Factors of Safety.

It is so easy to juggle with factors of safety, and questions of strength and scantling, so as to show an imaginary advantage in the design of a large machine, that the present warning requires the maximum publicity possible. In some cases, and I think we may be generous enough to say that in most cases, the designer who thinks he can get everything he wants out of the bigger machine actually deceives himself; also the fact that not infrequently he may be comparing a construction based on all the latest knowledge and improvements in material with something inferior, may be a design dating from two or three years back. This may lead to a false conclusion. Thus any improved material or methods of construction which may be applied to a large machine may, with unimportant exceptions, be likewise applied to a small machine.

The matters which tend in some slight degree to modify the result above given as defining the design of greatest range do not lend themselves to discussion in a non-technical article; I propose to deal with these elsewhere. It may be said here, however, that the influence of these disturbing factors is not serious; I am convinced that some of the large machines which have recently been projected, and in some cases actually constructed, will not in the

*Proc. Inst. CE., Vol. CXCVIII.

† Including other flight organs whose weight varies in like ratio.

long run justify their existence; either their range of flight will not be so great as hoped or their powers of flight will be sacrificed in some respect, or possibly they will be found structurally deficient. The best that can be hoped is that they will demonstrate that the factor of safety really necessary is less than has hitherto been regarded as essential. Or perhaps that there are better methods of wing construction available than those at present adopted. Either of these eventualities, if true, would justify some increase in weight in accordance with the rule given above; the size of machine at which the weight of wing structure is twice the constant load, will be greater if the factor of safety be lowered or if wing structure design in the matter of weight saving be found capable of improvement.

As a numerical illustration two examples may be given, illustrating condition of maximum (relative) capacity:

(1) Single-seat machine. Military load assumed = 160 lbs.:

	Lb.	Per cent.
Military Load	160	8.0
Wing Structure, etc.	320	16.0
Petrol Capacity	520	26.0
Fuselage complete with landing chassis and Power Installation ..	1,000	50.0
Gross Total Weight	2,000	100.0

(2) Two-seat machine. Military load assumed = 320 lb.:

	Lb.	Per cent.
Military Load	320	10.0
Wing Structure	640	20.0
Petrol Capacity	640	20.0
Fuselage, etc.	1,600	50.0
Gross Total Weight	3,200	100.0

Question of Resistance.

We may now pass from the question of weight saving to the question of resistance. It is frequently stated, and it is to some extent true* that, in the matter of the coefficient of resistance, the big machine possesses some advantage. Evidently an increase in size only renders it possible to reduce the coefficient of resistance, it is "up to" the designer to make the most of this possibility. Clearly, if it can be shown that in practice the exigencies of constructional art allow of a big machine being built with a less coefficient of resistance than a smaller machine, the range of flight will be increased proportionately, that is to say, the range of flight, for a given percentage of the total weight in petrol, is inversely as the coefficient of resistance.

It is to-day well understood that the resistance of a flying machine may be treated as made up of two components—the aerodynamic resistance due to the flight organs proper and the direct or "head" resistance due to the body and its appendages. The large machine may undoubtedly have somewhat lower relative resistance as due to its flight organs, that is to say, its aerodynamic resistance per unit weight is less; but the extent to which the small machine is at a disadvantage from this cause is comparatively unimportant, it is not a serious handicap. The difference in the body or fuselage resistance is more considerable; it is sometimes possible to design a large machine for the execution of any given duty with comparatively little increase in the fuselage.

If we could assume the resistance of the fuselage to be an invariable or constant—no matter what the size of the machine may be—it would be possible to make out a case for a very much larger machine and that based on the consideration of weight alone. If the military load be taken to be the same in any case (the problem being to specify for a given duty the machine of greatest flight range), the fuselage might be designed to vary but little with variations of size, but the same does not apply to the landing chassis and other sources of direct resistance, at the best the saving in the case of two machines whose weights are in the ratio 2 : 1, does not amount to more than 10 per cent. of the total. The portion of the direct resistance which is due to the alighting gear, and in the case of the naval type or seaplane, due to the hull

or float, will inevitably increase the larger the machine, and so in respect of these the increase in size will be of little relief to the designer.

In most of the designs which have at present been prepared or carried into execution, the relief which is theoretically to be obtained by a careful design of the fuselage has certainly not been realised to the full, and it would almost seem as if the designers were not alive to its importance. Sometimes two or more engines have been fitted independently, external to the fuselage, and in such a case it is at least doubtful whether any saving of resistance has been achieved at all.

The employment of more than one engine in an aeroplane instead of diminishing may seriously increase the risk of failure. Unless so powerful an installation is fitted that one engine alone (or two engines out of three) will fly an aeroplane, no increased reliability or advantage from the subdivision of the power unit is secured. The usual reason for more than one engine being specified is that at present the aeronautical motor of three or four hundred horse-power is virtually non-existent in this country. Thus it is at present scarcely possible so to design as to take advantage of size in the one respect in which size may in some degree justify itself.

Military Future.

In conclusion, it is manifest that the future—the military future—does not and cannot lie with the machine of great weight and dimensions. Even if the methods of aerofoil construction of the future permit of the necessary factor of safety being obtained on half the weight so far found possible (which does not seem highly probable) the machine of over two or three tons weight will remain the exception rather than the rule.

It has already been pointed out that in exceptional cases large machines of special type may be needed for the carrying of giant bombs or torpedoes, or perhaps for the transport of some heavy material unit such as a mountain or field gun either as a whole or in parts. Also the Naval aeroplane may in certain cases require to be built on a larger scale than would otherwise be necessary or desirable in order to permit of it being sufficiently seaworthy when afloat in bad weather. These special types however come outside the scope of the present articles. Each case requires to be considered or discussed on its individual merits.

The full and complete theory of maximum range has not been dealt with as being too highly technical; if some of the disturbing factors are taken into account it is possible to make out a case for machines somewhat larger, perhaps 20 per cent. larger or heavier than given; on the other hand, the best size of machine will ordinarily be less than stated since the last few miles of range are only obtained at the expense of a disproportionate increase of total weight which means tonnage ill disposed and an undue expenditure of petrol in the performance of any given duty.

The February number of the *Asiatic Review* is specially devoted to Russian writers and affairs, and is noteworthy for the inclusion of an article by Mme. Olga Novikoff, in which the writer shows clearly the unity pervading Russians of all classes with regard to the war and the necessity for a successful issue. Those familiar with Mme. Novikoff and her work will see, from this article, the tremendous change that the war has wrought on Russia, and the way in which social and domestic problems have been shelved for the pursuit of the more vital issue. An article on German finance and the Caucasian campaign in the *Review* is of more than ordinary interest, and as a whole it may be said that the character of the *Asiatic Review* is more than maintained in this distinctively Russian number.

A History of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, by Howel Thomas (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net) is a breezy little summary of the doings of this famous regiment from the time of its formation up to the end of the South African war, and is, at the same time, an accurate historical record of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, for the author, himself evidently a Welshman, has been sufficiently jealous of the honour of the regiment he describes to miss nothing, and to ensure that his work shall be of unquestionable veracity. It is worthy of note that he has been but little concerned with history that does not directly affect his subject. The result is an admirably concise volume, extremely interesting in character

*James Forrest Lecture. Proc.Inst.C.E., C XCVIII., p. 288.

WAR AND THE BANKERS.

By Arthur Kitson.

THE present safety and strength of British Banks is due neither to the so-called "gold basis," nor to the ability or honesty of the men who manage them, but to the public belief that underneath the ridiculously small quantity of gold—which is nothing more than a very thin veneer, in comparison with the credit resting on it—rests the national credit comprising the entire wealth of Great Britain. Our legal tender paper money is "as good as gold," not because the Bank of England holds sufficient gold for its redemption—which, of course, it never does—nor anything like sufficient, but because this money is backed by over £18,000,000,000 of wealth of every description!

If Great Britain had been blessed at any time during the past half-century with a statesman who really understood this subject, and who had had sufficient independence and moral courage, the present system would have been scrapped, and a sound, rational banking system would have replaced it which nothing could shake. What basis for bank credit can be safer or stronger than the National Wealth? Which would a Foreign Power prefer, the guarantee of a London Bank or that of the British Government? How determined British bankers were that the obvious lesson of the 1914 crisis should be construed to their advantage, may be seen from the writings of one of their most able apologists, Mr. Hartley Withers. Mr. Withers' book *War and Lombard Street* was published at the end of 1914, and here is his diagnosis of the trouble and the lesson he wishes us to learn. In his preface he says: "I only produce this brief outline, because there is one good reason for trying to make the meaning of these events clear at once. This is, that they gave a wonderful proof of the enormous strength of England's monetary power, and a full recognition of their strength may be useful now." In his first chapter (page 3) he says:—

It (the financial crisis of July and August, 1914) was an unpleasant string of surprises, but it was not brought about by any internal weakness in the English banking system. The fury of the tempest was such that no credit system could possibly have stood up against it. In fact, as will be shown, the chief reason for the suddenness and fullness of the blow that fell on London was nothing else but her own overwhelming strength. She was so strong, and so lonely in her strength that her strength overcame her. She held the rest of the world in fee with so mighty a grip that when she said to the rest of the world "Please pay what you owe me," the world could only gasp out! But how can I pay you if you don't lend me the wherewithal?

Curious Reasoning.

It is a little difficult to know how to answer such reasoning. Let us examine his version of these important events. Financial authorities have been educating the public to believe that the safety of bank credit is due entirely to the fact that it is all redeemable in gold *on demand*. They have also fostered the belief that credit, unsupported by gold, is dangerous. They talk of Germany's "paper money pyramid" as worthless. Naturally, therefore, as soon as the Balkan trouble arose in the summer of 1914, the holders of cheques, bills, promissory notes and other forms of credit took the bankers at their word and rushed to have these credit instruments redeemed in gold. And the bankers couldn't produce 5 per cent. of the gold needed! The hollow pretence of gold-redemption was at once exposed. Any commercial firm unable to meet its bills of acceptance when due is considered unsound, and is forced into liquidation, and the fact that various sums are due to the firm—but unavailable—is insufficient to save it. Why does not the same rule apply to the banks? Everyone knows that the moratorium was a confession of insolvency for the time being and ruin was only avoided through Mr. Lloyd George's prompt assistance in offering the National Credit as security, and in issuing an abundance of one pound and ten shilling notes as legal tender—a measure suggested years ago by the late Lord Goschen and vigorously

opposed by Lombard Street and Threadneedle Street.

Our banking system is surely reduced to hard straits when excuses, as those made by Mr. Hartley Withers, are offered as an explanation of the Crisis of 1914! Expressed in plain terms, the gist of Mr. Withers' argument is as follows:—*Whilst the payment of obligations in gold on demand may be an evidence of financial strength, the inability to do so is an evidence of "overwhelming strength!"* Mr. Withers even intimates that the crisis was due to the "madness or wickedness" of the public in demanding fulfilment of the bankers' obligations!

An Analogy.

Supposing the Captain of a passenger ship should advise his passengers that in time of danger their only safety lay in each one possessing a ship's life belt, why should he consider it an evidence of their madness or wickedness if during a heavy storm or collision there should be a general rush for life belts? And what would one say if, when the ship was sinking and the passengers had discovered that there were not enough life belts for even 5 per cent. of those on board, the Captain should say to those doomed to be drowned: "My friends, your fate is not due to any 'inherent weakness' in our method of safeguarding the lives of those committed to our charge. The truth is, your predicament is a 'wonderful proof' of its 'overwhelming strength.' We have a monopoly of life belts, but we don't happen to have more than a few here. We lend them to other shipowners and our position is so 'overwhelmingly strong' that we are always lending and consequently we can never keep more than a small percentage for ourselves!"

Can we wonder that the so-called "Gresham Law," which is a complete denial of the law of efficiency, is accepted as a mathematical axiom among men who can reason in the fashion of this financial expert? If our "overwhelming strength" is due to the uncollected amount of gold *owing* to us, what becomes of the much-vaunted "payable on demand" claims? The Gresham Law—which is another of the many economic fallacies found in orthodox financial treatises, and which has

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

PARLIAMENT: ORDER OF THE DAY.

*The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we
owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes
relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.*

MACBETH, V., iv., 16-21.

MINISTERS ON THRIFT.

*It is a good divine that follows his own
instructions; I can easier teach
twenty what were good to be done
than be one of the twenty to follow
mine own teaching.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE, I., ii., 13-6

done duty for the bankers for several centuries—ought to be given its quietus. Put into plain English; it means that the only good money is that which the Bankers provide or promise to provide. This "Law" says, "bad money drives out good money, but good money cannot drive out bad money." The acceptance of this "law" depends entirely upon one's interpretation of the terms "good" and "bad." It was observed centuries ago that where a cheap money (that is, clipped coins, paper money), was circulating freely, any attempt to cause the circulation of gold coins of full weight, failed, because there were always enough smart and tricky people about to melt or clip such "good" coins and make a profit by selling the gold clippings. And naturally if paper was acceptable as currency it was extravagance to use an expensive metal like gold.

The Gresham Law.

Now the curious thing about this law is, that it is contradictory to all the laws of efficiency, evolution, and common sense. To take one out of thousands of every-day examples roofing material formerly consisted of expensive metals, such as lead and copper. This gave place to tiles and slating which were much cheaper and far more sanitary. According to "Gresham's Law," "bad" roofing has driven out "good" roofing. Similarly cheap Bessemer steel has driven out expensive wood, brass, and stone, for thousands of purposes, thereby increasing the safety and comforts of society. In the language of the "Greshamites," this means that "bad" material has driven out the "good." Cheap paper printing and bookbinding have driven out expensive parchment, engrossing and engraving. Hence the "bad" printing press and machinery have driven out the "good" handicraft! In all the ordinary affairs of life we judge of the comparative merit of two things by actual trial, and the one that survives is pronounced the better, that is better for the conditions under which the trial was made. Why should money be any exception to this general rule? If paper money can perform all the functions of a gold currency, why use the expensive metal? As a matter of fact, to-day, 98 per cent. of our currency is paper, and the alleged necessity for gold is a pretence, but it enables the bankers to draw the same interest for the use of paper as they charge for the use of gold. This I believe is the real secret of their insistence on maintaining the so-called "gold basis."

Had Sir Thomas Gresham been born two centuries later, his observations on currency would doubtless have led him to a totally different conclusion from that expressed in the so-called "law" which goes by his name. He would most probably have formulated his conclusions as follows:—"Our greatest philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, has shown us that the direction of motion is always along the line of least resistance. Applying this truth to the industrial world, to the activities of mankind, we find that men always seek to gratify their wants with the least expenditure of energy. Expressed in economic terms, the tendency of industry and trade is constantly towards cheapness—towards the abolition of value. Under free conditions, therefore, cheap money must necessarily drive out dear money. This follows from the teachings of philosophy and is confirmed by experience and observation." "Cheap" money does not necessarily mean money that is inefficient. Steel is enormously cheaper than gold, but a steel bridge is infinitely safer and better than one of gold. Financial writers—like Withers—who extol our bank cheque currency, are unconsciously denying the validity of the Gresham Law which they profess to uphold. Cheque currency is the cheapest form of money ever known, and has driven out gold currency to an extraordinary extent. And but for our legal tender laws, gold currency would disappear entirely. As long as it performs the function of money, cheap money is the best money, and must of necessity drive out dear money.

Much satisfaction has been enjoyed by our Press over Sir Edward Holden's reply to the bombastic speeches of Herr Helfferich, the German Minister of Finance. Sir Edward's reply is said to be "crushing." No doubt our enemy is getting into serious financial difficulties. The mark is falling rapidly in comparison with the monetary units of neutrals. He may already have had to sell all his investments abroad. He may have to part

with all his gold. But, I repeat what I have said in a previous article, so long as our enemy's industrial and productive activities remain unimpaired, so long as he is permitted to exchange his products in sufficient quantities for such material and goods which he cannot produce and which are necessary for his food and manufactures, he cannot be economically destroyed, even if the mark should lose 90 per cent. of its former value! A nation can exist without gold—a metal which, except for use in certain arts such as jewellery and dentistry, is probably the most useless and most readily dispensable we have.

Let us give the Devil his due. Let us reverse the conditions. Supposing Germany had destroyed our Navy and blockaded our coasts, where would our precious banking system be to-day? Where would our pound sterling be? Does anyone imagine that our banking system would have stood the strain that Germany's has without crumbling up? We have seen that before a single shot was fired our system collapsed! Indeed, the London banks depend absolutely upon foreign commerce backed by the credit of a wealthy nation possessing the freedom of the seas, without which our gold supplies could never be renewed. Were our coasts blockaded they would collapse in a week!

A Real Comparison.

The real comparison of Germany's banking system with that of Great Britain's is to be found in their relation to the industries of each country respectively. The Germans themselves admit that they owe their unprecedented commercial and industrial development largely to the policy of their bankers. Judged by the highest standard—namely, the development and growth of a nation's industries, it must be admitted that the German system has proved itself to be immeasurably superior to ours. Do our bankers intend to assist British manufacturers to capture German trade in the future? If they do, they must alter their policy. Which is best for a nation, the possession of great and varied manufactures, of numerous engineering works, ship-building yards, electrical undertakings and general industries, or a monopoly of the world's banking business?

How much employment does the latter give in comparison to the former? Would either the United States or Germany be willing to exchange its iron, steel and electrical industries for the whole of our banking business? Is it not better for a nation morally, pecuniarily, physically and socially to be able to employ its people as scientists, agriculturists, mechanics, engineers, chemists, electricians than as bank clerks, chauffeurs, footmen and butlers? I repeat that the thing that matters to us is, whether our industrial and productive activities are to be developed? Are we producing commodities, food, minerals and other necessities as well as manufactured goods in sufficient quantities to meet the public needs, and to meet the national expenses?

The loss of our banking monopoly may injure a few hundred or at most a few thousand people. But our loss of the world's markets in trade and commerce will mean the beginning of the downfall of the British Empire.

TO HELLAS.

Long, long ago, in times forever gone,
Was dreamt that mighty dream of peoples free,
Its immortalities of Marathon,
Of Salamis and of Thermopylæ;
Heroic love that shrank not, could not shrink
From risk which daunts the mediocre heart
Won victories through worth to do and think—
The Titan worth to play the Titan's part:
Hellenic ranks to valour nature-nursed,
Hellenic rulers of Hellenic race,
In daring practised and in peril versed,
Rejected weakness, failure and disgrace—
And now can thine 'neath bribes or threatenings cower
Where fraud's force failed and Persia's utmost power?

L. W. RAGG.

Glimpses of Inner Russia, by Gustav Genrychowitch (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., rs. net), is a little volume of Russian sketches from which one may learn much of the real Russia. Some of its sketches are concerned with the effect the war has had on Russia.

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

[SYNOPSIS: Macquart, who describes himself as lucky when adventuring, but unlucky as Satan when speculating, finds himself in Sydney down on his luck. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, a sporting man about town, Tillman, offers to introduce him to an apparently sporting and really wealthy wool-broker, Curlewis, with a view to financing his scheme. The night before the interview Macquart, sleeping in a park, not having the price of a bed on him, makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman, also out of a job. Tillman, Macquart and Houghton go to Curlewis' office, and Macquart tells his story: Screed the partner of Curlewis, is also present, but takes no part in the conversation, going on steadily with his work. They resent his presence, and when Curlewis turns down their proposition, they feel it is due in an uncanny way to Screed's antagonism. Macquart's story of how the gold came to be hidden and deserted is most thrilling but conveys the impression that he himself took an active part in the work, though he talks of a dead man named Smith. Macquart walks out of the office with a bold air, remarking that it needs a great man like Rhodes, not "a sane business man," to grasp the proposition. Soon after the three have left Screed leaves the office telling his partner he will not be long. He finds the three adventurers at a well-known bar; he mentions to them Macquart's story has interested him, and asks them to his house that evening. They go. He provides them with cigars and whisky and sodas, and together they pore over maps and charts of New Guinea. Screed finds Macquart's chart is confirmed by an Admiralty chart. He agrees to put up £1,000, having first carefully tied up Macquart and his friends by a cleverly worded letter of promise. He also undertakes to find them a ship, he himself having secured an option on a suitable vessel—a yawl. They are to meet next Monday to go over the "Barracuda," as the yawl is called.]

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN HULL.

SAN FRANCISCO might have possessed the greatest harbour in the world, the chance was thrown away for want of a genius who would have included all the great waterways known now as San Francisco Bay, San Pablo Bay and Suisun Bay under the generic name Harbour. Sydney was wiser and gave the great bay which Nature presented to her its proper name, it is really a nest of harbours; all sorts of creeks and coves give wharriage and anchorage to all sorts of craft.

Farm Cove is the naval anchorage, and beyond Farm Cove, in the direction of the Heads, lies a narrow bay used mostly for fishing boats and yachts of small tonnage. The *Barracuda* was anchored here, and here next morning at seven o'clock, Screed and his companions turned up to inspect the yawl. They hired a boat and Tillman sculled them across to her. There was no watchman on board, and so whilst making their survey they could talk unhindered.

Tillman was at once taken with the craft. He was a born sailor and his life in Sydney had not dimmed the instinctive eye that told him at a glance the worth of the *Barracuda* as a sea boat. She was, as Screed had said, a fifty-footer, decked over all, possessing a cabin aft that would give accommodation to five at a pinch, a tiny fo'c'sle forward and a caboose where one could scarcely swing a cat, but which was good enough for all their purposes. She had two boats, a collapsible and a four-oared clinker-built scow, possessing mast and lug sail. She was white painted and the brass-work had been polished up till it shone in the morning light, the rigging both standing and running was in perfect condition, as were the spars, including the spare booms and gaffs stowed on deck; the blocks were in perfect order, the narrow white planking of the deck holy-stoned and scrubbed till each teak dowel showed, and there was not a scrap of raffle or canvas bucket out of place or a loose rope end to be seen.

"She's a peach," said Tillman.

He led the way down below to the cabin. Though the tiny ports were closed and the sky-light, there was no trace of must or cockroaches, or that fusty smell that comes to an old ship or a vessel that has been neglected; the bunk bedding was good. Tillman, who had taken command of the in-

specting party, poked his nose everywhere, into the tiny pantry, which contained everything in the form of crockery ware necessary, into the lazarette and the lockers. He opened the ports, glanced at the tell-tale compass overhead, then, leading the way on deck again, he inspected the fo'c'sle, noted that all the cooking arrangements in the caboose were in order, that the Ripplingille stove was next to new, and the pots and pans polished and speckless.

Then he turned to Screed.

"Well," said he, "all I can say is she is ready for sea, and I'd start in her this afternoon if the provisions and water were aboard."

"There's nothing wanting," said Macquart, "except the charts and chronometer and the sailing orders."

"I'm glad you are of my way of thinking," said Screed. "I'm not a practical seaman myself, but, as I told you, I have some interest in shipping, and I was sure this boat would fill the requirements. She is easily handled, I know that from Mackenzie, her last skipper."

"She'll handle herself," said Tillman. "I shouldn't mind taking her round the world with only Houghton here to help. You could leave her to for a rest whenever you wanted, she'd sleep hove to. Well, I will sign on for one, and there's no use wasting time asking Macquart or Houghton if they object to coming because the dinner napkins haven't pink fringes. How long will it take you to get the provisions and everything on board?"

"A week will do it," said Screed.

"Let's fix it, then," said Macquart. "To-day is Wednesday. We'll start this day week, weather permitting—that is to say, unless there's a hurricane blowing."

"This day week," said Screed, "and now I must get back to the office; unlike you people, I am the slave of Time. I will figure out the stores list during the day and put it in the hands of Macdermott. He'll do everything, charts—stores—everything. However, the three of you might drop in and see me to-night after supper to go more closely over details, and I will have a duplicate of the stores list to show you."

They rowed ashore, and Screed went off in a hurry to his office, leaving the others to return to the city at their leisure.

"Screed's ashamed to be seen with us," said Tillman, "not that we are so disreputable, but he's an awful old stick, or pretends to be, and I suppose I have a reputation, rather, for jocularly and high living; well, it don't matter as long as he stumps up the coin. Come along, you chaps, I'm going to have some breakfast."

The three proceeded from the waterside to the city. It was a glorious morning, with a blue and blazing sky and wind enough to temper the heat. The white gulls fishing in the harbour came drifting on the wind occasionally right overhead and their creaky cries mixed with the rumble of traffic and the bustle of the wharves; the spirits of early morning and summer, of youth and adventure were abroad, and Houghton knew again that it was good to be alive.

Macquart was in high good humour. That mysterious person never smiled, his gaiety only finding expression in a certain contained vivacity of manner and movement unmistakable when you knew the man. This morning, as he walked side by side with Tillman and the other, it was very noticeable; Macquart was in feather. Everything was going well with him, his plans were succeeding to a charm, the ghostly treasure he had been carrying about the world for the last fifteen years, the phantom treasure that had nearly ruined him, was about to materialise, soon he would be touching gold, red, warm, chinking gold.

Macquart, as he walked, scarcely heard the chatter of his companions; he was seeing yellow, his past was forgotten, the present scarcely felt and the future entirely absorbing his thoughts, when, turning a street corner, a hand clapped him on the shoulder and a voice cried:

"B—y Joe, by all the Powers!"

Tillman, wheeling round at the sound of the voice, saw the questioner with his hand still on Macquart's shoulder. A big, sailor-like man he was, rough-looking and badly dressed, yet with no touch of the fo'c'sle about him.

Macquart looked blighted, the blood had left his face, leaving it a dingy yellow; he seemed at a loss for words or breath, but only for a moment.

"Why, it's Captain Hull," said he. Then turning swiftly to Tillman: "I'll see you to-night," he cried, "at the place—you know. I want to have a word with my friend, Captain Hull; haven't seen him for years." He gave Tillman a wink:

as if to imply that there was more in all this than he could explain at the moment, then, turning, he walked off with the Captain, leaving Tillman and Houghton to go their way wondering at this new development and somewhat disturbed in mind.

Hull said nothing for twenty yards or so. He was chuckling to himself as if over some joke he had just heard. Then he said:—

"Who were them guys?"

"O, two men I picked up," said Macquart. "Sydney chaps—What are you doing here?"

"Sydney chaps were they," said Hull, seeming deaf to the question. "Mugs for sure, un-fort'nate mugs."

He slapped his thigh as he walked, seeming to commune with himself still over some joke; his last words were scarcely complimentary to Macquart, but that gentleman did not show umbrage. Macquart was not indeed in the position to take umbrage at anything Captain Hull might choose to say to him. He looked now, as he walked along with his companion, like a predatory bird subdued and led by its captor.

Captain Hull, after a few moments more of internal communion, suddenly broke silence. All at once he began speaking as though he and Macquart had only just met. Up to this, he had been gloating over his prey, now, of a sudden, he struck.

"Well," said he, "this *is* a surprise. It is so; and to think it's fower year and more since we parted. Fower year and more since you left me blind with the drink in that pub at San Lorenzo and bolted with me money."

"That I did not," said Macquart. "It was an accident. I was as drunk as you. I was nailed by a crimp."

"O, you was nailed by a crimp, was you," said Hull, as though quite open to be convinced; "pore chap, and was you shanghaied, maybe?"

"I was."

"And yet four days later you was cutting the cards at Black Sam's on the Barbary Coast and gaoled for assault an' drink same night, paying' your fine next morning with the money you choused me of. How do you make that out?"

"It's not true," said Macquart. "I don't know who stuffed you up with those lies. It's not true—that's all I can say, and I leave it there."

"And are you still on the old treasure liftin' job," asked Captain Hull tenderly, and quite ignoring the denials of the other, "or was that a lie as well as the others you spun me?"

"That was no lie," cried Macquart, flushing under the torture of the last five minutes; without a rag of his new-found self-respect and self-satisfaction left he caught at the one bit of truth, as a naked man might catch at a cloth to cover himself with. "That was no lie; the treasure was there, it's there now and only waits lifting."

"I believe you ain't wrong," said Captain Hull. "I've always took notice that the biggest liars haven't no mem'ries, but gives different change every time they spins the same yarn; but you always stuck consistent to that yarn of yours, and so it was, maybe, I put up my two hundred dollars on a half-share lay—Come in here." He stopped at the door of a restaurant.

"What do you want going in there for?" asked Macquart.

"I'll soon show you—you follow me, for you've got to pay."

He entered and took a seat at a table near the door, Macquart sitting down also.

"Have you any money?" asked Macquart.

"Money?" replied Captain Hull, taking up the menu. "What's that—is it a herb? Money—let's see; O, ay, money, I remember now, round stuff it was, made o' metal, if I remember right. No, I ain't got no money, and ain't had none since I can remember. Fower years ago I saw the last of my money—you boned it. Waiter, kim here."

The waiter approached, and with a huge forefinger, Hull indicated his desires upon the menu.

"A porterhouse steak, two kidneys and bacon to foller, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee, and look sharp—for two, yes, make it for two and this gentleman pays."

Macquart seemed resigned. He said nothing whilst the food was being brought, then, when it was on the table, he fell to on it as readily as the other. During the meal, the two men were entirely amicable, like two jackals that had discovered a carcase they fell to, and all disputes were put aside till the meal was done with.

Nearly a sovereign's worth of food having been destroyed, Macquart paid, and the pair left the café and took their way towards Market Street. Captain Hull, well fed now, was slightly more amicable in his manner towards Macquart.

Captain Hull had pretty keen instincts. He had met Macquart when the latter was walking with two "Sydney chaps," Macquart had exhibited ready money in the café, Macquart was evidently on some job here in Sydney, and Hull

determined in his own mind to stick to Macquart like a leech.

He scented money.

Hull, to describe him more fully, was a big, blonde, blue-eyed man, much battered by the sea and the world and himself. Children liked him. There were terrible things in his life, he had fought and drank and rogued and ranged through all the parallels of latitude and all the years of his discretion; not a shipowner from Frisco to London Docks would have employed him, unless on a sinking job, and those sort of things aren't done now, much. He had been kicked out of New Ireland, he had smelt Norfolk Island, he had a bad name in Callao—yet, somehow, children liked him. But he was a hard case all the same, with one redeeming virtue, however, only to be expressed in his own language—he had never gone back on a pal.

The streets were crowded, and as they walked along, Captain Hull looked into the shop windows, examining the goods displayed therein and making remarks upon them to his companion. The two men might have been the best companions taking a morning stroll through the city, but it might have been noticed that the conversation was mostly on the part of Captain Hull. That gentleman having inspected ladies' petticoats, jewellery, and the contents of a hardware shop, paused before a tobacconist's and, seized with the desire to smoke, entered, bought two cigars, keeping his eye on Macquart all the time through the fascia, paid for them, lit one, and came out again—to find Macquart gone.

The thing seemed impossible. He had never lost sight of the elusive one, or only for the momentary time required to pick up his change and light his cigar; all the same, Macquart had vanished. Not a sign of him was to be seen in the crowded and bustling street.

"Fitchered," said the Captain. He stood looking to right and left. He could see quite a long way, and the crowd was not dense enough to prevent him from picking out Macquart's figure had it been visible, but Macquart had vanished just as the rabbit vanishes when the conjuror places it under the tall silk hat, and just as surprisingly. Captain Hull might have asked himself whether the whole business was not an illusion, only for the fact that he was a man ungiven to self-questioning.

"Well, of all the — swine," said he, recovering his breath and his swearing capacity at the same time. "Give me the slip, has he? Turned hisself inside out whiles I was lightin' a see-gar? Blest if it ain't San Lorenzo over again, and if he ain't sold me the same old dog, b—— him. Well, we'll see." He walked along in the direction of the Paris House, passed it, and entered a bar.

Here he stood with his elbow on the counter, and a whiskey before him, thinking things over.

Losing Macquart was like losing his purse. The Captain was very hard up indeed, broke to the world—to use his own expression, and Macquart seemed flush; but the money part of the question bulked small in his eyes beside the fact that he had been done. And now, as he stood thinking things over and feeling his defeat and weighing it, a new idea came to him. Macquart was on some paying job; the fact that he had money, and the fact that he was so anxious to get rid of him—Hull—pointed in the same direction.

He had lost not only the few pounds he might have squeezed out of Macquart, but the chance of standing in over some shady business.

This thought so infuriated him that he finished off his whiskey at a gulp and started off for pastures new. He wandered into Lamperts, and the first person he saw there was Tillman, who was standing at the bar with Houghton and talking to several jovial-looking strangers.

Tillman was in high feather. Somehow or another, news that he was leaving Sydney on a venture had leaked out, probably from his own lips. Before taking Houghton and Macquart to Curlewis, he had talked of something mysterious that he had up his sleeve, something in which the profits would be enormous—if it panned out. You can fancy him with his straw hat on the back of his head and a cigarette between his fingers telling one of the boys of what he was going to do. "Never you mind where—a new place and a new thing and fids of money in it, bags of coin——"

Curlewis had also been talking.

"Well, I must be off," Tillman was saying. "Can't waste any more time on you, Billy. I've business to attend to." He took Houghton's arm and led him off. Neither of them noticed Hull, whom they would certainly have recognised as the man who had taken Macquart off that morning, and the swing door had scarcely closed on them when criticism broke out at the counter.

"God help the business that B'oby is attending to," said Billy, a bibulous-looking youth in check-tweed and with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. "I reckon I know it, too. They've got a new barnmaid at the Paris House."

"No, it aren't that," said a gentleman, with a face like



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas.]

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

Macquart looked blighted, the blood had left his face, leaving it a dingy yellow.

a horse and a diamond horse-shoe in his cravat. "Bobby's on some sure enough lay; he's been tryin' to get Curlewis into it. I heard a chap sayin' Cur had told him all about it, a gold mine hid somewhere up north. Bobby has been goin' about the last few days with a crazy-lookin' guy that's got the location of the mine, a chap with the hair growin' through his hat an' his ten toes stickin' through his boots."

Captain Hull, who had obtained a whiskey, stood with it in his hand, waiting to hear more, but the conversation turned away from Tillman to horses, and, finishing his drink, the Captain went to the telephone-box in the corner, took the directory, and turned its pages laboriously till he found what he wanted. Then, with the address of Curlewis and Screed in his mind, he started off.

Certain that the crazy-looking guy referred to by the horsey man was Macquart, he was now more convinced than ever that something was up, and quite determined to be in it or to spoil everything.

He reached Curlewis' office, went upstairs, gave his name to the clerk, and in a few minutes was admitted to the inner office and sanctum of the firm, where Curlewis was standing with his back to the stove, with his hands in his pockets, talking to Screed who was seated at his desk.

Hull, hat in hand, made a scrape, half turned to see that the door was shut, and then spoke.

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Curlewis," said he. "I've somethin' to say to Mr. Curlewis and it won't bear repeatin' before anyone else."

"My name is Curlewis," replied the chief of the firm, "and you can say whatever you like here. This is Mr. Screed, my partner—sit down."

"Well, now," said the Captain, taking the seat pointed out to him and placing his hat on the floor. "Did you by any chance in the last day or two come across a guy by the name of Macquart. I'm not askin' to be inquisitive. I have my meanin'."

"I take you," replied Curlewis, "and I can give you an answer straight. I have during the last day or two come across a guy by the name of Macquart—What about him?"

"Ah, there's the rub," said Hull. "I'm not askin' to be inquisitive, but did this chap lay any proposal before you with regard to money or mines or such like?"

"You may take it from me that he did," said Curlewis; "a very big proposal—what more?"

The Captain was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, that's what I wanted to be at. I reckon you are goin' in with him on some deal, and all I have to say is, where he goes, I goes."

"I don't quite understand," said Curlewis.

"This way. If I don't get half shares with Macquart, I'll blow the gaff on him and bust up the business."

Screed, who was writing, or pretending to write, moved uneasily. Curlewis smiled.

"Well, my dear sir," said he, "go and blow the gaff on this person as much as you please, it is no affair of mine. I have nothing to do with him. I refused his plan to hunt for gold in New Guinea and there's an end of it."

"New Guinea," said Hull. "So he's on the old lay. I ought to a' guessed it; swab! Well, I'm sorry to have taken up your time, but might I ask you where he's livin' now or where I might find him?"

"I should think most probably if you wait long enough, you might find him in gaol," said Curlewis. "No, I cannot tell you where he lives, the gentleman did not leave his visiting card behind him."

The Captain picked his hat up from the floor, rose from his chair and hung in irons for a moment; Screed, at the same time rose in a leisurely fashion, put on his hat, and collected some letters as if for the purpose of taking them to the post.

"Well, good-day to you, gentlemen," said Hull at last. "I've lost my time and yours, and there's no more to be said; but let me once lay my hands on that gink, and Lord! won't I treat him lovely."

He went out, and, disregarding the lift, thundered down the stairs.

In the street, he took off his hat and wiped his brow with his coat-sleeve.

It was a comfort to think that Macquart had failed to rope in Curlewis, but it was rather a cold comfort, considering the fact that the Captain was at his last half-crown. He walked away down the street, revolving this latter fact in his mind.

The fo'c'sle stared him in the face. To the after-guard users of the sea, the fo'c'sle is the last resort, the last threat of Fate. Hull, a once Master-mariner of decent repute, had been driven into the fo'c'sle time and again these latter years, and now the prospect was opening before him once more. At the corner of the street, he was standing with his hands in his pockets cursing his luck and Macquart, alternately, when someone spoke to him.

It was Screed.

"Captain Hull," said Screed, "a word with you."

"Good Lord!" said Hull, recognising the other, "why it's Mr.—"

"Screed, yes, that's my name. I want to speak to you for a minute, walk with me down the street and we can talk as we go. I may be of use to you. Now, see here, what's all this about that man Macquart? What do you know about him?"

"What do I know about him," burst out the Captain. "I know this, he's the biggest blackguard that ever walked on two feet."

"I know that," said Screed, "or, at least, that he is a very considerable scamp; what I'm getting at is this: he came to a friend of mine with a proposition about buried treasure in New Guinea. Now, clear your mind of all prejudice—do you know anything against that proposition. I mean, is it wild-cat or genuine?"

The Captain was silent for a moment. Then he said: "It's right enough. I b'lieve the stuff's there and the fellow's been tryin' after it for years, but he's such an onnatural bad 'un, he's never been able to pull the thing off. He had me on to it; we all but got a chap in 'Frisco to put up the coin for an expedition, then he ran crooked with a friend of the chap's—ran crooked over a ten cent business—and the deal was off. He finished up by boning all my coin and leavin' me drunk in a pub in San Lorenzo fower years ago. Now, I ain't much, but I'm straight over a deal and I've run guns and smuggled and done many another job off the O.K., but I ain't an out-and-outer. No, I ain't an out-and-outer. Mac is, an' that's why I want to g t hold on him. I wants to punch that chap's head, I'm sufferin' to punch that chap's head—I'm—"

"Don't talk of punching heads," said Screed. "That's not business, and you are wasting time. Macquart has got his expedition together through a friend of mine, and he is starting with two other men to pull this gold; the only doubt I have is that he seems such an extraordinary villain, he may by some chance—"

"I get you," cut in the Captain. "Be some chance, he'll do these two guys in. He will so."

"They are good men," went on Screed, "and I have warned them to be on the look-out, and I will warn them again, but one must take all precautions, and that's where you come in. You are older than they are, and you have a

more intimate knowledge of this man. Now, Captain, I have here a job for you. Take yourself out of Sydney to-day so that there may be no chance of your meeting Macquart, and call upon me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. Here's my card with my address."

The Captain took the card between an immense finger and thumb.

"I'll come," said he, "but I'll let you know pretty plainly I'm bust, broke to the world; half-a-crown is all I have, and God knows where I'm to get the next happenny."

"Here's a sovereign," said Screed, "and go slow with it. Don't get on the liquor, whatever you do, for that would spoil all, and Sydney is full of temptation. Get out somewhere on the harbour side, have as much food as you want, but no drink—and, above all, don't talk. Don't mention this affair and don't mention my name. If you do, I'll call off and you may whistle for Macquart. See here, Captain, you may pull out of this a rich man. Remember that, and don't spoil the chance of your life. I'm reckoned a lucky man, and any business I take up goes through. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would not go on with this affair knowing what I know about Macquart. Well, it does not put me off. I don't care a dump for a man's character, so long as his scheme is good and so long as I know his character and can take precautions against it."

"I reckon you'll have to take a pocketful of precautions if you're dealing with Macquart," said Hull.

"I have come to that conclusion," replied Screed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OUTFITTING.

TILLMAN and Houghton, little knowing of the Hull incident, and Macquart little knowing of Screed's interview with Hull, the work of storing the *Barracuda* and getting her ready for sea went on apace.

One thing Tillman noticed. Macquart took up his residence on the yawl and would not leave her. Once, when Tillman wanted a messenger to go up town after some fittings that had not arrived, he asked Macquart to go, and Macquart refused, alleging a sore foot.

Macquart slept on board and did his own cooking. Held by the deadly fear of Hull, he scarcely shewed himself on deck, and when a boat put off from shore he inspected her through one of the ports before coming up to receive her.

"I can't make out what's up with Macquart," said Tillman to Houghton. "Looks to me as if he was keeping hid from something."

"He's a rum customer," replied Houghton. "I expect, maybe, he owes money ashore; anyhow, it's none of our business."

They had indeed plenty of business to attend to without troubling about Macquart. Though the *Barracuda* was reckoned ready for sea, there were all sorts of matters to be put right and adjusted, all sorts of things to be thought of considering the fact that the expedition might last six months or more. Caulking tools and material, for instance, had not been supplied or thought of, and they were faced with the difficulty that Screed was no sailor and therefore they had to overhaul everything for themselves. Screed, moreover, though he had mentioned the fact that he was putting up a thousand pounds, had a terrible eye towards expense, and they had to submit every item to him and often fight to obtain what they wanted.

"I'm blest if I'd have undertaken the job if I'd known Screed was such a crab over halfpence," said Tillman one day in disgust. "I've been fighting him over the provisions. I want victuals for nine months, and he has only made out for six. I told him plain it wouldn't do; he seemed to think we could victual up there on the Guinea Coast; he doesn't care if we go short—well, I knocked him on that. I told him we couldn't get anything up there but *Bêche de mer* and cocoanuts; of course, I was talking through my hat. I don't know but that we mayn't strike a co-operative stores, though it's not likely; anyhow, he gave in. Then there's guns. Three Winchesters and three Colts automatics was my ultimatum, with two hundred rounds apiece. Lord! how he squealed; but I got 'em."

"He talked a lot about that thousand pounds," said Houghton. "I don't believe this set out will cost him more than three hundred. The *Barracuda* isn't lost money, he can sell her when we come back."

"You mean, if we come back," said Tillman. "We are taking an awful big risk, and don't you make any mistake about that."

(To be continued.)

[The opening chapters of Chaya have appeared in LAND AND WATER of February 3 and 10.]

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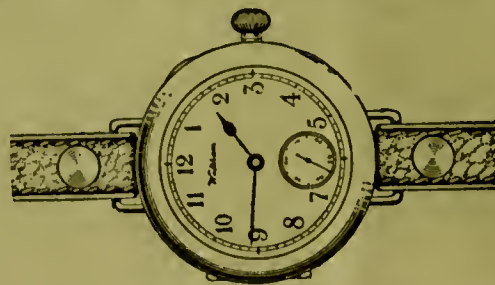
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By Louis Raemackers

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

THE BLOCKADE.



"LAND AND WATER" WAR LITHOGRAPHS No. 6.

A DRESSING STATION, FORÊT VILLAS-COTTERETS: SEPTEMBER 1914.

By G. SPENCER PRYSE.

LAND & WATER

Empire House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

A WASHINGTON telegram quotes Mr. Lansing to the effect that Germany's policy regarding submarines makes the situation between that country and America as grave as it was when the case of the *Lusitania* was recent. But this surely must be an under-statement. The issue between the two Governments then was not merely that Americans had been killed, and killed without justification. It was that they had been killed in spite of the clearest kind of warning that America would hold Germany to account if, in the sinking of merchantmen which Germany had threatened, any American citizens should suffer. The injury therefore was not an injury only to the victims. It was an outrage on the sovereign dignity of the State which, by its warning had pledged itself to protect—or avenge—them. And if this was the situation in May and June of last year, how does the case stand as between two countries in February of this? Has Germany done anything to assuage the wounded pride of the great Republic of the West? Regrets and apologies she has always been willing to offer. That she had no wish or intention to murder Americans she has always been ready to profess, though the profession must sound strangely to those who saw the advertisements published by the German Embassy cautioning Americans against taking ship in the doomed liner. She has been prepared to compound her felony by proffering blood-money to the widowed, orphaned and bereaved. But from the first Mr. Wilson has made it clear that such things would not be enough. Expressions of regret, he said, might suffice in ordinary cases, but where life had been taken by an *illegal and inhuman act, unprecedented in the history of modern war*, where over a thousand men, women, and children had been sent without challenge or warning to their deaths, nothing short of a disavowal could suffice. Twice—in May and June—was this point insisted on. In July the President sounded a sterner note. Even disavowal and reparation could not wash out a repetition of the offence. If murder was risked a second time, such an act, said Mr. Wilson, must be “looked upon as deliberately unfriendly.” If Germany persisted, then she would be steering straight for war. And as the cases of the *Arabic*, *Persia* and *Ancona* show, Germany has persisted. When, therefore, Mr. Lansing is reported as saying that the situation is as grave now as it was in May last year, it can only mean that a breach seems very near indeed.

For obviously, the diplomatic position is greatly aggravated. And it is not aggravated only by many repetitions of acts previously defined as “deliberately unfriendly.” It is almost a greater aggravation that the Kaiser's personal representative in the American capital, has been profuse in promises, glibly made in his august master's name, that Germany would not only sink no unwarned liners, but no ships at all, without securing the safety of their passengers and crew. That this promise was definitely made after the sinking of the *Arabic* cannot be questioned. But it was a promise that Berlin never has confirmed. And now it seems evident that Berlin never will confirm it. Nor can it be doubted that each and all of Count Bernstorff's promises have been made in the full knowledge that they would not receive the ques-

tionable honour of the Emperor's endorsement. How, then, has the situation been kept open so long? It can be partly explained by Count Bernstorff's singularly fascinating personality—more, possibly, by his unscrupulous dexterity as a diplomat. But the master cause of Mr. Wilson's long-suffering has been his countrymen's aversion, innate and deeply felt, for any participation in any European quarrels. To avoid such entanglements might almost be called a death-bed bequest of the Father of his Country. To become a party to such entanglements is complicated to-day by the very recent descent of so many Americans from the peoples now at war. No Government could be blamed for hesitating over a decision that would seem to many of its citizens to involve them in a parricidal strife. If we add to this, as our columns show to-day, that the Germans have played upon this string by a not too skilful, but singularly effective press campaign, we shall realise that to Mr. Wilson and his associates have been hard put to find an honourable excuse for peace. But National honour is a thing more sacred than traditions, a bond more forceful than any sentiment of ancestry. And America, once forced into a national decision, will not be threatened by any divided sentiment. However good a German the hyphenated may wish to be, when the country of his adoption speaks as a nation, it will be his chief anxiety to be a good American.

What then will the upshot be? Our Naval Correspondent, Mr. Pollen, has maintained in these columns from the first publication of the first *Lusitania* Note, that there could be but one issue to the controversy. America may not wish to become a belligerent. But she will not be left with the option of remaining neutral. The breach with Berlin is inevitable because Germany's persistence in high seas murder is inevitable. Twenty months of hostilities have opened the eyes of the War Lord and what is of more moment, the eyes of his people, to the reality of sea power, and its appalling consequences to the sea impotent. It is a reality that cannot be evaded or concealed by keeping the High Seas Fleet in harbour and so saving it from destruction in battle. The purposes of sea power are manifold, but they can all be achieved without battle and they can be achieved simultaneously. To seize the command of the sea, to use the sea for the transport of armies, to destroy the trade of the enemy, to protect our own trade from the enemy's attack, to organise the overseas supply of those who possess the command, these are things that were not done in succession, but all at once. For the most, the forces that secured the one secured the other, and by the same action. As Mr. Pollen points out to-day, we threw away perhaps the greatest of our wasted opportunities in not including with all these assertions of sea sovereignty the most effective of them all—namely, an instant strict blockade. To have done this while the blood of Belgium still ran red, while the civilised world still quivered with anger and pity, would doubtless have made it possible for us to announce such applications of the doctrine of the continuous voyage as would have made the economic isolation of Germany complete.

At first sight it seems sheer madness that Germany by quarrelling with America now should jeopardise the receipt of such American supplies as still reach her through the neutrals. That she takes this risk is an index of her graver internal difficulties. Something worse than the actual sufferings of the people must threaten the people's leaders. If the overseas supplies of the Germans have been grievously straitened, those of the Allies are already ample, and in war material are growing daily. It is not merely that these things mean a steadily growing military strength of the other. They are intolerable because it is becoming apparent to the people that their leaders have misled them—misled them in saying that Germany's future was upon the sea, misled them into a war which their failure on the sea must turn into a crushing defeat. The war party, if it cannot save Germany, must at least try to save itself. It must then strike at these continual manifestations of Great Britain's sea strength with any weapons and any means that offer. To men in so desperate a position as this it is mere vapouring to talk of moral right and wrong. Humanity, justice, legal precedents—these things are all of less account even than the scraps of paper Germany has so consistently ignored.

GERMAN LOSSES.

A FINAL STATEMENT CALCULATED TO THE END OF THE YEAR 1915.

By Hilaire Belloc.

A VISIT to what is without doubt the best source of information in Europe, the permission to publish some part—and a sufficient part—of the evidence there obtainable, and what I hope to be a clear exposition of this evidence enable me this week to put before my readers a statement of the enemy's losses up to the end of last year, which will, I trust, be conclusive.

I.

I have hitherto published in this journal frequent examinations of the enemy's losses.

In the earlier days of the war, an analysis of this kind was necessarily very uncertain. The methods whereby results could be controlled and corrected, were not yet based upon any full experience. Various forms of evidence later obtainable with increasing amplitude were in the first months of the campaign totally lacking. It was not until the course of time produced a greater exactitude that the analysis of the enemy's losses could achieve its full value.

Roughly speaking, the uncertain period with a large margin of error lasted into the early months of 1915.

It was with the spring of that year that the opportunities of analysing the German lists, of comparing them with other forms of evidence, and of reducing the margin of error to reasonable proportions began. With the summer, these methods were fully developed and by the autumn they were complete.

To give but one example. In the early days of the war, the average delay in the publication of names upon the enemy's lists was not established at all. It was not until well into the winter that this essential factor in the calculation could be set down even approximately. It was not till the following summer that we could arrive at our average of delay with exactitude. And this tardiness in reaching so important a result was due to the fact that certain names were not included until several months after the date of the casualties referred to.

Here is another example; in the first fighting which was open fighting with troops in perpetual and rapid movement, one was only able to calculate the proportion of wounded to dead upon the known average of the past. Given a certain number of dead, one multiplied by six or seven, and reached a very approximate and doubtful figure. No one had any idea what the proportion would be when the novel form of trench warfare which has now characterised the war for fifteen months, began. It was not until this novel form of warfare, trenches subjected to the modern high explosive shell of all calibres and to the shrapnel of the quick-firing gun, and to high explosive mining, casualties from sickness under those conditions, from shock, etc., were present in a very large number and over a considerable space of time, that the proportion of wounded and sick to dead could be exactly established for such conditions.

In the last few months my readers will have noticed that the calculations published in these columns not only claimed a much greater exactitude than had been possible in the past, but also repeated without hesitation conclusions already arrived at. There was no need to correct and diminish former estimates, because the mass of evidence available had become so large that the results obtained were certain. The margin of error had been reduced to a very small fraction indeed.

II.

Much about the time when this mass of evidence had, as it were, crystallised, and was beginning to give us permanent and indisputable results, it happened that (for

various reasons which need not here be discussed) a change of mood came over great sections of opinion in this country. There was a great increase in the depression of those who had always exaggerated the strength of the enemy, and there was a considerable increase in the numbers of those who seemed actually to delight in taking the gloomiest possible view of the situation. It was only a mood; but it was a mood which spread rapidly, which sometimes took violent forms, and which, in the absence of a strong censorship, began to take a general possession of the public.

Nevertheless, there is one authority to which, happily, the public has lent attention, even at the worst moment of this mood—which one may set at about two or two and a half months ago. That authority consisted in "official" pronouncements.

It was recognised that the men who had made it their business all their lives to compile and correct such statistics were worthy of a hearing. And it was guessed, though perhaps only imperfectly understood, that the soldiers at Headquarters in the great Alliance, and particularly in France, had through the mass of their own statistics, through the enormous number of documents, taken upon the field, public and private, through the myriad examinations of prisoners, a power at their disposal of arriving at exact conclusions, which power was infinitely superior to anything that could be exercised by any private individual.

The conclusions thus arrived at by the Bureaux of the Higher Command, particularly by the French, were to some extent made public. The French Government gave not infrequently, certain large and general results which had been arrived at.

In a greater degree, though in a degree highly restricted, details of the methods used were communicated to not a few of those whose business it was to follow and explain the war in public journalism. Much of what was told them was not for publication. It could be used, but its nature was not to be divulged.

The very lengthy articles which have appeared in *LAND AND WATER* in the past enjoyed certain advantages of this kind. Most of what appeared in them had no such official basis, but were due to the author's own deductions. Occasionally an important piece of evidence, however, was available and was used. In neither case could the author claim any official authority and the critics of this journal, together with those who, while not directly attacking its conclusions, published of late almost any statistics, however wild, that could feed or continue the depression now passing, were free to quote what was said here as no more than a baseless private opinion. It was as a fact, in any case, much more than that, for it was always backed up by detailed reasoning and the full quotation of the sources upon which that reasoning was based. But, it had no sanction.

I have recently obtained permission to give, with regard to a considerable part of the evidence obtained, such publicity as will, I think, confirm my readers in what they are about to follow.

I shall begin by showing how we can arrive with an absolute certainty that we are at least not exaggerating, at a certain minimum of the German dead up to the end of the year 1915.

It is upon the total real number of dead at any moment that the greater part of casualty statistics must be built, and that is why I make it the first point in this final, and I hope decisive, study. If I were merely to say that we *know* the German dead, up to the end of the year 1915, to exceed one million, it would be mere affirmation. My readers will see that such a statement can be rigidly proved.

The minimum certain number of German dead up to the end of the year 1915.

In what follows, we shall be dealing, of course, only with the deaths of men actually mobilised and forming part of the German armies. We leave out of account altogether the indirect effect of war upon the vital statistics of civilians and of all auxiliary persons, not actually forming part of the mobilised force.

Our point of departure is the official lists published by the German Government from the outbreak of the war to the 31st of January 1916.

Note, at the outset, that to take this date, January 31st, 1916, is to weight the scales heavily against ourselves. One must always do that in any calculation where an emotional bias may be present. It is the process known in commerce as "taking a conservative estimate."

The actual average of delay between the death of a German soldier and the appearance of his name in the lists is still over six weeks. From the end of 1915 to January 31st, 1916, is barely four weeks and a half; conclusions based upon the lists published up to, and including, January 31st, 1916, are certainly therefore within the truth on that account alone.

The number of lists published from the outbreak of the war to January 31st, 1916, is 860; the last of these, the 860th list, was published on January 31st itself.

The total number appearing upon these lists as dead, after all corrections have been made for errors and for repetitions and admitted omissions, is 651,768.

If, therefore, the official German lists were complete on this point, our fundamental piece of statistic would be already arrived at. We should know the German dead to be somewhat more than, but certainly not *less* than 650,000 up to, and including, the last day of the year 1915.

We know, as a fact, from many other sources, which will be dealt with later, that the German official lists are inaccurate, misleading and incomplete. But the particular methods by which this particular figure has been upset, and the true figure arrived at, are at once striking and conclusive.

(1) In the first place the number openly given (651,768) is not, even by the enemy's own showing the full number. There is, by implication, another number to be added from another part of these same lists.

Over and above the number officially admitted as dead, the lists give a certain figure for the "missing."

Now the "missing" can only conceivably cover three categories; (a) prisoners in the hands of the Allies; (b) deserters; (c) dead.

The first of these three categories (a) is known with precision. It is not allowed to be published, but the figures are the common property of the Higher Command in all the Allied countries; the second category (b) is certainly an extremely small one, desertions from the German army, over the Dutch frontier are known within a small degree of error and are quite insignificant. Desertions into the lines of the Allies, now happily growing in frequency, appear in category (a) among the prisoners held by the Allies. The remainder, category (c) *must, and can only*, consist of the dead, who have been left upon the battlefield after an enemy retirement, or in captured trenches without there being evidence among the enemy of their death. The only other possible category conceivable would be that of desertions within Germany itself, and the hiding of the deserters by their friends and families within the German lines. Without for a moment exaggerating, as is so often foolishly done, the political organisation of the Germans, it will be admitted that the number of these must be quite negligible.

From this part of the calculation then, we can arrive at a certain minimum number of dead, over and above those appearing as "Fallen" in lists. We deduct, then, the known number of prisoners; we allow some small percentage for desertion, and we arrive at a remainder which represents the very minimum number of the Germans who, though dead, appear under the category of "missing."

If that category is as much cut down and falsified as are others later to be dealt with, then the remainder so arrived at—the minimum of "missing" who are, as a fact, dead—may be very largely increased. But, at any

rate, it cannot be diminished. And that minimum, that remainder which we get from German lists of "missing" themselves, compared with our known number of prisoners gives a figure of well over 160,000.

The German lists, therefore, officially admit as dead, either directly or by implication, over 810,000 men up to, and including, the last day of 1915.

That the real number is very much more, we shall proceed to prove.

Special Lists.

(2) It has frequently been remarked in these columns that an excellent way of checking the German official lists was the careful comparison of them with lists published by private authority, by trade-unions, professional corporations, and the like. The results of this method has been cited in LAND AND WATER in the past, but no particular cases have been quoted except those which were available to all from their publication in the daily papers.

I am now in a position to give particulars which ought I think, to close the discussion upon this point.

They are (a) parochial lists drawn up in the villages and published there with a legitimate pride as a proof of patriotism and for the information of the villagers; (b) a great number of unions of various kinds, religious and industrial, who also give lists of their dead from date to date to their subscribers; (c) similar lists given by large employers of labour from time to time; what similar employers in this country call a "roll of honour"; (d) associations formed for the purposes of sport; great clubs of this nature, etc., which publish similar lists.

Now, before beginning our examination of this very valuable supplementary evidence, let me describe its peculiar weight.

The German Empire publishes, as we have seen, official lists of dead, wounded and missing. We shall later be able to show *how* and *why*, these are gravely and increasingly incomplete. But it also furnishes in a larger measure notice to the families of men who have fallen.

There are great masses of the population who have no opportunity of seeing the official lists, and who would not be able to search them thoroughly even if they were available.

The Government, after certain unavoidable delays, privately notifies the family of the deceased. It is clear that any considerable failure to do this would soon cause grave discontent. Those allied countries which actually forbid the publication of *any* general lists, are equally constrained to notify the families privately when one of their members is killed.

It is from these private informations that the special evidence we are about to examine is compiled.

It will be clear that if there is any concealment and diminution of the real numbers in public lists, that concealment and diminution will much less affect the private communications referred to.

To take the averages of deaths per 1,000 mobilised men at any date, arrived at from these private lists as the full and absolute total of losses by death, would probably be to make too great a concession to the enemy. But at any rate, we are certain that the averages are not *less* than those appearing from such lists. The authorities may conceal even from a certain proportion of the families, or very gravely delay, the notification of death. But it will hardly send notification of death as certain until it is beyond doubt. There may be a tiny fraction of error from occasional misinformation, as we know happens in our own case, but it is quite insignificant in the general total. The chance of error is all the other way.

Now, before giving the results of these lists, and giving the reader the averages shown by them, I must first make it clear that the method is really representative and wide spread. I will take the categories therefore, one by one.

(a) The local lists (published and obtainable in Germany for some months) are the first category of evidence to which we turn for the checking of the official lists.

Of a very large number, those which were specially selected for minute and continual analysis were taken from the most widely differentiated parts of the Empire. The greatest care was used to avoid any partial effect of trade, race, or locality; so that the combined result might

be thoroughly representative. These lists (which are got up by private initiative and refer to special districts which desired an exact record of their sacrifices and of their patriotism to be maintained) are based, of course, upon the private notices received by the families of those fallen. They afford an excellent check by which to test the official lists, and to prove their incompleteness. For these local lists give us not only the dead but also the exact total of men mobilised in each district, so that we can mark upon any particular date the percentage of deaths at that date, and we can establish exactly the rate at which the number of deaths increases.

(b) The next category consists of lists drawn up by a number of great unions or associations, mainly proletarian.

Some of these are religious, some industrial. Like the first category, these also are based upon the notices of death which the Government sends individually to each family, and are far more complete than the general official lists. They give us, of course, the total number of men mobilised as well, so that the percentage of deaths for any given moment can be exactly ascertained. The figures to follow cover no less than 14 such lists and apply to a very large proportion of the population.

(c) The third category consists of what we call in this country "Rolls of Honour." The great employers of labour in the German Empire were in the habit, for some time, of publishing in continually extending lists the names of all those of their employees who had been called up as soldiers, and showing at frequent intervals the number who had given their lives for their country. For the purposes of the evidence I am about to call, three such rolls of honour were specially selected upon the same principle as governed the first two categories: to wit, their universality. The first Roll of Honour is that issued by a great industrial enterprise which has branches and shops throughout the whole Empire. The two others are concerned, one with the grocery trade, the other with the refreshment trade; and both are distributed throughout the whole Empire in hundreds of branches.

(d) Lastly, the fourth category in this kind of evidence is that of the clubs or associations formed for the encouragement of various forms of sport. These lists also contain a very great number of names, and the five which have been chosen in particular for this analysis are distributed more or less indifferently up and down the country.

Now the first point which emerges from an analysis of these private lists is this: That for the first few months of the war, these private detailed lists do not differ very appreciably from the official lists. If you contrast the results obtained from both forms of evidence, it is not till the beginning of the winter of 1914 that any very grave disparity between them clearly appears. It has, however, already appeared very sensibly by the month of January, 1915, and if we take some time about the middle of January for our point of departure, we shall arrive a few months later at a very remarkable result. We shall see the course of the death-rate established by the detailed private lists rising regularly and uninterruptedly, while the course of the death-rate drawn from the general public and official lists as regularly declines.

After seven months from January, 1915—that is by about the middle of August, 1915—the difference between the total of deaths obtainable from the average of the private lists and that obtainable from the public lists (which alone have hitherto been quoted in this country) is already well over 150,000.

Here is another way of putting it: the official lists, although the fighting is exceedingly severe up to the autumn of the year, 1915, and particularly through the summer of 1915, show upon the whole a regularly declining rate. The private lists show no such decline.

If the selection of private lists were a small one this peculiarity might be due to the accident of some particular occupation or some particularly heavily tried locality. But scores of such lists grouped in four great categories, and covering great masses of the army drawn from all classes, from all occupations and from all regions, cannot possibly suffer from such a cause of error.

I have already said that the rate of increase, month by month, of the dead in these private lists was singularly even. How regular it is, the following statement will show.

Taking the deaths reached by the middle of January as one hundred, about fifteen on the average were added for the month of February; twelve more for March, twelve more for April, between fifteen and sixteen for May (when there was the first tremendous fighting in Galicia); rather more than sixteen for June (which was the month of the long struggle on the San); and about the same amount for July. Not all the lists carry us as far as August. Those that do, show, as might be expected, no appreciable diminution for that month.

Now, the reader who is merely given these short results of a detailed and prolonged analysis might object that some particular small list thus privately drawn up could conceivably be exposed to influences vitiating its accuracy. The officially published lists are biased towards reducing the number of dead. But, on the other hand, the private lists might not think it worth while to print all the names of their men mobilised, but would naturally take a pride in showing how great had been the sacrifice of a particular corporation or district.

An inspection of the actual lists would, of course, make an end of that argument, but as that is impossible, I can quote figures which are, I think, equally conclusive.

It is clear that if the private lists were drawn up without regularity and precision they would show very great differences among themselves, as a fact, they agree in such a fashion as to compel the conviction that they represent a true average of wastage by death.

If the reader will compare the numbers appearing in each category month by month, and see the monthly rate by which the number of deaths grows, he can hardly avoid the obvious conclusion that so close an agreement of such independent witnesses demonstrates their accuracy.

Thus if we start with the third week of January, 1915, and note the numbers as they increase month by month in each category, for the months during which this evidence was obtainable, we discover the following very similar tables:

(a) Here is the growth for the first category, that of the village parishes, mainly peasantry:

January	100	May	156
February	115	June	171
March	128	July	187
April	139	August	204

(b) Here is the growth for the second category, the various religious and industrial unions, drawn mainly from the industrial proletariat:

January	100	May	155
February	108	June	172
March	125	July	186
April	140	August	203

It will be seen that the rate is very nearly the same as the first group; the only difference being that the peasants were suffering more severely in the earlier part of the year, as might be expected from the fact that the industrial population would in some trades be called upon later.

(c) The "Rolls of Honour" drawn up by great employers of certain forms of labour mentioned above, give the following rate:—

January	100	May	155
February (not before me)	108	June	172
March	128	July	182
April	142	August	198

(d) The sporting Clubs and Societies give:

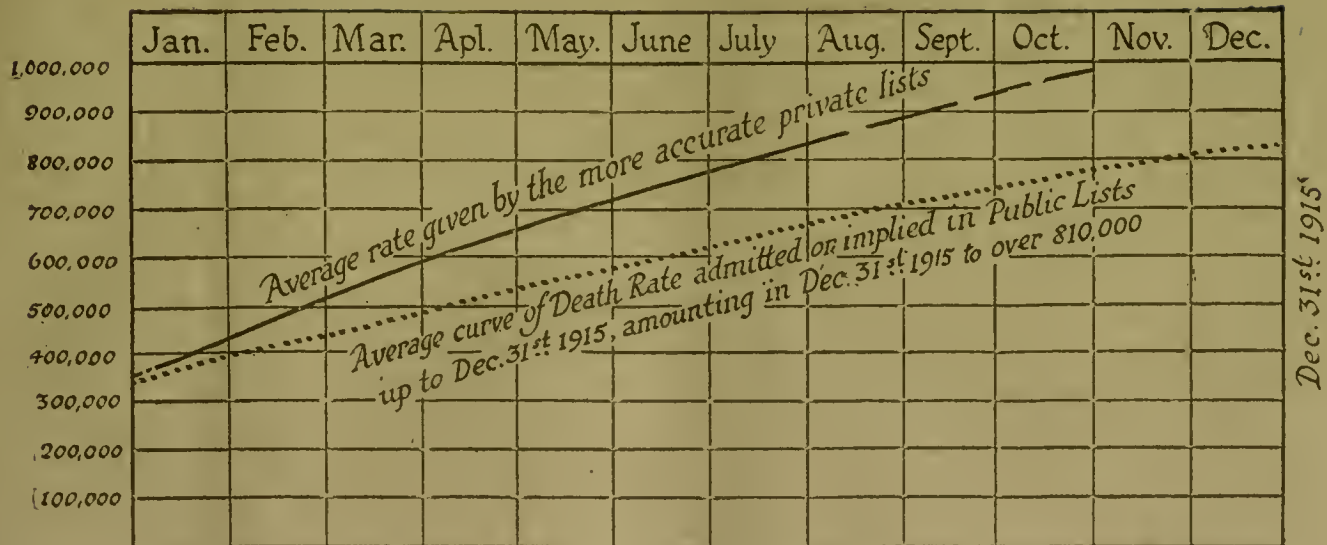
January	100	(estimated not all give statistics so early)
February	117	(full statistics)
March	128	May	156
April	139	June	175

The figures after June in this category are not before me.

It is impossible in the face of such close agreement in averages drawn from hundreds of sources and covering the whole country to doubt their accuracy.

The argument put forward in this section may, then, be summarised thus:

You have, in spite of continued, ceaseless violent action, the number of deaths in the official lists declining



1915

(on the whole) from January 1915 on into the summer of that year. This decline in the number of deaths appears in public documents, quoted throughout the press of Europe and America. It is immensely to the advantage of the enemy to hide in such documents, which are intended for general quotation, the real rate of his losses, particularly as these become really serious and approach the margin of his reserves.

On the other hand, you have a series of documents, suffering from no such motives, regarded as private, not quoted abroad and the value of which the enemy seems for some time to have failed to seize. These last are compiled from the most accurate source possible, the individual notices of death sent separately to each family. They are in some cases connected with the finances of a trade union or benefit society, which must keep an accurate record or suffer ruin, but which on the other hand, would certainly not exaggerate its liabilities. These private lists cover many hundreds of thousands of the population. Though showing no exact mechanical agreement, they tally closely, precisely as good independent pieces of evidence drawn from various and quite separate sources will always tally closely. Finally, the death-rate obtainable from this source of evidence is precisely what would be expected from the nature of the fighting over the time it covers, while the death-rate discoverable in the public lists is more and more incredible as time goes on.

The conclusion is inevitable. The private lists gave us the true death rate, the public lists, at first carefully and fully maintained, gave us as the year proceeded figures less and less reliable.

Now what is the figure we arrive at for the true number of deaths at, say, the beginning of November? The reason for taking that date, two months before the end of the year, will be apparent in a moment.

In order to answer that question, we have but to contrast two curves each representing the increase in the number of deaths between the middle of January and the middle of August 1915. The lower of the two curves, the dotted line represents the incomplete official death lists, the upper full curve, represents the far more complete rate discovered by the private lists.

We cannot draw from known figures the latter full curve to the end of October, as we can the lower dotted curve, because many of the private lists cease to be obtainable before that date, but we can prolong it in a line of dashes at its existing rate for the remaining ten weeks. We have a right to regard it as continuous because fighting of the heaviest kind went on during those ten weeks which included the great offensive in the west, the end of the violent struggle in Poland, and the invasion of the Balkans. It will be seen that by this method, we get, even as early as the beginning of November, a figure of over the million.

Now, making the fullest possible allowance for a fall in the real curve after the moment in August to which it can be traced, and for the decline in the death rate during November and December, during which there has been little fighting, it remains absolutely certain that the total of deaths by the end of the year is well over the million. How much over we have not full evidence to

guide us. It has been put by very competent authority at a million one hundred thousand, but admittedly only as an estimate. That it passes the million is mathematically certain. Even the official lists, by implication or by direct statement, come to within 19 per cent. of that minimum; and that although they omit much the greater part of deaths from disease, shock, accident and exposure. The figure of at least one million, therefore, at which we have arrived by the calculation just given, for the deaths up to December 31st, 1915, regarded as a minimum and as a minimum certainly below the truth, is not to be denied.

Other evidence of the incompleteness of the Official Lists.

When one presents a mathematical argument, however cogent, it is inevitable that some fatigue should accompany the following of it. There are many upon whom detailed calculations of this sort have no hold. I can imagine such a one saying: "Lengthy calculations have never convinced me. What I do feel is that, from what I know of the accuracy of the Prussian lists, a generation ago, in the war of 1870, and from what I know of the whole Prussian system to-day, I have a general belief in the accuracy of any official Prussian document; and I shall not regard the official lists as inaccurate unless you can provide some simpler and even self-evident test of their inaccuracy."

It is fortunately perfectly easy to meet that kind of objection. We have to hand, among many proofs that these official lists are thoroughly unsatisfactory and incomplete, and wilfully so, two separate, particular, pieces of proof which are final.

The first is drawn from the official German lists of wounded during the great offensive in Champagne last September. It can be shown now beyond doubt that those lists are thoroughly incomplete.

The second proof is based upon the demonstrable omission of prisoners from the official lists.

I will now give these forms of proof in their order.

1.

Proof of the falsity of the German Official Lists by an Analysis of losses in Champagne.

Two months after the great offensive in Champagne, it was thought by those who were occupying themselves with these figures that the time had come to contrast the official German lists with the realities of that battle.

The average delay in publishing the casualties upon these lists, is, as we have said, six weeks or a little over. Two months, therefore, it was imagined, would give one a sufficient margin of time upon which to work. No attention was paid to the general German statement that "one division had fallen back a mile or two and had successfully stood the shock while the reserves came up." As a military statement that announcement was without meaning and was made merely for the benefit of neutral civilians,

The prisoners alone amounted on this sector to the equivalent of about one division and came from very many divisions. But the official lists were another matter. Those units which were known to have been present on the sector attacked were noted, and the casualties referring to them in the lists were set down.

Wounded, killed and missing the total number of names appearing at the end of the two months was 85,032. Of these the dead were just barely over 24,000, the prisoners just under 20,000, but the number of wounded admitted on the lists was only a little more than 41,000.

We cannot here apply any exact test to the omissions of dead. The only way of knowing the number of German dead in that particular action was counting the dead left behind by the enemy and these, of course, were inferior to the real total; for the radius of action of the artillery went much farther than the limit reached by the French advance. But when we return to the proportion of wounded, we get clear proof that the lists are misleading.

You have here a proportion of wounded to dead of 1.7: that is, 17 wounded to 10 dead. Now a proportion of that sort is impossible. Sometimes when you are dealing with very small bodies and a purely local effect, you may get proportions of that kind. But where large numbers are concerned you never get anywhere near it. If we take the corresponding figures for the French and for the English at the same moment, we get on the average forty-five wounded for ten killed.

It is clear that the compilers of the German lists did not mention a great number of the wounded. Perhaps they omitted the lesser cases.

A further watching of the lists throughout December and January which might have modified this conclusion merely confirmed it. Names kept on coming in, and it will probably be found when the lists for February are complete that even in these five months after the battle names continue to appear. But the new names do not change the incredibly small proportion of wounded to dead.

II.

Proofs of the falsity of the German Official Lists by an Analysis of the number of prisoners.

It occurred to those who are following this matter in detail that the most conclusive tests of the accuracy or falsity of the German lists would be afforded if it were possible to analyse with exactitude the statistics of prisoners now in the hands of the Allies. It was a category in which there would be a special temptation to inexactitude, and therefore one which, if it proved accurate would be a conclusive test in favour of the German official record.

The task was not an easy one because the prisoners taken from a particular unit would be taken at various times and also because the units were in many cases moved from east to west and vice-versa.

In order to be certain of one's result one had further to be very careful not to confuse the active, reserve, and Landwehr regiments of the same number.

A series of units were therefore chosen with regard to which one could be certain that they had never left the front upon which they were originally engaged, and that there was no confusion between active, reserve, and Landwehr fractions. The calculation was made with much more than the ordinary allowance of delay in the publication of names, because it was rightly imagined that this category of losses would appear upon the lists more slowly than any other.

Now here is the result.

A list was drawn up by the French Authorities giving the names, regiments, etc., of a great number of prisoners drawn from the units thus chosen. This list was then carefully compared with the names appearing in the German lists. The difference between this complete French list and the admitted losses upon the official German lists was not only greater than in any other category, but was almost ludicrous. It was over 69 per cent.

Out of every hundred names of prisoners detailed by the French, 30.8 only appeared as corresponding names upon the German list of losses!

There were very great differences between different units. In the worst case the German Commander, for some reason best known to himself, or the German Central Authorities, had virtually suppressed all they could of the capture: less than 6 per cent. of the real numbers were admitted upon the lists—94 per cent. were not recorded by the enemy!

In the best case nearly 65 per cent. were admitted and only just over 35 per cent. were omitted from the enemy's record.

But the average was that which I have given above. *Very nearly seventy per cent. of the names standing upon the French lists and representing prisoners actually in the French camps were found to be omitted from the German lists.*

I shall show next week what this loss of certainly one million in dead by December 31st, 1915, means in total losses to the German Army up to that date, but meanwhile a word may not be amiss upon the significance of that figure of one million dead in 17 months of war.

It does not mean anything excessive in comparison with the general losses in this war. It is a somewhat higher amount in proportion than the losses of the Allies in the West—but then the Germans have been fighting on two and even three fronts. It is more than they themselves admit—but only 19 per cent. more. It does not mean that a mobilised force of nine millions is exhausted in men (though nearly exhausted in reserves). There is nothing marvellous or abnormal, as this great campaign goes, that a force should lose by death .64 per cent. (or, say, one man in 153—for that is all it comes to) per month of the fighting.

What would be remarkable, abnormal and actually miraculous, would be the ridiculous figure of half a million which was current a short time ago. It would be utterly incredible in connection with the known losses of the Allies and with the known character of the fighting. Such statements are only put forward to defend a brief or to support a policy. That sort of bias is worthless in war. All that should be tolerated in so extreme a peril is the sober grasp of reality.

SOME TEST CASES.

[Independent evidence of the flagrant inaccuracy of the German casualty lists is provided by Mr. H. Warner Allen, the special representative of the British Press with the French armies. He writes as follows.]

"I have received, on unquestionable authority, figures which make it at least legitimate to regard with the gravest suspicion all information provided by the enemy as to his losses. The French have often noticed that the total German losses in killed, wounded, missing and prisoners announced for a given regiment during a given period is considerably less than the number of prisoners alone taken from that same regiment during the same time. The result has been that the department specially charged with this task has been able again and again to convict the official German casualty lists of flagrant and deliberate mistakes by merely comparing them with the French lists of prisoners.

"The following statistics concern four regiments which have been continuously engaged on the Western front. The 108th Regiment of the 12th German Army Corps lost during a certain period 403 prisoners according to the French official records. The German casualty lists acknowledged during the same period 259 prisoners, and of these 28 are not included in the French returns. There is a shortage therefore of 144 men, or 35.7 per cent. of the total.

"The 112th Regiment of the 14th German Army Corps lost 234 prisoners according to the French, but the German lists acknowledge only 48, of whom 34 do not figure in the French records. In this case there is an omission of 186, or 79.4 per cent.

"The 144th Regiment of the 16th Army Corps lost 94 prisoners, of whom only five figure in the German lists, and the other 89 men, or 94.6 of the total, are supposed by their misguided countrymen to be still fighting, whereas they are certainly in French hands.

"The 153rd Regiment of the 4th German Army Corps lost 196 prisoners, but the Germans officially acknowledged only 58 of these, of whom six are not named in the French returns. Therefore, 138, or 70.4 per cent. of the 153rd, have been omitted from the German list."

CAPTURE OF ERZEROUH.

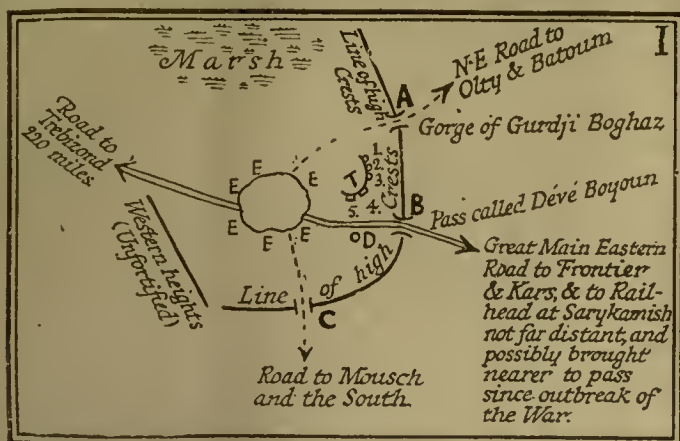
Absence abroad upon work, the results of which appear in the preceding article, compels me to complete my notes of this week twenty-four hours earlier than usual. I am writing them upon the Monday, instead of the Tuesday, and the telegrams upon which they are based carry me no further than those received in Paris by three o'clock of the same Monday afternoon, the twenty-first of February.

Erzeroum was fortified, mainly by German engineers in a fashion of which the elements appear in the accompanying sketch.

Erzeroum is covered on the East, the South, and the West by high ranges.

There is high land also to the West of the town, but it does not concern the system of fortification, as no works seem to have been erected upon it. To the North this small enclosed plain in which Erzeroum stands lies open; it is protected only by a marsh through which and from which flows the western Euphrates, the upper waters and sources of that river.

In such a district an army, especially an army



operating in winter, and more especially an army dependent for its success upon some kind of siege train [we are not told of what calibre were the largest present with the Russian forces, but it may be doubted whether anything very heavy was present] is tied to roads.

Three roads lead through the Southern and Eastern Ranges covering Erzeroum. One from Olty, ultimately from Batoum and the Russian Black Sea littoral, takes advantage of the gorge at A, the Gurgi Boghar, to pass the mountains.

The second—by far the best to-day and the great main road of invasion at all epochs—comes through the Eastern range by the "Camel's Pass" at B: the *Deve Boyoun*. Its summit is but a few hundred feet above Erzeroum, the town itself standing some 6,000 feet above the sea. Not only is this road by far the best of the three, but it also leads to the Russian railhead some 70 miles off, from which a further light railway may have been built in the last few months. It is far the best avenue of communication and could supply munitionment more rapidly than either of the other roads.

A third road comes in from the South, crossing the very high ridge of that range (it has summits of over 9,000 feet) by a pass at C, which is the nearest of the three to the city.

It was clear to those who designed the defences of Erzeroum that on these three gaps or "gates" in the hills were the very points of any system of fortification. Each was guarded by a system of its own.

Supposing the main one of these three gaps to be forced—that of the *Deve Boyoun*, which was most in peril, from its leading directly to the Russian bases, a rather inexplicable inner series of works had been contrived of which it is difficult to see the ultimate use, and which appear to have done nothing to help the place during the recent fighting.

At T there is a sort of rocky horseshoe of high hills, precipitous to the east and south—that is towards the *Deve Boyoun* Pass, and the main road—but sloping away gradually down to the north. This height is called the "Top" Mountain: the "Top-Dagh," and on its escarpment a whole line of works were stretched—I, 2, and 3 are called the "Azizie" works. 1 and 3 closed

works, 2, the middle one, open. 4 and 5 two isolated closed forts facing south. Lastly, on an isolated hill at D, enfilading the valley east of the Top-Dagh and commanding the high road is the fort called Ahkali.

I have said that it is not very easy to see why these inner works were constructed at all: at any rate, under modern conditions of range and observation. For if the *Deve Boyoun* at B is forced and the heights on each side occupied these dominate T and D and master all the plain below.

Lastly, there has been constructed—still more puzzling and apparently equally useless in these last few days—a continuous line of ditch and rampart all round the town at E, E, E, from a quarter to half a mile outside the built-on area and nearly eight miles in perimeter.

None of these inner works appear to have had effect last week. The hills covering the town appear to have been mastered first by a force carrying the northernmost gap at A, the *Gurdji Boghaz*, and then, by an almost simultaneous successful attack on B.

It was this attack along the main road, delivered with all the advantage of a neighbouring railhead and a good road for the artillery (so far as that could count in the depth of the snow) which decided the affair.

The point B on sketch I is, as we have said, the pass called *Deve Boyoun*. It has been much more strongly fortified than either of the other two "gates" through the mountains and was thought to be impregnable.

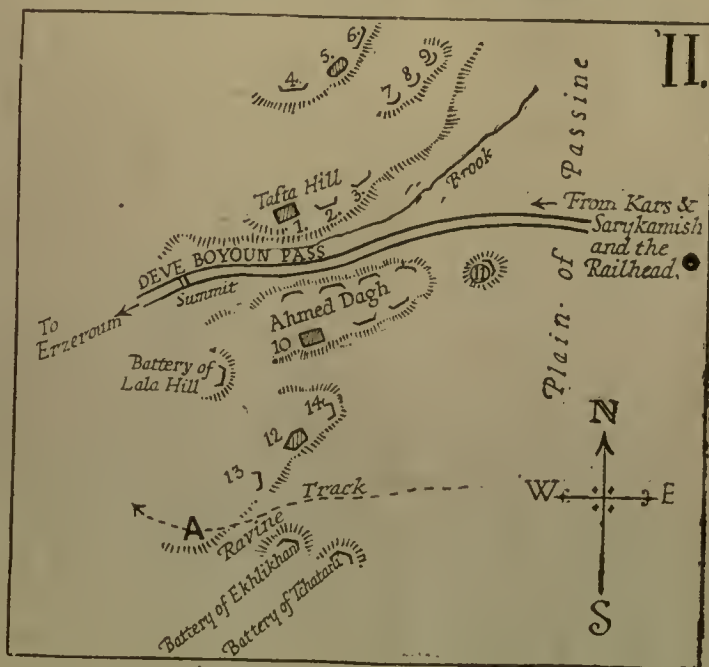
Let us examine the details of this piece of ground.

The fortifications on the *Deve Boyoun* pass consist in four groups of works.

To the north of the pass (which at its summit runs through a very narrow gorge) rises very steeply a height called the *Tafta*. The escarpment is towards the gorge and road. From the summit northwards the ground slips away and downwards till it rises again in another escarpment which we will describe in a moment.

On these *Tafta* heights which flank the north of the pass are three works which we may call the *first* group. I have numbered them on sketch II: 1, 2, and 3. 1 is a very important closed work and sweeps with its fire the whole of the road rising up to the summit of the pass, 2, and 3 are open works which serve merely as supports to the principal fort 1, and help it to sweep the approaches towards the summit of the pass, and to prevent the principal fort 1 from being turned by its Eastern flank, where there is a certain amount of dead ground.

This first group of works is the one demanding our



chief attention because, as we shall see in a moment, it is the master-group of the whole system.

Behind it and further to the north lies what may be called the second group, which I have marked upon sketch II, with the numbers: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. This group of six works contains one closed work, No. 5, the others are all open batteries. 7, 8, and 9 are advanced works

delaying the approach to 5, while 4 and 6 are only of use as flanking 5 and preventing its being turned.

Now it is important at this stage of the description to grasp the fact that the ridge upon which 4, 5, and 6 are placed does not dominate and control the Tafta hill just above the pass. The idea of building fort 5 with its flanking and supporting works was not to stand up against a force which might already have captured the great principal fort 1 on Tafta. The idea was rather to prevent fort 1 from being turned.

The German engineers appear to have argued thus: "Tafta is too strong to be rushed and can stand against anything the Russians have by way of a siege train. It is true that the munitionment and the main strength of the army must come along the road. But still, some slight deviation from the road is possible; and unless we guard the flanks of the principal work on Tafta, the enemy can turn it round by the north. So we will create a new set of works to prevent this." To this decision the position owes the group 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which I have called the second group. But Tafta once taken the second group loses its value at once and the northern side of the pass is clear.

On the southern side of the pass just eastward of the summit, is the spur or ridge called "The Mountain of Ahmed," the Ahmed Dagh. Its highest point at 10 is crowned with a closed work. All round its edges are a series of open batteries which command the road (as it rises up towards the pass) and the plain of Passine to the East; while an isolated work upon the lower hill towards the plain (marked 11, on sketch II) serves as a support to retard any attack upon the Ahmed Dagh. Finally this set of fortifications (which may be called the third group) contains upon a summit at the extreme west the battery of Lala hill, which guards the flank of the principal work 10, but does not command the road in any way. No. 10 and batteries all round the edge of the Ahmed Dagh are useless if Tafta be once taken, for Tafta commands the road more thoroughly than 10 does and the open batteries on the northern edge of the Ahmed Dagh just south of the road could not stand against whoever was the master of Tafta.

The fourth group is to the Ahmed Dagh or third group what the second group is to Tafta, the first. It is a system designed to prevent the Ahmed Dagh from being turned by the south just as the group 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a system designed to prevent Tafta being turned by the north.

This fourth group consists in a closed work, No. 12 on sketch II, with two batteries, above and below it, at 13 and 14. These stand on the edge of another spur or ridge overlooking the plain. Finally, this fourth group also has its support, two large batteries, standing on two twin summits to the south and called (from the names of villages near them) the battery of Ekhlikhan and the battery of Tchatarli. The object served by these last two works is threefold; they prevent any force from using the track which here goes over the hills to rejoin the main road beyond the summit of the pass, and so turn the Ahmed Dagh position. They sweep all the approaches to 12, 13 and 14. And they prevent any body of the enemy from using the very steep dead ground at A on the northern side of a deep ravine which here would give an opportunity, were its approaches undefended, for a comparatively small force to turn the whole of the fortifications by the south.

It will be seen from the above that the whole system is based upon Tafta: It has been constructed with the idea that no one would attempt to take Tafta directly but the Russians would try to reduce the main position gradually by the two flanks, northern and southern.

But the Russians, aided by circumstances of which we know nothing, struck directly for the main position and carried Tafta before most of the other works were reduced. The struggle began upon the afternoon of Friday the 11th. By the 14th, two works at least had already been carried at the point of the bayonet. The afternoon of Tuesday the 15th, so far as one can gather from the telegrams as yet to hand (in Paris up to 3 o'clock of Monday the 21st) the whole position was mastered and the road over the summit of the pass was held by our Allies, who were then marching directly upon Erzeroum beyond. Those units (portions of three army corps) which were garrisoning the city evacuated it, leaving

behind them, however, a great mass of material and stores, all the heavy guns in the forts, and a very large number of field pieces as well.

A little before midday on Wednesday, the 16th, the Russian cavalry rode into the city and was soon joined by the separate columns which had been coming up through the passes A and C (on sketch I) through the hills to the north and the south. All next day, Thursday, and Friday afterwards, were occupied in pursuing the rapid and partly disorderly retreat of the Turks. What was left of one division, the 34th, was captured wholesale, and by the evening of the day 240 field pieces were in Russian hands. The Turkish troops were already scattered into three separate fragments, one retreating north-west towards Trebizond, the other due westwards by the road Erzinguan, and a third southward along the road to Diarbekir. Which was the largest of these fragments or whether any one of them can be said to constitute the main body we are not told.



It was inevitable that a success so rapid and so unexpected, and one of so much political consequence, should give rise to a great mass of speculation with regard to its strategical results. These speculations are premature. We do not know the condition of the roads nor what number of men the Russians can spare for what will now be their lengthening communications far away from their rail head beyond the frontier. We do not even know how far they command the Black Sea, though we may guess that their command has been sufficiently complete to prevent reinforcements and munitions from reaching Trebizond; since the fall of Erzeroum was most probably due to the interruption of this line of communication. They may find it necessary to march north and hold Trebizond before they do anything else. If they are not compelled to use a large force thus, their most obvious course will clearly be to try and strike at the Bagdad railway, and the most convenient point for that would be Diarbekir—140 miles from Erzeroum: they are already at Mousch with their southern or left wing. Any considerable Russian force at Diarbekir would menace the existence of all Turkish forces in Mesopotamia, but the march is a difficult one through a mass of desperately confused and high mountain ridges of the Armenian Taurus. The only certain thing we can say is this upon the strategical situation created by the fall of Erzeroum: that it will compel a Turkish concentration towards Armenia. It may relieve the pressure upon the small British forces in Mesopotamia, it must almost certainly postpone to another season the difficult and now perhaps impossible scheme for invading Egypt.

This latter, once it is fully appreciated, will release for the general purposes of the Allies, much the greater part of the forces concentrated for the defence of the Suez Canal. And it is perhaps the renewed availability of this force for action elsewhere which is the chief consequence of the fall of the capital of Turkish Armenia.

H. BELLOC.

NEW SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN.

By Arthur Pollen.

ABOUT ten years ago, when the Navy was supposed to be divided between the historical and the *matériel* schools, a distinguished admiral—of the latter persuasion—is said to have given this extraordinary reason for declining certain measures for encouraging the study of naval history. "There was no advantage," he said, "to be got from it, because history was after all only the record of other people's mistakes." As if the principle of the drunken Helot had not always been the most fruitful stimulus to wisdom! Certainly this war has been no less fecund than previous wars in teaching by the method of trial and error. The catalogue of unquestioned sea blunders is too long a one to exhaust. There have been gross errors on both sides in the preparation of naval force and in the theory of its use. What have we paid and what have we yet to pay for our failure so to organise the brain power of our navy, that Admiralty programmes, Admiralty plans and Admiralty administration were projected, laid and conducted according to doctrines which the clearest thinkers have always held, and eighteen months of war have once more proved to be right? What is the price that the Allies must pay for the failure of Great Britain to realise from the first that our sea power was the Allies' greatest asset, and should therefore, from the first day of the war, have been used with the completest rigour that was possible? Had our reply to the outrages on Belgium been the proclamation of a strict blockade, no neutrals would have dared to protest, for all neutrals were then boiling hot with indignation at the hideous and recent iniquity which had been done. What has the shortage of cruisers cost us? What might it have cost us had the Germans expected a war with us? The humorist who said that our 1910 fleet consisted of "Dreadnoughts that submarines would chase off the sea, and of submarines that would not even have a Dreadnought to chase," was not so grossly wrong after all. We had no defensive plans against submarines ready. Our neglect of mines was inexplicable. Our failure to provide for the orderly and scientific development of naval gunnery was almost insane, when it is remembered that the Dreadnought policy could only be justified by the use of guns being brought to perfection.

Non-Use of Naval Power.

What saved us from the worst features of our defective preparations was that our enemies fell into almost precisely the same errors. Still we did much by our non-use or mis-use of naval power to make things easier for them. The folly of limiting the Fleet's action by the Declaration of London no longer needs emphasis now that a Minister of Blockade is to be added to the Cabinet—a tardy recognition that in this matter we still have our sea power to use. The blunder of trying to take the Dardanelles by ships alone, the far greater blunder of failing to recognise, when its impossibility had been proved, that military success had been made impossible by it; the rejection of the advice to treat the bombardments as demonstrations only, and on their failing to send the army destined for Gallipoli into Serbia—all these things can be traced to the non-recognition of the truth that the application of the principles of right strategy and right technique, is not a matter of instinct or of impulse, but can be ensured only where a duly constituted staff brings the weight of universally accepted and impersonally expressed principles to bear on practice. What would we not have given in October, 1915, to have had in Serbia the 200,000 men put out of action in Gallipoli? Yet in March, 1915, they could have been sent through Salonika to our Allies' help without difficulty or opposition.

Germany's blunders at sea have been even more flagrant and far more disastrous than our own. We do, after all, possess in our capital ship fleet an asset too overwhelmingly powerful for our command of the seas

to be questioned. The enemy could not take that command from us, though we were free to misuse it. All Germany's naval action has followed from three things: Her folly in not foreseeing that Great Britain must be arrayed against her; her folly in going on light-heartedly with the war *after* our opposition became certain—in the apparent belief that the land fighting would be over before the sea pressure began; her folly in expressing by mere savagery her resentment at her £300,000,000 fleet being valueless. The submarine campaign was, though the most effective, not the only one of her cruel and senseless expressions of her anger. The mine campaign against trading ships, the bombardment of the undefended coast towns, the attacking of ships by air bombs—each of these was but an outlet of the same unmeasured fury.

The little neutrals—Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway—have never had it in their power to deal with Germany over these atrocities to *puissance en puissance*. America, manifestly sincere in wishing to keep out of the war, and no less sincere in trying to bring back naval war to its old legal standards of humanity, could alone so deal with Germany. And she will do so before the eventful chapter is closed. If it is inevitable that Germany should proceed with a new and more devastating campaign with a larger and more powerful submarine, then it is also inevitable that the condemnation by neutral countries of her conduct—so long held in abeyance—must take active shape. The quarrel between Germany and America, so long and so patiently kept within bounds, must then become an open one, and when America finally speaks out, the other neutrals can hardly remain silent.

Germany's Counterstroke.

Is the new German submarine campaign inevitable? It seemingly is. The first campaign has failed to lift the blockade—its professed object. Our losses in merchant shipping have been heavy. Between 500 and 600 out of 8,000 in 19 months of war. But our shortage of tonnage to-day does not arise primarily from the toll which the enemy has taken. The requirements of the fleet, the still greater requirements of our military expeditions over sea, have taxed the merchant navy four or five times more greatly than the enemy. Nor is this all. The merchant tonnage of the world, British as well as neutral, is less, not only by British ships sunk and withdrawn for military purposes. It is less by the whole German merchant marine that has escaped capture. And the demands of the belligerents both for war supplies and for food, clothes and other necessaries from overseas, has become enormously greater. Notwithstanding, then, war's inroads on trade, a greatly diminished merchant shipping has witnessed enormously greater demands on its carrying capacity. And in this fact will probably be found the governing consideration that makes the new German campaign inevitable. Its object is no longer to terrify Great Britain into letting food enter Germany. Its object is to prevent food entering France.

To cut off the sea communications of an enemy, to keep them open for ourselves and our friends, these are the equal and immediate objects of commanding the sea. How valuable the achievement of this object in the case of France has been may be gathered from the single fact that £90,000,000 of goods left the port of New York for France in 1915, whereas in normal years £30,000,000 represents the total exports of America to that country. French imports from other countries are no doubt as strikingly increased. The imports of all belligerent countries, and especially those that Russia is getting from Japan, must be fabulous. While, then, Germany feels every day the growing strain of her isolation, the Allies are showing every day a growing strength from their sea supplies. It is to sap this form of strength that the new submarine campaign will be directed.

Has Germany any other possible sea counter-stroke open to her? The simplest and most obvious would be to strike out and defeat the Grand Fleet. Is this possible to Germany to-day? Will it ever be possible? There have not been wanting those who would make us believe that the danger is a real one. Mr. Hurd is determined that we shall not forget that Germany's resources in ship building are "almost, if not quite, equal to our own." "If we had worked our hardest in this country since the opening of war and Germany had done the same, we could not have maintained the margin of superiority that we possessed when the war opened. That is one fact. Germany, moreover, would have been gaining on sea in ships which the lessons of the war had shown to be of the greatest military value."

Of course, if Germany can build ships as fast as we can, and both build as fast as possible, it is obvious that our *percentage* superiority must decline. But it may be consoling to remind ourselves of what that percentage superiority was. We began in the North Sea with 24 capital ships to 19, a difference of five—about 27½ per cent. In the Mediterranean we had Admiral Milne's three battle cruisers, from which the *Goeben* escaped, and one battle cruiser was not commissioned. Since those days, as Mr. Churchill told us in November of that year, we should have been able to add 15 new ships to Germany's three; and presumably *Australia* has become available for the main theatre of war. Of ships built and building in August, 1914, then, if there had been no losses on either side, we should have the 24 Dreadnoughts in commission at the Spithead Review, plus five plus 15, or 44 ships to Germany's 22. The margin is obviously enormous, especially when it is remembered that behind the British fleet stands the French fleet of capital ships, entirely without obvious employment at the present moment. It is still more striking when we remember that nine of our ships carry 15-inch guns, two 14-inch guns, 17, 13.5-inch guns, and 17, 12-inch guns. Against these, Germany has 15 armed with 12-inch guns, and seven with 11-inch. The gun strength must be something like three to one.

17-inch Gun Controversy.

The point of Mr. Hurd's warning is an echo of the 17-inch gun controversy. When he says Germany is "gaining" on us, he cannot mean that Germany will have built *more* new ships, but that while in ships of pre-war design we have a superiority, in the new type the numbers would be more likely to be equal. Everything then seems to depend upon the lessons of the war and the use which each side has made of them. The main lesson of the war has surely been the higher hitting efficiency of the bigger gun. The Falkland Islands really taught us nothing new on this, because no one has ever doubted that a 12-inch gun really must be vastly superior to an 8-inch. But the Dogger Bank might have taught the Germans that their old theory that 11 inch and 12-inch guns would be as effective as 12-inch and 13.5s., was utterly fallacious. Their theory was wrong, because this underestimated the range at which actions could be fought. We may also, it seems, assume that a lesson was learned at the Dardanelles, and one as obvious to the Germans as to ourselves. The *Queen Elizabeth* could not, of course, destroy and take the Narrows forts, but the testimony that her guns were more effective, because more accurate, than any others, is both general and widely known. By the end of either January or of March, 1915, then, the new lesson of the war may be said to have become clear. It was that there was a material advantage in increasing the calibre of the guns. Is this the lesson which Mr. Hurd has in mind? The matter is of considerable interest because in the spring of 1914 there was a very general impression that the Germans had already then resolved on putting 15-inch guns into the four ships of the "Ersatz Worth" class, then in contemplation. But if, instead of proceeding with their 15-inch programme, they have, "profiting by the lesson of the war," gone to 17-inch, it is clear that they cannot have made this departure before the Dogger Bank fight, for until then no conclusive evidence of the bigger gun's superiority over the already very big gun was available. While if Germany waited until April for evidence of the superiority of the monster gun, then she cannot have begun

her plans for a 17-inch gun until very much later. In either case, it will be long before one is seen afloat. But in either event, as it would take at least thirty months to design and make and build new guns and mountings and ships to carry such guns, we are not likely to see 17-inch guns afloat for another eighteen or twenty months. But, if Germany began in August, 1914, with the determination to build 17-inch gun ships, it would be a different matter.

The advantages of the big gun in naval war are briefly these:—

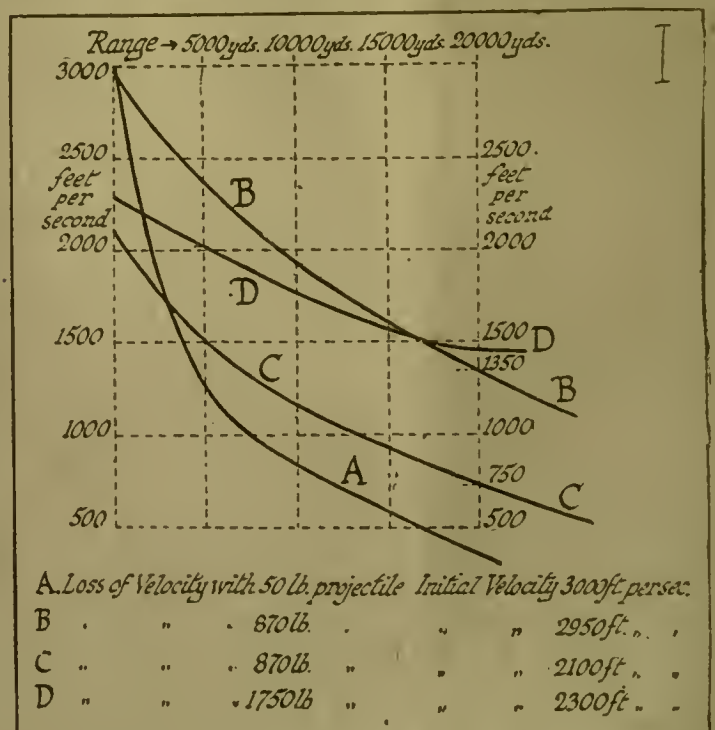
(1) At long range it is more uniform in its shooting. This arises largely from the fact that its initial velocity is lower. In guns of the same calibre, those of the higher velocity are less accurate than those of the lower.

(2) Heavier shells maintain their momentum longer than lighter shells. The greater the range the greater the danger space. Consequently an error in range which would be fatal to lighter guns hitting might not be fatal to the heavier gun doing so.

(3) The larger shell makes a splash in the water, which is much greater both in height and in volume than the lighter shell. It is therefore easier to see this splash at a great distance, and so it is easier in the first instance to find, and afterwards to recover when lost, the range at which the gun will hit.

(4) Finally, the heavier shell delivers a more smashing blow, and as it can carry a far greater blasting charge, its destructive charge is very much greater.

The public discussion of the 17-inch gun shows that there is some misapprehension on points 1 and 2 above. The point to bear in mind is this: In choosing a gun for long range fire we want the maximum velocity combined with the maximum uniformity of shooting *at the desired distance*. Diagram I shows how three shells of different weights and starting at different velocities lose their speed.



(A) is the velocity curve of the American 5-inch gun, which it will be seen, starts at 3,000 feet a second, falls to 1,700 feet a second at 3,000 yards; to 1,100 feet at 6,000 yards, and to just over 900 feet at 9,000. The weight of the 5-inch shell is 50 lbs.

(B) is the American 12-inch gun with a muzzle velocity of 2,950 feet, and firing an 870-lbs. shell. This gun loses 400 feet velocity in the first 3,000 yards; 300 feet in the next 3,000 yards; 250 feet in the next 3,000.

(C) is a gun of the same calibre firing the same shell, with a muzzle velocity of 2,100 feet only. This gun loses less of its velocity because it starts slower. These three instances show us that the lighter the shell the greater the drop in velocity, the higher the velocity the greater the loss of velocity; the heavier the shell the greater the maintenance of velocity.

(D) is a conjectured curve for a 15-inch gun, which we will assume to start with a velocity of 2,300 feet, and to fire a projectile of about 1,750 lbs. Such a shell might lose less speed initially than any of the other three and

continue to lose less and less as it went on.

The second series of diagrams will make the meaning of the first clearer. In this series I show what may be called the stages of a race in which A, B and D engage. The 5-inch, the 12-inch and the 15-inch shells are seen starting level. At 1,000 yards the 5-inch has already fallen behind the 12-inch but it leads the 15-inch. At 6,000 yards the 5-inch shell has fallen greatly behind, though the 12-inch still leads the 15-inch. At 9,000, the 5-inch has long been out of the race, and the 15-inch leads the 12-inch by a short head. At 20,000 the 15-inch has beaten the 12-inch by four and one-tenth seconds; the 12-inch has beaten the 5-inch by nearly half a minute. Nothing can better illustrate the staying power of the heavier shell, for in this case remember, the starting speed of the 12-inch was something like 750 feet per second the greater.

Now mark with regard to these diagrams of the race that the advantage which the 15-inch shell has over the 12-inch is enormously less than that which the 12-inch has over the 5-inch. The advantage of the 17-inch over the 15-inch would be correspondingly reduced. In fact, for practical purposes, it may be said to have no advantage at all. And consequently, we are reduced to points 3 and 4, namely, the greater visibility of the splash and the greater the smashing effect of the bigger shell.

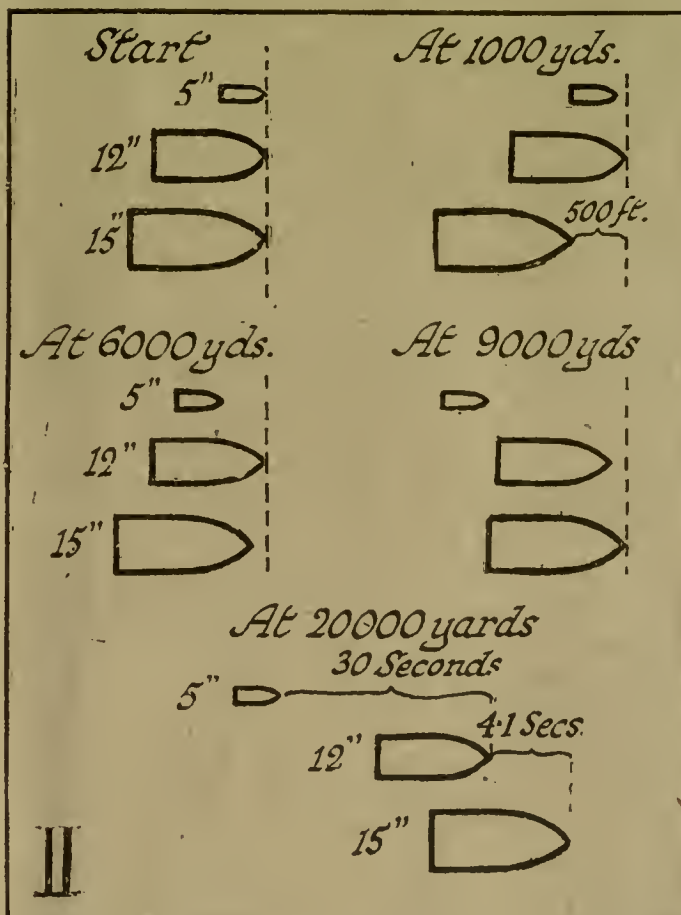
Weight and Numbers.

Now, when we get to these points we have a second matter to consider. And it is this: If you decide to adopt the bigger gun, it means that you can only carry a smaller number of them for any given displacement or expenditure. It is no answer to say that you can build bigger ships to carry the same number of bigger guns. For your total shipbuilding and gun-making effort you will still have a smaller number of guns. As a rough formula, the weight of guns with their mountings, ammunitions, etc., compare as do the cubes of the calibres. On this principle, a 17-inch gun double turret would represent 3.7 times the weight of an 11-inch turret; 2.8 times a 12-inch turret; twice the weight of a 13.5 turret, and be one and a half times as heavy again as a 15-inch turret. If Germany then has decided on the 17-inch gun for her new ships, her total shipbuilding and gun-making capacity can be expended upon half as many more 15-inch gunned ships as 17-inch gunned ships. It seems to me that she could only decide upon a smaller number of ships with the more powerful gun if she were perfectly certain first, that the 17-inch gun is more likely to hit at a great range than the 15-inch; secondly, that the decisive naval battle would be fought at a range at which this advantage of 17-inch guns would have full play. For not otherwise would a Power already so inferior in numbers sacrifice the very great and undoubted advantage which numbers confer.

Now as we have seen, it is improbable that the 17-inch gun would have any hitting superiority over the 15-inch. But it is quite undoubted that fifteen guns have a very great hitting advantage over ten guns. For at long range so many uncertainties must necessarily be present—uncertainties of range, of aim, etc., that the probability of making hits increases out of proportion to the increase of the number of guns. A broadside of eight guns would have a great deal more than double the chance of hitting than a broadside of four. Nor would the splashes of six 17-inch guns, be more visible than those of eight 15-inch. Those that choose the 17-inch gun therefore, would choose solely on the ground that a single shot would have a better hope of sinking or disabling, and would probably not so choose unless they were extraordinarily confident of bringing a greatly improved standard of marksmanship into use. A further consideration must be added. Off Heligoland we fought at 6,000 yards—we could see no further. Is it wise to build for long range only? At short range numbers are everything. So much for general theory.

As to the practical question as to whether as a fact the Germans have decided upon the 17-inch gun and are actually re-arming their old ships with it, and have done both as a result of war experience, I have to confess a considerable scepticism. War experience, as we have seen, would not have been available till April last. Is it conceivable that Germany would have decided upon a revolutionary naval policy at so late a date in the war?

She would hardly delay making up the lost ground. No battleship has ever yet been built in a shorter time than two years from the completion of the design. The *Dreadnought* was actually constructed in eighteen months from the laying down of the first plate, but in this case, four of the five turrets were taken from ships previously ordered, so that the element which takes longest in the production of a battleship, viz., the guns and turrets, were already provided.



As for the re-arming of old ships, it is no doubt physically possible that Germany's five 11-inch gunned Dreadnoughts could be converted from carrying six turrets of these pieces into ships carrying two single 17-inch guns and two 11-inch turrets. But it would mean the virtual re-construction of the entire ship, and it would probably take longer to change over these five ships than to get ten 17-inch guns afloat in two new ships. The 12-inch Dreadnoughts could not be converted to 17-inch ships, without a similar reconstruction.

Finally, two reflections are in place. It is no use our making ourselves unhappy on the question of the surprises in naval construction that Germany has in store for us. Nothing we can do now in the way of determining on new ships can bear fruit in completed ships for at least twenty months. If Germany actually got ahead of us between last January and last May, as Mr. Hurd seems to think, it is too late for the present Board to remedy the mistakes of Mr. Churchill and his colleagues. We must trust—as it seems to me we can trust—with absolute confidence to the very great margin of strength which we possessed in August, 1914, and to the great additions to that strength which the purchase of foreign ships and the completion of those already in hand, have enabled us to make. Half-a-dozen ships carrying 17-inch guns could make no material difference to naval strength. We ought to have added between twelve and eighteen 15-inch gunned ships before a single German ship with the large guns is afloat.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

That virtue brings its own reward and evil its own punishment is the keynote of *Unrest*, Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel (Cassell and Co., 6s.). A temperamental fit, of restlessness led Martin Frensham to run away from his wife with a bold, black-eyed American woman, of whom he soon tires. For his wife, in the meantime, there remains the problem of how to comport herself and gloss over his absence so as to deceive friends until he shall return to her, as she confidently expects he will. The book is a study in contrasts, in high lights and strong shadows—there are very few half-tones in it. But its interest is sustained.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—II.

Some Lessons to be Learnt from it.

By John Buchan.

THE South does by far the greater part of its wrongs from the rules that have been imposed on itself. It is its own law of despotic rule. The men of the Confederacy had a just cause. Their laws were enacted with a great quantity of formal solemnity. Numbers of libraries were for the time being burnt down by disciplined soldiers. Men, women and child, all generally by hand. The Federal men fought at Nashville because the Federals were better trained. The Federals were stronger than Hamilton or Grant, but they could not stand up against the discipline of Pickett. Grant's small force routed the large Federal army at Fredericksburg. Both sides in the American Civil War fought by hand. The worst possible discipline. The South learned the lesson first, only to repeat that its own law and discipline were able to beat back in 1862 the discipline of the North. What the South learned the lesson it was too late.

A Democratic Army.

The North knew the discipline with a theory, which is very common in purely governed nations who have had no military experience. It was written all hand and foot down. The men should serve willingly, because the rules imposed by their intelligence and not because they were given by a commanding officer. The system was unworkable. By this. An order understood and willingly obeyed is far better than an order blindly accepted with. Orders were therefore rarely taken and were never given. There was no discipline, so that all right men have the satisfaction of willing service. Only discipline can bring a democratic army.

It is not an easy matter, that the result might be democratic, but it could not possibly be an army. And I do not think it was democratic either if we understand democracy under. Democracy is the most liberal and extreme form of government, should be also the most strict. It should be the most strict with the enforcement of discipline of the men. This does not mean that you are to establish a sort of military democracy, such as you have in Germany, and to govern only by fear and loyalty. There was here marched in peace time with French infantry must have been trained in what termed the lack of discipline. The men drilled their officers and addressed them by surnames, and at night you could hear their talk and a certain phrase their brother would be out here. You met in front of you that is all dressed. The men and officers are all the best of friends, but there is a great discipline. The men will be treated as a common fight has taken. It is the will of the men themselves who progress to a victory and security. The army of France is a democratic army. The British army of today is a democratic army. But the lesson of the North during the last stages of the Civil War were another discipline was an army.

It took a long time to get out of my mind the idea that an army was only to be drilled when it was drilled hand in the private officer's confidence. At first when you were drilled by the voice of the drum and the band, and in consequence by the way. For the good men produced by the war were very few. The discipline was slack and through the men to serve with more patriotic and emotional energy, patriotism and confidence there were the same. Let us remember a passage from one of the greatest of English military writers, the biography of Frederick Jackson the late Colonel Frank Planchet.

It is not, however, the old method of education, but by the daily service and discipline that comes as a result, and the obedience to the rules of your government to think of themselves and to change before being however whether the authority which has them on, renders the enjoyment of such a kind a long process. When

soldiers because were imbued with the habit of obedience, they do not the most intelligent will be the most useful; but enthusiasm and intelligence will not stand the stress of battle and the hardships of campaigning, unless their possessors have learned to subordinate their means and inclinations to their duty. It is upon this that in what may be the very name of discipline stands of course to teach that a general interest of obedience draws the soldier from a man into a machine, and puts in power of reasoning; and in this there is a double of truth, but it is only a shadow. It is a shadow is never granted to me his intelligence never placed in a position of responsibility, allowed neither to act nor move except at the word of command, sooner or later he loses all power of initiative, and there are many instances in the field where a man must be left to his own unaided judgment. But if the soldier's training is what it should be, his education for individual action will be based on hand with his commandment in the habit of self-reliance.

The discipline in the Light Division, what they had learned in the outpost line of Wellington's army, to use their intelligence, and to act without a command or their officers, proved themselves as skilled and as enterprising as the famous veterans of France, and this without losing their capacity for moving like a well drilled body.

The result of the Northern system was that a great many men developed which made them an easy prey to their opponents. An undisciplined army lacks mobility, and so Jackson could make circles round Pope and Hooker. A man lack of discipline means struggle, and no Northern general could be certain how much of his force would turn up at a given place at a given time. However, except where were stamped, and the result was a lot of constant and most costly surprises. In the North itself the discipline was very bad and had the strength was expended in the air. The discipline ran through all the ranks of the army. It is a discipline that should be passed off in Washington to arrange in Congress, and instead of being tried by great general and that as a disaster, he was more often than not the result.

The Right General.

But the North learned the lesson, though the learning was later. The time came when Lincoln at last found the right general and gave him his undivided confidence. Grant was not the man to stand any more discipline, and he produced the kind of instrument that was needed. Never has a human instrument been more highly tried. The desperate losses in the Wilderness would have broken the hearts of most armies; they would have utterly destroyed the original armies of the first months of war. But the weapon had been heard and tempered and it did not break. The North had grasped the nature of its problem. It had not only assembled its man-power, but it had trained it, and both numbers and training were essential to victory.

Happily we in England have got the American definition. We had a mechanism already existing which we could adapt to train our new levies. But since the lesson one of the American type, war is men from civilian life of all classes and conditions, many of them with a standard of education beyond that of the old regular soldier, it is instructive to study the experiences of the North. We have to remember the insistent need of discipline, and the highest discipline, and we have to remember too, that this can be won without crushing individual enthusiasm or crushing individual intelligence. The study of that admirable compilation "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" will show how the best American officers faced their task. They were not only the obedience but the affection and confidence of their men. They were not mere drill sergeants. In the trench fighting of to-day a great deal rests with the

individual, and we must encourage that individual to use his brains and good sense and to learn self-reliance. These qualities come readily to volunteers. If discipline is never forgotten, you can produce out of the volunteer the finest soldier in the world. The present campaign has shown it. Look at the achievements of the London Territorials and the Lancashire Territorials. Or take divisions of the new volunteer army, such as the 6th and the 15th. If you unite a strict corporate training with individual initiative and reliance you evolve the perfect fighting man.

There is one other point in this connection on which we may get some instruction from American experience. It is the question of drafts. Whenever new levies are raised on a large scale there is a tendency to make them into new units, and to forget the importance of keeping up the strength of the old units who have had some fighting experience. In the earlier part of the Civil War new recruits were formed into new regiments, and the old battalions were soon reduced to a couple of companies. It was a very bad system, and Sherman in a famous passage in his *Memories*, recounts the trouble it led to. One State, Wisconsin, resolutely refused to create new regiments, but it kept all its original regiments

up to full strength, with the result that a Wisconsin regiment was worth an ordinary brigade.

We ourselves have not been free from this mistake. Our splendid Territorial battalions have been sorely tried. Their second line battalions, which should have been drafting battalions for the first line, were allowed to consider themselves independent units, and third line battalions were created for drafting purposes. Unfortunately these depleted battalions are normally complete units. You will break the heart of the finest troops in the world if you over-strain them.

A large part of trench warfare consists in mechanical work, so constantly adjusting and improving the position. But to do this you must have enough men. If you have not got them the position inevitably gets neglected, the parapets and trenches are poor, and very efficient soldiers are condemned to needless discomfort and if there is an attack, to needless danger. It is a subject upon which there can be no difference of opinion. To keep a number of weak units on the list and to treat these units as if they had their full strength is simply to court disaster. It is unfair both to the battalions themselves and to the army at large. That is one practical point on which we might well learn from American experience.

GERMANY AND THE U.S.A. PRESS.

By Cyril H. Bretherton.

IN every town of considerable size in the United States there was at the outbreak of the war at least one agent of the German Government. His business was to see that the sympathies of the German-Americans were translated into any sort of action that might be beneficial to the Fatherland, to spend Germany's money for this purpose, if necessary, and to remain invisible. The practical objects of his mission included anything from circulating bogus petitions to stop the sale of munitions to the Allies to blowing up bridges. To speak more accurately, his mission was to cause these things to be done. His first business would be to get in touch with some locally influential German whose zeal for the Fatherland exceeded if possible his own. Through the latter the business of marshalling all the available political and financial influence in the town could be carried on without difficulty. The first thing to be done was to get money or the promise of it for the purposes in contemplation. Because the German Government, with its customary frugality in these matters, insisted that the Imperial "slush fund" should not be depleted as long as funds for the carrying on of the civil work could be raised locally.

"Slush Funds."

The money being raised or promised, the first effort was directed to bringing newspaper influence to bear on public opinion. In many towns there were already German newspapers. In others they immediately appeared. A considerable part of the paper was written in English, mostly campaign material. In order to get these papers widely circulated, the newspapers were given not only the whole of the money received from the sale of the papers, but a bonus as well. The cost of printing the paper was paid by local patriots or out of the "slush fund." In addition to the daily German paper, an illustrated weekly was sometimes issued.

It is obvious, however, that the fact that a paper is ostensibly a German paper must necessarily detract from its value as a propagandist organ. Therefore, where possible a daily or weekly paper purporting to be an American publication and alarmingly named *Rising* or some such thing was issued. It was considered to be still more important to get out an "Irish" paper. And dozens of these (usually issued for economy's sake from the German paper's press) appeared in due course.

In addition to these local efforts, several New York papers, like the *Fatherland* (a weekly edited by George Sylvester Viereck, once a writer of pornographic verse, from an office next to that occupied by the respectable Dr. Dernberg, which makes a speciality of abstract

President Wilson and the *Open Court*, edited by Paul Cerns, suddenly began to enjoy a nation-wide circulation, and were sold on more liberal terms to news-vendors on all sides. In this way the American was confronted everywhere with a formidable mass of pro-German literature which for financial reasons the news-vendors were more than anxious to push the sale of.

In the city in which the writer was living at the outbreak of the war, the "invisible agent" was a German, who had been a "spotter" for the Santa Fe Railway, and had been dishonorably discharged by the company. In other towns like San Francisco what one may call the dirty work was done through the crossroads. The more visible agent was a rich and influential saloon-keeper named Schwartz. He it was who wrought upon

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE RUSSIANS IN ERZEROUH.

*And truly not the morning rose of heaven
Butter becomes the grey clouds of the east.*

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THE ADMIRALTY AND THE "TONNAGE" DEBATE.

*Happy are they that can bear their
distractions, and tax for them to
weaving.*

MUCH AND ABOUT NOTHING, *ll. 11-12*

FAITH IN LORD BERRY.

*A resolution in some circles,
While every gun did roar to set her free,
To give the world assurance of a man.*

HAMLET, *ll. 11-13*

the German brewers while the latter in their clubs and elsewhere dealt with the merchants and bankers. Their publications included a German daily, a German weekly, a purported American weekly, and an "Irish" weekly.

An Amusing Incident.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with the last-named. The President of a bank, with many Irish depositors, a loyal Canadian with numerous relatives at the front, was asked to advertise, without charge, in the first number of the *Irish Times*, which was represented to be a denominational organ dealing with local affairs. He rather thoughtlessly consented. To his horror when the first number appeared (from the press of the local German daily), it was devoted exclusively to the most violent abuse of the Allies and panegyrics on German Kultur, while he himself was depicted as a warm supporter of the venture.

It is plain, however, that only a very small section of the American public could be reached by such publications as these. The real business was to control the sentiments of the established American daily papers wherever that could be done. Such papers were too expensive to buy outright nor could their owners or editors be bribed directly, except in a few cases. They could, however, be reached in another and a very simple way. A representative of the influential Germans of the town waited upon the newspaper owner and said in effect, "Discover an immediate sympathy for the German cause or we will take our advertising out of your paper." And as there was no one to perform a like office for the Allies, it immediately became plain to the newspaper owner that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by complying with their request.

Successful and well-established papers could not, of course, be reached in this way or, in fact, in any way. Several Eastern papers with which the writer is familiar were offered ten thousand dollars if they would print six "inspired" editorials, and all refused. But many struggling papers and papers with venal editors succumbed and commenced to "root," as the baseballers say, for the Germans. Thus in one Western city of nearly 600,000 inhabitants, at least eighty per cent. of which are pro-Ally in sympathy, all six of the daily papers are pro-German. In one case a sum of over fourteen thousand dollars was subscribed by the German brewers to the campaign fund of a candidate of the paper in question, part of the consideration being that the paper should print a series of articles by or rather furnished by the German authorities to the notorious "Jimmy" Archibald.

Advertising as a Bludgeon.

In this way, that is to say by using their advertising as a bludgeon in some cases, by the direct payment of money or the promise of political support in others, the Germans in America have been able to command a ridiculously large volume of newspaper support for their cause. It has had little effect on the opinions of the mass of the people, however, for the reason that most people read the daily papers for news only and the news, dealing largely as it has done with the exploits of Papen, Boy-Ed and their subordinate bombsters and arsoners, passport forgers, purveyors of fraudulent manifests and affidavits, suborners of congressmen and bank officials, etc., to say nothing of such trifles as the *Lusitania* and *Persia* massacres, has had anything but the desired effect. Besides which the weekly papers which are widely and thoroughly read, like *Life*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Collier's Weekly*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Outlook* and the *New Republic*, have never wearied of the task of showing the Germans up in their true light.

More subtle and therefore somewhat more have been the efforts of Mr. Hearst. When the Germans "secured" his support, the *Kölnische Zeitung* enthusiastically observed that it was worth three army corps. Hearst owns directly about a score of papers, all of the "yellow" variety, including one printed in German. It was in this paper that a cut appeared entitled "This is how the German soldiers make the British run," or words to that effect, the same cut having previously been printed in one of his other organs under the in-

scription "British Infantry pursuing a retreating German Column."

These papers being known as Hearst papers cannot do much harm except among the poor foreign element in New York and Chicago, where they are most widely circulated. But in addition to these Hearst controls the policies of many papers with which to all outward appearances he has nothing to do. In some cases as, for example, that of the *Washington Post*, he simply threatened to start a rival paper in the City if he were not allowed to control the policy of the incumbent journal. In other cases struggling papers who bought his news service have got into his debt and have to do his bidding or be put out of business. These papers controlled by Hearst are much more violently pro-German as a rule than the papers he owns outright.

Hearst's News Service.

Hearst's International News Service is really his most insidious weapon, for not only does it serve many hundreds of papers, many of them journals of the highest standing that cannot get the Associated Press franchise, which is limited to one paper in most large towns, but it serves out pro-German campaign material in the guise of news. For example, the average daily paper getting this service would not have time to stop and wonder why it received thirteen pages of telegraphic matter on the *Baralong* incident, an amount out of all proportion to its news value. The editor would not see it and the telegraphic editor would pass it as news. They would not realise that it was really German campaign material. In the same way a statement purported to have been made by Miss Boardman, head of the American Red Cross, that Britain had held up Red Cross supplies destined for Germany, and referring to it as the "most inhumane act of the war," was given tremendous emphasis. But the denial of the fact by the British Ambassador and of both the fact and the alleged statement by Miss Boardman herself were never sent out.

These few incidents must suffice to give English readers an idea of what Germany has done to control the American Press and influence the American people through it. The results have been trifling as far as Americans are concerned, but have, of course, conveyed the impression abroad that innumerable American papers are pro-German because they reflect public sentiment, whereas they are simply hired or coerced into a vain endeavour to control it. The real fact is that newspapers or no newspapers, ninety per cent. of the American people are and will remain, whatever the British Government may do or fail to do, whole-hearted supporters of the Allies' cause.

TO FRANCE.

Go forward soul of France that when aroused
 Art pulsed with chivalry's intensest thrills;
 In perils greatest need the greatness housed
 Within thee to its passion's fullness fills:
 Foe of humanity's relentless foe,
 Blood thirsting power with its unholy chains,
 Oh champion of the weak, that dost not know
 The weakling's mood which palter and refrains—
 Go forward: to subdue that power malign—
 Its fury fails before the native steel
 Of that great attitude, that temper fine,
 Its stern endurance and its lofty zeal—
 Go forward soul! The Sacrificial might
 Of offered Self ensures triumphant Right.

F. W. RAGG.

The Anglo-Russian Hospital is now working in close conjunction with the Russian Flag Day Committee who last year raised £50,000. There are to be no dual collections in the future.

A shilling book on *The Art of Driving a Motorcycle* (Temple Press) forms the first manual of driving, as distinct from mechanism. Motor cyclists will find this an extremely useful handbook on driving and management, both of solo machines and sidecar outfits. Gear changing, brakes, cornering and skidding are fully dealt with, and the reader will find himself fully grounded in the road management of his machine.

THE GREAT SECESSION.

By Neoimperialist.

THE essence of the Imperial Task is to complete the safeguards of union in liberty. We dare never again risk any tragedy of disintegration like that of the Great Secession of 1776. Such a catastrophe may well seem unthinkable to those who see such abundant evidence of the strengthened fellowship of the Five Nations. But again sentiment is not Government. It must be remembered that the issues may never be so crystal clear as in this present war. Should any cause of quarrel on some such lines as that threatened with America in 1895 again arise where the issue does not involve such a fundamental challenge to liberty, there might well be danger. At any rate, we must leave no tares among the fine grain now sowing.

If the tangled history of the troubles that led to the Declaration of Independence be examined, it will be found that it resulted rather from lack of foresight and political wisdom and experience than from any tyranny on the one side, or any lack of good-will or rather the existence of any serious ill-will on the other. As a fact, apathy and indifference, which is so easily born of irresponsibility, was the prevailing mood among the colonists.

Those who give their minds to this important question of the settlement of the Imperial problems are encouraged by the profoundly different temper and conditions which now prevail. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the American colonies—Virginia, Louisiana, Maryland, New England, New York—were entirely disunited, distracted by incredible jealousies. The meanest limitation of outlook had been bred by the purely commercial views of life and administration which they had naturally adopted, and, under the shelter of the British Government, had never found compelling reason to modify. Their sectionalism was carried to such a pitch that they would not even help each other or organise a common defence against the Indian raiders or the threat of the French.

The truth is, that while the colonists had carried out from England a certain general idea of the principles of representative government, they had never made more than a merely local application of them. A common danger would have organised them into a united American nation if they had not been cossetted by Great Britain assuming the full responsibility of their defence. As it was they were merely a collection of inconsiderable and relatively impotent provinces. All *American* problems, the chief problem of defence and questions relating to any but merely local aspects of trade and matters of purely local administration, had been left to the King's Government in London. They laboured under most of the disadvantages of decentralisation without the advantages of responsible freedom. They formed not a state nor a nation, but a mere collection of hostile crowds, and it was more or less as crowds that they revolted, as Washington found in the heart-breaking task with which he was confronted when organising them after the Declaration into an ordered and disciplined State.

As a contrast to all this we have now in free alliance with Great Britain, four politically self-conscious nations whose several provincial Governments have been welded by a deliberate and reasoned process under the hammer of experience into a coherent whole. While Grenville in England and General Amherst in America were unable to find any central authoritative body to treat with, but were bandied about from one independent local assembly to another, four fully accredited executives are available to treat with the Governments of Great Britain.

As regards the vital matter of defence, we may recall that while the Americans of those days had actually to be paid by the Government of Great Britain to defend their own territories, to-day the four nations freely send admirably equipped expeditionary forces to the other end of the earth at their own charges. Again, from the side of the mother country there is a complete abandonment of all ideas of dominion, possession, coercion. If a loose terminology, fruitful parents of cloudy thought,

still encourages certain survivals of false ideas, they are rapidly disappearing. It must indeed be realised by our overseas brethren that we are almost too sensitive about wounding their susceptibilities.

We may well recall that such an unlightened statesman as Burke could think of nothing more liberal than a policy of *divide et impera* with regard to the various colonies. Since Lord Durham's flash of sympathetic genius contrived the Canadian settlement and the tact of Lord Elgin equitably administered it, we have learnt many things. Mid-Victorian statesmen looked as a matter of course to the day when the colonies, developing into considerable and politically self-conscious nations, would demand their complete independence. Truly we builded better than we knew. The links of Empire have been welded stronger by every concession. So much more powerful is fellowship than force. This single fact is of all the most significant in view of the demands that must be made upon us by the dominions in fulfilment of their obvious destiny.

We have had experience. We have also vision. There is indeed much in current history to comfort those who realise that not by trade alone do nations live; that a fundamental ideal which burns away dross and lights to a better path is an essential preliminary to just government. None doubts now the existence of such an ideal which is far above all merely selfish and sectional interests, even if, in human fashion, it also embraces them.

What then in brief are the lessons that can be learnt from the Great Secession? First, that altogether too much has been made of the money question. There can be no doubt, as the latest historical researches abundantly prove, that Great Britain throughout the controversy was most patient, even if, judged by the standards of our time, her statesmen were rather undiscerning. She never put forward much less pressed, a claim for taxes for imperial defence, but *for a part only* of the money necessary to secure the safety of the American settlements against their neighbour enemies. It is often forgotten that Grenville was not in the least intransigent about the Stamp Act or the Tea Duties. He offered to accept any alternative plan to be devised by the colonists themselves for raising the necessary funds, only declaring the simple truth that Great Britain impoverished by the Seven Years War, could no longer be responsible for the entire cost of American local defence. He even considered the question of American representation in the British Parliament. It was a curious leap of imagination for so conventional a statesman, and he was overwhelmed with eloquent ridicule by Burke, who with the essential conservatism of his temper resented the considerable reforms which he rightly foresaw would be necessary in the British Parliament. Perhaps we cannot fairly blame BURKE for not seeing so much further than the horizon of this time, but it is likely that had he supported instead of opposed Grenville's liberal idea the fatal schism in the Anglo-Saxon race would never have taken place.

Again it is not always realised that there was in general no passionate anger against the mother country and no spontaneous demand among the colonists for secession. A capable energetic minority of extremists adroitly handled an apt occasion of quarrel provided by the blunders of unseeing statesmen. Apathy and indifference was indeed the general atmosphere, while the considerable loyalist minority was too far away from home and too distracted in council to prevent the catastrophe. Even a year after Lexington it was with difficulty that the Declaration was carried and that only as the price of the active help of France for the Secessionists' cause. It seems clear that if the colonists had even gone part of the way to solve their own American problems and had organised themselves into a nation the fatal breach would have been much less likely to occur. The catastrophe was inevitably the result of the facile policy of drift. Great Britain must not after a century's added experience and the chaos of an even more exhausting war repeat her mistake.

ARTISTS AS WAR RECORDERS.

IT is a remarkable fact that the pageantry of war and the clash of arms has all through the ages failed at the time of enactment to arouse the artist's talent to portray them. Even during the centuries when internecine strife was incessant and when men of genius abounded, capable of using the magnificent scenic material at their disposal, inspiration never seems to have impelled them to hand down verisimilitudes of subjects that must have been present at their very doors. Even Velasquez, the greatest artist of all time, could only depict with courtly dignity a scene devoid of all action, "The Surrender of Breda." Turner, who was in his prime during the Napoleonic era (a landscape and seascape painter, it is true, but one by no means devoid of the idea that he could limn the human figure) never put on to canvas what might have been triumphs in colour, both earthly and aerial, but rested content with a very uninspired "Battle of Trafalgar."

Of reputations founded on the painting of warlike themes there have been many, but with few exceptions none have been gained contemporaneously with the event. Meissonier arose half a century after his "1815," and Miss Thompson a quarter of a century after the "Roll Call." De Neuville, the greatest of all battle painters, Detaille and Verestchagin are practically the only artists of renown who participated in the events which they chronicled or have had anything more to insure their accuracy and truth in detail than hearsay evidence.

And now it would seem as if even to-day the greatest war scenes that the world has ever witnessed would pass away without any of the great combatant nations producing an artist whose genius would impel him to hand on to posterity the unrivalled feats of heroism and gallantry, let alone the tragic sides, that have marked its progress. Assuredly had one such been forthcoming the compelling spirit would have caused his appearance ere the war had gone so far into its second year.

A Great Exception.

It would really appear as little less than certain that the only mantle that has fallen has alighted on the shoulders of a denizen of a country and a race less likely than almost any other to produce an artist of fiery impetuosity and denunciation, and on a man who has not had innate in his blood the great incentive of patriotism to impel him forward, as has been the case with Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch artist, since the very outset of the war.

The public of every nation on whose behalf he has taken up his pencil, owes him a debt of gratitude that can only be repaid by furthering the propaganda which he so earnestly strives to disseminate, and this can in no wise be better done than by encouraging the reproduction in their most accurate forms of the grim realities, the scenes of rapine, slaughter, and desolation, and the indictment that he has brought against those who are answerable for them.

It is fortunate that not only do his cartoons lend themselves admirably to the reproducer's skill, but that that skill has never been so capable as to-day of translating work created by the pencil, the crayon, or the flat tints of colour. Meissonier, Miss Thompson and others owed their vast popularity to the skill of engravers who were able to reproduce in their thousands pictures which would otherwise have been seen only in public galleries or private collections. But present processes of reproduction allow of its being done without the intervention of another's hand; hence their great merit. It is no exaggeration to say that the thousands of visitors who still flock to the Exhibition of Raemaekers' Cartoons at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street, and who have the opportunity of comparing originals with reproductions side by side, cannot distinguish between them save by a slight reduction in size.

The enterprise of Raemaekers' publishers which has produced these fascimiles, enables the public to obtain practically all of them that are deemed desirable for publication at a cost for one hundred of two shillings each; for that number of subjects, selected by the artist, will be published very shortly for the sum of ten guineas, in a sumptuous volume which will furnish not only to the present day, but to the future, the most unexampled record of an altogether unexampled event in the world's history.

SOME BOOK REVIEWS.

In a four volume work entitled *The War Manual*, Lieut.-Col. C. C. Anderson has set out to combine the various military text books in existence into one single manual. Two volumes have already been published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin at five shillings each; the first of these deals with the theoretical side of war, strategy, the laws and usages of war, martial law, and general information concerning the British Empire and other nations from the military point of view, as well as a section devoted to first aid to the wounded. The second volume, just published, is devoted to reconnaissance, strategical concentration, marches, intercommunication, the attack, the defence, and field work generally.

It must be said that the author has done his work well, extracting from the dry bones of text books the essence of their matter, and presenting it in such a form that the junior officer, in search of a method for getting at his work in the quickest and best possible way, cannot do better than take these two volumes to help him in his study.

We await the following volumes of the series with considerable interest, and trust that the high level set by the first two parts of the work may be maintained to its end, for by that means a concise cyclopædia of military information, of extreme value to the soldier, will have been produced.

"War Letters of an American Woman." By Marie van Vorst (John Lane.) 6s.

These letters are addressed to various friends, and they all concern the writer's experiences of the war, in France, in England, and in Italy. Since the writing is often done from the American Ambulance in Paris, there is much of the extreme pathos of the hospital wards expressed—and much of the writer's sympathy with the Allied cause and realisation of German infamies in the first days of the war. Thus—"We speak of the German system. What is it? Within the confines of a single country, a forced, autocratic materialism. Whereas, as you see, this wide response of the British Empire from shore to shore . . . this mighty answer, this evidence of affection, this consolidation without compulsion, why, it seems to me, that it is one of the finest things in history . . . I believe it all comes from a certain idealism."

And again, with regard to the Crown Prince—"He packed up boxes full of her treasures, them marked with the Red Cross to ensure their respect by the Allied armies, and shipped them to Germany, a robber who should have been a prince, a murderer who should have been a knight."

Such expressions of opinion are numerous throughout the book, and the temptation to quote is hard to resist. There is, on every page, a broad understanding and depth of sympathy that comes of having seen and experienced the realities of war. The letters as a whole form one of the best and most human stories that the war has produced.

Lovers of detective fiction will probably not have forgotten *Cleek*, the "man of forty faces." In *The Riddle of the Night* (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 6s.), Mr. T. W. Hanshew recalls *Cleek* for the solving of a murder mystery that takes us little farther than Wimbledon Common, and yet for breathless excitement and complexity will be hard to beat. Unlike most detectives of fiction, Cleek is human enough to acknowledge himself at fault more than once in the course of his work, though the clues that lead nowhere are so many, and the possibilities of this particular crime are so great, that the most perfect detective would be forced to confess himself baffled at times. The identity of the miscreant is well concealed to the end, and, save that there are almost too many characters and too many false scents, a fault that many readers will commend, the story is thrilling enough to satisfy the most exacting.

There is much to amuse in *Youth Unconquerable*, by Percy Ross (Heinemann, 6s. net), although the book consists of frankly impossible situations and a good proportion of the characters are impossible people. The main exponent of unconquerable youth is Cherry Hawthorn, who is introduced to the reader in the midst of her Oxford career, just as she is faced by the knowledge that, owing to her father's improvidence, she will be compelled to earn her own living. A delightful Scotch duke, an extremely witty aviator, and a guardian with ideas of coercion more attuned to the middle ages than to these times, are incidental to Cherry's career and development. The chief attraction of the book lies in the interest attendant on happenings which we know to have been quite impossible; this, and the witty method of writing, maintain the "grip" of the work to its end, and, for the rest, it is a pleasure to meet with a book utterly devoid of immorals, and frankly designed to amuse rather than to point a lesson.

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, offers to introduce him to a wealthy woolbroker, Curlewis, with a view to financing the scheme. Macquart also makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job, who has done a good deal of yachting in his time. Curlewis turns down the scheme, though Macquart tells his story in a most convincing manner. His silent partner Screed believes in it, and unbeknown to Curlewis, follows the three men, asks them to his house, and agrees to find the ship and the money, on seeing that Macquart's hidden treasure map agrees with an Admiralty chart. The ship is the yawl "Barracuda." Screed, on the morrow, takes the three men over the "Barracuda," with which they are delighted. Coming away Macquart is overtaken by an old friend, one Captain Hull, who hails him as B—y Joe, and accuses him of many mean crimes. Macquart gives Captain Hull the slip, but unbeknown to him Hull gets in touch with Screed, and enlightens him on the real character of Macquart. Screed thereupon plans a surprise. Tillman and Houghton, busy on the "Barracuda," talk of the prospects of the voyage and agree they are in for a big risk.]*

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"I'm not afraid of the risk," replied Houghton.

"Afraid of it!" said Tillman; "Why, the risk is all the pleasure of the business. I tell you, I'm sick of living here in Sydney and knowing every day what's coming next. I want to get out and live."

"I'm the same," said Houghton.

The collapsible boat of the *Barracuda*, proved rotten in parts of its canvas. Screed suggested patching but Tillman stood out either for a dinghy or a new collapsible. He carried his point; also the spare mainsail, if tried, would have blown to tatters in any squall; canvas, especially in the tropics, has only a certain length of life even if little used—this point was put right. A patent sea anchor was the last infliction put upon Screed by Tillman, and Screed bore it, though badly. Screed had this peculiarity, though he fought over halfpence and about little things, he was lavish when what he considered to be the essentials were at stake. Thus, whilst he groaned and moaned over a few square yards of extra canvas, the charts, compass, sextants—there was a spare one—and chronometer were of the best.

The outfitting of the expedition took a fortnight instead of a week, and on the evening before the day of starting, Tillman, having given a last look round to see that everything was good, took his seat on deck beside Houghton and Macquart who were seated by the saloon hatch.

"Well, that's done with," said Tillman. "Everything is aboard even to the tobacco; twenty-five pounds of Navy plug ought to last us, and I made the outfitters throw in five boxes of Borneo cigars by way of langnyappe.—There's no drink—only six bottles of whiskey by way of medicine, and a bottle of chlorodyne."

Said Houghton. "You've forgot one thing. Suppose we have accidents?"

"Well," said Tillman, "What then?"

"Where's your surgical instruments and things?"

Tillman sniffed. "Much good they would be without a surgeon. We haven't got to have accidents. We can't afford luxuries of that sort. What do you think you're going on—a yachting cruise?"

"I know something of bone setting," said Macquart, "and I can stop bleeding from an artery—used to be able to do so."

As he spoke, a dusky form emerged from the fo'c'sle hatch, stood erect, and then going to the side leaned over the rail looking shoreward.

It was Jacky, the black fellow secured by Screed to act as cook and deck-hand. Jack was used to the sea, he could steer and was a first-rate boat hand. Two natives had been in the original programme, but on second thoughts Screed had declared for only one, and wisely; in an expedition of this sort the native element is always best reduced to a minimum. Natives can't think much unless they can talk together.

Tillman, having seen the anchor light swung, smoked another pipe, then the three adventurers went below and

turned in, unconscious of the surprise that Screed was about to spring upon them in the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "BARRACUDA" SAILS.

TILLMAN was on deck just before sunrise, and as the sun broke over the hills Macquart and Houghton appeared, rubbing the sleep from their eyes and yawning. Jacky was skipping about in and out of the caboose getting breakfast ready, and the sounds and smell of bacon being fried filled the air.

It was a lovely morning, the white gulls were fishing on the ruffled blue water of the harbour and a warm, steady land wind was blowing favourable for the Heads.

Jacky, leaving the cooking for a moment in abeyance, skipped below to lay the table in the cabin, whilst the others hung on deck talking and leaning on the rail with an eye shoreward for the boat that would bring off Screed and the pilot.

"I'm blest if that nigger doesn't remind me of a bounding kangaroo," said Tillman, "and he seems to have a dozen pair of hands; look at him cooking the breakfast and laying the table at the same time, and he was more use getting the stores on board than half a dozen thumb-fisted stewards would have been."

"Look," said Houghton. "Here's the boat."

A white painted boat was putting off, two men at the oars and two men in the stern sheets.

"It's not the pilot boat," said Tillman. "It's Screed, but who is the chap beside him?"

Macquart was standing with his hand shading his eyes watching the approaching boat, then he turned and went below.

As the boat came alongside, Tillman threw the ladder down and Screed came on deck followed by his companion; it was Captain Hull.

"So you are all ready to start," said Screed. "Well, I have brought you a new man, a friend of mine. Captain Hull. He is also an old friend of Macquart's. He is going with you as supercargo. He understands all about the business, and as you are a bit short-handed, you will find him useful—but where's Macquart?"

"He's below," said Tillman, taken aback at this new move; "but this, I must say, is a surprise. A word with you."

He led Screed forward.

"What on earth have you brought that chap for," said he. "I remember him; he met Macquart one morning in the street and they went off together. What's the meaning of it? How do we stand?"

"You stand just this way," said Screed. "Macquart is one of the biggest blackguards on God's earth. I didn't know all about him till recently. Hull is the antidote to him. Please trust me in this matter, for my interests are yours. Macquart would have done you and Houghton in like the babes in the wood if you had gone alone with him. Hull is the iron grip I will keep on him. Hull has been let down by him. Hull knows enough to hand Macquart over to the police, and he's strong enough to hold Macquart down, and he's straight enough to suit me; he's a spirit level compared to Macquart."

"My God!" said Tillman. "What a ship's company packed away in this ten-cent boat."

"Oh, you'll get on all right, but you must never forget there's a live bomb-shell aboard, and that is Macquart. Put your trust in Hull and back him if there's trouble. I have told him I would tell you everything and warn you. Don't ever lose your temper on this job, don't get heated up with the idea that Macquart is a rogue and worse—of course he is. A half million of hidden money means roguery somewhere. Macquart most likely did John Lant in years ago. I'm pretty sure he did, but we mustn't trouble about that; what we want is to lay hands on the money. Now come aft; Macquart is down below, you say, hiding from Hull most likely. I'm going to confront them."

He led the way aft, and then he went down to the little cabin, followed by Tillman, Houghton and Hull. Macquart was seated at the table. He had started breakfast on some bread and a tin of sardines. Dumbfounded at the appearance of Hull coming off with Screed, he fancied that the whole

expedition was blown upon, and he was filling up before receiving his marching orders.

But Screed, when he entered the cabin, appeared quite unconcerned, in fact he was smiling.

"I've brought a friend of yours on board," said he, "Captain Hull; he has asked to join this expedition and I have let him. He is sailing with you as supercargo—this is him."

Hull, entering the cabin last, stood for a moment gazing on Macquart, who was now standing up, a smile gradually beaming across his broad face. One might have fancied Macquart to have been his long lost brother.

"Why, it's me dear friend Joe," said Captain Hull, "or do me eyes deceive me! Why, Joe, you've grown fat since I lost y' last, fat you've grown and bustin' with prosperity you look—well, if this don't beat all!"

Macquart's face shewed nothing of what was going on inside of him. He held out his hand to Hull.

"This is unexpected," said he. "So you're going with us? Well, that's to the good; a capable navigator is always useful even if we are a bit crowded."

He sat down and helped himself to another sardine, and in that moment Screed seemed to glimpse the full formidableness of this man who had suddenly received such a knockout blow in such a manner.

Jacky had followed them down with a huge dish of fried bacon and eggs, and the whole crowd now took their places at the table, a terrible squeeze, whilst Jacky, skipping on deck again, fetched the coffee. Houghton was the only one at that breakfast party who did not understand the new development. It astonished him that Screed should have sprung this stranger upon them at the last moment; he remembered vaguely Hull's face, which he had glimpsed that morning more than a fortnight ago, but he said nothing. It was some move of Screed's, and if Tillman was satisfied it was not for him to complain.

"Well, gentlemen," said Screed, as the meal drew towards an end, "we'll soon have the pilot on board now and the wind is favourable. One last word to you. This expedition means a lot to us all. Captain Hull here knows what we are after, and his share will be arranged between him and Mr. Macquart without touching either your shares or mine; let there be no dissensions between any of you; work for the common end, for only in that way will you pull the thing off to a profit. When you come back here with what you are going in search of you will find no worry, no difficulty in taking your profits. Once I have touched and told the stuff, I will give each of you a cheque for your amount. You may think my share in this business only consists in fitting out this vessel and starting you off. Far from that, my real help comes in when you are back with the stuff. Remember this, if you had the *Barracuda* up to the hatches in sovereigns, you would be poor men, simply because you could not convert your sovereigns into credit at a bank; to no port in the world could you take them with safety and without being sniffed over by money-changers or customs—that's all I have to say."

He rose from the table; he had narrowly watched Macquart's face during this speech and fancied he had caught the faintest trace of a smile, the vaguest ghost of a hint at derision. He could not be sure, but the fancy made him more than ever satisfied that Hull was in this business.

They came on deck just as the pilot came alongside in his petrol launch. Tillman, who had taken on the duties of skipper, knowing more about the management of small craft even than Hull, had arranged the watches in a general conference on the day before, picking Jacky to act with him as port watch, and Houghton and Macquart for the starboard. The advent of Hull would not disturb this arrangement. Hull declared himself ready and willing to act as spare hand and to assist in any way that might be useful.

"I ain't particular," said he. "I've all my life been used to masts and yards and a quarter deck a body can turn on. I'm free to admit this soap-dish is a new thing to me and this pocket handkerchief work with gaffs and booms is outside my line. If Mr. Tillman here has a better clutch on 'em than me, well, then, he's my skipper; if he's a bit dicky on the navigatin', well then he can reckon on me to lend him a hand."

He meant it. Hull on board the *Barracuda* was as much out of his element as a trout in a child's aquarium. He had been used to space; fore and aft rig confused him; though used to vast spaces of canvas, the mainsail of the *Barracuda* seemed to him vast in proportion to the hull, the swing of the main boom agitated him. He was obsessed, in fact, with the idea of the smallness of the craft, an obsession that would wear off in time. The pilot was a friend of Tillman's who supposed they were off to the islands, and he came, not because he was wanted, but to give them a send off.

When he came on board, Screed shook hands all round

and departed for shore. Then the anchor was hove short—Hull, Houghton and Jacky at the windlass, the jib and mainsail was set and the anchor brought home.

The live feel of the little craft when she was free of the mud sent a thrill through Tillman who was at the wheel, the way she answered to her helm delighted him. Followed by the pilot boat, she passed cove after cove of the lovely harbour, gliding like a gull on the wind she opened the Heads and, now, before them, like an enchantress holding the gifts of death or fortune, stretching towards them the lure of youth, lay the blue and boundless Pacific.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ARGONAUTS.

THEY had dropped the pilot, the Heads were passed and the white digit of Macquarie lighthouse lay behind them and on the port quarter.

Tillman, at the wheel, was feeling more and more the fine qualities of the *Barracuda* as a sea boat, for out here the sea was fresh and strong, the tide coming up against the wind and foam caps breaking across the hard shoreward green and meadows of distant azure.

The old Greeks knew seas like this when they spoke of the sea as a country haunted by Proteus shepherding the flocks of ocean, and Jason might have steered the *Argo* through the same blue fresh weather when he set out on the same old quest of treasure and adventure.

If Tillman had ever heard of Jason and the Golden Fleece, he had, no doubt, forgotten them, nor would he have been in a humour to draw parallels even had he remembered that far-off adventure. Yet the *Argo* departing on her wonderful voyage was a sister ship of the *Barracuda* spreading her sails to the winds of the Pacific, freighted with dreamers, and bound on a business equally adventurous—and almost equally fantastic.

Houghton was standing holding on to the weather rail and talking to Hull. Macquart had taken his seat plump on deck by the galley and was engaged with a needle and thread on a rent in his coat, which he had taken off. Jacky, the native, was in and out of the tiny fo'c'sle putting things in order, and as Tillman looked at his companions, at the boundless sea and the receding Heads, for the first time the true inwardness of his business broke upon him and the true nature of the responsibility he had taken up so lightly.

Bobby Tillman had been one of the Sydney Boys. Spending money, yacht and horse-racing, living too well and recovering from the effects, had been amongst his main occupations in life. An adventure to a New Guinea river for the purpose of recovering half a million of gold there cached had seemed to him a gorgeous and light-hearted business. Out here, faced by the sea and his companions, the full knowledge of the fact that this was an undertaking of all undertakings the most desperate and dangerous, was now coming to him, and with it the sense of his responsibility.

Had the crew of the *Barracuda* consisted of religious sailormen, and had the object of their quest been a cache of Bibles for distribution amongst the heathen, this voyage would not have been destitute of danger. But the quest was gold, and gold in its most dangerous form—abandoned treasure.

Tillman was not thinking of this as he steered. He was reviewing his dubious companions, seeing them as though it were for the first time. Houghton he knew and could trust, Macquart he guessed to be a scoundrel, both from Screed's words about him and from the promptings of a vague instinct; and about Macquart the most disturbing fact was this peep of the devil through a fascinating personality. Hull was much more understandable. Hull, sprung on them at the last moment by Screed as a check upon Macquart, carried his certificate of character in his face, and it was not a first-class certificate by any means. Still, instinctively Tillman felt Hull to be far more reliable than Macquart.

Jacky, the black fellow, was an entirely unknown quantity.

This, then, was the crowd, small in number, yet full of possibilities which Tillman had to deal with and hold together, and with which he had to face the sea, the weather, unknown natives and the passions possibly to be roused through the nature of the quest and the natures of the seekers.

Tillman never turned a hair. This irresponsible and light-hearted optimist, this trifler with life, this hunter of race-courses and main prop of Lamperts, recognised all the difficulties and dangers of his position to the full, yet heeded them not. He felt himself standing on a sure rock, and that rock was the fact that the *Barracuda* was proving herself a splendid sea-boat. So he stood, twirling the wheel, till, Macquarie Lighthouse wiped away by distance, he called Jacky to the helm, gave him the course and joined Hull and Houghton at the weather rail; then the three sat down on deck by Macquart,



Cays a romance of the South Seas.

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“ Well, I have brought you a new man, a friend of mine, Captain Hull.”

who had finished his mending, and Tillman producing a rough chart of the East Australian seaboard began to lay down their course for the instruction of the others.

“ Here we are,” said he, “ almost level with Broken Bay, twenty-eight hundred miles or more from Cape York and Torres Straits. We keep our present course till we strike Longitude 30°—that’s just level with the Solitary Islands. Then we strike more north, so, ’till we’re level with Great Sandy Island; keep on so till we hit Latitude 20°, avoiding the tail of the Great Barrier Reef and then strike bold nor-nor-west through the Coral Sea, and then ner-west for the Straits. We are going outside the Barrier Reef, you see; all the steamer lines and most of the trading ships go inside the reef, but we’re going outside. I’ve talked it out with Screed. He wanted me to go inside and hug the coast, but I decided not; we’re in no hurry, and I’ll take plenty of sea

room. Level with Cape Grafton it’s pretty difficult water. There’s the Madelaine Cays, there’s Holmes Reef—we have to strike between those two.”

“ How long will it take us to hit the Straits?” asked Houghton.

“ All thirty days if we have good weather,” replied Tillman. “ Maybe, two months if we haven’t—you see, we’ve got the current against us.”

“ Well, I’m not the man to complain if it took us a twelve-month,” said Hull. “ Good grub and plain-sailin’ is all I asks, s’long as I’m not divided from my friend, here, Mac. Mac and me is Si’ mese pals—ain’t we, Mac?”

Macquart grunted; he had taken a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket and was busy cutting up twist. Tillman listened and wondered. He knew from Screed that Hull had a “ down ” on Macquart, that Macquart had played Hull

false. He did not know the full extent of the division that existed between the precious pair; all the same, he did not like Hull's bantering tone and tried to change the subject, but Hull persisted.

"We've sailed the seas together and always shared equal, haven't we, Mac? and now we're sailin' and sharin' again, just as in old times."

"Just so," said Macquart.

"And we'll be rich together when we've hit the stroke; why, Mac, we'll be drivin' in kerridges, you and me."

"That's so," said Macquart. "There's enough for all. I'm a plain man and want little in the way of worldly goods; there's enough for the lot of us—when we get the stuff back safe and sound."

Houghton, who did not catch the undercurrent in this conversation, struck in.

"Lord!" he said. "It will be splendid, if we pull it off. I never knew what money meant till I found myself without it, and I never believed, really, in this expedition, 'till now we've started."

"We've got to pull it through," said Tillman, "and it will take some pulling." He rose to his feet and went aft, Houghton following him.

Hull and Macquart found themselves alone for the first time, and Hull, who had just finished filling a pipe, lit it and took a few puffs. He was silent for a moment, then he spoke:

"Mac," said he, "who are them two guys you've let into this bizzness?"

"Well, you ought to know," replied Macquart, "seeing you've been up Screed's sleeve for the last fortnight."

"That's true," said the Captain, "but it was precious black up that sleeve. He hid me away and fed me well, but not one word did he let out, only the promise to put me even with me dear friend Mac."

"Do you mean to say, he didn't tell you all about this expedition?"

"He did," said Hull; "told me enough to make me know it's the same old lay you've been on for years. Why, Mac, it was the New Guinea gold you was singin' about in 'Frisco fower years ago, that time you laid me out with a dope-drop and left me stranded at San Lorenzo, and it's the New Guinea gold you're after still. I know that much. What I want to know now is two things: first of all, who are them two guys and wha' are they worth on this job?"

"Oh, they're just Sydney chaps," said Macquart. "Nothing much; Houghton hails from England, got stranded in Sydney and I met him in the Domain. Tillman, he's a first-rate hand at ailing a boat like this. Did you expect me to go on this joy ride single-handed?"

"Not by no manner of means, else I wouldn't have come aboard to help you, Mac. Why, I hunted for you like a lost child after you give me the slip outside the 'bacca shop. I wouldn't have you go alone on this traverse, not on no account, you may be sure of that. Well, now, to come to the second point. What are you after?"

"What do you mean?"

"I means what I says. You've been always a-gettin' up expidishins or tryin' to get them up to go for this stuff; is it flap-doodle or is it real? Is the stuff there, or is it bun-kum?"

"I give you my word of honour——"

"I wouldn't take your word of honour on no account," said the Captain. "I wouldn't deprive you of it, Mac; answer me up: is it real? and if it ain't, answer me up what you are after. If you plays me crooked, I gives you my word of honour I'll twist your neck. There's no police here, Mac, and no crowner's jury."

"You may take it from me it's the solid truth," said Macquart. "The gold's there and only waiting to be lifted." As he spoke, he raised his head and expanded his nostrils, as though sniffing the treasure.

A great gull passed in the blue sky above, its shadow swept the white deck and bellying mainsail of the *Barracuda*, and its voice came on the wind as it glided away to leeward.

Houghton had gone below, Tillman was at the after-rail, leaning over smoking and contemplating the wash of the yawl. Jacky was at the wheel.

"It's there as sure as I'm here," went on Macquart, "unless an earthquake has swallowed the river bank."

Once Macquart got on the subject of the treasure, he became almost a different man. There could be no doubt at all of his genuineness on that subject.

"Or someone has been and scooped it," put in Hull.

"What do you mean?" said Macquart.

"I mean this way. I meets you fower years ago and you was talkin' of this hive; I meets you to-day and you're talkin' of it still. How many people have you given the office to over this here business that's what I want to know?"

"No one," said Macquart, "not a soul. It's God's

truth that since I saw you in 'Frisco four years ago till the other day, I have not hit one man who would have been of use to me. How could I? going about the world in rags. Once or twice I had a chance to make some money, and I did, but the luck turned against me. No, it's the cold truth, since I seen you last I haven't had a dog's chance. Then I met Tillman, there, in a bar in Sydney, and I was so gravelled I told him the whole yarn over a drink; he took it up hot, then I met Houghton, that other chap, in the Domain and introduced him to Tillman, and the result is we're here."

"That's so," said Hull. "We're here right enough."

Macquart looked at the other out of the corner of his eye.

"The thing I can't understand," said he, "is how you are here. We'll be better friends if we are straight with one another." Hull gave a short laugh at this. "And leaving friendship alone, you have set my curiosity working—how the deuce did you pick up Screed?"

"I'll tell you," said Hull. "When you played me that dog's trick and slipped your cable outside that 'baccy shop, I saw them two guys, Tillman and Houghton, in a bar. I remembered sightin' them with you, and I listened to their talk. Then I put two and two together, and got my claws on Screed. Screed's got no great opinion of you, Mac, specially after the yarn I spun him of how you choused me in 'Frisco. Screed knows I know you and your dog tricks, and he's put me aboard to see fair play between you and them two pore unfortunites. I'm your natural guardian, Mac, till we get the boodle safe to Sydney, and then I'll be your pardner. You've got to give me half of your scoop. D'you understand that, Mac?"

"When we get that stuff to Sydney, you can have half my share," said Macquart. "There's no use in my pretending that I'm satisfied you have a right to it, but there it is; you have got the bulge on me and there's no use kicking."

"Not a bit," said Hull, "and I'm agreeable to be friendly through the voyage and home again, but don't you never imagine I'm asleep. Snorin' on my back, I'll still have one eye open on you, Mac, and both fists ready to scrag you if you play any of your monkey tricks."

He rose up and went aft to take his turn at the wheel leaving Macquart still seated on the deck and revolving, no doubt, the situation in his mind.

(To be continued.)

Most people admire, and a good many are going to wear, the tiny turban hats of tulle with a huge tulle bow gathered and poised with great lightness on the top of the crown. Some of these tulle turbans are gathered into a close-fitting border of velvet, others into a circle of conventional and flatly placed leaves.

Sleeveless coats are being worn, and are almost inevitable accompaniments of the tea frock. Taffetas and ninon are being much used together, and a charming little tea-time gown seen the other day had a skirt in alternate bands of black taffetas and ninon mounted on soft white silk. The short coat was of taffetas only, the deep cut armholes opening to show the ninon sleeves and body of the dress below.

There is a future and big business before the enterprising tailor who will feature severely tailored coats and skirts cut with enough *flair* to mark them as up-to-date. Nothing looks better than a plain coat, fitting well in at the waist, and from there branching downwards in strongly marked pleats. All it then needs is a well cut full skirt of corresponding plainness.

Fine net pretty blouses with deep net shoulder capes are amongst the latest arrivals. The capes are cut in very prim Early Victorian fashion, and in some cases button right up the front and up the throat. Attractive though these blouses are, they will, even with the most careful handling, be difficult to wear beneath the average coat without much creasing and tumbling. The idea is, however, that they will be worn outside like the usual turn-over white collar, and the effect will be a picturesque one.

Attractive spring gowns of sprigged and quaintly patterned silk are being shown at all the big dressmakers, and these are ruched, puffed, and flounced to such an extent that even the most slender wearers will verge on the voluminous. There are no very strong colourings or startling designs. The patterns are small and unobtrusive.

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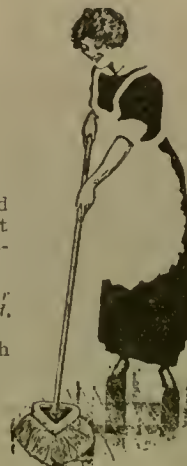
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THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1916.

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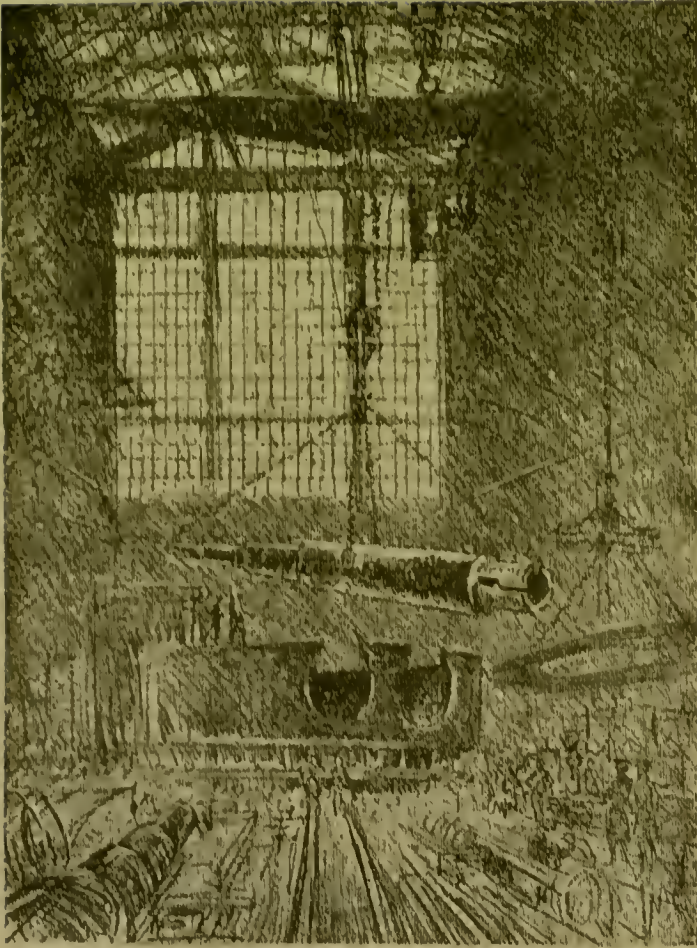


Louis Raemaekers. 21 Jul '15

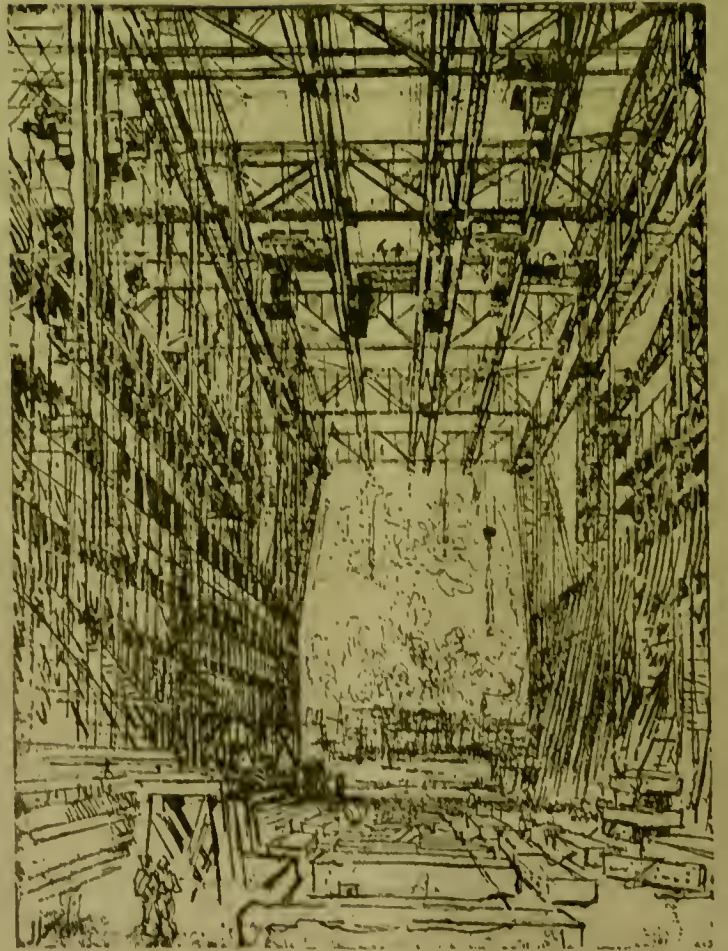
By Louis Raemaekers

THE PROMISE.

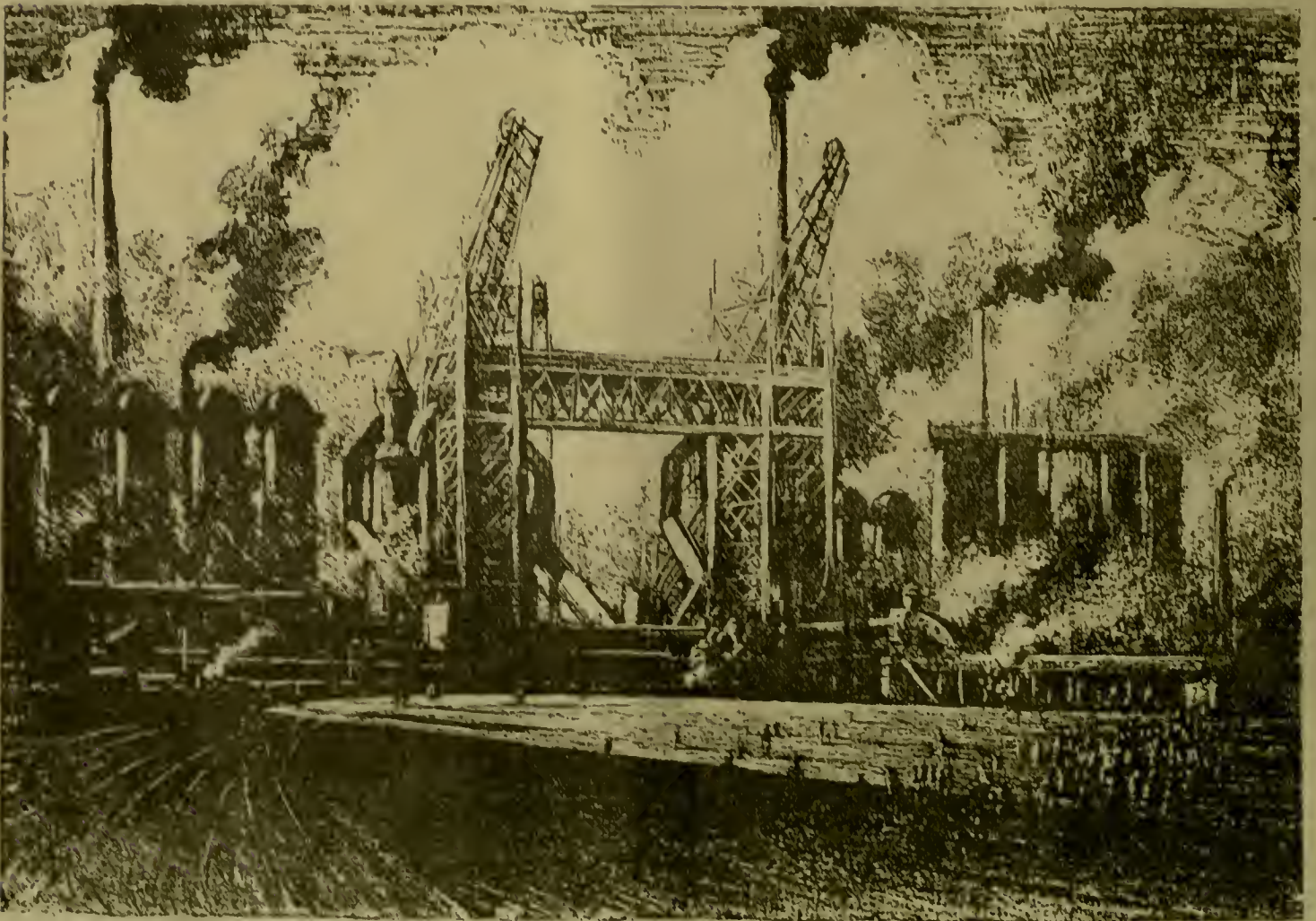
"We shall never sheath the sword until Belgium recovers all, and more than all that she has sacrificed."—
Mr. Asquith, The Guildhall, November 9, 1914. (Repeated in the House of Commons, February 23, 1916.)



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[Major Haldane Macfall writes on this exhibition on page 18.]

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THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1916.

AMERICA'S CHOICE.

THE letter which President Wilson has addressed to Senator Stone brings the United States to the brink of the great choice. Is it to be a sovereign nation or is it to be an amorphous system, mighty in potentialities, but lacking the central purpose, the will to live and to preserve its rights and its honour, that is the soul of a nation? The question is in the balance—has been in the balance since the outbreak of war. That catastrophe had vast repercussion across the Atlantic. Nowhere had the idea that the world of the future would be wholly subject to pacific and arbitral methods taken so deep a root as in the United States; nowhere had democratic development assumed directions so entirely contrary to the idea of the State as an organised military system; nowhere did the war come as a ruder shock to the current tendencies of thought.

From the first the dominant sympathy of the country was with the Allies. This was due in part to the intimate relations—speech, trade, tradition, literature, and so on—between the United States and England and the spiritual sympathy with Republican France, but still more to the ferocity of the German invasion of Belgium, which revolted the moral sense of the people in an unparalleled degree. There were, however, very powerful discordant elements in the sentiment of the country, some definitely pro-German, some merely anti-English, some who, like the extreme pacifists of the Bryan school, were driven into a kind of pro-German position by their determination to resist the prevailing tendency.

Nor were there wanting encumbrances which gave strength to these impulses. The operation of the blockade inevitably led to friction with this country. It would be unjust to suggest that American opinion ever seriously regarded that friction as in the same category as the piratical crimes of Germany, but it seemed to check the strong current of feeling. It periodically diverted attention from the great issues of humanity to the meaner grievances of trade, and gave a certain ground for that balancing of one against the other which fitted in with the essential purpose of the country.

That purpose was to avoid being involved in the struggle. Broadly speaking, it is true to say that there is not and never has been an uncompromising pro-war party in the United States. The majority of those who sympathise most strenuously with the Allies have not really advocated intervention. They have not seriously contemplated more than a breach of diplomatic relations with Germany. The reasons for this are many; the tradition of isolation from the European quarrels, the lack of means of prompt intervention, the strong cross-currents of interest and, finally, the selfish desire to enjoy the unparalleled harvest which the war has brought to the American merchant, farmer, trader, and financier. The country has never experienced such a period of overflowing prosperity. Indeed, no country in the world's history has had such an inrush of sudden wealth. It is converting the United States magically into the great credit country of the world, and the continuance of the war promises to leave New York the financial centre of the nations.

But meanwhile there is a deep undercurrent of disquiet which finds its expression, stridently in the case of Mr. Roosevelt, gravely and anxiously in the case of Mr.

Eliot of Harvard. It is felt that the vast profits which the United States is deriving from the agonies of Europe are dearly bought if the moral leadership of the nation in the world is being sacrificed to obtain them. The view that the country has no part in the great issue that is being fought out in Europe wears thin and false. That issue is seen to be whether democracy, of which the United States has been the standard-bearer, is to survive on this earth or to perish under the heel of Prussian militarism. The United States cannot be indifferent to that great issue. Behind all this there is the consciousness that in the light of the war the isolation of America is discovered to be a fiction. There are many candid Americans who admit that the name endorsed on the back of the Monroe Doctrine is not the name of the United States, but the name of Great Britain—that it is the British Navy alone that to-day gives validity to that Doctrine and stands between Prussia and the realisation of its dream of conquest in South America.

It is considerations like these which are disturbing the best minds and leading them to ask whether the United States is proving equal to the great challenge that has come upon the country in common with the rest of the world, whether, in short, the United States can finally stand aloof from the struggle without suffering a profound moral defeat. President Wilson throughout has been conscious of the challenge, but he has conceived it to be his function not to force opinion, but to leave it to mature and only act when action would give him the maximum of public support and the facts would provide him with an indisputable case. He has sought to give effect to the two main purposes of America—the desire to keep out of the war, and the determination to secure respect for the rights of the nation. Those purposes, however, cannot be reconciled without a strain. Germany, realising the difficulties of his position, has sought to divert the mind of America to the contemplation of its own interests, and hungry traders have not been unwilling to believe that the British mastery of the seas, which interfered with their commerce, was an encroachment upon the sovereign rights of the United States.

But the essential falsity of the balance between the piratical crimes of Germany and the British Navy's interpretation of the laws of sea warfare has become too flagrant to be ignored, and it would be an entire misreading of President Wilson's policy to assume that he has sought to ignore it. He would not have a breach if it could be avoided because he believed that not only was it in America's interest that it should be outside the struggle, but also because he was conscious that the preservation of its neutrality might prove to be an important service to the belligerents and might give the world the advantage of a powerful and impartial influence in the hour of settlement.

But the challenge which Germany has thrown out to him on the subject of armed merchantmen brings the President to the brink of the precipice. Germany has declared her intention to sink armed merchantmen, the President has refused to regard defensive armaments as constituting a ship of war. This refusal, coupled with his determination not to forbid Americans to travel in British ships, makes the clash between the two countries apparently inevitable.

The letter to Mr. Stone, in our opinion, leaves no doubt that the decision of the President has been taken. No one who has studied his career can doubt the iron will that dwells behind this calm and peace-loving personality. He would go into the war with the grief that possessed the great souls of Lincoln and of Lee, but he would go into it with the stern resolution that was theirs also.

"These are the times that try men's souls," said Thomas Paine in the first of those clarion calls which he wrote by Washington's camp fire in the dark nights when the American nation was coming to birth. The soul of America bore the trial and came through it with boundless possibilities. Eighty years later came the second great ordeal, and again the United States emerged purified, enlarged in outlook, united as it had never been. To-day it stands on the brink of yet another searching test. It will be the greatest test of all. It will decide whether the United States is only a miscellaneous aggregation of appetites or whether it is a nation grown to manhood and shouldering its task in this world in the spirit of the mighty founders of its greatness.

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN.

By Hilaire Belloc.

THE enemy has launched, with the German portion of his forces, that great offensive in the West which was expected and upon which will turn the future of the war.

It is already generally known as the battle of Verdun. All opinion has by this time clearly seized the vast import of the affair.

Whether the enemy's action be premature or not, whether he has struck too soon and must pay the price for having struck too soon, we cannot tell until the issue is decided. Nor shall we know until the official history of the war can be written (if then) whether he was at liberty to strike later, even had he so willed.

Let us not forget at the outset what may be lost sight of in the intense anxiety of the moment and in the dramatic interest of a battle at last joined, that *the whole thing is yet one more proof—if proof were needed—of how numbers are now the determining factor of the whole campaign.*

In a sense, this has always been true. In a sense it is true of all war. But it is particularly true now; and that truth will be the better emphasised if I take the opportunity of recalling to the reader what was published in LAND AND WATER with regard to the impending attack not longer ago than February 10th, under the title "The Chances of a German Offensive."

What I put forward in these columns upon the 10th February was as follows:—

1. That the enemy's whole strategic plan was already governed by the exhaustion of his useful reserve. As against this exhaustion the Allied superiority in numbers was getting more and more striking.

2. In such a *numerical* situation the enemy was in need of a very immediate offensive. To quote the words written "Anyone standing in the shoes of the enemy's Higher Command at this moment must be contemplating somewhere a vigorous offensive upon a large scale."

3. Such an offensive would have an immediate political object. If it could do more, well and good for the enemy; but even if there was only the capture of some thousands of prisoners and some scores of guns the enemy would hope to produce an effect both at home and among neutrals. His ultimate object would, of course be much more the breaking of a front.

4. This coming great offensive would almost certainly be delivered upon the Western Line.

5. It would probably be delivered upon two selected sectors in conformity with the successful strategy of the enemy last summer in the East.

All this the enemy has done.

The plan is fully developed after ten days of action, save for the last point which only the future can show to be well or ill founded. For we cannot yet tell whether the enemy, as is still expected, will proceed to strike at yet another point in order to create a great salient between the two, or whether he will confine himself to developing the present action solely upon the sector already engaged.

The German and French Objects in this Battle.

The essential fact to remember is that it is the balance arrived at by the end of a struggle which alone decides its value. This is true in all war. It is true of the most dramatic and conclusive decisions, such as Sedan, in which one side is, in a military sense, destroyed in a few hours, at no grievous expense to the other side. It is equally true of the longest, dullest, and most inconclusive of military operations, such as, for instance, the last campaign of Marlborough.

We have in the case of the Battle for Verdun particular examples of this truth.

There are three points which are the objects of the enemy.

His main object, of course is to break the French front. He proposes to deliver a blow so violent or so prolonged that at some moment during its delivery the French resistance shall crumble and the whole of that part of the line go to

pieces. In that case he obtains a decision. At the very best, for him, he might conceive the possibility of getting right through, separating the French armies, finding himself able to act upon the flank of either part, and in general determining the campaign in his favour, so far as the Western field is concerned. If he can achieve this, enormous losses (spread over a fortnight of the most violent fighting) and the expenditure of the greater part of his accumulated munitions, are well worth his while; he might have 300,000 men hit, and yet achieve his object. For in the end, not hundreds of thousands, but millions, of his opponents would be out of action, and the decision in his favour arrived at.

Second in importance is something very different. His desire to break the French front he must have known to be an enterprise very doubtful of achievement. Failing this he might yet obtain results of high political value to him at the moment. The capture of very numerous prisoners, guns, stores and other trophies would impress neutral opinion at a moment when it is essential that he should prevent one army at least, and perhaps two, from appearing in the near future in the field against him. He would impress the insufficiently censored and insufficiently disciplined Press (and the financial powers behind it) in the West. He would affect the parliamentary form of Government, which is so thoroughly unadapted to war. At the loss of many men he would have prevented the appearance of *more* fresh men against him, and could hope to shake the moral of his foe, at least on the civilian side.

Even if he did not obtain a great measure of positive success; even if he were not able to point to numerous guns captured, great masses of munitions fallen to him as booty, and thousands of unwounded prisoners, he could still have a singular effect upon that same opinion of neutral, disaffected, and independent or treasonable elements of the Alliance, by the mere name of Verdun. It is a point with which the soldiers in command are least concerned, for in the military sense it is meaningless. But it is still a point of political value and the enemy knows it well.

Supposing at the end of such a business he could only point—at the expense of a quarter of a million men—to a few thousand prisoners, and a normal number of pieces remaining in his hands as the result of an advance over five or six miles of country, but could say that his troops had entered even so much as the eastern ruins of Verdun, beyond the Meuse river, the name "Verdun" would still do its work. Men continue to think of this geographical area—this single circle of a few miles in 500 miles of line—as though it were a fortress of the old days of fortresses. It has become in the minds of millions during the last few days the test of success to discover whether the enemy does or does not attain even the ruined houses in the suburbs.

Still greater would be the effect, of course, if the whole French line were to fall back behind Verdun and that area as a whole to be occupied by the enemy. That the line should fall back intact, that its new position should be stronger than the old, that the French losses should be not a third of the Germans, that those German losses should be such that their offensive power should be crippled in the West for months to come—all that would be set against the accomplishment and counted little.

The mere attainment of the area called Verdun on the map—no matter at what price—would have the political effect I have described.

These three points, therefore, the first alone a military consideration, are in the enemy's mind.

Unlike what is the case with simpler situations, the corresponding French object is not a mere negation of these German objects. You cannot in this instance simply contrast the two opponents and state the success of the one in terms of the failure of the other.

The main French object in the whole matter is the infliction of such military losses on the enemy, in comparison to those suffered by themselves, that this great

offensive of his shall be a strategical defeat. On that alone is the whole energy of the French command determined. Whether upon this single sector of the heights of Verdun, or as is now possible, rather than probable, upon another sector also (should the enemy extend his own plan to a double movement, attacking upon two distant sectors before the offensive is concluded), the object of the Alliance is to render that offensive as expensive as it can possibly be made.

The retirement of the French from one line to another until the main position was reached was conducted solely with that view. Each new position chosen, but in particular the main ridge which has been the scene of the tremendous fighting since Friday last, is regarded strictly and solely as a condition which compels the enemy to sacrifice masses upon masses of men. And the test of French success or failure at the close of the great adventure, if the line can hold unbroken, will not be the ultimate position of that line, but the higher proportional exhausting and dwindling of military capacity which the effort may have imposed upon the Germans.

The Contrast in Method.

Such a calculation or scheme on either side is possible from the contrasting ideas of the two commands.

We have in the whole of this great battle a contrast between a certain French strategical conception and a certain German tactical tradition, each enriched by new experience gained in this war.

The general French strategical conception at work is familiar to readers of these columns. In all its forms there underlies that conception the detaining of an enemy superior offensive by the smallest number which can sustain the shock, and the maintaining in reserve of all that can possibly be so spared, with the object of bringing such fresh forces into play just at the right moment to achieve a maximum result. From the smallest details to the largest plans, this strategical conception is seen underlying the operations of the French command. You have it in that vast business the Battle of the Marne; you have it in the particular instance of the two fresh divisions which were launched with exact art at the precise moment necessary to recover the plateau of Douaumont last Saturday.

It is obvious, and has been obvious all the years during which this conception has been discussed, for and against, up and down Europe—it has been obvious especially during the present campaign—that such ideas can only be translated into reality by the successful exercise of a very accurate calculation in things as much moral as material. Upon the moral side comes in the peril (and therefore the art as well) of all such methods.

If you overestimate the resisting power of your few troops which take the first shock, you suffer irremediable disaster. If you mistake the exact moment for the counter offensive, you suffer disaster no less.

It is a method perilous in the extreme, but, like all risky work, yielding a harvest corresponding to its peril if it succeeds.

We do not know with what number of men the first shock was received at the week-end ten days ago. We know that the enemy launched against the first French line from Brabant round to Herbebois elements drawn from at least fourteen divisions. The first shock was probably taken by elements drawn from not more than three French divisions.

As the operation developed larger bodies were brought into play by the enemy. By Saturday last men from 25 German divisions were already at work. Correspondingly the French resistance, as it fell back from line to line was fed by new material. We do not know, again, how many French units took the assault, last Saturday from assaulting, bodies representing 25 divisions of the enemy, but we know that they were still deliberately left inferior in numbers to their assailants.

We can be fairly certain that even by Friday—after a week of the strain—the French Higher Command had not moved its general reserve at all; and that all the work done round Verdun had been done by the troops assigned to that sector, including the local reserve; though it is possible that before the close of Saturday, the 26th, certain new units had come up from another portion of the line.

The German assault showed once more the unbroken tactical traditions inherited from two centuries of War, and this coupled with the extension and confirmation of it by the experience of the present campaign. It was a blow struck upon a comparatively narrow front with a very dense mass of infantry whose charge had been prepared by the heaviest of artillery work—that is, the whole of his method. Just as the French propose to succeed through exactitude in an art and through a perilously close calculation which suits their genius; so does the Prussian tradition rely upon the peculiar advantage it possesses, the certitude that no losses will destroy the cohesion of its infantry. The Prussian claims, not without justice, that his type of discipline can maintain in being for days a "battering ram" of a density, weight and momentum superior to any other service. That it can therefore deliver a blow of an intensity superior to what any other service could deliver; because no matter how packed the advancing bodies, and no matter how enormous the consequent losses, either they will not break, or, if they break, fresh bodies will at once be ready to renew the charge.

We saw that principle at work upon the Grand Couronné 18 months ago, where it broke down altogether and failed. We saw it months afterwards upon the Dunajetz, where the new lesson taught by the War of the new scale upon which heavy munitions must be provided, had been learnt by the Prussian Higher Command, and, where it was aided by the great inferiority of the enemy in that same matter.

We are now seeing precisely the same tactical tradition being put to the supreme test against the steep, straight hills of the Meuse.

II.

THE ACTION ITSELF.

The public has noted from the telegrams of the last ten days the advance of German troops over a certain belt of ground (five miles in width at the broadest and a little over three at the narrowest). There is a danger, as we have seen, that this movement may distract our attention from the real nature of the fight and confuse in our judgment the main issue.

The advance of the enemy and the retirement of the French were throughout all the first five days of the great battle no more than preliminaries leading up to the final situation, which was fully reached not earlier than the seventh day, Friday, February 25th.

Upon the previous evening, that of Thursday, February 24th, the French line, falling back in a manner to be later described, had reached its principal defensive organisation, a certain ridge to which we will give a name for the sake of clearness (though it has no local name, as a whole) and will call "The ridge of Louvemont"—from the name of the principal village standing upon those heights.

It was only at this moment, the evening of Thursday, the 24th, that the last dispositions of the French for meeting the great attack, which had been so long foreseen and prepared for, were fully taken. And it is only on the next day (Friday) that the body of the action takes final form.

In other words, what happened from Saturday, the 19th February, up to the evening of Thursday, the 24th, was no more than the successive abandonment by the French in good order—with the loss of guns indeed, and with the falling into the enemy's hands of perhaps a tenth of their first line men—of one line after another until they had reached that upon which they had planned to stand. On the fortunes of that last line the issue would turn. I shall briefly review the details of these preliminary retirements.

Details of the Retirements.

It was, as we have said, during the course of Saturday, the 19th February, that the enemy opened the action by an intensive bombardment with his heavy artillery, against the first advance line of the French. After this intense bombardment, covering about forty-eight hours of time and extending from the Meuse at Brabant to the neighbourhood of Ornes (that is, over a shallow bow

curved northwards, the full extent of which was about eight and a half miles in length) upon Monday, the 21st February, the artillery preparation ceased and the enemy launched his first infantry, drawn, as observation showed, from the elements of some fourteen divisions.

It is especially important to observe at this moment, the morning of February 21st, the difference which already begins to appear between the French and German tactics in these great offensives.

The corresponding action of the French in Champagne five months ago will be remembered. There, as here, the offensive was preceded by forty-eight hours' bombardment with heavy artillery at long range. There, as here, the infantry assault was launched immediately after. There as here, the first line trenches and all their organisation were swept over by that advance; the survivors of the defensive, dazed and almost impotent under the effect of the recent bombardment, were captured.

But when so much is said of the similarity between the two situations, a great contrast at once appears. The French attack had been delivered against the German line, which had been bidden at all costs to hold, which was full of men, and had trusted to its power, even after bombardment, of breaking the French infantry attack by rifle and machine-gun fire before the trenches were reached or carried. No guns were moved back. So far from their men being moved back, reinforcements were ordered to push up to the front the moment the bombardment should cease. As a consequence, upon a front of rather over twelve miles, the French captured 20,000 unwounded prisoners, some scores of guns, the whole of the first line organisation, killed more than 30,000 of the enemy, and put out of action the equivalent of several corps, all the work of the first blow.

Here, before Verdun, five months later, the French line (which was now the defending one), had received no such orders to hold indefinitely, but had, on the contrary, been regarded as no more than an advanced position from which retirement would be conducted back and back until the main organised defensive position was reached.

As a consequence, the enemy when he attacked over this front (of eight to nine miles in all its sinuosities) upon Monday the 21st, cut off perhaps 3,000 men, including wounded, and found himself at the end of the day in possession of two small batches of the front only, not two miles in extent, the largest of which was the wood of Haumont and a portion of the wood of Caures. Upon the flanks, in front of Herbebois and in front of Brabant, he was stopped. Meanwhile, under the cover of this first line of resistance the retirement was continuing.

During the following day, Tuesday the 22nd, the covering troops left in the front line delivered sharp counter offensives, retaking part of the wood of Caures, and still holding the enemy up upon the wings. These blows were only struck to cover the retreat that was proceeding behind them. On the night of that Tuesday, the French again retired on to a third line, and on the morning of Wednesday were standing along positions stretching from in front of Samogneux to Ornes; these positions—the two ends of the line—are protected by steep banks shelving up to them. In the middle they pass through the valley and village of Beaumont.

It is to be remarked that upon every series of positions thus taken up by the French as they retired, a difficult assault by the enemy had to be delivered. He was compelled to lose heavily in each process; very much more heavily than the defenders.

The assailant still coming on in dense bodies and the covering line still being left far inferior in number and still subject, of course, to preliminary intensive bombardments before each attack, holds this line as well as it can during the Wednesday but is beaten back at Beaumont in the valley, the wings with their ravines to protect them standing firm.

By the Thursday morning it is found that the French have withdrawn in the night to yet a third line which runs from near Champneuville—from the Meuse in that neighbourhood—very slightly north of east, terminating south of Ornes, which has been abandoned.

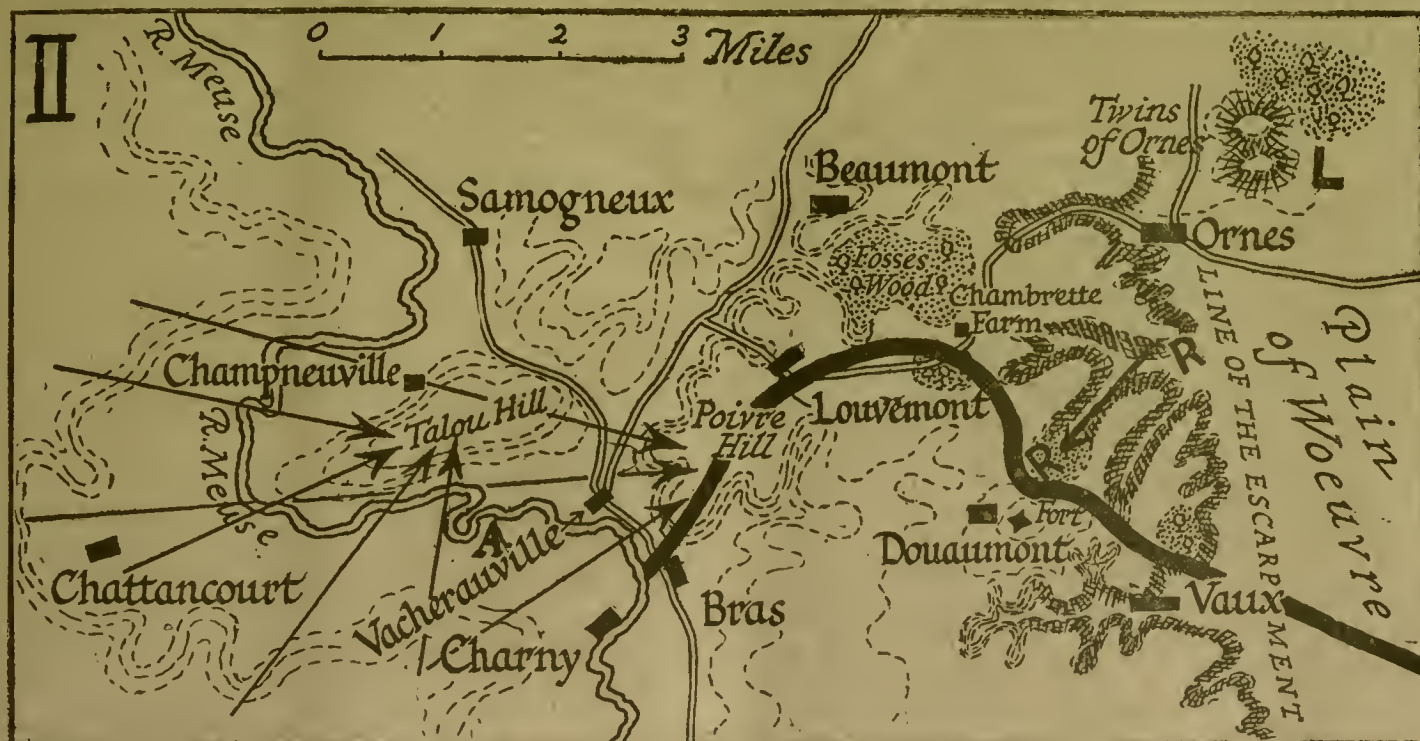
On that Thursday the German attack, in which elements from fifteen or sixteen divisions have already been noted, swarms through the intervening space and assaults at the usual price the third line so formed.

When darkness fell upon the Thursday, the French again drew back to their final disposition, that is the main ridge covering Verdun—on which this struggle was to be decided.

They abandoned Champneuville leaving only comparatively small forces upon the narrow hill which stands in the bend of the Meuse. Their last line now lay on the ridge of Louvemont to make its stand. It stretched from Vacherauville round by Louvemont in front of the Farm of Chambrette and so round eastwards and southward again across the Donaumont plateau until it fell to the plain of the Woeuvre to the east below, and in that plain it was being withdrawn somewhat nearer to the base of the hills. This last portion of the retirement, that on the plain, was conducted without molestation throughout the whole of the next day, Friday, the 25th.

Meanwhile upon the morning of this same Friday the 25th, the French forces stood massed upon the main





ridge, which we have called the ridge of Louvemont, and awaited the final and decisive shock.

In each stage of these four retirements they took their toll from the enemy in his increasingly numerous bodies of attack, but the climax of the fight would only begin after this Friday, when the final dispositions had been reached.

The battle, extending over five days, had given the enemy results in prisoners somewhat inferior to the two days in Champagne, in guns much the same. The action was but begun and already the expense at which the assailants had attained these results was far higher than the corresponding losses had been in Champagne.

So far the French had fallen back through broken country. They now had reached a main position which is essentially one great connected height opposed like a wall to the enemy's assault.

The battle for Verdun is a battle for the possession of that wall: The French hold it with the object of inflicting the greatest possible amount of losses upon the enemy. The enemy suffer those losses day after day with the object of piercing the French defensive line or turning it by the left or the right. The test of success in the one case is an enormous wastage in the enemy's military power through losses and through exhaustion of munitions; in the other, at the best, the breaking of the French front (an unlikely thing), at the least the occupation of the area of Verdun, five miles behind the ridge, which area of course no longer represents a fortress, but is simply a geographical expression for one portion of the five hundred mile line, the occupation of which, even if there were no military results attached to it, would have for the enemy the very high political value already described.

To understand the action which is still proceeding we must examine in detail the nature of this ridge, the success or failure in holding which is for the moment the test of this great action.

The Ridge of Louvemont.

The elements of this position may be judged by the accompanying sketch. Upon the West runs, in its deep trench, the obstacle of the river Meuse and it could not be passed* by the enemy with the object of turning this position because it is everywhere under fire of the French from the left bank. The water level of the River Meuse gives the lowest point in the ground, and we will reckon heights from that water level.

On the East is the tumbled clay plain of Woeuvre, the many wooded streams of which carry water levels of 50 or 60 ft. higher than that of the Meuse. Between

the Meuse and the Woeuvre rise those hills called "the Heights of the Meuse," a portion of which form the ridge in question.

These hills are in sharp contrast to the plains of the Woeuvre below them. They rise from it very sharply indeed, as sharply as do the north and south downs rising in the escarpment from the Weald. The heights are not ranges of peaks, nor even rounded summits, but large plateaux up to which there lead from the Meuse valley on the one side, and from the Woeuvre plain on the other, steep coombes often wooded; ravines which bite deeply into the plateau formation. They have very steep banks. The plateau is not absolutely level, of course. It has slightly culminating points, low waves of land, as it were; but the general aspect once one is up on the top of it is that of a plain. The highest line of this plateau linked together in one imaginary line forms the French position covering Verdun. The main portion of it, that from the Meuse to Douaumont, is in immediate contact with the German assault. Further south the French line is still pushed out in front of the hills and lies parallel to their base through the plain at their feet.

It will be observed from the sketch map II that the semicircular position from the Meuse round along the highest points of the hill of Poivre, passes just behind the village of Louvemont, comes round the little wood just south to the Farm of Chambrettes, thence begins to curl round southwards, and finally reaches the culminating point of the plateau of Douaumont just in front of the village of that name and at the point where the old Fort, which has now been dismantled for eighteen months, used to stand.

This defensive position, which I have marked upon sketch II by a thick black line, rises gradually from the hill of Poivre to the culminating point where the old Fort of Douaumont used to stand. The highest part of the Poivre ridge is not 400 feet above the river, the neck of land just north of Louvemont is 20 ft. higher. The little wood in front of the farm of Chambrette is well over 500 ft. above the river, indeed, nearly 600 ft., while the culminating point of the plateau of Douaumont, where the old Fort used to stand, is 560 ft. above the Meuse. The plateau further south, which has not yet been attacked, is of much the same nature. It continues to bear for sixty miles the name of "Heights of the Meuse."

It will be clear from the above that the main part of the French position, that which has stood the tremendous assault of the last week, is, in its most general elements, a horseshoe, with its culminating or terminating point at Douaumont.

If one were to express it in the simplest possible form, eliminating all the complexity of the ravines which intersect it, one would express it as in the accompanying

* Just in front of Vacherauville at the point marked A in the sketch map II there is a ford which can be used with difficulty in peace time, but it is under the guns of Charny ridge and at the same time under those of, or rather just behind, the summit of Poivre.

sketch III., and from this will be at once apparent the decisive character of that culminating point where the Fort of Douaumont once stood.



We shall see in a moment the critical character of the successful German attack upon that decisive point and the effect hitherto obtained by the French counter-offensives against it. Had the enemy not set foot upon the heights of Douaumont, the whole ridge would have remained intact in the hands of the French, and all the assaults against it would have been so much pure loss. The battle, which closely resembles the great defence of Grand Couronné in front of Nancy that laid the foundations of Marne, would in that case have formed an exact parallel to this former action, and would have promised a complete success. But the enemy have carried one point of the ridge, and that the highest point, transforming the whole situation. (This was the reason that the news of the capture of Douaumont summit so gravely affected those who knew the ground and caused them to await so anxiously further news of the developments resulting from it.)

Next let us examine, by turning again to sketch II., the conditions under which this main defensive position must be attacked by the enemy. We would again begin by the left or west, and work round to the right. The hill of Poivre stands up sharply from the Meuse, and can only be carried by charges directed right up its wooded western side or southern end. The steep slopes, which begin to rise gradually before the ridge is reached, are nearly 400 ft. in height and their average slope is about one in nine, with some steeper portions here and there. Immediately at the foot of these slopes, which lead up to the narrow plateau of the Hill of Poivre, is the high road leading from Beaumont to Vacherauville, which lies in a deep valley. Beyond that valley there is a second ridge running from the big bend in the Meuse in front of the villages of Champneuve and Samogneux out northwards and eastwards. This ridge is lower than, and is dominated by, the Hill of Poivre. It is not a united line, but is cut by a saddle which the road from Samogneux to Vacherauville takes advantage of. The western part of this ridge, that part lying immediately in front of Champneuve, is called the Hill of Talou.

We have next in order the village of Louvemont (or to be more accurate, its ruins). In front of this sector the ground slopes away for some distance gently and we only get steep banks just before it plunges down to the Beaumont-Vacherauville road. It is a country of open fields, thus sloping down from the village of Louvemont, presenting a clear field of fire.

Next, as we go westwards, the Wood of Les Fosses at the head of a deep ramified ravine, is in German hands. But the highest point of the plateau lying back from the wood is in French hands, and thence to the wood is a good field of fire for the defensive.

When we reach the little wood which stands before the Farm of Chambrette, we are at the only point in the whole defensive line which is not the stronger for rapidly falling ground in front of it. There is here a sort of neck of high ground, joining the horseshoe ridge with the hills to the north. This "neck" is defined by a country road which follows it. It is very narrow, the rising slopes of the combe on the west being separated from the falling escarpment of the bank on the east by only 800 yards.

From this point the plateau of Douaumont begins. Steep slopes everywhere impede the momentum of the assailants. These slopes, however, from their very steepness, give their assailants this advantage that they present

not a little dead ground: that is, ground so steep that the fire of men on the height above cannot reach it.

From the plateau of Douaumont onwards, the line falls down on to the plain of the Woivre and ceases to be connected with the ridge of Louvemont, but runs through the plain of the Woivre, which is here about four hundred and fifty feet below the hills and very sharply marked by an extremely steep escarpment. It passes in front of the station of Eix and thence in an almost straight line south-eastwards.

The Attack on the Ridge.

On Friday, the 25th, the Germans began their attack upon this horseshoe of the Louvemont ridge.

There were, as we have seen, two points the maintenance of which was essential to the French. The Hill of Poivre at one end of the horseshoe and the plateau of Douaumont at the other.

If the Hill of Poivre were carried, the whole of the horseshoe was turned, the Germans would be in the hollow of it behind the ridge. The troops upon the ridge would have to withdraw as best they could. Those at the far end by Douaumont might succeed in getting back to Verdun, but those on the Hill of Poivre itself, and those in Louvemont, and even many to the east or right of Louvemont, would be destroyed. At the best only the southern and eastern part would escape. Meanwhile the entry to the town of Verdun from the north would lie open.

The other and more dangerous point was the plateau of Douaumont itself, which is somewhat higher than the Hill of Poivre. We have seen of what effect its capture would be. It would be a more decisive blow even than the rushing of the Hill of Poivre, for it would cut off the whole mass of the defence on the ridge and would dominate Verdun itself—an uninterrupted view of less than five miles.

The enemy attacked on Friday all round the ridge, from the Meuse right round to the escarpment of the Plateau of Douaumont, losing very heavily, and effecting nothing. But he could not make as full an artillery preparation as he desired, for he had not yet fully brought up his heavy guns. It was not till the early morning of the Saturday, February 26th, that the full blast of the attack was at work. It struck, of course, all around the ridge. Indeed, with such great masses of men, it was incredibly dense upon that very short curved line of six miles. But while the attack came from all round the curve the main objects were still, of course, the Hill of Poivre on the extreme left and the tableland of Douaumont on the extreme right.

Now the Hill of Poivre has in front of it, filling up the bend in the Meuse, a narrow falling ridge of land called, as we have seen, the Hill of Talou.

A few men may have been left for a short time by the French upon this advanced ridge, but not for any purpose of holding it permanently. For the Meuse was behind it, and the retirement of any large bodies from it would therefore have been difficult.

Already in the course of Friday it had been abandoned.

On the other hand Talou could not serve as a point from whence the Germans could work against the hill of Poivre on account of a factor which is very important in all this fighting and which we have not hitherto mentioned. All the further bank of the Meuse (a great "S" of hills from north of Chattancourt to the abandoned fort upon the ridge of Charny), remains in the hands of the French and has indeed not been attacked by the Germans as yet, save with distant heavy artillery fire. At ranges of from 3,000 to 8,000 yards from the left bank of the river, the French guns beyond the Meuse can direct their fire against the Hill of Talou and its neighbourhood. Most of them can also fire upon troops attacking the river end of the sides of the Hill of Poivre. Poivre resisted successfully all that day, Saturday, the 26th, and still stands at the moment of writing.

The Germans came in mass after mass up Poivre Hill, up against the easier slopes, which stand north of and in front of Louvemont, out of the wood of Fosses and through the Farm of Chambrette (which they occupied), but with particular weight against the Plateau of Douaumont. It was on this sector that the Germans

at last came near to effecting their purpose. It is here that they will perhaps continue to attempt success, and we must particularly note the way in which their assault upon it was delivered upon that Saturday morning.

We have already seen upon the sketch map II and noted in the text the numerous deep ravines which bite right into the tableland of Douaumont. Ravines with steep and usually wooded slopes, the ends of which reach up to, and fade upon, the flat of the plateau.

It was up one of these thus biting deep into the plateau that the great attack of last Saturday morning, the 26th, was launched by the enemy and the result of it was successful in seizing the highest point of the tableland above.

The nature of this detail, which might have determined the whole battle, deserves our close attention, and I will describe it as minutely as is possible from the rare and disjointed accounts which have come to hand.

The reader will first note isolated on the plain of the Woeuvre, a [double hill (which I have marked L upon sketch II) and which is known in that countryside as "The Twins of Ornes" from the village at its feet. The heavy artillery of the enemy which concentrated upon the plateau of Douaumont lay largely behind these heights and in the woods immediately beyond to the north at a range of from 7,500 to 8,000 yards. It is said that the German Emperor watched the operations from the southern slopes of these twin hills, which command in their view the ravine leading up to the plateau of Douaumont.

This ravine I have marked upon the sketch map II with letter R—R. It is known in the neighbourhood as the "Val" or Valley of Bezoneaux. Its upper part is wooded upon high steep banks and the semicircle at the end, the wood being generally known as that of La Vauche. It was up this ravine and through the covering of the woods clothing it that the great attack of last Saturday morning was launched. The German infantry also swarmed up the spur which stretches north-eastwards from Douaumont and the site of the old Fort. As they passed through the wood and as they approached it in the open valley below, they were subjected to a very murderous fire from the French artillery; they received the full force of the French rifle and machine gun fire as they left the wood and began to top the slopes.

There would seem to have been at least five, and perhaps six, separate attacks, all of which were beaten back with very severe losses. A seventh attack launched just before 10 o'clock in the morning and undertaken by the 24th Brandenburg regiment carried the 300 yards between the edge of the escarpment and the ruined remains of the old Fort. The survivors swarmed over the broken heaps of concrete and masonry which afforded perfect cover from the rifle and machine guns in front of them, but also, of course, afforded a strictly limited area from which they could not immerge, and which the French could, in turn, deluge with long range shell fire. If at this moment, before midday on Saturday, the 26th, the assailants had had the momentum to go further than the ruined site of the old Fort, the whole position would have been turned and lost as surely as if the Poivre at its other end had been forced.

The French counter-offensive was launched immediately with the strength of two divisions, which probably suffered heavily enough, but which succeeded in flooding past the ruins of the Fort upon either side and holding the plateau, with the exception of the "pocket" formed by the ruins of the Fort, which apparently the survivors of the 24th Brandenburg regiment continued to hold. It would seem that they were still holding those ruins, though nearly encircled, when darkness fell upon the evening of Monday, the 28th.

The position of the Fort of Douaumont, giving a view right down to the Meuse valley, five miles away, and to the higher towers of Verdun itself, as well as slightly dominating the whole plateau, was, obviously, of great value to the enemy.

It is true that taking and holding a culminating point of this kind does not exactly mean what it meant in the older warfare, when bombardment by the high explosives at very long range did not exist. You cannot bring up artillery for instance to such a position, nor does its slight advantage of a few feet in height over the surrounding fields enable you from it to carry the trenches that face you. But if it could be freely used, it would give observation, and the reinforcement of those

who first seized it would admit a further advance which would henceforth be easy through being down hill. To use a loose metaphor, to secure the position of Douaumont heights by a large body with ample communication behind it, would mean the scaling of the parapet. But a small body nearly surrounded and not having good communications behind it for ample reinforcement, is in a very different position. Until we know that all attempts to seize formally the plateau of Douaumont have failed, the position remains critical. But the successful counter-offensive of the French on Saturday morning destroyed the immediate advantage which the enemy had for one moment clearly obtained.



The situation by noon of Saturday and continuously through Sunday and Monday was, in this narrow field, that of sketch IV.

Meanwhile the action continued and developed further south and east. While assaults were being delivered all the way round the horse-shoe from the Meuse to Douaumont itself, further attacks were launched during Sunday in the plain against the little projecting knob of the plateau of Douaumont which stands just north of the village of Vaux, and down in the plain there was very heavy fighting for the station of Eix on the main line from Paris to Metz. This station is shown on sketch I, about a mile and a half from the village, which gives it its name. All this part of the plain is commanded by a conspicuous lump or billow of land that is flatteringly called "Hill 255." This lump, or open field, is nowhere more than 100 ft. above the brooks of the neighbourhood, and is 50 or 60 ft. above the level meadows round its base. It is not marked on my sketch, but stands about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles due south of Eix station. But field artillery working from the slopes just behind it commands the fields. A very violent effort was therefore made by the enemy to take this height all during Sunday and Monday, but up to Monday evening they had failed. During the Monday also, the 28th, the operations continued to develop southwards as far as Manheulles, which was violently attacked from the east all day, but where the French held the line and no impression was made beyond a slight retirement to the western end of the village.

At this incomplete stage in the great operation, we are compelled to leave the account at the moment of writing, Tuesday, February 29th. Further news, which may decide whether the continued enemy offensive shall obtain the advantage, or whether the defence shall be securely established, has not come to hand.

But in the news of the next few days this point must be clearly and constantly borne in mind: if the defence holds the enemy has suffered a severe defeat, probably of lasting effect, for his losses in the attack, delivered as he has delivered it and continued for so long have been incomparably heavier than his opponents.

H. BELLOC.

[Owing to the exceptional importance of the battle of Verdun, and the space therefore given to it the continuation of Mr. Belloc's article on German losses has had to be held over until next week.

A CALL TO ARMS.

[This is the song of a sailor man, written on board a battle ship in the North Sea. The poet, who prefers anonymity, gives utterance here to the very spirit of the British Fleet, well knowing that in any hour he and his comrades may be "called out to the fray once more" to bear their part in "the desperate deathward dance."]

MEN of Great Britain, Sons of a stalwart race:
Sparks of the fierce eternal Fire
That springs from your breeding place:
Knights of a World-flung Chivalry:
Males of majestic ire:

Heralds of Freedom's Victory,
Can it be that ye faint or tire?
That your arms grow weak and your ardour cold,
That ye talk of Honour but seek for gold,
That your hearts are cast in a craven mould
And shrink from the iron task.

Mem'ries of mighty men of old,
Deeds of the men they led,
Flung on the screen of Time unfold
The valour that Britain bred;
Wellington, Nelson, Cochrane, Drake,
Nicholson, Anson, Moore,
Cromwell, Gordon, Grenville, Blake,
Men great and grim and dour;
The blood they shed and the deeds they did,
Form they a mighty pyramid
'Neath which the crumbling bones lie hid —
Bones of a Race that is.

As babes ye sat at your mother's feet,
And listened with bated breath
To the tales of the heroes to whom defeat
Had only one synonym—Death.
Fear ye to weave for your babes afresh
The tales that ye once held dear;
Of bullet-scored, shell-shattered, war-scarred flesh,
And its Spirit that knew no fear?
Years on in the cool of the evening's calm,
In country homestead and peaceful farm,
Shall your children hear of your strong right arm
Or cowardly selfishness?

Backward for many a hundred years
Stretches your Roll of Fame,
Wetted with many a myriad tears
But never a tear of shame;
Forward into the Mists of Time
Flashes the search-light beam,
Lighting the heights that you must climb
By the light of the dreams you dream: —
Dreams of a mighty work begun,
Dreams of a duty yet undone,
Dreams of a fearless Freedom won
For Nations as yet unborn.

Come! Rally your wrathful, resistless ranks,
Out to the fray once more;
Render your gentle and knightly thanks
To these Teutons who ask for war;
Gird up your loins and get you forth,
"Quit you like men, be strong,"
Teach them the strength and the weighty worth
Of the swords that your fathers swung.
Doffing your caps with a courtly grace,
Blast with your cannons and bid them trace
The course of the currents which interlace
Round the lockers of Davy Jones.

Tender to women, but stern to men,
Knightly in word and deed,
Fierce be your Godlike anger when
Felons transgress your Creed;

Short be the shrift of the Loveless hound
Who rapes, pleading right of war—
Captain and private alike are bound
By Chivalrie's changeless Law.
In the Courts of Heaven a man is great
Not by his rank in a Time-bound State
But by the measure he doth create
Of Love pure and undefiled.

Swift, stern and clean be your sword and heart,
Fearless your foe-ward glance,
Staunchly and steadily bear your part
In the desperate, death-ward dance.
Wide are the doors of Valhalla's Halls
Ye Bearers of Britain's Might,
Joyous the voice of old Odin calls
"More Britons to dine to-night."
Onward ye Sons of the Deathless Dead,
Onward ye Warriors grim and dread,
With lofty mien and measured tread,
Onward to Victory.

ENVOI.

Where the winds of the earth are scattered
And torn by the shrieking shell,
And the blood-sodden earth and shattered
Reeks foul with the stench of Hell,
Fare ye well merry men, bear ye well merry men,
What of blood, what of grim, what of tears?
In trench or in town, where's the heart that is down?
What's this fretwork of folly called fears?
Fare ye well merry men, bear ye well merry men,
What of Love merry men, what of hate?
When all's said and done, why hurl hate at a Hun,
When by Loving ye prove yourselves great?
Bear ye well merry men, fare ye well merry men,
What of Life merry men, what of Death?
Lose Freedom, lose Love, and the Heavens above
Shall mock at your panting for breath.

[Here the poem properly ends, but the poet has been moved to add these two stanzas, entitling one "A Hope" and the other "A Prayer."]

A HOPE.

Great God Most Mighty of Love and Peace,
Is Thy Message for ever vain?
Strikes never the hour of Thy sons' release
From the self-riven bonds of Cain?
Must brother for ever with brother fight?
Is Love lost for evermore?
Or is it that Wrong shall give birth to Right,
And that Peace shall be born of War?
As boys shake hands when their fight is done,
And vanquished hand clasps the hand that has won,
Great God, shall it be that this war begun
In hatred shall cease in Love?

A PRAYER.

We crave no remittance for sins that are past,
Let us pay our just debts and be free,
No shelter we seek from the shell's sudden blast
Such things as must be, let them be.
We kneel at Thy feet with no boast on our lips
That our cause is more just than our foe's.
With no priest-ridden follies for blasphemous "tips"
Do we dare to insult Him who Knows.
But this, Mighty God of our Fathers, we plead,
Tho' Thou smitest Thy sons, keep us true to our Creed,
That our King and our Empire may never have need
To blush for one act or feel shame for one deed
That is wrought by the hand of a Briton.

Finis.

A TEST OF NERVE.

By Arthur Pollen.

BEFORE these pages are in the reader's hands, the second chapter of the submarine war that commenced just over a year ago will have begun. As has been pointed out in these columns many times, the only novelty we may expect in the attack on the ships that now supply Great Britain and her Allies, is that it may be carried out by means more effective for their purpose than those which Germany has hitherto employed. There will be no addition to our enemy's ruthlessness, for the simple reason that he has exhausted ruthlessness already. The threat to stick at nothing is not a new threat, nor is his excuse that British ships are armed a new pretext. The whole programme will be found complete in the Note sent to the United States a week before the first submarine campaign was due to begin. As 270 British, Allied and Neutral vessels have been sunk or attacked by submarines, mines or aircraft, *without warning*, it is a programme that cannot have any new frightfulness added to it. The only question then is: are the new German submarines likely to be very greatly more effective than their predecessors? It is well to remember that they might be twice and three times as effective without coming near bringing any of the Allies to the straits they must be brought to if Germany is to benefit materially by her new effort.

I say "materially" advisedly, because it is clear that she may benefit morally if losses on a new scale at sea result in any serious disturbance of the public mind. The success of the Zeppelin raids in creating the appearance of a panicky condition will no doubt fortify the Germans in the hope that a larger and more destructive policy at sea must intensify whatever unsettlement of opinion is already manifest. And if, as seems not unlikely, the stroke at Verdun is the beginning of a determined effort to do something decisive, then we may expect that the new submarine campaign will be far from being the only naval effort that Germany will make. For that matter the *Mocwe* is still at large, and only last week we heard of further victims that have fallen to her. Their passengers and people were carried to Teneriffe by the *Westburn*, which was subsequently scuttled. My conjecture of February 10th that the *Mocwe* would operate

1914, and of the captures made by the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* in December of the same year and in the spring of 1915. The great majority of these captures, it will be noted, were taken within a hundred miles or so of Fernando de Noronha, in the neighbourhood of which the *Mocwe's* new victims have been captured. Running down a ship like the *Mocwe* is never a simple business even when the area of activities can be almost exactly defined, simply because the area is so extensive. A larger question is: does she carry guns for equipping other German ships that may have escaped from internment? As to this we have no information, but the thing is clearly not impossible. In addition then to a fresh submarine campaign, we may have to prepare ourselves for further depredations by surface ships.

But if Germany's effort on land is to be supplemented by the utmost she can do at sea, she can hardly confine herself solely to the destruction of merchant shipping, although in destroying merchant shipping, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, she would be doing much more than inflicting so much commercial loss upon her enemies. For it is on this shipping that France and Great Britain are wholly dependent for their ability to carry on the war with success—a point that those should remember who are tempted, when they hear that our shipbuilders' activity has been deflected from war ships to merchant ships, to jeer at "Commerce" being preferred to war. For obviously our command of the sea, even if established by an overwhelming naval victory, would be a Pyrrhic success if we were unable to use the highways of the sea which we command.

Chances of Battle.

The question, then, remains: will Germany dispute this command? She might challenge Sir John Jellicoe's fleet to a decisive battle. The challenge might take the form of a sortie of the whole High Seas Fleet, with every auxiliary in the way of destroyer and submarine at its disposal, and with every ship furnished with all the mines it could carry. This fleet might either attempt to break north about, thus making an engagement with the Grand Fleet inevitable; or it might strike boldly into the Channel, cut our communications with France, and thus drive us to defend those communications by a Fleet action. An alternative course, the possibility of which I have already discussed, is a delaying action in northern waters, half of the high seas fleet being sacrificed to enable the other half to gain the Atlantic. The objective of the escaped vessels would be to join hands with as many as possible of the fast liners now interned in North American ports; to arm them, and then attempt a complete if only a temporary, blockade of the coasts of France and Great Britain. If this mixed fleet of battleships and armed merchantmen could isolate Great Britain and cut off the whole of its supplies, it would obviously not be many weeks before the country would be reduced to very serious straits.

Neither of these alternatives seems to me in the least degree probable. I disbelieve in the first because I cannot persuade myself that Germany can have so redressed the inequality of her naval forces as to make a set battle a likely undertaking. We saw last week that if both sides completed their known programmes as they stood in August, 1914, our numbers would be more than double the German numbers now, and our gun power considerably more than three times as great. We do not know what either side has done in the way of shipbuilding beyond their known programmes.

The following table shows the date (in Roman figures) of the laying down of each German Dreadnought, and (in Arabic numerals) of its completion. From this it appears that Germany has never completed more than four capital ships in one single recent year. Next, in the last three years, the average time that has elapsed between the laying down and the completion of each ship, has been



in the hunting grounds of the *Karlsruhe* has been confirmed. And it may interest the reader to be reminded of the previous captures which have been made in this neighbourhood. The sketch map shows the sequence of the *Karlsruhe's* successes between August and October,

34½ months. Now it is a commonplace of shipbuilding that the time taken to build a ship bears very little relation to the time necessary for constructing the hull, engines and equipment, other than armament. The test of shipbuilding capacity is to build guns, mountings and turrets.

Now the maximum production of Germany up to the year 1914, was nineteen 12-inch gun double turrets for the programme for a single year. But for our programme of 1914, the ships promised for completion for the Royal Navy, Brazil, Turkey, and Chili aggregated 11 ships against the German maximum of four, and a tonnage of 283,500 against the German 104,000. These ships were to carry thirty-eight 13.5 double turrets, eight 15-inch double turrets, and seven 12-inch double turrets. Bearing in mind that the amount of work in producing larger guns, turrets, etc., increases roughly as the cube of the calibre, then fifty-three 12, 13.5 and 15-inch turrets are equivalent to more than *seventy-five 12-inch turrets*. It will thus be seen that while in tonnage our 1914 programme was a little less than *three times greater* than Germany's maximum output, our ordnance production was practically *four times greater*.

	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Jan.											
Feb.		III				XVII					
Mch.		III			3.4		XXI				
Apl.				IX	XVI		X XIII	XXIV			
May				X		XIX		XXIII ^a XXVI 17			
June			VI			6					
July	I	II	VIII	XIII	XIV XV			XXV	21	22 23	24 25 26
Aug.		IV				7.8.	10.	14 15,16			
Sep.					5	XX XXII					
Oct.			V	1.2. XIX		9 XVIII	11.12. 13.		18.19 20.		
Nov.											
Dec.			VII							23 ^a	

It is now barely twenty months since the war began. Is it conceivable that a country which had never built a larger gun than the 12-inch, had never built war ships at a faster rate than *four* per annum, and had taken nearly three years for the construction of each, that had never produced more than a quarter of our *proved* capacity in armament—could so have multiplied its resources as to produce in twenty months a homogeneous squadron of say six 15-inch gun ships? It would mean that Krupps had multiplied its productive capacity by nearly five, even if we ignore altogether the time that must be devoted to making the new plant, new designs, and experiments and tests before guns and mountings of the new calibre could be undertaken at all. For this reason then, if for no other, it seems to me that the first alternative, viz., of Germany seeking a decisive action at sea, is unlikely.

As to the second, the whole thing turns upon this. Could a sufficiently large portion of the German Fleet get away from our fleet into the Atlantic, and hold the Atlantic even with the help of the escaped liners, long enough to bring about the military result required? This, of course, is no less than to bring Great Britain to a starving point. Let us, for purposes of argument, assume that Germany has completed, say three, heavily armed units and that we have completed nothing beyond the 1915 programme. That would give Germany 25 ships to fight our 42. Let us further assume that by sacrificing every destroyer and light cruiser she has got, Germany could force the British squadron into defensive manœuvres and so get half her force past us unengaged. What start can this force obtain? It is inconceivable that it would be more than a very few hours' start. If Sir David Beatty has all the available

battle cruisers under his command, i.e., the 4 *Lions*, the *Indefatigable*, the 3 *Inflexibles*, with the *New Zealand* and *Australia*, he would have a squadron of 10 ships with a maximum of speed of 28 knots and a minimum of 25. In a race across the Atlantic, say 3,000 miles, he could give a 20 knot fleet—and as a fleet the escaped 12 German ships could not go faster than this—nearly a day's start, and still get there first. And this leaves out of account altogether that the pursuit would be followed up by such of the 32 slower British capital ships that survived the action with the German 13. The problem of such a manœuvre as this, it seems to me, needs only to be stated for the improbability of its success to be apparent. For even if the whole German programme succeeded up to the point of arming the escaped liners, all our modern ships would be moved from the North Sea to the Atlantic, and the Germans would be kept far too busy trying to save themselves, for their programme of isolating Great Britain to have any chance of being realised.

But a third course is not impossible. This would take the form of attempting to draw the British Fleet into action on, or south-east of, the Dogger Bank, where the water is both shallow and near enough to Heligoland to lend itself to preparation for action on German lines.

This preparation would include the laying of mine-fields and the provision of submarine rendezvous. The tactics of battle would be directed towards drawing the British Fleet into areas so prepared—the idea being that the mines and torpedoes could rectify the inequality in the gun power of the two sides. It is precisely this form of battle which the British Commander-in-Chief will most certainly decline. So long as the German Fleet is, as a fleet, powerless to question our use of the high seas, to seek its destruction *at any risk* is unnecessary. And bearing in mind again that Germany's objective, in all this sea activity, is at least as clearly the destruction of her enemy's moral stability as the destruction of her military power, the public must be prepared to hear a German boast that the North Sea has been entered, the British Fleet challenged and *the challenge declined*.

Administration and Agitation.

Looking then all round the subject we have quite plainly and frankly to face a position in which our enemy will use every sea resource he has, with the utmost resolution and ruthlessness. Such incidents as the destruction of the *Maloja* will be repeated, and next time not, perhaps, within sight of Dover, but on the high seas. How are we going to bear ourselves under this strain? It is fervently to be hoped that should things become serious there will be no recrudescence of agitation to shake public faith in the Admiralty. The attempt to make us believe that Germany had built a squadron of 17-inch gun ships and was re-arming her old ships with them, has failed, but it was an excuse for calling for greater vigour. Next we had the suggestion that the Admiralty was out of touch with the fleets, and incapable of giving unity to our naval action. The inference was that only one man was capable of restoring the reality of power to our sea forces. The British people have a curious inclination to believe that when things are wrong, it *must* be in the power of some person, with whose name they are familiar, to put things right. But things are not wrong, and if they were they are far too complex for so simple a solution.

There is no way now of making good the absence from our administration of that staff organisation which would ensure right doctrine and the best methods being applied in any case. But in the course of actual war something like it has, as a fact, been evolved. The *Nation* said, in its issue of February, 19, that a closer co-operation between Whitehall and Sir John Jellicoe was imperatively necessary. But it is a necessity that has never been ignored. Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Jackson, Sir Henry Oliver—these are not men who decline or forbid confidence. The Fleet is to-day in closer—because in less formal—contact with headquarters than at any time. If ever it was governed and directed by its own best brains, and in the light of its own experiences, it is now. And no other method of governing it is either desirable, or possible. Let us, then, be ready to bear whatever we must bear, in the certainty that the best is being done—and will be done.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—III.

Some Lessons to be Learnt from it.

By John Buchan.

[Mr. John Buchan in these admirable articles points out the parallels that exist between the North in the American Civil War and Great Britain in the present conflict. Some of these are extraordinarily exact, notably the lack of trained men and the engrained objection to compulsory service which President Lincoln in face of great opposition passed into law and which once it was law the country readily accepted.]

THE North found the men; after many months it found out the way to train them; it had also to find the right kind of leadership. Strength, even disciplined strength, is not enough.

Lincoln, as we have seen, began the war without any kind of aptitude or experience. His Cabinet was in the same position. It contained several able men, such as Seward, Chase, and Stanton, and of these Stanton did his best to make it impossible for the President to continue in office. Lincoln's most dangerous foes were those of his own household. It was not the first time in history that a great war had revealed members of Government intriguing against each other. Moreover, the North had no generals of such commanding ability and experience that they could safely be trusted. Again, the President of the United States was in a peculiar position. Under the Constitution he was the chief executive officer of the country, and performed many of the functions which elsewhere belonged to the monarch. Lincoln, therefore, whether he wanted it or not, had to assume the direction of the war.

We sometimes talk lightly as if the only thing in war was to find a good general and give him a free hand. Unfortunately in a modern war, in which the existence of the nation is at stake, the matter is not nearly so simple. To beat the enemy you have not only to win field victories; or rather to win the right kind of field victory you must do more than turn out good troops and good generals. You have to use the whole national strength against your opponent, military, naval and economic, and therefore, unless the great soldier is also, like Napoleon, a great statesman, the supreme direction of the campaign must lie in the hands of a civilian Cabinet. That is to say, the Cabinet decides upon the main strategic plan, which involves all kinds of questions of policy, and having so decided it chooses the best men it can find to carry out the military and naval parts of it. Once these commanders have been chosen they should not be interfered with. Till they have failed they should be trusted.

Now to discover and apply a continuous strategic policy you need a Cabinet loyal within itself, and a Cabinet instructed by the best expert advice which can be procured. Lincoln had an extremely disloyal Cabinet. All its members wanted to beat the South, but they all thought that they could do the job better than the President. They were amateurs, but unfortunately they believed that they were experts. That was bad enough. In addition there was Congress, which was filled with a collection of talkative people who did their best to hamper the Government. Rarely has any representative assembly cut such a poor figure in a great crisis as Congress did in the American Civil War. Artemus Ward said the last word on the subject. He observed that at the previous election he had deliberately voted for Henry Clay. It was true, he said, that Henry was dead, but since all the politicians that he knew were fifteenth-rate he preferred to vote for a first-class corpse.

There was also the Press, which was quite uncensored, and which spent its time in futile criticisms of generals and statesmen and in insisting upon policies which would have given the enemy a complete and speedy victory. It was always trying to make journalistic reputations for generals and so foist them upon the Government. But the worst thing of all was that there was no body of experts to advise the Cabinet. There was no General Staff at

Washington. The good soldiers were all in the field. There had never been any real Staff in peace time and it was impossible to improvise one easily in war. Hence Lincoln had to conduct the campaign himself, with small assistance from his colleagues, with no help from Congress—very much the other way—with no real military expert advice at his elbow, and under a perpetual cross-fire of journalistic criticism.

The First Northern Generals.

The result might have been foreseen. The first generals were appointed largely because of political and journalistic clamour. Indeed it is difficult to see how they could have been appointed in any other way, for there were no real formed reputations. The good men had still to discover themselves. General after general failed and was recalled. Transient and protesting phantoms, they flit over the page of history. Some of them were men of real ability, like McClellan, who was enthusiastically hailed in the North as the "Young Napoleon." He failed, largely no doubt owing to Lincoln's interference, and he disappeared. Others succeeded, some of them competent men like Meade and Burnside, some of them by no means competent like Hooker and Pope and Banks. Lee used to complain in his gentle way that the North always dismissed its generals just as he was getting to know and like them.

They usually began with flamboyant proclamations announcing that they were going to whip the rebels in a month, and then they were hunted from pillar to post by Lee and Jackson. Pope, for example, declared when he took command that his headquarters would be in the saddle; and Lee, when he heard it, observed drily that that would be a more proper place for his hind-quarters. The chief army of the North, the Army of the Potomac, was commanded by no less than six generals, and all but one were dismissed for failure. But while these unfortunate people were degraded, all sorts of incompetents who had strong political interest were retained in their commands. Most of the generals of the North had one leg in the camp and the other in Congress. It

RAEMAEKERS' CARTOON.

The Prime Minister repeated in clear and emphatic tones in the House of Commons last week the pledge which he had given at the Guildhall on November 9th, 1914, using identical words with one slight addition:—

We shall never sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn until Belgium—and I will add Serbia—recovers in full measure all and more than all which she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

When this promise was originally made at the Guildhall, the cartoon which is reproduced as our frontispiece was drawn by Louis Raemaekers. It is evidence of the deep impression which the declaration made on the mind of Neutrals—an impression which has been increased by the emphatic manner in which the declaration was restated at Westminster last week. Germany understands its significance.

reminds one of those armies of seventeenth-century Scotland which were directed by the General Assembly or the Scottish Parliament and were terribly harried by Montrose. In Macaulay's phrase, an army is not likely to succeed if it is commanded by a debating society.

Lincoln showed his greatness by living through this dismal period and not losing his courage. Gradually he brought Congress to heel. Gradually he established a dominance over his colleagues, and even the impossible Stanton fell under his spell. Gradually he purged the army of political influence. Above all, as the war advanced, he made a zealous inquest for military capacity, and he began to discover leaders on whom he could rely. He has been much blamed for interfering with his commanders during the earlier campaigns, and the charge is just. But he was in an almost hopeless position. He had the howling politicians behind him and before him generals who showed no real grasp of the situation. He conceived it his duty to interfere, and he often interfered foolishly, for he was still learning his job. But by and by he discovered the true soldiers—men who had fought their way up by sheer ability—men like Hancock and Thomas, Sherman and Sheridan. And above all he discovered Grant.

Grant.

There is surely no romance in all military history more striking than the rise of Grant. At the beginning the North had cried out for brilliant generals, people who made "silver-tongued" speeches, people who could be hailed as young Napoleons. But the Napoleons and the silver-tongues vanished into obscurity, and the North found its salvation in a little rugged homely man from the West, who had done well in the Mexican war, but had failed since in every business he had undertaken and had become a byword in his family for unsuccess. He never spoke a word more than was necessary, he was unprepossessing in appearance and uncouth in manner, but he was a true leader of men. His habits had not always been regular, and the Pharisees of the North cried out against his appointment, declaring that no blessing could go with such a man. Lincoln replied by asking what was Grant's favourite brand of whiskey that he might send a cask of it to his other generals.

If Grant can hardly stand in the first rank of the world's soldiers he was the very man for the task before him. He had iron nerve, iron patience, and an iron grip of the fundamentals of the case. Lincoln interfered with his earlier generals, but he never interfered with Grant. He knew a man when he saw him. There is a pleasant story in Grant's *Memoirs* of his first interview with the President after he took supreme command. "The President told me that he did not want to know what I proposed to do. But he submitted a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about it. He brought out a map of Virginia and pointed out on that map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved in boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac to bring our supplies, and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up."

Lincoln made no more suggestions. He supported Grant during the terrible days in the Wilderness when the whole North was crying out against what seemed to be needless slaughter. The President had learned the truth of a favourite saying of Scharnhorst's:—"In war it is not so much what one does that matters, but that whatever action is agreed upon shall be carried out with unity and energy."

Staff Work.

The confusion in the leadership was reproduced in the very general dislocation of the Staff work. The problem of the North was very much our own problem. The original regular officers had been excellent. One French critic considers that the West-Pointers were better trained than any other officers in the world at the time. But they were too few to go round. The large new armies soon outgrew the supply of competent Staff officers,

and a trained Staff is the one thing most difficult to improve.

We are all too apt to ask from the Staff an impossible perfection. Even the great Berthier nodded, and a volume could be filled with the mistakes of Napoleon's Staff officers. Efficient Staff work in the modern sense really dates from Moltke, and it was efficient simply because his whole Staff had been organised and trained before the war. In a struggle of improvised armies the Staffs will rarely show anything like a high average of competence. There will be some officers of the first quality and very many hopelessly bad. Both North and South suffered in this respect. Hooker's Staff work at Chancellorsville was little worse than Longstreet's at Gettysburg. At the beginning of the war the North made the mistake of ranking Staff duties too low, and it was only much rough handling which drove out this heresy.

Towards the end of the war the Staffs on both sides had enormously improved, and remain to this day examples of what can be done towards training Staff officers in the stress of a campaign. Lee's amazing stand in the Wilderness and Grant's ultimate victory would alike have been impossible with the Staff organisation of the first two years.

Light and most interesting are the "*Prussian Memories 1864—1914*," of Mr. Poulton Bigelow, which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published. These memories go back to the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and they throw many vivid sidelights on Prussian character both in comparatively humble and exceedingly exalted quarters. The Kaiser and Prince Henry were playfellows of Mr. Bigelow in his boyhood; they were Red Indians together, and it is evident that the author has a liking for Wilhelm II. Bismarck he particularly disliked, and the whole atmosphere of the Prussian Court seems to have jarred on him. It is a book to be read by all who wish to gain insight into German character. The experiences described are all first hand; and the general effect which they leave on the mind of the reader is the extraordinary ignorance that has prevailed and that still to some degree does prevail in this country on the true nature of the German people.

The latest addition to Messrs. Duckworth's admirable half-crown Readers' Library is *Life's Great Adventure*, a book of essays by Francis Stopford, which was originally published in 1912. These essays deal lightly with the deeper problems of life—problems which nowadays occupy the minds of so many more persons than they did four years ago. It may be remembered that a favourite topic four or five years ago was England's decadence, mainly the result, as we know now, of German inspiration. The writer would have none of it. "Neither you nor anyone else," he observes to his friend Epicurus, "will convince me that the day of our decline has dawned." The following brief passage reads even more to the point to-day than when it was written. "The truest of right living is not death in the odour of sanctity, but readiness to so fight, to so suffer, and last of all, if need be, to so die, that whatever calamity confronts us, the noblest traditions of our race shall continue vigorous through our actions. This may appear so small a matter, regarded from a personal point of view, that it can well be left to chance; yet the life of the nation must hang on it one day—whether in this decade, or a century hence, who can tell?"

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

MARCH.

- The Reorganisation of the Empire: Councils of Perfection. By SIR FRANCIS PIGGOTT (late Chief Justice of Hong Kong).
 One Condition of Victory. By CAPTAIN CECIL BATTINE.
 Vox Populi. By the RT. HON. THE EARL OF CROMER, G.C.B., O.M.
 The Cry for Authority in France. By the ABBE ERNEST DIMMET.
 'In Gremio Deorum': a Super-Historical Phantasy (Berlin, 19—?). By SIR THOMAS BARCLAY.
 Erasmus, the Educator of Europe. By PROF. FOSTER WATSON, D.Lit.
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THE GOLD FETISH.

By Arthur Kitson.

THE meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce this week will mark an important step in our foreign trade policy. The members of our commercial bodies are fully aroused to the necessity of preparing for the coming trade war which will be waged relentlessly at the conclusion of present hostilities. The most urgent question, however, which will doubtless occupy the attention of these bodies will be the establishment of Industrial banks for assisting British merchants in extending their trade and commerce throughout the world. Tariff measures will prove of little avail against the enemy, unless accompanied by a radical change in our banking and financial methods.

Many members of our Chambers of Commerce have written expressing their interest in—and in many cases their agreement with—the articles on the Banking Question in LAND AND WATER. Some correspondents, however, have expressed surprise that they have been devoted principally to a criticism of our existing Financial System, whilst little has been said to indicate what system should replace the present one. To such critics it is sufficient to say, that before one can erect a new building on the site of an old one, it is necessary first to clear away all the rubbish and obstructions.

Our Banking System as I have hitherto pointed out, is founded on several glaring fallacies. It is the product of greed, ignorance and superstition. I have already exposed one or two of these fallacies, such as the Gold Basis fiction, and the so-called "Gresham" law, but other errors equally glaring remain to be exposed and eradicated before we can attempt to replace the present institution with a better one.

Fallacious Principles.

Already many proposals have been offered to the Government regarding what their authors believe would prove salutary changes in our credit and monetary arrangements, but these proposals are not likely to receive serious consideration by the authorities until the current theories and principles of finance are shown to be fallacious.

The chief object of the writer of these articles is to endeavour to convince the British public not only that the existing financial system is inadequate, dangerous and costly, but that owing to the false teachings of financial writers, the public has been defrauded of the free use of its own credit for industrial and commercial purposes. Since the War started, events have shown that the credit of Great Britain is worth several thousands of millions of pounds sterling. On the other hand, the credit of all the British banking companies combined is only a fraction of that of the British nation. How is it then, that the British Government compels the nation to sell its superior credit for Bank credit and pay interest charges for the exchange? That "the whole is greater than a part" is an elementary mathematical axiom. Why does not the axiom hold good in financial matters?

The credit of Great Britain comprises that of all the British people and its institutions. Why then does the Government enter into such an apparently foolish bargain as the exchange of the more valuable credit for the less valuable and pay a premium? The answer is that the gold superstition still dominates the minds—not only of the Government—but of the vast majority of the citizens of this country. The average man still believes that there is some special virtue in gold when used for currency purposes which does not exist in paper. It is the prevalence of this superstition that has cost this country untold millions in interest charges which might have been saved. And just as the poor benighted heathen are victimised by their priests and sorcerers and induced to pay to have their homes freed from imaginary devils and evil spirits, so the average Britisher has been willing to pay for the use of gold where paper would have answered equally well and would have facilitated his business to precisely the same degree.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is reported to have boasted in a recent speech in the House of Commons

that every £1 note issued by the Government is redeemable in gold on demand. It is to be hoped the public will not take Mr. McKenna at his word, otherwise we shall have a repetition of the Midsummer crisis of 1914. The inference the Chancellor wishes us to draw from his statement is, that our legal tender notes are valuable because they *can be* redeemed in gold. So long as this superstition prevails, so long will our producing classes be taxed for the use of credit and currency, which, under more enlightened conditions, they might have at practically little or nothing save the cost of service plus a small tax for insurance.

Actual Facts.

Let us at once face the actual facts. *If in the future our currency and credit are to be based on gold, and if they are to be made redeemable in gold on demand, then our industries, our trade and commerce must be restricted. In other words, the limit of enterprise and industry must be the amount of gold that our banks are able to control and are willing to make available, and as for capturing German trade, we may as well abandon all our efforts. On the other hand, if the people of this country hope greatly to increase their trade and commerce, if they have any serious intentions of capturing German trade, the gold basis will have to be abandoned as being insecure and insufficient, and the much safer and broader basis of the national credit will have to replace it.*

The statement made by Mr. McKenna regarding the ability of the banks to redeem their obligations in gold has already proved to be incorrect. The real test was made at the end of July and the beginning of August 1914, and nothing has happened since then to invalidate or alter the result of that test. Of course, what Mr. McKenna means and what the bankers undoubtedly mean when they speak of "gold redemption" is, that so long as the public is content to take gold in small quantities, the banks are able to perform their obligations. If the question of time be eliminated, any bank might undertake to issue a million pounds of credit on a gold reserve of one hundred pounds. But in financial matters, time is always the essence of the contract. If the public demand gold redemption, they want redemption immediately *on demand*, and not some months later—at the banker's convenience.

It would undoubtedly be possible in the course of six months for London Bridge to carry all the traffic that now passes across the Thames in a single month. Supposing during a Zeppelin raid, all the Thames bridges were destroyed except one. Naturally the traffic would be seriously disorganised. At the same time, this one remaining bridge would no doubt enable the traffic to continue, although greatly reduced, and at very serious cost and delay to the London merchants and manufacturers. The same is true in regard to the redemption of credit in gold. In short, *the gold standard and the gold basis mean that trade and commerce must be cut down solely in the interests of the money-lending classes, in order that they may be allowed to continue their control of credit.*

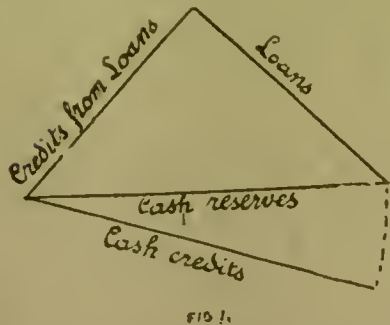
A Serious Indictment.

One of the most serious indictments brought against the gold basis will be found in a paper* read by Sir Edward Holden of the London City and Midland Banking Co. before the Liverpool Bankers' Institute, in December, 1907, immediately after the United States currency panic. I cannot do better than reproduce Sir Edward's explanation of the depreciation of securities in gold at that time. His illustrations form one of the most complete exposures of the blighting and depressing effects upon trade and industry exercised by this gold superstition, ever published. Sir Edward illustrated the condition of the banks by a triangle which showed that credit is necessarily restricted by gold, regardless of the enormous wealth possessed by the nation in other forms. He first

* "The Depreciation of Securities in Relation to Gold." (Published by Blades, East and Blades.)

states—what is often forgotten—that loans create bank credits, and if we regard all the Banks in London as one, the business of banking becomes little more than a matter of book-keeping—the transfer of credit from one person to another. He then proceeds as follows:—

The right side of the triangle shown here represents the loans of the whole of the banks, and the left side represents the cash balance or reserve. If, then, you draw a line from the left of the base and equal to the base, you get the cash credits in existence. If the loans and credits as represented by the two sides of the triangle were the only two elements which



bankers had to take into consideration, then there would be no necessity for them to restrict their loans at all, and traders could increase their business and obtain loans *ad libitum*. But there is another element, and a most important one, to be taken into consideration, and it is the fact that all the credits as represented by the left side of the triangle and

the line drawn from the base, are practically payable on demand and in gold, assuming of course, that Bank of England notes represent gold.

Every banker must therefore, make up his mind by what amounts his credits are liable to be diminished, both in ordinary and extraordinary times, and when he has thus made up his mind, he ought to keep that amount of available resources in gold, or as a means of obtaining gold. Let us consider, then, that the base of the triangle consists of gold, and it is the ratio of the base of the triangle to the total credits (both created and cash credits) which restrict bankers from increasing unduly their loans. If business increases unduly, and if bankers continue to increase the loan side of the triangle, of course concurrently increasing their credits, and not being able to increase the gold base of the triangle, then evidently they are getting into danger, and the only judicious course which they can pursue is to curtail their loans, curtailing an undue increase of business, which curtails the credits, and thus re-establish the ratio.

You here see the direct connection between trade on the one hand and gold on the other, and that it is not so much the production of gold as the amount of gold which can be obtained for the purpose of increasing the bankers' reserves. I venture to think that the above explanation will enable you to come to the conclusion that, if the gold base of the triangle cannot be increased, then the danger spot is the LOAN.

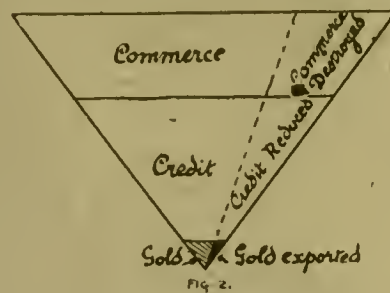
I want you to remember that the banking system of every country has its triangles, and that the principles enunciated above, exist in every triangle of every banking system based on gold in the world; that being so, it is clear, generally speaking, that the business of the world is carried on by means of loans, that loans create credits, that the stand-by for the protection of credits is gold, and that therefore gold controls trade.

It may happen that the trade of one country grows by leaps and bounds, the loans and credits, of course, following, while the trade of other countries remains normal. What, then, takes place? The gold base of the triangle of the former becomes too small, and it is necessary to enlarge it. How is the increase effected? It is effected by the representative bank of the more prosperous country attacking the gold basis of the triangle of other countries, and the instrument by which the attack is made is the rate of discount. By this means gold will be attracted from the bases of the triangles of other countries, and unless those bases are too great for the adequate protection of the credits, the representative banks of those countries will meet the attack by also putting up their rates. But it may happen that the trade of every country has increased by leaps and bounds, and that all loans and credits have also increased. Then the fight begins by every country putting up its rate, first to prevent its base being diminished, and, secondly, to increase it if possible.

Let us clearly understand the meaning of this very lucid and truthful illustration. Our producing classes are being urged to do their best to capture German trade. Now, no extension of trade is possible under present conditions except through the increase of bank loans. Supposing that these loans are granted and the enterprise, skill, and industry of our people are rewarded by a great increase in trade. What certainty have they that they will be permitted to keep this trade? And what is to

The answers are (1) that since trade depends upon the credit allowed by the banks, which in turn depends upon the amount of the gold reserves, there is absolutely no certainty. (2) That the limit is gauged neither by the enterprise of our people nor the extent of the markets open for British goods, but by the same accidents, events and conditions which make all our industrial operations so uncertain, viz:—the imports and exports of gold. Now London is the only free gold market in the world. Supposing therefore that after the War, Germany or the United States, or both, determine to wage a relentless commercial war for the World's markets. Not only will they attack by endeavouring to undersell us, but they will try to cripple us in our most vulnerable spot:—viz, our Gold Market. By withdrawing gold from London they can compel our banks to reduce their loans to British merchants, and our efforts at capturing German trade will be fruitless. And the only weapon of self-defence our bankers control is the Bank rate! In a former article I gave an illustration of the relation of gold to credit and commerce by means of this inverted pyramid.

If we apply Sir Edward Holden's conclusions to the figure of this inverted pyramid, we shall see at a glance how the movements of gold affect our trade and commerce. We have as before a comparatively small amount of gold supporting an enormous volume of credit, bank



loans, etc., on which rests the vast business interests of the nation. Now this volume of credit is supposed to bear a certain relation to the gold reserves held by the banks. Exactly what this is, the public can never tell, for the reason that only two banks

in London publish their gold holdings, viz:—the Bank of England and the London City and Midland Bank, of which Sir Edward Holden is its very able chairman.

Of course, this relation necessarily varies from time to time, but no banker would go on indefinitely increasing his loans without increasing his gold reserves. And vice versa, if his gold reserves are shrinking the prudent banker will necessarily be compelled to call in that proportion of his loans corresponding to the reduction in his reserves. Now the ratio of gold to bank credit in practice is supposed to vary from 10 to 20 per cent. Supposing our foreign competitors succeeded in withdrawing £5,000,000 in gold from the Bank of England. The bank loans must be reduced to the extent of £25,000,000 to £50,000,000 to preserve the previously existing ratio. And by withdrawing this credit, of course the trade and commerce dependent on such loans are destroyed.

Our Fig. 2 graphically represents the disastrous effect on credit and commerce by this export of gold. Sir Edward Holden's Liverpool address was a very frank admission that the gold basis—together with our free gold market—places British trade and industry at the mercy—not only of our trade competitors but—of the bullion dealers and speculators of the world! His illustrations show that any long continued period of industrial prosperity is made impossible by the restrictions imposed by the gold-redemption system. He further shows (no doubt unconsciously) that the gold basis is a brake upon the wheels of industry, continually interfering with the rate of production. Here also is the explanation of the phenomenon that periods of prosperity are inevitably followed by periods of depression.

Increased trade demands increased banking facilities—increased loans—but the moment credit is increased to meet this demand, the gold reserves are strained, the bank rate is raised, loans are called in, the brake is applied to the wheels of industry, production is checked, employees are discharged, enterprise is discouraged, and the extra demand for money and credit, which prosperous times require, is choked off!

In short, our financial system destroys prosperity, and reduces trade to the amount of gold available. So that the mechanism of exchange, instead of facilitating trade at all times, actually checks it. It first stimulates industry, and then destroys it. The gold basis has become both the life and death of Trade.

OF SUCH IS OUR KINGDOM.

By Eden Phillpotts.

SO close to the sere waste was the colour of him, that not until alongside did one perceive this smudge of tawny was no part of the dead heath and fern, but a youth in khaki resting on a boulder beside the highway.

"Bit off more than I can chew," he said. "This is my first day without crutches and I've gone too far."

He had one stout stick beside him and no more.

"Could you get on with an arm t'other side?"

"Yes, to rights, if it ban't asking too much."

His village home lay two miles off and we started for it.

"I came up over as gay as you please, and thought I was all right; but I can't travel like I could afore I was hit and my foot's properly tired" he explained.

"Wounded in France?"

"No—Gallipoli. Only a touch and I'm well again, but it gets tired. Got a week at home after hospital; then I join up."

"You're pretty young yet."

"In sight of twenty," he said. "But ten years older than that I reckon."

"The war's turned a good many boys into men."

"In a way. It's funny being back to Widecombe and seeing what was my life, and what seemed good enough not much more than a year ago."

"It's all shrunk a bit—ch?"

"That's just it," he said eagerly. "If that idden the very word! It's all shrunk—all of it. Afore I went, Dartymoor seemed a tidy big place and I couldn't picture a bigger; but now——" He broke off and laughed. "When I came out of hospital and down to Newton, I lifted my eyes and said, 'Now for old Dartymoor.' And if you'd believe it, I looked for Hey Tor Rock up in the sky! And then suddenly I see two little grey mole-hills far down under, and there was Hey Tor Rock. I left it a mighty big thing and come home to find nought at all!"

"You've seen some real mountains meantime?"

"So I have then. Home's shrunk—that's the word. Everything's shrunk—the blessed people have shrunk I reckon!"

"It's your new point of view. Shall you go back farming?"

"I wonder about that," he said. "There's something good to it. It never seemed particular good much before, but just life. I'm very fond of cattle. But it wouldn't be the same again. Though home's got small in one way, it's got big in another. You take it for granted till you've been away from it and got knocked about. Then when you came back you find there was a lot more to it than you thought."

"You see more of the truth of it?" He nodded.

He presented the interesting spectacle of an intelligent man, whose ideas ran beyond his power of expression; but it was easy to see what he was feeling.

"Do you want to go back?"

"I do. It's not the same things being up against Turks as Germans. I want to do my bit against Germans. There's more to it. I'd sooner knock out one German than ten Turks."

"I can understand that. But you don't want to be a soldier all your time?"

"No. I'll be very glad to come back to my father I believe. All the same I wouldn't have missed it. You can't never be the same again. I tell the starred chaps that they don't know they're born and, what's more, they don't know they're English. Good Lord! If they was to go out into the world and see what our pals in the war think of the English. And our own—the Canadians and Anzacs—every mother's son."

We rested awhile and looked down through twilight at the tiny hamlet of Widecombe—a nest of cots with little fields spread on the hills round about under the moor, and a church tower above grey, naked sycamores.

"That's my home," he said, pointing to a farmhouse on the nearer slope. "I see trenches wherever I look nowadays. I thought I knew how to dig before I joined, but I didn't even know how to dig. 'Tis funny to see labouring men digging now. You want to yell at 'em."

We parted presently at his outer gate and he was generous of thanks.

"Four of us have joined up since I came back," he said as we shook hands. "Of course, I can't put it before 'em like truth; but so soon as the chaps begin to scent out a bit what it means, the right sort go along."

"And the wrong sort?"

"They ain't no blank good whether or no," he said. "There's men down there who say to your face that 'tis all one to them whether Bill or George reigns over 'em. And you can't make 'em see different. You can put 'em into khaki, of course, and get 'em a bit nearer to being men; but there ain't no brains to work on."

He limped off climbing the hill again; and where the moors sank to amorphous masses of gloom under gathering darkness, one returned with imagination quickened and an emotion of large satisfaction after the soldier's talk.

For it echoed the movement at work in millions of youthful minds; it promised the certainty that in measure of their intellect, the potential fathers of the race to come will face life after the war in a larger spirit, with heightened understanding and far wider values than of old. And that comprehension, like a dawn, is brightening the eyes of all the Empire's children, now meeting in the flesh for the first time, and mingling in such sacred service for their common Mother, that henceforth, from palm to pine, and pole to pole, must quicken a mightier spirit and throb a steadier heart.

On the morning of this day I had read the biggest word on the subject that had yet appeared in a public print—a word of flame, well showing how once again the soul that inspires our Empire's self-governing colonies may be sought to breathe wisdom and the new life into the aged Motherland; for in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape shall be found a Medea with enchantments great enough to bring new youth to the United Kingdom. Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, has been sworn a Member of the Canadian Privy Council and attended a meeting of the Cabinet—an event at once unparalleled in the chronicles of Empire and golden with infinite possibility.

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE KAISER.

*He hath no friends but who are friends
for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink
from him.*

RICHARD III., v. ii., 20-1.

THE VOTE OF CREDIT.

*The strongest castle, tower or town,
The golden bullet beats it down.*

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM, xix., 29-30.

TO THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

*There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

HAMLET, I., v., 165-7.

THE ART OF PENNELL.

And the Craft of Germany at Work.

By Haldane Macfall.

BECAUSE of these things that Pennell's skilled hand has limned, I write these impressions of the latest phase of his art in a vast camp of armed men where battalions upon battalions lie along the ridges as a division prepares itself for battle. One's mind travels back some thirty years to the day when one was learning the craft and subtlety of battle oneself, little foreseeing the world tumult that lay forward; and, curiously enough, out of that distant calm comes to me amongst many impressions the work of a young American—Joseph Pennell. He and his charming wife were cycling over the Canterbury Pilgrimage and he was laying the foundations of that sound reputation for journalistic art which he has steadily increased ever since—he illustrating and she writing their delightful adventures. I use the word "journalistic" in its best sense. The pen line was harder and the hand more mechanical in those days; but the drawings were fine stuff, and, like most of Pennell's work, are amongst my art treasures. Pennell, like several of the young American illustrators, must have been under the influence of Vièrge in his beginnings; but as his hand's skill increased, he rapidly developed a free use of the pen line which led up to the series of exquisite pen-and-ink landscapes that make the *Highways and Byways* series of English County histories one of the finest achievements of modern illustration.

Poems of Masonry.

From the best artists of the age, Pennell has taken and added to his technical mastery of the pen-line, until his large drawings of cathedrals and other buildings have become poems in the interpretation of masonry. Curiously enough, his small pen-and-ink work always holds something of the large vision; his very large drawings lack this largeness, and, for all their charm, seem to be deficient in strength and breadth. This paradox of technique is easily accounted for, when we come to weigh the strength and the weakness of Pennell's vision and utterance, and above all his psychology and artistic character, with a glimpse at his intellectuality. One does not take the trouble to examine an artist's soul to this extent unless he be a true artist—and Pennell is a true artist. Nor can these drawings of "Germany at Work," which appear on page 2 of this issue, be appreciated at their real value until we understand something of the psychology and craft of the man who made them; and who, all unwitting of the thing he has done, has by his very coldness of vision and lack of passion added to the damning indictment against the Prussian.

Perhaps the worst influence under which Pennell came was the masterful, aggressive, and mentally unscrupulous soul of Whistler. No man ever *talked* more utter trash about art and in a more exquisite way than Whistler; no man when he set to work to *create* art more ruthlessly rid himself of his intellectual falsities and surrendered himself more to the thoroughly emotional achievement of the impression he desired to utter. Pennell, realising the high artistic achievement of the man, accepted and became missionary to the falsities of his intellect, and thereby limited his own powers. We see it again and again in the notes which he sets down in his catalogue to "Germany at Work." For instance, "all great work, like great art, is the carrying on of tradition." This is a half-truth which fails utterly to grasp the significance of art; it's just the old beauty fallacy in its nightshirt. Obviously art is eternal but craftsmanship has evolved, and it is precisely in the aping of a dead tradition that all art endeavour finds its grave. We see Pennell's intellectual self-deception again in such a passage as "the gasometers are built inside the great castles, and so become picturesque instead of eyesores," by which he really means that the thing which man calls a gasometer is a hideous thing and astutely faked by the Germans in hiding it inside an old castle;

yet the greater part of his notes are given to glorifying factories and workshops to the disparagement of castles and cathedrals! Now this dishonesty of intellect you will never find in Pennell's artistry: the moment, like Whistler, he stops *talking* about art and sets to work to create it, he reaches fine achievement. It is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

His Artistic Utterance.

Let all Pennell's talk about art go. What are the limits and the heights of his artistic utterance? The chief lack is absence of that passion or intensity of feeling by which alone the mightiest art is created. On the other hand there is a serene sincerity of vision that gives a rare dignity to the vision of the man. Take for instance the drawing of "Within the Lace-Work of Steel" in the Vulcan Shipyard at Hamburg, with its fine perspective and cadence. Pennell confides to us that it was "difficult to draw" and "exciting"; we realise the draughtsmanship but we get no hint of the excitement. Or take the fine lithograph of "The Hut of the Cape of Good Hope Steel Works at Oberhausen," with its beauty of spacing and arrangement, and compare the cold hard eye of this man who saw it with the eye of such a poet as Brangwyn or Millet or Meunier. Think of the dramatic intensity of the appeal of this thing to Brangwyn, and imagine what he would have given us, and we see the vast gulf that separates what one may call in its highest sense "pictorial journalism" from "dramatic art."

I am dwelling perhaps a little unduly and with some insistency on this point of the cold deliberate vision and freedom from all temper in Pennell's display of "Germany at Work" in order to press its high value to-day from its very lack of passion. Brangwyn and Meunier and Millet led the way in modern art to the revelation of the glory and wonder of work; but they did it with intensity of temper and vision. Look at one of Brangwyn's men carrying a load along a plank gangway from a great ship, and he gets the power of the thing with the joy that an old Greek sculptor got out of carving an athlete in marble. With Pennell, no. There is the record, stated with exquisite detail and balance, of a witness. In order to convince one of his joy in the thing he has to print it in the catalogue; he has subordinated his art to his intellect, and confined his emotional statement to his self-criticism of the limits of his powers.

Proof of German Intentions.

It so happens that it is as well so. If we needed proof of Germany's vast intention to set out and overwhelm the world, it could be found in this cold-blooded evidence of Pennell's that is without bias or exaggeration or sentiment—evidence indeed that is rather admiration than condemnation. It seemed to thinking men until a few years ago an unthinkable thing that a whole people could have been organised into an ambition to one end. But the German did it; his very narrowness of skull and that aggressive ignorance called Kultur helping and binding his sinews to the fantastic endeavour.

The day the Royal House of Prussia dropped the Pilot in 1890, Bismarck, as he stepped from the helm of State, must have been filled with a strange wonder as to where his teachings were going to lead the realm that he had created with such astounding skill and unscrupulousness. He shook his head at the councils of the new bloods; he foretold the wreckage, be sure of it, or he had not been dismissed the ship. But even Bismarck must have stood a-wonder at the work the professors had already achieved—the inoculation of high and low with the views of the Germany's destiny as the lord of the earth. Every schoolboy, every student, spectacled doctor and lawyer, grocer's boy, waiter, labourer, soldier, sailor, parson, pauper, poop, and king, had decided that this slave-race of which they were, could by organisation create Germany into a world-empire and ruler over the earth. To that end they bent their commerce, their philosophy, their religion, their thinking, their God.

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

SYNOPSIS: Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, offers to introduce him to a wealthy woolbroker, Curlewis, with a view to financing the scheme. Macquart also makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job, who has done a good deal of yachting in his time. Curlewis turns down the scheme, though Macquart tells his story in a most convincing manner. His silent partner Screed believes in it, and unbeknown to Curlewis, follows the three men, asks them to his house, and agrees to find the ship and the money, on seeing that Macquart's hidden treasure map agrees with an Admiralty chart. The ship is the yawl "Barracuda." Screed, on the morrow, takes the three men over the "Barracuda," with which they are delighted. Coming away Macquart is overtaken by an old friend, one Captain Hull, who hails him as B—y Joe, and accuses him of many mean crimes. Macquart gives Captain Hull the slip, but unbeknown to him Hull gets in touch with Screed, and enlightens him on the real character of Macquart. Just as the "Barracuda" is about to sail Screed takes Hull on board and unexpectedly introduces him to Macquart as a member of the crew. Before the ship is a day out Captain Hull makes it plain to Macquart he is on the look-out for his "monkey tricks."

CHAPTER IX.

A VISION OF THE DEEP.

THEY passed the latitude of Point Danger with the land a hundred and thirty miles to port, drawing closer ashore till they reached 25 degs. with Great Sandy Island showing away across the blue and sparkling sea.

Never were adventurers more blessed by weather; days of azure and nights of stars brought them steadily north with a warm, favourable wind that made life a delight. The sails needed scarcely any handling, watches were kept anyhow and Macquart, who had promised great things in the way of assistance in working and navigating the boat, "let go all holts," to use the expression of Hull, and retired into himself, snoozing most of the day in his bunk below.

Hull, on the contrary, having promised nothing and coming on board in fact as a supercargo, did much. He took his trick at the wheel, helped in the navigation and slowly and surely from the very first day, rose in ascendancy.

He was an older man than any on board, except Macquart; he was a very big man physically and it would seem that he possessed some pinch of that iron stuff of the soul that makes for ascendancy. However that might be, the fact remains that by the time they had reached the Point Danger latitude the crew of the *Barracuda* had shaken themselves down just as a chemical mixture precipitates itself. Tillman, who had started as captain had, without recognising the fact, all but given up his position to Hull. Jacky, the black fellow, owing to his practical knowledge of the sea, immense activity and quickness in the uptake, had come out of the galley, so to speak, and risen to a sphere of usefulness even above Houghton's. Macquart, who ought to have been leader of the whole party, if not captain, had sunk to the bottom, and it was the plain truth that here, faced with the actualities of the expedition, he appeared to have no more sway upon the fortunes of the business than any cockroach crawling in the cabin.

I say "appeared," for Macquart was one of those men of whom it is impossible to speak definitely, one of those men who are never so potent or so dangerous as when they appear idle or innocuous.

Things were like this when an event occurred that brought Hull even more to the forefront and consolidated his position. They had passed the latitude of the Cumberland Islands, the tail of the Great Barrier Reef lay by computation fifty miles to port and ahead all that tangle of reefs and cays stretching from the Madelaine Cays to Flinders Reef. The wind that had been holding fair and steady suddenly dropped and they awoke one morning to find themselves drifting in a glacial calm.

Tillman came on deck at six in his pyjamas and with a towel over his arm; he found that Jacky had left the wheel and was busy in the galley. The *Barracuda* with her beam to the swell was rolling slightly to the tune of creaking cordage and swinging boom, the air was still and breathless, and the

great sun was blazing upon a world of water and sky infinite and wonderful in its depths and shades of azure.

The sea like a great veil of sapphire-tinted satin, heaved in wide meadows of swell, there was not a ruffle on its surface and all to the east it blazed back the light of the sun like a mirror.

"My word!" said Tillman. He stood for a moment whistling and skimming the horizon with his eyes, when he undressed and began to tub, Jacky leaving the galley for the purpose of throwing buckets of water over him.

As he dried, Houghton came on deck followed by Hull.

"It's a dead flat ca'm," said Hull, standing with his hands clasping the bulwark rails and his gaze fixed across the sea, "and I'd sooner see a gale o' wind I would so—I'd sooner see a gale o' wind."

"What are you croaking about?" said Tillman.

Hull ruffled at this and for the first time on the voyage, showed irritation.

"You're a damn longshoreman," said he. "If you ain't alive to the meanin' of a ca'm in these waters with the drift we've got, you'll maybe liven up when we're aground on some b——y reef. She's been drifting half the night and this thing may last for days. We're a long sight too close to that there Barrier to please yours trooly—that's my meanin'."

Tillman, seeing the other's frame of mind, went below to dress whilst Hull, cutting a chew of tobacco, stood with his back to the bulwark rail, watching and criticising Houghton, who was now being swilled by Jacky.

"I never can understand what you chaps find in that sort of thing," said the Captain who was ungiven to superfluous washing. "If a chap was to swill water on me like that I'd kick him blind instead of payin' him tebbacca to do it same as you pay Jacky. It ain't nach'ral."

"It bucks one up," said Houghton.

The Captain, having no answer to this, walked aft. Then seeing Jacky coming from the galley with a steaming coffee-pot in his hand, he went below, Houghton followed him, and breakfast was served. Canned kippered herrings, fried bacon, and tomatoes formed the meal. Jacky had baked some rolls the night before and there was ship's bread—which nobody touched.

Hull's bad temper vanished before the food. His appetite was enormous, and he was proud of it; Macquart, never a great eater, had come from his bunk unshaved and disreputable-looking and was seated before a cup of coffee. Tillman and Houghton, fresh from their tub and filled with the good spirits of youth were talking and laughing and Jacky, having served the food, had skipped on deck again on Hull's order to keep a look-out for anything he might see.

The *Barracuda*, rolling gently to the swell, kept up a continuous whine, cordage, blocks, spars and timbers all lending voice.

"She don't like hanging idle," said Tillman, "but there's no use in her grumbling. The glass is steady for one thing."

"Ay, it's steady enough," said Hull. "I'd sooner see it dropping a bit, ca'ms like this get on my spine, for why I don't know. It's maybe becous I was laid up in one once in the old *Monterey*, a three master, she were, forty days out of London bound for Durban. Head winds right to Bathurst and a dead flat ca'm on the line. There we lay and rotted two weeks, short o' water, and seventeen dozen sharks pokin' their noses round her starn!"

At half-past eleven that day—three bells—Tillman, who was rigging up an awning with the help of a spare sail, had his attention drawn to Hull who was standing shading his eyes with his hand and staring over the sea to port.

Tillman left his work and looked. A quarter of a mile, or less, away a strange oily patch was visible on the surface of the water and even as he gazed, suddenly, a little burst of foam broke the sea surface.

He had no time to speak before Hull was on him.

"We're driftin' on to shoals," cried Hull. "Get the boat out for towin, it's our only chance." He rushed to the cabin hatchway and called to the fellows below, then, turning, and helped by Jacky and Tillman, he began lowering the boat; when she was water-borne and floating alongside he looked round.

"Where's Mac?" he cried.

"He hasn't come up yet," replied Houghton.

Hull turned, went to the cabin companion-way and dived below, a sound of shouting and struggling was heard and next

moment Macquart, crimson in the face and seeming half strangled, was literally shot upwards on deck as though blown by an explosion.

Hull on going below had found Macquart lying in his bunk reading an old copy of the *Bulletin*. Ordered on deck and refusing the order, he had found himself suddenly seized, half-throttled, and thrust up the hatchway.

All the animosity of Hull for this old time partner of his, all the hatred which he suppressed and kept under and covered over with fair or jesting words had suddenly blazed out. Tillman, though he had little time to think recognised this fact and took a momentary chill at the sight of the fury that had dwelt among them, hid away and sealed, suddenly unbottled like this.

Seizing Macquart by the scruff of his neck, Hull rushed him to the port bulwarks till the buttons of his coat clashed against the rail.

"Over you get," he cried.

Next moment Macquart was in the boat, the tow rope was made fast and she forged ahead, Tillman, Jacky, Macquart and Houghton at the oars.

Hull remained on board shouting directions and attending to the tow rope.

As Tillman rowed, some instinct prompted him to take a peep over the gunnel of the boat. In the brilliant water and seeming only a few yards beneath the surface, he saw rocks streeling fantastic and variegated weeds to the tide.

Few things could be more disturbing than that sight here, far from land and seemingly in the midst of the deep, deep ocean. It had a touch of the uncanny; and the swell made it more terrifying still; for the swell, though so wide-spaced as scarcely to be noticeable, had the lift and fall of a fathom so that now the rocks would be clear-viewed and now more vague, and nothing is more soul searching than that trick of the sea when it is played upon one in mid-ocean. But the work on hand gave little time for thought. Of all the labours of the sea, towing is the most heart-breaking when the tow is of any size and unless the towing boat is properly manned. They were unused to this special work, the idle life on board the *Barracuda* had put them out of training and the heat of the sun was terrific.

Macquart suffered even more than the others being older and having less use of his muscles.

Tillman, who rowed stroke, kept his eye on Hull and took his orders, and the *Barracuda*, now with her head turned away from the threatened danger, was making slow progress almost due east.

"There's a baling tin somewhere in the bottom of the boat," said Tillman, "fetch it up, one of you and give us a slatice all round."

Houghton found it and did as he was told, and then the weary work went on.

After nearly an hour of it, dazed, beaten, with scarcely an ounce of energy left, they were suddenly brought to life and full consciousness by a hail from the Captain.

A breeze was coming up from the southward. A huge violet fan of ruffled water was spreading towards the *Barracuda* still prisoned in the dead, crystalline calm.

They laid the boat alongside and scrambled on board just as the breeze touched the canvas and the main boom swung to port. Hull had unlashed the wheel and when they were on deck he ordered the boat to be streamed astern.

"No time to waste pickin' her up till we're clear of this tangle," he shouted. "Get to your places."

The mainsail had been set with two reefs in it for fear of a sudden squall, the reefs were shaken out, then foresail and flying jib were set and the *Barracuda* began to talk. Making six knots and with the dancing boat following her like a dog on a lead, she drew off steadily to the east nor' east, leaving the region of shoals and reefs behind her.

Hull kept the lead going at intervals. Then when he considered all clear water ahead he brought the boat in and set a course to the northward. He had taken command of the *Barracuda*. Without a word to Tillman or the others, he had stepped into the position of chief man on board and leader of the expedition.

When the boat was secured, Hull, who was now at the wheel, began to talk.

"We've been near done for by lazing and bad seamanship," said he. "That was a point of the Barrier Reef, which means to say we're out of our course by scores of miles, and that's your fault, Tillman. I should a' took the sun myself and worked the reckonin'. No use in complainin' now, we've got to make right and there's no manner o' use talkin'. Then, again, the watches are all upside down, we've kep' no proper look out, chaps have been lyin' in their bunks that ought a' been on deck. That's got to be set right. Now then, you, whater you goin' below for?"

"I'm going to fetch my pipe," said Macquart, who had his foot on the top step of the cabin companion-way.

"You stay here on deck till I've finished talkin'," said Hull. "You've got to do your bit along with the rest of us and no skulkin'. Up with you and stand there by Jacky. I'm going to pick watches with Mr. Tillman."

Macquart obeyed.

"I takes Mac," said Hull.

"And I take Houghton," said Tillman.

"Right you are," said the Captain, "and Jacky can help as wanted. Now then, Mr. Tillman, you can go below with the starboard watch, and you, Mac, can go down and fetch your pipe and don't you be two minutes huntin' for it, or I'll come after you and liven you."

As Macquart went below, Houghton caught the glance he shot at Hull and at the same time a glimpse of the enmity that lived between these two men.

CHAPTER X.

TORRES STRAITS.

THEY passed Latitude 15° S. and entered the Coral Sea, the weather growing warmer and the sea bluer day by day, and the nights more tremendous with stars.

To Houghton the farther they went the more did the world of the tropics open like some vast and mysterious azure flower. The steamer that brought him to New South Wales had shown him little of the true mystery of this world of the sun, but here, in the *Barracuda*, so close to the sea, so dependent on the winds, so touched by the sun, life became a new thing and the world a wonderland.

Nautilus fleets passed them and the foam flickers flung from the fore foot of the yawl looked like marble shavings on the lazulite of the sea. White gulls chased them and flittered like snowflakes against the burning azure of the sky, and ever and ever the tepid wind pursued them whilst the *Barracuda* snored to it, lifting her stern to the heave of the swell and filling the hull with the whispering and slapping of the bow wash.

Black fish walloped along, sometimes, as though racing them, and gulls, fish, nautilus fleets and wind all seemed bound and hurrying in the same direction—the Line; the very sea that bore the *Barracuda* seemed racing towards the same goal, as though the world and all in it were pressing forward to some great carnival of colour and light.

One evening they sighted Banks Island, swimming in a pearly haze on the far horizon.

Banks and Malgrave Islands stand out in Torres Straits from the point of Cape York like twins.

"That's Banks," said Hull, "it's not the first time I've seen it. What you say, Mac?"

"Well," said Macquart, "if you are sure of it what's the good of asking me—yes, it's Banks Island right enough."

"Well, then, why can't you say so like a Christian?" flared out Hull. "Blest if you ain't growin' more like a m'hogany image every day."

"We're nearly into the Straits," cut in Tillman, who had been looking at the chart, "isn't it a bit dangerous to hold on like this at night? How would it be to heave to off the coast till morning?"

"Heave to?" said Hull. "Why, it's a'most a full moon, and she rises less than an hour after sundown; no, sir, we'll hold as we are and run the Straits with the help o' the wind. I've no notion of hangin' about waitin' for another ca'm or maybe a gale, to pile us on them rocks; glass is steady, but glass or no glass, I'm goin' to push on. I'm mighty anxious to raise that river."

Jacky was at the wheel. Houghton, belonging to Tillman's watch, was below. They went down, and Hull, getting the charts on the table, laid them out. There was the big chart of the New Guinea Coast and Torres Straits and the track chart showing their course and Banks Island.

Hull pondered over the big chart on which was marked the point of disembogement of Macquart's river.

"When we pass Banks," said he, "we'll be a hundred and eighty, or maybe, two hundred miles from the river mouth, allowin' for current and not wishin' to pile her on the reefs, I take it we'll be nosin' into the mouth of that river day after to-morrer mornin'. If the wind holds. It's just on the edge of Dutch Guinea. Y'see, up here, if the chart showed it, would be the Fly River, that's all British. Well, Mac, you'll have some pilotin' to do day after to-morrer mornin'."

Macquart's eyes were singularly bright and he seemed to have shaken off the black dog that had been on his back for the last week or so. Maybe it was the near approach to the scene of his dreams, or maybe it was some other cause, but cheerfulness had him in her keeping.

Houghton, who had tumbled out of his bunk to help in the consultation, noticed the fact.

"Yes," said Macquart, "I seem to smell the place already,



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“Over you get,” he cried.

and I'm thinking you'll have your work cut out too, towing her up unless the wind is dead astern.”

“We'll do our endeavours,” said the captain. “And now, whiles we've got the chance with a good offin' and nuthin' to trouble us, let's lay our dispositions. It's fifteen years and more since you've been up that river, Mac—oh, I know all that yarn of how you got the chart and location from a chap named Smith, but we'll suppose you was one of Lant's crew—we're all gentlemen here together, and there's no use in hidin' things up. I don't want to get at none of your secrets they wouldn't be no use to me, but what I do want to know is this: How were them natives disposed that time you were here, were they a fightin' lot or mugs ready to play their souls for coloured beads?”

“The natives are all right,” said Macquart, “if they are treated right.”

Houghton, who had heard Macquart's story as told to Curlew, felt aghast at Macquart's cool half acceptance of Hull's suggestion that Macquart had been one of Lant's crew. If that were so, then it was almost certainly Macquart who had assisted Lant in the sinking of the *Terschelling* with her crew aboard, and who had, in turn, done away with Lant himself.

“Well,” said Hull, “we must leave it at that. I've never more than snuffed the New Guinea coast, but whether they're friendly or not, we've got the arms and the bullets to down them with if they make trouble. Now we'll go over them. Mr. Tillman, will you fetch out your rifles and small arms for an overhaul?”

Tillman went to the locker where the arms were stored.

He had arranged with Screed for the arming of himself Houghton and Macquart. There were three Winchesters and three Savage automatic pistols with ammunition.

He brought them to the table and Hull, having cleared away the charts, the weapons were placed on it for inspection. The ammunition was kept in another locker. Tillman fetched the cases of cartridges and placed them by the rifles.

Hull made a careful examination of the lot; then he said:

"There's a rifle and a pistol apiece for us three. Mac, here, is not a fighting man, his business is to nose out the stuff, our business is to s and by with the guns. Did you ever by any chance see chaps out shootin' with a dog? The dog noses out where the birds is hid and the chaps with the guns stand by to fire. Well, Mac's our dog—ain't you, Mac?"

Macquart made no reply for a moment, then he laughed. "You can put it like that," said he. "Well what more's to be done?"

The Captain loaded one of the automatic pistols and put it in his pocket with a packet of cartridges. Then he loaded the two others and gave one to Houghton and one to Tillman, also a packet of cartridges apiece.

"Being nearly on the spot," said he, "it's time for us to get ourselves in trim; the rifles can go back in the locker and I'll keep the key." He placed the Winchesters and ammunition in the locker and pocketed the key.

As they went on deck Houghton recognised that what had just taken place was not only the arming of himself and his companions, but the disarming of Macquart.

He took Tillman aside. The moon had just risen and was hanging like a great shield of burnished brass above the sea line. Banks Island lay on the port quarter and before them Torres Straits lay spread in the mysterious light of the new risen moon and the waxing stars.

"Tillman," said Houghton. "Did you hear what the Captain said to Macquart?"

"I did," said Tillman.

"You remember Macquart's tale, how John Lant, the Captain of the *Terschelling*, took his ship up the river, cached the gold and then sank the ship with the crew in the fo'c'sle, and how one of the crew, John Smith, had helped him?"

"I do."

"How Lant married a native woman, Chaya."

"Chaya," corrected Tillman.

"Yes, Chaya—and how Smith did away with Lant, and then had to escape without the gold because Chaya suspected him."

"Yes."

"Well, Smith was Macquart."

"It looks like it."

"Macquart it was that helped in the sinking of the ship; it was Macquart who did away with John Lant. It's as plain to me as that moon. My God, Tillman, if I had known I'd never have come on this expedition."

"There's no use worrying now" said Tillman. "We're here and we have to go through with it even if we are bound to go hand-in-hand with a murderer."

"There's more still," said Houghton. "I see now why Macquart let fifteen years go by without returning to look for that gold."

"Why?"

"Why? Can't you see. Lant's wife, that native woman, Chaya, was after him for his life when he escaped; he would not have dared to return till she was dead or had forgotten him. He told me a yarn—he told us all—that he had been years hunting about the world before he could get anyone to join him in an expedition; that was bunkum. The plain truth is that he had not the courage to go back, he was afraid of this woman. I feel it by instinct that he is afraid even now. But fifteen years is a long time and he reckons that she is either dead or, if alive, that she will not recognise him."

"If she is alive, and if she recognises him, we'll never leave that river with our heads on us," said Tillman.

"You have put it exactly" replied Houghton. "But I'm not afraid of that. I don't lay much store by life, what daunts me is Macquart."

"How?"

"He makes my stomach crawl, he seems to me now the incarnation of everything evil. I hate to be on the same boat with him. He's a nightmare."

"He's not a bad imitation," said Tillman. "And the funny thing is that up till a few weeks ago he was a pleasant enough fellow. He's been slowly getting disagreeable, somehow, though he has done nothing and said nothing much; it's as if there was something in the sea air or the life aboard that has made the badness in the blighter ooze out without his knowing it—then this business to-night puts a cap on everything."

"I'm afraid of him, and that's the truth," said Hough-

ton. "I'm not funkng anything he may do to me or to us. I'm afraid of him just as a man is afraid of a ghost or a devil. I've often heard parsons talk of Evil and Wickedness and all that, but I've never felt the thing till now. Yes, he seemed all right at first; that morning I met him in the Domain at Sydney he fascinated me same as a fairy tale might fascinate one—but now—ugh!"

"Well, there's no use in bothering about that," replied the other. "If you're out on the gold trail you can't expect saints along with you, there's nothing collects devils like gold. The thing for us to do now we are forewarned is to be forearmed. We have to keep a precious sharp eye on this chap, for I tell you, it's my humble opinion he'd do the lot of us in just for the pleasure of the business, leaving alone the profit. He hates Hull like all possessed, and Hull's got the bulge on him. Did you notice how neatly the Captain has left him without a gun—Hull's a peach."

"I tell you," said Houghton earnestly, "that though I'm afraid of this chap, just because of what's in him, the thing I'm really afraid of, as far as our success and safety go is, not Macquart, but the woman—if she's alive."

"Well, let's hope she's dead," said Tillman.

He shaded his eyes and looked ahead. Houghton, looking in the same direction, saw a smudge on the sea and in the midst of it a spark of light.

"It's a steamer," said Tillman.

He called Hull, who was standing by the wheel, to look.

"She's coming up fast," said the Captain. "A lot too fast for a freighter, she's the Hong Kong-Brisbane mail boat most like; well, them's that are fond of steam may use it, but give me masts and yards. Now, there's half-a-dozen chaps in brass-bound hats aboard that hooker as'd turn up their noses at the likes of you and me, but give 'em a head wind and half a sea and what are they on? A shower bath! Swep' fore and aft they'd be. I've had one turn as foremast hand on a Western Ocean tank and I was swimmin' most of the way to N' York. Look at her."

She was passing a quarter of a mile away. A big white-painted boat, grey in the moonlight, crusted with lights and with the green starboard light staring full at the little *Barracuda*.

A faint strain of music came across the water with the murmur of the engines.

"They'll be after their dinner," said Hull, "with the ladies sitting on the deck and chaps in b'iled shirts smokin' cigars over them. I've been deck hand on a Union boat for a voyage, and I've seen 'em and I'd sooner be greaser on a Western Ocean cattle truck than first officer on one of them she male boats. There's some sense in cattle."

Houghton watched whilst the big liner pounded away into the moonlight and star shimmer of the night. That glimpse of civilisation was inexpressibly strange, seen here from the deck of the *Barracuda*, bound upon the wildest of adventures and surrounded by the wastes of the tropic sea.

(To be continued.)

Some of the most unostentatious, but none the less invaluable war workers, are those women who go to the different hospitals one or more days a week and help to mend the linen there. Every day there is plenty of work in a hospital linen-room and help is always wanted. Expert needlewomen have rarely been able to use their skill to better advantage than by keeping sheets, table linen, etc., in good repair.

The latest way of arranging tulips is to place them in deep-stemmed glass goblets, cutting the stalk to such a length that none of it is seen above the edge of the vase only the pink, red, or yellow of the flower itself. The tulips are packed closely together, so that they are very like a Victorian posy, and the effect is certainly an original one, even if it lacks somewhat in grace in the eyes of those to whom the stalk of a flower is one of its most beautiful parts.

Once again there is a decided effort towards the crinoline. If it is not the crinoline in actual reality, it is as passable an imitation as can possibly be achieved in these days. This is brought about by means of the hooped skirt, the hoops being introduced just below the hips, and swaying rather gracefully with each movement of the wearer.

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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1916.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1916.

THE TWO OBJECTIVES.

ALTOGETHER apart from its purely military significance, the struggle still going on around Verdun possesses a very special interest as illustrating the marked difference of *motive* which now dictates the military policy of the contending powers. These motives will in all probability become more and more divergent as the war proceeds; and it will be well, if we are to take a just view of the future progress of the war, to take this opportunity of examining them.

For about a fortnight the German forces have been engaged in a prolonged and very violent attack against that section of the French line which may be called the salient of Verdun. The attack has been delivered with great determination and at an extravagant cost in lives. So far it has met with no solid success. The French have met it with forces kept deliberately inferior in number to those of their opponents, and at an expense of life smaller, out of all proportion, than that which they have been able to exact. They have fallen back deliberately and at a moment chosen by themselves from their original advanced positions, thus yielding certain ground; but the attempt to dislodge them from the line of heights which forms their present main defensive position has so far failed. That is what, up to the moment of writing, has actually happened; but it may be well to go further and ask what the German command was really attempting and why it was attempting it.

Of course, if the enemy could have succeeded in breaking through the French line and rolling it up, north and south, such a result would be well worth the utmost sacrifice of men that he could command; for it would be a decision and would for the moment, at least, put an end to all danger to his security from the west. Most probably he thought that he could do this. But even if he could only have hoped to have found himself in a position to compel the French to abandon the salient of Verdun, and to fall back upon some other line behind that city, a result which he valued would have been attained.

Now, it is quite certain that that objective would not, from the purely military point of view, be worth the sacrifice of much-needed men which the enemy has already made and which he must continue to make for some time to come if he is to pursue his end. If it occurred—which now seems far from probable—it would not be a decision, it would not put the Allied armies out of action or relieve the enemy from apprehension as to the safety of his Western front. The importance of Verdun as a fortress has virtually ceased to exist, and all that the Germans would have gained would have been so many more square miles of almost useless standing ground. The inference is that the objective of the enemy is not [only military, but also moral or, as one might say, political.

In pure strategy the capture of Verdun—or of the ground upon which the forts of Verdun had once stood—would be no great thing; but the Germans evidently think that it might have far reaching and important political results. Not only would it reassure civilian opinion in Germany itself, but it might prevent certain neutral nations from coming in on our side, while producing in others an impression that the Germanic powers

were still moving from victory to victory. Finally it might affect in the same fashion civilian opinion in the Allied countries, and especially in this country, and so make it possible for Germany to conclude a peace on terms more favourable than she can otherwise hope to obtain.

It would be easy to find in the enemy's own dispatches confirmation of this view of his present objective. Mr. Belloe gives a striking example elsewhere in this paper. The temporary capture of an important part of the *plateau* of Douaumont was, so far as it went, a genuine military success, and might well have been claimed as such. The capture of the *fort* of Douaumont was merely the capture of an empty shell. Nevertheless the Germans claimed the capture, not of the plateau but of the "fortress." That means that they were appealing not to military, but to civilian judgment.

On the other hand, it is the principle of the French commanders to take note of military considerations alone. They will yield ground wherever they choose, and allow the Germans to claim "victories" wherever they choose provided they can make each advance sufficiently expensive to the enemy. They will meet each assault with the minimum number of men inflicting the maximum amount of loss. They will be careful to keep in being as large an untouched reserve as possible against the time when in their judgment a decisive blow against the enemy may most hopefully be struck.

Now these two policies, which appear in such marked contrast throughout recent operations, really depend upon the same consideration, which from henceforward must necessarily prove the dominant factor in the war. It is a consideration which has from the first been continually emphasised in these columns. It is now admitted, even by those who were at most pains to deny or belittle it. It is the approaching exhaustion of the German reserves.

A foolish suggestion has been put forward in some quarters that this approaching exhaustion is disproved by the gigantic effort which the Germans are now making. This, of course, is the exact reverse of the truth. The effort does not disprove the fact referred to; but the fact explains the purpose of the effort. No one ever suggested that the enemy was already seriously crippled by the lack of effectives. What has been maintained, and what is now admittedly true, is that he must eventually find himself so crippled—and that at no very distant date—because he possesses no reserves sufficient to keep his army at full strength by replacing losses. Therefore he cannot afford to wait. Before that time arrives when his reserves fail him, he must either obtain a decision, of which he probably now despairs, or alternatively must produce so considerable an effect on opinion in Allied and neutral countries as may enable him to make peace on terms which shall at least leave his military power in being. He has no choice save to make some move which may give him the chance of producing such an effect. If he awaits the event he virtually accepts defeat.

The same considerations which make it necessary for the Germans to force an immediate issue if they can, dictate the wise policy of the Allies in refusing, so far as possible, such an issue, until the enemy is further weakened, and the exhaustion of his reserve begins to tell. This is the settled policy of the soldiers, both French and British, and it is an eminently sound one.

But the enemy's attack is primarily on civilian opinion, and it should be our business to see to it that that attack is ineffective. The soldiers, who alone are qualified to judge in such matters, have the whole business in their hands, as they ought to have. They are determined upon the military annihilation of Prussia as the only end worthy of the sacrifices of this war. They believe that they can achieve it. It should be our affair to see that they are not embarrassed or diverted from their task by any such civilian clamour as the enemy ardently desires to see raised in this country and elsewhere. They will strike when they are ready, and what we can all do is to await the event with reasoned and therefore increasing confidence.

ATTACK ON WEST OF THE MEUSE.

By Hilaire Belloc.

WITH Monday, the fifteenth day of this great battle of Verdun, and the seventeenth since the cannonade first opened, the German offensive developed a new feature, the fate of which only the future can determine, the motive of which we can only estimate.

I suggest that this motive is, immediately, to free the ground in front of Poivre Hill from French artillery fire and so permit a direct attack there unmolested upon its flank. Ultimately, if the push is unexpectedly successful and rapid, to turn the main position which the French have now successfully held for so many days from Bras to Douaumont.

It is clear that an advance along the Western side of the Meuse up to Verdun would turn the main position from Bras to Douaumont; that is, would get behind and render it untenable. The now large French force on that main position would have to retire or would be lost.

The enemy's success or failure in this main or ultimate object, does not depend upon his capture of the advanced lines upon the Goose Crest or behind Chattancourt. *It depends upon his approach to and seizing of the height marked on my map with a thick black line H-B, and known in that country side as Charny Ridge.*

I will take these points in their order.

The First Advance.

If the reader will look at the general map printed over page, which I must make the general reference for the whole of this article, he will perceive that from the point marked A where there is a small, pronounced bend in the Meuse river, to the point marked B nearly 6 miles away, a sinuous succession of heights from two to three hundred feet above the level of the stream commands its left bank.

In the first phase of the battle the enemy attacked a thin French covering line which lay from the village of Brabant opposite the point "A," ran through the wood and in front of the village of Haumont, then through the big wood of Caures and so to Herbebois Wood and in front of Ornes to "C." By successive retirements (as we have seen) the French on the Thursday night, the fourth day of their retreat, the 24th of February, had reached their main position running from the village of Bras along the crest behind the village of Louvemont and so in a horseshoe to the plateau, village and fort of Douaumont. This main position I have indicated by a line of crosses upon the map. All this German advance was pursued along the right or eastern bank of the river Meuse, with the result that the French batteries upon the sinuous line of hills across the stream commanded all the country occupied by the Germans in their advance and abandoned by the French in their retirement. French batteries posted everywhere among these hills swept the eastern country beyond the river in the lines of the arrows and rendered the ground very difficult for continuous enemy action. The only relief from this dominating fire was found, first in the very heavy bombardment to which the Germans subjected the French batteries on this western side, secondly, of course, in the digging of trenches by night to shelter the German troops occupying the eastern side, and thirdly in the portions of ground which lay behind the slopes and were sheltered from the shells. But all these three combined did not prevent German action in this newly occupied belt being gravely hampered, and in particular the Cote du Poivre or "Pepper Hill," the capture of which would have turned the whole French position, could not be successfully assailed. The French position upon it held firm because all the valley in front running up from Vaucherauville and the hill called Talou was untenable under the French enfilading fire from the further bank.

If the French had held their first line in strength as the Germans did in Champagne five months ago, and had the Germans broken this first line, which they probably believed to constitute the main French front (the

line A-C from Brabant to Ornes), then the fact that the French still held the western side of the Meuse would have been of little advantage to them or hurt to the enemy.

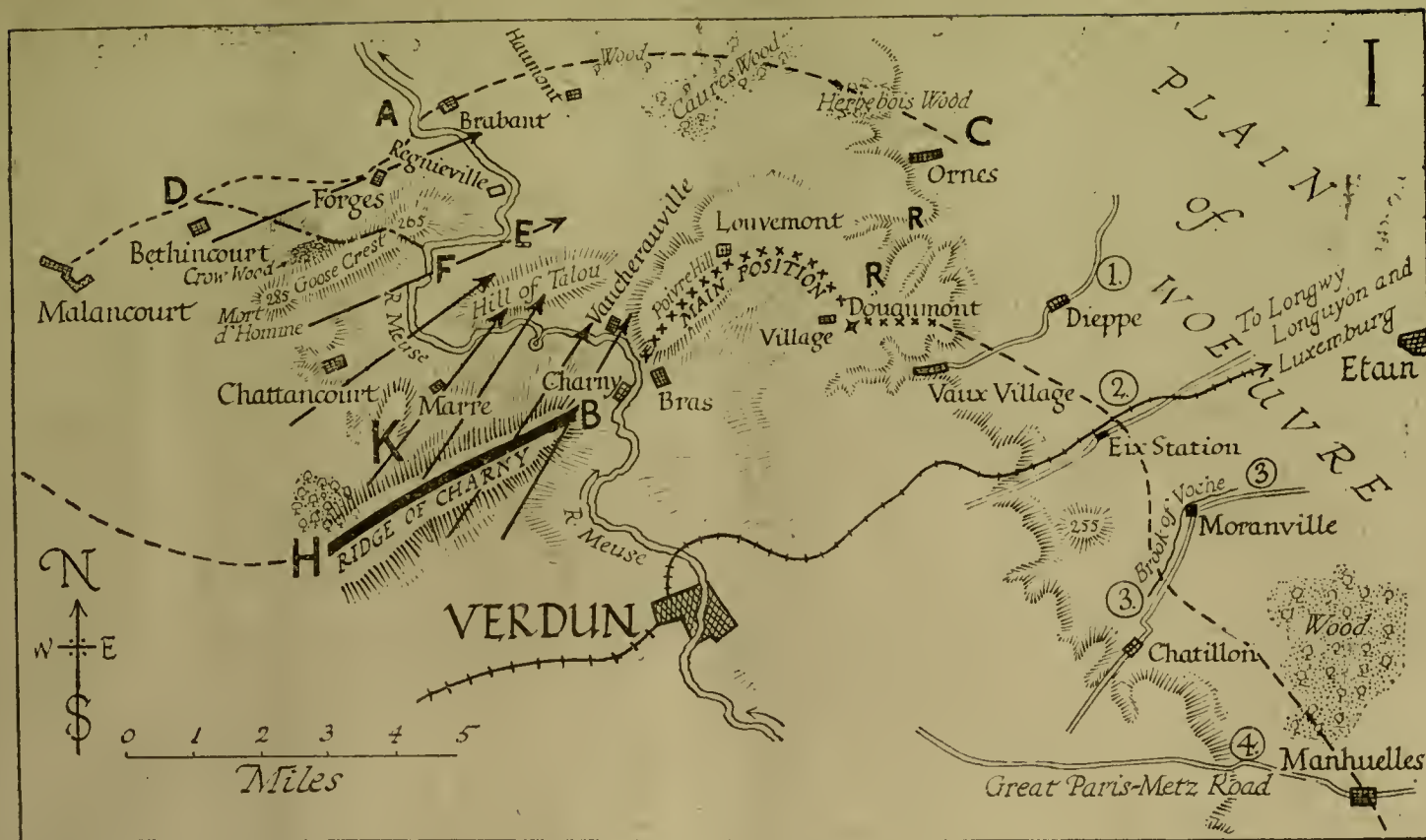
The front once broken the whole French line would have had to retire. At the worst a fatal gap would have appeared in it, at the best it would have had to fall back behind Verdun. But of course, the French were following an entirely different tactic, as we now know. So far from attempting to hold their foremost positions in strength, they left the smallest number of men possible to cover a successive retreat and did not propose to stand until the main position, the ridge from Bras Village to the Plateau of Douaumont was reached. Therefore the German advance between the very foremost French lines at A C and the main position on the horseshoe ridge between Bras and Douaumont, an advance covering about one mile a day at the broadest, as it did not so much as shake the French line, left the French beyond the river quite free to pound all that belt from the further bank of the Meuse. The French batteries lying behind the hills and in the woods of the Goose Ridge, of Chattancourt of Maire, etc., and their fire observed and corrected from the summits, continually shelled the ground beyond the stream at effective ranges of from 3 to 8 thousand yards.

This, as we have just seen, rendering the capture of the hill of Poivre impossible, the great German effort was launched on Douaumont Plateau upon Saturday the 26th of February and nearly succeeded, coming up the ravine marked R-R on the map. Such an attack was quite unmolested by the French guns on the West of the Meuse, and moreover had it succeeded would have cut off all the French upon the main position and would have involved the destruction of the force there occupied. The fate of that attack we know. It got no further than Douaumont Fort and Douaumont Village where it now stands apparently checked and leaving the French main position intact. The battle reached this final form last Saturday night, March 4th, and remained in the same situation on Sunday, March 5th. For ten days the belt of territory between Brabant and Poivre Hill had lain largely at the mercy of the French guns upon the further or western bank of the Meuse. If the attack by Douaumont was to fail there remained the possibility of again combining it with an attack upon Poivre Hill, if only the belt in front of Poivre Hill, particularly the Hill of Talou, could be saved the menace of French fire from the other side of the river. With the immediate object of achieving this, the enemy last Monday at the opening of the third week of the great struggle began his first infantry attack upon the left or western bank of the Meuse.

There happened there exactly what happened in the initial great effort east of the river. The French front line had run before the battle from D to A, just in front of the village of Forges. The Germans carried that position upon Monday morning and apparently upon the same day before the evening, attacked the long ridge called the Cote De l'Oie or "Goose Crest." Before evening they had carried Regnéville and then tackled the hill itself.

This crest (from which you dominate all the northern part of the belt the Germans had just occupied beyond the river) is a fairly level ridge with two rather higher summits at either end, 4,000 yards apart. That near Régnéville, some 250 feet above the Meuse, is called Hill 265 from its height in metres above the sea; the other summit about 60 feet higher is called the Mort Homme. The enemy launched a division at Hill 265 and carried it. Early the next morning they were in occupation of the wood of Corbeaux or "Crow Wood" at the foot of the Mort Homme.

So far and no further goes the news received in London at the moment of writing this, Tuesday afternoon. The heights directly overlooking the occupied belt beyond the river from A to as far as E are no longer under the direct observation of the French gunners, and the French line upon the western side of the Meuse runs



or ran when the despatch left Paris on Monday night, from in front of Bethincourt (which was still held) down to the river somewhere about F, following the dots and dashes upon the plan.

Charny Ridge.

The immediate object, then, of this move is to clear the left or western bank of the river of French gun positions which render a decisive attack upon the left of the French main positions Poivre Hill, impossible. The ultimate object may be a new development upon this front as active and determined as that which appears to be now held in check upon the further front at Douaumont.

I have said that such an ultimate object would be the turning of the main French position on the Douaumont heights, by an advance direct on Verdun along the western side of the Meuse. I have also said that the test of such a policy would not be the clearing of the advanced positions but an approach to and capture of the Ridge of Charny.

What is the importance of this height ?

(1) It is the continuation of the Main position on the other side of the river. Though lower (it is only 300 feet above the river) it exactly prolongs the hill of Poivre.

(2) It is the last main position on this side covering Verdun. It is supplied by a railway running parallel behind it and is close to every form of accumulated supply. It was the line of advanced works in the days when Verdun was a fortress. Two dismantled and abandoned forts stand on it to this day.

(3) It is a united open and continuous height from the wood at H to the River at B with a long bare natural glacis sloping down northward gently without an inch of dead ground anywhere and enfiladed from the spur at K so long as this is held.

On all these counts the reaching to and carrying of the Ridge of Charny would seem to be here the test of enemy success or failure on the western bank as the failure to carry the ridge Poivre-Douaumont was the test of failure on the eastern.

The Difficulty of Attack by the Woeuvre.

Meanwhile, the question has occurred to many people in this country why the German attack, if it were checked at Douaumont was not renewed further down to the south from the Woeuvre Plain, so as to turn the whole position round by the extreme right. There has, as we know, been a violent attack upon the village at Vaux, and there have been some days ago attacks on Eix Station and half the village of Manhuelles has been carried.

Upon the analogy of other actions in this war, when the Germans have similarly attacked heights upon a narrow sector and have failed, we might expect the battle to extend gradually along the only line open to it—in this case to the south. The Meuse forbids co-operation between two attacks upon either side of it and one might imagine, indeed many critics have stated it as probable, that an attack foiled along the northern sector would try its charges further and further southward in the hope of effecting somewhere a breach in the defence of Verdun, trying for weak places in succession one after the other along the escarpment of the hills where they fall into the plain of the Woeuvre.

That is what happened at the curiously similar battle of the Grand Couronne eighteen months ago when the Germans were broken in their attempt to force a corresponding sharp set of heights covering Nancy.

Moreover, the fact that they attacked Vaux without success upon Friday the 3rd of March, a week after their main assault on Douaumont was checked, might lead one to such a conclusion.

But there are difficulties in working from the Woeuvre up to the heights of the Meuse which are not apparent from the map alone, and it is the ignorance of these difficulties which has, I think, misled not a little of contemporary study on the estimation of this action.

The Woeuvre is a mass of clay, full of marsh and stagnant ponds at this season of the year, and especially after such a winter as this, a very difficult ground of manœuvre, and difficult or impossible save along special lines for the motor traffic and heavy guns. I have myself seen whole patches in it where the trenches were interrupted by wet land. Neither side could dig, and the marsh as effectively caused a gap in the lines as would a lake.

Now in such a situation the only main line of attack possible is along the high roads and the made causeways of the railways. You can deploy troops, of course, over the wet land—you can make some sort of going. But the supply even of small arm ammunition in a big amount, and virtually all your pieces, tied to these roads. Now the sketch map will show that these opportunities of advance are exceedingly rare. To be accurate they are exactly four in number.

There is the road leading to Vaux from Dieppe (which last village the French abandoned many days ago on the withdrawing of their line). This road (marked 1 on the map), served for the narrow column of attack which attempted Vaux and failed last Friday.

Two miles south of this is the great main, national road from Paris to Longwy and Luxembourg, by way of Etain and Longuyon (one of the many places where the clergy were massacred in the early days of the war)

along which a similar narrow column of attack advanced successfully against Eix Station a week ago and was repelled. Closely following this road runs the railway, and I have marked it upon the above sketch map with the number 2.

The third road is a small country road, but hard and with a good surface, which runs eastward as far as Moranville and then turns southwards making for Chatillon, only on the reaching and taking of which village can the assault of the heights with their crowning batteries begin.

This road I have marked "3" upon the sketch. It presents a characteristic making it very difficult for use in attack, which is that on reaching Moranville a column following it is presented in flank, and at the short range of only 2,400 yards, to batteries behind, and observing from the little lump of clay in the Plain called "Hill 255." The approach to Moranville itself is hidden from the observers by a little depression, but the road going southward out of Moranville towards Chatillon follows a slight elevation above the brook called Voche, and is murderously exposed, not only to the field guns just under the escarpment, but to the batteries on the escarpment itself, and is under full observation from the summit of the hills. That is why the Germans the other day made so determined an attempt to capture this observation point and shelter for field batteries called Hill 255. As we know, they failed, and probably if we knew the details we should find that they failed from the state of the ground once the high road was left by the troops deploying northward against Hill 255.

But after this Moranville-Chatillon road, which is so inconvenient for their purpose, there is nothing they can use until you get to the great national road from Paris to Metz, more than five miles away. This road I have marked 4 upon the sketch.

It in its turn was the avenue of approach for a dense and narrow column (supported by troops in a wood to the north of the place) which did succeed in carrying Manheulles village ten days ago, but could not quite reach the west end of those ruins.

It will be seen, therefore, that while we might reason from our knowledge of the country that the enemy could only use the few roads for his advance, and would therefore be compelled to advance in narrow columns, we also find from experience that he has so attacked and has been confined to that attack and has been unable to deploy in the horrible mud of the Woeuvre.

There is a further point to be considered in this connection. Not only is the Woeuvre the impossible soil I have described, but precisely because the enemy is entirely confined in it to artificial causeways *the junctions of those causeways are very vulnerable points in*

are at lesser ranges averaging 5,000 to 8,000. Further, the roads of approach over the Woeuvre are, in nearly all their length, observable from the summits, lying below one as upon a natural map. All these things combined make attack in strength from the Woeuvre at this time of year exceedingly difficult, and break the parallel with the Battle of the Grand Couronne which developed southward indeed when the first Northern attacks had failed, but from much harder soil and in the height of the summer.

Certain General Considerations.

While the great battle thus stands still undecided, it may be well to recapitulate certain general considerations, most of them I fear already familiar to the reader, but necessary to be borne constantly in mind, if we are to understand the objects and methods of the opposing forces.

(1) The French deliberately refuse to make a main point of their foremost positions. Their whole theory in tactics as in strategy reposes upon the reserved mass of manœuvre.

(2) Consequently we must always expect advanced positions at the beginning of an action of delay, that is, when they are on the defensive, to be successively abandoned, and this is not done without a loss of prisoners and guns.

(3) The enemy is probably calculating in the main upon a superiority of munitionment for the moment. Hence his lavish expenditure for already more than a fortnight. The hulls in the battle have nothing to do with bringing up of guns, which occupy much the same positions they did on February 25th, the fourth day of the battle and the end of the retirement of covering troops. They have to do with the replenishment of shell, especially heavy shell.

(4) Even now after more than a fortnight of battle the French have not moved their general reserve.

(5) Failing the breaking of the French defensive front as a whole, the only criterion of success or failure is in the purely military sense, the comparative expenditure in men. The whole French effort is aimed at making this expenditure immensely greater upon the enemy's side.

(6) But from the enemy's point of view there is an obvious immediate political, as well as an ultimate military object to be obtained. He will therefore certainly be prepared to sacrifice a very much larger number of men than he has already sacrificed if by that expenditure he can put a few soldiers into the ruined suburbs of Verdun town, as he has put a few soldiers into the ruined suburbs of Soissons town. Meanwhile he is hoping to deplete the French reserve of shell.

Certain Details.

The scandalous scaremongering about the Fokker machine is now dead, but the following points may be of service.

The Fokker is simply a French Morane machine. It existed as a Morane machine in Germany long before the war. The German copy of the Morane machine was not a rough copy but an exact copy down to the smallest details and down to measurements of a millimetre for nearly all its parts. There is some difference in the angle and curvature of the wings. There is the replacement everywhere of wood by metal, save in the battens of the wings. It is slightly more complicated in its apparatus of alighting (though preserving the characteristic "M") and there is a little difference in the rudder.

While upon this subject we may note the correction of a false German communiqué which I think has not been noted in this country. This communiqué appeared on the 28th of January and stated that starting from the 1st of October, 1915, the Germans had lost up to that date (the 28th of January) 16 aeroplanes and the Allies 63. The statement is simply a falsehood. The true figures for the period were 13 English losses and 17 French, making a total of 30. The ascertained German losses in the same period were 11 on the English front and 20 on the French front, making a total of 31.

This somewhat belated information leads us to insist once more upon the utility—I should say the



his communications. Etain, Warcq, the cross roads of Aulnois (which get their name from a farm in the neighbourhood) Hermeville, and the little bit of road just south of Fromezey with its branches leading north and south, Abaucourt and Moranville itself are under the long range guns concealed in the woods upon the heights of the Meuse. The very longest range involved, that of Etain and Warcq, is only 11,000 yards. The other points

necessity at this stage—of frequent official pronouncements. The Government had possession of these figures. Why on earth did they allow the German lie to go uncontradicted?

A correspondent has sent me a typical piece of enemy propaganda in the shape of a piece of rubbish published in a Swedish paper, which appears in German interests. This nonsense is curiously like the sort of thing that has been scattered broadcast by the same agency in America, and it confirms one's judgment upon the nature

of this propaganda in neutral countries, which has been remarked on repeatedly in LAND AND WATER.

It gives the British casualties, apart from sickness, at *over a million* (!) The casualties of the other Allies are given with a little less exaggeration. Characteristically enough it is more accurate about the Russian casualties than about any other because, presumably, it is supposed that the Swedish public will have a better chance of judging. But the English figures are enough to test such stuff.

GERMAN LOSSES.—(Continued).

FINAL STATEMENT CALCULATED TO THE END OF 1915.

3½ MILLIONS IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM.

IN pursuance of the analysis dependent upon information, the basis of which my readers already know, I will continue and conclude in this week's number the calculation of German losses.

We must remember in this calculation that we are only concerned with a *minimum*. We are estimating a number *below* which such losses cannot fall.

The groundwork of the whole calculation is the number of dead.

We arrived, in the first part of this study, published two weeks ago, at a clear and conclusive minimum with regard to the number of German dead up to the last day of 1915. We have conclusive proof that this number is not less than *one million*.

Our problem, therefore, is to establish the very least number of men "off the strength" of a force in this war at a moment when the deaths alone in that force amount to *one million*.

The readers of this paper are familiar with the fact that such an estimate involves two quite separate elements:

(1) We have first of all to establish the number of men who can never return to full active service because they are either dead or prisoners, or rendered by wounds or by sickness permanently unfit for the firing line.

(2) When we have established this chief element we have to add to it yet another, to wit, what has been called here "The permanent margin of temporary losses"; that is, the number of men in hospital who will return to the army, but are for the moment off the strength.

So much being postulated let us begin with the estimate of permanent losses up to the end of the year 1915.

I.—Permanent Losses.

Permanent losses are made up of four categories which, between them, cover the whole ground:—

- (a) The dead.
- (b) The prisoners.
- (c) The "disabled wounded," that is, the wounded who can never return usefully to the fighting line.
- (d) The "disabled sick," that is, those who, similarly disabled by sickness contracted in service, cannot return usefully to the fighting line.

(a) *The Number of Dead.*

This we already have, and it is the basis of our calculation. It is a minimum of *one million* up to December 31st, 1915. We know that even the official lists come within 19 per cent. of that truth, and we have noted the conclusive arguments which make the full number certainly more than 19 per cent. above the official lists. We shall in a moment see how this basic

number of *one million* should be treated in our consideration of the other categories.

(b) *The Number of German Prisoners.*

This is known accurately for the Western front, and has, I believe, been communicated for the Eastern front.

It is the fixed and wise policy of the Allies not to inform the enemy with any detail with regard to the prisoners he has lost. But I may, without indiscretion, give a minimum number which will, when the full official statistics are available, be discovered to be *within* the truth. A *quarter of a million* is no exaggeration, but 200,000 is far too low a figure. It is a very small number when we consider the length of time over which the operations of the Germany Army have been conducted, and shows with what skill the co-ordination of every retirement was arranged.

(c) *The Wounded.*

In this category, we must begin with a gross number from which deductions will be made in due course, to arrive at the nett estimate.

Our basis of calculation is necessarily here *an analogy with the known figures of corresponding losses in the other forces engaged*, coupled with, and modified by, certain considerations peculiar to each force engaged.

Let me begin with the figures most familiar to readers in this country, the Colonial and British figures.

The most carefully analysed British figures publicly available are those of January 28th last, referring to the final date, January 9th.

The total number given for dead in France and Flanders (which is the only proper basis of comparison because the naval figures of course, have no relation to Land warfare and the Gallipoli figures are abnormally swelled by the exceptional death rate from disease, and the cramped positions there held) is 87,268; the total number of wounded 259,207. This gives to every man dead almost exactly 3 men wounded.

But that figure is, for proportion of the British wounded to dead in France and Flanders, too high; for it does not include as dead any of the missing.

It will be remembered that when we were finding the number of German dead, the deduction of prisoners from the total of missing gave us an important additional item. We must try and make a similar item for the British lists. Unfortunately, an essential element in the calculation is lacking. We know to within a very close figure what number of German prisoners are held by the Allies. We do not know to within a similarly close figure, nor within a few thousand, what number of British prisoners are held by the Germans. Some time ago a rough official estimate was made that there were no less than 32,000 British prisoners in Germany. But that was a minimum figure. The Germans themselves, not officially, but in public prints have, I believe, boasted of far more. At any rate, neutrals have been told of more. I believe we are exaggerating the number of dead among the missing if we put them at 10,000, but let us for the sake of weighting the scales against ourselves, put them at 12,000. We shall then have for the number of wounded to every man dead in these last official British figures, just over 2.6. To be accurate, 2.611

We will scale this down to 2.6 and start upon that basis

(1) As an example of how it may be more and cannot be less, we may take the proportion of deaths from disease. The proportion of such deaths admitted in the German lists is less than 5 per cent. of the total deaths. Even allowing, as we have, for the imperfection of those lists to the extent of one-fifth, this would give for the deaths from disease not so much as 6 per cent. of the total. Yet, on the analogy of one large category of troops fighting in Northern France under conditions less rigorous than some of those the Germans have had to suffer in the East, and exactly equivalent to those which they have had to suffer in the West, the real proportion of deaths from disease to the total deaths turns out to be not 6 per cent. but just over 9 per cent.

The British figures give then about 2.6 men wounded to one man killed or dead. (1).

The separate Colonial statistics give us a proportion not very different.

When we turn to other statistics, portions of which I may allude to, but the details of which are not public property, we have a rather higher multiple. To one man dead 3.35 wounded in one large category; in another large category, to one man dead, 3.4.

If we ask ourselves why there is this difference between the lower British and Colonial multiple and the rather higher multiple in continental cases, the answer is that the maximum, or nearly the maximum number of troops *in the field* were being used from shortly after the beginning upon the Continent, while in the case of the British and Colonial contingents the army *in the field* has immensely increased from the beginning of the war onwards.

What has been the effect of this?

To answer that question we must appreciate the fact that the proportionate mortality is much higher in trench warfare than in "open" or "moving" warfare.

At the beginning of the war you had such ratios at 6, 7 and even 8 men wounded to one killed. It was only after the fixed trench warfare began that the ratio fell to 4 and 3.

It is clear that in a field force fighting, not on immobile lines but with movement throughout August, September and much of October 1914—three full months—and after that continuing *unincreased* for fourteen months mainly occupied in trench warfare, the number of wounded to the number of dead will be higher than it will be in the case of a force which was small while open fighting with movement was going on and got larger and larger after the higher mortality of trench warfare had begun.

We should have, therefore, roughly, for our Continental average something over 3, although the British and Colonial average gave us something under 3.

In the particular case of the German Army we have further to note that the whole of the Eastern field has been characterised by a very much larger proportion of fighting with movement to trench fighting than has been the case with the Allies in the Western field.

If it be true of Continental troops in the Western field that, counting the open fighting and the trench fighting together, the multiple is somewhat over 3, then it will be true of the German army as a whole that the multiple will be still greater, because, though their lines be largely immobile upon the Western field, yet upon the Eastern field (where first and last more than a third of their forces have been engaged), there has been continual movement.

The general conclusion is, then, that the number of wounded is to the number of dead in the case of the German service appreciably more than three to one.

The German lists are here of hardly any use to us. They give us the impossibly low multiple of 1.7 to 1.8 men wounded for each man dead—which is nonsense.

If we take the number of dead, then, in the German service and multiply it by 3, we have a figure for the wounded in the same service which is quite certainly a minimum.

We may write down that minimum, then, at *three million*.

But when we have thus established a minimum gross total of wounded our task has only begun. For we have next to decide *what proportion of these wounded have within the course of 17 months, returned to the fighting line*.

We here approach much the most difficult part of the subject, that upon which our terms are least capable of definition and that upon which exact statistics are most difficult to establish.

(1) The proportion of wounded to killed is of course enormously higher when you take the case of a particular action, especially an action in which there is a great deal of movement, and in which men appear in the open. For instance, at Loos it was 4.3. In the French offensive in Champagne it was 4.7. In such a great offensive as that which the Germans are now undertaking on the Verdun section it is perhaps as high as 4 for the moment, in spite of the dense formation in which the enemy attacks.

But this very high rate would be a most misleading one to adopt at the present moment and as applied to the whole year, because after the lapse of many months you get a greater addition to the dead who ultimately die from sickness and wounds and also because, as is said in the text, the proportion of wounded to dead in the trench warfare is much lower than in open movement.

Unfortunately this, the least certain factor in our calculation is, at the same time, among the most important. For it is clear that if we grossly overestimate or under-estimate the number of wounded who ultimately return to active service, we shall falsify our conclusions altogether. An Army's permanent loss at any moment does not consist in the number of men who have been hit or sick up to that moment. It consists in the number of men who are at that moment off the strength from all causes whatsoever. And this last figure is obviously in a large degree affected by the proportion of returns. You cannot bring the dead to life. You cannot, as a rule, release your prisoners. The first two categories of our four categories are therefore absolute.

But you can cure many of your wounded men as to render them as useful as they were before.

What is the proportion of men out of all those wounded who thus return to *full active service*?

The difficulty of answering this question resides in the fact that over and above the number who really "return," that is, who are fit at last for the same strain as they left before they were wounded, there is a certain margin (and it is a large one) which *can* conceivably be used in capacities of varying usefulness, or at the worst can be kept indefinitely on the books of an army in the hope that sooner or later they may be put to some kind of use.

Out of a thousand men hit, 350, let us say, will be found back again within such a space as a year in exactly the same capacity as they left before they were wounded. But over and above these there will be a number difficult to establish (it may be 200, or even 250, or it may be as low as 150), who are not fit for the duties they left and will not again be capable of full active service, but can be put on to less onerous duties (clerical, sanitary, prison and frontier guard, communication work of certain kinds) thus releasing men fitter than themselves to take their places under the full strain of active service.

After the lapse of a very considerable period such as 17 months (and that is the period of war we are considering up to the end of 1915) very great numbers of those wounded in the earlier part of a war will have been returned to the army from the hospitals as "cured." But in the same long period there has come in with regard to the use of the imperfectly cured and with regard to the use of those who, though as much cured as they ever will be, are permanently the worse for their wound, another factor in calculation which it is of the utmost importance to seize.

During a certain short period after the outbreak of hostilities, the imperfectly cured, the men who though still capable of some service will never be the same again, can be absorbed by various forms of auxiliary work. They can be used for the different services I have mentioned (a small proportion of the lighter work upon communications, hospital work, clerical work, etc.), and in this capacity they replace fitter men than themselves, but this "absorption" of inefficient is soon exhausted. After that, if you retain them in your service as part of your "paper army," you either have to create jobs for them behind the fighting line, which jobs are perfectly useless and merely serve to swell your force on paper, or you must frankly admit them to be of no service to you because they cannot go into the firing line and there is nothing for them to do elsewhere. Later some of them come into use with the expanding necessities of the various auxiliary branches as the war proceeds (the medical for instance). But these do not check the decline of the real fighting strength for there are no more fit men for them to replace.

Now the number required for medical help, for guarding prisoners, neutral frontier guards, policing occupied cities, etc., is not very great. The work of communications is, in a very large degree, work which must be conducted by able bodied men. There is only a limited proportion of work which you can hand over to the less efficient.

In general, over and above quite a small fraction of your "returns," *the only returns that count are the returns fit for full active service.* What are the gross returns in such warfare as this, and what the net residuum of really fit?

As to the gross returns we have a good working rule of

thumb with regard to them. On the average 60 per cent.* of the wounded are regarded as cured and are again put at the disposition of the military authorities. That average is exceeded in many particular cases, especially on the Western front where there are excellent communications, fair climate and elaborate hospital facilities close at hand, numerous well provided towns, ample and excellent water supply, ample medicaments, a wealthy and numerous civilian population to give help.

It was often not nearly reached on the Eastern front where, especially in winter, all these conditions were reversed.*

But that medical task once accomplished there remains a second task for the authorities governing the armies in the field, who alone can decide what the man thus returned to them is really capable of doing.

It is when they come to making this last selection that the much smaller number of those who are actually sent back to perform the same duties as they performed before they were wounded or sick, begins to appear.

An exact calculation of that reduction is exceedingly difficult to make, because the stages between services which even a sick or maimed man can attempt to render and full active service are subject to innumerable gradations.

The man in the highest authority who deals first with the returns as a whole will give you the highest figure.

As you go down to the more local and particular authorities the figure rapidly dwindles.

When you come to the regiment it is surprisingly lower than it was at the base.

When you come to the company officers—who alone can really test a man's capacity to undertake the full strain which he was undertaking before he was sent back from the front—they would give you the lowest figure of all.

Now it is precisely that last or lowest figure—the company or battery figure—which is the only one of real value. How many men sent back wounded from the full work and strength of the fighting line come back to the same sort of service as they left?

When you ask that question you get indeed very varying answers, but answers which show a very large diminution of the original 60 odd per cent. who were returned from hospital as "fit for service."

No one can profess to expert knowledge in the matter, there are no detailed statistics beyond the first rough ones. One can only rely upon the experience of the men who have to handle and detail for duty the smaller units. But I think I am well within the mark if I say that by the time one is considering the active work in the fighting line not more than two-thirds of the original number sent back from hospital find their way to the full service which they had left.

I may be wrong here. The real number of those who actually return fit for full service may reach as high a proportion as 40 per cent of all those originally admitted to hospital for wounds. Let us take it at so high a figure and call it 40 per cent.

Then we have in the category of wounded who can no longer return to *full active service* in the German Army, up to the end of 1915, and who are therefore permanently off the strength 1,800,000 men.

It is that figure less the few who, at first, replaced fitter men than themselves in the auxiliary services. Scale the figure down as generously as you will and you will not get it below 1,600,000.

(d) *The Sick.*

There remains the category of the sick.

This category is exceedingly important for 3 reasons. First that it is never published in any of the lists available, secondly (and consequently) that public opinion never allows for it. Thirdly that, in the main, it accounts for the very large difference between any published list of casualties, however accurate, and the real number "off the strength."

We can only take very rough figures and remember to weight the scales as heavily as possible against ourselves—but rough figures we have.

We know from the experience of the Allies certain main facts which, however broadly, help to guide us.

First: The proportion of sick in this campaign has been far lower than was expected or than has commonly been known in the past, because there have been no epidemics, save in one or two isolated fields of the war.

Secondly: The number of sick discharged as cured is a much larger percentage than the number of wounded discharged as cured.

Lastly we have the fact that, from the nature of the war during 15 months before the end of 1915, the trench warfare produced sickness (and especially sickness of the sort that disabled a man) largely in proportion to the severity of humidity and cold. The enteric group which was the curse of the older armies has largely spared the present war, but frostbite, pulmonary disease and the rest have been in excess of the old ratio, in proportion at least to other ailments.

Considering all these things, how shall we arrive at a fair minimum of the number of men no longer of full use on account of sickness?

Let us first of all make a very large allowance indeed for the complete cures. Let us call them 70 per cent. That is, of course, a great deal too high upon any of the evidence obtainable among the Allies. But precisely because this element of the problem is a vague one are we under the necessity of allowing for the very largest possible margin of error.

In the same way we will not take the observed proportion of sick to wounded as being pretty well equal in *all* the sanitary formations (not, of course, the hospitals at home) at any one moment as a whole. We will take it as only two-thirds.

If we admit those two elements we get as low a figure for the whole war up to the end of 1915 as two million admissions to hospital from sickness of all kinds whatsoever in the German service. Of these again let us admit that 70 per cent. are complete cures, sending the man back to exactly the same duties as he could discharge before he entered. That again is an admission heavily in favour of the enemy and much beyond the truth, but we adopt it for the same reason, and we allow that, of two million cases, 1,400,000 return as strong as they were before to their old duties.

That leaves us 600,000 men lost from permanent sickness in the period up to the end of 1915 off the full strength to the enemy.

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE PRAYER OF GERMAN FINANCE.

God save the mark!

ROMEO AND JULIET, III., ii., 53. and
I. HENRY IV., I., iii., 56.

THE RETRENCHMENT COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

KING LEAR, I., i., 89.

GERMAN-AMERICAN DIRGE.

*I shall despair; there is no creature
loves me,
And if I die, no soul will pity me.*

RICHARD III., v., iii., 210-1.

* Certain special hospitals have much higher figures. Notably in this country.

* *c.f.* certain Hungarian hospital reports which got through to this country during the winter fighting in the Carpathians a year ago and appeared in the London press.

So far we have now established all the four categories of absolute permanent loss.

The first category arrived at by the calculation already presented to my readers gives us *one million* dead.

The second category gives us about *a quarter of a million* prisoners.

The third category, the permanently disabled wounded, gives us 1,600,000.

The fourth category, the permanently disabled from sickness gives us 600,000.

We should have altogether from these categories just under three million—2,850,000 men.

Before leaving that point of the permanent loss I must emphasise again the deliberately low figures admitted.

To say that for every two men dead in a prolonged war you have barely three men maimed is obviously to put the maimed far too low. To say that for every three men disabled by wounds you have little more than one man disabled by sickness is to put the disabled from sickness far too low. But I am admittedly putting things at their very minimum. *I am putting them as they would be put by an enemy who should have to convince as well as he could some neutral statesman that his losses were of the very lowest sort.*

Well then, to this number just short of *three million* (2,850,000) which are the minimum permanent dead loss, what have we to add for the wounded and sick that will ultimately return, but are still in hospital or in convalescence?

There again we have the analogy of the Allied statistics to guide us. The average period in hospital and convalescence is four months. The admissions to hospital per month counting those only who will ultimately emerge cured and counting sick and wounded together cannot possibly, for an army of the German numbers, be less than 100,000. We have, therefore, to add to our total a floating balance of 400,000, and we bring to the end of the year an irreducible minimum off the strength of *three and a quarter million*.

* * * * *

Broad Checks on this Minimum Estimate.

Whenever in human affairs an estimate is based upon no more than the careful addition of absolute *minima*, it is necessarily so much below the truth as to provoke ridicule.

If, for instance, I were to take the minimum conceivable income, judging all circumstances most favourably for the taxed and against the Treasury, of ten wealthy men, I should cheat the Exchequer badly. The tax gatherers' estimate might double that minimum; it would at any rate enormously exceed it.

Have we any other methods by which to check our result and to decide, not perhaps by how much it is too little—for it is necessarily that—but at least that it is too little within a large amount?

We have several.

(1).—We have the knowledge conveyed by the Intelligence Departments that the Germans created no new formations after last February; that their losses up to that moment had on the average been at the rate of close on a quarter of a million a month, and that *their drafts since that moment had been on an average about 200,000 a month*.

From this external check one arrives at losses a great deal above $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

(2).—We have another exceedingly valuable check of a general sort. It is the fact that *the total amount off the strength of a force at any moment is actually greater than the casualty lists up to that moment, because sickness and other causes more than make up for the return of wounded*. Every contemporary army of the Allies to-day, and every army of the past confirms this truth.

(3).—We have the following invaluable point upon the condition of the German effectives at the present moment:

The French Class '16 after many months of training, is not yet in the fighting line. Few volunteers from it were admitted. But much of the German Class '16, from which very many volunteers have been admitted is, and has been for some time, in the fighting line as we know from prisoners. Only a fifth of it or so remains in the depôts. And that although the average German

period of training in this war is less than half as long as the French.

These last two points combined are conclusive as to the relative exhaustion of enemy numbers.

As for Class '17, the French have called it up, the Germans have "warned" it.

Neither process has an effect upon the calculation, because, when the Germans shall begin to train their Class '17 they propose to give it but a few weeks' training. The French are quite at their leisure to begin the training of their Class '17 (which they called up on the 1st of January) and they intend, as their deliberate policy is, to give it a training at least as long as that which its elders have already enjoyed.

(4).—Lastly there is the rough and general but absolutely sound rule of thumb. The real total wastage of an army long in the field, is always more than four times its dead.

When the history of the war can be written with all documents available, no careful student of the situation will be surprised if the total German losses of every kind up to the end of 1915 prove close on four millions.

The conclusion would seem to be as follows:—

A man making out the very best case for German losses, pleading as a German would plead to some neutral power to prove the continued resources of his armies, could not by any form of argument whatever, get the losses below *three and a quarter million* up to December 31st, 1915.

* * * * *

There is no object in making calculations of this sort save the discovery of the truth.

Those who ridicule them as "mere arithmetical work" are in intelligence and science exactly on a par with the yokel who ridicules the doctor for using a thermometer to take the temperature in a case of fever. An estimate of numbers is the very soul of judgment in war.

I have been at pains to put the very lowest figures admissible by any man who regards the problem seriously. I know very well that those figures are below the truth. But I have set such an absolute minimum down fully and with proofs because I think that in a great crisis of any sort, national or personal, a grasp of reality and not some drug of illusion is the resource of men.

I shall turn later to the much vaguer and less ascertainable Austro-Hungarian statistics, and see what we can make of the losses in that case. H. BELLOC.

In our recent review of Major B. C. Lake's admirable hand-book *Knowledge for War* (Harrison and Sons, St. Martin's Lane), it was pointed out that a book of this nature, which will be in constant use on active service, ought to be bound in leather, and not in paper. This suggestion has now been carried out.

Plenty of amusement and a good deal of information are to be gathered from the record of *A Merry Banker in the Far East*, by W. H. Young. (John Lane, 5s. net.) Finding little prospect of life as it should be in a London office, the banker set out for Manila, whence he drifted through the East and through much of South America, gathering some moss in the process, and also gathering a very nice taste in drinks, and some of the moss that, according to the proverb, does not come in the way of most rolling stones. The book is racy and characterised by keen observation, while its author does not mind telling a story against himself on occasion. It is just the sort of volume one would rejoice to find on the smoking-room table—a man's book from first page to last.

That useful book of reference "*The Newspaper Press Directory*," which Messrs. Mitchell and Co. bring out annually, has just appeared for 1916. It is full of information on the Press of the British Isles, and also includes a section covering practically the whole Press of the British Empire.

After an interval of ten years or thereabouts, a second edition of *Stonefolds*, by Wilfrid W. Gibson, has been issued. (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.) There is a Hardy-esque flavour about the dramatic studies in verse of which the book is composed, but, save for one instance, the fates refrain from weighting the dice against these country folk of whom Mr Gibson tells, and their stories work out to kindly ends. There is little enough of genuine poetry in the mass of verse published now, which makes the re-issue of this little volume all the more welcome.

MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH.

By Arthur Pollen.

I HAVE just returned from the House of Commons where I had gone to hear Mr. Balfour's Naval Estimate speech—and a most powerful, significant speech it was. But it was not the event of the afternoon. I do not know whether reflection will alter the first impression that Mr. Churchill's speech must have made upon the bulk of his hearers. To me it seemed a very mischievous utterance. Of the effect of the speech there can be no possible doubt. It will be quoted the world over as showing that since he and Lord Fisher left Whitehall, Great Britain's shipbuilding policy has been unequal to her needs. Take all Mr. Churchill's accusations and insinuations as justified, and we must be in such naval danger that his warning comes too late. If there are any neutrals, such as Roumania or Greece or America, whose final decision as to the part they are to take in the war hangs in the balance, if loss of confidence in Great Britain's sea power can influence any of these decisions, then Mr. Churchill has done all that was humanly possible to turn such wavering neutrals from the Allied side.

There is but one circumstance that can explain—for nothing can excuse—this malignant rhodomontade. Mr. Churchill has been some days in England. If he went to Mr. Balfour, told him frankly his apprehensions and came away without any assurance that Mr. Balfour's naval colleagues were satisfied as to the shipbuilding position, then that *he* should have said what he did is intelligible enough. But it would not be intelligible in the case of anyone capable of remembering that the words "ex-First Lord of the Admiralty" still carry weight in foreign countries. If he spoke without asking such an assurance, what is one to say?

For Mr. Balfour had made it perfectly clear in his speech that the whole shipbuilding and ship arming resources of the country had been devoted without intermission for the past year to supplying the needs of the Navy. He admitted—without suspicion apparently that the admission could be misconstrued—that neither he nor his naval colleagues were satisfied with the result, and this although the result put the command of the sea and the capacity of the British Fleet to maintain and exercise it actually beyond reasonable question. It was obvious indeed from the whole tenor of Mr. Balfour's account of his duties and the way in which he and his colleagues regarded them that, whatever the shipbuilding output of the country might be, the Admiralty would ask for more. It is an attitude that follows inevitably from the very striking premise of his argument—namely, that the British Fleet is so no longer; it has become an international thing, the basis, the supporting and the combining force of the Alliance to which the preservation of European civilisation is committed. Obviously to men with so high a sense of their mission, the fleet could never reach a strength to excuse them from further effort. But the fact that they are striving for the impossible is not equivalent to pleading that their efforts have been inadequate. They must strive for it, because although the capacity of Germany to build—and what is far more important—to arm ships, is not likely to be greater than is estimated, to rely upon any estimate must be unsafe. To do our utmost then can be the only path of safety. All this Mr. Balfour made clear enough, but he qualified it somewhat unfortunately by adding that our production might be still greater if certain modifications of labour arrangements were in force. Labour, in other words, was a condition limiting the amount of shipping that we could receive. But then it always has been a limiting condition, and the total weekly and monthly product is not less than it was when Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher were struggling which should rule at the Admiralty. And to say that this limiting condition had not been removed was tantamount to saying that so far the Board of Admiralty had seen no necessity for its removal.

The regrettable part of Mr. Churchill's attitude was that he failed to realise that when Mr. Balfour spoke,

he spoke with an authority behind him that no claptrap declamations, no parade of a theatrical reconciliation with Lord Fisher, can shake. For Mr. Balfour confirmed in terms of no ambiguity at all a thing which I had mentioned last week as notorious in the Fleet. He said in so many words that the relations between himself, his naval colleagues and the commanders-in-chief, and indeed all the admirals at sea, were such, that the most intimate unity of plan and purpose animated and indeed inspired the Navy from top to bottom. When the new Board was constituted last summer with Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Jackson at its head, those who knew the Navy from within, who knew also the kind of men who were now to govern it, saw that for the first time for many years the one thing vital to naval success was assured. The Navy would be governed by its own best brains, and in consonance with the dictates of its highest professional knowledge. It knew that for the immediate future at any rate, it need not fear the arbitrary impulse of amateur caprice. Mr. Balfour's speech established once and for all that this expectation of the Navy has been realised. Mr. Churchill does not know that the change has taken place, because he has never understood that it was necessary. It is the change that makes his speech so stupefying a performance.

For three months now a determined effort has been maintained to undermine and destroy this admirable state of affairs. We have had dangled before our eyes such preposterous things as a squadron of German ships armed with 17-inch guns. Last week we had the even more childish assertion that Germany's shipbuilding facilities were so colossal that she might have 25 Dreadnoughts and battle cruisers under construction at this minute. It is a statement that is not worth serious criticism because if the writer meant shipbuilding facilities and steel production facilities only, Germany might be building not 25 but 32, if she were content to build them without furnishing guns, turrets and mountings. These are but two instances of many of the efforts made to shake public confidence in the Board of Admiralty. To those who knew the real state of affairs it has been an ignoble and distressing business from the beginning. And in this business Mr. Churchill has now taken a hand. Will he succeed in doing any substantial harm? I cannot think he will.

Mr. Balfour's speech was restrained to the point of dullness. He gave us the basic, but astounding facts of fleet's doings, but he told them without the least pretence of rhetoric. He paid a noble tribute to the officers and men of the Royal Navy and of the merchant marine. It was a tribute that was ten times the more effective for his confessed inability to say what he wanted to say. It seemed somehow the only way a great gentleman should speak of a great aristocracy. It stood in sharp contrast with his predecessor's three war speeches in the House of Commons, in which he managed to praise himself and Lord Fisher and various departments of the Admiralty, but had never a word of eulogy for the officers of the fleet. It was another contrast too that Mr. Balfour never spoke of himself at all. It was so clear throughout that he spoke for the Navy with which he identifies himself so modestly, and unifies as only a strong man can

The Return of the "Moewe."

The German Admiralty has announced the safe return of the *Moewe* to a home port, and there seems to be no reason for supposing this account to be unfounded. It was generally recognised, when the capture of the *Appam* brought in the news of the *Moewe*'s breaking blockade, that the German Navy had scored and, for once, legitimately. Her safe return is a heavier score still. We should be lacking in sportsmanship if we did not admit that the ingenious Burgrave who commands her had carried through an adventure of which any seaman might be proud. And in going home the way he came, this wily rover has finished up with a very artistic surprise.

That he would make the junction of the South American and West Indian trade routes off Pernambuco his hunting-ground was fully anticipated. It was also anticipated that the attentions of the British cruisers would before very long make this hunting-ground too hot for him. The next act, we all thought, would either be a search for a safe hiding-place, or, at worst, internment under neutral shelter. But the Burgrave having captured or sunk no less than fifteen ships, and found in them a great deal of valuable booty, including £50,000 in bar gold, has, after all, taken cash and prisoners in triumph home, where flags, iron crosses, and the plaudits of his frenzied countrymen will, one supposes, recompense him for the hazards he has so skilfully surmounted.

The episode illustrates a great many truths of sea war which ought to be more familiar to us than they are. It shows again, for instance, how much more effective is a ship than a submarine, so long as it can avoid an encounter with another ship of superior force. But in this case, it shows also something more. The advantage of the submarine over the surface ship is its capacity to hide inconspicuously at the first sight of danger, and to pass through danger zones unseen. The cruise of the *Moewe* reminds us that an effective disguise is only invisibility under another name. There is an incident in one of Mr. Chesterton's stories which bears directly on this point. A murder was committed in a block of flats between certain hours. The only entrance was under the observation of several persons, including the porter at the door. All these witnesses swore that no one had entered between these hours. But Father Brown had the perspicacity to note that when these people said "nobody" they meant nobody who would excite suspicion. "Nobody" does not include for instance, the postman, whose visit is a matter of routine. And it is the postman who turns out to be the murderer. We have then another category of sea force to remind us that the invisibility of the submarine is neither a novel nor a unique quality. The disguised ship must be added to the destroyer at night and the mine by day. But, notwithstanding the somewhat startling and surprising successes of the *Moewe*, it still remains true that no very extensive preying on our commercial ships is likely to be brought about by disguised German raiders. Others, no doubt, may try to rival these proceedings, but it is a mathematical certainty that most of them will fail.

The Reply Blockade.

The attack on commerce, whether by converted merchantmen, by fast cruisers, by privateers, as was the case in our father's days, or by submarines as in our own, is the reply of a beleaguered country to its besiegers, and it has never yet been a successful reply. Our blockade of Germany, so far as German shipping is concerned, is complete and absolute. Our blockade of German ports, so far as neutrals are concerned, is equally complete. Our blockade, at one or more removes *through* neutral ports, is another matter altogether. The effort to cut off *all* supplies being brought to Germany in neutral ships through neutral ports, can, in the nature of things, never be complete unless we are prepared to convert into action Sir Edward Grey's dictum about the non-neutrality of neutral opposition to the exercise of our admitted rights. But though not complete, and even though large quantities of food in fact, enter Germany, it is to be remembered that Germany's need must obviously be entirely incommensurate with this form of supply. I observed, for instance, some few days ago, a statement that Holland was feeding Germany, and the allegation was based upon the alleged fact that the imports of food in 1915 were greater by 17,000 tons than the average of 1914 and 1913. But 17,000 tons is only eight or nine ounces per head of the population—say a breakfast of dubious adequacy on one day of the year. If Germany got no larger extra supply of food from Holland than this, it would not carry a population accustomed to import one-tenth of its total support from abroad, very far. The point of her attack on our trade, however, is not to increase her own supply, but to diminish ours. And as was long since pointed out by Mahan, all these cruiser and privateer efforts in attacking trade, can bear no comparison in effect with the commerce destruction that follows from effective blockade.

What the Germans are hoping against hope to effect

is the reversal of the great American writer's dictum. Nor is it possible to exaggerate the importance of the stake that they are playing for. Foreign trade, or as it is perhaps more scientific to call it during war—foreign supplies—must always be a matter of vital moment to a country whose economic life and well being is based primarily, or even largely upon the give and take of overseas commerce. But if this was true in the great wars of 100 years ago, it is a truth that applies with enormously greater emphasis to-day because the ratio of national resources devoted to war is now so much greater than it was in olden times.

When every European nation is mobilising at the present time ten per cent of its population to fight, and bringing all these into the field within two years instead of within twenty, the intensity with which economic forces affect the situation must grow with a corresponding concentration. The Germans, therefore, are gauging the situation quite correctly in supposing that if they can cut off the overseas supplies of France, England and Russia they will be doing more towards determining the war in their favour than by any success that the most sanguine Hun can think possible on land. The destruction of ships, if carried far enough, must be vital, because it is on ships that this war is primarily based. It is obvious, for instance, that if the submarine campaign of 1915 had been, let us say, three times as destructive as in fact it was, Great Britain and her Allies must have been so short of shipping as to have been gravely handicapped in the double task of keeping their civil populations well fed and content, while at the same time maintaining great military forces in the field that must be supplied from overseas. And notwithstanding the comparative failure of the first submarine campaign, and even if its sequel is no more successful, the event may still prove that the supreme direction has been gravely at fault in ignoring the danger from this quarter. There has been a neglect to continue the construction of merchant shipping, which in war, is a vital national necessity. Secondly there has been no adequate effort to see that such shipping as is available is employed solely for those supplies that are necessary for the sustenance of the people and the successful carrying on of the war. Everything else is a check on military efficiency. And to remedy both these things very drastic measures must be taken, and taken soon. For although there is so far no proof that the new submarine campaign is any more efficient than the old, it seems prudent to suppose that it is likely to prove so.

Fortunately it cannot prove seriously more effective without, as we have frequently seen in these pages, bringing Germany into conflict with the United States. And there are many indications that this certainty is daunting the German critics of the von Tirpitz policy.

Sea Power in the Black Sea and North Sea.

There is not space this week to do more than note the significance of various items of news. The Russian Black Sea Fleet has joined hands with the Russian Army in Anatolia. A landing has been effected at Atina, and Trebizond is not likely to hold out much longer. The speed of a military movement westward from the Trebizond-Erzurum line must gain greatly by the supplies and reinforcements which will reach General Undarich with far greater rapidity, once he can establish an advanced sea base. Neither the *Goeben* nor any of the surviving Turkish battleships have shown any such capacity for action as would lead one to suppose that they can redeem the situation at sea. The success of the Russians by both land and water is so complete, the embarrassment into which Constantinople is thrown so great, that we may soon be wondering whether it was altogether wise to have left Gallipoli when we did.

The German Fleet in Being and Building.

A circumstantial telegram from Holland asserts that a German fleet of over 20 units has been seen off the Dutch coast. That the High Seas fleet might come out and parade in shallow water is a contingency that was pointed out last week to be extremely probable. And no comment on the news of such an event standing by itself is necessary.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—IV.

Some Lessons to be Learnt from it.

By John Buchan.

[Mr. John Buchan concludes to-day the interesting series of articles in which he has been comparing the conditions of the North in the American Civil War with Great Britain during the present world struggle. He has demonstrated how nearly the difficulties which each Government has had to face have coincided, and he sums up the parallel most ably in the final paragraphs of this final article.]

GRANT was the man for the task. That is to say, he could apply the strategic scheme which gave the North victory. What was that scheme?

It was in its elements very simple. It was merely to use the superior strength of the North in men and wealth and position to crush the Confederacy. The map will show that the Southern States were roughly a quadrilateral, bounded by the Potomac, the Mississippi, and the sea. One great Confederate State, Texas, lay west of the Mississippi, and North-West Virginia ran up in a long peninsula towards Lake Erie, so that it left only an isthmus a hundred miles wide between the two parts of the North. The first business of the North was to occupy and hold North-West Virginia, and this was done with little trouble. The next was to blockade all the sea coast and prevent any oversea imports from reaching the South. The third was to control the Mississippi line, and so not only cut off Texas from the Confederacy but complete the investment of the Quadrilateral. After that the sides of the Quadrilateral could be pushed in, so that the armies of Lee were left with less and less ground to manœuvre in and draw their supplies from.

The North was perfectly conscious of its strength and of what must be the main lines of its strategy. Strategy depends very much upon geography, and geographical facts cannot be blinked. But in the use of its strength it fumbled for many long days. Strength in war, remember, is not a thing which can be said to exist in the abstract. There may be a potentiality of strength, but till the strength is made actual it is no better than weakness. A country may have an enormous population, but unless that population appears in the shape of trained armies in the right place it is not an element of strength. It may have great wealth, but unless that wealth is used skilfully for the purposes of war it is not strength. The North had the potentiality of strength, but it had to find out how to apply it.

One part of the problem was successfully faced from the first. The Navy was well handled, and the whole coast-line of the South was rigorously blockaded. That must be set down to the credit of the civilians at Washington. Lincoln broke away from many of the accepted practices of International law, and he and the Supreme Court created precedents which have been of great use to us in the present struggle. For a people so legally minded and so conservative as America that was a remarkable performance and sets an instructive example to other nations in the same position. The result was that the South was pinched from the first and very soon began to starve. Prices went up to a crazy level. Before the end of the war coffee was selling at £8 a pound and tea at £6. A dinner in an hotel cost £4 and a newspaper cost 4s. A pair of boots cost £40. Moreover, practically all the materials of war came from abroad, and, if it had not been that the arsenals of the South were well supplied at the start and that great quantities of munitions were captured from the North in the first victories, the Confederacy must very soon have come to a standstill through sheer lack of material. That part of the Northern strength was well applied.

But it was not enough. The South had to be beaten in the field, and it was there that the North fumbled. The main strategic objective was clear, but it is one thing to have a clear strategic objective, and quite another to have a clear strategical plan. The two objects to be gained were (1) the capture of Richmond, the Southern capital, and (2) the mastery of the Mississippi valley. The

Northern generals, McClellan and the rest, began with the most ingenious plans for the capture of Richmond. But they were too ingenious. They dissipated their strength. Five times great armies crossed the Potomac, and five times they were driven back by half their numbers. In 1862 four armies invaded Virginia and converged on Richmond. In three months Lee had routed them all. On at least two occasions the North was very near giving up the war in despair. It is true that Lee was a man of genius, and the fear of his name was worth an army corps, but over-elaborate tactics, which do not use adequately the strength of a people, play into the hands of a man of genius. The early Northern commanders all wanted to be Napoleons, and thought more about their military reputations than about beating the enemy. Grant, when he came along, thought only of using the gross strength of the North in a plain business-like way. The South was so situated that it could terribly punish divergence. It was operating upon interior lines, and so had the chance of striking rapid blows at the widely separated Northern armies. Even after Gettysburg, when the bad days had begun, it could play that game. An instance is Longstreet's swift dash to the West, which gave him the victory of Chickamauga and checked the Federal invasion of Georgia.

The Method of Grant.

A great strategical plan is generally simple. As an example take Moltke's scheme which won the war of 1870. There was no fumbling there. His two great army groups had no other object but to concentrate all their might as soon as possible on the main forces of the enemy. The North began by flinging away its chances with divergent operations and divided counsels. Then came Grant's capture of Vicksburg, which along with the naval operations on the lower waters, gave the North the line of the Mississippi. It was Grant's greatest military triumph, and it will always remain an admirable example of that most interesting manœuvre when a general cuts himself loose from his base—a movement which Sherman made later in his great march to the sea, and which Lord Roberts performed in the South African War. Once the line of the Mississippi was won, and Grant was in supreme command, the strategic plan of the North was simplified. The policy of pressing in the sides of the quadrilateral began. Sherman split the Confederacy in two by marching across Georgia from Atlanta to Savannah, and the war zone was thereby narrowed to Virginia and the Carolinas. Grant with the Army of the Potomac advanced against Richmond. He fought his way into the Wilderness, till he was face to face with Lee behind the lines of Petersburg.

Now mark the situation. The South had been blockaded for three years. Its soldiers were ragged and barefoot, with scanty food, scanty munitions, scanty anaesthetics. But they did not give in. Grant did not underrate his enemy. He knew that he could not starve him into surrender, but must beat him in the field. He used all his cards for the purpose, and not merely a few. For example, he used the command of the sea. With its assistance in the 1864 campaign he shifted his base and the line of communications no less than four times within two months. By the end of March 1865, he had so weakened the enemy's man-power that he forced him to evacuate the Petersburg lines. Lee broke loose, but he could not get away. The net had closed round him, and on April 9th, 1865, the greatest soldier since Napoleon, commanding an army which was reduced to little more than a corps, laid down his arms at Appomatox. The North had ended the war in the only way by which the Union could be safeguarded; it had won a complete and final victory.

The Parallel.

Was the problem of the North altogether unlike our own? In many ways it was different. We are fighting along with strong Allies. We began by possessing the rudiments of a military system. We have suffered very

little from the political dissensions, the Press clamour, and the personal intrigues, which for so long weakened the hand of Lincoln. Again, we are happily not fighting against genius of the first order, for there is no German soldier who can rank with Lee and Jackson. We are engaged with a far more formidable power than the South, but if we allow the possession of the great Confederate leaders to weigh against the lack of trained men and supplies, we may say that the North was the amateur and the South the professional; just as to-day Britain is the amateur who begins by having the business to learn, and Germany is the professional who has studied the game for a generation. Like the North, we and our Allies have the greater potential strength in men and wealth, but all Germany's strength has been at her disposal from the outset, and we have had to make of ours a practical reality. Our problem is the same—to beleaguer the enemy and then to breach the walls of his fortress. But we began, like the North, by having no consistent strategic plan, by having no real staff work at headquarters, and by various divergent operations which dissipated our strength. Like the North we have had to mobilise our man-power to an undreamed-of extent, and we have had to train it. We have also had to find the men who could use our strength. Fortunately they need not be geniuses. Genius is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth the way of it. We cannot count on the advent of a genius—though a Lee or a Napoleon would no doubt change the whole aspect of the struggle—but we have the right to look for leaders who can recognise where our assets lie, and use them with an undivided purpose.

Our strategic objective is the same as that of the North, and our strategic plan is the same. We have succeeded, as the North succeeded, in blockading the enemy. But that is not enough. Grant had to fight his way through the enemy's defences and break him in a field battle, and that took two stubborn years. We have the same task. We cannot beat Germany by blockading her, though all that helps; the finishing touch must come from a field victory. We have no use for a complex and showy strategy any more than Grant had. Our strategy must be simple, but it must be pursued with a single-hearted purpose and unwavering resolution. We have to mobilise every ounce of potential strength and so concentrate it as to overwhelm the enemy. That was what Grant did, and only by doing that can we win the victory that Grant won.

Other Parallels: Trench Warfare.

There is another series of lessons to be learned from the American Civil War—technical lessons in the handling of troops. This is perhaps scarcely the place to enlarge on such a subject; but one or two points may be noted.

The first is the use of entrenchments. The great war of 1870 showed comparatively little spade work, at any rate in the earlier stages. But if you take such a campaign as Grant's in the Wilderness of Virginia in May 1864, you will find that it developed very fast into a war of entrenchments. Both sides sheltered behind parapets of earth and felled timber, and the result was the kind of stalemate which we have seen for the past year. Grant, it will be remembered, turned the first position by a very audacious flank march, and Lee took up a second line, the line of Petersburg. This line was admirably chosen, for Lee has never been surpassed in his eye for country. There Grant wore him down and ultimately drove him from his position. If we seek for parallels to the kind of frontal attacks on entrenchments which we have seen lately in the West there are plenty in the Wilderness campaign. The series of encounters which we call the Battle of Spottsylvania was such an attack. Mark what happened there. Grant found out a weak point in the Confederate line, and on May 10th attacked with three divisions after a long artillery preparation. The twelve battalions in the centre, like the Highland Brigade the other day at Loos, swept everything before them. They carried the first position, took 20 guns and 1,200 prisoners, and then swept on and carried the second position. But Lee delivered his counter-stroke, caught the Federals when their impetus was exhausted, and drove them back to their original line.

Grant's attack failed for one reason only—he had no reserves at hand. Two days later, early on the morning

of May 12th, he made another desperate assault on a salient in Lee's front. Once again the first position was carried; once again the Northerners were brought up against the second position and routed by Lee's counter-stroke. The same thing happened in many other battles of the American Civil War—at Gettysburg, for example, where the superb charge of Pickett's Virginians failed for lack of supports. When a frontal attack succeeded, as at Chickamauga and at Chattanooga, it was because behind the spear-head there was a spear-shaft.

Have we not seen the same thing? At Neuve Chapelle, at Festubert, at Loos, we delivered frontal attacks which succeeded brilliantly in the first effort. But there were no fresh troops behind them to give the finishing stroke, and the impetus slackened just when the vital point was reached. The lesson of the American Civil War is that, when owing to the nature of the adversary's position, no manoeuvre battle is possible and the only thing to do is to attack in front, that attack can only succeed if there are ample reserves—fresh troops who can carry on the impetus of the first assault. It was fortunate that the Germans had no Lee at their head to deal his deadly counter-stroke, for, if they had, Neuve Chapelle and Loos might have been for us not partial successes, but unrelieved calamities.

Cavalry.

A second point is the use of cavalry. The Civil War will repay the close study of all cavalry officers. It produced some really great cavalry leaders, like Jeb Stuart on the one side and Sheridan on the other. In shock tactics the American cavalry would probably have ranked below the cavalry of a first-class European Power. But they may be said to have discovered the mounted rifleman—men who could fight on foot or on horseback as occasion demanded, men full of initiative and self-reliance, who could form an impenetrable screen, or raid enemy communications, or urge a pursuit, or make a reconnaissance, or play their part in a set battle with equal competence. Happily in Britain we have learned this lesson. I think we may fairly claim that our cavalry are the handiest in the world. In pure cavalry work they showed great brilliance in the retreat from Mons, and at the first and second battles of Ypres they were as steadfast in trench-fighting as the best infantry. There is no parallel to such performances on the German side. Last September, when von Hindenburg made his desperate effort to cut off the Russian army in the Vilna salient, he flung 40,000 troopers under von Lauenstein round the Russian right flank. They turned that flank completely, but they could not hold their ground. They had no infantry with them, and the horsemen were routed by the Russian counter-attack. It was fortunate for Russia that the German cavalry were not true mounted infantrymen. Had they been trained on the British plan, it is not unlikely that von Hindenburg's bold stroke would have succeeded.

These topics are suggested to anyone who cares to pursue the parallel. But that parallel is most instructive in connection with the greater matters on which the success of the North depended. In almost all respects their problem was our own. Given greater wealth and more men, how could these best be used to crush the enemy? Like us, the North had to levy armies beyond its wildest dreams. It had to summon the whole of its available man-power, and it had to use for this purpose the legal imperative. It had to learn how to train its levies, so that the initiative of the volunteer should be preserved under the discipline of the corporate unit. It had to use its navy to hem in the enemy, and to starve and cripple that enemy. It had to find men to lead its armies who could get the full value out of its greater man-power and better equipment. It had to find the right strategical plan and stick to it, discarding all divergent operations and brilliant side-shows. And when all this had been done it had to fight hard for success; to deliver hammer-blow after hammer-blow till the armed strength of the South crumbled to pieces in the field. Potential strength was not enough; it had to be made actual. Actual strength was not enough; it had to be used. Nothing less than a complete and whole-hearted national effort availed.

But when that effort was made, there was victory.

THE BULGARIAN OBSESSION.

By Alfred Stead.

BULGARIA has betrayed the Allies once, there is a danger that Bulgaria will cause the Allies to betray their word again. To understand the present situation in the Balkans, and to foresee the future course of events, it is necessary to look a little closely into the Bulgarian question. Here we find the cause of much that would otherwise be inexplicable. It is necessary that we should understand this question, because it is far from having finished its sinister influence. The fact that the Bulgarian Monarch and his people are now fighting against us, or that they have devastated Serbia and shot down Englishmen, does not preclude their endeavouring to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. It is still necessary to warn against the efforts of those Englishmen, who, desirous of advertisement in Bulgaria and at home, become useful tools in Bulgarian hands. The Bulgarian seed has been well sown, one crop has been reaped in Gallipoli, another in Serbia, the third is ripening north of Salonika.

The obsession of the Allies for Bulgaria, the childlike belief in Bulgarian friendship would be touching were it not criminal. It has already brought the whole Near Eastern policy of the Allies into chaos. Serbia has been sacrificed, Roumanian aid has been made more difficult to secure, while Turkey has been granted a new lease of resisting power. The Bulgarian obsession is also responsible for the Dardanelles campaign. And yet to those on the spot, to any honest man with a knowledge of Bulgaria and the Bulgarian Monarch it was certain that Bulgaria must go against the Allies. And the only change in the situation to-day is that the Germans have Ferdinand in their hand as surely as he had the Bulgarians.

Remarkable Astuteness.

The Bulgarians have shown remarkable astuteness in preparing the public opinion in this country and in France and Russia, making them believe that they knew Bulgaria, but that was no reason why Englishmen and Frenchmen of ability should have allowed themselves to become Bulgarian catspaws. They may be left to their consciences. The future must, however, be guarded against.

In Bulgaria there was, from the beginning, and is now only one element to be considered, and that the Bulgarian King, Ferdinand of Coburg, who had gradually gathered into his hands all the national life-cords. There was nobody else who counted, no minister or individual. He was supremely absolute, and his people knew it well. The successive Bulgarian ministers were so many puppets and had as much say in their actions as the dolls in a marionette show. It was not only that they were afraid of their foreign ruler, whose ability to think quicker than they earned an unloving respect, but Ferdinand had taken every precaution to ensure their obedience.

It would be difficult to find a prominent Bulgarian politician who could not be forced to confess that Ferdinand possesses documents or proofs destructive of his career and imperilling his life. And the possession of these proofs of unsavoury transactions, financial principally, but occasionally worse, made it easy for the King of Bulgaria to call his ministers to heel. Daneff, Radoslavoff, Gueshoff, Ghenadieff, none of these had any real say in the making of war or the determining of policy. They were more impotent than the Peace Party in Constantinople before Turkey made war on Russia. They could grow rich while in office, to live in uneasy affluence afterwards, but they have never been other than political eunuchs. The Bulgarian people, a Tartar race, with their nomadic instincts not yet eradicated, had inherited from the Turkish domination an atmosphere of petty mistrust of each other, which made the handling of them by Ferdinand and his tools an easy matter.

Nor must it be overlooked that for thirty years they have acquiesced in Ferdinand's sway—in a land where assassination is more easy of accomplishment than is the mobbing of a minister here.

And as to Ferdinand's views in the present war there could never be any doubt. He was inevitably and whole-

heartedly with the Central Powers, both by inclination and calculation. Nor is the reason far to seek. Not only was he always more than half Austrian in his ideas, due largely to his upbringing at Vienna, but it was evident that he could only realise his ambitions by alliance with Berlin.

Principle of Nationality.

The Allies had enunciated the principle of nationalities as the fundamental basis of the war, and the success of this principle meant ruin to all Ferdinand's ambitions. A man of tremendous ambitions, inherited and developed, he could never be content with a minor rôle. Vain and arrogant, his ambition has always been to be the greatest of Near Eastern sovereigns. The principle of nationalities dooms him to be the least important. The inclusion in Serbia of the Serbians in the Dual Monarchy and in Roumania of the Roumanians of Transylvania inevitably makes these two states larger than Bulgaria, even with all Macedonia.

It is impossible, hurriedly, to create Bulgarians; the most that is possible is to argue that all Macedonians were Bulgarians. But this still left a Greater Bulgaria overshadowed by her neighbours, nor was there any possibility of Bulgaria coming into contact with Europe. Often and openly used Ferdinand to deplore the fact that he had to spend his life "a missionary of European civilisation" amongst a barbarous race without any contact with Europe. It was therefore hopeless from the start for the Allies to offer Ferdinand Macedonia or part of Thrace; it could not meet the needs of his ambition.

On the other hand the Central Powers were able to offer him aggrandisement of territory on the ruins of Serbia and through the despoilment of Roumania. They were prodigal of promises—so prodigally gilded was the pill of future Bulgarian vassalage to Germany that Ferdinand was ready and willing to swallow it. There would be no Serbia, Roumania also would be much less enlarged—and promises were held out that in the later future Roumania might also disappear. There was, therefore, every chance of the greatest of his dreams being realised, and on the ruins of former Serbia a greater Bulgarian Tsardom march with a Germanised Austria.

So obvious were the advantages to Ferdinand of alliance with the Central Powers that he never hesitated. He was quite willing to risk his people in the attempt to realise his ambitions—especially so since he would far rather have the Bulgarian nation slaughtered than continue to rule it as the least important of Balkan rulers. But it was necessary to gain time, to endeavour to obtain arms and ammunition, both lamentably short at the commencement of the war. The sturdy resistance of Roumania to the passage of war stores hindered greatly the moment of Bulgaria's action. The Austrian and German forces were far away and for months Bulgaria was at the mercy of the Allies. An ultimatum with twenty-four hours for decision would have settled the Bulgarian question any time up to last autumn.

Futile Negotiations.

Nothing was done. Negotiations were commenced, carried on and recommenced. The astute Ferdinand was as much in his element as ever was Abdul Hamid, when maintaining an equilibrium of discord amongst the Great Powers. More than a match for the best diplomats and statesmen, his task with the diplomats at Sofia was easy, because they were certainly not of the first class. Utilising to the full the traditionary belief in Bulgarian gratitude to Russia, the King was able to convince the allied representatives that he was more than desirous to come in with them. Carefully coached by his future allies he tried on the game of disgusting Serbia by demanding that the Allies should take from their small, but victorious ally, the fruits of the two Balkan wars. Serbia, violating her constitution, submitted to her own despoilment, and remained loyal to her Allies.

Seeing to what lengths the Allied obsession would go, and having an additional proof in their acquiescence in the Bulgarian loan in Berlin, the Bulgarians began to

take greater risks. Of the German loan, a Bulgarian ex-Minister said at the time that it was certain that Germany would never give Bulgaria money during a war without having adequate guarantees from Bulgaria as to her decision. This would seem to have been the common-sense view, but the Allied diplomats at Sofia were not disturbed. When in doubt they used to walk out to gaze upon the huge monument of the Tsar Liberator and be reassured as to Bulgaria's gratitude to Russia. They did not realise the pregnant fact that when a people feel the need of erecting monuments to prove that they are grateful, the gratitude is much less living. The Tsar's monument at Sofia is not a sign of gratitude, it is its tombstone.

In Bucarest everyone was aghast and dumbfounded at the doings in Sofia. Intercourse was free between the two countries for passengers, although the Bulgarians gave as little facility for the passage of Roumanian goods as did Roumania for Bulgarian war stores. Roumanians returning from Sofia reported the Bulgarian capital as "more German than Berlin," there was open talk of war against Serbia. Bulgarians in Bucarest talked naively of "taking Macedonia by force and remaining friends with Russia and neutral." The evidence that the Allies were ready to sacrifice Serbia convinced the Bulgarians that there was no real objection to a Bulgarian occupation of Macedonia. German officers, easily recognisable in their civilian clothes, passed through every day, German under-officers also. For months before the Bulgarian mobilisation German instructors were training Bulgarian troops while the general staff at Sofia was being transformed into a German war machine. German aeroplanes alighted in Bulgaria and were allowed to go on their way to Constantinople, others remained in Bulgaria. It must be said that in Bucarest the German agents and officers passing through were never at any pains to conceal their certainty of Bulgaria's entry on their side.

Active Preparation.

During this time of active and almost open German preparation, several Allied missions, more or less official, visited Sofia and were charmingly entertained by King Ferdinand. They all emerged from the fatal atmosphere of the Sofia diplomatic circle saturated with a conviction that Bulgaria was surely pro-Ally—and they were intelligent persons, having some of them pretensions of knowledge of near-eastern affairs! And so the fool's paradise continued even up to the end. It is probable that even after the Russian ultimatum had been delivered, the Allied diplomats hoped for a Bulgarian acceptance.

The Russian Minister in Bucarest only a few days before the outbreak of war asserted that Bulgaria's mobilisation was solely directed against Turkey. To the lay mind of course it seems curious that even the fact of Germany through her ally, Turkey, ceding territory to Bulgaria during wartime should have failed to convince the Allies that Bulgaria was "sealed" to the Central Powers. It is perhaps not surprising that Russia should have been reluctant to believe in Bulgarian betrayal, but that was no reason why the other Allies should follow blindly in the same way. Common prudence would have suggested some sort of insurance against mistake, some military preparation which would have enabled the Allies to strengthen their position in the Balkans and gain weight at Sofia, while avoiding the awful error of remaining at the mercy of a belief in Bulgaria's friendship. It is only just to Bulgaria to say that it is doubtful whether she ever made any promises.

Thus Bulgaria was able to mobilise, to concentrate leisurely and strike when her Central Allies had made good their promises of crossing the Danube. In Bucarest and Nish it was well known where the Bulgarian troops were concentrating, but not even preventive measures were allowed to Serbia because "we are negotiating at Sofia and hope to arrive at favourable results." It was delightful for the Bulgarians, whose fear was that the Serbian army would occupy Sofia before they could concentrate for adequate defence—they certainly never hoped to be allowed time to concentrate for successful offence. Thanks to the Allied obsession, however, even this was not denied them.

The Bulgarian refusal to accept the Russian ultimatum came as a thunderbolt to the diplomats at Sofia!

The visit of the British and French ministers to the Palace, the remaining of the Russian minister, all after the breaking off of relations between the Allies and Bulgaria, were final proof of the reluctance to believe the obvious, to admit that Bulgaria had played them false. The Blue book on the events in Turkey before the war is melancholy reading with its pathetic reiteration that "the peace party are gaining ground," even while the "*Goeben* and *Breslau*" and the German detachments were flaunting the victory of the German triumph over the peace party. It is unimaginable that there will ever be a Blue book on the Bulgarian negotiations—it would be sub-edited away.

Removing Ferdinand.

And so Bulgaria went to war and Serbia was sacrificed. The simplest method of proving the Russian contention that the Bulgarian people were at heart with Russia and that it was only the King who was Austrian would have been to remove Ferdinand—a sacrifice of one life to save thousands. Then, and then only, would it have been possible for the Bulgarian people to show that their sentiments were other than those of their ruler. This is no longer possible. The assassination of Ferdinand would not release the Bulgarians from the German sway. The argument of the pro-Russian inclinations of the Bulgarians with its corollary that the Bulgarian troops would not fight against Russians is no sound one. Besides, the Bulgarians are told nothing, know nothing save that which their rulers choose to tell them. A Bulgarian Colonel, captured near Pirot, did not know of the Russian manifesto nor that Russia had declared war. He said quite sincerely: "Why should Russia mind if we take Macedonia?" If a Colonel did not know of Russia's action what is to be expected of the rank and file? They are simply food for cannon and will fight against the Russians if ordered to.

That they will surrender is also probable because they will be tired of the war and, having Macedonia, they will think there is nothing more to be gained. The Bulgarians have a touching belief that in the final settlement, Russia will allow them to keep their spoils. To honest men it is a terrible, an unconceivable idea, but it exists in Bulgaria and is not unknown in Russia. How it is to be reconciled with our obligations to Serbia and our interests in Roumania it is difficult to conceive. In the fairness of things and for future peace in the Balkans, Bulgaria should disappear. Better the Turk than the Bulgar. The clearer it is made that the Bulgarian obsession no longer has weight with the Allies the more possible is it to hope for Roumanian co-operation. If Roumania were to believe that there exists a policy of resuscitating Bulgaria without or with Ferdinand, of taking the Bulgarians again to the Allied bosom, it is certain that the six hundred thousand Roumanians will not participate in the coming Balkan campaign.

Cost of Mistakes.

We have surely paid dearly enough for our mistaken belief in Bulgaria, we have made Serbia pay more dearly and it should be inconceivable that we should still be ready to be gulled. It is all very well for the Bulgarians to dream of being forgiven—their German taskmasters will not allow them to act independently during hostilities. Afterwards will come the tug-of-war, but if the true facts of the double dealing of Ferdinand (and the Bulgarians are as guilty as he, since for 30 years they condoned his doings) come to be known, not even the most ardent devotee at the shrine of Bulgaria as pictured by the Balkan Committee will dare to advocate mercy.

The allied pact guaranteeing the restoration and future integrity of Belgium should have its counterpart in a combined declaration on the part of this country, France, Russia and Italy, that Serbia will be re-created as before the war, whatever may happen as to the Serbians of Austria or Hungary. Such a declaration would clear the Balkan air enormously.

The question is clear and vital, the Allies must choose between a second-hand Bulgarian army and a fresh Roumanian one. They cannot entertain any idea of welcoming Bulgaria into the Allied fold and hope to win Roumanian co-operation. And to-day the decisive word in the Balkans is with Roumania.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

By J. D. Symon.

IN a more earthly sense than Hamlet's, everyone has his undiscovered country, but he has this advantage over the Prince of Denmark, that this region, although for ever elusive, is to some extent clearly defined. It belongs to no future, it exists here and now. We seem to know where to find it, we are always on the point of finding it, and find it we do, with that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude, although to the eye of sense it remains for ever unrevealed. It is that ideal place where we imagine we should be happy even on earth. There we would find the perfect dwelling-place, the perfect sky, the perfect air, at times there are glimpses of the perfect sea, and somewhere in the landscape there stands the perfect house.

This undiscovered country of ours is a shifting entity, and were it possible to capture it for a moment or two, and analyse it, it would be found to be made up of all our approximations to the earthly Paradise. For everyone it lies in a different direction, but there are some who confess that this sense of well-being is most alive with them when they turn towards the southern outskirts of London. It is true that the northern heights can also arouse these indefinable sensations, but in this northern hemisphere the sun draws our mental attitude southward, as it did for Keats when he cried aloud for a beaker full of the warm South, full of the true, the blushful hippocrene. It is to the Undiscovered Country that we would retire on that happy day when we have made our fortune, when we would have all things about us as we would desire them to be, and enjoy for a moment such sovereignty over the world as our means allow.

In poorer days we seek the Undiscovered Country during holiday rambles, and for some it is inseparably connected with Saturday afternoon, when they are free to leave the town behind them and go out into those country paths, one of which may at some unexpected moment bring us into the land of Beulah. It never does, but we are little discouraged by that which may be no misfortune after all, for the intrusion of the concrete is a consummation devoutly not to be desired in such spiritual adventures as those we have in hand.

Prosaic Reality.

The concrete is not to be escaped by those who still tread this solid earth, but we may touch prosaic reality with our feet, we may see the actual landscape around us, and yet be one remove away, for the Undiscovered Country always lies round the next corner. Now and then we seem to catch actual glimpses of it, for there are certain accessories of the landscape which are in an especial degree stimulating to this fantastic mood. Such stimulus lies more particularly in details of the middle distance and there is nothing more wildly romantic than to see across a wide valley a turn of road that flashes for a moment into view, and winding round a spur of wood disappears whither we may never know. But every day as we look with the earliest light across that valley and see our little loop of roadway gleaming in the dawn, we vow that to-day we shall find the way there, stand at that romantic corner for a moment and learn what lies beyond. Well for us if we do not, for approach to that enchanted spot would rob it first of all of that diminished perfection which co-ordinates it as a separate little picture by itself, and makes it in the purest Greek sense—idyllic.

The Undiscovered Country shifts its ground, and leaving the open spaces flies toward to those comfortable regions where town and country meet, and where houses that ought by rights to stand in wide demesnes are content with gardens, ample perhaps, as toward gardens go, but all too meagre for the dwellings which they serve. Some of these houses might almost be stately homes of England did they stand amidst sufficient acreage, but that felicity is denied them, although they have their own felicities. Some of them make up for their deficiency of private roads by their neighbourhood to famous heaths and commons, and rambling there as the twilight closes in, and the lights twinkle for a moment from windows soon to be screened with warm curtains, the wayfarer sees yet another aspect of his Undiscovered Country.

He is beset with a strange and perhaps impertinent curiosity to view intimately his unknown neighbour's house, and it teases him to reflect on the vast number of which he will never see more than the outside. The infinite variety, the endless interest of such an exhibition would leave all museums tame by comparison, and the spectator would be hugely advanced in the proper study of mankind, were it possible for him to play the universal Asmodeus. He would desire, however, to approach in no cynical mood, for the region of the Undiscovered Country has its root of fascination in its benevolent charm.

The Twilight Spell.

Its spell is, as we have hinted, most potent at twilight, particularly in the winter, just before blinds are drawn and lamps are lighted and the warm interiors are fitfully revealed by winking firelight. Then it is that the other man's books and pictures, his choice old furniture and his cosy corners seem the right material of romance and the occasional figures that move past the windows in the firelight become inhabitants of a less prosaic world than our own. They are dream children, they breathe a rarer atmosphere, their interests and thoughts must be of finer texture than ours. We know very well that they have to face the same grey days as we ourselves must get through somehow, they sit down to the same sort of meals, they read the same papers, a similar world of tragedy and comedy presses in upon them hour by hour, but we refuse to take it literally. The People of the Undiscovered Country must, we think, be a degree above the ordinary, for their surroundings are so much more like a story-book than ours.

"This is all nonsense," says the practical man, "your imagined felicities do not exist, and your story-book people are not to be found out of story-books. You think their houses and their possessions are out of the common. To them, believe me, they are commonplace. They do not see what you see in them: possibly they would think your household gods the altogether desirable, if they were afflicted with your lamentable turn of mind. Go to, Mr Dreamer, this is a practical age. Give us something practical and away with your moonings around your neighbour's front gate. If you hang about there too long the Special or even the Ordinary Constable will have a word to say to you and you will probably see the inside of a residence you didn't bargain for. Buy an evening paper, like a good, sensible man, go home and, if romance you must have, read the *feuilleton*. For your Undiscovered Country and so forth will only get you into trouble. They are not the Legitimate Drama."

He is no doubt a sound man, this counsellor in whom the spirit of Columbus does not stir, and there is no argument in our armoury that would avail with such. He has forgotten his childhood, otherwise it would be very easy to bring him to a gracious state of unreason with a single question. For if any doubt the existence of the Undiscovered Country and its magic, let them go back for a moment to that old wisful puzzle of childish days: Why is the room or the view from the window so much more wonderful when you see it in the looking-glass? It seems a different, a nicer place somehow, a place you want to visit and enjoy on a long holiday.

And the answer is simply this: It is the Undiscovered Country.

During the early days of the war the War Office and Admiralty accepted the generous offer of the Bath Corporation to give free treatment for wounded or invalided soldiers. The increased number of visitors to Bath, and the many thousands of treatments given to officers and men, necessitated additional accommodation, and the new Royal Baths were opened recently by Field Marshal Lord French, who received a warm welcome from the people of Bath.

The new establishment contains fifty rooms, and accommodation is provided for a variety of treatments, including deep baths. Some of these are fitted with chairs for lowering helpless patients into the water. A large swimming bath is under the same roof. Many great improvements in the general equipment of the establishment have been introduced.

THE SCOTTISH IMBROGLIO.

By Neoimperialist.

THE Imperial Task that is before the free peoples of Greater Britain is that great task of consolidation of the Empire and the creation of an effective union, which shall conserve all the liberties and responsibilities, by some statesmanlike contrivance that meets actual and likely difficulties of the future. And just as it will be unsound to depend merely on sentiment, so no arrangements will serve which are found not to be realities but convenient fictions.

There are always seeds of disunion as well as of fellowship among groups of men, even of the same race, especially if they have widely-different environments and many necessarily conflicting economic interests. The numerically smaller groups naturally fear the tyranny of the larger and are very sensitive to any threat against their complete autonomy. There are, besides, in every state those intransigent minorities of ultra-nationalists, who see with a passionate intensity their own beloved corner of the world and ignore all outer, wider implications. It is the great privilege of our time and of this crisis of our history that we can set our eyes on the larger purpose, and look to the contrivance of a frame-work of indissoluble union, the formation of a greater British Commonwealth that shall be the most potent influence for peace and liberty that the world has yet known.

A suggestion has been canvassed and has received distinguished support, because it seems to avoid the difficulties of the situation which centre in the sensitiveness of the Dominions as to any dilution of their sovereign rights. It is to the effect that no closer machinery of union is advisable than the existence of a common King, thereby creating a common loyalty, strengthened by the bond of common blood and common ideals. It is a characteristic attempt at the solution of difficulties by going round them instead of overcoming them.

An interesting episode in our past history, the quarrel between England and Scotland, that came to a head at the beginning of the eighteenth century, provides a wholesome commentary on such a suggested solution.

Scotland and England were united in 1603, not by deliberate act, but by the mere accident of coming under a common Crown. The whole of the seventeenth century, the most stormy in our history, which saw the execution of a King, the establishment of a Protectorate, the Restoration and the Revolution, was taken up with the adjustment of Anglo-Scottish relations and the sturdy struggle of the Scots not to be absorbed or bullied by their larger and none-too-considerate partner. Though, at this period of our development, the Crown was held reasonably well in hand by Parliament, the despotic ideas of an earlier age had by no means disappeared. There were no Durhams in those days. England undoubtedly did treat Scotland despitefully as a vassal. Except under the brief and more liberal Cromwellian settlement, Scotland was prevented by the Navigation Laws from profitable trade with America and the Indies. True this was not such a naked piece of tyranny as the plain statement of it suggests, but it was a serious disability.

From this cause and others the northern kingdom became impoverished, and it was with a view to mitigating this widespread poverty that the foolishly spacious Darien scheme, conceived by Paterson, was fanatically patronised by Fletcher of Saltoun. Its ignominious failure created a storm of bitter anger in Scotland. The enterprise indeed was chiefly wrecked by the jealousy of the English East India Company, who intrigued very resourcefully to put it out of business, but in itself it was a profoundly futile project—an admirable instance of a policy conceived with no corresponding armaments to give it sanction. The quarrel in its bitter course served a very useful purpose in exposing in the most obvious way the hollowness of the contrivance on which the alleged union was based. Here was Scotland, at the back of the impulsive Fletcher, demanding at once the protection of the English fleet for Scottish argosies, and at the same time working to defeat English interests, or England's notions of her interests; and even demanding that Scotland should have her own ambassadors to conduct her

separate foreign relations. That is to say, English fleets might have been protecting the trade of Scotland in distant oceans, while the Scottish ambassador in Paris might be arranging an alliance with the French king as a threat to her own predominant partner.

It was a good example of the attempt to combine the membership of two states, England and Scotland, and to obtain the benefits of both without sharing the responsibilities and burdens. There came the inevitable disruption. The fiction broke down completely. The Scottish Parliament was for demanding a separate king and set about arming a militia for the inevitable war which such an extreme step involved according to the ideas of the time. Some guiding spirit of sanity restrained the English Parliament. Her statesmen saw that the interests both of Scotland and of England were for a peaceful arrangement; that, in particular, the supreme issues of national safety demanded such a settlement. Perhaps here was the faint dawn of that larger day of accommodation in place of coercion which has guided the Empire to her bloodless victories, a policy of which to-day in her hour of danger she is enjoying the reward.

Common sense and a sense of common danger won. A true union was contrived under the Parliament of Great Britain. A new state was founded with England and Scotland as joint partners and with but one clear loyalty involved, a loyalty to the union, to Great Britain, of which both were constituent elements.

It is not difficult to extract the salient lesson of these events. But in applying the moral of these facts to the problems of our day considerable allowances must be made for changes of time and circumstance, and no attempt made to press the parallel too far. Certainly no causes of quarrel which might now arise between the Five Nations would be complicated, as in this instance of Scotland, by dynastic difficulties. Again, and much more important, in these days the idea of full local autonomy, with centralisation merely for the *supreme common purpose*, had not been born. Which is to say that the conditions of union between England and Scotland were naturally much more rigid than any that would be contemplated if such a union took place to-day; when undoubtedly she would claim and without question obtain a full measure of home rule. *A fortiori*, a claim to complete independence for all but the supreme common issues would be retained by the Dominions in any union, however close, with the Mother Country or with each other. And yet, the circumstances being even as they were, who will say that Scotland was oppressed or has not held her own from that day to this in the Commonwealth of Great Britain?

An acute outside observer, the American Lowell in his admirable treatise *The Government of England*, points out how completely the Scot was able to assert himself in the after arrangements of the two countries. How, for instance, he took part as by right in the disputes concerning English and Irish affairs, but contrived a custom whereby Scottish affairs were in the main left to Scots Members. We know too, that they have their own law; their own admirable system of education; and how the Radical predispositions of a Scotch electorate have prevailed in the counsels of the nation.

The dominant idea of those who put forward the suggestion of the union of the Dominions under a common king was the necessity of safeguarding the nationality of the several Dominions. It was rightly held that no single diminution of their prerogatives or their power of independent development would be admitted by the robust and politically self-conscious nations of the Dominions. But why this inference that union can only be contrived at the expense of nationality? It seems, on the contrary, that it would be all but impossible for the most perverse statesmanship now to contrive a union which would in any way threaten the supreme cause of the unfettered individuality of each of the four allied nations. That cause is won for good and all and it has been recognised more and more consciously by every important Act that has established the relations between the several units of Empire for the last seventy years.

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, offers to introduce him to a wealthy woolbroker, Curlewis, with a view to financing the scheme. Macquart also makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job, who has done a good deal of yachting in his time. Curlewis turns down the scheme, though Macquart tells his story in a most convincing manner. His silent partner Screed believes in it, and unbeknown to Curlewis, follows the three men, asks them to his house, and agrees to find the ship and the money, on seeing that Macquart's hidden treasure map agrees with an Admiralty chart. The ship is the yawl "Barracuda." Screed, on the morrow, takes the three men over the "Barracuda," with which they are delighted. Coming away Macquart is overtaken by an old friend, one Captain Hull, who hails him as B—y Joe, and accuses him of many mean crimes. Macquart gives Captain Hull the slip, but unbeknown to him Hull gets in touch with Screed, and enlightens him on the real character of Macquart. Just as the "Barracuda" is about to sail Screed takes Hull on board and unexpectedly introduces him to Macquart as a member of the crew. Before the ship is a day out Captain Hull makes it plain to Macquart he is on the look-out for his "monkey tricks."*

CHAPTER XI.

THEY SIGHT THE RIVER.

THE Java Sea, the Banda Sea, and the Arafura Sea, all locked in by the Sunda Islands, North Australia, Borneo, the Celebes and New Guinea form a lake almost bluer than the Caribbean, almost as romantic.

Never despise Trade. The Romance of Adventure is written on the tablets prepared by the traders of the world, and in the go-downs of Macassar, the trading houses of Batavia, and on the wharves of Malacca you will find more of the spirit of the Real Thing Worth Living For than in the wildest book of Adventures ever written, and no spot in the world more starred with high doings in the cut and thrust line than just here.

Torres Straits is the highway between the Arafura Sea and the Pacific. In the old sandal-wood days and in the early times when the Dutch were greater in the east than they are now and the prahus of piratical dyaks more active, Torres Straits was the scene of many a bloody fight, unrecorded, between the merchant adventurers of Holland and the Islanders who did not care a button about money so long as they got heads.

Through this wilderness of blue with the long, low line of the New Guinea coast on the horizon to starboard the *Barracuda* was steering, Houghton at the wheel and Tillman beside him.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, the wind was almost due south and they reckoned to strike the coast where the river disembogued before noon; nothing shewed but the coast-line and an oil tank almost hull down to windward and a gull flickering dark against the sea blaze astern.

"Well," said Tillman. "We've done it pretty near. To think of us three in the bar at Lamperts a few weeks ago talking of the thing without the seeming ghost of a chance of pulling it through, and now to think of us here, nosing through Torres Straits without having lost a spar, right on the business like a hawk. I tell you, Houghton, if I wasn't a modest man I'd be proud of myself."

"We've had good luck," said the man at the wheel, "and Luck's a jolly good thing to have with one if it wasn't so changeable. We're here, but we have all our work cut out before us."

Tillman whistled.

"We have begun well," went on Houghton, "but we have all the stuff on board for an explosion between Macquart and Hull, even if we have the best of Luck and this woman is dead or doesn't recognise Macquart there's likely to be trouble between those two. They hate each other like poison. Hull's a good chap, I think, though he might be better; anyhow, he's a long, long chalk better than the other, but I can't understand him. He doesn't fight openly with Macquart but he's all the time jeering at him under the pretence of making fun and when he has a chance, doesn't he work him—we can't afford that sort of thing on an expedition like this."

"Well, there's no use in worrying," said Tillman. "All we've got to do is to keep our eye on the moment and do our best. You're letting her off the course."

Houghton flushed and put the helm over a few spokes. Tillman had a lot of common sense though up to this no one would have suspected it, and his rebuke was all the more severe because deserved. Worrying about the future becomes a crime when it detracts from the business of the moment and lets the ship off the course.

At three bells the whole crew being on deck and the coast close up to them, Hull, who had been looking through the glass, handed it to Macquart.

"That's the rock you spoke of if I ain't mistaken," said Hull.

Macquart looked through the glass.

"That's the rock," said he.

He kept the glass to his eye for a full half-minute, then he handed it to Tillman.

Tillman took a peep at the object in question.

It was a remarkable feature on that flat shore, where the mangrove trees crept down literally to the edge of the reef-protected water.

The whole coast-line seemed reef-protected and in the sun blaze the foam breaking on the reefs showed like snow.

"Well," said Hull, "it's not invitin', but there's the rock, anyway, as you said it would be, and it's up to you, Mac, to pilot us in."

"Keep her as she goes," said Macquart.

As pilot the command of the *Barracuda* was now in his hands and Hull was his servant, but he did not "swell himself," to use Hull's expression. He had the appearance of a man deeply absorbed in some fateful speculation, and he drew apart from the others, his eyes fixed on the coast and sometimes cast anxiously to windward.

The wind held steady, almost due south, and now with the Pulpit Rock coming abreast of them, Macquart gave an order, the spokes of the wheel flew to starboard and the *Barracuda* with the main boom swung out and sailing dead before the wind, headed for the shore.

Hull, shading his eyes with the sharp of his hand, saw the great black break in the reefs they were making for. It was the break where the river disembogued and he pointed it out to Tillman.

"That's the river anyway," said he, "and a fair wind to take us up. I reckon Mac's no fool. Up to this I've never been sure of him, but he's made good so far."

"Yes, we haven't got on badly up to now," said Tillman.

As they drew closer in, the reef opening spread wider before them, and the *Barracuda*, going before the wind, took the gentle swell with the light and buoyant motion of a balloon; the foam bursts of the reefs shewed a long way to port and starboard as they passed the reef ends and now, the land close up on either hand, the river lay before them like a sheet of gold.

Houghton stood speechless before the strangeness and beauty of this place so remote and so different from any place he had seen before. Save for the great rock standing like a sentinel and swarmed about by gulls, the land shewed nothing but toilage, the dark green of mangroves dreaming upon their water-shadows, the emerald fronds of palm, the wind-stirred masses of the dammar, cutch and camphor, wildernesses on either side the river; all these held a charm mysterious as the charm of the river itself flowing in stereoscopic stillness from the mysterious land beyond.

It was here that the *Terschelling* came in all those years ago, either under sail if the wind was favourable, or towed or warped up that bright waterway to her last anchorage, with John Lant directing operations and Macquart no doubt assisting as deck hand.

It was away up there in the mysterious country that she was sunk with all hands bottled in the fo'c'sle after the gold had been safely cached. It was up there that Macquart according to all probability, had done John Lant in, and, profiting nothing by his crime, had escaped with his bare life from the place to which he was now stealing back.

For a moment, as these thoughts occurred to Houghton, the whole brilliant scene before him became tinged with gloom and tragedy and Macquart a figure of horror; for a moment, as they passed the river mouth and took the gentle current of the half mile broad stream, a hand seemed thrust against his breast and a voice seemed to cry "Begone—" And then, flashing by him came a thing like a lady's jewelled aigrette—

it was a humming bird, and following this vision came a vague trace of perfume from the tree wilderness of the banks. The feeling passed from Houghton's mind, the warning was forgotten—the river had taken him in the toils of its fascination.

"The tide is with us," said Macquart.

They had struck the reef opening just at the turn of the tide. And against the slackened current they now made way almost as well as in the open sea.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAGOON.

TILLMAN was at the wheel and Macquart, calling Jacky, ordered him to take Tillman's place. Then he led the others a bit forward.

"Now," said he, "here's the river. Have I spoken rightly? Have I judged rightly? I have brought you nearly to the spot and it all depends on the decision we take now whether we pull this thing through or not.

"The village lies on the left bank, maybe six or more miles up—say seven, the waterway is broad and we can get the *Barracuda* up easy enough; well, we mustn't take her that far, we mustn't take her more than another mile or two up. We've got to tie her somewhere on the banks, somewhere secure and hidden, and go on to the village in the boat."

"Good Lord," said Tillman, "What are you saying? Leave the *Barracuda* and maybe have her run away with?"

"I tell you," said Macquart, "It's not safe. You haven't thought the thing out as I have. If we tie up by the village what will happen if there's a row? It we have to escape in a hurry? You can easily push a boat off, but you can't easily get the yawl away."

"There's truth in what he says," put in Hull. "But who can we leave with her?"

Macquart shrugged his shoulders.

"Leave with her? No one. There's no one here to touch her. Only the monkeys—they won't harm her."

"And what are we to say to the chaps at the village?"

"Say that we have left our ship down the river, that very fact will give us extra protection."

"One moment," said Tillman. He drew Houghton aside and they both went into the bow.

"What do you think of this?" said Tillman. "Is it some trick of Macquart's or what?"

"No," said Houghton. "The chap's frightened right enough and he's thinking of his own skin. If these people in the village are the same as he left there fifteen years ago, and if that woman is still alive, and if they recognise him, well, you see, there'll be a shindy right off—that's what it is. Better do as he says; he's playing for safety, not against us."

"I'm your way of thinking," said Tillman.

They turned aft.

"Well," said Hull. "What have you decided?"

"Tie up," said Tillman. "It's the safest way, but the question is, where?"

"O that's easily found," said Macquart. "You wait."

About two miles from the mouth they opened what seemed the mouth of another river on the left bank and Macquart ordered the mainsail to be lowered and the boat got out for a tow.

"It's a lagoon," said he, "as good as a harbour, nothing will touch her in there. She'd lie to the Day of Judgment, and they wouldn't find her then. Now, out with the boat, sharp, we don't want to drift."

They lowered the boat, the tow rope was fixed, and Macquart was the first man into her. Tillman, Houghton and Hull followed him, leaving Jacky on board to steer.

Macquart was right. Through the opening in the left bank the river bayed out into a lagoon. A still sheet of water on which the columns of the Nipah palms lining the banks were reflected as in a mirror. The tropical forest festooned with lianas and wild convolvulus came down to the water's edge. At night and especially on a night of the full moon, this place would be filled with the chanting of birds, the girring and guggling and yooing of monkeys, and the cry of prowling beasts. Now, in the full blaze of day, it was silent, with the silence of a room locked up from the world.

Things like red moths were flitting hither and thither across the water surface just as you have seen the mayflies flit across a brook, Houghton glancing up from the labour of rowing saw that the moths were birds. Tiny red humming birds with needle-sharp bills, hundreds and hundreds of them dancing and flitting in the sunshine.

When they had brought the *Barracuda* a hundred yards or so within the lagoon they boarded her and dropped the anchor in two fathom water. Then, taking to the boat again and armed with a sounding lead, they started out to hunt for a berth.

They found an ideal one on the left hand side counting from the point of entrance. Here for the space of seventy feet

or so the bank came down sheer to the water without any shelving and with a depth of three fathoms, whilst the lower branches of the huge trees were sufficiently high to clear the main mast of the *Barracuda* if the top mast were struck.

"We can moor her to them trees," said Hull. "Yes, it's a likely spot and might 'a been laid out on purpose; easy to get her in and easy to get her out, and no harbour dues. Now then, all aboard and let's get done with it."

They struck the topmast of the yawl, lowered the main-sail and mizzen, and having made everything snug towed her to the bank. It was after sundown when everything was complete and, tired out, they went down to the cabin for supper.

Down below, it seemed to Houghton the strangest thing to be sitting there at table, landlocked and moored up to trees after the long, long weeks of sea tossing and the eternal noise of the bow wash and the boosting of the waves. The others did not seem to notice the change.

Hull, who had re-taken charge of things, now that Macquart had finished with the piloting, was laying down their future plans.

"We'll lay up here to-morrer," said he, "to rest and stretch our legs, and the day after to-morrer, bright and early we'll man the boat and start for the village. Now it's in my mind when we've made good with the village people and tapped the cache and made sure the stuff's there, it will be best to bring the yawl right up. You see, if we leave her here, we'll have to bring the stuff down by boat-loads."

Macquart, who had retired into himself all through the voyage as though the presence of Hull had paralysed his initiative, rose from the table, sat down on one of the bunk edges and nursed his knee.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, as though he were addressing a meeting, "I am not with Captain Hull. I believe I have some right to give an opinion, considering the fact that this expedition was originated by me and that I alone have the key to the cache."

Hull grumbled something unintelligible and Macquart went on:

"Besides, I have thought the matter out most carefully and it is for your good, as well as my own, that I say the *Barracuda* must remain here right through this business."

"O, she must, must she," said Hull. "Seems to me you're beginnin' to lay the law down, Mac. None of us is to say a word but take your leadin' like baa lambs. D'you think you're the only one of the lot of us rigged with eyes an' understandin'? I say that when we touch this stuff we'll bring the yawl up to load it and if the niggers give trouble we'll hold them down with our guns, why, you blessed skrim-shanker, it'd take a dozen journeys up and down with a boat; we'd have to go with the boat each journey, and who's to be left at the cache to protect the stuff?"

Houghton noticed all through this conversation that Macquart's eyes were steadily fixed on Hull and that his face had been growing pale under its bronze. He had guessed the hatred that existed between the two men, but he failed to plumb the depth and intensity of the passion surging in the breast of Macquart.

Leaving aside all old scores, Hull had got the better of him at the start of the expedition. Macquart, the cock of the walk and boss of the business, with two greenhorns to work for his ends and a sound boat under his feet, had suddenly found himself hampered and checkmated by the inscrutable Screed.

Macquart was one of those men of whom we can say only this, that their plans are never more dark than when they seem most luminous. He had felt Tillman and Houghton to be putty in his hands and Jacky a black pawn to be played with as he chose, and though it is impossible to define his exact plan of campaign, already prepared no doubt on the night when he agreed to divide the treasure so generously with Screed, Houghton and Tillman, one may be sure of this, that the division of the treasure had no part in it. Half a million in gold coin and bullion! Screed two thousand miles away and only Tillman and Houghton to deal with and bamboozle or worse! All the elements lay here for a coup for a genius to pull off, and Macquart—as will be seen—if not a genius, was at least a clever and astute man.

Screed had fancied that the final disposal of the treasure would prove such an insuperable obstacle to villainy that Macquart would be driven to return to Sydney to "cash it." Screed, the clever business man with no illusions and no beliefs, had divined Macquart and his possibilities and had not felt quite sure that the latter would find the disposal of the treasure an impossible task, and so be driven back to Sydney. Not being quite sure, he played his trump card—Hull.

So it came about that Macquart, on the point of sailing, found suddenly dumped on him the big, strong man he feared and hated, the man who knew exactly what sort of character



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas,

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“ Macquart sprang from the edge of the bunk and stood upright before the Captain.”

he was, and the man who, having been twice diddled by him, was evidently determined never to be so treated again.

Then Hull had taken virtual command of the expedition and he had worked Macquart like a dog. The explosion that now followed was the result of all this.

Macquart sprang from the edge of the bunk and stood upright before the Captain.

"D—n you," he cried. "Who are you to be meddling and ordering and interfering in what you don't understand, a—wharf rat sprung from nowhere, shot aboard by that—Screed. You leave this thing alone or I'll chuck it, one word more from you and you can hunt for the stuff yourself you ————."

He was shouting at the top of his voice and Hull had drawn back a moment and was preparing to strike when Tillman and Houghton flung themselves between the antagonists forcing Macquart back on the bunk and Hull to the other side the table.

"Don't be fools," cried Tillman. "Good Lord, the idea of fighting amongst ourselves in our position. Can't you see there's no use in arguing what we'll do till we've touched the stuff."

"Let up," said the Captain, who had recovered possession of himself. "I'm not goin' to touch the blighter—but one word more of his lip and I'll break his neck. There, that's said and done. Let him sit there and cool." He turned and went on deck where Tillman and Houghton followed him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLACK SHIP.

NEXT morning, at breakfast, all signs of the quarrel had disappeared. Macquart seemed cheerful and the Captain had got into the old bantering way of talking to him. He did not seem to resent it.

After breakfast, they set to work to make everything snug and secure on board. They brought the top-mast down and lashed it with the spare spars on deck, stowed away everything movable, even to the collapsible boat, and put ashore extra mooring ropes. Then they collected on deck the stores for the boat expedition, canned meat and vegetables, blankets, a tent, matches, ammunition and a small parcel of trade, consisting of stick tobacco, knives, dollar watches and clay pipes.

The lazarette was carefully secured and every locker fastened, and an hour or two before sundown all the preparations were finished for the start on the morrow.

"Well, that's done," said Tillman, as he surveyed their work. "Nothing will move her except, maybe, an earthquake or a tornado." He filled his pipe and lit it. Houghton also produced a pipe, whilst Hull, perspiring from the work he had been upon, went below for a drink. Macquart had taken his seat on deck and was engaged in mending a rent in his trousers. He was often patching himself up like this. In Sydney, he could have borrowed the money from Screed for a full outfit, or got it on credit from the outfitter of the expedition, but he had come away with only a few things, perhaps from carelessness or from some strange twist of the mind making him utterly regardless of appearances.

"Come out on the water," said Tillman to Houghton; "it's cooler out there and we can explore round a bit."

They got into the boat which was lying alongside and pushed out into the lagoon.

The sunlight was striking the water across the tree tops, and the trees of the southern bank threw their cave-like shadow far out on the water; against this shadow the moth-like dance of the humming birds patterned itself with an effect at once gorgeous and ghostly.

This place was the paradise of birds, the gorgeous-collared lory preened itself on the lower branches of the trees by the water, answering with its beaver-like noise the *ka-ka-toi, ka-ka-toi* of the white cockatoos haunting the groves; the wonderful crowned pigeon flitted across from bank to bank; fork-tailed water chits and blue fly catchers flew everywhere, and, as the boat floated along, skirting the shadows, kingfishers, like birds carved from emerald, showed motionless as sentries perched on drift logs by the banks.

They had rowed towards the south bank, and now they sat smoking and letting the boat drift on the edge of the tree shadows.

"I wish I could put a stopper on Hull in some way," said Tillman. "He's been working Macquart up ever since we started; he won't let the chap alone; he keeps on at him, pretending to joke and sneering at him all the time."

"He's got a frightful down on him," said Houghton, "and I don't wonder; from what I can make out, Mac has bested him more than once. Hull told me something of what happened between them four years ago in Frisco. Macquart got away that time, and they didn't meet again till that morning, you remember, when we were coming from having

our first look at the *Barracuda*. Seems like fate that they should have met just then."

"The world's a small place," said Tillman, "and that's the first thing that a scamp finds out. Hullo!"

The boat floating with the current that moved the lagoon water just here bumped gently against something and slewed round nose to shore.

Tillman looked over.

"Why, it's all black rocks," said he. "No—it's not rocks; it looks like an old landing-stage of some sort sunk by the bank."

Houghton leaned over the starboard gunnel.

"Why, it's the bones of an old ship," said he, with a catch-back of his breath. "She's been burnt at her moorings, and we've hit one of the mast stumps."

He was right. Looking down through the water, the charred deck planking and bulwarks could be plainly made out. The planking had burst up here and there, showing wide yawning holes through which the flames and smoke had once poured, before the seams had opened letting in the lagoon water to quench the flames; the bulwarks were all gone from the knightheads to midships on the port side, and the upper planking also, so that the ribs stood up like piles.

Small fish were darting in and out of the gloomy cavern that had once been the main hold, and a great eel waved its way from between the ribs and scuttered along the lagoon floor, as if resenting the presence of the gazers above. Not a sign of mast or spar was visible with the exception of the fore mast stump with which the boat had collided.

The two men looked at one another.

"That's funny, isn't it?" said Tillman, "She must have been a fairly big ship."

"Maybe brought in here by pirates," said Houghton. "Looks as though the masts had been shot away."

"O, the fire would have done that," said Tillman. "I've seen a ship in Sydney Harbour with the masts clean gone through fire, and not much sign of damage to the hull."

"I don't know what it is," said Houghton, "but this lagoon makes me feel that I want to get away from it: funny, isn't it, but, from the first, I felt there was something crawly about it. It's just the place for river pirates to hide in, and I expect bloody work has gone on here long ago."

"O, the lagoon is all right," said Tillman. "One never can tell: this old hooker may have been a peaceful trader set alight to by some d—d fool messing round with a light, the same as the *Baralong* was burnt just outside the Heads."

"Maybe so," replied Houghton; "all the same, I don't like this place."

They rowed back to the yawl and reported their find, without raising any interest or speculation in Hull and Macquart.

"Some old tub scuttled for insurance, maybe," said Hull. "No, I ain't particular about goin' to look at her. I guess she'll keep. I'm goin' to turn in when I've had my supper, for we'll have to be off before sun up, so's to reach the village in the cool of the day."

They had lit a fire on the bank to keep the mosquitoes off, though the mosquitoes here were far less troublesome than one might have expected, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the water was not stagnant.

Tillman threw some more sticks on the fire and then they went below to supper, after which they turned in.

They were awakened by Jacky.

It was an hour before dawn, a slight wind had risen, blowing the mists from the lagoon, and as they came on deck the mist wreathes were passing off like the ghosts of scarfs, wreathing unseen forms and leaving great spaces of star-shot water frosted by the breeze.

They breakfasted hurriedly, and everything being stowed on board the boat, they got in and pushed off just as the first lilac of the dawn was touching the sky beyond the tree tops.

When they reached the river, the wind was fresher and blowing with them, and before they had made half a mile up stream, the sun was blazing through the trees of the left bank and the parrots shouting at them from the branches.

Just at this hour, the river was lovely, fresh, fair and brilliant. Butterflies big as birds and gorgeous as flowers pursued them or flitted across the boat; azure butterflies like flakes of sky, butterflies of bronze and gold in whose broad wings were set little clear spaces like panes of mica.

A mile and a half, or perhaps two miles, above the lagoon, the river took a bend westward, and the right bank losing its trees showed tracts of cane and tall grass, with here and there a great tree standing in isolation.

The left bank showed still the edge of the eternal, unbroken forest, the forest just as it was when Moses gave laws to Israel, just as it will be when all present things are forgotten.

(To be continued.)

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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1916.

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

Crown Prince : " We must have a higher pile to see Verdun, father."



"LAND AND WATER" WAR LITHOGRAPHS No. 8.

FORÊT DE COMPIEGNE AFTER THE PURSUIT.

BY G. SPENCER PRYSE.

LAND & WATER

EMPIRE HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16th, 1916.

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

THE Army Estimates introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Tennant on Tuesday afternoon must have fallen like a sledge hammer on the minds of thoughtful persons, shattering finally and completely their old ideas on the military defence and security of these islands. After this official speech in which millions were spoken of so glibly, it needs a mental effort to recollect how recent was the time when reams were written and speeches delivered in shoals to prove that our national commitments need never contemplate under any circumstance an army one-quarter the size of the one which is enrolled to-day.

It were foolishness to indulge in recrimination even against those who carried their opinions on this point to excess. The nation accepted things as they were; neither platform, press nor pulpit desired any change, except spasmodically. No warning note ever issued from the most patriotic ballot-box. Yet before we have been at war two years, an Act enforcing military service is on the Statute Book, and the British Army numbers four millions of men.

Stupendous as this break with the past has been, it is not yet complete. The Royal Palace of Westminster enshrines traditions both glorious and mean; among the latter must be reckoned the ancient belief that the populace can be kept quiet with a liberal diet of fine words and specious promises, and that a too nice regard of the naked truth is, if not indecent, at least inexpedient. It is an old tradition, based on fairly sound experience, though it has been rudely broken once or twice. But it is doomed to-day. We hope it may disappear with the willing consent of those who work at Westminster; otherwise, the change will come for without, for the people weary of half-truths and of promises half-fulfilled.

To give an illustration, we will take the question of the German losses. Mr. Tennant was asked in the House of Commons a little time ago whether, in view of the fact that the official German estimates of German casualties were regarded by eminent military critics in this and

other countries as wholly unacceptable, he would consider the desirability of accompanying any further statement with a reasoned analysis. He replied that such an analysis while gratifying legitimate curiosity in this country, would also gratify the curiosity of the German military authorities. It is not easy to understand the exact meaning Mr. Tennant intended to convey by these words. They sound mere flippancy, for the German General Staff of course knows its own losses only too well. This answer in the House appeared in the papers on the very date that LAND AND WATER published the first part of that most carefully reasoned analysis of German losses which Mr. Belloc prepared when he was in Paris. Had there been any real ground for the refusal of the Under-Secretary for War, obviously we should not have been permitted to publish this analysis.

At the end of last week the Government issued without a word of comment the official German Casualty Lists for February, and adding them to those previously published, showed total losses to the end of February of 2,667,372. Mr. Belloc demonstrates irrefutably that the irreducible minimum of German losses up to December 31st, 1915, is just over 3½ millions. He has explained step by step how this sum total is arrived at; there is no purpose in repeating his reasoning here. But the Government, when issuing these German Official figures, should at least have added a cautionary note warning readers against placing reliance on them. The total of killed and died of wounds for February is set down at 7,301, although the Verdun slaughter had been in progress for more than a week! Still more flagrant is the total of prisoners up to the end of February. Here there is no difficulty in checking the German figures. The Allied Governments have positive and direct evidence showing the exact number of German prisoners taken until at least the end of January. This total is more than double the number of prisoners (117,045) mentioned in this German Official List. In issuing these figures without explanation, analysis or comment, the Government undoubtedly misleads the nation.

Numbers are the supreme factor of the war. They are the balance on which the issue hangs. The German military authorities are quite alive to this truth and edit their lists accordingly. The special correspondent of certain London newspapers, who was present at Verdun, has spoken of Germany in her present desperation "flashing falsehoods round the world." There is no falsehood more vital to her failing state than this one of losses; yet we find the British Government in its blindness aiding her in deceiving the Neutral nations by accepting her figures at their face value. Why they should act thus is incomprehensible, for we dismiss as unworthy of credence the general report that they do so out of timidity lest recruiting be discouraged, should British manhood realise how heavy is the toll of modern war. We assign the cause to that evil tradition of Westminster which half despises and half fears the people and almost instinctively prefers the half-truth.

The presence of Mr. Thomas Hughes in London should act as a salutary warning to the Government, that the former era when consideration first and last could be given to local voters, has passed. The horizons widen and those who lead this nation—chief of the five nations—have to look for judgment on their acts much farther afield than most of them have been accustomed to do. Ministers must emerge from their official "dug-outs" and face realities on the other side of the parapet, however unpleasant they may happen to be at the moment, with far higher resolution and determination than they have done hitherto. The day of the shirker is done. Courage comes into its own, not only on the battlefield but in the council chamber, though this be the last place to respond to the new spirit that is astir in the air.

THE WINGS OF VERDUN.

By Hilaire Belloc.

CORRECTION OF TWO ERRORS.

BEFORE turning to the main subject of the day, I must apologise for two errors which appeared in my work of last week relative to the German losses. Between them the minimum of German losses arrived at was far too low.

The first was an obvious but stupid clerical error, the omission of one item in the addition I was making. I left out the category of Sick. The first item should have been 3,450,000 instead of just under three millions.

The second error was an error in method, and therefore of its nature more serious. It consisted in adding the *whole* of the "floating balance" of sick and wounded to the other losses.

To do this is to overlook an overlap. For of those who have fallen sick or who have been wounded and who remain in hospital, on a particular date, a certain (and very large) proportion reappear in the permanently disabled from sickness or wounds.

This error of mine reduces the value of the floating hospital balance by pretty well half. The true figures give one a minimum not of three and a quarter millions, but of just over three and a half millions (3,650,000) up to December 31st, 1915.

I owe this apology to my readers for the first clerical slip in a very large number of such additions carried on for many months, but I think I ought to add that the combined result of this clerical error and error in a detail of method do not gravely affect a right judgment upon the present situation, because the minimum arrived at is certainly below the truth. The truth is certainly nearer four millions.

For the benefit of those who may still doubt such figures let me give a few simple illustrations showing how normal they are for the rate of wastage of the present war.

(1) If the German Empire was losing at a rate not greater than the average of the British forces actually in the field since the first Expeditionary Force left these shores, its total wastage would be somewhat *over* four millions.

(2) Such a loss (4 millions) means that in the course of 17 months the Germans have lost about as many men as they permanently keep in the field. Now we know that among the Allies in the same period the wastage of each army is very much the same as the average total force maintained in the field. We find this to be roughly true of all the armies engaged in this war, though of course there are certain not very high differences, in favour of the Italians for instance (for the time they have been fighting), somewhat in favour of the French, rather against the Austrians and the Russians. The proportion is largely affected by whether the fighting has been on lines or of movement and the proportion between the two.

(3) Such a rate of loss (4 millions) for the German Army means a total real wastage of less than 6 per cent. a month. Of course the figure of 15 per cent. a month given in Parliament for the British Infantry is nonsense. But there is nothing unreasonable about 6 per cent. a month, and it is perfectly consonant with the experience of every belligerent during this great campaign.

(4) No one has recourse to abnormal methods of recruitment in a conscript country until exhaustion is approaching. Why should he? Now even the incorporation of men in their 20th year (*i.e.*, in the year when they attain their 20th birthday) is abnormal, in the sense that it is unknown to peace training. But the men in their 20th year are what is called "the class 1916." We know how heavily France has suffered, and we know that she has trained her Class 1916. We know that Germany also has called out and trained this same Class. But the significant point is that *Germany has already used a large part of it in the fighting.* France has not.

Altogether there is no reason to doubt that the German Empire is suffering wastage at much the same

rate as the other belligerents, rather less than some, rather more than others. If this be so the total dead-loss of its armies cannot, by the end of December, have been far short of four million. To believe that it is as low as three million, for instance, is to believe that Germany has cautiously kept to lines, spared attack, in attack used open order as much as possible, cut losses whenever an action became doubtful: We know that as a matter of fact the exact opposite has been the case in each of these points.

The only alternative is to believe that the Germans work miracles. Against the religious mood which accepts such an attitude towards them there is no arguing.

THE BATTLES ROUND VERDUN.

The third week of the great German assault upon the Verdun lines was occupied in the main with very heavy attacks upon the two wings of the shallow crescent now formed by those lines. Upon the south-eastern wing the enemy made during the whole of that time the most determined efforts to capture the heights overlooking the ravine of Vaux; upon the western wing he made the most determined efforts to master the Goose Crest with its culminating point of the Mort d'Homme, both by direct assault and by a turning movement directed against Bethincourt.

There were also short but very vigorous expensive and futile efforts directed against the right centre from in front of Louvemont to Douaumont, but the main effort was upon the two *wings*.

In either case the attacks were distinguished by one general feature: Very large forces were launched at intervals of about two days. In other words, there were upon each wing three main assaults in the course of the week, the intervals occupied by bombardment and the last assault the most powerful. In each case the attack achieved a slight final progress after an intermediate check, and in each case up to the Monday night, the 13th, the assault had failed in its main object at a cost quite out of proportion to the little belts of territory acquired.

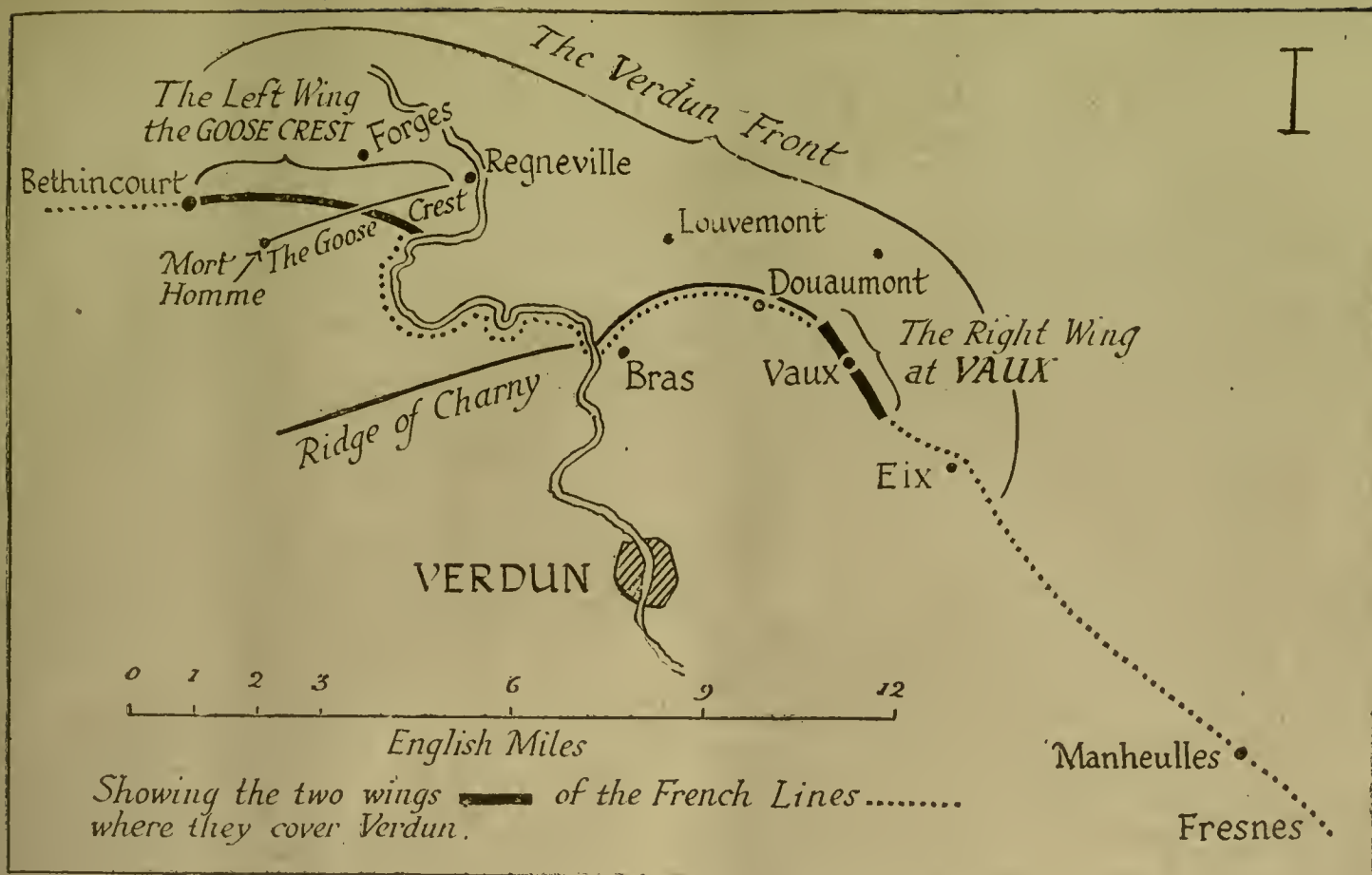
With this cost I shall deal in a moment, but I would first set down in detail the main attacks upon the two wings, which we may call respectively "Vaux" on the south-east or French *right*, and the "Goose Crest" upon the west or French *left*.

(I). Vaux.

The village of Vaux (as who should say in English "Dale") before it was ruined in this battle, lay on either side of one street in the depth of a ravine which has to the north of it the plateau of Douaumont and to the south of it a plateau bearing the abandoned fort called after the village itself, the Fort of Vaux. The edge of the northern plateau, that of Douaumont, is rather the higher, standing some 300 feet above the village. The southern one is about 20 feet lower. Both are crowned at the summit with woods. That on the north, the Wood of Hardaumont; that on the south, the Wood of Chenois. Just north of the village of Vaux, upon the slopes of the escarpment, are a couple of redoubts, abandoned when the permanent defence of Verdun was given up for a field defence in 1914, but still affording shelter for defence.

The reader should particularly notice these works (which are called "The Works of Hardaumont" from the wood on whose edge they lie), because some misunderstanding has arisen with regard to them. Though lying in the neighbourhood of Vaux they have nothing to do with the Fort of Vaux which was, when armed, a closed fort on the edge of the escarpment to the *south* of the village and formed an outwork of the Verdun ring.

Upon Saturday the 4th of March, and with increasing violence throughout Sunday, 5th, an intensive bombardment was delivered against the edge of the Northern plateau and Hardaumont wood. It seemed the prelude to an attack, but on the Monday no attack was delivered. It was upon Tuesday the 7th that the first considerable effort in this series was made. The redoubt north of



Vaux which the French had retaken a little while before from the Germans, was recaptured by the latter in a strong attack, the effect of which was not only to gain the few yards involved, but to permit of an advance into the ravine without fear of a flanking fire from the north.

All the following Wednesday, the 8th, the ravine was bombarded (and what was left of the village of course laid in ruins) and after nightfall of that day the serious assault was delivered. At sometime in the night an element of the Division delivering this assault, to wit, the Infantry Brigade consisting of the 6th and 19th Reserve Regiments from Posen (Polish units) got into

former) was directed not only against the ruins of Vaux village, now in French hands, but also against the very steep slopes of the escarpment, just to the south, which leads up to the plateau on which the old fort of Vaux stands. The attack was continued all day and was particularly violent against the escarpment, but it failed.

On last Friday, the 10th, German reinforcements arrived and a further attack was prepared. Before it was fully launched it was checked and broken up by the French fire. But upon Saturday the 11th, it was renewed, apparently in the early morning, or at any rate with a heavy mist upon the ground such as had three weeks before covered the successful attack of the enemy upon the plateau of Douaumont. There was very violent fighting on the outskirts of the village, and at some time in the morning the Germans carried the ruins of the eastern end.

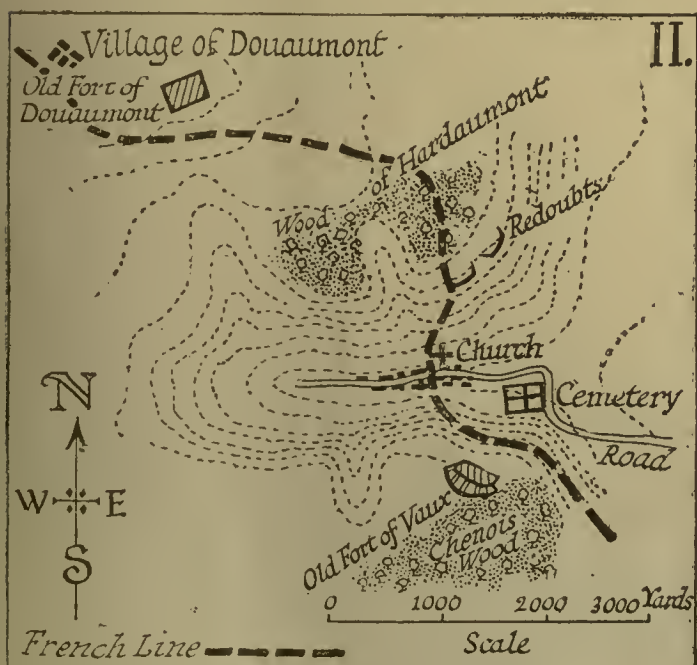
Vaux is one long straggling street, the church on the north of the road right at the eastern end. Somewhere about noon, so far as I can make out from French accounts, the ruins of the church itself were entered by the enemy, and this seems to have marked the limit of their effort. All attempts of the German bodies to move by rushes beyond this central part of the street failed.

But meanwhile, and throughout a great part of the same day, a very formidable attack was being delivered just to the south of the village up the exceedingly steep grassy slope which takes you from the clay of the Woeuvre up to the plateau on which stands the old fort of Vaux.

The hill is comparable in height and general outline to Boxhill in Surrey. It is similarly crowned with wood, the old fort standing upon its edge, and the escarpment plunging down on to the weald. The German attack succeeded in progressing some way up this slope, but it did not reach the wire entanglement in front of the fort (the expression "fort" means of course the dismantled works of the old fort of Vaux, the guns from which have been taken away long ago).

The next day Sunday, the German infantry failed to move. Only the guns were at work.

During all these efforts to seize the two edges of the ravine of Vaux and to get a footing upon the heights of the Meuse, which form the plateau above the escarpment, other minor work was being done by the enemy 7 or 8 miles off to the south, and at points nearer to Vaux as well. He carried Fresnes in the Plain and tried hard to push beyond Manheulles in the Plain, attacking also at Eix, and a few other points. But these efforts, undertaken so far with comparatively small forces, against the comparatively weak continuations of the



The Point of Assault on the Right Wing.
The Village, Ravine and Heights North and South of Vaux.

the ruins of the village and were immediately thrust out again by a French counter-attack delivered with the bayonet.

It was this affair which gave rise, as we shall see in a moment, to the misconception at Berlin, which a French communiqué has since rectified.

The check thus administered, though expensive to the enemy, was not heavy enough to prevent a massed attack during the daylight hours of the next day, Thursday the 9th, and this attack (in larger force than the

French line, should not withdraw our attention from the main point of attack which has all this week been the ravine of Vaux and the two heights commanding it to the north and the south.

The Goose Crest.

The other contemporary attack was on the left wing, that of "the Goose Crest."

The exact situation of the spur known as the Cote de l'Oie or Goose Crest, which is the most advanced position north of Verdun upon the west of the Meuse, its military value, and the progress of the enemy against it, merit a detailed study.

The reader is acquainted with the general situation. The successful retirement of the French upon the east of the river from the original line of Brabant to the main position upon the crest of Louvemont had left the French positions upon the west of the Meuse intact. The French guns from the west of the Meuse, therefore, could play upon the belt the Germans had occupied east of the river and impeded all the German efforts to carry and turn the left of the French main position upon the Cote du Poivre. On this account it was important for the enemy successively to carry the series of heights upon the west of the Meuse, which at once concealed the French batteries there and gave them posts of observation on the summits whence they could correct and direct their fire.

All this we saw last week.

Of these heights the first range or ridge was the crest of the Goose, the Cote de l'Oie, with its surroundings. There would be nothing decisive or final in the occupation of this crest by the enemy. He would have at last to deal with the main position of the Charny Ridge, 6,000 to 8,000 yards behind, before he could effect anything; but the Goose Crest in its entirety must be seized as a first preliminary to any advance upon the ridge of Charny.

Let us see at what rate and with what success the enemy has effected this, his preliminary object.

The Crest of the Goose runs south-west from the valley of the Meuse and is isolated from the hills further west (which are heavily wooded and reach to the Argonne about 7 miles away) by the upper part of the brook of Forges. This same brook of Forges taking its rise in the ridge of Charny, flows northward to Bethincourt, there turns sharply to the right, and thence flows a little north of westward, reaches the village of Forges and immediately afterwards flows into the Meuse. It is marshy below Bethincourt and all its valley down as far as Forges is subject to slight floods. To the north and to the west of its course are rather confused high lands and to the south, as we have seen, this main ridge of the Goose.

The Goose Ridge may be compared in shape to a palm tree, the summit of the ridge itself forming the

trunk, and a series of spurs radiating out from its south-western end, the leaves. The general height of the ridge is 250 metres above the sea, which is roughly speaking, 150 feet or rather more above the level of the river Meuse at this part of its course. But there are two distinct summits rising above the general level of the ridge. That at the north-eastern end nearest the Meuse is known from its height in metres above the sea as Hill 265. The other, just on 100 feet higher (not sixty as I wrote by error last week) is at the south-western end of the ridge in the middle of the "leaves" of the palm, and is called the Mort Homme. Between the two the ridge narrows and sinks slightly to a central point marked B on Sketch III. On the Northern side the Goose Crest slopes away, not very rapidly, towards the valley of the brook of Forges. There are a few steep bits here and there, notably just above Forges village, but in the main it is an easy slope of one in twenty to one in thirty or so.

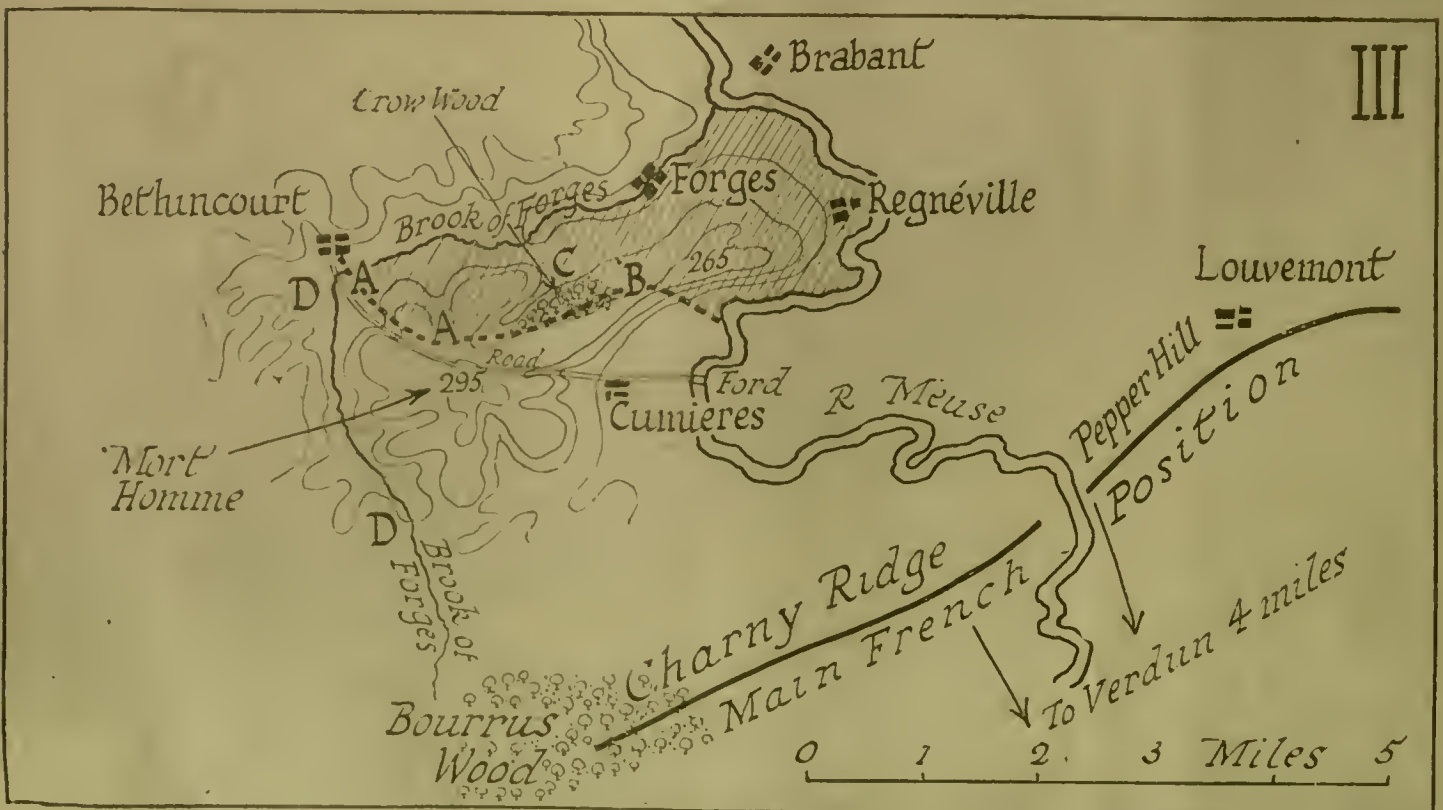
In the prolongation of the ridge towards the Meuse is the hamlet of Regnéville, hardly a score of houses, standing just on the river, and in front of Cumieres is a stone causeway laid on the bed of the river, which can be used as a ford in dry seasons, but which has no value at all at the present moment. The southern edge of the Goose Crest above Cumieres is everywhere very steep.

Just at the end of the "trunk" of the "palm tree" on the northern slope, in the shallow valley at C between the first "leaves" and the trunk, there is a little wood about a mile long, and at its broadest a quarter of a mile across, which bears the general name of the Wood of Crows or Crow Wood, but of which the eastern portion is also called the wood of Cumieres. It does not climb to the top of the ridge, but lies on the slope. The main French batteries lay, of course, behind the mass of this height, sheltered; and in order to dislodge them, as well as to carry the advanced position represented by the crest, the whole of the ridge must be carried, Mort Homme and all.

It is clear from the map that there are three ways of doing this. One may turn the ridge by way of the valley of the Meuse; but this would involve a final assault up its steep side; and there is a wooded belt also just now between Cumieres and Regneville. One may rush it up the northern slopes, pushing one's way ultimately to the Mort Homme itself, the occupation of which culminating point would involve the loss of the whole position. Or thirdly, one may turn it by an advance through Bethincourt and along the upper valley of Forges Brook beyond at D—D.

The enemy has attempted the second and the third of these methods.

He began, as we have seen (exactly a fortnight after the opening of the main battle for Verdun) by an intensive



The Contours of the Goose Crest with German Advance Shaded.

bombardment of the ridge and of the villages at its foot, opened the afternoon or evening of Saturday, the 4th of March, and continued throughout that night and the Sunday night. This bombardment was particularly severe along the valley where the French lines lay, behind the marshy brook from Bethincourt to Forges (both of which sets of ruins were occupied by the French) and so round the base of the hill to Regnéville.

On the Monday morning, the 6th of March, the enemy launched no less than two divisions against the eastern portion of the line he had thus been bombarding and, probably in the course of that morning, he succeeded in rushing the village of Forges; he carried his assault on to the ruins of the hamlet of Regnéville, which he also occupied. The assault was continued against all the main slope up to the "trunk" of the "palm tree" and by the evening of that Monday, March 6th, it had had the following results:

One of the two German divisions had reached and captured Hill 265; the other inclining to the right, had forced its way up to the Crow Wood and right through that wood to its further western extremity. It was here not half a mile from the Mort Homme, and it looked as though the Mort Homme itself, and with it the whole ridge, would be in German hands by the Tuesday morning.

At this moment, by the nightfall of Monday, March 6th, the French line still held Bethincourt, ran across the shallow valley immediately beyond, skirted the edge of the Crows' Wood and covered the ruins of Cumieres. (All these little villages are places of from 300 to 500 inhabitants or less).

During the Monday night the bombardment was continued with intensity, not only along the whole ridge, but over the ground beyond it to the south in order to prevent the arrival of reinforcements. Reinforcements must nevertheless have arrived to the French, for on the Tuesday the following day, the 7th, the French counter-attacked and drove the Germans half way back through Crows' Wood. The German forces, themselves reinforced during the Tuesday night, early, attacked (presumably after the early setting of the moon), the portion of the wood recovered by the French, and at the same time launched another new, separate force, against Bethincourt from the north, coming down the open fields above that village. These attacks were continued on into the Wednesday morning and were both completely broken.

During the remaining daylight hours of the Wednesday the French continued a slow progress through the Crow Wood and recovered the whole of it except the eastern end.

During Thursday, March 9th, the enemy made no new attack. He was presumably re-forming and bringing up further troops. The lull was maintained through the night. But on Friday, March 10th, the equivalent of a whole division was launched against the wood in successive attacks, and before the end of the day the wood was again reoccupied by the Germans.

Upon Saturday the 11th, a further attack was launched against the French trench running just in front of the road from Bethincourt village towards the southeast, and marked upon the sketch A A. This is the most advanced of the French trenches in this region. The attack was not successful, although at one moment the enemy got right past one section of the first trench and was beginning to clear the main communication trench leading up to it. He seems to have been turned out of this in the course of the afternoon.

Upon Sunday, the 12th, he continued a heavy bombardment along all this sector from Bethincourt to the Meuse, but attempted no infantry attack upon that day. And on Monday 13th, he continued the bombardment with increasing intensity, especially securing the ground behind the Goose Crest to interfere with French reinforcement. He devoted particular attention, at very long range and from his heaviest pieces, to the Bororus Wood in the Charny Ridge, as though preparing for a general attack later on.

The result by the Monday evening after a whole week's infantry action, and nine days from the beginning of the artillery preparation against this sector of five miles long (from Bethincourt to the river) was that the enemy, having deployed over it upon various occasions, at least four divisions—from which he has lost exceedingly

heavily—has acquired the irregular triangle shaded upon the sketch, is still five miles from Charny ridge and is opening in this situation upon the west of the Meuse the fourth week of the great battle.

Remember that the west of the Meuse can be made as decisive a battle ground as the east, that it threatens the general French line even more, and that hitherto only four divisions—only from a 6th to a 7th of the force already disclosed—have been used against it. To put it another way, the density of attack on these five miles has hitherto been but a quarter (or less) of that on the east of the river.

Note on the German False News.

The false news spread in the course of these attacks by the Germans has been widely noted in the Press of this country, especially since the detailed exposition of a part of it in the French wireless of last Friday.

We shall do well, however, to distinguish between the different types of falsehood published by the enemy in this connection.

The exaggeration of the number of prisoners taken and the counting of trench mortars as field guns is a very old trick with which many months of the war have rendered us familiar. This sort of falsification is not without a military object, and that object has been pointed out in these columns more than once. In the confusion of an action where very much smaller forces are pressed back by very much larger ones, it is not without value to give the commanders of the retiring force an impression, however soon dispelled, that they have suffered more severely than is really the case. They know that they have been hard hit. It is impossible to get accurate statistics in the difficult business of the retirement, and exaggerated reports are bound to come in. The worse the situation is made to appear to his opponent the greater the fruits the enemy is likely to gather from his operation, since there will not be time to establish the truth until long after the affair is concluded; and if the distant commanders of the retiring force think it is in a worse way than it really is, they may hesitate to order it to stand where, had they known the truth, they could easily have detained it.

But falsehoods of such a type as that which announced the capture of the Fort of Vaux upon the morning of Thursday last, are quite other. They cannot conceivably affect the French command even in its regimental units, for everyone on the spot knows that they have no relation to reality. A German wireless, for instance, announcing the occupation of the town of Ypres on the 11th of November, 1914, would have been valueless for such a purpose as that described above, because every British soldier in Ypres and in front of it would have known it was nonsense.

Not only, therefore, is stuff of this kind valueless in a military sense, but it has not hitherto appeared in the German accounts. Falsehoods equally grotesque have been spread among neutrals, but only with regard to general matters and not with regard to the occupation of particular points.

Why, then, has this novel feature appeared?

We can only guess at the reason and our guess must be that the news was really believed in Berlin, and believed because a certain feverish expectation, the result of previous disappointment, affected those in charge of the publicity bureau in the capital. It should be particularly remarked that the mythical exploit was set down to the credit of two Polish regiments, their brigade commander bearing (perhaps by a coincidence) a Polish name.

A single point of the sort must not be pressed too far, but I take it that the thing was an error rather than a piece of cunning, and an error due to the state of mind of those who were eagerly waiting for news in Berlin, and who particularly desired to control or prevent certain forms of disaffection.

If one is asked how such an error should occur, it would seem from the nature of the case natural enough. A very large body of men is launched by night against the base of hills roughly corresponding in height and steepness to the Surrey Downs above Dorking and Reigate. There is a most furious cannonade lighting with flashes all the slopes of the hills, and the summit on which

the old abandoned fort stands. The Redoubts of Hardaumont on the slope of the northern hills (close to Vaux) are carried, both northern and southern crest are hard pressed, and though the attack can get no further and is checked, it is easy to conceive how observers behind the line and overlooking this mass of fire in the night should accept a rumour that the southern crest also had been stormed.

I take it that this rumour relating to the struggle in the darkness between Monday and Tuesday was received upon the Tuesday morning in Berlin, and was edited and ready for sending out by noon. No contradiction of it having been received at the moment when the officials depart for the considerable midday meal of that city, it was duly sent out. It was received and transcribed, among other places in Paris, by the wireless and was issued in France about two o'clock in the afternoon.

All this is no more than conjecture, but it seems to me to explain what would otherwise be a particularly futile piece of nonsense.

German Losses in the Great Attack.

While we must repeat the truth that no estimate of the enemy's losses can be accurately made until the French give us their report of the completed action yet we should, if we care for any real basis in judgment beware of an error which is just as fatal to such judgment as the exaggeration of those losses.

The military value of the whole thing, the German success or failure, will depend upon comparative losses at the end of the engagement, and there has been some tendency in the last few days to under-estimate the probable losses of the enemy.

The French estimates (many of them given in private, and all of them as yet unofficial, but most of them detailed), put those enemy losses very high. That they are very much larger than the French stands to reason, not so much because the French are standing on the defensive (for there is a great deal of counter-offensive work) as because the French have deliberately used the whole time the tactic of covering with the smallest workable number of troops*. In some sectors, on the Goose Crest for instance, at Poivre Hill, in the four stages of the main retirement, in all the earlier work round Douaumont, and in the assaults upon the escarpment south of Vaux, position alone must necessarily mean that the enemy has lost far more than his opponent. In other restricted areas where there has been a violent offensive and counter-offensive alternately, as in the two villages of Vaux and Douaumont, and in the Crows' Wood, the losses may be more nearly equal. But to repeat, as a whole the enemy losses must be very much the higher of the two. While their total cannot, of course, be fixed even within a rough approximation, one is able to meet the principal argument used by those who doubt or would under-estimate the terrible price the enemy is paying for what he hopes to make a decision before it is over.

That principal argument is that the fronts concerned are not sufficient to permit the deployment of more than a certain number of men, and therefore not sufficient to permit of more than a certain proportionate loss in the men so deployed.

The original attack was upon a line about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. It has narrowed on the main position to about $6\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of the Meuse, extended by the new attacks on the heights south of Vaux to quite 7 miles. West of the Meuse it has in the last ten days developed upon a further line of 5 miles. There are thus altogether, if we exclude the minor work in the Woeuvre Plain, about 12 miles of front acted upon or, say roughly $20,000$ odd yards. It is perfectly true that upon such a front you cannot use more than a certain number of men in any one attack. Moreover, as the attacks have been partial, now mainly upon one sector, now mainly upon another, we are concerned in any one day with a great deal less than this total front.

But we should do well to note first that attacks of this sort in other parallel situations during the present

war have, as a fact, been exceedingly expensive, and secondly that the action has not been one gradually "petering out" after the first main effort, but one renewed again and again and again with equal fury in attack by the enemy over now more than three weeks.

The front at the Grand Couronné in its ultimate development was shorter. It was less than 10 miles long. That action lasted less than a week; and yet it certainly cost the enemy close on $100,000$ men. Or, we may take for another test the Allied efforts in Champagne and at Loos. The French losses in Champagne upon an active front of 12 to 15 miles, mainly incurred in the first few days, are known though not published. They were much less than the enemy's because the Germans held their front in great strength under the first bombardment and the attempt against the second line was checked in time. But they certainly do not warrant our doubting exceedingly heavy losses for the Germans in this attack upon Verdun, which has included scores of separate assaults, stretched over now 25 days.

We have the cost of the contemporary British attack known under the name of Loos exactly. We know how heavy it was; between $45,000$ and $50,000$ men. Yet the British were not actively using 25 divisions nor were they attacking on a front of such extent, still less did they prolong the action for so considerable a time.

The conception that the German losses must be lighter than the estimate, because they should, if as heavy as the French say, have already entailed exhaustion is not thought out. If the enemy really thinks he can get a decision it is worth his while to spend for the moment not $100,000$ or $150,000$ or even $200,000$ men, but $300,000$ —or more. Because he has only disclosed in action about $300,000$ does not mean that he has not fed from reserves or has not far more men concentrated in the region.

New Evidence of German Exhaustion.

It will be remembered in this connection that we have always insisted in this journal—and especially in those moments of artificially produced depression which affected this country two or three months ago—that the exhaustion of the German efficient reserves (with the exception of classes '16 and '17) would compel the enemy to begin filling up gaps with inefficient during the whole winter if he desired to keep the two young classes back for an offensive in the spring of this year.

We further hazarded the opinion—for it was not like the first a matter of positive proof but only of judgment—that with the best will in the world they would not be able to keep the young classes back for long. That the effect of putting too many inefficient into the drafts would be so dangerous and so obvious that they would be compelled much earlier than they desired to bring the two young classes into action.

We now have positive evidence that what was then only a piece of judgment was right. The French have already taken many prisoners of the '16 classes in front of Verdun, and what is worth noting, though too much stress should not be laid upon it, the number of these lads has increased in the later stages of the battle. What is of more significance is that in some cases these drafts of the '16 class have been very large indeed. Three whole companies in one regiment appear to have been formed of this class alone.

But there is something more. A certain number of prisoners (a few, it is true) have been taken belonging to the class '17, and that is an omen which no one can overlook. The prisoners were not volunteers, they were regularly enrolled.

When it was known that the efficient reserves were drying up in the last two months of 1915 the general suggestion was that with a cautious defensive policy the first categories of inefficient would be used in drafts during the early months of 1916, and the classes '16 and '17 would not appear until the end of April at the earliest. I believe this paper was the only one to suggest that the strain could not be endured throughout the winter and that the young classes would certainly be called upon in the exhaustion of efficient reserves before the winter was over. Now that, long before the winter is over, the enemy has chosen to gamble with what remains, the last classes have had to be called.

*The whole first covering line consists originally of but 4 divisions against 14 or 15.

The German Object.

What then, is the enemy's object in deliberately risking at such a moment this heavy loss and in continuing it week after week in this great winter offensive?

The Press has represented it as something personal. The dynasty had promised to enter the actual town Verdun and must keep its word.

There may be something of that motive in the continuation of the action, but it is certainly not the chief motive. The conception which seems to underlie the enemy's continued assault is rather something like this:

"The French deliberately cover with a minimum number. It is their known tactical method. They showed it locally in the beginning of this action. They showed it again in the advanced positions west of the Meuse, on the Goose Crest the other day, and even on the main positions which they have been defending for now more than a fortnight; they are still using a much smaller number of men than we should use under similar circumstances. The advantages and disadvantages of this method are well-known. When it succeeds you spare men and use them later as a mass of manœuvre. But if it fails there is a bad smash. We have failed so far to provoke that smash, but if we go on perhaps we shall provoke it before the end. We may find a thin place in the crescent, or there may be a local break-down and the effect of that would be to give us great masses of prisoners and, if not a decision, at least a local triumph of the utmost value to our moral position at home and abroad. There will be a corresponding loss of that position to the enemy."

This is as much as to say that the enemy no longer hopes to break the French front, but that he does still hope—at a very heavy cost—to achieve a striking local success upon a large scale. He no longer hopes to do what he did on the Dunajetz, but he does hope to do what he did in the second advance to the Niemen, when he defeated the Russian tenth army—allowing, of course, for the difference between an action upon lines and action of movement. Supposing, for instance, he at last drove right through some point of the French quadrant east of the Meuse he would at once take in reverse all its line upon the north of the breaking point. Or suppose he mastered on the west of the Meuse all the advanced lines one after the other, got to the Charny ridge and mastered that, he would presumably destroy, in a military sense, a great part of the French forces remaining east of the Meuse.

Such then, are his main motives in continuing, though the political motive may have its value for him.

The fact that the chances against him are very heavy does not render such motives less possible; places might be cited where the chances against the Allies were very heavy and were ultimately too much for them, and yet in which the allied effort was long continued.

But there is another motive which we ought to consider.

Of all enemy statistics obtainable by the Intelligence Department of a General Staff, the most difficult to obtain are the statistics of production. We do not accurately know the enemy's rate of production in munitionment. He does not know ours. But he does know that the three western Allies produce each for its own army, and he knows that the French were very heavily handicapped by the occupation of their principal industrial region. He further knows that all his own industrial area including northern France, Belgium and the industrial part of Poland can be used as one unit, and its surplus production of shell concentrated on any one point. Therefore, he argues, he can be sure of a local superiority in heavy munitionment at least, wherever he chooses to concentrate for one great offensive as he has at Verdun. He may not only hope that this superiority in munitionment (as he believes it is) will give him a dominating power in heavy guns to which, if he continues his effort, the French will no longer be able to reply; but he will also argue that by thus depleting the French accumulation of shell, he is rendering a later French offensive impossible, or at any rate greatly postponing it. This, I believe to be a second motive inclining him to continue his effort.

There is in all this business of Verdun a certain rather subtle point well worth noting. It is the effect of time upon the operations.

I do not refer to the effect time has upon the losses of men, for it is evident that the mere prolongation of an offensive is no guarantee of excessive loss upon the attacking side. You may lose in one type of offensive as many men in a day as you would lose in three weeks of deliberately restricted effort. True, the German action in front of Verdun is not at all of this latter kind. It is not a series of slight attacks carefully limited to a few losses: It is a case of intermittent attacks never separated by more than forty-eight hours, delivered in extraordinary numbers for the front concerned, and each exceedingly expensive.

The factor of time, therefore, has indeed had in these Verdun attacks a very powerful effect in increasing their cost.

The Effect of Time.

But it is not to this effect which I would draw attention but to the absolute effect of time in such work as this.

The enemy in attacking the Verdun salient desired, if possible, to break the French front and to pour through.

Though he should fail in this he yet might well succeed in cutting off some very considerable body of his opponents. And, as the object of all war is to disarm your opponent in a greater measure than yourself, such a success, though partial, would have been of great value.

A third object, as we all know, was the impression of neutral and civilian opinion by the use of the name "Verdun." Verdun, according to this legend repeated over and over again in the German Press, and in German messages to neutrals, was a great "fortress." Military terminology for centuries past had accustomed men to the idea of a "fortress" which you "besiege" and which at last "capitulates" (that is, surrenders on terms) or is "stormed." In either case the fortress "falls" and an artificial obstacle hitherto barring advance is removed and the advance can proceed.

The military value of the area of Verdun to-day corresponded to such a description about as much as the word "Savoy" as applied to John of Gaunt's Palace applies to the modern conditions of the Strand. There are some things in common, size, a numerous habitation, wealth, etc. In the same way it is true to say that Verdun was a centre of communications because it was a great town, etc. Being the central point of a salient, it had great stores of supplies. It had been a fortress

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

COL. CHURCHILL'S ORATORY.

*'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so
it make noise enough.*

AS YOU LIKE IT, IV., ii., 89.

PORTUGAL DEFIES GERMANY.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

TIMON OF ATHENS, I., ii., 139.

OUR STRATEGY IN FRANCE.

*'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his
soldiers,
Doing himself offence.*

JULIUS CÆSAR, IV., iii., 197-199.

because the land round it lent itself to fortification; therefore it would be strong even when such fortification became no more than field works. For, of course, Verdun as a "fortress" no longer exists. It was no more than a particular part of the 500 miles of French line characterised by great local strength, a considerable accumulation of supply, and the junction of communications, as also by the fact that it was the nucleus of a prominent salient.

Well, consider all these points and see how the lapse of time affects them, quite apart from its effect upon German losses.

For the breaking of a front, rapidity, the concentrated value of your blow, is everything. The Dunajetz was a proof of this, and the partial success of the Allied offensive in September. The Allied offensive in September did not break the German front, but it smashed up the first line (which was held in full strength), and all the effective work was done in a few hours after the close of the bombardment.

The German attack upon Verdun has, through the effect of time, utterly lost this character. I am trying to break through my enemy's wall with a battering-ram. I give a violent blow, open a breach in it, but find a second wall behind. Against this second wall the impetus of my battering ram is such that it gives that second wall a bad dent, but cannot break it. My battering ram is of such a nature that in the act of achieving its first success, and of striking against the second wall, in every impact, it loses a certain large percentage not only of its momentum, but of its actual stuff.

That is a metaphor fairly describing what happened in the Allied offensive in September so far as a mere blow was concerned. In the supreme factor of numerical effect, of course, it was far more. For the wall and battering ram are both made out of armed men, and the bricks thrown down were far more numerous than the material lost to the ram.

But now, suppose that in attempting to break down my wall in his turn the enemy believes me to have built it upon his own plan of two main curtains standing one close behind the other, whereas, as a fact, it consists of four or five much thinner curtains standing one behind the other and at last, behind all these, the main wall. My enemy delivers his blow, but finds that he has to deliver it four successive times, wasting his instrument heavily each time, and, long before he has reached my main wall, destroying all the effect of rapidity in his blow. That is a fair metaphor for what happened between February 21st and February 26th East of the Meuse, in front of Verdun.

In this point, therefore, the effect of time alone, quite apart from losses, is apparent, and the fact that the battle has gone on for now close upon three weeks, is a fact heavily in favour of the defence.

Now for the second point: The desire, if one could not break a front, at least to cut off large bodies of one's opponents.

The essential of such a plan is surprise, and surprise again can only be stated in terms of rapidity. The essence of surprise is to catch your enemy before he has had *time* to understand what you were at or, if he has already done that, before he has had *time* to take full dispositions against it.

I believe that the big attack up the ravine against the position of Douaumont was something in the nature of a surprise, and had it succeeded it is conceivable or even probable that the main body of the defence lying between Douaumont and the Meuse would have been wholly or partly cut off. Failing, as it did, to do more than reach the edge of the plateau, this prime factor of time in an effort of surprise, rapidly diminished. It was already almost worthless when the French counter offensive was launched within three hours. It had disappeared within three days. The passage of ten more days has dissipated it altogether.

But it is upon the third point, the moral or political effect at which the enemy aimed, that this effect of time is most noticeable.

What may properly be called the "Legend of Verdun"—the theory of a great "fortress," imperilled and about to "fall"—was pretty strong on February 10th, when the first shots of the bombardment began. It was clearly apparent in the Press of neutral countries, and to some extent our own during the next few days,

though it waned rapidly under the vigorous efforts of those writers who were concerned to emphasise the military truth for the public. It was shamelessly persisted in throughout the German Press, until it became ludicrous. Even as late as last Tuesday, March 7th, German correspondents specially sent to the Front, were talking of the "great French fortress" and "last fortress of the Allies." But long before that date the legend, even in remote neutral countries, and even with the least robust of Allied civilians, was dead. There is perhaps no one left to-day outside Germany who accepts that legend, and not many in Germany. It is to the honour, by the way, of the principal students of the war in that country that they did not lend themselves to the official absurdity—but that is by the way. The point is that the moral and political effect which would certainly have been produced in the last days of February had German soldiers reached the ruins of the suburbs of Verdun beyond the river, even at losses threefold their opponents, can now never be achieved. Should the area of Verdun be occupied after a month's effort and an enemy loss of 300,000 men, even the least instructed opinion has had *time* to estimate that result in comparative losses, which are everything, and not in area, which is nothing. H. BELLOC.

Owing to pressure on our space Mr. Belloc's analysis of the Austro-Hungarian losses is deferred until next week.

THE LATE MR. JANE.

Mr. Fred T. Jane, who died quite suddenly last week, had every student of naval affairs throughout the world his debtor. His annual "Fighting Ships" has long since been indispensable to all whose interest in Navies was more than superficial. Its compilation from year to year gave Mr. Jane a knowledge of constructional and statistical detail altogether unique. But he was much more than a naval statistician. He was an omnivorous reader, and as his published books show, had a wide and curious knowledge of ancient as well as of modern sea practice.

For many years Mr. Jane had lived near Portsmouth, and few men can have had a wider acquaintance amongst naval officers. His enthusiasm for the Navy was unbounded, and it had been his habit to put his pen and his speech at the service of every movement either for strengthening the fleet or bettering the fortunes of its *personnel*. His death leaves a gap no one can fill; he will be mourned by more than those who could claim the privilege of his friendship. And they were many.

Mr. Frederic Coleman, the author of *From Mons to Ypres with French* (Sampson Low and Co., 6s. net) has seen certainly as much, and probably more, of the actual fighting of the British Army as any civilian, having been on duty with his car with the cavalry headquarters staff for the whole of the period of which his book tells. The record that he gives is "live" throughout; there are hosts of good stories of the indomitable spirit of the men on the great retreat, in the battle of the Marne, and in the later days leading up to the great fighting about Ypres. Altogether, this is one of the most interesting books on the war that has yet been published.

There is no evidence in the pages of *The Tropics*, by C. R. Enock (Grant Richards, 16s. net), to show that the author has visited all the lands that he describes; more especially when dealing with India and the East, the greater part of the work is such as might have been derived from guide-books and geographical manuals—but his book is not to be passed over for that cause, for most people have neither the time nor the inclination to amass such a quantity of literature as would be necessary for all the information contained in this single volume.

The Peruvian tableland, Chile, and the Andean plateau generally, receive the most detailed and intimate attention of any localities, as if here the author were on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar. For the rest, the reader may find descriptions of climate, geographical peculiarities, racial characteristics, commercial enterprise and travel facilities, in all the tropical regions of the globe. For this object, evidently the book has been compiled, and the object is well achieved.

THE REVOLUTION AT WHITEHALL.

By Arthur Pollen.

MR. BALFOUR'S reply to his predecessor was something more than a delightful addition to our limited literature of irony. And it has achieved something more than assuring Mr. Churchill the immortality of preservation in the amber of his opponent's wit. It is not Mr. Balfour's artistry that is to our purpose to-day, but the light his disclosures throw on the changes in naval administration. The significance of these seems, on the whole, to have been very well understood, so that the impression is general that while we have assisted at the execution of the man who tried to shake our confidence in the Navy, we have also attended the public obsequies of the effort—call it intrigue or agitation or whatever you please—for replacing the present Board by Lord Fisher and his friends.

But to some people, Lord Fisher's long ascendancy still makes it appear as if, when we deny ourselves his services in the highest posts, we are committing a kind of naval *felo de se*. This conviction is passionately held and eloquently expressed by a few journals—and amongst them the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Observer*, who are not deceived by his being invited, with Sir Arthur Wilson and Mr. Hugh O'Byrne, to assist at the War Council; and to them the refusal to put Lord Fisher into "absolute command" of something is a simple tragedy. As there are some in private life who share these views, and have not yet realised the real moral of Mr. Balfour's castigation of his predecessor, it is worth explaining what the First Lord's revelations really reveal.

Professional Control.

It is briefly thus:—Until May last the chief command of the Navy had, for years, been entirely autocratic, and chiefly civilian. It is now as nearly self-governed as such a service can be, and its guidance is wholly professional. We have learnt that our Argus-eyed Fleet sees more than the "far sight and foresight and second sight" of even our greatest stay-at-homes, and that an administration whose chief concern is to focus the war knowledge of the Fleet and turn it to account, is not only a vastly superior instrument of command to any autocracy, but is the only instrument that can handle so complex a weapon as the British Navy in the unanticipated and startling conditions of its first war for a hundred years. So true is this, that a root fact of the situation is, exactly as Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux put it. The Navy is perfectly content with the existing régime and any effort to return to the old one would spread consternation throughout the Fleet. To many it may seem a hard saying that a system which was going in full blast—tearing, hustling, pushing and driving—about nine months ago, should already be seen to be obsolete and dead beyond any possibility of revival. But Mr. Balfour lifted sufficient of the veil to make it not only credible, but to those who understand it, inevitable.

Mr. Churchill left him with no alternative but to break the brutal truth to us that at the outbreak of war, we had not a single submarine-proof harbour on the East coast. Reflect for a minute what this means. In the eleven and a half years which have elapsed since Lord Fisher came to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord, two altogether revolutionary changes have been made in naval war. Until 1904 the 12-inch guns of our battleships were weapons that no one would have thought of using beyond the range of 4,000 yards. The identical guns have been used in this war at 11,000, 12,000 and 13,000 yards. The advance in range owes nothing to improvements in the gun. It has been brought about by improvements in sights, in rangefinders, and in the organisation called fire control. Again in 1904 the submarine, or submersible torpedo-carrying boat, had indeed been proved to be a practical instrument for war, but was still in its infancy. By 1907, when Captain Murray Sucker wrote his well-known work on the subject, it had become obvious that the tactics of battle, no less than the defence of fleets, stood to be completely changed by its actual and probable developments.

Now every new engine of war—and as a long range

weapon the modern gun is such—creates a double problem. There is the art of using it in attack; there is the art of countering it when it is in the enemy's hands. With every new development then, the Navy has to learn a new offensive and a new defensive. In the matter of guns, there is but one defensive that can be perfectly successful. It is to develop a method of using them so rapid so insistent and so accurate that the enemy's guns will be out of action before they can be employed against us. Failing this there is a secondary defensive, viz., to protect ships by armour. Finally you may keep out of range of the enemy's guns by turning or running away. The adoption of armour calls for no perfection either of tactical organisation or technical practice. It is a matter which can be left to the metallurgists, engineers and constructors. The purely naval policy then should have been to develop the use of guns either offensively, which as we have seen will be the best defence, or to enjoin the tactic that will avoid risks inseparable from coming under the enemy's fire. To the country that was completing nearly two battleships to any other country's one, that aspired to command the sea, that hoped to be able to blow any enemy fleet out of the water if it got the chance, it would seem obvious that there could be only one gunnery policy; to wit, push the offensive to the highest possible extent. This would not have been to deny that there might be occasions on which defensive tactics would be justified. But they would be the exception and not the rule. It certainly would not be the manœuvre round which the halo of official approbation would have been particularly shed.

Again, the distinguishing feature of submarines is their capacity to approach the strongest of vessels unseen and then to strike with the most deadly of all weapons. As they gained in speed and radius of action, it became obvious that wherever a fleet might be—whether at sea or in harbour—it must be exposed to this insidious and—if successful—deadly form of attack, *unless it were protected by effective passive defences while in harbour, and by numerous mobile guards when at sea*. The basic supposition of British naval policy has been to maintain a fleet sufficiently powerful to drive all enemy's craft within his harbours and defences. The proposition has only to be stated for it to be clear that the Navy could not have expected, except in rare circumstances, to have any targets for its submarines, whereas it was as certain as any future thing could be, that every British ship would be a constant target for the enemy's submarines. British policy in regard to submarine war should then have been mainly, if indeed not wholly, defensive.

Thus, if there was one form of *offensive* imperatively imposed on us, it was that of naval artillery; and if there was one form of *defensive* not less imperatively incumbent, it was the provision of adequate protection against submarines.

Reversed Tactics.

It is now of course common knowledge that it was exactly in these two particulars that Admiralty policy from 1904 to 1914 was either discontinuous, vacillating and self-contradictory, or simply non-existent. So far as it cultivated anything, it was a defensive tactic for the gun; and offensive tactics for the submarine! On the latter point let the non-provision of a safe anchorage on the North-East coast stand for the whole. If you pick up a Navy List for any month in any year prior to August, 1914, you will look in vain for any department of Whitehall, any establishment at a principal port, any appointment of flag officer or captain, to prove that there was at any time an individual or a committee charged with the vital problem of protecting the British Fleet against enemy submarines when war broke out. The necessity had indeed been realised. It had been urged on the Board of the Admiralty. But no action was taken.

This of course was bad enough. The case of gunnery was worse, for if you compare the Navy List of August, 1914, with that of the corresponding month of the year

that Mr. Churchill took office, you will find that it was to his administration that we owe the abolition of the only officer and department in the Navy competent to advise or direct methods of gunnery adequate for war. From 1908 to 1913 the Inspectorship of Target Practice had been effective in giving shape, and to some extent 'a voice to the alarm, anxiety and indignation of the Navy at the manner in which gunnery administration boxed the compass of conflicting policies. With the suppression of the office there came administrative peace—and technical chaos. How complete that chaos was is shown by our inability to escape from the hampering traditions of the defensive theory on which the Dreadnought policy was built. The theory was that ships should be armed with guns that outranged the enemy, and fitted with engines that out-ran him. Then all risk of coming under his fire could be avoided. The effect can be seen in the actions we have fought.

The Falklands Action.

At the Falkland Islands there was a classic example of defensive gunnery tactics. It was one of those quite exceptional cases in which they were quite rightly employed. There was a clear six hours of daylight after the enemy had been brought within fighting range; the strength of the attacking squadron was overwhelming; there was no safe harbour to which the enemy could run; the British Admiral was many thousands of miles from a port where he could refit if his ships were injured; and his ships represented about 6 per cent. of our total force in capital vessels. If then he could destroy the enemy without risking any injury to his ships, he was clearly bound to do so. The battle began about 1 o'clock, the *Scharnhorst* sank at a quarter past four, and the *Gneisenau* about two hours afterwards. For three hours and a quarter then each of the German ships was under fire from one battle cruiser, for two hours a single German ship was under fire from both. If we assume, first, that twenty-five 12-inch shells would suffice to destroy such cruisers as the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, and secondly, that at no time did our battle cruisers have more than six guns in action, it follows that the rate of hitting would be *one hit per gun every 75 minutes*.

The mean range was about 12,000 yards.

Ranging Problems.

In the second attack on the *Koenigsberg* in the Rufigi river, the two six-inch guns of *Severn* destroyed the *Koenigsberg* in about 15 minutes after finding the correct elevation. The range here was just under 11,000 yards. If we assume that these guns could destroy the *Koenigsberg* with 25 hits, we have a rate of hitting of *one hit per gun every 72 seconds*. At 12,000 yards a *Scharnhorst* is a far larger target than a *Koenigsberg* at 11,000, and in flatness of trajectory a 12-inch gun at the greater range has a vast advantage over a 6-inch gun at the lesser. What is it that accounts for the gunnery efficiency at the Falkland Islands being *one sixtieth* of that at the Rufigi? The *Severn* was firing for all intents and purposes from a stationary and motionless ship and at a stationary target. *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were travelling from 22 to 25 knots, were constantly under helm, and were engaging fast and manœuvring targets. In gunlaying the difficulties in the latter case may have been slightly greater. But the sea was calm. It was then the unsolved difficulties created by the movements of the firing ship and target that explain the difference in the standard of efficiency achieved.

But unless these difficulties were solved, how was it ever hoped that a method of fire control adequate for battle could be evolved? Was it supposed that we could *always* engage on defensive terms, that we should *always* have time, *always* opponents of inferior speed and armament to fight? Should not the elimination of movement from the gunnery problem have been the be-all and end-all of gunnery policy, if its essentially offensive character had been understood? The intensity of hitting at the Falkland Islands was 98.4 per cent. inferior to that at the Rufigi. If ten per cent. of the errors had been eliminated, the efficiency would have been increased by six hundred per cent.!

Now, throughout the years 1904 to 1914, there were many distinguished sailors serving as Lords of the Admiralty at Whitehall. Until the end of 1910 there was

virtually a naval autocracy. There was certainly no *purely* civil autocracy until Mr. Churchill took over a year later. How are we to explain blindness so astonishing as this in two such crucial matters—the omission of a defensive for the submarine, and of an offensive for the gun? The answer seems to me to lie in this. While it was not until Mr. Churchill came to the Admiralty that technical decisions were habitually made by a First Lord on his own responsibility, there had, ever since power was transferred from the Board as a whole to its chief, been a complete civilian ascendancy in naval administration. From the moment the actual executive power passed from a body of seamen appointed by the Prime Minister into the hands of a civilian head of a department, naval policy had to be reduced to such provision, such measures, such preparation for war, as he would realise to be essential. Lay judgment thus became the criterion of all naval action, and this in turn resulted in only those naval officers attaining influence and power at Whitehall whose habit of mind and character appealed to the layman. I think it is this that explains how it is that Lord Fisher's reputation is so much greater amongst politicians, journalists and landmen than it is amongst sailors. His reforms and changes were exactly the things that appealed to untechnical minds. Everybody was impressed by ships that were larger, costlier and carried more powerful guns than previous ships. But it never occurred to any of these lay enthusiasts to ask how they were to be used! The critics of the Fisher régime never made any headway, because they had either to appeal for right doctrine to naval history, with which neither the public press nor the politicians were very well acquainted, or to such matters as the technique of weapons, which no one outside the Navy understood at all.

Enemy Shortcomings.

It is a fortunate circumstance that apparently no other Admiralty was in the least degree in advance of ours in the understanding of war, and it is to this that we must attribute a state of things, to this extent satisfactory, that whatever the defects in our preparations, in both material or methods, the shortcomings of our enemy seem in point of fact to have been greater yet.

We have now been at war for twenty months, and no doubt a hundred weaknesses in our arrangements have been set right, and so far as the others can be remedied, the régime which Mr. Balfour has set-up is the best guarantee we can have that all that is still possible will be done. He has at any rate created machinery both for finding out what the fleet knows and wishes, and for carrying it out where it is feasible. And it is the great advantage of the Churchill incursion that the attack on this régime, which if not ideal, is at least the best we can get, will now cease.

Mr. Balfour, having established a sane system, can of course strengthen it, when and as it becomes desirable and convenient to make an interchange between Whitehall and the fleet. One new appointment of great importance has recently been made. Admiral de Chair has been taken from the conduct to the direction of the blockade. To those who know more of the fleet than of the Foreign Office, there is something humorous in so brilliant an officer being anybody's assistant. It is a great thing, however, that a man fresh from the practical problem should bring a war-trained brain to the Government's assistance in this vital matter. It would, of course, be easy to suggest other transferences from the fleet to Whitehall that would strengthen the Board and other departments there to a very notable degree. But it is to be remembered that Mr. Balfour has to choose between strengthening his Board and weakening the command at sea. No change that has yet been suggested would give him a better chief adviser than he has, and his chief adviser, in turn, cannot be better served by any change in the headship of the War staff. And compared with these two, no other offices are of very crucial moment.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Aids to the use of Maps (Jarrold and Sons, 1s. net) is a very useful little handbook giving details of English, French, and German military maps, in a way that will be found explicit and eminently serviceable by junior officers and n.c.o.'s. engaged in topographical-work. The comparative tables of terms are especially to be commended, as is the chapter on conventional signs.

AN AMBASSADOR OF EMPIRE.

By Neoimperialist.

IT is well, as notable occasion serves, to turn from studies to living facts, to note how fast the war is doing the work of those who, here and in the Dominions, have laboured for the creation of an effectively organised Greater Britain which shall be a Commonwealth founded on free brotherhood, rather than an Empire based on tragically futile ideas of dominion.

Progress was slow, studies and researches were judged, and, even to those engaged in them seemed to be, largely academic. But now transparently clear implications of the state of war have flooded all our world with a new vision. In normal times people alter their conceptions slowly. They continue to use terms of which the significance has evaporated, and this prevents conversion to necessary reforms or even the serious discussion of them. In some such way as this on the eve of war many still spoke of colonies and possessions with a half-friendly contempt or an air of futile pride. The war has shown them as nations banded in a free and glorious alliance for a conception of liberty and a theory of government on which their national and their personal lives have been built. In truth the grandiose German plan was inevitably wrecked when Botha and Smuts, Borden and Laurier, Fisher and Hughes, Massey and Ward declared for England and for Belgium in the names of the peoples that they represented.

Never was there such a glorious testimony in epitome (out of enemy mouths) to the British as against the Prussian Imperial idea as was involved in that pathetically eager question addressed to a Canadian prisoner of war by his German captors: "What did the English say to Canada to make her fight for them?"

Unique Significance.

Within the last week has happened an event rightly hailed by the Press as of unique significance. The Premier of Australia, after formal conference with the Premiers of New Zealand and Canada, attends a meeting of the Cabinet in London. It is for the peoples of these islands to ponder and to understand the full measure of that significance. He comes more definitely than has ever been apparent in any former visit of a Dominion representative, as an ambassador of three of the five free nations to the central executive; as a stranger indeed, and by concession rather than by the right which should be his, but still welcomed, trusted and accredited in a quite new sense.

An Ambassador carries more than his credentials; or, rather, a salient part of those credentials is his capacity, his temper, his discretion. Mr. Hughes is believed by his fellow countrymen to possess vigour and initiative, a forceful personality; indeed, the high quality of leadership. An old and loyal member of Mr. Fisher's government, he is judged to have a wider outlook than his former chief. Mr. Fisher was primarily a Labour statesman, not indeed of so narrow a complexion as we are accustomed to note in our leaders of Labour at home who, it is to be said, fight against so much heavier odds, but still necessarily preoccupied with the task of carrying what seemed to him vital social and economic reforms in the teeth of a still powerful opposition. Of that high quality of an ambassador, tact, the best testimony in Mr. Hughes' favour is his happy expression, to which Mr. Bonar Law gave charming tribute, of the splendid forbearance of Australia and New Zealand in regard to the Gallipoli failure, forbearance hardly less magnificent than the courage of the Anzac battalions, and withal a rare phenomenon in political life and of most happy augury.

This ambassador of Empire, then, sees further than the mere immediate questions of military co-operation, of the organisation of the supplies of wheat and of metals, which he has ostensibly come to discuss. He sees with a clear eye the vision of Imperial unity; but, a member of a powerful Labour government, he sees it from a new angle. He sees as a wide-eyed man cannot fail to see the outstanding fact that the Empire is no mere contrivance of tariffs and agreements, no mere vast family business so to speak, but a bulwark of liberties won by our race

through centuries of persistent contest against arbitrary power and privilege, a barrier against the old, bad conceptions of the imposing of tyrannical will which are now revived in the later Prussianism.

Chamberlain and Rhodes.

You may say that he completes the visions of our Chamberlain and our Rhodes, or makes explicit the deductions implicit in their imaginative Imperial philosophy. It is surely impossible that the more perceptive and liberal-minded of our Labour leaders can fail to be deeply impressed by this Labour Minister, whose zeal springs from no suspected source, to put it in hostile terms, of capitalist megalomania or expansionist jingoism.

It is almost impossible that even our detached philosophers of pacificism should be able to escape the conviction that a Minister of such traditions is emphatically not a militarist. The military virtues of the Australians all the world knows, but the thought of militarism in their connection would be a rich joke to those who know their habits and their temper.

And then there are those honest men of Radical mould, whose preoccupations have been too exclusively with domestic troubles and the real disabilities and grievances of the unfortunate, and who, after the dangerous fashion of the idealist, believed what they wished to believe, that the great war would never come and was a mere phantasm of the alarmist sabre-rattlers this side the North Sea. These fundamentally honest and admirable folk have been rightly shocked into a consideration of those external issues of the stable settlement on which, as they now find, their domestic problems are ultimately based. They have seen their world in ruins, their careful retrenchments dissipated in the waste of a day's battle, their reforms jeopardised for a generation. They will surely listen to such a messenger and take their new conception of the Imperial Task from such untainted lips. They will surely learn that peace is not merely to be had by rationalising—though rationalism may be the slow ultimate way to the great end.

The New Imperialism.

Mr. Bonar Law, in the recent gathering in the House of Commons to welcome Mr. Hughes, phrased the high hope of the new imperialism in terms intelligible enough to those who read between the cautious lines of our publicists' utterances on this matter:

"There is one thing I hope and believe we may gain from the war and that is that as the war has shown the whole Empire is one in spirit and in action, so some means may be found for making it one in structure for all the time that is to come" . . . adding the hope that both here and in the Dominions statesmen will realise "that the war has made a great difference, that it has made everything plastic, that things which were impossible before are perhaps easy now, and above all that it may be found that perhaps a big step is not more difficult to take than a small one."

One in structure . . . the big step not more difficult to take than the small one—that is the pith of the utterance. In the big step many prejudices will have to be sacrificed, many vague phrases re-examined, many conflicting interests adjusted. The supreme passion for liberty, the supreme necessity of adequate defence, these will prevail to carry the Great Settlement, to build the Five Nations into one indissoluble sovereign state. The details are a matter of laborious enquiry and conference, but the essence of the case is made. The Australian Premier has taken but another significant step along the appointed path. He is a discreet and a knowledgeable ambassador and he should speak with a conviction, such as no imperialist of the popular school can command, to those isolationists among us to whom the word "Empire" has been synonymous with a challenging aggression, and the splendid thing neither studied nor believed in.

Let them listen to Mr. Hughes and the while turn over in their minds the salient question: What did the English say to the nations to make them fight for her?

FREEBOOTERS OF THE BALKANS.

By Jan Gordon.

[Mr. Jan Gordon, the writer of this article, acted as engineer to Dr. Berry's Serbian Mission from the Royal Free Hospital. He was in the Balkans for six months and more, and travelled widely both in Serbia and Montenegro, taking part in the great retreat. He and his wife, who was also attached to the Mission, have just published, through Messrs. Smith Elder and Co., an account of their wanderings entitled "The Luck of Thirteen," illustrated by themselves, both of them being artists.]

IN modern armies we have now discarded the freebooter, but in the Balkan States they have not yet learned that the undisciplined auxiliary is of little use in the warfare of to-day, and here the Comitaji have a recognised military position. Perhaps in a way one is wrong in suggesting that we have completely discarded, for the Comitaji is after all only a bold spy, a spy who would use force rather than cunning, who employs a bomb instead of gold. Even in peace time in the Balkans they fringe the frontiers like a nimbus round the moon foretelling future storms. For them is no middle course between death or honour, as a rule they never are made prisoners, and I have personal recollections of three such Spartans.

Georgevitch.

When I knew him Georgevitch was military storekeeper to Vrnjatchka Banja. No position could have become him better, he was an ideal storekeeper—and, was also gerant of the hydropathic hotel which we later turned into a hospital. He was young, plump, and genial. On ordinary days clothed in Serbian uniform, he was, save for his stature, unnoticeable. But on Sunday, arrayed in his show clothes and sallying out to attract the fancies of the ladies, who were health resorting, Georgevitch was a sight for "nuts" to weep at. To see him, his plump figure encased in a very tight fitting black tail coat with braided edges, brilliant waistcoat, violently striped trousers, patent leather boots with cloth tops, little patterns worked in between the leather and the cloth, was to see what the modern Serb can do when he tries. His hat, a bowler with a generous brim, was always a size too small and perched at the angle which he thought the most attractive. At any rate Georgevitch was never deserted, but let us hope that the rumour of his courage attracted more than his personal appearance. One snowy Sunday some girls maliciously snowballed him when he was dressed in his best clothes. He gave a howl of elephantine laughter, stooped—to the grave danger of his coat—picked up in his enormous hands a lump of snow and with it laid one of his aggressors flat.

One morning Georgevitch presented himself at our hospital and demanded to see a patient. The two talked violently for a while, and when Georgevitch came away a tear was glistening at the corner of his eye. He said to me: "That man was my comrade. A great big man he was, and now look at him, all skin, and bones inside—nothing else. We were Comitaj together. Ya!" The tear had disappeared and his eye gleamed with another flare. "Herr Gott, that is a life" he cried, "two loaves of bread per man and then—Forwards, always Forwards." "Imagine," he clutched my arm, "a dark night; you go silently, silently through the trees, and there before you is an enemy outpost. You pull out your bombs, see!" He swung round to his hip pocket and shewed me a smallish square cast iron box at one end of which was a brass cap. He unscrewed the cap, and pointed to a pin which projected from the case. "You see that pin, well you hit it—count one, two, three, four, and at five, throw it. Ah then. Boum! Boum! Boum!" he waved his hands wildly. "They fly, we run after them, always throwing. Boum! Boum! That is ine? Eh?"

"We take no prisoners," he went on, "they take no prisoners, and from two hundred of us only twenty-three remain—a fine man that one. Ya."

But his comrade was not, in hospital, the wonderful hero that Georgevitch had pictured him; perhaps the

power of bearing pain requires qualities other than battle-field bravery. At any rate my wife had nicknamed him the "Big child" to the great joy of his comrades, because he would howl with agony before the doctor had approached his bed. He himself adopted the name and would pathetically say to her, "Big Child hasn't got any cigarettes, Sister."

Georgevitch had a beautiful horse and an English-made saddle of which he was inordinately proud. One day he was appointed captain of cavalry, and a few days later rode away. How many maidens wept for his going?

Another Comitaj.

My second Comitaj is nameless. After two nights in a train I stumbled out at a wayside station seeking strong Turkish coffee with which is banish sleep from my unsatisfied eyelids. An inn lay over the way and although it was 5 a.m. I opened the door and entered, but staggered back gasping for breath. The floor of the big dining hall was heaped with bundles of rags. At first sight it was the moonlight flitting of a rag and bone merchant, then when one saw the faces there, and here arms and legs, it was more like an Armenian massacre. It smelt like a massacre too, a massacre several days gone, for the windows had been tight shut all night and there must have been fifty soldiers sleeping there. I ordered a table in the fresh morning air without, and presently as I was sipping my coffee he came out to me. He was gorgeously drunk, and evidently had been so all night. Around his coat he had a thick leather belt containing six bombs, on either hip was a revolver, also sword, dagger and bayonet, and a rifle was on his back; he seemed to a military sense akin to what those old fashioned mountebanks who used to carry and to play simultaneously drum and triangle, concertina, bells, pan-pipes and cymbals are to the musical.

We had little intercourse, for alcohol had erected a barrier between us, and I need my Serbian spoken slow and distinct. Still there he is, a picture of the apotheosis of warfare and by now he must have been satisfied. In opposition to these I place the pertrait of Nikolo Pavlovitch.

Nikolo Pavlovitch.

For five days he was our cicerone, appointed by Marko Petrovitch, governor of Ipek and brother to the King of Montenegro. Pavlovitch was a large spare man with black hair and moustache, keen generous looking eyes, and the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen. His large frame was clothed in a French fireman's uniform—the French sent all their old uniforms to Montenegro—and though it was several sizes too small for him it could not hide his native dignity. He spoke American. He explained us the Comitaj as a kind of vigilance committee instituted in order to keep down the excesses of the Turkish rulers of the Serbian populace. In Macedonia especially there were Serbian, Bulgarian, and Greek Comitaji, and to the joy of the Turk they occasionally would fall foul of each other.

"Ah! dis ere place," he said once, "ad de Turks for bosses an dey did jess wat dey like. We kip 'em in order, you bet. Say one Turk feller he carry off Christian gals inter is areem; we shoot 'im up—or one fine night, Mister Jim, 'e dissappear. So!" he flicked a finger across his throat, "dey know where a goone to, and dat kip em feared. Say! judge 'e make too much graft. We fix 'im too sure! We judge 'n jury 'n excuerta all in one, dat make 'm leave our gals alone. I'm tellin yer!"

There were educated men amongst the Comitaj, in fact the greater proportion, Nikolo Pavlovitch told us. He was remarkably intelligent and tho' born a peasant had educated himself and read English better than he spoke it. His favourite author was Jules Verne, and "Round the World in Eighty Days" he judged a masterpiece, and "Jane Eyre" came second. Twice he had been caught by the Turks; the first time, although they had shot him in fifteen places, yet he escaped, was hidden by some Serbian women and was cured. He explained that in Macedonia a Comitaj could have anything he desired and

without payment. The second time he was overpowered and beaten by twelve men with fencing stakes. They thought he was dying, but nevertheless sent him into Furkey on a bullock cart. The agony of that journey can better be imagined than described. They put him into hospital and, he said, treated him very kindly till he was better, when they flung him into a filthy prison. His friends had discovered where he was and sent him money, or he would have starved to death. He described how the dungeon was like night, because the only windows were blocked by the poorer prisoners who stood there all day long holding out arms through the bars to beg alms from the passers by. He was rescued by his friends, who bribed the Governor and a gaoler, and he was allowed to escape. But his health was undermined by his sufferings, and for six months he lay a cripple in Montenegro. He cured himself. In the summer he crawled down to Cattaro, and on the sweltering shores of the Adriatic he built a primitive sweat bath. In a fortnight, he said, he was better, and in two months was able to get about.

When he was quite cured he emigrated to America, where in a few years he saved £800. He returned to his country, but was so oppressed by the misery about him that in a few months all his money had been given away and he went back to America to get more.

He was a rabid prospector, and when he learned that I had been a mining engineer, he wanted me to join him, after the war, and make a thorough tour of the mountains

in search of mineral. He was in Canada when the war started and had organised the large Serbian contingent which had left that colony to aid Montenegro. He had strict notions and was disgusted because the Serbian girls in Ipek would not discard Turkish costume.

"I sez to 'em Mister Jim,—Tisnt decent. Dats wat I sez. Dese ere gals goin 'bout in trousers an coverin' up der faces same as if dey was Turks. But dey tells me ter mind me business. Trousers is more comfortable, they sez; an I say, tisn't comfort you orter be thinkin' bout, but nations. But dey afraid. Dey say Turk 'e come back an what then?"

We took him one day to visit the Archbishop of Ipek. Somehow there was no introduction, and the dignitary seemed a little huffed that we should have brought a common soldier to see him. At last he turned condescendingly to Pavolvitch and demanded his name. The Archbishop's expression changed at once.

"What," he said, rising from his chair, "You are Nikolo Pavlovitch." He shook him warmly by the hand. "So I have met you at last."

When we left Ipek, Nikolo Pavlovitch, who suffered at times from bad facial neuralgia, asked us to send him some camphorated oil, also an old sweater if we had one. The things were sent and I expect he got the oil, but I doubt if a woollen sweater could travel from one end of Serbia to the other in safety. Serbs are so susceptible to cold.

WHY PEACE IS IMPOSSIBLE.

By L. March Phillipps.

ALL wars imply the existence of an inward antagonism, an antagonism of will, idea, ambition, preceding and leading up to the outward antagonism of act. But it has hitherto been the case that these inward antagonisms, the real sources of wars, have rarely been vital or permanently important to mankind in general.

Mostly they have been antagonisms of kings and ministers, and have embodied State jealousies and ambitions more or less irrelevant to the national welfare. Hence when a certain amount of blood had been spilt and the available ready money spent there was nothing to prevent a peace being patched up. The peace might not mean a reconciliation of the interests involved, but those interests being usually trivial it mattered not whether they were reconciled or not. The national life grew past them, grew over them; the march of humanity left them far behind; and the historian, who by and by reviewed those events, might imagine himself wandering amid the ashes of extinct volcanoes.

But what if the inward antagonism does not pass, what if it is not only profound and irreconcilable, but permanent? In that case obviously there is not much use in discussing peace, for however much we discussed it we could not realise it. Even if we arranged terms and signed treaties and sheathed our swords, we should not have made peace so long as the inward discord remained operative. We might cover over the fire but the flame would burn within.

Evolution of Prussianism.

What is it we are dealing with? I would wish the reader to fix his attention on the orderly, progressive evolution of Prussianism in its own home and stronghold, from a rough unconscious law of life dictated by harsh circumstances and grim necessity, down to its final appearance as a reasoned theory of government and religious or ethical system; and especially I would have him note how all this later political and religious development was made to match the primitive law of life, and but expresses in finer intellectual or spiritual language the impulses which guided that life's daily conduct. Just as we see of England that her gospel of liberty was of slow growth, and was built on fact and experiment, so that her creation of a free empire has seemed unconscious, as though it were fashioned by convenience rather than in accordance with any preconceived idea; so too the autocratic instinct in Prussia may be said to

have grown gradually out of life's experience and to have been for centuries a matter of common usage ere it was raised to the dignity of a philosophy and a faith.

It would almost seem that the land of Prussia had been created for the express cultivation of the stern spirit which came to reside there. Desolate and savage, its mountainous plains trending gradually to the grey waters of the Baltic with which the currents of its rivers, the Vistula, the Oder, the Spree, were often undistinguishably blent in vast expanses of marsh and reed, its heathy or grassy tracts interspersed with forests of fir and pine, wolf and bear haunted, it offered truly a rude prize for valour to the Slavs, Wends, Danes and Germans by whom it was contested. Not till the Thirteenth Century was Christianity introduced by the summary methods of the crusading orders, the Teutonic Knights and Knights of the Sword, missionaries whose religious zeal was imperfectly distinguished from lust of conquest.

Heterogeneous Elements.

Out of these heterogeneous elements mingled in fierce confusion there formed by degrees an aristocracy, not distinguished indeed by any of the refinement or grace of bearing which we associate with the word, but remarkable for the implacable resolution with which it imposed its will upon subject classes and peoples. The invaders were not only the feudal lords but the military conquerors of the country. As rocks jut up out of stormy waters so were they surrounded by hostile and doubtful clans eager to submerge them. Their position could be maintained and extended but by the exercise of unflinching vigilance and resolution. Self-preservation meant for every noble in the land the successful maintenance of the family dignity and authority against all attack, and the keeping his own foothold amid the shifting elements of that fierce society by which he was surrounded. By this endeavour the nobles were drawn and welded into a solid body inspired by the tyrannic principle in all its nakedness and power.

If the reader will reflect on the nature of the environment in which the evolution of Junkerdom took place, he will scarcely wonder that it should have given to the world the most stubbornly autocratic society known to history. There are dyes so potent that a single drop will stain a reservoir. There are strains of blood so ineradicable that the least tincture imprints itself on generation after generation. In the same way so concentrated was the quality of the Prussian autocratic

instinct, nurtured by centuries of assiduous practice and use, that it has been able to diffuse itself like an essence without losing its own identity.

It is to that process of diffusion that I would ask a momentary attention. Every practical rule of life or governing system, if it is to prosper in the world, must achieve some sort of an intellectual and spiritual expression of itself. Until it does this it has no real existence apart from the circumstances which called it forth, and cannot hope to commend itself to dwellers outside those circumstances. One of the most remarkable things that has occurred in Europe during the last three-quarters of a century has been the investiture of the primitive Prussian rule of life with its appropriate body of arguments, reasons, and even aspirations. What was a mere blind instinct, born of necessity and the grim facts of life, has found its intellectual and spiritual self and has become in consequence a proselytising influence.

Teuton State Philosophy.

To attempt here a description of the State-philosophy of Prussia as finally formulated would take us far beyond our limits; but if we approach the subject from the point of view of the practice and usage of the Prussian nation, if we try and imagine the philosophy as fitting the life, and the chief characteristics in the life as developing into the main tenets in the philosophy, we may be able to disentangle the essential traits of Prussianism.

"To be weak is miserable"; the lesson of Prussian life is summed up in that short phrase of Milton's: The quality on which the very existence of the invaders depended was their capacity to dominate, to keep and hold down by the strong hand the insurgent and refractory elements of society. If we were to figure the Norman knights of England, not absorbed into the population and reconciled to English ideals, but fiercely trampling down the conquered Saxons into perpetual serfdom; if we can imagine a league of grey keeps and castles, not falling to decay, but continuing to exercise from century to century their subjugating influence, we should have a true idea of the processes by which the autocratic spirit in Prussia has perpetuated itself.

The reader cannot fail to have observed the extraordinary sameness which prevails among all the Prussian portraits belonging to the dim picture gallery of past history. All surviving records, ballads and legends deal in one type. Down to the present it never varies. The heroes of the war of liberation, Gneisenau, Arndt, Pichte, Scharnhorst, the leaders of sixty-six and seventy, Roon, Bismarck, Moltke, Manteuffel, down to the Hindenburgs and Mackensens of the present, all seem to incarnate, rough hewn and strong as they are, the same ideal of physical dominance, physical might, the might of the bludgeon. There is no more eloquent testimony than this prevalent type to the influence of that long grim feudal history biting slowly into Prussian character. Let the reader weigh well the lessons of that history—that weakness is the final misery, that might and power and valour and the virile virtues that overcome and dominate are the primary conditions of life—and having weighed these let him turn to the State doctrine, as carefully and repeatedly defined during the last fifty years by a succession of Prussian historians; and ask himself whether its leading axiom—that "The State is Power"—is any other than a translation into words of what has been the unconscious rule of Prussian life for centuries?

The Sense of Power.

For generations in every typical Prussian household the seed has been germinating which has borne this fruit. The State is the collective consciousness, or bond of unity of the whole, and this bond of unity, says the Prussian doctrine, consists in the sense of power. Power is the highest good. Power is that which transcends all moral law. As I read the familiar phrases my thought trends back over the bleak tracts of Prussian history and I confess that the modern doctrine is but the slowly inculcated lesson of ancient experience.

But we may go one step further. Professor Cramb, whom I like to quote because of his appreciation of what is positive in Prussian ideas, has some fine pages on the Spartan discipline and self sacrifice which the gospel of

might imposes. But he rises to a still loftier eloquence when he goes on to describe the spiritual faith which is to be the counterpart of that theory. Ever since Germany's fatal mistake in adopting, fourteen centuries ago, the religion of a conquered race, she has "struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a god that was not her god, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not her heaven." And now at last has come the great revolt, the revolt of "the most earnest and passionate minds of young Germany" against the thralldom of Christianity. And instead of Christianity what will they set up? "The prevalent bent of mind," comes the answer, "at the universities, in the army amongst the more cultured is towards what may be described as the religion of Valour."

With that final definition the Prussian ideal reaches its symmetrical expression. I desire here only to call attention to its logical completeness and harmony. Every practical theory must discover, as I said, its intellectual and spiritual self. The tyrannic instinct, raw and primitive in Prussian history, finds its intellectual self in the conception of the State as power, and its spiritual self in a religion of valour. Thereupon it is complete. It stands forth in organic unity, each manifestation of its nature in agreement, a complete philosophy of life.

Our Philosophy of Life.

And what about our philosophy of life? What have we to set against the Prussian ideal? It had been my intention to develop this theme also; to place our answer to life's problem alongside the Prussian answer that the extent of the contrast might be realised. But I have already exceeded my space, nor perhaps is this further analysis strictly necessary. We can work it out for ourselves. What does our past show? Not the dominion of an all powerful class, but the co-operation of all classes in the act of government. And springing out of this difference of root comes the equivalent difference of the idea of the State, not as the embodiment of power but the embodiment of liberty. Further, just as the Prussian religion of valour is, as it were, the moral guarantee of physical might and tyranny; so with us the religion which establishes the independence and ultimate supremacy of the individual spirit is the first guarantee of the principle of Liberty.

Whoever looks at the matter thus in the light of history, will realise the depths of the antagonism on which the present war is based. The roots of that antagonism are buried in the past, and embrace the life, political, intellectual, spiritual, of nations. Five hundred years ago the seeds of this war were being sown, and yet there exists a type of politician among us who glibly and confidently talk about "making peace," as though that were a simple matter easily within our power. If they would consider the difference of which the war is but the external expression they would perhaps alter that opinion. How can we make peace? We might conceivably by hook or crook stop the actual fighting. But would that mean making peace; would that mean really stopping the war? Not a bit of it.

The war, whatever we may do, and whether we wish it or not, will go on. It will go on, openly or under disguises, until the tremendous question whether the future of Europe is to be developed on a basis of tyranny or on a basis of liberty, is finally answered.

The Italian Ambassador will open on Saturday an exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists of the work of the Italian Society of Etchers and Engravers in aid of the Italian Red Cross.

Lady Perley, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada gave a reception for the Victoria League at Prince's Restaurant last Friday. It was largely attended, especially by Canadian officers, and everything was very well done.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have just published the *Soldiers' English-French Friend*, a useful little manual of French words, phrases, and sentences, with the corresponding English, which will enable any man to make himself understood among French and Belgian troops. The book is sold at 2d., and all profits on sales go to the Red Cross Funds.

INADEQUACY OF OUR BANKS.

By Arthur Kitson.

FOR many years past British manufacturers and merchants have complained of the difficulty of obtaining adequate banking facilities and of the unreasonable objections made by their bankers to affording them the accommodation their businesses required. These complaints have become much more frequent and general since the London Joint Stock Banks invaded the Provinces in such force, and began their policy of absorbing the private country banks—a policy which has proceeded at an accelerating speed of late, until to-day very few of the old private banks remain. Without doubt, this policy has been productive of great injury to the nation and great hardship to hundreds of small producers throughout Great Britain.

These country banks were the mainstay of thousands of industries, and they were conducted on a far more liberal and patriotic scale than the London Joint Stock Banks. The Country Banker knew all his clients personally, and was usually familiar with their family history. He knew whom to trust. He could easily distinguish between the thrifty, industrious, enterprising man and the extravagant, lazy and unprogressive individual. The banker was usually a leader in social affairs in his own town or district, and took a personal pride and interest in assisting in the development of its industries. Whilst he was, perhaps, as keen to make large profits as the London Bankers, his desire was tempered by a sort of civic pride. It was very gratifying to him to feel he was helping his neighbours and fellow townsmen, which ensured him their esteem and gratitude. The demands of borrowers in London or abroad were not likely to induce him to forget those of his own townspeople. In short, he usually had a large amount of local as well as national patriotism.

Sympathy and Mutual Help.

Those who have read Prince Krapotkin's great work, *Mutual Aid*, will remember what an immense factor sympathy, leading to mutual help, has been in the development of animal life. Sympathy has been a similarly valuable factor in the development of industrial and commercial affairs. This factor was present, influencing the conduct of the private banker. With the advent of the soulless Joint Stock Company principle, this factor was utterly destroyed.

The private banker frequently became a shareholder in his town's local enterprises. All this greatly contributed to the upbuilding and development of Britain's industries. I have been told by many of the farmers and country tradesmen, how comparatively easy it was for them to get financial help from their private bankers thirty or forty years ago. With the advent of the London Joint Stock Companies' country branches, all this is now changed. In place of the local banker with his wealth, power, local pride, knowledge and sympathy, we have a manager who is usually a stranger, and who knows little or nothing of the townspeople themselves, who is usually without any social or political standing, and is powerless to grant any considerable banking facilities without the consent of his London Board of Directors. His instructions are to secure all the deposit accounts possible and send as much currency as he can to London. If it were possible for a country manager to acquire country deposits without having to grant loans, the London Banks would regard this as an ideal condition.

Just as in the United States the great bankers of New York and Chicago have always endeavoured to denude the States of cash in order to amass and control it in their own cities, so the London banks have tried to keep the stream of currency always flowing in their direction. When it is considered that this policy of denuding the country districts of money is often for the purpose of enabling the London banks to grant loans to foreigners who are interested in building up industries abroad which successfully compete with our own, the irony of the situation becomes apparent! From the National and Patriotic standpoint what can be more amazing than the knowledge that the savings of the British public are being employed directly to cripple them in their own trade and industries? In a

former article I quoted from a well-known financial writer a statement showing the valuable assistance the London banks have given to the Germans in building up their vast businesses. This policy has been for this country ruinous in the extreme. Although it has probably helped to increase the banks' dividends, it has blasted scores of British industries.

Risk of a Monopoly.

The continual absorption of the smaller banking companies by the large ones, indicates that within a comparatively short space of time the entire banking business of Great Britain will be under the complete control of one board of directors. This is a national danger which should be prevented at all hazards. It would constitute a monopoly as far reaching and as inimical to the public interests, as that which was exposed in the United States by a Congressional Committee a few years ago.

The monopoly of money is the greatest of all monopolies, for it controls all others! It gives its controllers supreme power over production, trade and commerce—nay, over life itself! Under modern conditions money has been made indispensable to everyone. Such a monopoly ought to be permitted to no one company or aggregation of companies. In the United States, its effects have been shown in the corruption of political life, and in the omnipotence it gives to men like the late Pierpont Morgan, who was able to possess himself of almost any branch of industry he desired. The career of almost every one in America was at his mercy. He could make and unmake whom he chose, and woe to the man who opposed him! His power far exceeded that of the President of the United States himself.

If such a monopoly must exist, let it be owned by the nation. Here is a legitimate field for democratic control. For, *even in the hands of the State, a banking monopoly may be a source of infinite harm to the public, unless it is properly and impartially conducted for the interests of all classes alike. Honestly and efficiently conducted, it would prove one of the greatest institutions for the development of trade, for effecting a more equitable condition between capital and labour, for improving social conditions and providing an inexhaustible revenue for the State.*

The policy hitherto pursued by our Joint Stock banks has been to give facilities to the strong and deny it to the weak. Evidently they believe in the saying: "Unto him that hath shall be given, but unto him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The object of this policy is, to lend to those only who are able to repay immediately on demand. Hence the speculator, the Stock Exchange gambler, can get accommodation where the producer would be denied.

The Policy Hitherto.

I have known a manufacturer, who, having sunk his capital in plant, machinery, and tools for producing necessary and useful articles, was unable to proceed for lack of banking accommodation which was refused him on the ground that machinery and tools are not considered banking security. Had this man bought shares and tried his luck as a gambler, he might have secured banking facilities to his heart's content. A system which discriminates against the production of wealth in favour of gambling pure and simple, is neither morally nor economically beneficial to any country.

Let it be admitted at once that this feature is not altogether the fault of the bankers themselves. It is the natural and combined results of the Legal Tender Acts and the Deposit System under which the banks are compelled to agree to pay depositors their claims on demand in legal tender. Consequently it would be courting bankruptcy for the bankers to lock up all the money belonging to their depositors in investments they are unable to quickly realise. Hence, preference is given to short-time loans on gilt-edged security. And this class of loan which—although suitable to speculators

and dealers—is unsuitable to the producing classes. The farmer who needs money to buy his seeds and fertilisers and agricultural machinery, cannot undertake to repay the loan until he has sold his crops. A period of months and even years must sometimes intervene. What use is it to offer him a sum of money if there is the remotest prospect of the loan being called in a few weeks or months later? This would simply mean ruin to him. The banker would have to sell the farm in order to realise the amount of the loan.

A Well-known Financial Game.

This practice is, however, a well-known financial game which is frequently played by unscrupulous money-lenders and even by many who pose as capitalists. How many inventors, manufacturers and merchants have been swindled out of their life's earnings by financial vampires who have advanced money on debentures, mortgages or promissory notes, and then swooped down on their luckless victims at a time when they knew that these were unable to repay the money! Legal Tender Acts may possibly have been intended by their framers to facilitate trade and to ensure equitable dealings between man and man. But they have often been used as instruments of the grossest frauds and the cruellest oppression, enabling the financially strong to rob and terrorise over the financially weak.

The history of finance is strewn with the wreckage of myriads who have been broken by these merciless laws, which prescribe the particular instruments with which debts must be settled, without having made an adequate provision for a sufficient supply of these instruments. The Governments responsible for these Legal Tender Acts, do not appear to have given much consideration to this phase of the subject. Our currency legislators seem to have been haunted with the fear of making money cheap. So they made the conditions for its creation as difficult as possible, and chose as the money-metal one of the rarest and most expensive, leaving the public to the tender mercies of the few privileged persons who happened to control its supply.

For the development of a nation's industries, deposit banking is insufficient. Long-time loans, so essential to those engaged in starting and building up their enterprises, are unsuited to those entrusted with money returnable on call. Further, the rigidity of the system under which legal tender could be created prior to the war, made long-time loans a somewhat dangerous enterprise for the banker. Any increase in the volume of legal tender notes beyond the normal amount, had to be accompanied by a corresponding increase in the gold reserves—often a difficult and always an expensive proceeding.

Germany's More Elastic System.

It is in this particular respect that the German system has proved itself far more elastic and suitable for industrial growth than the English system. Notes issued by the German Reichsbank required only one-third of their nominal value in gold and two thirds in bills, the result being that, as the necessities of trade expanded, the means for supplying those necessities grew with them, since the security for the notes was furnished by the industries in the form of bills of exchange. The increase of the volume of uncovered notes is also permitted on payment to the Imperial Government of 5 per cent. on all such excess amounts. The result is, the German bankers have always had at their command sufficient credit to back German trade and commerce to the fullest extent without running into very great danger. An industry that could earn more than 5 per cent. on any additional capital required could, other things being satisfactory, readily secure financial support.

With a million marks of gold reserves, the German Reichsbank could issue three million of legal tender notes,

and on this the bank could issue twelve million marks of Bank Credit, whereas under our system only one million of legal tender notes could be issued against one million of gold reserves. And with an issue of four million of bank credit the position of our banks would be no safer than the German bank with its issue of twelve millions! For the real basis of credit, in times of crises particularly, is legal tender based on the national credit, and the public is satisfied with paper money provided they know it is legal tender for all debts public and private.

Consider the present position of the small producer who is anxious to develop his business. He has no gilt-edged security to offer his banker, and therefore cannot get the accommodation he requires. His only alternative is the private moneylender or promoter, to whom as security he must deliver up practically his soul. The moneylender points out the great risk he is running and makes his interest charges correspondingly high. After a few months or perhaps years, of struggle, during which the producer has been handicapped by the burdensome interest charges, the lender falls on him and cleans him out of all he possesses. If it be the promoter who helps him, it generally ends the same way—*i.e.*, in the promoter possessing himself of the business.

Now it is this class of producer, one of the most useful in the country, for whom no financial provision has yet been made. Our laws have placed him between the devil and the deep sea! The German Government, quicker and more intelligent in industrial and commercial matters than the British Government (and although autocratic, far more in touch with the wants of the producing classes than ours) has made provision for theirs, and Germany has been reaping a rich harvest almost entirely through such financial provision.

As I said in a previous article, the main cause of the inadequacy of our banking system for commercial and industrial needs, is our stupid Bank Charter Act, which should be repealed. It has placed our banking system in a straight-jacket, and it can only expand in one direction—namely, by increasing the volume of bank credit, without necessarily increasing the base upon which it rests.

[In his next article Mr. Arthur Kitson proposes to point out how this inadequacy of the British Banking System may in his opinion be best remedied.]

The war has produced a fine crop of amateur journalism, both in the trenches and at home. For a witty spirit and irresponsible merriment *With the Wounded* is hard to beat. It is the "official organ of Brondesbury Park Military Hospital" but surely never before has any "official organ" produced livelier tunes. The Editorial in No. 5 is delightful, but not quite so good as the one in No. 4—an interview with a bright girl of 18, who wanted to be a nurse—which was in its way a masterpiece.

The Red Cross Barge, by Mrs. Belloe Lowndes (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d. net) is a simple little story of a French Red Cross nurse who had the ill-fortune to fall into German hands at the time of the enemy advance through France, and also the story of a puzzled South German doctor who tried hard to make German war practices square with the ethics of civilisation. Incidentally, the German doctor fell in love with the French nurse, and—but the rest of the story should be read. The atmosphere of war is well conveyed, and from such a book one may gain an idea of the sufferings imposed on simple country folk by invasion. The plot of this book is extremely simple, but the manner of the telling is fine art.

The difference in the upbringing of two sisters, and the influence of their separate trainings, forms the theme of *Love's Highway* (Cassell and Co., 6s.), the last book from the pen of Mr. Justus Miles Forman, who was one of the victims of the *Lusitania* outrage. That freedom of thought and action, as allowed to the modern girl launched into society, may develop breadth of vision, and clarity of mind is made abundantly clear in the person of Diana, as honest and healthy-minded a girl as could be found, despite her cult of the tango and turkey-trot. Her twin sister, on the other hand, suffered from early Victorian methods of upbringing, and the meeting of the two sisters when fully grown, together with the perplexity and complications arising from a variety of lovers, makes material for as good a story as any that Mr. Forman has written. Vivid characterisation and plenty of incident render this a book to be unreservedly recommended.

In answer to numerous inquiries, the financial writings of Mr. Arthur Kitson include "The Money Problem," (3s. 6d.), on sale at C. W. Daniel, Ltd., Graham Buildings, Tudor Street, London.

"An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer (1911)" on the "Causes of Strikes and Bank Failures." Dent and Sons, London. (6d.)

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, Tillman, a sporting man, about town, fond of yachting and racing, offers to introduce him to a wealthy woolbroker, Curlewis, with a view to financing the scheme. Macquart also makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job, who has done a good deal of yachting in his time. Curlewis turns down the scheme, though Macquart tells his story in a most convincing manner. His silent partner Screed believes in it, and unbeknown to Curlewis, follows the three men, asks them to his house, and agrees to find the ship and the money, on seeing that Macquart's hidden treasure map agrees with an Admiralty chart. The ship is the yawl "Barracuda." Screed, on the morrow, takes the three men over the "Barracuda," with which they are delighted. Coming away Macquart is overtaken by an old friend, one Captain Hull, who hails him as B-y Joe, and accuses him of many mean crimes. Macquart gives Captain Hull the slip, but unbeknown to him Hull gets in touch with Screed, and enlightens him on the real character of Macquart. Just as the "Barracuda" is about to sail Screed takes Hull on board and unexpectedly introduces him to Macquart as a member of the crew. The voyage passed with few adventures. Guided by Macquart the "Barracuda" arrived at New Guinea, passes the coral reefs successfully and anchors in the promised river which was in exact accordance with Macquart's chart.*

CHAPTER XIII (continued).

Although it was so early in the morning, the heat of the sun was beginning to have its effect; the bend of the river had partially cut off the breeze from them, and the river itself, scarcely stirred by the movement of the air, lay mirror bright and blinding between the emerald of the canes and the gloom of the forest.

Four miles or so up from the lagoon they called a halt, and tied the boat to a tree root on the forest bank.

"There's no use killing ourselves," said Hull. "This ain't no boat-race, and I'm crool stiff from sittin' for a month idle in that blessed old bath-tub of a *Barracuda*. Well, Mac, how are the indications goin'?"

"The village should be above the next bend," said Macquart. "It's on the left bank—that's this one, and it's fixed in a clearing among the trees, so that you can't mistake it."

"You seem to have it all laid down in your head," said Hull. "One might swear you'd been here before and taken the indications, and yet you only had them laid down for you by another chap; blest if I'd be able to hold all that in my intellects; but folk varies."

They rested an hour, and then took to the oars again; keeping close to the bank, they cleared the next vague bend of the broad flowing river, and a mile beyond, Macquart, standing up in the boat and shading his eyes, gave an exclamation of surprise.

"That's the spot," said he, "by all indications; but there's a landing-stage—that's something new."

It was the sound of the oars, perhaps, that brought to their view the first human figure sighted by them since leaving Sydney.

A man had come out on the landing-stage and was standing as if watching them, a white man dressed in dingy white drill and wearing a battered old five-dollar panama hat.

Houghton, as they drew close, thought he had never seen a more villainous-looking individual.

CHAPTER XIV.

WIART.

HE was unhealthily stout and of medium height; he wore black side-whiskers of the mutton chop variety, and his fat white face had such a stamp of meanness and debauchery that even Hull, who was not an impressionable individual, felt, to use his own words, "put off."

"Hullo," said the stranger, as they came rubbing up to the rotten piles of the stage. "Where have you come from?"

"Down the river," said Hull, fastening the painter to a stake; "and who might you be?"

"Oh, good Lord!" said the other. "Ask me something else; I've near forgotten my own name. Who might I be?"

Why, I'm the trader here. Rubber getting, that's my business. Wiart's my name.—Got any lush in that boat of yours?"

A faint odour of gin and the manner and speech of the trader told their tale.

"Not a drop," said Hull, scrambling on to the stage whilst the others followed him. "We're a teetotal picnic. That your house?"

On the bank to the right hand of the stage stood a frame-wood house limewashed as to the walls, beyond the house, and in a great clearing amongst the trees, lay a native village deserted except for a few goats and a stray dog or two.

"Yes, that's my house," said Wiart. "Come up and have a drink; that's the village, people are mostly at work—come 'long."

He led them to the front of the house, which was situated away from the river, and then into the main room, a place barely furnished with native mats and cane chairs, and wearing such a look of neglect and sordidness and so littered and dirty that the soul of Houghton turned against it.

An old beer crate, long emptied of its contents and filled with rubbish, stood in one corner. On the table stood a bottle of squareface, a tumbler of thick glass and a water-pitcher; a rifle hung on the wall opposite the door and in another corner lay a pile of old newspapers many months old. There were chairs for all, and they sat down refusing the offer of drink whilst Wiart, taking his seat at the table, poured himself out a stimulant.

Then he rolled cigarettes and smoked them whilst they talked.

Macquart did the questioning for Wiart, after the first few remarks, seemed to have lost all interest in the origin of the new comers, accepting them as though they were old acquaintances.

"There used to be a Dyak village just here," said Macquart.

"There is still," said Wiart, "but the Dyaks have nearly died out. Mostly Papuans now; they do the rubber getting. There's not more than twenty Dyaks left; rum lot they are, won't work; there's an old woman, she's the chief of them, and her daughter, she's a peach, and ten or twelve chaps and their wives and children. Their village lies in the trees there to the left of the Papuan village—they fish mostly and hunt, and they're a holy terror to the other natives—Gosh, yes—they use blow pipes and go about with stabbing spears. And they take heads. You wouldn't believe it, but it's true. The young chaps before they get married go off and make a quarrel with some Papuan village somewhere near, and lay for one of the niggers, and kill him, and take his head. A Dyak girl won't look at a man unless he brings her a head."

"How long has this trading station been here?" asked Macquart.

"O, seven years or so," replied Wiart, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "There was a chap called Johnstone here before me; he was here four years and died of something or another. He was frightfully thick with the Dyaks; they used to talk to him in English; the old woman's daughter isn't a full Dyak either, mixed blood; she can talk a lot of English; I've talked to her, told her not to tie her boat to my steps and she sauced me back; that was after she refused to have any truck with me. D—d montybank of a nigger girl talking back at me like that."

"What's her name?" put in Houghton.

"Chaya, same as the old woman; she's the daughter, and the Lord knows who was her father; but she's a peach, all the same, there's no denying that."

Houghton glanced at Tillman.

"Do you make much money at this here business?" asked Hull.

"A mug's game," replied Wiart. "There's no money in it except maybe for the Company, and they have dozens of posts like this; even then we're done out by the chaps that can use niggers as they ought to be used in the other rubber districts; this is a Dutch company, a lot of — fools!" His head began to droop, and his lower lip to turn down, his cigarette had gone out. Gin had him like a nurse and was lulling him to sleep; he started awake again and begged pardon; lit his cigarette, talked a bit more and then relapsed again, and during that relapse the others filed out softly into the clean air of the natural world.

"He's been drinking hard, that chap," said Hull, "and he'll have the jim-jams if he's not careful. I don't ever want



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas.

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“Chaya, a dream, mysterious as the forest that had suddenly given her birth.”

to smell gin again—Now then, Mac, let's get to business, the boat and the stuff in her will look after themselves. Is this the place, by your indications?"

"It is," said Macquart.

"Then," said Hull, "lead us to the spot where the cache is."

"One moment," said Macquart. "You surely don't want to go there in the broad light of day with someone maybe spotting us."

"Wiert's asleep," replied Hull, "and there's no one to look; what better do you want?"

"I tell you," replied the other, "that wood may be full of eyes; it's plain madness to go straight after landing to a spot that anyone can follow us to."

"Maybe he's right," said Tillman. "The cache won't run away, it's been there long enough."

"Then what do you propose to do?" grumbled Hull.

"Get the tent and stores ashore," said Macquart, "and put up the tent somewhere among the trees; Jacky and one of us can sleep in Wiert's house, and three of us in the tent."

"Not me," said Tillman. "I'm not going to sleep in that gin palace."

"I'd sooner sleep in the boat," said Houghton.

"I'm — if I wouldn't sooner sleep in the river than under the same roof with that graven image of d'lirium trimmings," said Hull; "not me."

"Well, I'll sleep there, I'm not particular," said Macquart. "It's a roof, and anything is better than a tent."

They turned back to the boat.

Tillman, who was leading the way, reached the landing-stage first. He turned and called to the others to hurry up. Then without a word, he pointed to something.

Moored to the stage by the boat lay a fishing canoe. A slim brown canoe with an outrigger. A paddle and a fish spear lay in it, also a spar with a brown sail.

Sign of the owner there was none, and there was something fierce and savage in the form and appearance of this thing that struck the four adventurers like the zip of an arrow in a wood.

"You see," said Macquart, "it's just as well we were careful. That canoe has been following us, unless it has come from the upper river, which is unlikely." He looked into it more attentively, and saw a fish lying on the bottom board and half hidden by the mast and sail. It was a flying fish.

He pointed it out.

"I thought so. It has come up from the sea, and we didn't even glimpse it, though it must have been not far behind us."

"Well, it don't much matter," said Hull. "But it's just as well for us to keep our eyes open. Come along and get the stuff up. Fetch the tent along first and let's prospect for a place to fix it."

They carried the tent to a clearing in the trees to the left of the Papuan village and set it up. Then the rest of the boat's contents, including a spade and small pick-axe, were stored by the tent and covered with the boat's sail. The oars and the baling tin were left in the boat.

"They'll be safe there," said Hull, "unless anyone runs away with the boat, and even if they did, we can always tramp back down river to the yawl."

He ordered Jacky to light a fire and prepare a meal, and whilst this was being done they strolled round the Papuan village.

The huts thatched with sago palm leaves were raised on piles about six feet from the ground; not a soul was visible, with the exception of one old woman, who was engaged in watching some goats. She seemed half idiotic and scarcely turned her head to look at the intruders, and they passed on, Hull leading the way.

As they were turning to go back, from the trees on the right suddenly appeared a form. It was the form of a girl.

She paused in the tree shadows and stood looking at them. She was clad in some light white material, cast loosely and gracefully about her, after the fashion of the Greek *himation*; one brown arm was exposed to the shoulders and a ray of light piercing the leaves above struck the copper bangle fixed above the elbow.

Houghton thought that he had never seen a more lovely picture.

She was lovely, a revelation, a dream, mysterious as the forest that had suddenly given her birth.

For a moment she stood, and then just as a dream, she vanished, the leaves re-took her, and now for the first time they saw that she had not been alone; the glimpse of a half-naked figure shewed through the leaves, the figure of a youth supple and sinuous and graceful as a faun, then it vanished also and nothing shewed but the trees and the still-moving leaves.

"That's the gal," said Hull, "that's the peach the ginman was yarning about; b'gosh, he was right!—she's an a-pricot." He spoke without enthusiasm, though with conviction. His temper had been brittle all the morning, and the feeling that the girl and young man had been spying on them did not improve it.

Houghton said nothing; the fact was being borne in on him that he had seen John Lant's daughter; Chaya, the girl half European, half Dyak, the child that had been born to Lant before he had come to his untimely end.

As they returned to the tent, they did not notice that the old woman who had been tending the goats had risen and was making off among the trees.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY START TO DIG.

WHEN they got back they found that Jacky had laid out some food and was squatting on his heels by the fire he had built close to the tent. He was boiling some water for tea. They drank tea at nearly every meal and they drank it sometimes between meals; it was their main stand-by, and the sight of the preparations for making it restored Hull's good humour.

The Captain fell to on the food, as did Tillman. Houghton touched nothing, waiting for the tea. He had lost interest for the moment in food, in the expedition, in everything under the sun except the vision of the girl that still pursued him. It seemed to him that he had travelled the whole of his journey through life to arrive at this sight and this end. Fate had shown him an absolutely new thing, and in one moment had led him into an absolutely new world.

The beauty of Chaya, as disclosed to Houghton in that moment when her eyes, gazing at the group, had rested on him in turn, was a thing miraculous as though speech had come to the forest or voice to the sky depths above the trees. A whole world in himself of whose existence he had known nothing awoke in troublous life, never to sleep again.

And he had to sit now whilst the Captain, munching bully beef, expounded his ideas as to their future proceedings to Macquart and Tillman.

"I don't care a dump," said the Captain, "whether we're watched or whether we ain't; I'm goin' for that stuff to-night after sundown. Ain't we armed? Mac, you've got to bring us to the stuff to-night; I ain't goin' to be put off wa'tin'—what do you say, Tillman?"

"I'm with you," said Tillman. "We'll go and scratch the cache, and once we're sure the stuff's there, we'll bring the yawl right up; four of us can do that, leaving one behind to guard the boodle."

"Very well," said Macquart. "I'll lead you to the spot to-night."

Macquart had long dropped more than the vaguest pretence of acting in this affair under directions and plans given him by someone else. Had any of them taxed him with the fact that he had once belonged to Lant's crew, and had assisted in the burying of the gold, I doubt if he would have bothered to refute the impeachment. There were no witnesses, fifteen years had passed and Lant was no doubt forgotten, even by the natives.

"The *Terschelling* was sunk in the river close to the cache, you said?" spoke up Tillman, who was engaged now in lighting a pipe.

"Yes," said Macquart, "that's the story."

"They wouldn't have sunk her more than over her decks," went on Tillman. "There wouldn't have been water enough for more than that—some of her bones ought to be lying there still."

"Maybe they are," replied Macquart; "unless the wash of the river has swept them away."

"What a devil that Lant must have been," went on Tillman. "You said he waited till all the crew but one man were in the fo'c'sle and then clapped the hatches on 'em?"

"That's the yarn," said Macquart.

Tillman seemed about to pursue the subject, then he seemed to think better of it.

There was no use in raking up this old business. The question whether this one man, who was not included in the general murder of the crew, had assisted in the murder or not was a question for him to settle with his Maker.

Tillman was certain in his own mind that this man had been Macquart, and he chose to leave it at that.

Towards evening, the Papuan rubber getters returned from work, and almost at the same time Dyak canoes began to arrive from the sea.

The Dyak fishermen, as they passed on to their village, scarcely noticed the new encampment, but the Papuans were more curious. Women and children came to look at the newcomers, and a few men, to whom Tillman presented tobacco.

"It's just as well to keep in with the beggars," said he, "and not one of us can speak their lingo. Did you ever see such a depressed-looking lot of savages—don't seem to have any sense—all slit ears and wrinkles."

"They're like that from screwin' up their faces against the sun," said Hull. "There, they're off; look, Wiart has come out; *ain't* he a sleepin' beauty; he looks as if he'd just woke up after another bout of dilirium trimins."

Wiart had come out on his verandah, close to which the rubber gatherers had placed their baskets. The Papuans, who at the sight of him had drawn off from the new encampment, were now picking up their baskets and following the factor to a godown among the trees, where the rubber would be weighed.

Hull and his companions watched this proceeding, and they noticed how carefully Wiart, at the scales, was attending to his work.

"Look at him," cried Hull. "There you have a trader every time, nearly done in with drink he is, yet he's alive to his bizzness, which is diddling the niggers out of rubber. Them traders take the cake, they do so; you might cut 'em in pieces and all they'd say'd be 'bizzness.' I ain't a particular man, but I'd sooner berth with a — pirate than a trader; they're a fish-blooded lot, sharks in britches, that's what they are."

When the rubber weighing was over and the natives gone back to their village, Wiart approached the tent.

He seemed very much freshened up, and as he took his seat on the ground close to Hull and proceeded to light a cigarette, he began to talk. Earlier in the day he had been so dazed with drink that he had accepted their statement of having come from down river without question. Now he threatened to show more interest in their origin and intentions.

"It's good to see white faces again," said he, licking the gum on the cigarette-paper. "You're not come up here trading, are you?"

"No," said Hull; "we're prospectors,"

"Oh, prospectors—and what, might I ask, are you prospecting for?"

"O, one thin' or nather," replied the Captain. "Metals mostly."

"Well, I don't know there's any metals worth turning up the ground for," said Wiart; "and if there was, you'd find it difficult working any mine; you'd have to import labour, for one thing—where's your ship?"

"She's lyin' off and on," replied Hull, "mostly on. We're a private-owned party, and we haven't come up the river to sell information, but to look after our own bizzness, same as you are looking' after yours."

"O, I don't want to put my nose into your affairs," said Wiart. "You can prospect as much as you want, it's no affair of mine. This isn't my river, but I'll be glad to do what I can for you—where do you propose to sleep?"

It had been suggested by Macquart earlier in the day that he and Jacky should sleep in Wiart's house; but second thoughts had made this impossible.

They required to be free in their movements at night, and if Macquart were to sleep at Wiart's, it would be impossible for him to come and go without the chance of rousing Wiart and making him suspicious.

"Some in the boat and some in the tent," said Hull. "We have mosquito nets enough for both."

"Well, you can put up at my place, if you want to," replied Wiart.

They talked for awhile on various things, and then Wiart went off to supper.

The sun was setting now across the river, and just as his lower limb was cutting the tree tops, Tillman went to the stores that lay under the boat sail and fetched out the pick-axe and the mattock. Then, as the darkness took the river and the stars rushed out, led by Macquart, they set off.

Half a mile or so above the village, the bank projected into the water, forming a promontory some twenty yards from base to apex; the river took a bend here, so that the apex of the promontory formed the apex of the bend, and as they stood they could hear the water gurling and sobbing round it, a mournful sound in the absolute stillness of the night. Stillness, that is to say, of the river and its bank, for the far forest stretching away in bosky billows under the now rising moon, could be heard vibrating to the touch of night, just as a musical glass vibrates to a wet finger. Millions of insects and thousands of night birds were beginning their concert in those haunted groves, where the moon burned green through the tropical foliage and the fathoms of liantasse and convolvulus cables sagged across paths untrodden by man.

Macquart standing and looking around him, seemed at fault.

Tillman was the first to speak.

"Well," said he, "is this the spot?"

"It is the spot right enough," replied Macquart; "but the indications are gone."

"The which is which?" cried Hull. "What are you sayin'?"

"There was a camphor tree there," said Macquart, pointing to the apex of the promontory, "and another there," pointing to the base. "The trees are gone, damn it! Maybe they've been felled, maybe a hurricane knocked them down; anyhow, they are gone; but it doesn't matter, The stuff was buried between them and digging will find it."

The last words took a load off the minds of the adventurers.

"The *cache* was right in the middle, between the two trees," said Macquart, "and we have only to dig in the middle of this bit of the bank to find it."

"Well, we'd better take a measurement, so's to get right in the middle," said Tillman, producing a ball of fishing line from his pocket. "Here, Houghton, lend a hand."

Houghton took one end of the line and took it to the apex of the promontory, whilst Tillman at the base held the other end.

"That would be about the position of the trees?" said he to Macquart.

"There, or thereabouts," replied the other.

Tillman told Houghton to hold firm to his end of the line, then he walked up to him and came back with the doubled line, which gave them the half-distance.

"This is the spot—or ought to be," said he. "Give us the pick."

He drove the pick into the soft earth again and again, breaking up the surface ground; then he began to dig with the mattock. The others stood by, watching.

"What I can't make out," said Hull, "there ain't no tree trunks left. If them trees were cut down or broken by a storm, where's them trunks?"

Macquart laughed.

"A tree trunk in this part of the world doesn't last long," he said. "What between the climate and the insects, a year would see it gone."

Ten minutes later, Tillman stopped work and wiped his forehead; he had cleared away the earth from a space some yards square, leaving a hole about a foot deep. Hull, now, took up the spade and went on with the digging.

Not one word was spoken by any of the party in this, the supreme moment of their lives. All their labours, all their seafaring, all their dreams, all their future centred and balanced on this spit of river bank, on this form digging, literally, for fortune under the light of the great calm, tropical moon.

Macquart, standing with his arms folded, seemed the genius of the scene.

Then Hull flung down the spade, exhausted, and Houghton took it up. After him Macquart.

Three hours of superhuman labour produced an enormous cavity wide and yawning to the moon, but not a sign of what they sought.

Macquart had stated that the *cache* was covered by only three feet of earth. The hole was five feet deep and more, yet it showed nothing.

They sat down on the edge of it.

"Well," said Hull, to Macquart, "what are we to make of this?—where's your *cache*?"

Macquart said nothing for a moment, then he spoke:

"It was here; it *is* here. The trees being gone, I can't get the exact measurements between trunk and trunk; I've figured it out to the best of my ability. All I can say is, that it is here on this spit of shore, and we must go on digging till we find it."

"I can't dig any more to-night," said Tillman. "I'm broke."

"So am I," said Houghton. "It's beastly, but the only thing for us to do is knock off and start again to-morrow night. I'm going to dig the whole of this spit up before I stop." Then turning to Macquart. "Are you sure this *is* the place; maybe you have mistaken; there may be another spit like this *with* the trees growing as you said."

"I tell you, I am sure," replied the other. "The distance from the village is correct. It was here the stuff was buried, and unless it was taken away, it is here still. And it cannot have been taken away. No one knew of it."

"Well," said Hull, rising up, "there's no manner of use talking, we've got to dig, and if the stuff don't turn up, b'gosh, I'll brain you, Mac! I feels that way."

"There's no use in talking like that," said Tillman, gloomily. "Macquart is in the swim along with the rest of us, and if the stuff doesn't turn up, it hits him as well as us."

He picked up the mattock, and Hull taking the pick, they turned from the spit and walked back along the bank.

It was only now that the gold they were hunting for began to cry out to them with a full voice; only now that they began to perceive fully the awful difference between returning to Sydney empty-handed and returning with a fortune.

(To be continued.)

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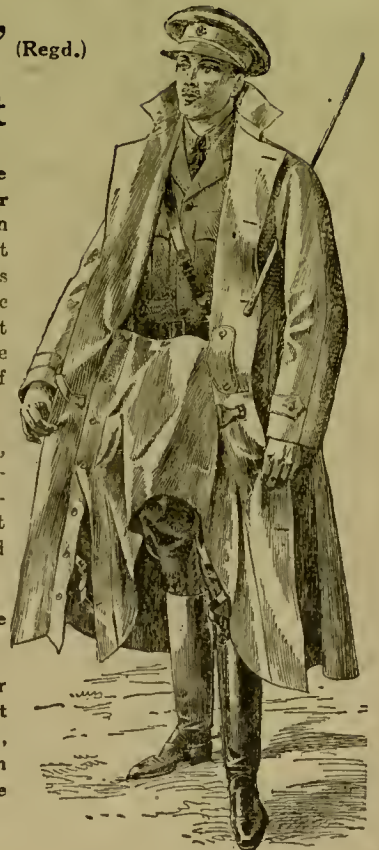
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1916.

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LET US NOT DRIFT

Let us, resolutely putting aside all considerations of party, class and doctrine, without delay proceed to devise a policy for the British Empire, a policy which shall cover every phase of our national, economic, and social life; which shall develop the tremendous resources and yet be compatible with those ideals of liberty and justice for which our ancestors fought and died, and for which the men of our race now, in this, the greatest of all wars, are fighting and dying in a fashion worthy of their breeding. Let us no longer pursue a policy of drift, but set sail upon a definite course as becomes a mighty nation to whom has been entrusted the destiny of one-fourth of the whole human race.

WHEN Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, spoke these words last week, he put into language the thoughts and aspirations of the very great majority of the citizens of the British Empire. It was most fitting that this speech should have been delivered in the mother-city of our race, and that it should have come from the lips of a Labour leader, who is also at the head of the Government of a free Dominion which had it so pleased could well have stood outside and beyond this world-struggle. It must destroy the last illusions of our enemies that the British Empire is merely a loose phrase, and not a living truth, a concrete fact. Mr. Hughes' eloquence burns as brightly as a beacon, warning the people of threatening danger and showing to the foe that at last we are on our guard.

"Let us no longer pursue a policy of drift." In these words one catches the echo of another memorable speech delivered in this metropolis over fifteen years ago. Our present King, then Prince of Wales, had returned from his tour through the Empire, and at the Guildhall on December 5th, 1901, said: "I venture to allude to the impression which seemed generally to prevail among our brethren across the seas, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in Colonial trade against foreign competition." This "Wake up, England" was hailed as a battle-cry, but how did we act upon it? Did it not in truth rather become a lullaby? To repeat the phrase often enough and loud enough was deemed to be sufficient pretext for doing nothing. We were warned to wake up. We did not wake up. We preferred to drift; it

was less trouble. To-day our eyes are opened.

But shall we act more wisely in the future? The whole national tendency for several years before the war was to be content with words, barren words. A beautiful speech was ever applauded to the echo, and never was applause heartier or more sincere than when it advocated either doing nothing or doing something at somebody else's labour and expense. This is the very essence of the policy of drift. Many of us have been voluntarily ruled by power of attorney, delegating our personal responsibilities to others so as to enable us to pass more easeful lives. The mere idea that we ourselves should toil at the oar or set the sails when winds were adverse or bad weather threatened was preposterous. Let the ship drift. We desired nothing better. "There is but one way by which a nation being free can remain so, and that is, that every man shall not only be willing to defend his country, but be able to do so." Five years or two years ago we should have cheered these words of Mr Hughes, but had he proceeded to declare that by the spring of 1916 Britain should have four million men trained to arms, he would have been either howled down, or regarded as demented.

Now he tells us that the economic policy of a nation and its national welfare are inseparable, intimate and complex. "For a time the trade of a nation that treats trade as if it had no connection with national safety may make great strides as did ours, but there comes a day of reckoning to such nations as it has come to us." Nobody will deny the truth underlying these words, but are we prepared to act on this truth, and to set to work at once to disentangle British trade from the tentacles of the Teuton cuttlefish? There is no blinking the difficulties of the task, or the toil, self-sacrifice and unflinching resolution which are demanded if the end is to be achieved. Evidence accumulates that at last, accepting the fifteen years' old advice of the King, we are waking up. But being awake we must act and act quickly and decisively. For some weeks past there have appeared in LAND AND WATER articles from the able pen of Mr. Arthur Kitson dealing with the British banking system, and no champion has yet come forward to disprove his statement that this system is utterly inadequate for the development of the trade and industries of the Empire—as inadequate as was our military system before the war began. To reorganise the system in accordance with the larger need of the Empire will necessarily conflict at many points with private or vested interests. But heroism must not be confined to the battlefield. We have to bring this virtue into our daily avocations, for it will not be possible to carry into effect a policy for the scientific reorganisation of the British Empire and its resources without scrapping many old habits, prejudices and customs.

It is not our intention to dictate to the Government how best to begin this reorganisation. All that we ask for is action, clearly defined action, so that those most nearly concerned may behold how they can best help forward the work which lies nearest their heart, for notwithstanding jeers to the contrary we maintain that merchants, as a class, do not lack in devotion to the highest interests of their country. They laid the foundations of the Empire, why should they shirk to-day? Ruskin once asked when is the due occasion for a merchant to sacrifice his life. The occasion may have arrived.

Having begun this article with a citation from a speech of Mr. Hughes, we cannot do better than end it in the same fashion. The present situation could hardly be more accurately described than in these sentences spoken by him at the City Carlton Club on Tuesday: "If we are to have a change we must begin to prepare for it at once. . . . Now is the hour not only of our trial but of our opportunity which, if we fail to avail ourselves of it, will pass away for ever."

THE MORT HOMME

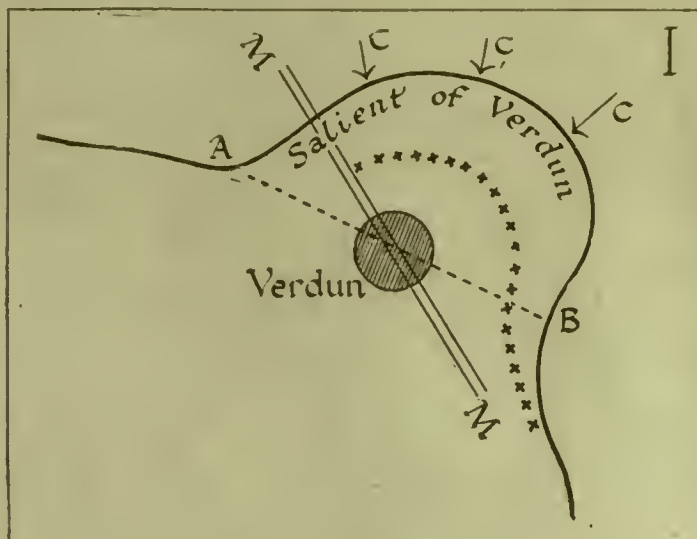
By Hilaire Belloc

THOUGH there has been a slackening in the tremendous fighting for the salient of Verdun during the last week, the enemy's efforts have none the less turned upon an attack which, if we examine it closely, helps us to understand their present aim.

They have tried hard to carry the Mort Homme, their last effort this week near Avocourt on the 20th as much as their efforts of the 14th and 16th on the Béthincourt road has the Mort Homme for its object; and we must try and understand what the advantage of such a success, had they attained it, would have been.

The original plan of the battle is now fairly clear.

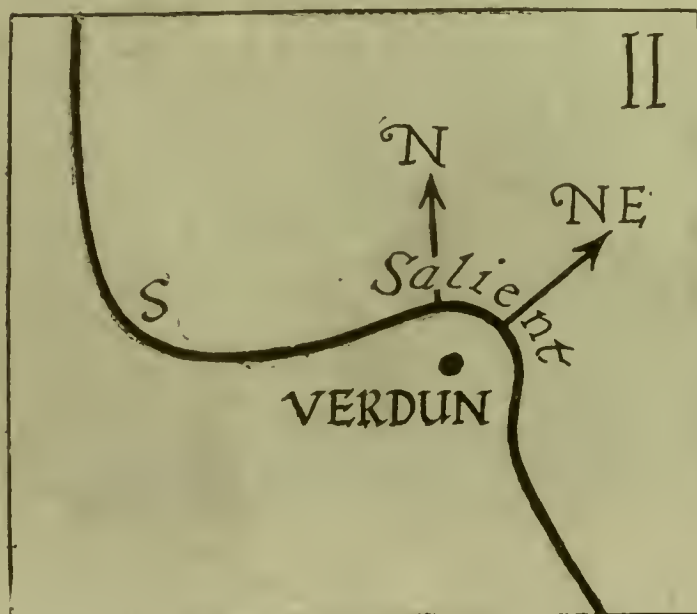
Suppose your enemy to hold what is called a salient—that is a bulge—about 12 miles across like this



and to have in that bulge a great mass of material, a great number of men, both on the line and behind it, and further within it a town which has for centuries been famous as a fortress, and which, up to within 18 months ago, was one of the great modern strongholds—so that its reputation as a fortress is still very strong in the general imagination of Europe, although in reality it now forms a part of the general line and is no longer a special fortress in any true sense.

Such was the situation of Verdun and its salient.

Further, suppose that salient stands at a sort of corner or bend in your general line like this, so



that it is obviously an advanced point menacing you with a forward thrust from it to the north or to the north-east—which would make your general situation all round the big bend at S impossible. That was the menace of the Verdun point to the Germans.

But to go back to Sketch I. Your enemy is holding this big salient at Verdun. You determine to try your luck with him there and see whether you can there break him, possibly getting right through his front and anyhow damaging him so much more seriously than you hurt yourself in the process that you will come out heavily the winner. How in such a situation would you act?

There are two things you might do. You might try and pinch off the neck of the salient. That is what you normally try to do with any large salient, whether you have created it by your own pressure, or whether it has just "happened," or whether it is due to the deliberate forward policy of your opponent. To cut off the neck of such a salient was the object of all the allied forces at Tourecoing in 1793. It was the object of each of the six great failures of the Austro-Germans against the Russians during the big advance last summer. On each occasion they tried to pinch off the neck of the salient, hoping so to capture huge bodies of the Russians within and almost certainly to break the line beyond in the process. The last, and most nearly successful of these attempts was the effort against the great salient of Vilna.

According to this, which I have called the obvious and normal plan, the Germans would have struck as hard as they could at the French upon the points A and B in Sketch I, and particularly at A, because A was better and drier ground and less easily defendable.

But there was another way of going to work, which, as a matter of fact, the Germans chose.

There runs through the town of Verdun itself and across the whole salient an obstacle—the river Meuse. It was an obstacle particularly formidable six weeks to a month ago from the fact that the river had risen and was flowing very rapidly and had further flooded great portions of its valley. Now under such circumstances the enemy might achieve a prodigious result and possibly even get right behind the line if, instead of getting round behind the salient and trying to pinch its neck off, they were simply to hammer as hard as they could at all that part of it which lay exposed beyond the obstacle M M, the river Meuse.

For an army overwhelmed by numbers of men and a superior concentration of artillery will normally retire. But with an obstacle behind it it cannot retire as it would retire upon open country. There will be terrible congestion upon the few roads (perhaps a single road leading to a single permanent bridge across the river), and upon any temporary bridges it may throw for its retirement across the stream. Further, each of these bridges and the few roads leading to them and the gates leading out of the town and the narrow streets of the town (since a road system in time of peace always converges upon and passes through a town) are exact marks which the air service can discover and which can be shelled at fixed ranges by the heavy guns of the attack. A blow delivered with fair rapidity, even if it occupy several days in its full development, might well give you as a prize nearly all the troops lying beyond the river with nearly all their material and guns, and even so disorganise all that lay on the far side of the stream as to give you a chance of breaking through altogether.

That was undoubtedly the plan which the Germans had made. For they did not strike at the neck of the salient by A and B (in Sketch I.) in those first days of the action which they intended to be decisive. They struck all round it at C. C. C. and did, as a fact, get the line back to about the line of crosses on diagram I.

But they did not go anywhere near to pushing it back on to the river. Therefore, their plan completely failed. And when this first chapter of the story was over they had lost a very much larger number of men than they had caused the French to lose.

This first assault, regarded as one action covering about a week (the bombardment opened on the 19th of February, the first infantry attack was on the 21st, and the most violent blow of all, that which got on the

plateau of Douaumont, was on the 26th) was strategically a very bad defeat indeed, if we count defeats and victories merely in terms of receding from or approaching towards strategic success.

It was only after this original plan had failed that what I have called the obvious and normal method, the method that would have been the only one attempted if that obstacle of the Meuse had not existed—was resorted to by the Germans. Their main action in all the second phase of the battle was hammering at the two wings—that is, at the neck of the salient: Vaux at B and the district west of the Meuse at A.

Now of this ground west of the Meuse the decisive line is the Charny ridge, as we saw last week and the week before. But to get even to the approaches of the Charny ridge you have to carry the Goose Crest from five to eight thousand yards in front of it, and the key of the Goose Crest is obviously that culminating western point of it which is called the Mort Homme. Such a point could be carried either by direct assault or by getting round it and rendering it untenable. The first method has again been tried this week, and the second is at the bottom of the occasional attacks to the west, one of which on a small scale was delivered as late as last Monday, the 20th of March, in the wood near Avocourt. True, this last if really pushed home might carry height 304 which dominates the Mort Homme. But in its first development it has had little or no effect. It has emphasised a slight local salient between Béthincourt and Avocourt and it has got behind the easy slope leading up to hill 304. But it has only gone a very little way so far (Tuesday) to turning the Mort Homme position. With the German claim to prisoners I deal later.

It is therefore with the main attack upon the Mort Homme, a frontal attack delivered directly against its slopes a week before, upon the Tuesday and the Friday of last week, the 14th and 16th March, that we are particularly concerned. For these were the biggest bids for the Mort Homme that the enemy has made since he began his efforts upon the west of the Meuse.

Before we look into that effort in detail, let us remember what the Germans, profiting by the lessons of the past, both upon their side and upon ours, have determined to be the true way of mastering a modern defensive position. They do not propose to carry such positions by one initial blow. They have found, as we have, that the first line can be rendered untenable at a certain loss of men, but that to proceed immediately against the second line behind it is almost certainly to fail. They have designed, therefore, to proceed by steps. The first line is overwhelmed with a vigorous bombardment, attacked and occupied with, as it is hoped, not too much

loss. An interval of two or three days then passes during which the second line behind is exactly noted, the guns brought up for a new bombardment, further munitions brought forward and probably fresh troops as well. All this done, the second line is attacked—and so forth, until the main position is in their hands.

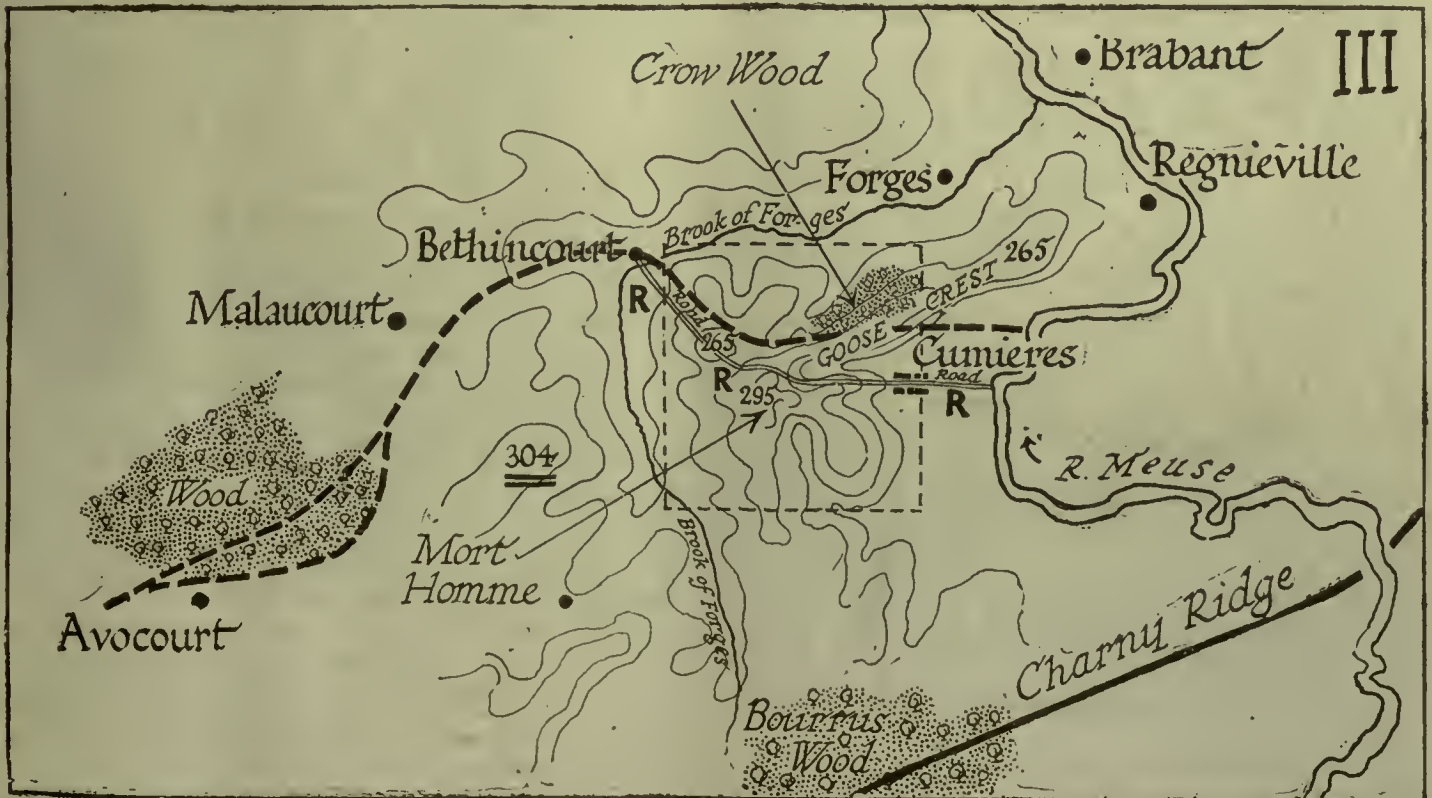
It is obvious that the value of this method and its comparative success or failure must be measured in terms of expense. If you get the first line with an expenditure of munitions and of men and your second with a further expenditure of munitions and of men—and so forth—such that the final result has not cost you more than the effect in loss it will *ultimately* produce upon the enemy, then you have succeeded. But if, because you have under-estimated the power of the defensive, because your bombardments have not overwhelmed it as much as you thought they would, or because your infantry did not come on as vigorously as you had hoped they would, your expense in men and in material altogether exceeded your calculations, then, even if you ultimately get the position, you will have paid too high a price for it, and you will be in a worse case after the mere occupation of the territory than you were before you began the attempt.

To put an extreme case.

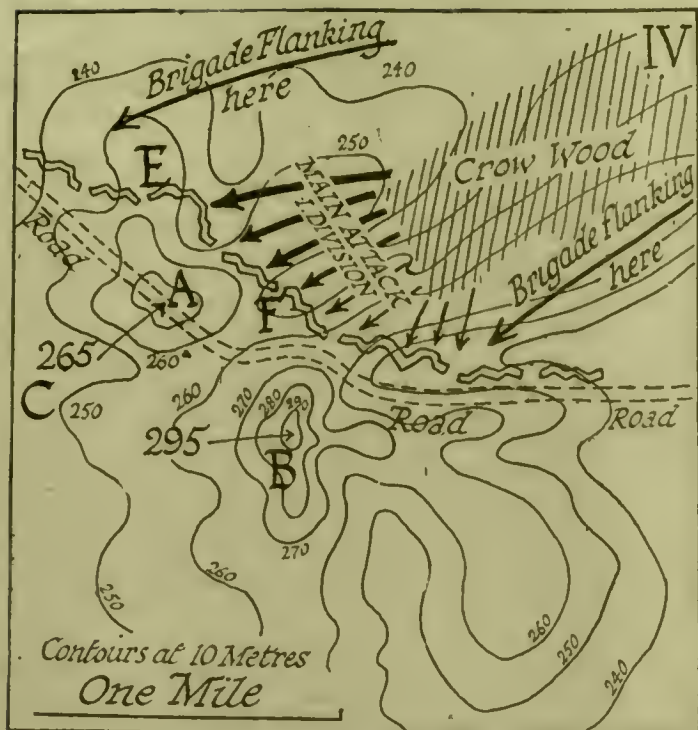
Supposing such a position as the Goose Crest, the mere preliminary to an advance along the west of the Meuse, was only carried after you had thrown away all the men whom you thought it worth while to throw away for the capture of the Charny ridge itself beyond. It is obvious that you would have failed. You would then be in the position of a man who found that the mere journey to a place where he intended to invest his capital had actually cost him all his capital; an unfruitful venture. The object of the defensive, then, against such tactics as these, is to make the enemy lose as much as possible, even in the first preliminaries of the advance. We do not yet know, for the effort is not yet over, whether the Germans will reach the main ridge at all. We do not know whether they will even carry the Goose Crest as a whole, but we do know that the intervals over which they act are getting longer and longer, and that instead of proceeding by successive sharp and decisive steps, they have in the case of the Mort Homme, which is the key of the Goose Crest, gone back and forth without even a local decision for now much more than a fortnight. Their last effort is an example of the measure of their failure.

I will now turn to the detail of this. That detail can only be understood with the aid of such a sketch map as Sketch IV, showing the enlargement of the ground which upon Sketch III, is enclosed in a little oblong frame.

Sketch IV shows the contours of the ground in front of, and to the north and east of, the Mort Homme, over



Sketch showing position of the Mort Homme and Salient of Bethincourt



Details of Mort Homme Position

which the enemy has been operating. It is a fortnight ago since he finally got hold of the Crows' Wood, which runs up the slope and reaches in most places near to the ridge of, and in some places over the Goose Crest, and it was in the cover of that wood, such as it is, that the efforts we are about to follow were made.

We note north-west, north and north-east of the summit of the Mort Homme, a country road passing over the hills, which is that leading from the region of Bethincourt to the village of Cumieres, and this road we marked on Sketch III with the letters R R R. The French trench system at the moment when the attacks began, exactly a week ago, on March 14th (these lines are written on the Tuesday afternoon, March 21st) ran roughly parallel to and in front of this road. We must further particularly note on Sketch IV the subsidiary height at A, which is called height 265. It is a slight rise upon the shoulder of the Mort Homme. When you look from the back of the Mort Homme northwards and eastwards, in such a direction as the arrow on Sketch IV, you see this hump on the shoulder of the Mort Homme itself peeping up to the left. It is called Hill 265 from its height in metres above the sea. The summit proper (at B) of the Mort Homme, which is 1,200 yards south-east of it, is called hill 295, being 295 metres above the sea, and therefore, roughly, 100 English feet above A.

For the Germans to attack and carry the point A and hold it solidly would be a step of importance in their plan against the Mort Homme for two reasons. In the first place it would make a gap in the French trench line, and secondly, it would begin to turn the positions of the Mort Homme. From A eastwards towards C the ground falls away towards the valley of the brook which bounds these heights upon the west, and is therefore open to a further advance.

The Germans, therefore, have tried and perhaps are still trying, to carry A rather than to carry the more difficult, higher and steeper approaches at B. They are also trying to get round by Avocourt to the height 304, which commands the Mort Homme from the east.

It was upon Tuesday, March 14th, that the Germans, who had just completed their second and final occupation of the Crows' Wood, brought up reinforcements and left that cover to carry, if they could, this height 265, A, to the north-west of the Mort Homme.

As you come out of the western extremity of the Crows' Wood you see hill 265 upon your right, standing out somewhat in front of the summit of the Mort Homme like a flattish lump on a shelf: about 100 ft. lower than that summit, as I have said, and rather more than half a mile from it.

The Germans, after a violent artillery preparation of some thirty-six hours, struck up as far as the French trenches in successive waves, the total numbers of which were equivalent to about a division, aiming all along the

French line in front of the road, but particularly heavily towards their own right and hill 265, at A.

Their concentration, which had taken place during the Tuesday night and early morning, had not been well concealed, and was caught more than once by the French artillery. But the forces which attacked that Tuesday afternoon were sufficiently strong to reach the trenches just mentioned.

The enemy for almost the first time in these Verdun attacks, attempted a reasonably open order with the men at intervals of about two metres, and the main attack was flanked to the right and to the left with the strength of about a brigade upon either side. It is estimated that the total numbers moving up the slopes from near B ethincourt on the extreme German right to the men upon the height of the Goose Crest to the extreme German left, were some 25,000. With what covering of troops the French met this attack we are, of course, not told.

The two flanking brigades were badly punished, but the main attack, as I have said, consisting of five successive waves of men, following each other at about 100 yards interval, succeeded in setting foot in the French trench at two separate points, each of them upon the slope of this shelf called "265," and presumably at about E and F. The two points thus rushed were salients in the line, and their combined length was about 160 yards. When darkness fell upon the Tuesday night the Germans remained in possession of these points, and were presumably consolidating the ground between them and the Crow Wood.

Upon the Wednesday, the day following, the details of this attack having been communicated to Berlin, the publicity bureau in that capital described the event as "the capture of the Mort Homme." The description was, of course, quite false, and constitutes the second novel procedure of this kind, the first being the reported capture of the fort of Vaux.

German "Errors"

I suggested last week the probable errors which had given rise to the false communiqu e about the fort of Vaux, but I am not sure after this last piece of false news that this suggestion does not require revision. The conditions of the attack of last Tuesday were quite different from the attack on Vaux. The thing took place in broad daylight, and the German assault progressed only quite a little way and did not come within half a mile of the point falsely claimed. Moreover, the Mort Homme is a position with which thousands of the enemy's students of the war in private life are now thoroughly well acquainted, and it has been minutely described in the German Press. There is no possibility of confusing it with another point, as there was the possibility of confusing the fort of Vaux properly so called with the two Hardaumont redoubts just north of Vaux village. The Mort Homme is an isolated, dominating summit, separate from everything around it, and lending itself to no confusion at all. It looks therefore as though the false communiqu e were, in this case at least, deliberate, and as though the enemy had some particular political reason for giving out what he believed would be soon accomplished as something already accomplished.

At any rate, after another pause of two days and another bombardment, he made, on Thursday, the 16th, a very serious effort to turn this false communiqu e into the truth. In the interval the French had all but cleared the two small salients which the Germans had occupied, and by the Thursday morning only a few yards were left in the hands of the enemy.

During the Wednesday night, and all the Thursday morning the very violent bombardment of the whole slope made it probable that the enemy were going to attack again; and a little after three o'clock on the afternoon that day, Thursday the 16th, the second great attack was delivered in force at least as strong as that which had failed forty-eight hours before.

Why these efforts are made in broad daylight and late in the day only those on the spot can determine. At any rate this second attack—which was an exact repetition of that of the Tuesday, five waves of men charging at much the same distances as before—filled the space between the wood and the French main trench.

This second effort completely failed. It was caught by a very violent curtain fire from the French field guns and there seem to have been constituted between the

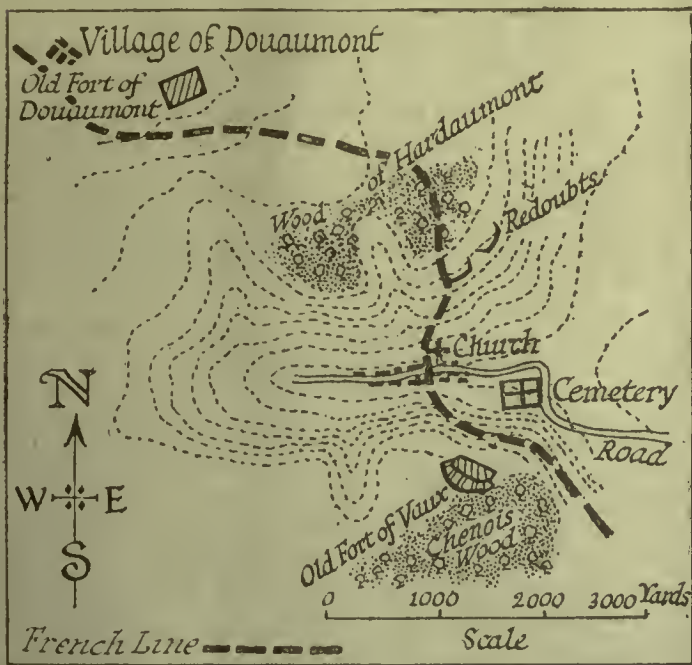
Tuesday and the Thursday advanced machine-gun-posts by the French. For at least one of the German lines as it charged was enfiladed.

The great mass of the attack broke, the whistles sounded, and a retirement was ordered back again into the wood, suffering heavily as it ran. On Friday, St. Patrick's day, there was nothing but an artillery duel. No further German infantry upon the Mort Homme being attempted.

Up to the Friday night, then, the sum total of the German effort was as follows. The Mort Homme position, which is the object of the whole business, and the loss of which would mean the loss of a French first covering line, was intact and securely held. The space between the Crows' Wood and the French main trench lying across the shoulder-hummock called "265" was a no man's land. But the enemy retained two very small advance points in two separate sections projecting from the French main trench just under hill "265" These by this time, it is to be presumed, are not isolated, but communicate with the main German body by one or two communication trenches.

After nightfall of that same Thursday last, March 16th, the Germans directed yet another attack against the extreme opposite wing of the defence twelve miles off at Vaux. It was launched at about 8 o'clock in the evening, and consisted in five separate movements.

Two of these movements were successive assaults to carry the ruins of the village of Vaux beyond the church. Both were completely broken up. It will be remembered that the Germans reached the church and the ruins of the three or four houses east of it ten days ago. Their attempt to carry the rest of the ruins is made with the object of following up the ravine and taking both the Douaumont and the Vaux heights in reverse. Long before midnight the fighting in the ravine was over without a gain of a yard of ground to the enemy.



Meanwhile during that same darkness three separate assaults were being made upon the heights south of the village with the object of reaching the crest on which the abandoned fort of Vaux stands. The two first of these were broken up altogether under the searchlights and the star shells. A third attack did not even develop fully. The concentration was made apparently in the turn of the road just east of the cemetery at Vaux, which is here sunk below the level of the fields and forms a sort of natural trench or hollow way. The forces gathered there were discovered just as they began to debouch and were broken up, mainly by French field gun fire.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday found another lull. But the Saturday afternoon and Sunday the general bombardment grew more intense towards Avocourt, well west of the Mort Homme, and on Monday, the 20th, the Germans—in what numbers or at what expense we do not yet know—seized the fringe of the Avocourt wood, till then in French hands. As I have already pointed out, this advance of their's slightly emphasised the Béthincourt—Avocourt salient and brought them a trifle nearer to the

back of hill 304, and so to an ultimate turning of the Mort Homme by the west. But the whole meaning of the move is only to be estimated in comparative loss of men, and of that we know nothing yet. There the attack stands at the last advices.

The New German Tone

There is not only a new tone in the falsehoods of the German communiqués, but there is also a new tone observable in those rare independent comments upon the war to be discovered in the German Press. That Press, as a whole, has been contemptible in its military comment from first to last; largely because the most of it is not German at all but owned and run by cosmopolitan financiers—the worst example is the *Cologne Gazette*.* But amongst the exceptions to this nonsense we have continually noted the sober learning and often accurate prediction of the military critic of the Berlin daily journal, the *Tageblatt*. This paper is also financial and cosmopolitan in ownership and direction, but that has not prevented its using the services of a very capable man.

Now it is significant that this student of the war for the first time, I think, in twenty months, has lashed out like any nervous or sensational hack. He tells the military students of the Allies that they are stuffed pigs (a fair translation of the French slang "bouché.") He swears that nothing was further from the intentions of the German commanders than a political effect, he insists that the whole object of the great offensive against Verdun sector was not the occupation of certain areas, but the defeat of, the breaking of, the French army, and he ends by prophesying success in that venture.

Now to prophecy success on the western front as though one knew the future is excusable, though laughable, when it is made in the neutral press to order, whether to influence credit or policy. Bernhardt, for instance, said definitely in so many words in an American paper some months ago that the next German move would be the breaking of the French line and the consequent "over-running of France." Serious students of war pay no attention to such rubbish. It is absolutely impossible to foretell the future. It is possible only to show what future alternatives are present and possible and what are not. Still the boasting has some effect on neutrals.

But the fact that the best and most capable of the German military writers in the *German Press* should be now stung to exaggeration or folly is very significant indeed, and the cause is very simple. The cause is "Verdun." For unless the French line is broken the whole of Europe can see—let alone a conspicuously able writer upon military affairs like the critic of the Berlin *Tageblatt*—that the failure is a really bad strategic defeat. It was a deliberate gamble from the beginning, it was a gamble deliberately continued, and it was a gamble with a very large fraction of the remaining available capital. Gambles of that sort when they fail have a way of becoming turning points in military ventures.

Note

I have been asked by correspondents what the evidence is for the generally accepted figures that the German army permanently maintain nearer four millions than three and a half, and further why I have ridiculed the statement that the wastage of an English infantry battalion is 15 per cent. per month.

To these queries I should reply, that one's estimate of the German army permanently maintained is based upon the very reasonable supposition that the forces per unit are kept up to full strength, and that auxiliary services cannot be less than three-quarters of a million of men and probably nearer the million. Though no new formations have, I believe, been voted for more than a year, the existing units discovered and fixed upon the two fronts would allow for German forces there (excluding Austro-Hungarian, of course) of not less than three million men, distributed, very roughly speaking, and allowing, of course, for special concentration now on the east and now on the west, in the proportion of about two-

* For instance, the German efforts on the Verdun front are now compared in the *German Press* to "Sebastopol," in order to explain their length and inordinate expenditure. You might as well compare Austerlitz to Killiecrankie.

thirds on the west and one-third upon the east. Roughly speaking this estimate gives us a minimum of three and three-quarter million and possibly as many as four million men.

As to the second point, whether the true net wastage of an average infantry battalion can be at the rate of 15 per cent. per month. This would mean that in a little over half a year our full strength had disappeared and that the rate of loss of our army in the field so far as the infantry was concerned, was such that the average field army would have to be renewed three times over between the outbreak of the war and the present day. Such figures applied to the Germans, for instance, would

mean a total dead loss of not less than ten and a half millions and nearer twelve, which is obviously nonsense. It is quite possible, as I have admitted, that particular battalions, if you count all forms of wastage whatsoever, however temporary, if you include men being on leave and the rest of it, might show as high a wastage as 15 per cent. in a particular set of months. The average rate of dead loss, that is of net total loss for the whole army, seems to be round about 6 per cent. per month. That, of course, is including the units which are not for the moment in the fighting as well as those which are, and I should imagine that the average wastage for the units actively used was nearer nine per cent.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LOSSES

The second most important member of the original aggressive Alliance launched against Europe is the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary.

We must make some appreciation of its losses up to the 31st of December, 1915, if we are to arrive at any estimate of the detailed losses. But this estimate will be necessarily less general and therefore less conclusive than was the case with the German Empire. There is a much larger margin of error. No one can accept so low a real figure as $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions for German dead loss. Few would accept—reasonable as it is—a figure over 4 million. That is a margin of error from the average either way of not quite 7 per cent.

In the case of Austria-Hungary the margin of error is much larger, it is over 13 per cent. There are three reasons why this should be the case.

First—and much the most important point,—*the Dual Monarchy publishes no regular lists of killed and wounded.** There are not even private lists published in any useful number, such as the German authorities foolishly allowed to be published for so long. There have reached this country and other portions of the alliance occasional calculations based upon particular hospitals, but they are not sufficiently widespread to give a true average.

The second reason the Austro-Hungarian losses are more difficult to calculate than the German is that the number of effectives in the field under the Austro-Hungarian Colours, including the auxiliary services, is more difficult to calculate. In the earlier part of the war my estimates of Austro-Hungarian losses were exaggerated because the only mode of calculation available to me was a rough rule of thumb based upon the proportion between the Austro-Hungarian population and the German. But the Austrian army in the field is not of so high a proportion to the German as is the total population. The population is nearly 80 per cent of the German. But the army maintained in the field, as only became clear when fairly full evidence was available, is in a smaller proportion than this to the German army maintained in the field. Now it is largely upon the army maintained in the field and upon the rate of loss in particular units of it as observed by its opponents that total losses must be gauged when lists (which, however incomplete, are an admirable basis of calculation.†) are unobtainable; the only other tests being the information of spies as to (a) average numbers of drafts per month (b) admissions to hospital.

Under this same heading we must remark that not only is the Austro-Hungarian army in the field smaller than the total population might seem to warrant, but also it is not quite certain that all possible elements even of that population are available for recruitment. Four per cent. of it, for instance, are in the annexed provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. More than 16 per cent. of it is in Galicia. It is probable that in the former category, and certain that in the latter, very large numbers of the later recruitment were not available. Again, there has been a very heavy emigration from Austria-Hungary,

* The very interesting and informing Hungarian correspondent of the *Morning Post* mentions lists. I take it they are not public ones? For none such are to my knowledge available.

† As an example of how a falsified and incomplete list may be of the greatest value as a foundation for an exact estimate, I will refer my readers to the note, three weeks ago, on the German Prisoners in French camps. Specific instances gave an error in the official lists of 70 per cent. The lists, though thus proved false, were the foundation of an exact calculation.

especially during the last twenty years, the losses in recruitment from which, though not to be exactly estimated are appreciable.*

The third reason which makes it difficult to estimate the Austro-Hungarian losses is the nature of the fighting in which the Austro-Hungarian armies have been engaged.

Save in the earliest months of the war, when the Russian and Serbian armies were engaged with Austro-Hungarian forces alone, that check upon calculation which consists in noting from prisoners and captured documents, from the occasional counting of bodies in front of the line, or, in the case of an advance, of men left killed and wounded in the territory occupied, was not available. During the greater part of the seventeen months we are considering, German units were mixed up with Austrian against the Russians or against the Serbians, and there was some confusion consequent upon the checking. While upon the Italian front Austrian forces did not come into play until more than half the period had elapsed, and no one considerable Austrian offensive has taken place there.

To these three main sources of difficulty we must add the peculiar form of recruitment which makes it more difficult in the case of the Austro-Hungarian forces to establish exactly the units in front of one than it is in the case of the German. Separate units upon different fronts often bear the same number.

Having appreciated the difficulties we may yet turn to the evidence available, such as it is, and that, as in the case of all the other armies consists in several different forms of estimate independent one of the other, and checking one with the other.

The first of these forms is the analogy with the known losses of other great groups in the War.

The second is the proportionate losses noted in a large number of units by our Allies who are fighting the Austro-Hungarian troops and the averaging from these of total losses, together with the known number of Austrian prisoners taken by our Allies.

The third form of estimate is drawn from what we know of the classes the Austro-Hungarians have been compelled to call up, which is an index of their exhaustion.

On the analogy of the other forces engaged in the great War we should arrive for the seventeen months at something approaching the average of the armies maintained in the field. Germany with a field army (and auxiliaries) of rather less than four millions has lost from over three-and-a-half to less than four millions of men. And the German proportion applies, as might be expected, with but slight differences to the other armies at work.

The German authorities, in a statement made to, and used by, their propagandists in neutral countries (particularly in Holland) have told us that their Ally's effectives are little more than half their own. They have put them at 56 per cent.

Now it is obviously to the advantage of the German authorities when attempting to impress neutral opinion to make themselves out particularly efficient in mobilisation as in everything else. Let us, however, accept this minimum German estimate and say that Austria-Hungary has maintained in the field, counting all auxiliary services, an army of no more than 2,400,000 men, making that number her standard and filling gaps as best she might.

Then, on the analogy of the other armies, we might

* One official estimate on the Continent gives 200,000 for this figure.

expect Austrian losses to be somewhat less than or at the most equal to this figure. That is, the total Austrian numbers off the strength would not be more than, say, two and a quarter million men, or, at the most 2,400,000. We shall see in a moment, that this estimate is almost certainly insufficient in the case of Austria-Hungary.

In the second category of evidence we have the notes of losses taken by those against whom the Austro-Hungarian forces have been in conflict.

The method, which is a commonplace in every service, is as follows:—

You identify from prisoners or from wounded and dead the units opposed to you in a particular action. You question prisoners with regard to losses in the units to which they belong. Their evidence varies, of course, very largely, according to their intelligence, their information, their rank, the length of their service, their willingness to give evidence.

Method of Estimate

But when you have been able to sift a very large number of such pieces of evidence and duly to weigh them, you arrive at a fairly close estimate. You cannot, of course, establish results for every unit, you cannot even identify every effort, but after a prolonged period of fighting you will have covered so wide a field as to furnish you with results which you are the more inclined to accept if they regularly confirm each other, and further maintain their average as time goes on. You are frequently able, though at rarer intervals than in the case of prisoners, to check your results by captured documents.

You establish as closely as possible the total of all the units actually engaged against you over the time concerned, and you apply your average to that total.

The Italian General Staff has made such an estimate of the proportionate losses of the Austro-Hungarian units opposed to them from their entry into the war. The Russian Higher Command has similarly obtained an estimate of which the figures I quote run up to the end of July, 1915. Both these estimates roughly tally, allowing for the difference between trench warfare and the warfare upon the Eastern front up to the autumn. The average losses of a permanent character which these estimates combined give for the whole of the Austro-Hungarian forces is as high as 180,000 a month.

Now this is an exceedingly high figure for the forces involved and an impartial observer, concerned only to arrive at the truth and suspecting bias in the opponents of Austria-Hungary, might legitimately question it. He might demand; what cannot be given here, and indeed does not exist in any complete form, documentary proof. Such an observer would point out with justice that the field of computation was far from universal, concerned only a certain proportion of the forces engaged, and was distributed over incomplete periods of time.

This is true; and I do not mean to affirm so high a figure. One certainly cannot affirm it with the same certitude as one can the minimum of German losses, for the evidence is nothing like so complete.

But we must recall, on the other hand, certain circumstances peculiar to the case, which render the figure mentioned less improbable than it seems at first blush.

In the first place, the number of Austro-Hungarian prisoners taken by Serbians, Italians and Russians combined is at least a million. A few may have escaped during the over-running of Serbia, but their number would be insignificant.

This excessive number of prisoners is largely accounted for by the nature of the Austro-Hungarian recruitment—including as it does men of Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian and Serbian nationality, and by the continuous advance of the Russians over Slav territory for the first nine months of the war, coupled with the breakdown of the first Austrian armies in the field. At any rate, *this* figure is well established. Such a figure for prisoners—the only solid bit of statistics we have—is quite abnormal. It is, in proportion to the armies in the field, more than three times the French and five or six times the German. It leaves, at the rate of 180,000 a month only about 120,000 men a month to be accounted for in other ways, say 5 per cent. a month of the forces in the field.

We must further remember that the Austro-Hungarian army has had the very worst climatic conditions and very bad conditions of ground as well. The bulk

of the German army has always been on the West. The Austro-Hungarian army has had the terrible winter fighting in Galicia and in the Carpathians against it. Its great defeat in Serbia took place in the heart of the winter and in the mountains, and even on the Italian front its main forces are massed upon a sector of a few miles against which the whole weight of the admirable Italian heavy artillery is continuously directed.

If this second form of estimate—the Russian and Italian—be admitted, we get for the total Austro-Hungarian losses just over three million men: a much higher proportion than the permanent losses of the Germans, the French, or English, in proportion to their respective armies continuously maintained in the field.

But there is a type of information which seems more conclusive than either of these two, and which inclines one strongly towards accepting the highest figure. That information is the present condition of recruitment in Austria-Hungary. The exhaustion of available men in that country has quite clearly reached limits not yet attained in France or even in Germany. (In the case of Russia, England, and Italy there is no comparison, for the proportionate reserve of man-power in all these three countries is enormously greater than in France, Germany, or Austria-Hungary.)

Note these points:—France, Germany and Austria-Hungary have all of them called up the class 1916, but France has not yet, I believe, put the men of this class under fire. Germany has already done so in a large degree. *Austria-Hungary began earlier, and by now has done so in a very large proportion indeed.*

Again, France called up (for lengthy training) her 1917 class on the 1st of January. Germany (which gives a much shorter training), has warned her 1917 class but not yet, I believe, called them up, save in small numbers. *Austria-Hungary called up her 1917 class in its entirety as early as last October.*

Again, neither in France nor in Germany has the 1918 class been affected at all. *In Austria-Hungary the 1918 class has been already gone through and warned for service this year.* It is true that the warning is for the autumn, but all the organisation of this class has been already accomplished, and these lads are ready to be called out as early as the Spring.

Again, Austria-Hungary warned for incorporation in January, the month just passed, her Landsturm *up to 50 years of age.*

In general, Austria-Hungary can be proved to be

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

VERDUN.

*Victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French.*

KING JOHN II., i., 307-8.

RANCOURS AT WESTMINSTER.

*Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.*

I. HENRY VI., III., i., 72-3.

REICHSTAG HEROICS.

*Now could I drink hot blood
And do such bitter business as The Day
Would quake to look on.*

HAMLET III., ii., 408-10.

summoning classes older or younger than those already summoned in the two other countries which are fully conscript and feeling the exhaustion of men, Germany and France. She is proved to be calling upon those resources earlier than her Allies or opponents. She has even made it legal, in case of necessity, to call men up to the age of 55.

It is this last group of facts, the demonstrable exhaustion of men as proved by the nature of the drafts now required, which is by far the most significant of all three. It is the conclusion of those from whom I draw these statistics, and the legitimate conclusion—since she has clearly gone further in abnormal methods of recruitment than any other Power—that the Austro-Hungarian permanent losses, added to the floating margin of temporary losses is more severe in proportion to the ultimate numbers available than is the case even in Germany, and, *a fortiori*, more severe than is the case in France. And that evidence inclines us much more nearly to the figure of three million than to the lower figure of 2,400,000.

It is true that the Austro-Hungarian losses, if they approach or reach three million, are *much larger in proportion to the armies in the field* than the corresponding losses of the French or the German or the British. Even if the Germans have lost four millions, an Austrian total of three millions would be disproportionately high. But

one's belief that they have approximated to that loss is founded upon the extreme measures they are already taking to fill the gaps in their ranks.

Before leaving the matter there is a way of considering it which should not be neglected and which confirms this conclusion.

We must not lose sight of the fact that though a loss of three millions is higher even than the German loss in proportion to the effectives in the field, *it is not higher in proportion to total population*. The total population of the Dual Monarchy is to that of the German Empire (by the last statistics) as rather more than 50 is to 64, and in that proportion an Austrian loss of three millions would only mean a German loss of about three millions and seven-eighths.

To sum up:—There is no very precise conclusion obtainable upon Austro-Hungarian losses from our present evidence. We can only arrive at a margin of error as wide as that between 2½ millions and 3 millions, i.e., a margin of over 13 per cent. Our most reliable form of evidence gives us no more than the general statements, that the superior exhaustion of the Austro-Hungarian recruitment points to a loss certainly superior (in proportion) to that of the other belligerents, and that this would mean a loss superior to the lowest of 2½ millions or 2,400,000, and probably nearer three millions.

THE FALL OF VON TIRPITZ

By Arthur Pollen

IF the fall of von Tirpitz has mystified us in this country, it seems to have puzzled his countrymen no less. That the excuse of ill health is a mere excuse, and that in fact he has been dismissed, and dismissed because of differences with the Chancellor seem to be admitted by the German papers. The cry of the Reichstag Conservatives for a more ruthless submarine war, shows that his fall is taken to herald the abandonment of the sinking-at-sight policy.

Inconsistent Policies

But there are two difficulties in the way of our accepting this interpretation of so dramatic a change. First, there have been official announcements that the policy of sinking *armed* merchantmen will be pursued without modification, and that between March 1st and March 18th, nineteen enemy vessels have been sunk, of an aggregate displacement of over 40,000 tons. It hardly seems consistent with any softening of the campaign that boasts such as these should be made. But such statements must be made, if only to keep up the country's spirits—for we know how frightfulness cheers the hungry German. Secondly, still less consistent are the two outrages perpetrated on the Dutch liners. For that matter the attacks on the *Tubantia* and *Palembang* are without precedent—and inconsistent with any professed German policy. The sailing of the *Tubantia* had been widely advertised in the German papers. No belligerent liner of 13,000 tons displacement has been seen in the neighbourhood of the Noord Hinder Lightship for a great many months. It is true she was sunk at night, but then her name was displayed upon her side in letters 20 feet high, each letter illuminated with electric lights like a facade of a picture palace before the days of Zeppelin raids. That she was torpedoed cannot be questioned. But it was not apparently seen whether the torpedo was discharged from a submarine or from a destroyer. If from a destroyer, she might have fallen to a long range shot. In any event, illuminated as she was, it must have been obvious that there could be no ground for supposing that it was a belligerent ship disguised as a neutral. It was a million to one against her having any cargo for England; there were heavy odds against there being any English passengers on board—for these would travel by the ordinary Channel mail boats—there was a high probability of the ship carrying a considerable quota of Americans. The only taint of belligerency in the case of the *Tubantia* was that she *did* intend to call at Falmouth. Even this was lacking in the case of the *Palembang*. Here a ship bound straight

for the Dutch overseas possessions, was deliberately attacked, not by one but by three torpedoes, the first of which apparently did not explode—at midday and in broad daylight. The *Tubantia*, as a German communiqué points out, was not even in the war zone, and neither was armed. How then can their sinking be explained? It is possible that both were sunk by submarines whose commanders had received von Tirpitz's instructions, and not those of his successor. It is also possible that the von Tirpitz instructions went far beyond any public professions.

The more probable explanation is that both incidents were outside any instructions received either from the Grand Admiral or from von Capelle. There is nothing new in the action of the German U boats being inconsistent with Germany's public professions. We saw that in the case of the *Arabic*, the *Hesperian*, and in numerous other instances. If, in August and September, their conduct showed that the submarine commanders were too nervous and excited to make their acts square with the orders of their superiors, it is not likely that their successors of to-day will be any calmer. For the circumstances of their trade are not favourable to balanced judgment. We have no precise information as to Germany's submarine losses. But if they were formidable in September, they have certainly not become less formidable in the months that have passed since then. There can, in fact, be little doubt that of their original strength both in boats, officers and trained crews, practically nothing now remains.

New Submarines

The new submarines are likely enough of a displacement 50 or 100 per cent. greater than the largest of the old ones. They must carry much larger crews. If, for example, they are armed with 5-inch guns, each gun would mean an addition of at least 25 men to the *personnel*. Each increase of power needs more men also. A submarine displacing 1,500 or 2,000 tons armed with, say, two 5.5 guns, might have to carry a crew of at least 100 if not 150. And the value of such boats would increase out of proportion with the increase in tonnage. If then this is the type of vessel on which the Germans are now relying, responsibilities far heavier and more exacting than ever are now laid on men who not only are inexperienced, but starting on their business knowing only too well the tragic fate of all their predecessors. It is said—I do not know with what truth—that for some time the German Admiralty has abandoned the system of recruiting the submarine service by volunteers from the fleet. It

had to be abandoned because the volunteers were not forthcoming.

The moral of such a situation is surely obvious. The captain, knowing that the chances of bringing himself, his boat, and his crew safely home are slender, is not likely to feel himself very strongly bound by any orders whatever. To him every surface ship must be a natural enemy. In the early days of the campaign, the British press rang with tales of the prowess of merchant captains who had run down submarines. He would know that scores of his brother officers were at the sea's bottom with their boats, and he might easily suppose that the bulk of them had fallen to the ram. His own bigger vessel could not, it is probable, be submerged or manœuvred as rapidly as the smaller boats. Haunted by fears, encompassed by dangers, his prospects, in any event, of survival being of the gloomiest, what more natural than orders or no orders he should sink everything afloat in whose immediate neighbourhood he finds himself? He might plead self-defence for acts seemingly as senseless as the destruction of these two neutral vessels. And at the back of his mind he would have this recollection to encourage him, that submarine war is after all, an anonymous secret kind of business, and even if a troublesome diplomatic situation did arise, it would always be open to his employer to suggest that the thing had been done by a British mine or by a British submarine. In any case, there should be no proof that he had done it. In fine, the sinking of the *Tubantia* and the *Palembang*, insensate and atrocious as they are, seem to me to be almost necessary incidents in the kind of sea war that Germany has embarked upon, and prove nothing either way as to the intended limits within which Germany might wish to keep it.

New Factors

On the whole then the fall of Tirpitz shows that the von Tirpitz policy is played out. What has brought this about? What new factors have come into being since the new policy was announced? Two, either of which might have been decisive against persistence. The two happening together had to be decisive. They are the failure of German intrigue at Washington, and the failure of German arms at Verdun. Until the Senate and the House of Representatives had passed their respective votes of confidence in the President, no one could say that Mr. Wilson was free to act as the honour of his country might dictate. It is obvious even to the Germans that he is free now. The von Tirpitz policy then cannot be carried out effectively without a breach with the United States. And once diplomatic relations are broken off, American belligerency might be the matter of a short time only.

Now, as we have seen during the last seven or eight months, Germany has again and again been willing to risk hostility with the United States. Why can she not face that risk again? She cannot face it because her arms have failed at Verdun, and the failure shortens time during which she can keep under arms at all. It was the essence of the von Tirpitz policy that it should be carried on for an extended period. In point of fact, it would have to be carried on for at least a year before the results it aimed at could be achieved. It was no use embarking on this policy then, if for other reasons the war was bound to end before the results hoped for it could mature. It will make this argument clearer to set out what the von Tirpitz idea seems to have been.

Von Tirpitz was wildly wrong in the kind of Navy that he built, and, with the other German statesmen, was hopelessly at sea in his forecast of England's action in the kind of war that Germany intended to provoke. But it is not at all certain, after the first month or two of hostilities had shown that the war would be a long one, that he was not the first European in authority to foresee the rôle that the use of the sea would play. The initial success of the German submarines against the British Fleet was moderate enough when measured by the number of victims. But it probably opened the Grand Admiral's eyes to the immensely more promising field that our merchant shipping afforded. And in a long war the merchant shipping of the world, whether belligerent or neutral, would obviously be the only factor whereby the Allies could counterbalance the vastly superior organisation of Germany. When von Tirpitz, therefore, started in on

his submarine building campaign, he did so with an object only announced in December. He must have seen from the first that it could only be a matter of time before Great Britain and her Allies awoke to the fact that in forbearing from the blockade of Germany, they were neglecting the strongest weapon they possessed. He must have expected the blockade to have come sooner than it did, and to prove itself more effective than for many months it was. In point of fact, it was his own mine and submarine campaign that precipitated us into proclaiming as a reprisal a measure which should, in fact, have been our initial stroke of policy. And even von Tirpitz could hardly have counted upon the blockade's long inefficiency. But blockade or no blockade, he kept his eye upon the main truth of the situation, which was and is, that Great Britain's capacity to conduct military operations over sea, and the Allies' capacity to carry on military operations in their own countries were, and still are, entirely dependent upon sea supplies of food and raw material, and munitions of war coming to us and them by water.

Importance of Sea Supplies

With the submarines at the disposal of von Tirpitz at the beginning of things, little more could be expected than the isolation or partial isolation of Great Britain. But, in fact, the range of action of submarines, even of those whose capacity should have been well known, proved to be far greater than anyone anticipated, so that the first boats built under the new programme had no difficulty in making their way, not only round the North of Scotland to operate in the Atlantic, but even to pass the Straits of Gibraltar and to get to work in the Mediterranean.

In taking a sanguine view then of the submarine's capacity to do the work he expected of it, von Tirpitz made a far juster estimate of the situation than anyone else. It was not any defect in the boats or their commanders that prevented their success from being as great as he expected. Von Tirpitz made two capital mistakes. He underestimated the courage both of allied and neutral seamen. And he grossly underestimated the capacity of the British Admiralty to organise a counter-campaign.

But notwithstanding these mistakes, it is folly not to recognise that his conception of the importance of sea supply to the Allies was perfectly correct, and that in organising an attack upon it, he was striking straight at the very heart of our power to carry on the war. It is equally folly not to recognise that in spite of everything he achieved a very great success indeed. Before the submarine campaign 290 British, Allied and neutral ships had been lost to the world's shipping, either detained in enemy ports at the beginning of war, or captured, or sunk. Since the creation of the war zone 702 more have been sunk, captured or damaged by mines and submarines and 15 were captured by the *Moewe*. From Allied and neutral shipping then, there has been a reduction of at least 1,000 vessels since the war began. Not more than a third has been replaced by enemy ships.

Of enemy vessels 805 are in belligerent or neutral ports, or sunk, and destroyed, and of course many more are tied up in home ports. We can probably assume that the enemy vessels are no loss to the world's shipping, because enemy trade, and therefore enemy demands on the world's shipping are at an end also. But the thousand vessels which we, our Allies, and neutrals have lost do not represent even a third of the vessels withdrawn from the transportation of goods. For the military requirements of France, Great Britain and Italy, in the Channel and the Mediterranean, have withdrawn the best part of another 3,000 vessels.

Von Tirpitz realised that if the attack on merchant shipping [were pushed to the highest point of ruthlessness, that the time would come when Great Britain would have to choose between a limitation of her military activities over sea, or going without either the financial advantages of an import and export trade, or adequate supplies for her home population, or, indeed, both. We have always all of us spoken of the submarine campaign as a failure, and a failure of course it is, because the 700 ships or so that have been sunk or put out of action by it, have not, in fact, sufficed either to stop our oversea campaigns, or to prevent the Allies drawing on North and South America and the British Colonies for the supplies, munitions and raw materials needed for feeding their

population and carrying on the war. But the loss has raised the cost of freight enormously. It has compelled us to stop the imports of certain kinds of luxuries. It does leave us with 700 fewer ships at our disposal, if the exigencies of war make it desirable to start upon a new and distant overseas campaign of great magnitude.

Von Tirpitz realised from the first that great as was our margin in fighting ships, it yet could not be considered a margin adequate for the vast responsibilities thrown upon the British Fleet. He probably then counted on the national shipbuilding effort being limited to the requirements of the Navy. If he did, he calculated rightly. In our long-drawn-out wars against revolutionary France and Napoleon, our annual loss of ships was no doubt enormously heavy, but it was a loss that was replaced almost as fast as it occurred. Almost every coast town with a suitable harbour had its local ship-builder. But the increase in the tonnage of merchantmen, and over 90 per cent. of our trade being carried in iron or steel built ships propelled by steam, have changed all that. And we have, as a fact, not attempted to replace the tonnage withdrawn for war purposes or destroyed by the enemy. All losses, then, are net deductions from the carrying-power available.

Fatal Weakness

For the Tirpitz policy to succeed, it was not necessary to destroy *all* belligerent shipping. All that was necessary was to bring us down to the margin that would mean distress. Could not larger, faster and wider ranging submarines effect something akin to the "general strike" that Continental syndicalists used to hope for to paralyse capital into surrender? Could not a general arrest of sea carriage bring Great Britain down to the want line in another year?

There were two fatal weaknesses in the policy. In the first place it needed time before success could be achieved. In the second place it could not succeed if only belligerent ships were attacked. Since February of last year, rather over 100 neutral vessels have been sunk by submarines, and nearly an equal number by mines. Von Tirpitz probably thought the Swedish, Norwegian and Danish and Dutch ships could be destroyed with impunity. But here the change in the American situation has changed the situation for all neutrals who choose to make common cause with America. Indeed, it is not improbable that the *Tubantia* and *Palambang* incidents may precipitate the neutrals getting together on this question. In any event, whether it implied the sinking of neutral ships or not, no great extension of the submarine attack on shipping could have been made without involving neutral interests and neutral dignity to the danger point. If Germany had been sure of being able to carry on say, for the full three years that Lord Kitchener is said to have thought probable in August, 1914, then the hostility of America would have been worth risking. It certainly would have been worth risking if a real paralysis of the world's sea service could have been achieved. The point of the present situation is that the failure at Verdun makes it obvious that results cannot be got in time.

We shall probably therefore see the submarine campaign continuing very much on the lines of the last six months. Atlantic liners will probably be spared, and care taken as far as possible to warn ships where warning can safely be given. If the new submarines really are of the dimensions and strength that rumour describes, then there can be no excuse for not warning merchantmen in the majority of cases. For I know of no merchantman so armed as to be capable of engaging an armament of 5.5 guns. The encounter of the *Clan Mactavish* with the *Mocwe* is at any rate decisive on this point. And there is another matter in regard to the big submarine that must be borne in mind. If the big submarine has to carry a larger crew because of its armament and greater power, it does not at all follow that double, treble, or even four times the crew of the old vessels would tax its capacity. The weight of the men and two months' supplies for them would not be a formidable addition to the displacement. This capacity will enable submarines to carry prize crews, and to that extent relieve the commander of the responsibility of sinking his captures.

Curiously enough there is in Tuesday morning's papers the announcement of the first instance of this being

done. A British submarine, it seems, has captured the Norwegian ship *Kong Inge* on a journey from Sarpsborg to Lübeck, put a prize crew on board and sent her home to Leith. To get to Lübeck the *Kong Inge* would have to pass through the Sound or the Great or Little Belt. The papers do not say whether the capture took place in the Baltic or in the Kattegat. Anyway the *Kong Inge* had run short of coal by the time she had reached Frederikshavn, which is just opposite Gothenburg; about twenty miles due South from the Skaw. The British submarines then operating in these waters are certainly carrying enough men for at least one prize crew. If the Germans play this game they will naturally have to send their prizes to America or Spain. It is certainly one of the possibilities of the situation that may enable Germany to take enough ships to please their people at home—a crucial matter—and at the same time keep out of trouble with America.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

RUSSIA, POLAND AND SERBIA

Although he is one of the most eminent of Russian novelists, Alexander Kuprin's work is little known to English readers, and perusal of *The Exile* (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.) affords evidence that there is room for translations of all Kuprin's works into this language. Like Dostoevsky and Goncharov, Kuprin gathers his materials from everyday life; in the manner of the former, he draws largely from personal experience, and this book is concerned with life in a little garrison town, before the Russo-Japanese war had come to cleanse the Russian army and relieve its commissioned ranks of the imputation of peccation and sloth.

The book is as terrible as Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, as ruthless as Hardy's *Jude*, and as tragic as either; it is, at the same time, an analytic study of Romasov, the hero, and Shurochka Nikolaiev, the heroine, and the foibles and weaknesses of these two are presented together with their virtues, so that they stand as real people. The author's detachment is such that we are hard put to it at the end to say whether he justifies or condemns the duel as sanctioned in the Russian Army; in the true spirit of the artist, he draws a picture, and leaves us to form our own conclusions.

In the preface to *The Jews of Russia and Poland*, by Israel Friedlander (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 6s. net), the author states as his opinion that the mediæval attitude toward the Jews was "prompted by none other than utilitarian considerations, for which the Poles need not perhaps be blamed but for which they certainly deserve no credit." His own attitude toward his subject is frankly—and, to the Gentile reader, perhaps a little unduly—optimistic and laudatory. At the same time, the hostility of church and state toward the Jews in the middle ages—and even up to modern times—makes no pleasant reading, for it shows that whatever may be one's feelings with regard to the Semitic question, the Jew has no reason to love those of his neighbours who reside outside the Ghetto.

The criticism which this work affords is purely historical, and the work itself stops short of contemporary events concerning the Jews of Poland. For the author is more concerned with Poland than with Russia. Admitting the Semitic bias of the author, there is still much valuable matter in his work, which forms a chapter in Polish and Russian history, and, being authoritative, will command the attention of students of Russia and of Judaism.

Mr. and Mrs. Jan. Gordon, wandering in Serbia, have perpetuated an exceedingly inconsequent volume in *The Luck of Thirteen* (Smith Elder and Co., 7s. 6d. net), which is as scrappy as a feminine conversation, and at the same time thoroughly fascinating. Here and there the grimness of war stands out with startling realism, and the fate that has befallen Serbia is tragically limned in vivid sentences, then one is caught away from horrors by the femininity of "Jo," and again interested in some Serbian Comitaj or bulky municipal dignitary. It is all "live" and full of the spirit of courage and energy in a time of utter tragedy. Some fine illustrations and certain clever little drawings complete this extremely interesting war book, which is far more worthy of more than the great majority of publications of its kind.

Princess Christian will preside at the meeting on Women and Farm Labour to be held at the Kensington Town Hall on Friday afternoon, March 31st. The chair will be taken by Lady Wantage, and Miss Gladys Pott will speak on her recent visit to the agricultural districts of France.

NEUTRALS AT THE CROSS ROADS

By John Buchan

SINCE the beginning of the year, two speeches have been delivered in America which will probably rank as the most important exercises in the spoken word which the world has seen since the outbreak of war. The speaker was Mr. Elihu Root, an ex-Senator of the United States, formerly a Secretary of State, and one of the foremost living American jurists. One speech was made in Washington, another to the Republican Convention in New York City. They dealt partly with American domestic politics with which we are not concerned; but their main importance lies in the fact that for the first time a man of great eminence has stated the true doctrine of the interests of neutrals, stated it so broadly and sanely that his words mark an epoch no less for Britain than for America, for the Old World as well as for the New. We have drifted into a legal controversy with Washington in which lawyers' arguments have been bandied across the table. That way there lies no comfort. It is our business to get back to fundamentals, and raise the discussion to a different plane. Often in a wordy litigation the common sense of judge or jury cuts through the knots of dialectic tied by the counsel on both sides, and finds that a very plain question is at issue. That is what Mr. Root has done. To understand the significance of his speech we must go back a little.

German Peace Talk

The German attitude of mind, which believes in organised Force as the greatest thing in life and denies any rights to individuals or nations which they cannot maintain by force, is by now familiar enough to the world. It is the negation of the political ideals of the Allies, which are based on a reasonable liberty, and is indeed a denial of what is commonly regarded as civilisation. Germany hoped to realise her dream through her mighty armies, which she thought, with some justice, would give her the land hegemony of Europe. But in recent months she has begun to have doubts about the efficacy of this method. She has made immense conquests of territory, but to her surprise she seems no nearer ending the war. The Allies have shown in her eyes a shameless disregard of the rules of the game and have refused to acknowledge defeat.

About Christmas the Imperial Chancellor gave an interview to an American journalist and quoted "a high military authority" to the following effect:

"Germany could take Paris. It would only be a question of how many men we were willing to sacrifice. But that would not bring England to terms, and therefore would not end the war. We could take Petrograd. But suppose we drove the Tsar out of his capital—Britain would not care. We could drive the Italian army into the sea—it would make no difference to England. The more territory we occupy the thinner our lines and the greater difficulty in supplying them. Going ahead on such lines would help England more than us."

Germany is tardily recognising the meaning of Sea Power. Many wild things were said on this subject before the war. Sea Power alone will not give victory over a military Power. By itself it is not even adequate for defence. But now, as in the time of Napoleon, it stands between the land conqueror and his ambition. "Purposeless they surely seemed to many," wrote Admiral Mahan of Nelson's ships before Toulon, "but they saved England. Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." It is as true to-day. The German High Command seem to have become converts to the creed which Admiral von Tirpitz has always preached. It is Britain's strength on the sea which bars the way to Germany's hegemony by land. But for that fatal Navy an early decision might have been won. It is that Navy, too, which threatens her economic endurance. The "freedom of the seas," in Germany's sense of the phrase, must be the first of Germany's winnings,

even if to gain it she has to sacrifice for a little some of her cherished territorial dreams. She cannot hope to dictate to the world on land if Britain rules the water.

During the winter there have been various unofficial overtures, emanating chiefly from the German circles of high finance. French and British business men have been abjured to interfere while there was yet time. Is Europe, it has been asked, to make a present of her commerce to America? Suggestions for peace have followed. Their tenor has varied, but the terms have been moderation itself compared to those which filled the neutral press nine months ago. But one condition has been common to all. Germany demands the "freedom of the seas." In this respect the views of the financiers coincide with those of the naval and military chiefs.

The Freedom of the Seas

This high-sounding phrase is worth examining. In Germany's mouth it means that a naval Power should be compelled during a campaign to tie its hands, and to treat trade with neutral countries as wholly free, except for enemy consignments of munitions of war. The land Power will have the free use of its limbs, but the naval Power will be hobbled. The claim is a curious one to be made by a people who have sent every rule of civilised warfare crashing like Alnaschar's basket. But two blacks do not make a white. The dictatorial conduct of the British fleet, a conscientious neutral might argue, is really the complement on the sea to the high-handedness of the German armies on land. It is less brutal, to be sure, but it is no less arbitrary. If we decline to contemplate a German hegemony on the Continents of Europe and Asia, why should the world tolerate a British hegemony on the sea? Each of them is a form of omnipotence, and therefore has mankind at its mercy.

This argument seems to have impressed a certain proportion of American observers. But it is fundamentally unsound, for the two hegemonies differ in kind and in purpose. In time of peace the seas have been free for law-abiding citizens of all countries to go their way upon. This freedom was won by the British fleet 300 years ago, and it has been maintained by the British fleet ever since. Is this the object of the German land hegemony? A control exercised on behalf of liberty and peace is one thing, and a conquest sought for pride and aggrandisement is another. The first is a task of police, the second of brigandage. Now that all nations are subtly linked together the sea is the great common highway of the world, and its routes are the arteries of every nation's commerce. Let us imagine what the situation would be if Germany, holding her present creed, dominated the ocean as she now seeks to dominate the land. This freedom would utterly disappear. The sole security for its continuance is that Britain still rules the water. In the far future, when the domain of law has grown, this police work may be internationalised, but for the present it must be done by the only Power that can do it.

It is true that in the course of the war Britain has been forced to depart from some of the practices of International maritime law in which she had hitherto acquiesced. It is easy to fasten on such minor infractions; the American Note of November 5, 1915, laboriously enumerated them. But in a world war, where conditions have suffered a chemical change, some such departures were inevitable. Rules framed under one set of circumstances may be sheer nonsense under another, and International Law, like all human law, must have a certain elasticity and conform to facts. Some of the British departures may have borne hardly on neutral commerce. That was inevitable, for a great war cannot be strictly delimited. A householder, whose house has been shaken by an earthquake, cannot sue on his covenant for quiet enjoyment. If neutral rights have been infringed in minor matters, Britain is fighting to establish the greatest of all neutral rights, the right to freedom.

The infractions concern the essentials, the struggle concerns the fundamentals. To quote from an admirable article in the current number of *The Round Table*: "When one of those fundamentals has been challenged there ought in principle to be no neutral rights and no neutrals . . . No nation is entitled to say that its rights entitle it to obstruct those who are endeavouring to defend international right and liberty."

American Interests

President Wilson has taken up a very simple and intelligible line. He is the mouthpiece of the American people, and therefore can only carry out the will of the majority of his countrymen. In this he would seem to have succeeded. He considers further that it is his business to concern himself solely with American interests, a view in which he is doubtless right. No statesman is obliged to be a Paladin, setting forth to do battle against wandering Paynins. But the question arises as to what is the true American interest, what is the true interest of all neutrals, and on this point it would appear that President Wilson and the majority of his countrymen have judged superficially.

Let Mr. Root speak:

"The American democracy stands for something more than beef and cotton and grain and manufactures; it stands for something that cannot be measured by rates of exchange, and does not rise or fall with the balance of trade.

The American people achieved liberty and schooled themselves to the service of justice before they acquired wealth, and they value their country's liberty and justice above all their pride of possessions. Beneath their comfortable optimism and apparent indifference they have a conception of their great republic as brave and strong and noble to hand down to their children the blessings of freedom and just and equal laws.

They have embodied their principles of Government in fixed rules of right conduct which they jealously preserve, and, with the instinct of individual freedom, they stand for a Government of laws and not of men. They deem that the moral laws which formulate the duties of men toward each other are binding upon nations equally with individuals.

Informed by their own experience, confirmed by their observation of international life, they have come to see that the independence of nations, the liberty of their peoples, justice and humanity, cannot be maintained upon the complaisance, the good nature, the kindly feeling of the strong towards the weak; that real independence, real liberty, cannot rest upon sufferance; that peace and liberty can be preserved only by the authority and observance of rules of national conduct founded upon the principles of justice and humanity; only by the establishment of law among nations, responsive to the enlightened public opinion of mankind."

Against that Law was set the German Force and the Law was broken. It was, says Mr. Root, American law, just as much as any domestic statute.

"We had bound ourselves by it; we had regulated our conduct by it, and we were entitled to have other nations observe it. That law was the protection of our peace and security. It was our safeguard against the necessity of maintaining great armaments and wasting our substance in continual readiness for war. Our interest in having it maintained as the law of nations was a substantial, valuable, permanent interest, just as real as your interest and mine in having maintained and enforced the laws against assault and robbery and arson which protect our personal safety and property."

Where then does the true interest of neutrals lie? In a pettifogging insistence upon the details of old international practice in commercial affairs, thereby hampering the efforts of the Power which dares to defend the greater matters of the Law? Or in co-operation, active or passive, with the Power which stands for the fundamentals? Mr. Root has no doubt. In his speech at Washington he said:

"Up to this time breaches of international law have been treated as we treat wrongs under civil procedure, as if they concerned nobody except the particular nation upon which the injury was inflicted, and the nation inflicting it. There has been no general recognition of the right of other nations to object. . . . If the law of nations

is to be binding there must be a change of theory. And violations of the law of such a character as to threaten the peace and order of the community of nations must be treated by analogy to criminal law. They must be deemed to be a violation of the right of every civilised nation to have the law maintained."

The Cross Roads

Happily we may believe that Mr. Root does not stand alone. His speeches have cleared the air, and much of the best opinion in his country is on his side. America to-day stands at the cross roads. She has to decide whether she will remain apart in selfish isolation, reaping where she has not sown and gathering where she has not strewed, or whether she will take a share as a Great Power in the police work of the world. It is no question of sacrificing American interests. The question is where her true interests lie.

Each of the Allies to-day is fighting for its own special purpose. Britain, for example, aims at security and at the maintenance of that free Empire, whose ideals will be found in those lines of Claudian which have never yet found an adequate translator. But all the Allies are fighting for one major cause, and that is the establishment of Law as against Force on the world's throne. We have to check and punish the law-breaker, and for the purpose the chief instrument is the British fleet. Can any neutral, small or great, who sees in the reign of law his true interest, seriously desire to weaken the power of the constable against the criminal? For, remember, the criminal is self-confessed. The case is not *sub judice*. Germany has proclaimed and gloried in a creed which reposes the conduct of the world's business on the ethics of the Stone Age. Does a man, when the house next door to him is burgled, try to trip up the policeman, even though in his haste that zealous officer may have trodden on his toes?

To anyone who has visited the Grand Fleet there must come a sense of pride which is something more than the traditional devotion of Englishmen to the Navy, and the remembrance of a famous past. The great battle-ships far up in the Northern waters, the men who for twenty months of nerve-racking strain have kept unimpaired their edge and ardour of mind, are indeed a shining proof of the might and spirit of England. But in the task before them to-day there is a high duty, which their forefathers indeed, shared, but which lies upon them now with a peculiar gravity. They are the modern crusaders, doing battle not only for home and race and fatherland, but for the citadel of Christendom.

FRENCH RED CROSS

Verdun is a name henceforth immortal in history. When the full story of the gallant defence by our Allies comes to be written, it will be found to rank among the most heroic deeds in the long annals of war. The French battalions have withstood the onslaught of German forces often four and five times their numerical strength. The tornado of shells has been appalling, but nothing has been able to break the steadfastness of the defenders or to daunt their courageous spirit. The losses inflicted on the enemy have been stupendous, and though compared with them the French casualty lists may appear light, nevertheless a heavy price has had to be paid, and at the moment the resources of the French Red Cross Society are severely strained.

Now is the time when we at home may testify to our admiration of French bravery in a practical manner. The London Committee of the French Red Cross Society, of which the French Ambassador in London is President, will welcome gifts of clothing, food, comforts, drugs, surgical stores and, above all, money. This Society is admirably controlled and managed. Money is of course especially needed, for the work of the Society is necessarily limited by the funds at its disposal. We have always to remember that many of the richest industrial districts of France are in the hands of the invader, wherefore our Allies are heavily handicapped in the voluntary support they would naturally render to their Red Cross Society. It is for us to make good this loss in so far as money can do so.

Send at once a contribution, however humble it may be, as a token of gratitude and affection for France, to the Committee of the French Red Cross, 9, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

GASPARD OF WASDALE HEAD

By William T. Palmer

SOMEWHERE in the Vosges, where snow whitens the ridge above the pine-trees, is marching or scouting or bivouacking, with all his accustomed serenity, a sturdy Dauphinois, a figure well-known to Cumbrian rock-climbers—Gaspard of Wasdale Head. A man of slow, careful English, he was ever a friend—now he is an Ally, a dour fighting Ally. Many a climber at home, in the Munitions service, or away with the Colours, has kindly memories of Gaspard's advice, patience, assistance: in quaint phrases he abjured one to have patience, to use the holds, to climb slowly—yes, and even in extreme cases to "trust the rope," and be hauled, a craven failure, out of some fearsome cave-pitch or up some sheer slab.

The Climber's Guide

For years Gaspard the Dauphinois has been almost the only professional climbers' guide in Britain—now he is a private in the Chasseurs Alpains, the most unrelenting enemies the Germans have yet found. Like Gaspard, the battalions are grim, strenuous, mobile, and no difficulty can daunt them. Gaspard's letters and postcards have told of terrible hardships withstood last winter; of frost and snow, raging gale, and the storm-fog held of little account in their warfare. Trenches, redoubts, forts of snow built, attacked, defended, and the blood of the bayoneted stained crimson many a ridge and summit.

Winter after winter Gaspard was welcomed at Wasdale Head, and the Christmas and Easter holidays were busy times indeed for him. With June, however, he hastened back to the Dauphiny and spent his summer among the eternal snow and ice of the Alps. He was in Dauphiny in the August when the summons to war was proclaimed, and instantly he rejoined the Colours.

In his Cumbrian haunt Gaspard was conceded to be a fine guide and teacher of rock-craft, and many a good climber owes to him the introduction of his most individual of British outdoor sports. So far as records go, he never seems to have pioneered an ascent, but the months during which he was in Cumbria are not often favourable to sustained and intricate exploration. Often his ice-axe rang day after day in Moss Ghyll, climbing and re-climbing its icy staircase. The initiation of the wealthier class of novice was Gaspard's duty to the Cumbrian craft, as well as providing safe companionship to solitary visitors who desired something more satisfying than the ordinary hill-tracks. Many a man with Continental experience discovered his way to the British rocks on Gaspard's rope.

His Pupils

Gaspard's pupils were not always the handiest or most courageous. He had to take what "monsieur" presented. Surely the limit was a character with Tyrolese hat and shepherd's crook who insisted on being roped at the last gate on the Sty Head path, and whose progress up the scree-walk was accompanied by querulous complaints as to the terrible danger of the way, punctuated with admiration of the "shepherd's" own heroism and fortitude. One wishes that Gaspard's quaint words and expressive grimaces (the latter told more of the story) could be reproduced in cold type: the guide loved dearly to repeat the story of that day's sufferings, and one has seen him in the yellow lamplight of the kitchen posturing, ejaculating, living again the most amusing day in his life. With admirable patience Gaspard brought his shepherd through the terrors of the scree-walk, but the twenty foot rock-pile of the Lower Kern Knotts was too much. The visitor bluntly declined to venture further. Enough were the terrors he had known, he would not traverse into the mysterious, the unknowable recesses of the savage mountains.

In the presence of climbers Gaspard was a solemn man indeed, but an adroit reference to the shepherd's crook was generally too much for his decorum.

Sometimes a postcard or a telegram would arrive at

the hotel: "Send Gaspard to meet me top of Great End Tuesday eleven" (no signature), and away on the stated morning would tramp the guide. No matter how thick and foul the weather he would reach the summit cairn—sometimes to spend two hours' waiting in damp and chill for a gentleman who did not arrive.

Gaspard was ever in the forefront of search-parties, though maybe the honour of his suggestions went elsewhere. He was always ready, ever resourceful, ever thoughtful of the last detail for the comfort of both searchers and lost. More than one belated party has waited in Walker's Gully on the Pillar until at the first streak of dawn Gaspard came sliding over the great cave-pitch on a rope. Endless coils of rope seemed to wreath the sturdy man. There was a rope to secure each chilled and hungry climber, and then came the unpacking of the rucksack with food and drink. Gaspard knew by long experience that limbs and muscles exercised after hours in cramped positions are apt to stumble, jerks and tremors.

All Night on a Ledge

On one occasion he found a climber practically comatose with fatigue and cold. All night the man had been standing on a tiny ledge of earth and grass, so loose and crumbling that he did not dare to put full weight on his foothold. In the dawnlight Gaspard saw that the climber's hair was white. Carefully the rescue was carried out, the climber hoisted to the upper screes—and the frosted poll was a shock indeed to his friends. One writes "frosted poll" advisedly, for as the climber got back his power of free movement, the dark hair began to show. The white was but the frost-rime which had clung to every hair. Gaspard was not accounted a great rock-climber in the new or Cumbrian school. He had a shrewd taste for foot and handholds in his work, and rarely attempted an "exceptionally severe" course. His work was with the novice mainly and not with the expert, his methods were sound rather than enterprising, nor did he favour much of the splendid gymnastic work which goes to make up a modern rock-climb of the first class.

In addition to his climbing and guiding, Gaspard was "boots" to the mountain-lovers who resorted to Wasdale Head in winter. With a sticky green oil he anointed the clinkered and nailed boots collected from the hall, leaving less heroic methods for the daintier footgear deposited at bedroom doors. From long practice he was an adept at replacing climbing nails, and would cheerfully undertake to give one's boots a full new set of teeth between coming-in at sunset and the start after breakfast. And the hobs—well, he had a wonderful collection of nails brought from his continental home and rarely failed to issue a pattern which pleased.

Here's to thee, Gaspard, Gaspard of Wasdale Head, Gaspard of the Chasseurs Alpains, in camp, in bivouac, wherever thou mayest be! Gaspard on the Vosges, Gaspard in the enemy's country, Gaspard who is facing toward the deep trench of the Rhine and waiting for the whole Allied line to advance. May we all be spared to foregather, when War is a muttering of the past, among the clefts and pinnacles of rocky old Cumbria.

No gift pleases the troops at the front more than a razor. On this being made known certain people decided to interest their friends in collecting used razors of all descriptions, with a view to putting them in "working order," and despatching them to the front. No less than 160,000 razors have already been collected of which 135,000 have been distributed. No matter how old or dilapidated a razor may be it can be made good. The scheme has the warmest support of Lord Kitchener, who trusts that further supplies will be forthcoming. One of the most active and enthusiastic workers in this razor scheme is Mr. Harry Smith, Managing Director of the Rover Company, Ltd., Meteor Works, Coventry and 59, New Oxford Street, W., who will be most grateful to anyone who will assist him in continuing this excellent work. No matter the condition of a razor, it will be gratefully received by Mr. Harry Smith at either of these addresses.

A PROBLEM IN STRATEGY

By Colonel Feyler

Colonel Feyler, the writer of this arresting article, is the well-known military correspondent of the "Journal de Geneve," and is Swiss by nationality. He is the most famous and the most impartial of all Neutral critics of the war, and his opinions carry great weight in every belligerent country.

AT the moment of writing the violence of the battle of Verdun is at its height. The balance seems to be inclining in favour of the French. But there is no need to anticipate the event in order to draw attention to one interesting problem in strategy which will, beyond all question, be one of those that will be studied most closely after the war, and in the solution of which the battle of Verdun, whatever its issue may be, will certainly be a factor.

The problem may be stated thus: Was the German plan of attack in August, 1914, which decided upon a march through Belgium, a wise one, or would it have been better to have attacked France directly upon her eastern fortified frontier?

I suppose no one will deny that from both political and moral points of view the violation of Belgian neutrality by the German Empire, which was pledged to defend it, was a very grave blunder. The political result was that Germany not only provoked the opposition of the small State she thus attacked, but also compelled Great Britain to declare war upon her in the interests of moral rightness and international loyalty. And so, instead of having only France to reckon with in the west, the German Empire arrayed against itself France and Belgium and the United Kingdom.

The Moral View

From the purely moral point of view the fault was equally grave. A Government cannot be forgiven for a deliberate breach of its pledged word more easily than an individual can. It is even entitled to less easy forgiveness, because the men who constitute it are supposed by those whom they govern to have higher responsibility. Germany has suffered from the position of inferiority in which she thus placed herself ever since the day when her troops first set foot in Luxemburg and Belgium. The war immediately became a struggle between the might employed to make good the broken word, and the right that is the protection of treaties concluded in good faith.

Lofty as these considerations may be, they are, however, merely accessory to the problem stated here. That is essentially technical, and must be considered simply and solely from the point of view of strategy and of the tactics employed.

From the strategical point of view the disadvantages of the passage through Belgium were the greater length of march than by a direct attack, and the addition to the effective forces at the disposal of the enemy. This, it is true, might be compensated to a certain extent by better technical preparation and by superior skill in the handling of troops. The Germans had left absolutely nothing undone to that end. The army they had organised was not one designed for political purposes and intended only for the defence of the Empire, but an army forged for the specific purpose of an offensive war against a coalition of France, Russia and England. Fully realising that a prolonged war would allow the armies of those three allied Powers to establish a numerical superiority, they determined to anticipate this by hurling a more rapidly concentrated and more mobile force upon France. And thanks to the fact that she had a higher birth-rate than that of France, Germany was able to compose this force entirely of young and evenly trained elements that had practically filled the cadres of the active army on its peace footing.

With this powerful organisation at their disposal the Imperial Head-Quarter Staff thought it would be an easy matter to pass through Belgium. The Belgian army was certainly much less ready and less highly

qualified than the German army. And they felt no apprehension on the score of the effective force which England might throw into the line, because for several weeks that force would necessarily be a limited one. From all these considerations they concluded that the numerical inequality was not of a really serious character: that it could only become manifest at a remote date and in the event, which they did not anticipate, of their plan not resulting in a speedily victorious campaign.

Disadvantages of the Detour

The disadvantages of the detour through Belgium could thus be most fully obviated and free scope given to its advantages. Among these were the extension of front, which facilitated bringing into action a larger number of guns and cannon, the obligation imposed upon the enemy of adapting himself to this extension of front, contrary to his original plans and with inadequate means, and finally, the advantage of avoiding the strongly fortified country along the line Belfort-Epinal-Toul-Verdun.

In point of fact this last advantage has not proved to be quite what the German Head-Quarter Staff supposed. They discovered that, although it appeared less capable of resistance, the Belgian fortified barrier of the Meuse was strong enough to compel the assailant to mark time for days which were worth weeks. The British Army had time to arrive to cover the French left flank, and the second Belgian stand round Antwerp and afterwards on the Yser, having in the course of operations completed the work of the first, the advantages of the passage through Belgium were eclipsed by the disadvantages.

How would it have been if the offensive had been conducted by the direct route in the east? That question raises discussion of the check which the first heavy German attack met with before Verdun the other day. If they did not succeed in February, 1916, in spite of the colossal combination of methods employed and the ferocity of fighting, why should they have had any better success in August, 1914?

I do not think the two cases are parallel. In 1914 the Germans would have benefited by the surprise caused by their 420 mm. howitzers. Instead of giving the first exhibition of their effectiveness upon the forts of Liège, they would have demonstrated it upon the French forts. And even if their success had been less quickly achieved, the chances were that the attack would have succeeded.

Question of Fortifications

As it is now, the forts on French territory have been adapted to meet the requirements which experience at Liège, Namur and Maubeuge has proved to be necessary. Instead of their defences being constricted within a narrow limit of space, which consequently is liable to destruction by a very small number of heavy shells accurately directed, they are distributed over a larger area, which gives them greater chances of escape from the enemy's attack. The entrenchments have been developed in accordance with the formulas of field fortifications, with the result that the defensive area is very much vaster. And finally, the heavy artillery which the French lacked at the beginning of the war, has been constructed, and is now opposed to the German heavy guns at Verdun.

Another difference between 1914 and 1916 lies in the quality of the troops engaged, and especially in that of the officers and non-commissioned officers. No doubt the battle of Verdun has sent into action troops that had been well prepared for the violent fighting required of them. They had been rested after their previous exhausting fatigues and carefully trained. But none the less they had less homogeneity than those that would have been employed in 1914, and also less quickness and skill in operation. In August, 1914, the men would have been the very best that Germany could produce, and led by the most capable and energetic representatives of the commissioned and non-commissioned grades. In February and March,

1916, the men belonged to any number of annual classes, young and old, and the veteran officers of the active army had almost ceased to exist. Thus the chances had altered, and were not nearly so many, and not nearly so real, as in August, 1914.

Is this as much as to say that, consequently, the French would not have retrieved the situation, as they were able to do at the Marne, with the assistance of the British Army? It is quite possible. But such an enquiry is outside the scope of any examination supported by proofs; imagination takes too large a part in it. All one can say definitely is that the Belgian army would not have had to intervene, that England would not have had to support Belgium in virtue of her guarantee of neutrality, and that with regard to the moral support which a belligerent may be desirous of finding among neutrals, Germany would not have tarnished her reputation as she has done. In short and in conclusion, she would probably have had greater chances of victory.

AIRCRAFT POLICY

And the Zeppelin Menace from the National Standpoint

By F. W. Lanchester

[In this and the following article an endeavour is made to put before the public a dispassionate account of the reasons, facts and circumstances which have led to the present day non-military employment of aircraft in warfare as typically exemplified by the Zeppelin raids. The writer has endeavoured to bring the question of aircraft raids into their true perspective, both as to their relative material importance as acts of war, and to their moral importance, as founded on the theories of German military writers, as a means of causing embarrassment to an enemy Government. Later articles will deal with the capabilities and development of the large airship and the importance of its future rôle in legitimate warfare.]

THERE have been many complaints voiced in the press and at meetings of different kinds that Britain has neglected to provide herself with large airships comparable to, and capable of combating, the Zeppelin raider. Parenthetically it may be remarked that the idea that airship can counter airship has no proved foundation, and it is certain that if the enemy were to adhere to its present policy of attacking only by night, any attempt at defence by means of airships of equal size and speed would be foredoomed to failure. Thus if airship is to counter airship in such a matter as giving protection against raids, it will be by indirect means, namely by reprisal or by intercepting the enemy on his return from a raiding expedition. Apart from the question of whether or no airship can counter airship it does appear on the face of it to require some explanation why Great Britain has not kept a closer watch on the work done in Germany, in this the most showy though certainly not the most useful development of service aeronautics.

System of Government

It is only within roughly the past twelve months, during which the German raider has managed to make himself particularly obnoxious, that public interest has become focussed on this question of aircraft, and now the public attention is so focussed the cry is that somebody is to blame. The present Coalition Government clearly cannot be blamed, so the blame has to be thrown on the late Government prior to the war, and according to various writers not only is the late Government to blame, but the pigheaded and stupid experts come in also for their share! Let us see to what extent these allegations will hold gas.

During the last few decades, one may say during the last fifty years, it has become more and more the settled system in this country that the Government elected by popular vote, ostensibly for the purpose of governing, is controlled, driven or held back by the continuous application of the pressure of public opinion. We do not

Why, then, did she run the risk of reducing her chances? I do not think it is a hazardous proposition that she did so because she wanted to get to the sea, and that when preparing her plan of war her ambitions already embraced England as well as France. Germany has always looked far ahead; it is seldom that she has sought out one enemy without thinking about the enemy of to-morrow. When Prussia laid hands upon Denmark, Austria-Hungary was already a matter of interest to her. When she crushed Austria-Hungary at Sadowa, she was not forgetful of France. Would there be anything extraordinary if, in 1914, the German Empire perceived England behind Belgium and France?

Investigation of the strategical problem offered by her plan of campaign in the west would thus serve to throw a light upon the probable political aims and objects of the Imperial government. The investigations will be all the more interesting when the official records of the various Staffs begin to disclose their secrets.

appoint a Government for a period limited by a maximum term of office, and leave it to govern. Our system appears to be that we appoint a Government as we harness a horse, and we never leave off pulling the strings from the day it goes into office to the day on which it finishes its term or drops dead. The result of this is, that if public opinion, even in matters of detail, goes astray, it almost certainly follows that the Government also goes astray, just as, in the analogy of the horse, if the driver gets flurried or is the worse for drink the horse and coach will get into difficulties or go off the road.

There is a strong tendency on the part of the public and electorate to rush from one extreme to the other; thus a few years ago the Zeppelin airship was looked upon by the public as a mere academic development of no particular interest to us islanders, and if the Government had started spending a few millions on a parallel development in this country, and had experienced half the failures through which Count Zeppelin has fought his way, there would have been so many questions asked in Parliament and so much trouble created that there can be but little doubt the whole aeronautical movement, not only in the airship but also in the aeroplane, would have received a substantial, possibly fatal, set-back.

Experimental Expenditure

Again and again during recent years public opinion has declined to tolerate any expenditure in armament which could not be proved up to the hilt as absolutely necessary to the country's safety. It is indeed probable that the verdict of the future historian will record that this standard of absolute necessity has been so low as at times actually to have placed Great Britain and the British Empire in grave peril. To suggest that the British Government would have been allowed to carry out an expensive experimental campaign in airships (and nothing but an expensive campaign would have been of any service) is futile, and to blame a Government so controlled by public opinion for not having done so is a course which can only lead serious thinkers to question the whole fabric and purpose of our modern democratic system.

To-day we hear right and left the senseless cry that the Government ought to have done this, or the Government ought to have done that; that the Government ought to have built large airships to protect us from Zeppelin attacks. What is the meaning of this outcry—is it that the people and the press are any wiser than before? Is it that the people and the press have learned something which the Government have not learned? Is it that the people and the press have known something in the past which the Government did not know? My answer is emphatically "No."

Individuals amongst the people and individuals amongst the press have known and have foreseen. Members of the Government have known and have

foreseen. But the will of the people has not been of recent years to support a strong defensive programme, whether it be in aircraft or otherwise. The question is thus a broad one. The narrowing of the question, and focussing attention on aeronautics generally and the airship in particular is, so far as the average voter and the body of the electorate is concerned, summed up in a few words: *We have been bombed!*

Even so uncompromising a democrat, so uncompromising a socialist as Blatchford recognised the truth in this respect. In his articles, published in the columns of a well-known London daily a few years ago, he clearly recognised the real source of weakness, though he did not express it precisely as the present writer is doing. I will quote two paragraphs from Mr. Blatchford's fifth article (page 17 of the published reprint):

There is danger ahead. Mr. Asquith has told us so, Lord Roberts has told us so, Sir Edward Grey has told us so. And we are not ready to meet that danger. And we are not making ready to meet that danger. And the great majority of our people are oblivious of that danger or refuse to recognise its existence.

And a few paragraphs later:

It implies that British Cabinets are unworthy of the nation's confidence. I am afraid it implies more than that. I am afraid it implies that British Cabinet Ministers, for the sake of remaining in power, have time after time concealed a state of affairs which in the event of war would expose the Empire to serious risks of dishonour and defeat.

It will be noted in the foregoing that having enunciated the fact, and stated that as well as Lord Roberts, both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have warned us of danger, Mr. Blatchford has said: "I am afraid it implies more than that." He says: "It implies that British Cabinet Ministers, *for the sake of remaining in power,*" etc. Mr. Blatchford does not press his argument to its logical conclusion. If the British Cabinet concealed the true state of affairs for the sake of remaining in power, then if they had revealed the state of affairs they would presumably have been thrown out, and we should have had some other Ministry, who also if they had revealed the true state of affairs would have been thrown out, so that Mr. Blatchford practically presents to us the appalling state of things of a democracy electing a Parliament, and indirectly a Government, which will be thrown out if its members dare to tell the truth.

Obviously such a state of things carries as a corollary that, *whatever* Government we may have, the price and condition of its existence is that it shall not tell the truth on a matter of vital import: A more damning commentary on the whole fabric of democratic control has never been penned. He admits that both Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith had warned the nation of the danger ahead, and it is common knowledge that the leaders of the Unionist Party had not been backward in the same direction.

That I am not misinterpreting Mr. Blatchford is clear when I quote paragraphs as follows. The concluding paragraph of the third article (page 13) thus reads:

I must confess, with sorrowful misgiving, that the nation is blind to its peril, and is proving itself impotent to meet that danger as it must be met if the Empire is not to go down in complete and irretrievable disaster.

Or again, from the first article (page 5 of the reprint):

That is the Pan-Germanic dream. That is the ambition which is driving Germany into a war of aggression against this country. But the British people do not believe it. The British people take little interest in foreign affairs, and less in military matters. The British people do not want to bother, they do not want to pay, they do not want to fight, and they regard as cranks or nuisances all who try to warn them of their danger.

Members of the Cabinet before the war realised the danger. I think history will relate that in some respects they strained a point beyond their mandate from the people in the direction of increasing our defences, but as Mr. Blatchford tacitly agrees, the Government were pledged to the electorate to economise, and if they had gone to the extent that they would untrammelled have wished, they would assuredly have been replaced by a Government more complaisant, which would have accorded more closely, more slavishly, to the dictates of popular clamour. No Government could have lived during the last decade, had it ventured to embark upon an increased spending programme in the direction of armament; given this as a condition it was clearly right

that expenditure should have been limited to those directions in which utility had been proved or could be definitely demonstrated.

To-day all these facts are forgotten. The man who wished for curtailment of expenditure in armaments, and a lavish expenditure in social reform, seems to have vanished. He is there still, but has changed his coat, he will change it back again within a few weeks of the war being over, when the fear of Zeppelin bombs has been forgotten, but for the moment he shouts loudly about other people's neglect, and swallows his own past words without even chewing them.

An Effective Air Service

Considering the political atmosphere prior to the outbreak of war, it is wonderful that we were able to assert, after the first few weeks' fighting, a definite aeronautical ascendancy. This was only due to the fact that the few millions (very few millions) which had been granted for aeronautical development had been mainly concentrated on the perfection of the heavier-than-air machine. If the available resources had been divided between an airship policy and the development of the aeroplane we should have been hopelessly outclassed, and probably overwhelmed by disaster.

It will only be fully appreciated when the history of the war is written what invaluable assistance was rendered by our airmen during the retreat from Mons, and that at a date before it had been possible to effect any material increase in our force of aeroplanes. If we had not been well served by our Flying Corps at the period in question there is every reason to believe that the most perfect generalship would not have saved us from irretrievable disaster.

The cost of any effective airship programme (apart from experimental or developmental expenses) would have sucked up every available penny of aeronautical grant like a mighty suction dredger, and would have left nothing at all for the humbler heavier-than-air machine.

It is no use dwelling on the past except to glean lessons for the future, but I have reviewed the past in the foregoing paragraphs to show how senseless, and I may say ungrateful and criminal, is the movement of which one has recently seen evidence, to blame the past Government for such deficiencies as may be acknowledged. It would be more creditable to our national level-headedness if we were to recognise that it is our system of Government which is at fault, and not the individual puppets who happen nominally to be in power.

One is tempted to exclaim: *Serve God if you will, serve Man, serve Mammon, serve the Devil himself, but never serve a Democracy!*

(To be continued).

Women's War Work, edited by Lady Randolph Churchill (C. Arthur Pearson. 2s. 6d.), embodies the first serious effort to trace the war activities of women in the various belligerent countries, and to give a series of clear and convincing pictures of what women have accomplished under new patriotic influences since the beginning of the war. From this book a very clear view can be obtained of women's war work in Europe, America, and the British Dominions overseas during the past eighteen months, and scarcely a phase of these activities has been overlooked.

Degenerate Germany, by Henry de Hadsalle (F. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d. net), is a record of the repellent decadence of Germany, the innate corruption of the whole empire. It is possible, of course, to find parallels for a number of the charges that the author makes in almost any country; the immorality recorded of Cologne and other German cities is equalled by many centres outside Germany, and, as far as statistics of this sort of thing are concerned, there is nothing new in the book. But in the degeneracy of modern German literature, the immoral tendencies of Wagnerian and certain modern German music, and similar points, the author offers some very valuable matter for consideration. He shows that not only are the acts of the nation degenerate, but the whole tone of thought is on the down grade and obviously a long way down the grade. The work is biased, beyond question, but none the less it makes a study of sinister and at times horrible interest, as showing to what depths standards of conduct can sink under the doctrine of "might is right."

CHAYA.

A Romance of the South Seas.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea and a chance acquaintance, Tillman, a sporting man, about town, fond of yachting and racing, offers to introduce him to a wealthy woolbroker, Curlewis, with a view to financing the scheme. Macquart also makes the acquaintance of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job, who has done a good deal of yachting in his time. Curlewis turns down the scheme, though Macquart tells his story in a most convincing manner. His silent partner Screed believes in it, and unbeknown to Curlewis, follows the three men, asks them to his house, and agrees to find the ship and the money, on seeing that Macquart's hidden treasure map agrees with an Admiralty chart. The ship is the yawl "Barracuda." Screed, on the morrow, takes the three men over the "Barracuda" with which they are delighted. Coming away Macquart is overtaken by an old friend, one Captain Hull, who hails him as B—y Joe, and accuses him of many mean crimes. Macquart gives Captain Hull the slip, but unbeknown to him Hull gets in touch with Screed, and enlightens him on the real character of Macquart. Just as the "Barracuda" is about to sail Screed takes Hull on board and unexpectedly introduces him to Macquart as a member of the crew. The voyage passed with few adventures. Guided by Macquart the "Barracuda" arrived at New Guinea, and anchored in the lagoon. Almost at once they started for the place where Macquart declared the cache to be. They dug through the night but unearthed nothing.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SCORPION AND THE CENTIPEDE.

THEY were a rather gloomy party at breakfast next morning. Not one of them spoke of the events of the night before, and even Hull's enormous appetite seemed affected.

After the meal, Houghton led Tillman off for a stroll. The morning sun was shining through the trees, and the village folk were all off after rubber; they passed the village and just beyond, on the dense border of the forest, Houghton sat down on a fallen log, filled his pipe and lit it. He seemed to have something on his mind: Tillman sat down beside him and began to smoke also.

"Look here," said Houghton at last, "I've been thinking."

"Yes?"

"Macquart's not running straight."

"How do you mean?"

"He's bamboozling us."

"Over the cache?"

"Yes. The stuff's not buried there and never was. The *Terschelling* was never fetched up as far as this and never sunk here. That was her we saw in the lagoon."

"Which?"

"That old burnt ship we saw in the lagoon. Lant got all his men in the fo'c'sle and then set alight to her. I'm positive."

"Good God!" said Tillman. "What are you saying?"

"I'm saying what I think. Let's reason it out. Lant stole the *Terschelling* and her cargo of gold. He knew the river, he knew the people, he was certain of a safe refuge here. But he did not want anyone, of course, to know about the treasure, not even the people here. Why should he have brought the *Terschelling* up this distance? No, he put her into the lagoon, he made the crew cache the treasure there, then got on board and did for them. He had to keep one man to help in the business and to help him to come up here in a boat. That man was Macquart."

"Go on," said Tillman, whose pipe had gone out.

"He came up here with Macquart and married a native woman; that gave him a position and made him one of the tribe. Macquart saw him settling down, saw no chance of profiting and did for him. Then Lant's wife suspected, and Macquart had to shun out."

"Wait a moment," said Tillman. "Macquart told us that as having happened to a man named Smith. Well haven't you seen that for the last long time Macquart has not been even trying to keep up the Smith fiction. He has all but acknowledged that he was Smith. Now, if he were a murderer, would he act like that?"

"To begin with," said Houghton, "there was never any evidence of the crime, and it happened fifteen years ago.

Macquart is absolutely safe. Again, he is not an ordinary man; he seems the most absolutely cynical and cold-blooded devil I have ever met. I have been watching him closely. He doesn't bother about hiding anything the law can't catch him for. He doesn't boast of his crimes, but he doesn't bother."

"Wait a moment," said Tillman. "Now, see here. If that was the *Terschelling* we saw in the lagoon, and if the stuff is cached near here, why on earth did Macquart bring us up here? This place is a dangerous place for him. Lant's wife is still alive, and if she recognised him, she'd be sure to try and work him mischief."

"Did I not say that Macquart's object was to diddle us over the cache," said Houghton. "He has brought us up here so that he may play us some beastly trick, of that I'm certain. It may be that he plans to steal off some night, slip down the river, load up the *Barracuda* and make off. He's very thick with Jacky; he understands Jacky's lingo, and I'm not so sure of Jacky's being straight; these black fellows, most of them, from what I've heard, aren't to be depended on much."

"He might do that," said Tillman, "but I doubt if he would be able to get the *Barracuda* away with only Jacky to help."

"Oh, yes, he would. Two men could do a lot with a boat of that size. Look at Slocum—went round the world by himself. Macquart would make for Macassar or somewhere close."

"There are two things that knock your idea on the head," said Tillman. "The first is, Macquart and Jacky would never be able to transport all that gold from the cache to the *Barracuda* before we were on top of them—they could only get a five or six hours' start at the most; the second is, that without Screed's help, Macquart would never be able to dispose of it."

Houghton laughed. "I've been thinking the whole of this thing out," said he, "and I can answer that. Screed was a fool; we were all fools. Macquart, if he wanted to play us false, would not want to take all the stuff in the cache, a couple of thousand would do. With that, he'd sail off to Macassar, or somewhere else, settle, make a little position for himself and then, when he had a house and a banking account, he'd come back for the rest of the stuff—maybe a year from now, it's quite simple."

"Good God!" said Tillman, suddenly.

"What?"

"Macquart and Jacky slept in the boat last night and we in the tent."

"Yes," said Houghton, "that was the thing that started me off thinking last night just as I lay down. I thought to myself how easy it would be for those two to slip off. You will remember, it was Macquart who suggested that he and Jacky should take the boat, as the tent was too small for the four of us."

Tillman said nothing for a moment. He seemed reviewing the whole matter carefully. Then he spoke.

"We've got to consult at once with Hull," said he, "over this."

"For goodness sake, no," replied Houghton. "If you put Hull on to this business, you will ruin everything."

"How?"

"Because Hull would be in this matter like a bull in a china shop. He hates Macquart, just as Macquart hates him. I honestly believe that Macquart is tricking us in this matter, not so much that he may collar all the stuff for himself, as that he may get even with Hull. However that may be, Hull, if he knew what we are thinking, would go on so that Macquart would be on his guard. We want to appear a particularly soft lot of fools, so that we may take him off his guard and get to know what his plans are."

"He knows where the stuff is cached and we want to get at that knowledge. He will never tell us of his own accord, for that would be to enrich Hull; besides, it would be contrary to the man's real nature. It would be *agony* to Macquart to share up and be honest over a huge sum of money like this. He is a fox man, or, rather, a wolf man. Well, we must turn ourselves into foxes or wolves if we want to share the prey."

One of the properties of Adventure is the power that it possesses for the development of character.

This expedition was already bringing forth the true mental properties of the adventurers with astonishing results.



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas.

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“Houghton saw an object that made his flesh crawl upon him.”

Tillman, for instance, who had always seemed a butterfly under the false conditions of Sydney life, was exhibiting qualities of balance and energy that would have astonished his friends; and Houghton, brought to the test, was showing a clearness of vision and a power of reasoning upon obvious facts that he had never exhibited fully before.

The power to reason clearly and justly on the obvious facts before us is a power denied to very many; it constitutes the soul of business and success in life. It was the secret of Napoleon's greatness, and it has been found wanting in many and many a philosopher.

“Well,” said Tillman, “perhaps you are right. Hull's a

blundering sort of chap, and there's no doubt he hates Macquart as much as Macquart hates him. We'd better lay low, we two, and we've got to watch this chap as a cat watches a mouse. I'll watch the boat to-night. There's a lot of bushes on the bank. I can hide there with a Winchester, and you can watch to-morrow night; we mustn't leave him a second alone. I'll go off now and see what he's doing.”

He rose up and went off, leaving Houghton still seated on the fallen tree.

So deep was he in meditation, that he did not hear a light step behind him. It was the girl of yesterday; she

(Continued on page 22.)

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(Continued from page 20)

was coming along the path that led from the Dvak village to the waterside. As she drew up to the seated figure, she paused, stared, and sprang towards him.

The next moment, the astonished Houghton found himself dragged by the arm off the log, and standing face to face with Chaya.

Without a word, the girl pointed to the log on which he had been seated, and Houghton saw an object that made his flesh crawl upon him.

It was the great scorpion of New Guinea, by far the most monstrous creation of the Tropics. It was almost the size of a grown man's hand, almost the colour of the dark wood on which it crawled, and as Houghton looked at it, he saw the tail with its terrible terminal nippers curl up and then flatten out again, and the whole body of the reptile move forward in its steady progress along the path it had chosen for itself.

Had he placed his hand upon it or pressed his leg against it, he would have died as surely as though a pistol had been fired at his head point blank, for the bite of the great New Guinea scorpion not only kills, but kills in a most horrible way, and there is no antidote to the poison.

Houghton at once on the sight of the thing stooped down and picked up a piece of stick for the purpose of killing it, but again Chaya's hand fell upon his arm, this time restraining him. She was pointing at the tropical leaves that half covered one end of the log. Something was coming from among them. "It was a centipede. A centipede fifteen inches in length, ash grey changing to green, and orange where the thousand tiny legs moved in hideous vibration, and with such rapidity that they shewed only as a narrow band of orange-coloured mist.

Above and around were the tropical leaves; a bird like a puff of sapphire dust flew from the sunlight through the gloom of the branches, and over the battle that now ensued swung a sagging loop of liana, coloured like an old rope except at one point where from it blazed an orchid.

The centipede attacked. Making use of the inequalities of the bark, it covered the distance between itself and the enemy in three movements, and with such cunning that the scorpion, who had perceived its antagonist from the first, seemed undecided and not to know from what point the attack was coming. There is nothing on earth more skilled in the art of taking cover than the centipede, more astute, more furtive.

Then in a flash, the battle was joined and the centipede was running over the back of the scorpion like a narrow ash-grey river. The claws of the scorpion sought for it and the pincer tail was flung back to seize it, but the river changing and shifting eluded all these attempts; it seemed as though the centipede possessed an eye to match every foot. In the fury of the fight the combatants tumbled off the log and, tangled together, the battle went on amidst the leaves on the ground with a fury that made Houghton almost feel ill.

Chaya, taking the piece of stick from Houghton, pushed the leaves aside and disclosed the end of the fight. The scorpion was tearing the centipede to pieces with its lobster claws, but its victory brought its death. It had been mortally stung, the claws flung themselves up once or twice, the tail curved backwards for the last time, fell, and even as it fell the body of the thing was covered by rushing ants.

A great butterfly, sea-coloured and luminous, flitted across the log, and Houghton turned his eyes to Chaya. She was half laughing, the pupils of her dark eyes were dilated as if with the excitement of the battle they had just witnessed. She seemed the incarnation of the spirit of this land, where the flowers burgeoned in a night, where Love and Hate grew swift as the convolvulus that grows even as one watches it, where Beauty and Terror walk hand in hand with Destruction.

"Dead," said Chaya.

"You saved me," said Houghton.

He took both her hands in his. She had been in his thoughts ever since their eyes had met on the day before and she knew it.

Houghton stood out from his companions, not only on account of his good looks. He possessed a refinement they lacked. He was the only man of his type who, perhaps, had ever trod that soil.

She laughed as he held her hands, laughed, looking right into his eyes, so that a fierce flame seemed to strike through him, filling him with the intoxication of light and fire, the intoxication that one may fancy to seize the moth before it dashes into the lamp.

Then he released her hands and the spell was taken off him, but none the less his fate was sealed. She sat down on the log and he sat beside her.

"You come from far away?" said Chaya, in that English which the traders had taught her and which she

spoke in a curious singing way, with a rising inflection that was the last charm of language.

"Yes, very far," he replied; "all the way from England."

"All the way from England," said she, repeating the words as though they did not interest her much, or as though they had little meaning for her.

"Yes—and I know who you are. You are Chaya."

"How know you *that*?"

"Wiart, the white man, told me."

"Ugh!" said Chaya.

Criticism could go no further in conciseness, and Houghton looking sideways at his delicious companion, saw that her head was tilted slightly back, and it came into his mind for the first time that the old expression, "turning up one's nose" does not refer to the nose at all, but to the position of the head. And what a lovely head it was that taught him the fact, cut surely and sharply as the head upon a cameo, with night-black hair drawn backwards and fixed in a single knot, without any adornment but its own beauty.

The arm close to him was bare, and the loosely worn robe exposed just a glimpse of her side and the fact that she wore the brass corsets used by the Dyak women of some tribes; the hand that still held the stick shewed no sign of hard work, small, yet capable-looking, supple and subtle, with the finger-nails polished like agate, it fascinated Houghton. He longed to clasp it and hold it.

Chaya's colour was a new form of beauty in itself, derived from the fact that it was the blended colour-beauty of two races, the European and the Dyak; but her eyes shewed nothing of Europe in their depths, they were the eyes of the Saribas woman and filled with the mystery of the forests and the sea.

"You do not like Wiart?"

Chaya, instead of replying, sought amidst the leaves with the point of the stick, discovered what was left of the centipede and held it up on the stick end.

It looked like a string made of faded green paper.

She laughed as she held it up in answer to his question.

"It's about as ugly as him," said Houghton. "Chaya, where do you live? I know it's somewhere close here; but where?"

Chaya waved her arm all round, as if to indicate that she inhabited the whole forest, a delicate and humorous evasion of the question that seemed to hint, "We are getting on very well, but not quite so fast as all that."

Houghton smiled and bit his lip. He wanted nothing more but just to sit here beside her. Never in his life again would he feel just the same thrill and intoxication as he experienced now, in the first moments of his new existence, sitting by this half-mute, half-laughing companion.

She had dropped the remnants of the centipede and she was swinging the stick now, leaning forward as she sat with her elbows on her knees and the stick between her fingers.

She seemed musing on something.

As she sat like this, two butterflies, desperately in love with one another, passed flitting one above the other. She followed them with her eyes, and as she turned her head to watch them vanish in the gloom of the trees, her eyes met his and the call in them went straight to his soul. Maddened, scarcely knowing what he was doing, he stretched out his arms to seize her, but she evaded him like a ghost. Then she was gone.

He stood looking at the swaying leaves where she had vanished, swallowed up by the same gloom that had taken the butterflies, then his eyes fell to the ground where the stick she had held was lying, and the remnants of the scorpion and the centipede, whose battle to the death was to form the first chapter in one of the strangest love stories of the tropics.

(To be continued.)

Hedgehog straw in spite of its unduly ugly name promises to be well liked this year. It is, as can easily be imagined, a particularly rough straw, and a hat made of it wants but little additional trimming, a band and tie of narrow ribbon being sufficient. Some of the hats are rather attractively trimmed with large flower motifs in a straw of contrasting colour, and are a boon in our uncertain climate. No matter how much it may rain they come through triumphant, for the colours are fast, and will not run.

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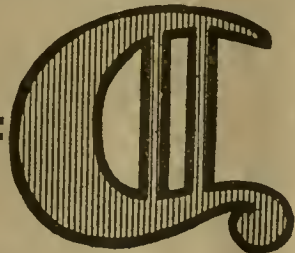


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THE NEUTRAL CHOICE

AT the beginning of the war a distinguished foreign diplomatist expressed the opinion that before it was over every great civilised Power would have been drawn into the struggle. We do not know the grounds upon which he based his prophecy, but the inauguration of the new campaign of German submarine frightfulness brings its realisation within the region of practical politics. For if the *Tubantia* and the *Palembang*, the *Englishman* and the *Sussex*, not to mention other vessels, have been sunk by German agency, and still more if the German Government pursues to its logical end the policy which it has thus begun, neutrals can hardly fail, sooner or later, to abandon neutrality in self-defence alone. Directly the neutrals, however, begin to consider the abandonment of neutrality, they are driven to make up their minds as to the side which they are going to join, and the question of the defence of their own interests as neutrals becomes swallowed up in the larger question about which the war itself is being fought, and it is, of course, by no means certain that neutrals, if forced to take sides, will fight against the Power, or combination of Powers, which has trespassed upon their rights.

In view, therefore, of the events of the last fortnight the general trend of opinion in neutral countries as to the main issues at stake in the war itself becomes of prime importance, for it will be their judgment about the war itself which will determine the side they will join, once neutrality is abandoned. From this point of view an article which appeared recently in the *New Republic*, a well-known New York weekly, is of much significance. The *New Republic* sees that far more is involved in the submarine controversy than the rights of American citizens. "If," it says, "the submarine survives as a commerce destroyer it will do so at the expense of the existing structure of marine law. If on the contrary, the existing structure of marine law is to survive, and to be enlarged, the practice of commerce destroying by submarines will have to be ruled out." "Freedom of the seas, like civil freedom on land, must eventually rest upon the orderly exercise of authoritative power and control." And that, it says, will be impossible if the submarine is recognised as a commerce destroyer. Owing to the peculiar combination of invisibility, vulnerability and offensive power, possessed by the submarine, "the seas, if submarines were recognised as commerce destroyers at all, would be violated by a barbarous

guerrilla warfare, which would break down the distinction between trading and war vessels, and would endanger the lives and boats of neutrals on the high seas, and which would make it almost impossible for neutrals not to become involved in the quarrel. The existing marine law, which until recently has made travel on the ocean comparatively safe for non-combatants of all nations, would be superseded by a kind of anarchy that, in case many submarines could be kept actively afloat, would become intolerable." The only way out, in the eyes of the *New Republic*, is for the civilised world to treat submarines as they have treated privateers, and outlaw them as commerce destroyers.

The general trend of this opinion is reinforced by American comment on the sinking of the *Sussex*. The essence of the position was stated by the *World* as follows: "The question to be considered very seriously by this country and by all other neutrals having self-respect, is whether anything is to be gained by maintaining any longer the ghastly pretence of friendly diplomatic correspondence with a Power notoriously lacking in truth and honour." Neutrals, in fact, are beginning to realise what the Allies have long known, that the war is really being fought against a clique which, having rivetted its despotism on the German and Austro-Hungarian peoples, is now, by the law of its own autocratic being, attempting to extend its paralysing sway over all Eastern Europe as well. In its passion for dominion it has shown itself willing to cast not only its own word, but the most elementary rights of humanity, to the winds. It has proved to demonstration that it will stop at no atrocity, that it will hesitate to employ no invention of science, however devilish in the misery it inflicts, if it can thereby subserve its military ends.

The significance of these opinions lies in the fact that they know that American opinion is hardening, not only towards a truer perception of the issues of the war itself, but toward the only conclusion which it is possible to draw from the facts revealed in this war. If a great and powerful nation sets out to attain its own selfish ends, regardless of international law, and regardless of the rights and liberties of other nations, the only answer is for the civilised world to band itself together in active defence of the principles upon which civilisation itself depends. The war has sufficiently proved the futility of treaty declarations, and paper international law. Treaty rights and international law are worthless without the armed strength of civilisation behind them. It was a general perception of this truth which took the five nations of the British Empire into the war. It was the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, which finally convinced them that Germany was playing the part of an outlaw among nations, and that if liberty, and even civilisation itself, were to last, the sanctity of public right must be vindicated at any cost. If Germany is now proceeding to act even more obviously than in the past as the outlaw of the seas, she is only pursuing her own doctrines to their logical conclusion with the inevitable result that the eyes of neutrals also will be opened to the same conclusion.

This war is not a dog fight between a number of jealous rivals. It is a war of principles, a renewal of the time honoured struggle between tyranny and liberty, might and right. Every day that passes convinces the Allies of the truth of this fact. At the outset they were united mainly by a common fear of a common enemy. The meeting of the Concert of the Allies this week in Paris proves that they are now united by the same spirit that animated the Quadruple Alliance against Napoleon a century ago—they attend it as crusader nations fighting to destroy the poison of Prussianism, and to rebuild the world on the foundation of liberty and law. It is not inappropriate that this should be the moment chosen by the inheritors of the Napoleonic tradition to drive the neutrals to consider whether they also should not participate in the great work of permanently establishing the principles of international justice and liberty as the foundation on which the civilisation of the world shall rest.

THE RUSSIAN MOVEMENTS

By Hilaire Belloc

THOUGH the Russian movements of the last fortnight have nothing decisive about them whatsoever and can hardly be even preparatory to any definite plan at so early a date as this, we shall better understand the main effort later on if we appreciate the situation North of Vilna as it stands now before the thaw.

The great line from the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier consists of three separate sections.

In the centre are the marshes of Pinsk in which no decisive movement can ever take place. The enemy there holds a small number of more or less isolated positions which depend for their security upon the nature of the ground. One would almost call these positions an archipelago, were it not that the whole region is cut by a certain number of embankments, by a few causeways and railway lines, and further traversed by ways which the inhabitants know and can use, and which are pieced together deviously along the harder stretches of ground. Our Allies hold, opposite to and watching these enemy positions, similarly discontinuous posts. The main supply of either of the two comparatively small commands watching each other from north to south of this detestable triangle is the railway which runs from east to west through the very centre of the marshes from Kobrin and serves the town of Pinsk. The marshes are, I believe, never so frozen as to allow for the unimpeded movement of armies; they certainly have not been so in the course of this campaign.

This area may therefore be regarded as a breach in the general continuity of the lines, such as does not exist upon any other front. It compels both parties to treat what is north and what is south of the marshes separately, and it therefore condemns each to some considerable anxiety whenever its opponent takes the offensive. If, for instance, movements that look like a big Austro-German offensive in the south develop, the Russians cannot rapidly reinforce there from comparatively short distances. The rearrangement of forces does not proceed as it does in the west along a continuous line, but involves the bringing of large bodies over very great distances indeed. There are really two separate theatres of war on the eastern front, separated by the marshes and supporting each other only in the most distant, difficult and belated fashion.

When we contrast the ways in which this disadvantage weighs upon the enemy and upon our Ally, we discover the following points:

First, the Austro-Germans can more easily and quickly move troops from the one field to the other because, although they do not hold any good lateral railway they have behind them a much more complete system than have the Russians. In other words, they have to bring their men round in a big bend, but along that bend they have plenty of rolling stock and several double line railways. The Russians have no lateral line thither. If either side held completely the Riga, Dvinsk, Vilna, Lida, Luninets, Rovko railway, that side would have an enormous advantage. It was for such an advantage that the Austro-Germans fought so hard last September; but neither side remained in such a position. Each cuts across that railway and holds only a part of it, and the Russians have no great lateral line for more than a hundred miles behind.

On the other hand, the Russian organisation has, upon that very account, been arranged in perfectly separate groups. The Northern armies have their own bases and even their own factories separate from the Southern, and so far as the mere reinforcement in men is concerned, a sufficient delay permits of drafts from the interior which can be directed either to the north or to the south. Rapid redistribution of troops is impossible to the Russians, but then so is a rapid surprise movement of the enemy against them in such country.

The second thing we have to note about the Eastern front is that as it is divided into three sections geographically so it is divided into three distinct seasons for



operations. You have the winter, in which decisive work can hardly be attempted, but in which it is possible to move considerable bodies of men. We must not conceive of this season as one long unbroken period of hard frost. If it were so, movement would be easier. There are constant intervals of partial thaw.

Then comes a second season, brief, but of a sort quite unknown in the West of Europe, which is the spring thaw. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that during this brief season armies cannot move at all. Trenches are flooded, the low levels turned to morass or shallow sheets of water, and the roads are merely deep masses of mud. It will be remembered how, about this time last year, the operations upon the Narew came to an end abruptly and remained suspended until early summer. The cause of this was the thaw.

The thaw once over you get a season of at least six months in which operations upon a large scale are possible. It was the period of the great Austro-German offensive last year.

To this note on climate we must add the obvious fact that the southern of the three sections is open

for operations earlier than the northern although, the climate being more what is called "Continental," the depth of winter is sometimes more severe in the south than in the north.

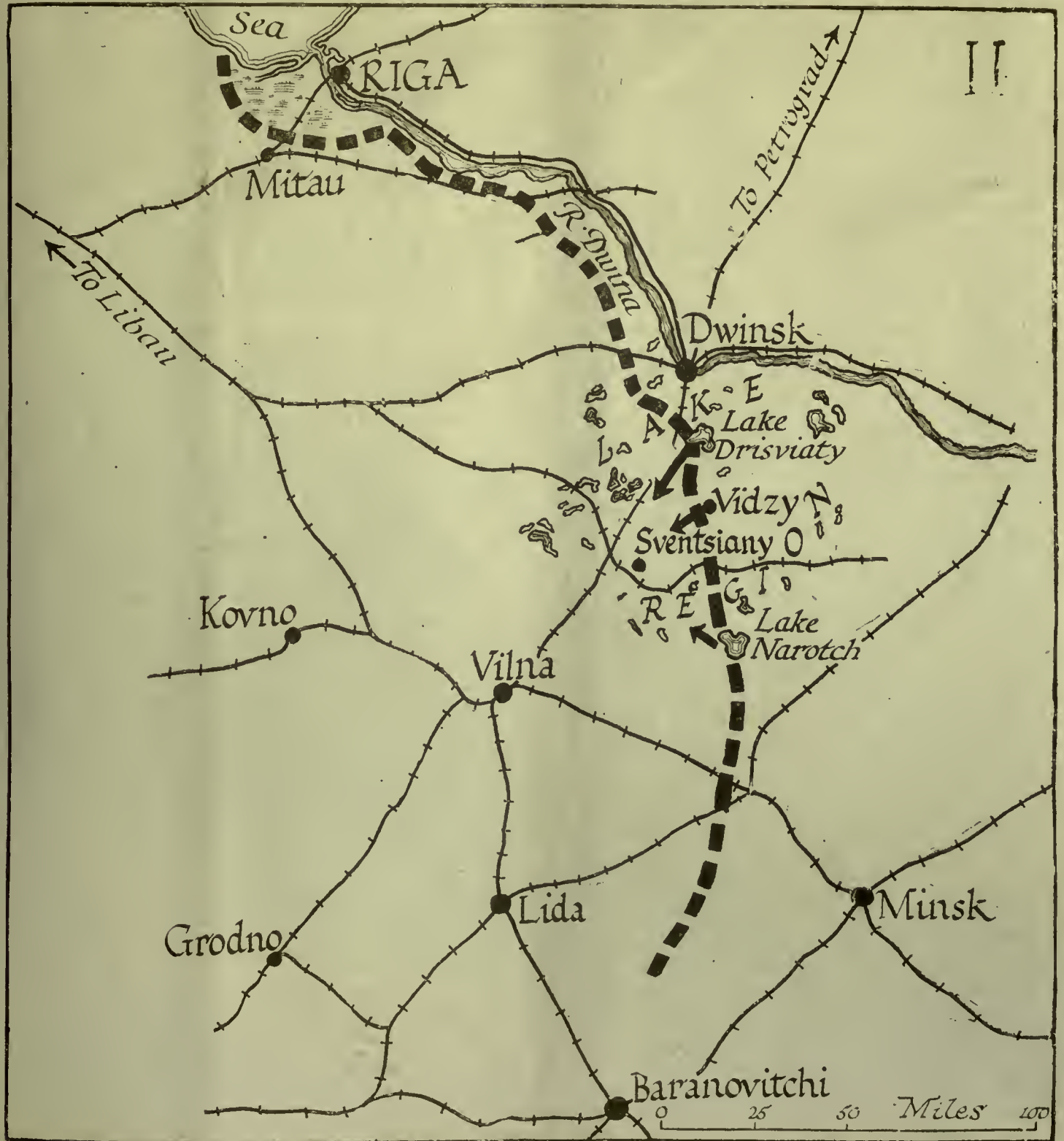
All this reasoning upon existing railways and the nature of the soil and the roads (it is the absence of stone which makes the country what it is) is modified in some degree by the power of the modern industrial civilisations, of which the Austro-Germans form a part, to supplement their communications with rapidly built railways and to trace new roads which they can, within the delay of so many months, harden. They are in a better posture to improve their front in this fashion than are the Russians with their much smaller industrial opportunities and their absence of material behind the lines. But we must not exaggerate this advantage, appreciable though it is. The Field Railways which the Germans have laid down are not permanent ways. And the providing of metal-ling and ballast road-bed for any large system of new roads and railways would be quite beyond the capacity of the enemy, especially during the winter season which is all he has had at his disposal. He will here and there have hardened a few new tracks and no doubt improved the main causeways. But he is still in the main dependent upon the system which he found when he entered the country, and this is the more obviously true from the fact that the whole district is a tangle of marsh, lake and forest. A generation of ex-

tensive exploitation with a commercial civilisation behind it under the best conditions of peace would make a great change in the physical conditions of Eastern Poland and Courland, and the marshes between Poland and Russia. It would especially improve communications. But a few months, and those months winter months under conditions of war, will have done very little. We are right, therefore, in thinking of the whole problem in terms of main communications existing when the war began, and of conditions of ground and facilities of communication not very different from these which existed in the summer of 1915.

Judged then by general considerations, let us see how matters lie in the Northern sector which has been the seat of the late movements east of Vilna and south of Dvinsk.

The reader is familiar with the line upon which the enemy's effort of last year was exhausted and balance at last restored between the invader and the invaded. It ran along and just missed the river Dvina, leaving a rather large bridgehead in Russian hands in front of Riga, easily tenable on account of the marshes there. The line of the river itself is everywhere in Russian hands. It covers Dvinsk or Dunaberg, after which the upper parts of the stream come from the east and no longer concern the trench line.

It then, in the midst of a perfect maze of lakes, small and great, threads its way down to the Vilna-Dvinsk



Railway, which it cuts south of Lake Drisviaty. From that point to Vilna the railway is in German hands.

Now the reader will here particularly note the junction which lies immediately west of the town of Sventsiany. The importance of that place and the effect of its reoccupation after the thaw by our Ally is clear from the map alone. From the junction west of Sventsiany a railway line leads to the Baltic at Libau and nourishes all the action undertaken by the Germans between the Vilna-Dvinsk main line and the Vilna-Minsk main line. That mass of munitionment without which an artillery attack against modern defences cannot be undertaken depends upon the possession of Sventsiany. Munitionment can also come round from the Baltic to Vilna and Vilna is the great depot from the whole district. But if the junction near Sventsiany was lost to the enemy, even though at the moment, the Russian advance should there form a sharp salient, the whole German line would have to fall back. It would be impossible to supply the districts east of the Vilna-Dvinsk railway and north of the Vilna-Minsk railway. This is particularly true from the lack of roads in the Lake region. From Vilna within a radius of about forty miles there radiate out a considerable number of country roads, but on striking the lake region these come to an end for the most part.

The junction near Sventsiany, therefore, will certainly be the objective of our Ally when the fine weather comes. The present movements are only designed to make possible such an advance, or the threat of it, many weeks hence. They are strokes delivered by either side (the first infantry attacks a whole fortnight ago were German not Russian in origin) to improve their positions, to get hold of the drier ground, etc., before the thaw. But what each party ultimately has in mind is the junction near Sventsiany.

Next, let it be appreciated that the Russian object here, no matter what the vigour of their offensive in the future in the region round Widzy, up northward to lake Drisviaty, and down southward to Lake Narotch (about 70 miles astraddle of the railway, and all pointing at Sventsiany) is *strategically a defensive object*. They are warding against and will be trying to forestall a German offensive in the Northern sector. They are not—they cannot be—planning a main offensive of their own in that region.

Indeed, the strategical elements in the larger sense of that phrase upon the Eastern front are simple and clear. The field for a Russian offensive is the southern field. The field for an enemy offensive is the northern field.

Why is this? Because the enemy has better communications behind him for early work, while the Russians must take advantage of the fact that their imperfect roads will be useable in the south before they are useable in the north. Because politically a real Russian advance in the south will be of immediate effect upon the Roumanian situation while a similar advance in the north would not be. Because in the south the forces opposed to Russia are mainly Austro-Hungarian and, as we know, even more exhausted than the German, and because as the now crying depletion of their effectives makes it more and more necessary for the Austro-Germans to attempt an early decision, the northern field lends itself to their power of moving troops and of accumulating munitions more than does the southern.

What we are watching, then, for the moment, is no more than slight movements for better positions in the north which, as they are obtained, will be intended upon the Russian side for defence, upon the German for offence; while it is probable that this offensive will be delivered before the corresponding and counterbalancing Russian offensive in the south develops.

The Other Fields

In the other fields of the great war there is very little to chronicle or to analyse between last week and this. On Monday last the German salient at St. Eloi just in the corner south of the big British salient round Ypres was flattened out and carried. The operation was performed by the mining of certain points upon a length of 600 yards of German trench, the mines being exploded early upon the Monday morning, whereupon an infantry attack was delivered by the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Fusiliers, capturing the first and the second line trenches and taking prisoners two officers and 168 men.

The situation upon the Tigris is stationary. The elements of any judgment upon this situation are either well known or necessarily withheld. There is no margin for conjecture. What is left of a division is, and has been for these months past, contained by the equivalent of at least four Turkish divisions. The relieving force advancing up the river to disengage its colleagues has not been of sufficient strength either to force or to turn the Turkish line down the river below Kut-el-Amara which lies astraddle of the river and, on account of the presence of marsh upon the north, is vulnerable chiefly upon the south. The capital element in the situation, of course, is the remaining supply of the British force contained by the enemy, and that is a matter which, equally obviously, is not for public discussion. What must be clearly appreciated, however, by opinion in this country is that the small Russian force operating upon and descending the only road from the Persian plateau to the Mesopotamian Plain is neither in size nor in proximity an appreciable factor in the problem. Still less will it be affected by the much larger Russian movements in the Armenian mountains—at any rate within any useful time. It is probable that the Russians will ultimately descend upon the Plains, or at least that their extreme left will threaten and interrupt the railway at Ras-El-Ain. But such action, which would have had a very great effect during the concentration of the little Turkish army in Mesopotamia and the accumulation of its munitions, would not have that effect to-day. It would threaten and perhaps ultimately cause the destruction of any force beyond Mosul, but only at long date.

Meanwhile the Russian advance continues not pressed, but evidently clearing the country methodically as it goes and quite possibly compelled to improve the tracks, especially in the south for the passage of wheeled vehicles and guns. It has not yet reached what may be called the second stage for the main advance of which Erzeroum formed the first stage. Its second stage will be marked by the line Trebizond Erzinguain Kharput or Diarbekir, and until at least that stage is reached no appreciable effect upon the situation in Mesopotamia has even begun to develop from the north. It is clearly meeting with strong resistance in front of Trebizond and has its main concentration near the Black Sea and not in the south.

The Situation at Verdun

Before Verdun the week has shown no movement at all. We only know that the enemy has been able to keep on right up to this, the 37th day of the main attack, or the 39th, counting from the first opening of the bombardment, a well-maintained bombardment upon the last of the sections which he has chosen to threaten, that on the extreme west. He is directing his fire against all the eastern slopes of Hill 304 and behind it against the western end of the Charny Ridge, which is covered by the wood of Bourrus. It is to be presumed that he intends later a strong infantry attack against the same western sector; if not, he has thrown away the effect of his bombardment. This week he has only made one infantry movement, an attempt on Tuesday to debouch from the woods. It was easily thrust back and cannot have been in great force. But a main infantry attack must come unless he is prepared to waste entirely all this artillery preparation. When he will stop and confess failure, only the future can show. He cannot have had less than a quarter of a million men so far hit and caught, excluding all other casualties incidental to such an effort, to such weather and to such ground. It may be that he desires to add to this list. We cannot tell. It is with him at this moment quite as much a political as a military problem. There will be one clear indication of the moment in which he admits defeat before Verdun, and that will be the publication from Berlin of an immense list of booty, prisoners and guns. When that is issued we shall know that the battle of Verdun is over and that the French have won it.

The Rumours of a Raid

There have been for now several days rumours gathering in volume and somewhat supported by official warnings that the enemy was preparing or pretending to prepare, a raid upon the Eastern coast. What truth there may be in such rumours, a private student of the

war has no means whatsoever of determining. But it is possible to lay down certain principles with regard to such an adventure upon the enemy's part. They may be of only academic interest. If the thing is not attempted their discussion will be worthless. If it is they will be still more completely forgotten.

(1) The enemy will not attempt, and cannot attempt, a campaign in force. He has not the men for it, and even if he had the men, nothing done here would save him. His life hangs upon the western front between Belfort and the North Sea.

(2) Therefore the object of such an adventure is strictly political.

That word is ridiculed by those who do not understand the part which intelligence plays in human affairs. Their attitude towards military study is the attitude of Sancho Panza's wife towards the study of literature. "She would not be pestered with all those meaningless little black dots."

Those who take reasoning a little more seriously know well what the distinction is between an operation purely military and an operation mainly political. The former is only concerned and directly concerned with the destruction of the enemy's main force. The latter is mainly concerned (though it is of course military in general character and local effect) with the affecting of opinion, and with the disturbance of enemy government; or with the acquiring of Allies, or with the prevention of neutrals joining the enemy, etc., etc.

Now a raid upon the shores of this country undertaken as it would necessarily be by only a small body of men, and undertaken with the full knowledge of its authors that no far reaching military results could possibly follow upon it *directly*, would be almost entirely aimed at the creation of political chaos here, and hence at an *indirect* and ultimate effect on the campaign. It will be nothing more than the air raids upon a larger scale. It would necessarily be ephemeral. It would almost certainly be accompanied by the vilest of those vile practices by which the enemy has earned immortality. Its whole motive and direction would be terror. When it was over the remaining object of the enemy would be to leave the threat of its recurrence—but nothing more.

(3) The very fact of such an effort would prove even more conclusively than the piece of suicide under Verdun the straits to which the enemy is now reduced.

The Last Card

It was said in these columns months ago, and it may usefully be repeated now, that the enemy's using his fleet and the enemy's attempting a raid would essentially be a mark that in his own opinion he had come to the end of his tether. The thing is or should be self-evident. It is not the strongest, but it is the last card of the hand he held when he declared war upon the older civilization from which he has drawn his very incomplete measure of instruction.

He hopes, when or if he plays that card, to add suddenly to his failing margin of strength by reducing *our* weight in the balance against him. He can only do this if his action obscures the form of government to be incapable of ordering a nation as a whole and, in particular, incapable of controlling a few unscrupulous newspapers. For we may be perfectly certain that the handful of wealthy men who raised a panic about nothing last autumn will do all they can to raise one ten times worse if there is a raid.

Meanwhile, the three points remain. The principal men in authority know them as all educated men do, and can, if they choose act upon them. (1) The raid could only come in numbers small, relatively, to the whole campaign; (2) Its whole object would be panic; (3) It would be proof positive of the enemy's extremity.

If these three points are made clear by official pronouncement, the mad adventure, should it be

Military Landscape Sketching and Target Indication, by W. G. Newton (Hugh Rees), is a little manual by a member of the Artists' Rifles, by means of which practically any man of ordinary intelligence can learn in a very short time how to make field sketches with sufficient clearness to convey all the information that can be transmitted by this method. The instructions given here are concise and complete.

attempted, will fail of all effect. In proportion, as we fail to bear them in mind, in proportion that is as we allow exaggeration or panic or lack of perspective in the matter to affect us, in that proportion we shall bring the Germans nearer to victory.

An Official Pronouncement upon the Fall of the Enemy's Credit

Lacking in matter for analysis as this week has been, it is impossible to conclude these notes without mentioning the appearance a day or two ago of one of those very rare official pronouncements which illuminate and confirm public opinion.

The readers of this journal know how often the value of such government action has been pointed out in LAND AND WATER and how we have pleaded for a succession of official pronouncements at regular intervals. They would have made all the difference a few months ago when the wildest panic was being deliberately spread by a treasonable section of the Press, and they are almost as necessary to-day. But we have at least had this week one example which has been of real importance. It has taken the form of an authoritative, lucid and highly-informing criticism of the value, *strictly military*, to the Allies of the fall of the German mark and of the Austrian crown. These two units of exchange have fallen, the one by well over thirty per cent., the other by about twenty-five in the neutral markets of the world. There have been plenty of fools to tell us that this meant the collapse of the enemy from lack of "money." As though a nation would stop fighting because it was hampered for the medium of exchange while it still had food, metal and chemicals and men! No, the fall of the mark and of the crown has only one military significance, but that is a very fundamental one indeed. *It signifies that the man power of the enemy is failing him in industry as it is in his effectives.*

A nation at war is always met by a compromise between these two factors. You cannot "run the nation" with too few men, and there comes a point when you must either starve your effectives or your factories.

As to the enemy's effectives we know very well in what state they are. Germany has put 1916 into the field and has begun to put the first elements of 1917. Austria-Hungary has put 1917 partly into the field and has actually warned 1918.

But the converse effect, the depletion of men for production, is equally important. *And the fall of the exchange is the proof of this.*

Germany is not now importing as is France, for instance, great masses of food, munitions, and necessaries of war. She is importing comparatively little. That import, however, she must pay for by export. No more than any other belligerent will she let go her stock of gold. In the case of the Allies it is the industry of Great Britain mainly, in part that of the remainder of the Alliance, which prevents the exchanges, high as they have gone, from becoming dangerous. Germany and Austria could have kept their exchanges down had they been able to maintain an active export to the neutrals from whom alone they can buy. Little as they have been buying during the last three months their exchange has none the less fallen during that same period with peculiar rapidity. It is because they cannot maintain their old rate of production, and that is a state of affairs that must necessarily get worse.

H. BELLOC.

Red Screens, by Cecil Headlam (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.) is written by a man who knows and loves his English lake scenery, and perusal of the book is as good as a walk among the fells of Westmorland, while an epic chapter on Cumbrian wrestling, and another concerning a fine fox hunt, are too good to be missed. The actual story concerns the daughter of a Yankee millionaire, a young doctor, and a scheming lawyer who wanted the millionaire's daughter for her money—but it is the minor characters of the book who count most. The old doctor, who gave his guest brandy in which, as an ardent naturalist, he "had only pickled one bird," is a character worth knowing, and the retired naval captain whose wife would wear pyjamas is another interesting creation on the author's part. The book is breezily written, obviously with intimate knowledge of the lake scenery among which its principal events transpire, and knowledge, too, of the dalesmen and natives of lakeland.

RUNNING AMOK

By Arthur Pollen

The Breakdown of German Discipline

WITHIN the last ten days there has been a dramatic and surprising change in Germany's submarine policy. On the 16th March von Tirpitz's resignation on the score of health was announced, and German papers, no less than the resolutions proposed in the Reichstag by the Conservatives and the National Liberals, made it quite clear that the Grand Admiral had not resigned, but had been dismissed. In two numbers of the *Zukunft*, published since the resignation, extracts of which are translated in Tuesday's *Times*, Herr Maximilian Harden sets out this view of the situation with admirable clearness. Admiral Tirpitz, he says, "believes that only submarine war without mercy or restraint, and without the brake of political consideration, can compel England to conclude peace within any measurable period of time. He who is responsible for the conduct of Imperial affairs (viz. the Chancellor), demands respect for political consideration. In that case, the answer is shouted, 'the certainty of quick results dwindles.' The decision can only come from the Supreme War Lord. He follows the advice of his Chancellor, and the Admiral departs. There is now a hailstorm of leading articles, telegrams of homage, and resolutions. Subscriptions are collected by innkeepers, tobacconists and waiters. There was not a quarter of the noise after the dismissal of Bismarck. The Secretary of State becomes so upset that he has to walk for hours in the Berlin air to revive himself. The chiefs of the Admiralty Staff, of the Battle Fleet, and of the Naval Cabinet remain at their posts, and Admiral von Capelle, who for years was the most trusted colleague of Tirpitz, is now Secretary of State. These four German admirals have either contributed to the decision or at least find it compatible with their duty. Ought, then, 68,000,000 Germans to believe that their heaviest weapon has either been shattered or curtailed?"

All this was written by Mr. Harden for the *Zukunft* of Saturday last. He probably wrote before hearing anything either of the sinking of the Dutch Liners or of subsequent events. He concluded then on the Thursday of last week, as I had concluded on the Tuesday, that the von Tirpitz policy had been abandoned out of respect for "political considerations," viz., to prevent complications with neutrals and especially with the United States, for any such must ultimately be disastrous to Germany. That is, or was, the correct conclusion borne out by the facts. The new submarine campaign was due to begin on March 1st, but between March 1st and March 20th there were but 14 ships of all nations attacked or sunk by submarines and mines in home waters, this number is rather below than above that of previous months. But the eight days March 20th to March 27th, no less than 20 ships had been attacked or sunk in home waters, a higher average than for any month since February, 1915. In other words, the von Tirpitz programme was held in abeyance until the 20th of the month.

It comes then to this. Between the 16th, the day of von Tirpitz's departure, and the 19th, when the final orders for the new campaign must have been given, something brought about a very startling change. What was it? The answer can only be that even von Hollweg must have been brought to realise that the internal condition of Germany created by the discontent over the Verdun losses in the west, and anxiety about the new Russian offensive in the east, made it imperative to pacify the people by the promise of fresh British holocausts. It was, of course, extremely significant that, judging in the cool light of reason "He," as Herr Harden has it, "who is responsible for the conduct of Imperial Affairs," realised that at the present juncture of the war, to force a quarrel with America and Holland would be ruinous. But it is far more significant that it is popular clamour and nothing less that makes this respect "to political considerations" impossible. For it means that the German people have got out of hand. "The decision

can only come from the supreme War Lord," says Germany's acutest critic. But, as a fact, it has come from the "hailstorm of leading articles" and the agitation led by "innkeepers, tobacconists and waiters." My forecast of last week is wrong, not because I was mistaken in crediting the German Government with a foreseeing regard for the country's interest, but because I was wrong in supposing that it still had the power to follow any policy of its own.

The Neutrals and the New Campaign

Of the new campaign itself there is not very much to be said. It is indeed being made "without mercy or restraint and without the brake of political considerations." Norway, which has lost nearly 100 ships through German mines and torpedoes, and has been compensated for only four, is exceedingly near an open revolt against present conditions. The Dutch Government, whose situation is extraordinarily difficult, is arranging to convoy all national ships plying down Channel and has suggested to shipowners that the northabout route is probably safer. By a miracle of good luck none of the Americans in the *Sussex* were killed, though some have been cruelly injured. And the fate of the Americans in the liner *Englishman* does not yet seem certain. But it is clear from American advices that the United States Government has become reconciled to its intervention in the war being now inevitable. To disregard an American warning is a thing Germany has done so often without penalty, that she might have done it again and relied upon continued impunity. But the pledge which Count Bernstorff gave in September—that no unresisting passenger ship should be sunk without visit and search, and proper provision of safety for those on board—was an undertaking volunteered by Germany herself. Since September Germany has, it is true, raised the point of merchantmen being armed and seems to have included the armed with the resisting ships. But no cross-Channel steamer has ever been armed, and it is doubtful if one has ever crossed without a considerable contingent of Americans on board. The case of the *Sussex* then is crucial. It is not only a challenge to America, in that it ignored the American threat, as in the case of the *Arabic*, *Ancona* and *Persia* incidents; it is doubly a challenge because it was a breach of a definite German promise made, be it remembered, to prevent the summary dismissal of Bernstorff. It is clear from Mr. Wilson's speeches that he must regard submission to such treatment as inconsistent with the honour of the country.

The immediate result then of this week's work is to exasperate Norway and Holland into almost open enmity and to leave the United States with no choice but to break off relations with Germany. To do otherwise is for America to abandon any claim to moral weight in the councils of Christendom. The character and high culture of her citizens, her enormous wealth, her stupendous productive capacity, the invaluable services which as a commercial and manufacturing community she now renders to the neutral world, these things—whatever the action of the American Government may be—will remain and will secure that measure of admiration, affection and respect which such qualities, powers and possessions must always command. But to carry moral weight amongst other nations, a nation must show itself possessed of self-respect as a nation. And self-respect as we and Belgium, Serbia and France have painfully learned, stipulates being ready and capable of taking national action at the cost of national sacrifice. There is no doubt that America, after a long and humiliating schooling, has now learnt this lesson too.

The Protection of Shipping

Unfortunately even if all the neutrals victimised by the new campaign became belligerents, it would go but a little way towards thwarting the new campaign's object. For this, as has so often been set out in these columns, is not merely to sink British shipping, but to

paralyse the sea service of the Allies by destroying all shipping.

It is a case of Germany *contra mundum*, and if British, Allied, and neutral shipping is to be saved, its protection can come from one quarter only, namely, the efforts that the British Admiralty is able to put forth. Should the United States be forced into war, the question of shipping, viewed not as a national but as a world problem, will be to some extent solved, by putting into service the German ships now interned in the United States harbours. Between 400,000 and 500,000 tons of shipping would ease the position materially. But it would not save it, if losses were to continue for any length of time at the rate of the past eight days.

There is, however, no reason for supposing that this rate can or will be maintained. What apparently has happened is that a large number of submarines were dispatched from the German ports on the 10th of the month. These boats have been upon their stations now for periods varying from eight to four days. To run them down and destroy them takes time. The situation is not unlike that of the last weeks of August last year; and I shall be disappointed if history does not repeat itself so that, before April is far advanced, we do not get a state of affairs comparable to that of last September. Once more the enemy's submarines are at their maximum in numbers; once more these numbers should be effectively reduced. Once more it will take time to replace them.

So far there is no evidence that the new and larger submarines of which we heard so much, have taken part in the campaign. Telegrams from Denmark and Sweden indicate that such new submarines have been seen. One is said to have taken the crew of a captured ship on board and to have kept them there for four days. Whether these exist in quantities, and if so, whether they can alter the character of the attack on commerce, so as to make its protection more difficult, are matters that only experience can decide. But the Admiralty has had the necessity for preparing against these new conditions for a long time under consideration, and it is not doubtful that every preparation which forethought can suggest has been made.

The "Alcantara—Greif" Affair

The Admiralty has at last announced the fact that the raider *Greif* was stopped by the patrol boat *Alcantara*, Captain Wardle, on February 29th, and that in the ensuing engagement the former was sunk by gunfire and the latter by torpedo. It is unfortunate that we are not given a full and authentic account of so interesting an incident. Three or four unofficial stories of the fight have been published and each is inconsistent with the others. As an instance of the kind of confusion that arises, take the case of the *Greif* colours. When seen, she was disguised as a Norwegian. Now-a-days this means something more than flying the Norwegian ensign. For, as a protection against German U boats all neutrals carry their colours permanently displayed upon their sides and they illuminate them by night. The *Mocve*, we know, from time to time used to paint out the Swedish colours and substitute Danish, and generally to ring the changes of apparent nationality. And as the artists altered the ship's disguise, so no doubt a new ensign went to the mast head. The use of false colours has always been regarded as a legitimate *ruse de guerre*. But it has been an invariable rule not to fight except under your own flag. Now if no ship to-day can pose as a neutral unless the flag is painted on the side, it is clearly impossible to paint this out when action compels an acknowledgment of nationality. The Admiralty account makes a point of the fact that the *Greif* fought with these permanent Norwegian colours upon her sides. But these would not have deceived Captain Wardle. Since the *Mocve's* escape, the innocence of no neutral ship attempting to pass the patrols could be assumed. He would have formed his judgment on the general appearance and fittings of the ship and on her conduct. The real point is, did she as the German Admiralty says, run up the German flag before she opened fire? It is a matter on which the Admiralty account is silent, and on which the unofficial accounts give us no information. The incident is a curious comment on the utter insincerity

of the German protest of a little more than a year ago about English ships flying the American flag.

As to the facts of the action itself the details cannot be disentangled, but the main incidents seem to have been as follows. After challenge by the *Alcantara*, the *Greif* hove to, and the *Alcantara* stopped to lower a boat. The range was apparently something well under a thousand yards. The *Greif* is described as a ship of between 4,000 and 5,000 tons, standing exceptionally high out of the water. The *Alcantara*, we know, was a new liner built for the South American trade, displacing over 15,000 tons. The gunners on each side then were faced with the proverbial task of hitting a haystack at 20 yards. As soon as the boat was clear, the *Alcantara* apparently got under way, upon which the *Greif* dropped her gun masks, dispatched a torpedo or two and opened fire. The *Alcantara* is represented as manœuvring to avoid the torpedoes and hitting the *Greif* repeatedly until one of the enemy shots put her steering gear out of action. Until then she was apparently hardly hit at all. This no doubt brought her to, and at a short range, made her an easy victim to the torpedo. At this stage the *Andes*, a second auxiliary patrol cruiser came and virtually completed the work which *Alcantara* had begun. Before, however, the *Greif* actually sank, the light cruiser *Comus* attracted by the firing appeared upon the scene and, at long range, opened an extremely effective fire on the raider, and finally blew her up. In the meantime, one or more destroyers had arrived, and the survivors from the two foundered ships were picked up. The whole action can only have lasted a matter of minutes.

The conduct of the *Greif* is all of a piece with the submarine campaign. I have heard naval officers discuss what they would do in such a situation. Obviously, if a disguised ship is reckless of consequences, it must have the patrol ship at its mercy, for the patrol is bound by custom to stop and send a boat aboard the stranger, and when she stops, she is a sitting mark for the enemy's torpedo. In the earlier stages of the war, such ships were lost to the enemy's submarines, who followed a genuine neutral—or one enemy ship disguised as a neutral—and caught the patrol ship when she hove to. This danger was got over by removing the patrol line further out. It is not easy to see how in conditions like those of the 29th February, a patrol can make herself any safer than is a policeman who is sent to arrest an armed desperado. If all blockading ships were attended by a destroyer, and could stand off, leaving the destroyer to go into close quarters, the latter, which draws too little water to be in danger from a torpedo, and presents a small mark for the enemy's guns, and is obviously armed with torpedoes herself, would run little risk. But then it is quite certain that there cannot be destroyers enough for work like this.

The Admiralty has no doubt made a thorough investigation into the circumstances. Indeed, it is to be hoped that the regular practice of holding a court martial on the surviving officers and men has been revived, not of course with the idea that the Captain is necessarily or even probably to blame, but so as to arrive at the fullest and most complete statement of the facts, and to ensure a competent and impartial professional judgment on them. The findings of such a court are the best and indeed the only safe guide to other officers in similar circumstances.

It is interesting to note that the *Alcantara* is only the second ship to be sunk by a torpedo fired from anything but a submarine. The first was the *Blücher*, which is said to have received the *coup de grace* from the *Arctusa*. In both cases the victim was crippled, stationary and at short range, when the shot was fired. Undoubtedly it is one of the minor surprises of the war that the torpedo, except when used by the submarine, has been completely ineffective. Perhaps if the bombarding ships had been able to get higher up in the Dardanelles, a different story would have been told, and a new record for work from shore stations made. But even this would not have vitiated the general truth that the difficulty of hitting a manœuvring ship, except at the shortest possible range, seems to be almost insuperable.

Air Raids and Naval War

Of the Air Raid on the Island of Sylt we have very few details. But the loss of three seaplanes and their

piots suggests that these raids are necessarily highly dangerous to those who carry them out unless they can operate at a much greater height than seaplanes can reach.

Since writing last week a new light has been thrown on the encounter between the British and German destroyers off Zeebrugge last Monday week. When the news of this little action was first published, it sounded as if it were entirely unconnected with the great air raid on that port. It subsequently appeared that the German destroyers had been driven out of Zeebrugge by the aircraft only to fall under the fire of the British boats. Some three months ago I asked the question in these columns whether it was inconceivable that aircraft could be made

in modern conditions to do what Cochrane's fire ships achieved in the affair of the Aix Roads. It was an effect like that actually achieved at Zeebrugge that I had in mind. And undoubtedly it is one of the possibilities of the future. I say "of the future," because it seems to be pretty clear that no country has at present an air service capable of attacking an anchored fleet with sufficient precision and effect to drive them in confusion out to sea. Against a fleet under way and free to manœuvre, it looks as if aircraft neither had now, nor was ever likely to have, any such superiority as to make them a formidable menace. But if the fleet is at anchor the case is very different.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The Need for a Balkan Policy

By Alfred Stead

"**E**X Oriente lux"? The history of the war has so far revealed nothing more striking than the lack of comprehension in this country of the factors in the Near East. Turkey was needlessly lost, Bulgaria given the chance of following her inclinations rather than ours. Serbia and Montenegro were destroyed, Albania overrun, and the decisions of Roumania and Greece made much more difficult. So much for the past.

To-day, with a great Allied Conference sitting in Paris, no question is of more moment than that of a Balkan Policy. In it lies at once the corner-stone of the future action of the Allies, and from it depends the more complete action of Italy and the entry of Roumania. It is not too much to say that Serbia was sacrificed because of a lack of a definite policy in the Balkans. Let us therefore take heed lest worse befall.

A Tempting Objective

Even those who do not admit that the great stroke of the war will come in the Balkans and the Hungarian plains, must acknowledge that the long-drawn line from Germany to Constantinople offers a tempting objective. In Germany so much has been made of Bulgarian accession that a Bulgarian defeat is equivalent, in moral effect, to a German one. And it is undoubtedly easier to crush Bulgaria than to pierce the German front in the West.

The way to the East and to the Indies is always bound to play a great part in the decision of the war. As long as Hungary, Serbia, Albania, Bulgaria and Turkey remain in German hands there can be no real settlement. It is idle to say that a beaten Germany will automatically evacuate all these territories—history shows us that treaties of peace by conference prove often that possession is nine-tenths of the law. And it is obvious that we can never accept the principle that Germany, even a weakened Germany, shall have access to Turkey and the East. But this is only to be prevented by building a well foundationed dam across the road, not by throwing a loose brick into the flood.

Even if the war be not determined in the Balkans, at any rate it is this part of Europe which might easily result in discord amongst the Allies in the final settlement. There is no need that it should, but there is every danger that it may, unless steps are taken to set our policy on a firm basis, clearly understood by those immediately concerned and by our Allies.

There are few fundamental factors which would have to be reconciled. The principle of nationalities is a difficult one to carry out in its entirety, since it would mean leaving the Turks at Constantinople and indeed the adding of a considerable portion of Thrace and Eastern Roumelia to Turkey. It is also a principle rather weakened by the concessions made on the Adriatic coast to Italy at the expense of the Serbs and Serbo Croats. But we may take it that in outward form at least, an attempt will be made to stick to this idea. How essential it is to these peoples, filled as they are with national sentiment, may be judged by the resolution brought forward by Croatian deputies in the Croatian Diet. It ran:

"The southern Slav question can be settled either upon the ruins of the idea of a Greater Serbia and in favour of the Croatian State Idea, or on the ruins of the idea of a

Greater Croatia, if so be that Russia and her allies should win the war. But under no circumstances could the South Slav question be settled on the basis of a Greater Hungary."

Then we have the very definite declaration that Serbia shall be recreated, greater than before. As the greater includes the less, this must be taken to mean that the status quo ante the present war is to be part of the peace demands of this country. There can scarcely be any idea of quibbling about the Serbia of before the Balkan wars; it would be as reasonable to talk of the Serbia of the Tzar Dushan. Thus we may assume that as far as Serbia is concerned our policy is clear. That is unless we are to regard the words of our responsible statesman as so much mockery of the misery of sacrificed nations and the adding of one more geographical expression to the list of those to be recreated, as a mere dithyrambic exercise to tickle the ears of members of Parliament.

If we can bank on Serbia's restoration, a very considerable portion of the Balkan puzzle falls into place. It is obviously impossible for us to attempt to beguile Bulgaria back into the fold by offers of Serbian Macedonia. Nor can Albania be regarded as anything else but a separate item to be arranged for as may best be considered by those interested. This is perhaps just as well, because the Bulgarians have made it quite clear that it is not for Macedonia that they are fighting and will fight, but, in order to destroy Serbia and have a common frontier with Hungary, with direct access to the Middle European markets for her agricultural products.

To Recreate Serbia

"The war will cease," says a prominent Bulgarian military authority, "only when we convince the friends of Serbia that their cause has been definitely lost, and that Serbia, who is responsible for the war is really dead." We have bound ourselves to recreate Serbia so that it would seem difficult to treat with Bulgaria, since to carry out our promise must mean finally denying to Bulgaria Macedonia and a frontier with Central Europe.

Nor is the promise to Serbia the only factor bearing upon the situation. Nobody who has troubled to study the question can deny that free access to the Black Sea is essential to Russia, with all her wealth carried down south to the Black Sea by her magnificently navigable rivers. The time has gone to discuss whether or not it shall be done, but we cannot disregard the results of such a decision. Russia at Constantinople is declared in Bulgaria to be an untenable situation, but Russia must be adequately assured of free egress from the Black Sea in one form or another. Thus we have another portion of the puzzle elucidated.

Nor must we overlook that the Russians at Constantinople means that we must ensure also the right to breathe to Roumania, whose only coast is within the Dardanelles. An open outlet for Roumania must mean the cutting up of Bulgaria, a resolving of the nomad tribes now known as Bulgarians into their natural condition of subordination. Such a fate does not need to affect any of the Slav races because there are none more insistent on their Tartar (not Slav) origin than the Bulgarians to-day.

We are therefore faced by some very definite factors,

the principle of nationalities, the restoration of Serbia, the ensuring to Russia of control over the Dardanelles and Roumania's right to breathe. All these factors exist to day and do not in any way depend upon developments in the Roumanian or Serbian populations of Austria-Hungary. We have ample material from which to construct a clear policy which can then be pushed forward without fear of hurting the feelings of any of our Allies. But we must have the courage to make up our mind. In the Balkans we have never yet done so, and the results are pitiable.

"Great Britain, France and Russia were great in the eyes of the small states and everybody respected and feared them. But this greatness was only transitory. To-day these countries are getting small states into their power and endeavouring to persuade to carry on their schemes of conquest with the strength of the small allies." So speaks a Balkan statesman to-day. It is of small avail to point to Salonika as an earnest that we are seriously working out a policy in the Balkans. The details of the holding of Salonika reflect no credit on this country. We had to be driven to that decision—if we are to believe well-informed opinion in Paris. And so the only positive action in the Balkans, the occupation of Salonika of which M. Radoslavoff said recently that "it represents a serious political danger for the Central Powers because it could induce Roumania and Greece to attack Bulgaria at a very unfavourable moment," is in no way a sign of a real policy. It is an accidental happening, however important it may be.

Let us therefore have done with uncertainty and the making of declarations one day to deny them tomorrow. A declaration of policy bearing in itself the evidence of reflection and decision will be worth more than many divisions in the Near East.* And having decided let words be translated into deeds. Pious wishes for Serbian future will sound better if we co-operate energetically in the reorganisation of their army and proclaim that we are not thinking of giving Macedonia to Bulgaria. Roumania will believe us better if we declare that she has a right to breathe and that in restoring Serbia we are removing a menace of a Greater Bulgaria. We have all to gain and nothing to lose by such a policy. We have so tied our hands that we have no real choice as to the form of the policy. So let us at least have the credit of proclaiming what we have done.

A Balkan statesman recently made a caustic summing up of our policy in the Near East. "England asked the neutral states to come in with the Entente without promising anything. Having failed she began to promise much. Having failed again she asked the neutral States to continue their neutrality. She was first partitioning other peoples territories to get intervention in her favour, then, having not attained favourable results she partitions territories for the continuation of the neutrality. At first she gives little, afterwards much. When she fails with her large requests, she reduces them to a minimum. In ordinary commercial life, such a policy is only that of a bankrupt. Have we to-day any reason to hope that things have changed for the better?"

A Famous Showman

By Desmond MacCarthy

THESE days, when people are more than usually grateful for a book which will as they say, take them out of themselves (O, for a seat on a witch's broom stick!) I do not know that I can do better than draw attention to such a book. It has been out some years. It was written by a man, who at the age of eighty-five was murdered by a half-crazy protégé in 1911. His name not long ago was as well known up and down England as Gladstone's or Jack Johnson's. The book is called "*Seventy Years a Showman*," and it is by (I remove the conventional quotation marks from his courtesy title with feelings of profound respect) Lord George Sanger.

When we hear of an odd adventurous career, we often think to ourselves, "What a book that man might have written if he had merely put down what he remembered!" Yet such people when they do write, write usually unconvincing, heavy books. It is a melancholy fact that as a rule, people to whom exciting things happen, or who do things, cannot describe them; while to those who can describe anything, nothing in particular happens. His lordship is, however, an exception. He writes well. His manner is as honest as Defoe's, and as engagingly bright and obvious as the decorations of a wandering showman's van.

Nothing is more satisfactory than to see a thing grow, even if it is only one's own moustache. Few stories are more entertaining than the adventures of those who live precariously, dangerously, by pleasing men; nothing is more romantic than the days of our grandfathers, when our fathers were young. Such satisfaction, entertainment, and romance are to be gathered from the pages of this autobiography.

His lordship's father was a sailor. Walking one day over London Bridge the Press Gang (which *pace* the recruiting authorities is not yet quite extinct) nabbed him and hustled him into His Majesty's Service. He served on board the *Victory*; fought at Trafalgar, where he lost a few fingers, broke ribs, got scalped and saw Nelson fall; experiences which subsequently, when, to supplement a pension of £10 a year, he took the road, helped him to excel in peepshow patter. It was lucky, too, he had as a sailor been kind to two pressed Jews, who having come aboard to amuse the crew, had struck the captain as nature's seamen in disguise, and had therefore been permanently detained; for these men had taught him in return many conjuring and

hanky-panky tricks. So from the little peepshow box slung across father Sanger's shoulders, sprang the glories of the circus and menagerie and the glittering, still extant though now dilapidated, halls of Margate.

It is a fascinating story this; it is the story of the mustard seed of which we never tire. It grew, it grew. From peepshow box it grew into collapsible merry-go-round, worked by two boys; from that to a show with a giantess (really six foot high) and "two cannibal pigmies of the dark continent" (intelligent Mulatto children, aged nine and ten) and to a proper troop; and from that it shot up into the triumphs of his son, who actually succeeded in 1871 in linking on his own show to the tail to the Royal Thanksgiving Procession through London, which commemorated the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever; in which Mrs. Sanger (as she then was) represented on the top of a golden car, Britannia, with a living lion at her feet. One can imagine, without in the least impugning the loyalty of the crowd which lined the streets, how much more imposing Sanger's appendix to the Royal Progress must have been to them. And I note as a striking instance of the dramatic felicity of chance, that somehow on this occasion the carriage in which, as our author says, "Lord Beaconsfield was conspicuous," got left behind and inextricably mingled (they did not manage these things so well in the eighteenth-seventies) with the circus itself. He "rose" our author tells us, "and acknowledged the endeavour of your humble servant to enhance the circumstance of the great occasion." I like to picture that salute, to imagine it coinciding with the passing of Britannia, and to admire yet again the master of ironic presence of mind.

George begins as a handy boy, ready to earn, as acrobat or conjuror, a few shillings for his parents; to take the place of a donkey if need be, in an equilibrist's performance when that docile beast is stolen. He then develops into a strong young man with a dashing paste-diamond quality air about him; magnificent in dress, cutting a fine figure, shouting his patter among "the flares" in front of the stage. On his first independent venture as "The Wizard of the West," he adopts the costume of Hamlet, to which his feminine admirers, who throng the booth, are proud to contribute a ribbon or a feather. But to them he remains fascinating, scornful; proof against even the charms of "Watercress Betty." Till, suddenly and irrevocably, he meets his fate in the person of Madam Pauline de Vere, the Lady

of the Lions. Then many ups and downs; hard times; no cash sometimes to pay the turnpike dues; surly gate-keepers refusing even the guarantee of a five pound Chinese Gong; private bereavements; prejudiced mayors and magistrates; struggles for good places at the fairs; mother dead, father dead; little son suddenly struck down in a fit, the body washed and borne in the van along the frozen Yorkshire roads among the properties; misfortunes checkered by sudden fresh inspirations for coining money from mankind's bump of wonder—in those days of more majestic proportions. "The Tame Oyster," which smoked a churchwarden pipe, was a glorious success; so were "the learned pigs." At last, at last, he is up and out on to the high level plateau of solid success; he owns a circus; he overshadows the great Wombwell; he beats the Yankees; captures Astley's; performs in every capital in Europe; and finally he reaches the acme of a showman's career and performs before his Queen and wins her smile. You see this showman's story has just the right crescendo in it, and he who tells it has just the sterling, romantic simple-minded sense of values he ought to have. It is in the vein of Meredith's *Juggling Jerry*.

We've travelled times to this old common;
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse,
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old grey horse,
Races, and fairs and royal occasions
Found us coming to their call;
Now they'll miss us at our stations,
There's a Juggler out; who juggles all!

Picture of Bygone Times

But I have still to speak of the romance of the picture of bygone times which is one of the charms of the book. He who lives adventurously in the interstices of society and picks up a living by pleasing the crowd, whatever age he lives in, sees most of such fragments as survive of the older order which preceded it. It is what was oldest in England of coaching turn-pike days that we see reflected in the early pages of this book; the Merry England, which was also so miserable an England, but could still claim kinship with the days of Queen Elizabeth. The adventures of the Sanger family upon the road, the dangers from Chartists, small-pox, drunken rioters and magistrates, to whom they were "rogues and vagabonds" *par excellence*, make an exciting Odyssey. Peel had not invented Bobbies then; the elder Sanger, a man evidently of great resource and courage and natural piety, had on occasions to take the law into his own hands. Once at Landsdown Fair the showman's booths and properties were wrecked by Bath roughs.

The drink booths were the first to suffer. Some of the unfortunate owners were half-killed and the mob drank itself in a frenzy more acute than before. Then they started to wreck the booths.

"Canvas was torn to shreds, platforms smashed up and made bonfires of, wagons were battered and overturned, show parts that had cost their poor owners small fortunes battered to fragments. Everywhere was riot, ruin and destruction. . . . As dawn broke the riot died down, and the drunken mob, glutted with the wanton destruction of the belongings of poor people who had never done them any harm, began to straggle, shouting, swearing and singing, back towards Bath.

"Then, by ones and twos, the showmen came together, pale with anger, some of them bruised and bleeding from the fray, and all resolved on vengeance. They had marked one or two of the ringleaders of the riot, and meant to give them a taste of showmen's law. The scene is before me now as I saw it when I stood with my brother William, still pale with fear, but full of childish curiosity, on the steps of our caravan, in the dawn-light, and watched some thirty stalwart showmen, my father amongst them, armed with stout cudgels, mount the hastily collected waggon horses, and bare-backed, ride after the retreating mob."

The showmen's revenge was to capture a dozen, tie them at intervals to a rope and drag them through a pond.

"No notice was taken of their cries, but backwards and forwards through the muddy water they were pulled till no breath was left in their bodies. One or two, indeed, were so still that some of the showmen cried out in alarm that they were drowned. "No fear," shouted my father in tones that I can remember yet. "That sort doesn't die from drowning. Fetch 'em out."

It was an age when a disused charnel house in Lon-

don (once rented by Lord George) was used as a dancing room, and the proprietor to attract customers issued the notice: "Enon Chapel—Dancing on the Dead—Admission Three-pence. No Lady or Gentleman admitted unless wearing shoes and stockings"; when body-snatchers inspired a horror in the poor greater than murderers; when grotesque raggedness with cold, grimy nakedness between was a common sight in the streets; when the wonder that Sanger's performances roused in country places, roused also suspicions that he was a "warlock" and better underground with a stake through his body. In his story these days live again. There are sunny scenes as well as lurid ones, like living, life-size Cruikshank drawings lit by naphtha-flares.

Great Hyde Park Fair

I like to move about the Great Hyde Park Fair, among booths and little theatres set up to celebrate the coronation of Queen Victoria; to visit little George's show of performing mice or see him balanced on a ladder on the chin of an equilibrist; to jam myself among the crowd, thronging the booth of *The Pig-faced Lady*—alas, soon to be repressed as a fraud by law. Lord George lets us into the secret of this lady. "Madam Stevens" was really a fine brown bear, the paws and face of which were kept closely shaved, the white skin under the fur having a close resemblance to that of a human being. Over the paws were fitted white gloves, with well stuffed fingers, so that the pig-faced lady seemed to have nice plump, white arms above them. The bear, dressed in a Leech-bonnet, flowing skirt and shawl, sat at a table, underneath which hidden by drapery was a boy with a stick to make the pig-faced lady talk.

"I call your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to the greatest wonder of the world! Behold and marvel!--Mme. Stevens, the pig-faced lady, who is now in her eighteenth year. I believe that is correct, miss? (here the hidden boy would prod the bear, who gave a grunt). As you see, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady understands what is said perfectly, though the peculiar formation of the jaws has deprived her of the power of uttering human speech in return.

"You were born at Preston in Lancashire? (Another prod and another grunt) Quite so. And you enjoy good health and are very happy? (Another prod and grunt.) You are inclined, I suppose, as other ladies, to be led by some gentleman into the holy bonds of matrimony? (Here the boy would give an extra prod, causing the bear to grunt angrily.) What, no! Well, well, don't be cross because I asked you!"

Then, when the hat had gone round and the people streamed out marvelling, the showman would rush to the front, shouting to the crowd outside, "Hear what they say! Hear what they all say about Mme. Stevens, the wonderful pig-faced lady!" But I myself have pattered enough.

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! This way for a tale of stranger things, scenes and adventures. Lord George Sanger is on the road again."

In a recent appreciation of Alexander Kuprin's novel *The Duel*, published by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, the title was by a slip of the pen given as *The Exile*. *The Duel* is a fine example of modern Russian literature, and deserves a wide circulation in this country.

The war has revealed a surprising wealth of literary expression among officers and men. Not much reaches the very highest levels, but the performance just short of this is surprising. A delightful volume (5s. net) published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and entitled *Colewyn Philipps*, contains poems and extracts from private letters written by this gallant officer, elder son of Lord St. Davids, who fell at Ypres last May, in his 26th year. There is here a perfectly delightful little sketch of a morning in a cavalry school. Captain Philipps had a strong sense of humour, witness this story told in one of his letters about a Canadian man: "Our chaps are all right," he said, "our rifle is a good one, the grub is first rate, and our officers—oh, well, we just take them along as mascots!" The verses are the least good of the good things in this very charming volume, yet many of them are really fine. This verse comes from a little poem: "To Rudyard Kipling," it voices the gratitude of thousands:

What you've been you'll never know,
What a help upon my way,
In each turn of weal and woe,
Every hour of every day.

Aircraft Policy

And the Zeppelin Menace from the National Standpoint

By F. W. Lanchester

In this and the previous article, published last week, an endeavour has been made to put before the public a dispassionate account of the reasons, facts and circumstances which have led to the present day non-military employment of aircraft in warfare as typically exemplified by the Zeppelin raids. The writer has endeavoured to bring the question of aircraft raids into their true perspective, both as to their relative material importance as acts of war, and to their moral importance, as founded on the theories of German military writers, as a means of causing embarrassment to an enemy Government.

IN my "Aircraft in Warfare" I have pointed out that there are adequate reasons for regarding the aeroplane, or the flying machine, as being, from a military standpoint, the mainstay of the Aeronautical Arm; the airship, even though it may be of use as an auxiliary, does not require to be taken into consideration when we are dealing with aircraft in its fighting capacity. The reasons given are to-day valid; as a fighting machine the aeroplane is supreme.

It is possible that the large rigid airship of the future may, in comparison with the aeroplane (also of the future) be at a less disadvantage than it is to-day. Even if this be so the fact as stated remains a truth. We have, however, a new situation to deal with; the fabric of international law has gone "by the board" and we have to consider facts relating to the use of the airship which are not of a military character, at least according to the time honoured ideas of military duties.

Hostile Air Attacks

The popular clamour to-day that the civilian population of a country have a divine right to be protected from hostile air attack has no more foundation in fact than any rights they may have possessed in the time of the Saxons against raiding by sea. It may prove possible to defend the whole country from air attack in future warfare, just as it has been found possible to protect our shores by means of our Navy, but this does not follow as a logical conclusion. In the warfare of the future the whole area of a country is liable to attack, and, with countries so closely situated as in Europe, the most carefully elaborated defence may not prove impenetrable. In other words the civil population may have to accept the new situation and get acclimatised to it.

Naturally in the future every reasonable effort, every possible effort, must be made to avoid or to minimise a risk of this magnitude; I merely point out that no one has offered any proof that, in warfare between countries within such short range of one another as the leading Powers of Europe, there is any real certainty that immunity can be secured, even though our aeronautical ascendancy within our own borders may be unquestioned.

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to the real arguments underlying the question of aeronautical defence. For example, the Government are blamed, the "experts" are blamed, and everybody concerned is blamed, for not having foreseen that the Zeppelin airship could not be attacked on a dark night effectively either by counter-aircraft artillery or by aeroplane patrols. This is not correct. It was believed that by night a Zeppelin airship would be unable to locate any objective of military value, and none of the events which have taken place have proved the contrary.

What was not foreseen was something far wider than any question of Zeppelin behaviour. It was the broad fact that the whole fabric of international law would be jettisoned by the enemy, and in this respect the naval raid on Scarborough is exactly on all fours with the raids by aircraft on London or the Eastern and Midland Counties. We relied on a cheap piece of paper to protect us instead of an expensive engineering outfit and military organisation.

At Scarborough, for example, a few heavy naval guns mounted at any suitable point a few miles outside the

town would have rendered the bombardment of the town by the enemy fleet too dangerous to be undertaken. Nobody would lay any blame on the Government, or on any particular Government, for the neglect to furnish such defences. We may admit now that we were mistaken, but it must be recalled that this fabric of international law (by which 99 people out of 100 in this country and in many other parts of Europe thought they were protected) has been growing up for the last half century and more, and neither the Government nor the military or naval authorities can be looked upon as to blame, if reliance has been placed on these accepted international obligations. Any man prior to the War who had suggested that there was a need to make provision in the form of guns and other armaments for such breaches of international decorum as we have witnessed would have been generally voted a madman.

Where the Blame Lies

We must therefore endeavour to be sufficiently level-headed in the matter of air attack to realise that the failure of the proverbial "swarm of hornets" is not a matter for which the experts are to blame, or the Government are to blame, it is a matter for which the public and notably the *humanitarians* of the last two generations are jointly responsible. The main principles have been accepted by all political parties since the middle of last century—backed by such a force of public opinion that scarcely a voice has been raised to denounce the danger to which these international agreements render our country liable. Unfortunately the country which has been bombed fully justifies the prognostications of the Bernhardi school. The British public goes off its head and blames experts, Government and everybody else within reach, for that which neither Government nor experts are any more to blame than the man in the street.

It may be said definitely that the change in the situation is not due to any failing in the prognostications of those who have been best qualified to judge on the military or technical merits of aircraft and aircraft defences, but wholly and solely on the World Illusion, I would say *the Great Illusion* (as distinct from Mr. Angell's *Great Illusion*) that international agreements on the conduct of war are worth the paper they are written on.

The theory of Bernhardi and the German school of thought on the question of attack on the civil population (in contrast to that which is known as a military objective) is that although no great material harm is done, the *moral* of the people is so shaken as to bring to bear an adverse and demoralising influence on their own Government. In other words the intention is to shake the nervous system of an enemy, just as a boxer may incapacitate his adversary by a blow in the region of the *solar plexus*, and so bring about a national disorganisation which will be reflected in an infirmity of purpose on the part of this Government to the detriment of the efficiency of his military and naval services.

Zeppelin Bombing

Now it is clear that if from a national point of view the material damage done by hostile air raids were of a substantial character, that is to say, if twelve months' experience of Zeppelin bombing amounted in the aggregate to a measurable percentage of the total resources of the country, it would be quite reasonable and proper that strong military measures should be taken to avert the danger or threat. If such were the case, and the damage were great from the point of view of the material injury, apart from any question of injured *moral*; and if the Government were to neglect to take appropriate steps, and pressure were brought to bear on them by public clamour, this would not constitute of necessity any fulfilment or justification for the theory propounded by the German writers. If, however, the damage from a national point of view be small (to the extent of being virtually negligible) then, if any public action results in

pressure being applied to the Government, the thesis of the psychological theorists is proven, and in fact the value of an attack on the civilian population as a means of undermining the power of the Government is established. The question therefore turns definitely upon the extent of the damage inflicted as related to what may be termed the *psychological reaction* produced.

Relative Magnitude of Peril

In order to form an estimate of the relative magnitude of the Zeppelin peril in this country as based on experience, we may take the recorded figures over a sufficient period of time. Thus, during the past six months the killed amount to 138 and injured 274, total casualties 412. If we take the period of twelve months, the figure is roughly double this, so that we may take it that the punishment inflicted to date is less than 1,000 victims (killed and injured) per annum.

If this were the only method Germany had to carry on war it would take considerably more than 45,000 years to stamp out the British nation, even if we had no rate of increase. Otherwise expressed, we may say that it is not much more than 1/1000th of the total annual number of births, and as a quantity which, if visited by the Angel of Death in a less dramatic manner, would escape observation in the nation's statistics. We may look at the matter from the other point of view, namely the loss in pounds, shillings and pence. The total damage (so far as I know not actually estimated), probably does not exceed one, or at most two days' expenses of the British nation in running the war, and it must be remembered that a great part of the property destroyed does not of necessity need to be replaced during the war, and is property which is in any case not available for the carrying on of hostilities. As a matter of economics there is evidently room for argument, but the main fact that the real direct damage inflicted by these raids is infinitesimal from the point of view of the whole national wealth, is beyond doubt. This broad issue is usually summarised by saying the damage done by raids is of no *military* value to the enemy.

A certain writer on the subject has taken exception to the current use of the term "military value"; he points out (rather unnecessarily) that every civilian killed does weaken the nation, especially if he or she may happen to be a munition-worker and contributing in an indirect way to the success of our armies. It may be supposed that the writer in question thinks that he has made a great discovery, but he may rest assured that facts of this kind are well understood.

National Injury

It scarcely needs mention that the statistical method of dealing with a national injury, where life and death is concerned, is not a complete answer, but it is the crucial test as distinguishing between material and moral damage. In a civilised country under peace conditions the individual citizen rightly expects the privilege of the best assurance against violent death which the State can offer him; this expectation is indeed the source from which the necessity first for *tribal* and later for *national* organisation has sprung, but the conditions of war abrogate this privilege. When many of our citizen soldiers are called upon to sacrifice their lives in the defence of their country, the material or statistical measure of the national injury inflicted by the enemy in any of his acts is, or should be, the real criterion.

Thus, if the damage done in the past twelve months by Zeppelin raids had represented an augmented result of earthquakes and thunderstorms, England would be no more shunned as a dangerous country to live in than it is to-day; the injury inflicted at the same rate year after year would be such as could be borne, both in lives lost and property destroyed, without a noticeable or appreciable tax on our national resources. Compared with the wastage of men and material in the conduct of the main operations of the war the figures are truly microscopic. Under these conditions it can be asserted without hesitation that the outcry raised for protection, the outcry that the Government and Services have been neglecting their duties, the outcry that the Government must be "gingered," that it requires waking up, and more than this in many quarters, *that it must be turned out*, is in fact, and in reality, the very effect which military writers

and psychologists of the German school had confidently expected. Thus, in shaking the popular nerve we have a real justification for air raids and other modes of terrorising the civil population of a hostile country, of such potent value that it will always be resorted to by a foe without scruple. We must never in future allow ourselves to be lulled into a false security in such matters by the pseudo-legal sophistry of international agreements.

We have thus as a nation lost a great opportunity. If we had been prepared to take the Zeppelin menace as philosophically as we would have taken an outbreak of measles, or of volcanic or earthquake activity, or as philosophically as we would have taken some meteorological cataclysm involving previously unheard of injury by lightning, it might have been established that the bombing of civilians was useless slaughter without appreciable military advantage. The fact that our population has been unequal to the ordeal means that no nation in considering its military future will be able to remove the bombing of civilians from either its offensive or defensive programme. In other words, Bernhardtism and the German study of collective psychology has triumphed.

Recent Unrest

There are those who will say that the unrest with regard to the air service which has manifested itself in the course of the last few months is nothing to do with the Zeppelin bombing, and that it is due to a general dissatisfaction with a branch of our military and naval organisation. The brief answer to this is to read the daily papers, either in the matter contained in articles or in "letters to the editor," or otherwise bearing on the subject; it will be found that an overwhelming majority of what is said hinges on this one question of the Zeppelin raid. And it could not be otherwise, for the British Flying Corps and our Allies the French have, from the time the first surprise was countered, possessed and maintained an aerial ascendancy.

The real complaint is not against the weakness or deficiencies of the aeronautical branches of our Services. Our preparations in this direction were adequate, and we have maintained our position since. It is debatable whether we could have done more. It may be debatable whether by making fewer shells or less mechanical transport we might have squeezed out more aeroplanes from our factories. It may be debatable whether the aggregate output from our factories has been as big as it might have been if we had had a man of Cromwellian cast at the helm. It may be debatable whether, while Cabinet Ministers have been striking bargains with miners, with labour leaders, with married men versus bachelors, and occupying themselves with other domestic quibbles, they could not by speaking the word have done more than they have done. In brief, it may be argued that more could have been done by command than by entreaty; but these are general questions and must not be exploited to the detriment of our Air Service.

The truth is, in the directions essential to the conduct of warfare we have an ascendancy, it may be greater, it may be less, but it exists. By what right do the Press and Public (the same Public which is so largely responsible for our early widespread unpreparedness) — by what right do they open their mouths to blacken the character of those to whom this air service is due. I say emphatically that the whole of this present air agitation, sometimes for counter-aircraft artillery, sometimes for Zeppelins or "super-Zeppelins," in brief the whole agitation which has been worked up against the Government on the present position of our aeronautical equipment is based on the ephemeral success of the German bomb. It is a public spasm of funk, resulting from a calculated blow on our national solar plexus.

In defence of all that is best in our national character it may be pointed out that before districts had become so depleted of their more virile population, as in the earlier raids on London, the only noteworthy effect of a Zeppelin raid was a stiffening of the public *moral* and a local boom in recruiting. The opposite effect which we see to-day and of which we have widespread evidence—is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the more virile of our manhood has gone voluntarily to serve with His Majesty's Forces.

Sport · Round Salonika

By F. G. Aflalo

IN view of the absence of indecorous hurry to attack General Sarrail displayed by the Austro-German-Bulgar armies, and pending such offensive as he may be planning for the melting of the snows, it looks as if the allied army of defence is in for a long spell of waiting, and those with a fancy for a little fishing or shooting may be glad to learn that their opportunities are, so only they know where to look for them, nowise inferior to their leisure.

All along that indented coast of Greece, both islands and mainland, is wonderful wildfowling ground, and the spring flights of swans, geese and ducks at the end of a hard March like the present cover acres of foreshore on the Gulf of Salonika, the Gulf of Volos and Butrinto Bay. The Katerina marshes, in full view of Mount Olympus, are classic ground for the fowler, and wild swans, both mute and hooper, brent and grey geese, widgeon, teal, mallard and pochard are to be shot by anyone who has the enterprise to punt among the creeks in early morning or on moonlight nights.

Some sort of dog, a retriever for choice, is necessary if any considerable proportion of the bag is to be picked up, as the natives are, particularly before the air is warmer, reluctant to go into the water after birds. And here, having advised a civilised dog, let me add a word of caution touching the savage brutes belonging to the native shepherds. Shooting them, even in self-defence, is apt to lead to more trouble than can be squared by a few lepta or piastres, and all over the Balkans these sheep-dogs are a dangerous nuisance, and the only thing, if the stranger cannot give them a wide berth, is to keep them at bay till their owners put in an appearance. This counsel of perfection applies to ordinary times. What relaxation of normal etiquette war conditions may have introduced, I know not. It may even be allowable to shoot these canine atrocities without so much as "by your leave," and without hearing any more of the matter. If so, shoot them, say I; for there are plenty more, and they are nasty brutes, capable of giving a dirty and poisonous bite if they get home.

Greece's Game Laws

This possible, and even probable, modification of restrictions under existing conditions also applies to the game laws ordinarily in force. When I was last in Greece, these were strict (though systematically disregarded by the natives) and not always intelligible. Thus the Director of Police of Athens and the Piraeus prescribed two regulations for Attica, according to which partridges were protected from February 16th to July 20th, and other game (meaning chiefly hares) from March 15th to the same date. There was no licence for either shooting or fishing, but in such territory (e.g., Epirus, etc.) which was then (but is not, nor ever again shall be) Turkish, all manner of difficulties were put in the sportsman's way, and these could be smoothed only by an incessant flow of baksheesh, the mainspring of the Turkish official's energy and vitality.

The sure finds for wildfowl are the smaller bays and marshes, particularly those at Port Surpi, beyond Volos, and the classic shore of Marathon. There is also a great swamp near Navarino and another not far from the headland of Papas, in both of which wild duck and snipe, with a sprinkling of woodcock, used to be plentiful.

Quail give an excellent shooting on the spring migration, and several of the headlands round Salonika lie in their line of flight, while Port Lero, in Mitylene, is the best quail ground of all. First come the landrails, the *avant-courcurs* of the quail battalions, and once these are seen, or more probably heard, the quail will not be long coming. It is true that these little birds are netted in thousands on that coast, but there are plenty for the guns as well, and, with a good dog to work the birds, a day's quail-shooting early in April is by no means bad fun. There may be a few sand-grouse also, and these are best sought in early morning near the waterholes and brooks where they drink. The sand-grouse does not give a particularly difficult shot, but where these birds come

over singly, and not in packs, they afford pretty practice and are excellent eating. For hares and rabbits, the islands are better ground than the mainland, and the northern district of Andros is a little better than the rest.

Big Game

Of big game, little remains in this much-poached land. There are still, for aught I know to the contrary, a few ibex on the rocky islet of Anti-Milos, but even if a permission be given to shoot them they are somewhat inaccessible, and the visitor to the island runs the risk of being weather-bound during a spell of heavy seas, a consideration to anyone on short leave. There are also a few wild boar near Panagia, in Epirus, but they have been so persecuted by the natives that they hide all day in the dense reed-beds and have to be "dug out" on moonlight nights with the help of native beaters. As some of these are sure to turn out armed with matchlocks, the performance entails almost as much danger as withstanding the much-advertised frontal attack on Salonika, with none of the glory.

We are at that turn of the year in which the rod replaces the gun, and the fly-fisherman at Salonika finds himself on holy ground, for the first artificial fly ever described was used in a little stream flowing close to that city, the Thessalonica of St. Paul. It is to Aelian, a writer of the 3rd century, that we are indebted for this almost prehistoric account of the fly "Hippurus," which was dressed with scarlet wool and cock's feathers for catching fish in the river Astraeus, midway between Thessalonica and Berea. When last at Salonika, I tried hard to learn more of the river and its fish, but without success; and it remains for some keen fisherman, French or British, to seek it out and throw a modern dry fly over its fish, which I strongly suspect to be sea-trout. Yet there are also trout, much poached but not wholly unresponsive, in most of the small streams of Epirus; and in the Bay of Phalerum the sea angler with fine tackle, and a bag of live shrimps (*carides*) for bait, may catch bass and grey mullet.

If the whole truth must be told, Salonika is not the best headquarters for either shooting or fishing in that region, but, on the assumption that a few days' leave should, in view of the leisurely enemy advance, not be difficult to get, I add a few concluding words on some other spots in the Balkan States in which, as either friends or enemies, our Mediterranean forces are ere long likely to find themselves.

Quail and Woodcock

Round Nish and Krushevatz there is wonderful spring quail-shooting, and in parts of Montenegro (where, as Princess Elena of Montenegro, the Queen of Italy enjoyed famous sport in her girlhood) there is to be found some of the finest woodcock ground in Europe. Close to Sofia—and who can say how soon the Anglo-French army of occupation may not find itself in that capital?—there are woodcock, quail, duck and other game, and the Tuni Sviet marshes, though risky without a native guide, would give any sportsman the snipe-shooting of his life. Capercailzie, which are shot with a small-bore rifle in the spring *tok*, each bird being stalked and shot as it sits in the tree tops, are plentiful in the woods round Samakov and Petrokhan, and the big game of Bulgaria include red deer, small bear and wild boar. Most of the mountain streams of that region are well stocked with small trout, and there are big lake-trout (which take only spoon or a Devon) in Scutari, Ochrida and other meres.

Roumania, a State which a turn of the wheel may any day put on our visiting list, affords immense stags, wolf, bear, lynx, boar, roedeer, bustards, great and lesser, and wildfowl, with trout, salmon and coarse fish in the rivers of the Danubian system. There is no shooting licence in Roumania, but private leave is necessary, and a fishing permit must be obtained from the Minister of Domains.

The Old Western Seaports

By Arthur L. Salmon

CENTURIES since, when the call of the country came, the old western ports heard it and replied manfully. It was usually a different foe then to be faced—it was "that sweet enemy, France," as Sir Philip Sidney styled her, or it was the pride and power of Spain in her greatness. From the creeks of Devon and Cornwall the boats sailed forth gallantly, partly for sheer love of fighting, but still more emphatically to strike a blow for the motherland. The old ports might quarrel among themselves as neighbours and rivals will—there might be feud between West-countrymen and the stout seamen of the Cinque Ports—Cornishmen and Devonians might nurse their endless grievances and jealousies; but all were one when there was an enemy to be faced and dauntless deeds to be done.

At times these proud and high-stomached townships would even dare to wage war on their own accounts, independent of national claims. "I am not at war with my brother of France," said one of the Edwards to the men of Fowey, on an occasion when the Cornish folk ignored a treaty of peace; but "*we* are at war with France" replied the daring Fowey men. That was the spirit that fostered the British Navy, which has once again saved our land from the most imminent of perils; a Navy born in piracy, it may be, born without sensitive conscience or impeding scruples, but born in great hardihood, high resolve, fearlessness of wind and wave, hungry for action and adventure. They are like it now, the men of these nestling sea-towns and almost landlocked riverways; they give their grit and backbone to the navy, or they fight heroically in the trenches side by side with the landlubber who is equally heroic.

Dreaming of the Past

But the ships that now keep the Seven Seas come no longer from these old western seaports; in a naval sense it is only Plymouth, in this corner of England, that counts for much. The little ports that were once relatively so great, can now only lie and dream; their sons have heard the call, but they themselves are in a backwater. The elder men go fishing, the wives and mothers stay with a burden of fear at their hearts; the children laugh and play on the old quaysides or in the precipitous narrow streets, not realising that, far off, the world's history is being shaped by their fathers and brothers.

Very different from this was it in days when the island's history was shaped by the wooden vessels that shook their wings like seabirds in flight from these sheltering nests. They flew in flocks to the siege of Calais, as they flew later to confront the Armada; and if at times their exploits were simply in the nature of privateering, there were other times when all the spirit of national enterprise lay beneath their doings. It was not often that governments sought to interfere with their exploits; rulers knew too well the value of these gallant seamen and their sturdy ever-ready ships, that would seem scarcely better than fishing boats to-day.

In the early days of Elizabeth, when the country was nominally at peace with both France and Spain, we read that it suited the government that the fangs of British sea-craft should be felt. Froude tells us that "hints were given through the western counties that privateers who would adventure at their own cost would not be closely enquired after; and thirty piratical vessels, heavily manned, were swiftly hovering about the Channel." There was a belief in those days, he adds, that the sea and all that was on it was English patrimony. In such tone and temper was the naval genius of Britain fostered; a rough school, but it produced the world's finest sailors, and it led to such heroism as that which thrills us when we read the story of the "Revenge," or of that Topsham man who, with a single boy to help him, delivered his vessel from a French prize-crew of seven men, bringing her back safely to the little port, now so somnolescent, on the eastern bank of the Exe.

The records of these quiet ports, now chiefly given over to the tourist, are full of such tales—tales that rouse

us as the old ballad roused Sidney; they are full of roughness, sometimes brutality, yet, thank God, not often stained with treachery or wanton cruelty, and scarcely ever with cowardice. It may seem that the poetry of sea-fighting has gone, now that steam and iron have stolen its romance as they have certainly marred its picturesque beauty; yet we know that the same spirit is there, sobered and softened by a fuller conception of right, a more cultivated ideal, a higher, purer morality. The men are the same, loyal, brave, fearless; and so long as the men are right there can be little ultimate danger for the nation. And to all who love England, to all who revere the Navy which secures our homes, our bread, and our national honour, these old seaports must be holy places, the cradles of our liberty and our well-being.

As we linger about them we see more than the old stone quays, we hear more than the cry of gulls. We would fain keep them as they are, rugged, simple, unpretentious, speaking of old Elizabethan days and earlier; telling us of a past from which this present has sprung—a past that has given us power to-day to do something more than mere talking for the ideals we cherish so dearly. Other ports may be bearing the burden now—there is no room here for the building or launching of huge Dreadnoughts or swift cruisers; but these little towns did their part well in the day of smaller things, when hearts were as big though ships were tiny.

We do not now claim all that is on the water as our patrimony, but we do claim that all upon the high seas should go in safety, that the ocean highroads shall be kept free from the outrages of human wrong-doing, and that the days of the pirate shall cease for ever.

Three Good Novels

One must be in the right mood to appreciate *My Lady of the Moor*, Mr. John Oxenham's latest novel. (Methuen and Co. 6s.). It is the story of an attempted murderer, a convict, who was also a great man, since he gained the strength to give the man whom he hated most to the woman who, for him, was next to divinity. It is the story of the great sacrifice, with no chorus of minor characters to divert the mind from the main issue, no accompaniment to the melody but the sense of Dartmoor and its strong influence. The book is clean and fresh as the moorland itself, and its utter sincerity, redeeming it from any suspicion of sentimentality, is impressive. It is work well in keeping with the times, and given the mood—one of the best humanity knows—it is good to read.

Twos and Threes, by G. B. Stern, (Nisbet and Co. 6s.), is the story of Stuart Heron, an extremely modern young man with a theory to the effect that renunciation is the highest good, and of Pepita—commonly called Peter—Kyndersley, whom, by reason of his theory, Heron made suffer. It is, incidentally, the story of several other people, including Sebastian Levi, who bungled Heron's theory through lack of the fineness with which Heron, for all his selfishness, retains the reader's sympathy. The book is brilliantly epigrammatic, and is a fine and forceful piece of work, in spite of the sense of unreality that characterises its earlier chapters. Here are no cant phrases, no hackneyed scenes, but so much of new thought and creation that the work is challenging and alive, while the author's detachment is of a quality that rouses interest. Both Stuart Heron and Peter are thoroughly original characters, and this book should place its author among the novelists who count.

The American reading public gave a very high place to *Sanpriel*, by Alville Prydz (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), but as far as the English public is concerned the book is not likely to fire the Thames. It is a delicately-told story of a woman's unhappiness, and in the end her happiness; it is an open-air book, and its chief characters are dominated by Flyen, a mountain-bounded moor that is characteristic of Norway at its best. Certainly the descriptions of the moorland and its influence, are sympathetically given, but, perhaps by reason of the inadequacy of the translation, the book suffers from an excess of sentimentality. It is a simple, pretty little story, not lacking in quaintly humorous passages.

Towards a Better Banking System

By Arthur Kitson

IN the course of these articles on Finance, I have endeavoured to point out the evils of our present Banking System and their causes. These evils may be briefly summarised as follows:

(1) There is an insufficiency and an uncertainty of credit facilities, both as to time and amount, for the proper and continuous development of our industries.

(2) Owing to its unnecessary exposure to foreign influences, our credit market is extremely sensitive and unreliable, which results in our being afflicted with the most variable bank rate in the world.

(3) Our bank credit is in constant danger of a collapse due to the export of gold—which has been made the legal basis of credit. And the collapse of credit involves the annihilation of trade.

(4) British bank credit has become practically a monopoly of the London Joint Stock Banks due to their control of the Clearing House. This monopoly gives bank directors a power and influence over British industries which they ought not to possess. With the constant amalgamation of our banks, this power is falling into the grasp of fewer and fewer hands.

(5) The rate charged for loans is unnecessarily high.

Antiquated Banking Laws

I have shewn that these evils are the natural result of our antiquated currency and banking laws which have imposed unreasonable restrictions, compelling the banks to base all their transactions on gold. Where the bankers have been to blame is, first, in resisting every proposal for altering and improving the present system, and secondly, in supporting foreign loans, often in disregard of the needs of British traders, whose interests have been frequently sacrificed on behalf of the foreign trade competitor. No doubt they have had good reasons for pursuing such a policy. Consequently when the foreigner offers 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. for money where the British trader can only offer 4 per cent. or 5 per cent., they are apt to close with the foreigner. *But think of the stupidity and shortsightedness of British statesmanship that enacts laws making the nation's trade and industries subject to the cupidity or caprice of the professional credit dealers!* And when at the end of each year the directors of our banks are able to pay their fortunate shareholders from 12 per cent. to 22 per cent dividends, they are compelled to agree with Pippa that "God's in his Heaven, and all's right with the world."

Now although we have still several obstructions to remove before the ground is cleared for a better system—one remaining obstruction being the "gold standard" which is the most difficult of all—it is possible to give the reader a sketch of one or more of several better financial systems than our present one. Any proposed substitutes for the present system must be free from the evils enumerated.

An industrial banking system built on sound principles should (1) afford ample credit facilities for every member of the commercial and industrial classes for carrying on to the extent of his capital: (2) grant loans for a sufficient time to enable each one properly to develop his business under normal conditions and repay the loan out of his annual revenue: (3) furnish loans on all forms of productive capital without discrimination, but within a predetermined margin of safety: (4) fix the charge for the loan on the basis of cost of service plus insurance against bad debts.

Just here let me point out that in spite of all our improvements in machinery, by which the supplies of commodities of every description have been enormously increased and cheapened, in spite of the vast increase in the production of the precious metals as well as the marvellous economies in their use for legal tender purposes through the general introduction of the inexpensive cheque system, the price of the loan—the rate of interest—has not been permanently reduced a fraction of one per cent. since the enactment of the Bank Charter Act.

Now we have already seen from Sir Edward Holden's illustration (see article March 2nd) why it is impossible

under our present laws for the banks to furnish loans to all applicants owning capital. Bank loans are limited by the amount of the gold reserves—not by the amount of securities offered. And the constant variations in the volume of these reserves due to the imports and exports of gold, create similar variations in the amount of legal tender with which credit is made redeemable.

Needs of Trade

The establishment of a banking system capable of supplying the needs of trade fully and satisfactorily, as outlined, is therefore impossible under our present laws. If our trade could be cut down to a fraction of what it now is, so that the amount of credit required was commensurable with the gold and cash reserves held by the banks, we should then have a condition which no doubt would have been regarded as ideal—by Sir Robert Peel—where every pound of bank credit and every legal-tender note, was redeemable in gold on demand. Whilst this would provide no doubt for the *quality* of the credit, it makes no provision for the necessary *quantity*. In this respect money and credit are like food, clothing and necessities. It is sometimes necessary to sacrifice quality for quantity. A thing may be too good, too expensive for practical needs. We cannot all afford the luxury of brioche, nor can we supply silks and sealskins for our entire population, and yet we must all eat and wear clothing.

On what basis then should bank credit be issued? If gold is so expensive, so unreliable and so inadequate, with what must it be replaced? The answer is with that which has already replaced it in a large measure since the War started, and which invariably takes its place in all serious national crises, viz.: *the National Credit*. To-day we are using one pound and ten shilling currency notes, which are legal tender for any amount. These notes are not based on gold, but on the national credit. Since they were first issued they have performed all the functions of money with the same facility as the golden sovereigns and ten shilling pieces which disappeared soon after the war. They are safer and more reliable than gold coins since they are not likely to be exported. *In every*

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE ATTESTED HUSBAND'S PLAINT.

*Most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoined to this.*

THE WINTER'S TALE, III., iii., 51-2.

Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING TO THE GERMAN AIR-COMMAND.

*And if mine arm be heaved in the air
Thy grave is digged already in the earth.*

2 HENRY VI., IV., x., 54-5.

AFTER-WAR POLICY.

*Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.*

HENRY VIII., I., i., 140-1.

great National crisis universally, the Governments of the world have always fallen back on their national credit expressed in the form of paper money. Neither gold nor silver bullets have ever proved so effective as paper bullets. Surely if a financial system is sufficiently strong to weather a great crisis such as the United States went through in her Civil War, it is good enough in times of peace.

The National Credit

Now the national credit is based upon all the wealth and all the productive capacity of the inhabitants of these islands. It includes the credit of all the banks. It is not based upon one comparatively insignificant metal—gold—but upon every commodity including gold, upon all that is comprised within the British Isles and its wealth beyond the seas. Moreover this credit is not the property of any one class or section of the community. It exists because of the enterprise and labour of all British citizens, past and present. It is as solid as anything earthly can possibly be made. Why then should our statesmen hesitate to employ it as the basis for legal tender and bank credit for the benefit of the entire nation, instead of lending it as a source of profit to a small and privileged class? Above all, why does the Government dishonour the national credit by pawning it for bank credit, which is inferior in quality? But more of this later. The fact is that the financial question opens up so many others, such as taxation, foreign trade, commercial union with the Dominions, etc., as often to tempt one to pursue this immense subject in all of its different phases.

I suggest therefore that the basis for bank credit should be the National credit. Legal-tender notes should be issued under proper regulations to the limit of meeting the demands of trade. I may add, in passing, that the root of all our currency and banking troubles exists in the popular superstition surrounding the so-called gold standard—the *pons asinorum* of Finance—which covers one of the greatest economic fallacies ever taught.

Neither currency nor credit require any metallic base. Values are ideal creations—not concrete magnitudes—and can be expressed only in terms of the ideal. Now the required financial conditions may be obtained in several ways. They may be attained (1) by a system of Mutual Banking, (2) by Free Competitive Banking, or (3) by a system of National Banking. Our present system is neither National, Competitive nor Mutual. Like many other of our mediæval institutions—the legal profession, for example—banking is a highly protected guild constituting a legalised monopoly.

An Astonishing Feature

One of the most astonishing features of our commercial history is the failure of our commercial and industrial classes to seize and control the banking business as a necessary branch of trade. The entire business and stock-in-trade of the banks is furnished by the trading classes, and instead of forming a mutual banking system under their own control and operated for industrial needs, they have allowed a professional class to secure control and run it for their own profit, until to-day the tail-wags the dog, and instead of our industries controlling credit, credit dealers dominate our industries.

Mutual banking is a system whereby banking facilities are furnished to all the members of the bank at a rate sufficient to cover expenses and insurance. Anyone can become a member who owns capital and bears a good reputation. Credit accounts are opened and advances made after careful investigation of the value of the securities and the character of the applicant. The bank officers are elected by the members annually and the bank is controlled by a committee similarly elected. The object of mutual banking is to furnish cheap banking facilities, not to make profits. Its success naturally depends upon the number and importance of its members.

In regard to legal currency. This might be obtained at present by the purchase of Government bonds, which the Government would exchange for their face value in legal-tender notes. Now supposing all classes could be induced to patronise such a bank. It is evident that very little legal tender would be required. Long ago it was pointed out by John Stuart Mill that if every busi-

ness man could be induced to open his account with one central London bank, all business beginning and ending in London could be transacted without the use of cash, except that required for wages, small payments and purchases. All payments could be made by cheque, and the settlement of accounts would consist merely of the transfer of credit from one person's account to that of another. If all the banks of Great Britain were amalgamated, it would effect the greatest economy in the use of money (that is, legal tender) ever achieved. It is knowledge of this fact that is forcing the union of so many banking firms, because it reduces costs, economises cash, reduces the amount of gold reserves necessary, and increases bank profits.

If all the business firms and members of the trading classes in this country agreed to organise a central Mutual Bank, with branches in every town, on the lines suggested, they would not only be able to provide a safe and satisfactory financial system for supporting the trade and enterprises of Great Britain, but they would effect a saving of tens of millions of pounds annually! *It has been estimated that under such a system, credit could be supplied at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, after allowing for all charges, expenses, and insurance against losses.*

Free Competitive Banking has never really existed in this country. Most people believe that the various Joint Stock Banks are fierce competitors with each other. And within certain limits, this is true. But the door is closed against the addition of any new banking company by means of their control of the Clearing House.

The Clearing House

The Clearing House is most vital to the banking business. It is where the daily balances due by one bank to another are ascertained and settled. Refusal by the Clearing House authorities to clear the cheques of any banking company would put it out of business. If, however, the Clearing Houses were nationalised and free banking permitted with the right of every bank to use the Clearing Houses, such a system of competition would undoubtedly tend to the evolution of a better and cheaper service than has ever yet been discovered.

Naturally the Government would have to enact rules and restrictions under which banks could be formed and operated. In this case also, the National Credit could form the basis of bank credit by the purchase of Government bonds convertible on demand in legal-tender notes. Here, let me say that at present I am dealing exclusively with a banking system suitable for our home trade and industries. I am aware that a somewhat different arrangement is necessary for carrying on our foreign trade. At present the popular opinion seems to be in favour of the creation of a National Banking System, which could be effected by the purchase by the nation of the Bank of England, together with the Joint Stock Banking Companies of London, including those in the provinces, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Such a scheme is quite feasible, and would prove a paying investment for the Nation. It would involve a sum quite moderate in comparison with the amounts we have recently become accustomed to in connection with the war.

Naturally the credit of the nation could be better organised and supplied to the people through a properly established State Department than by any other means, provided, of course, that such a Department was officered by the right men. In this, as in all other Governmental Departments, the success of an institution depends on the ability and honesty of those who administer it.

Domestic Life in Roumania, by Dorothea Kirke (John Lane, 5s. net.) is a rather commonplace account of a governess's life with a Roumanian family, and on holiday in and about Constantinople. It contains a good deal of information of the domestic, prosaic order, which is conveyed in a series of letters that thread together the details of a slight romance affecting the writer of the letters and one other. The result is an extremely practical account of Roumanian life.

The Platoon Commander's Vade Mecum, by Major H. G. R. Wakefield (Hugh Rees, 1s. 6d. net) emphasises the importance of moral as the chief responsibility in the leading of men, and details the duties of the platoon commander in billets, in the trenches, and in the attack and defence of a position. The booklet is intended as a handy guide to the platoon commander, and it fulfils the purpose well.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. de Vere Stacpoole

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story and examined his plans, which agree with an Admiralty chart, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. By degrees Captain Hull practically assumes command of the enterprise through force of character. After adventures they arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. Macquart guides him to the place where he declares the cache to be. They dig through the night but find nothing and begin to think he is deceiving them. Here they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. They catch sight of a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter.*

CHAPTER XVII.

SAJI

THE Dyak village situated about a quarter of a mile from the Papuan village, constituted only a miserable remnant of what it had once been. There were scarcely forty members of the tribe that ages ago had come here from Borneo. Saribas Dyaks, sea plunderers and fishermen who had found the river and fixed themselves here, well sheltered from pursuit of enemies yet within touching distance of the sea.

Even in the days when John Lant had come here and settled down, marrying the mother of Chaya, the tribe had been in decadence.

When Lant died his wife had been chief woman of the tribe. She was still.

The mother of Chaya was a full-blooded Saribas woman, with all the instincts, all the pertinacity, all the ferocity, all the tenacity of her race.

She was not an old woman in years, but she was old in appearance, with a far-seeing and fateful look in her face that was daunting.

Her husband, whom she had loved, had been murdered. The murderer had done his work so skilfully that in a civilised community no suspicion would have been attached to him and no process of law could have been put in operation against him.

But the mother of Chaya knew that the father of her child had been murdered, and though the murderer had escaped her and made good his escape, she knew that he would come back.

Even civilised people have "feelings" that amount to sure knowledge. Chaya's mother, with an inherited instinct for men and events preternaturally developed, had the sure feeling that the murderer would return.

On an every-day basis that event might have been predicted, for he had gone without the gold for which the crime had been committed. Chaya's mother did not know where the gold was buried, she only knew that it was somewhere in the vicinity of the river; the man would come back to the river, and for fifteen years she had waited.

The fishing Dyaks of the tribe—there were no pirates now—had always been on the watch to give her news of strangers arriving. It was part of their business in life, and had turned into a sort of religious observance.

The *Barracuda* had been observed even before she had engaged the reefs, and Saji, one of the youngest of the fishermen, had tracked her up to the lagoon. Hiding his canoe he had observed everything to do with her berthing in the lagoon, and then, when Macquart and his companions had taken the boat and come up to the village, Saji had followed.

It was his canoe that they had found tied up to the landing stage when they came out of Wiart's house.

Saji had obeyed not only his orders and his own natural tracking instincts, but the desire to please the chief woman of the tribe.

Saji was in love with Chaya.

The tribe had fallen into that condition which scarcely allows for grades of rank; Saji as one of the best fishermen though he had no special rank or standing, was as likely a suitor for Chaya as any of the others. He was eighteen years of age, straight as a dart, well-formed, and even to a European eye not bad-looking, but he was a pure-blooded Saribas, his dress was little more than an apron, and in the eyes of Chaya he did not exist as a man.

The white traders had shown her the edge of civilisation, and her instincts inherited from John Lant raised her above the level of the tribe. To complete the matter, Saji had let her perceive the nature of his feelings towards her. Besides being a good fisherman he was a skilful metal worker, and he had only a month ago constructed a bangle of copper, beating it out from a copper rod with infinite pains and care; taking his courage in one hand and the bangle in the other, he had approached Chaya with the gift—and she had refused it.

"Give it to Maidan," she had said.

Maidan was one of the tribe girls, and the least good-looking of them.

Though disdaining him as a lover, Chaya did not show any dislike for him; she allowed him to accompany her in the woods, and it was his half-naked form they had glimpsed the day before amidst the leaves. He had led her to show her the strangers, just as an hour before he had sought her mother to tell of the new arrivals.

Last night when the party were digging on the spit of river bank, Saji led the old woman to inspect them. In the full moonlight, she had seen the face and form that her eyes had been aching to see for fifteen years.

Revenge was at last in her grasp, and as they returned to the Dyak village after watching the fruitless work of the diggers, she said to Saji:

"You shall have Chaya."

"Aie," whined Saji as he trotted beside her. They were going full speed down the jungle path to the village; "but she cares nought for me."

"You shall have Chaya on the word of her mother, and the gift you will bring her will fetch her to your feet."

"What gift?" said Saji.

"That I will tell you soon. You have each stranger clear in your mind so that you would know each even in the dark?"

"Ay, I could tell each by his spoor or his smell."

"Then watch them all, but more especially the one I pointed out last—the others do not count."

They spoke in the Saribas dialect.

At the village they parted, Saji returning to keep a watch on the newcomers even as they slept.

That watch was never relaxed.

Fortunately for Houghton, he was not the man specially pointed out to Saji as the man never to be lost sight of. Otherwise his meeting with Chaya might have been observed with disastrous consequences to him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUNDINGS

When Houghton got back to the tent he found Tillman waiting for him. Hull was down by the boat attending to some matter or other.

"Macquart is in there in the house with Wiart," said Tillman. "They seem to have chummed up very much. There they are smoking cigarettes and drinking gin and water."

"I don't think Macquart is a man to drink much," said Houghton.

"No, he's not, but there he is with that soaker. I wonder what they're talking about. I went to the door and the smell of the place nearly knocked me down. Wiart asked me in but I excused myself—said I had business to attend to."

"O, I don't think there's anything dangerous in it," replied the other. "Wiart has his business here to look after and between that and drink, his hands are pretty full."

As a matter of fact, Houghton's mind was so filled by Chaya that he did not want for the moment to think of anything else.

Had he frightened or offended her? He could not tell, but he cursed himself for his precipitancy and stupidity. He went down to the landing stage and sat watching Hull, who had baled some water into the boat to prevent the seams opening, and who was now engaged in overhauling some of the gear. But he did not see Hull. He was looking at the mental image of Chaya, listening to her voice.

One of the fascinating things about her was the manner in which she used gestures and pantomime to express her meaning. He was beginning to understand the great fact that whereas Love in many cases is the child of long acquaintance, in others it is born instantaneously and is the child of First Sight. There are natures that fly together at first approach just as the elements of some chemical compounds fly together.

It seemed to him that he had been wanting Chaya all his life, and that she had been waiting for him in these mysterious forests of which he had never dreamed, of whose existence he had been absolutely ignorant.

He was deeply disturbed, not really because of the idea that he might have given her offence, for some instinct told him this was not so, but because of the general situation.

First there was his own poverty. How, even if she loved him, could he ever take Chaya away from here? He had no trade, no resources, the expedition seemed to be turning out the wildest of wild goose chases. How, even supposing that he could get away with her, could he ever take her to Sydney beggared as he was in the goods of the world? To remain here with her was an impossible thought. To live here, even with Chaya, would not be to live but to die to the world.

The place lay heavy on his soul, filled him with a vague terror; the languorous, heat-laden atmosphere, the very forms of the trees, the sluggish, oily-flowing river, the very superabundance of life and of life in its most terrible forms, all these had created around him that atmosphere of nightmare that the tropics can alone create.

Then even supposing that the cache really existed, there was Macquart and his threatened treachery.

Macquart was a terrible man. He was beginning to recognise that fact even more fully now. A man who worked always for some hidden purpose and always underground. A wolf that was yet a mole. It is only given to human nature to incorporate in itself the properties of diverse animal natures, and sometimes this gift produces most strange monstrosities. He remembered that morning of his first meeting with Macquart in the *Domuin* of Sydney; even at that first meeting something predatory in the make-up of his new acquaintance had struck him. Since then, and by slow degrees the nature of the man had been half-shewing itself, and the evidence against him accumulating. Houghton had been keen enough about the object of the expedition all through, but now he was doubly keen; it was not only the gold that was at stake, but Chaya. And he could do nothing but wait, nothing could be done to hurry matters.

Houghton's keen psychological sense had given him some glimpse of the extraordinary mentality of the man upon whom everything depended. He guessed in Macquart some of those qualities that go to form the foundation of madness. Not that Macquart was mad in the least, never was there a man more coldly sane, but it seemed evident to Houghton that here was a man who would destroy everything, even his own chance of success, rather than allow success to a man he hated.

And Macquart hated Hull with an ungodly hatred. To Houghton, now, it seemed clearly demonstrated that Macquart's original plan was to bring the *Barracuda* into the lagoon, where without doubt the treasure was cached, and not to come up here to the village at all. Macquart had meant to run straight, at least, till the gold was on board the *Barracuda*; after that, who knows what he might have done, but he would at least have used his companions for the purpose of shipping the treasure.

The advent of Hull changed all this, and the way in which Hull had managed to arm himself and his companions whilst disarming Macquart.

Finding his plans destroyed and his enemy on top of him, Macquart had evolved new plans which were now in progress.

What were these plans?

It was impossible as yet to predict. It was only possible to say that to gain time for some purpose, Macquart would keep them digging every night at the place where there was nothing to be found.

The hopeful part of the situation was embraced by the fact that he knew nothing of their suspicions, and the only plan of campaign for the present was to give him a free rein.

Hull presently relinquished his work on the boat and came up and sat down beside Houghton, complaining of the heat.

"Where's Mac?" said he.

"He's in there in the house smoking and talking to Wiart," replied Houghton.

The Captain lit a pipe.

"I don't know what's in me when I'm near that swab," said he. "I always want to lay him out. I do so. He raises my gizzard. Now mind you, he played me a low down, dirty trick that time fower years ago, but it's not that makes me want to flatten his head in with a shovel, it's himself. My Gawd, sometimes I feel I could let up on the whole of this show just for the sake of givin' that mud turkle a rap on the shell that'd finish him. Funny, ain't it?"

"O I don't know," replied Houghton. "I feel pretty much as you feel, sometimes, but he's the goose that lays the golden egg and it's better not to think of him."

"That's what I can't help," said the Captain. "I believe the chap's bamboozling us."

"Oh, nonsense," said Houghton, alarmed at the idea that Hull was sniffing at the truth and at the idea of the possible consequences. "Why should he let us down over the business? He has just as big a stake in it as we have, and he's no use without us."

"I don't know why he should," replied the other, "but them's my feelings. We ought to have struck the stuff last night, we sure ought to if it's there. If we don't strike the stuff, well, all I've to say is it's Mac that'll be struck and struck hard. You'll see."

"Look here," said Houghton, "promise me one thing; promise me to say nothing to him *ever* that will make him think you suspect him without first consulting with me and Tillman. This is a serious matter, Captain, and supposing for a moment he is bamboozling us—which doesn't seem probable—we must act accordingly and all together to find out his plans."

"O, I won't say anything," replied the other, "or I'll have a talk with you two before I do. You tell me one thing. If the stuff was cached on that bit of bank, the ship it was took from, if they sank her, would be layin' close by. The river is only three fathom deep off the stage—I've took soundings—I don't believe it's much deeper up there, so they'd have sunk her in only eighteen foot of water. Why, she'd draw most that."

"She would," replied Houghton.

"Let's go and take soundings off the bank up there," said the Captain. "It'll be something to do." He went to the boat and fetched the sounding lead, and they left the stage and walked along the river bank up stream till they reached the spot.

The Captain looked at their excavation work of last night.

"It's lonesome enough to work by day up here without nobody knowing," he said, "only maybe that blighter of a Wiart might see us goin' and suspect. I reckon perhaps Mac's right—unless he's foolin' us."

He made a cast with the lead from the bank edge at the base of the spit; it showed two and a half fathoms or thereabouts, then he went to the apex of the spit. The depth here was nothing, till one got well away from the bank.

"I'd have to bring the boat up to get correct soundin's," said Hull, "but what we've got will do. You see for yourself. There ain't anywhere just here a vessel could be moored to and sunk at her moorin's, and that was the way of it, accordin' to Mac."

"You're right," said Houghton. "The only thing one can suppose is that the river has altered in the course of fifteen years."

"I don't see what's to alter it," said the Captain, looking at the river. "No, sir, unless there's some deep pool near here we don't know nothing of, that ship was never moored to no bank of this river."

It seemed astounding to Houghton that Hull should not have thought of the lagoon and should not have connected the idea of the old burnt ship in the lagoon with the *Terschelling*, but a moment's reflection told him that Hull had not seen the burnt ship as they saw it, and also reminded him of the fact that the human intellect works in very narrow circuits. Hull's mind was held by Macquart's story to the village and this bit of bank; he was utterly lacking in imagination and the lagoon away down the river never once occurred to him as the "deep pool" where the bones of the *Terschelling* might be lying.

They turned from the spit and made back through the trees towards the tent, and they had scarcely gone a hundred yards when something white moving amidst the tree boles drew Houghton's attention.

It was Chaya.

She had not been following them, evidently, for she was coming towards them, though not in the line of their path.

"There's the gal we saw yesterday," said Hull.

Houghton's heart sprang alive in him like a struggling bird.

It was only a couple of hours ago that she had evaded



Chaya a Romance of the South Seas]

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“ When the party were digging on the spit of riverbank ”

him. He would soon know now if she were angry or not.

She had a basket in her hand and was evidently going about some business or other, and she had seen him, he could tell that. But she did not alter her direction. She kept straight on, and passing them ten yards away she turned her head, caught Houghton's gaze full, and smiled.

He could only tell that she was not angry, that she was in fact quite friendly, but it seemed to him there was the faintest, faintest trace of mockery in that smile. The mockery of a child that has just escaped its would-be captor.

Then she was gone.

“ She give you the glad eye,” said Hull. “ She did shore—Funny things them females are, she hadn't no eyes for me. I never did hold with wimmen folk and never took up with them much excep' maybe now and then when I've had more money in my pocket than wits in my head.”

When they got back to the tent they found Tillman talking to Macquart.

Tillman was seated on the ground with his back to a tree and Macquart was seated near him. The discussion,

whatever it was, between the two, was being conducted with vigour to judge by the gestures of Macquart.

"See here, you fellows," cried Tillman as they approached. "Here's something new."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW MOVE

"Well," said Hull, taking his seat on the ground near Tillman, "What's up now?"

"Everything," said Tillman, "ask Macquart."

"It's not as bad as that," said Macquart, "in fact, as far as I can see, things are looking better than they did when we knocked off work last night, but I'm beginning to have more than a suspicion that we have been done."

Houghton saw Hull's big hand clench itself as it lay beside him on the ground. Fearing that the Captain might take up the questioning of Macquart, he moved close to him and managed to nudge him unseen by the others.

"How do you mean?" he said. "Who has done us?"

"The natives I believe, and be —— to them," said Macquart. "It's this way. When we struck nothing last night, when, in fact, I saw that the marking trees were gone I began to suspect. I began to say to myself, can it be possible that the stuff has been removed? I thrashed the thing out in my own mind. I said to myself, fifteen years is a long while, can white men have been here and taken the stuff off? Then I saw at once, arguing from common sense that—outside miracles—the thing could not be. No white men in the world had track of the position of the thing but me."

"Steady on," said Hull, speaking despite the warning nudges of Houghton, "wasn't you goin' round the world huntin' for a chap to put up money for this expedition? Why, God bless my soul, you told me about the thing fower years ago in 'Frisco. Well, if you told it to me you told it to loads besides. How do you know that one of them chaps hasn't been to the money box?"

The enmity of Macquart towards the questioner shot out in his glance.

"How do I know? I know because I wasn't such a complicated fool as to give any man a hint that would bring him within two hundred miles of the thing. Have you any more questions to ask? Well then. I said to myself last night, no white man has been here, but how about natives? The Papuans are out of court, they are too stupid. How about the Dyaks? They're clever, they may have ferreted out the stuff, and if they did they'd know it belonged to John Lant and they'd maybe move it to some other place more safely hid than the river bank. They're full up of superstitions, and if any bad luck had been happening to them or if they'd been unlucky at fishing or if one of their wise women had been dreaming things they might have taken it as an indication, if they knew the stuff was there, to move it. Anyhow those were my thoughts. Then to-day when I was yarnin' with Wiart I managed to hit on some news. Two years ago there was a big disturbance here and the Dyaks stopped fishing for a week. They were desperately busy about something, carting mat baskets through the woods. Wiart was very busy just then with the rubber and he didn't notice things much till towards the end of the pow-wow, when one day he was out prospecting in the forest and he came on the thing the Dyaks had been carting their baskets to. He followed one of the basket carriers to it, in fact. It was a sort of temple hut and he didn't go further for he didn't want to be seen prying into their affairs. He never thought that the stuff those chaps were carting might be gold, he thought it was earth from the river-side and they had some religious reason for bringing it. He thinks so still. I haven't said anything to make him think different. Well, I believe that's where the stuff is. I believe they cut the marking trees down, though maybe the trees fell of their own accord. Anyhow, that's the position and Wiart knows where that hut place is in the forest, anyhow, he said he could go there quite easy."

"Well," said Hull, "if he could we'd better yank him out and make him lead us there."

"I believe there's something in this," said Houghton with an air of conviction, "but we must go cautiously."

"There mayn't be anything in it at all," said Macquart. "It may be a wrong scent entirely, but it's worth enquiring into."

"If it's true, our difficulty will be this," said Tillman. "If the Dyaks have hid the stuff you may be sure they'll not let us take it off without a word or two."

"And how about our Winchesters?" cut in Houghton. "And our six-shooters? Seems to me the argument on our side will be the strongest."

"If it comes to that," said Macquart, "I'll make the Dyaks do the hefting. I'll make them carry that stuff right

down to the *Barracuda* and not bother about the boat. And there's another point, you three are armed, I've got nothing but my naked hands, if we are to carry this thing through we must all be armed. I've got to have a gun."

"That's perfectly right," said Houghton, "and you'll have mine the moment we touch the stuff."

Macquart said nothing but began to fill a pipe, then he lit it. He seemed satisfied with Houghton's promise, at least, his mind seemed to have travelled to some other subject.

"We'd better go on digging to-night," he said, "on the chance that some shock of earthquake may have deepened the stuff, though I don't think that's very probable. Anyhow, we'd better make plumb sure the cache is gone. I believe I'm right in supposing it is, but we can never be quite sure in this world. Then to-morrow I can fix it up with Wiart to take us to that place."

"Why not call the chap out now and let's talk it over?" said Hull.

"If you like," said Macquart, "only I'd advise not. He suspects nothing of what we're after, and if you leave it to me he'll go on not suspecting till we're dabbling our hands in the yellow boys."

"You're right," said Houghton. "Hull, we'd better leave this thing to Macquart, he's cleverer than the whole of us."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be clever," said the other, "I struck on the idea by chance and it was the merest chance that I sounded Wiart on the matter. That's all there is to it."

"Well, let's say nothing more till we've had another try to-night," replied Houghton. "If we draw a blank then to-morrow we can make arrangements with Wiart."

Half an hour later Tillman, taking Houghton for a stroll down to the landing stage, broke silence.

"Do you think Macquart is in earnest?" he asked.

"Not a bit," replied Houghton, "he's cooking some dog's trick to play on us. I believe he has roped that scamp of a Wiart into this scheme, as a cat's paw, of course. He intends to take us into the woods and do for us. Notice the way he made the bid for arms."

"Yes, and you promised him your pistol."

"When we touched the stuff. The stuff is not in the woods."

"Well, for heaven's sake, why should we go with him? I'm not a funk, but when we know or suspect he's going to do for us, why not tackle him at once?"

"If he was an ordinary scoundrel, I'd put my pistol to his head and threaten to shoot him if he didn't show us where the cache was," replied Houghton. "But he's not. The threat wouldn't have any effect on him simply because he'd rather be shot, I believe, than show that stuff to Hull. There's the faint chance that this yarn may be true, and that his plan is to get us to help move the stuff before doing us in, and there's the chance that he may lead us into some trap. Now, if I could once convict him of that and escape the trap, then I'd make him show us the place we want even by torturing him, then it would be a question of hot blood. But we've convicted him of nothing and you can't torture a man in cold blood—I can't. So we'll just have to lay low, not care a dump for danger and be ready to pounce."

"I'll be ready to do the pouncing," said Tillman, "if I get the chance."

After supper that night and just before moon-rise they stole off again up stream to the spit.

Four hours' digging showed no result beyond a hole in which, to use Hull's expression, they could have buried a church. Then, depressed but not dispirited, they returned to the tent.

Hull and Houghton retired to rest, but Tillman, according to his arrangement with Houghton, slipped off armed with a Winchester to keep watch on the boat.

(To be continued.)

Once more we are threatened with a revival of the waist-coat, but this seems likely to be more general with frocks than with coats and skirts. A waistcoat frock can be the most attractive of models and in the newest form the waist-coat is worn over the frock itself, after the way of a little sleeveless coat. An unusually pretty frock of copper brown taffetas just-arrived from Paris was made after this way, the waistcoat being of dark purple velvet embroidered with a somewhat scattered design of metallic autumn leaves. Acknowledgment of the wintry weather which has recently fallen to our lot was given by a narrow edging of fur round neck, sleeves and skirt.

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"Could you arrange to send me an 'EVERYMAN,' or some sort of literary journal, every week? I have nothing here to read except old magazines, etc., with which I am surfeited; I never even see a paper now for days at a time. Therefore, that which is literary in my soul craves for sustenance, and it would be a great boon to me if I could rely each week on a journal of that sort to keep me in touch with those things which are above all travail of the flesh."

Is it too much to say that there must be thousands of men with similar tastes and cravings amongst our Armies in the various theatres of war, to that of the officer in question. We think not. Agreed that this is so, it surely behoves everyone who has a soldier friend at the Front to see that his desire for literature of a more serious character than that which reaches our Armies in large quantities does not go unsatisfied.

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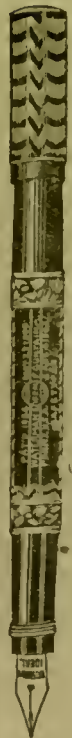
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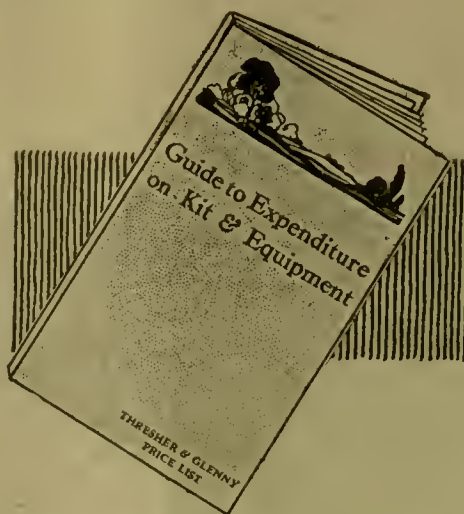
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THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1916

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On the way to Verdun—"We took two houses in Malancourt."



[Photo by Lieutenant Bowers]

The South Pole—Shackleton's Halfway House



[Photo by Herbert G. Ponting.]

Mount Erebus—Shackleton's Goal

These photographs illustrate Mr. Herbert Ponting's article on page 17. The tent in Lieutenant Bowers' photograph is the one set up by Amundsen, who anticipated Captain Scott. Captain Scott is at the extreme left of the picture. At the foot of Mount Erebus lies Cape Evans, Sir Ernest Shackleton's destination.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 6th, 1916

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THE KING'S GIFT

*Privy Purse Office,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.,
31st March, 1916.*

Sir,—I have received the King's commands to inform you that His Majesty has given instructions for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Pounds (£100,000) to be placed at the disposal of the Treasury.

It is the King's wish that this sum, which he gives in consequence of the war, should be applied in whatever manner is deemed best in the opinion of His Majesty's Government.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

F. E. G. PONSONBY,

Keeper of the Privy Purse.

The Right Honble. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P., Prime Minister.

“ACTS deserve acts, not words in their honour.” This aphorism of the famous Greek orator was never more applicable than to the King's gift. It is easy to praise its munificence and to commend its spontaneous generosity, but the true honour of this kingly act, as announced in the letter at the head of this article, lies in the manner in which the example will be followed by all classes throughout the Empire. In placing of his own free-will this large sum at the disposal of his Government, His Majesty has once again testified to the solidarity of the nation and of the Empire in its fixed determination to carry the war through at all costs. The willing spirit in which the Budget has been received with its Pelion on Ossa in the way of new taxation must further impress Neutrals and foes alike that Britain is not to be daunted by any demands upon her purse. The riches she has often boasted in the past are a reality, and she is willing to pour them out ungrudgingly as the purchase price of liberty and freedom.

Mr. McKenna had his task made easier for him on Tuesday in that he was able to announce a reduction in expenditure and an excess in revenue over his estimates of last summer, and as he has no doubt framed his 1916-17 estimates on the same lines, it is not unreasonable to expect that his anticipations will be more than fulfilled.

There is to be another Budget in July primarily for the purpose of continuing the additional duties on tea and tobacco imposed by the Finance Act of last September, duties which would otherwise expire on August 1st. The opportunity will then be taken to review again the financial situation and also, so every one hopes, for a definite decision on the question of fiscal duties. In the course of his lucid speech the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward a very potent argument in favour of the earliest possible decision on this point. He said. “We must not overlook the fact that after the war many of our traders will have to compete with neutral rivals who have been able through war prices to build up immense reserves of capital which have not been subject to taxation.” British traders have the right to know to what extent they may receive protection from their own Government against this new rivalry, a perfectly lawful rivalry but which nevertheless will have been created by the very circumstances which will have crippled their own powers of resistance.

Among the features of the new taxation which are to be commended is the tardy recognition that all fluid refreshment other than spring water is a luxury, lemonade just as much as champagne, gingerbeer as much as gin and cocoa equally with tea. This principle we trust has now been accepted for all time at the Treasury. Table waters are as legitimate a source of revenue as table wines, and it was a scandal even before the war that the overflow of German wells should be admitted to this country free, while the produce of French vineyards should be substantially taxed. Another good feature is the tax on amusements. Surely there is no form of tribute that can be rendered more gladly to the State than this. Henceforth we may amuse ourselves with an easy conscience knowing that every stall we buy at a theatre is another clip of cartridges against the Hun. Seeing that race meetings have now come within the purview of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, let us hope he may be tempted to go a step further into the betting ring and there set up the public totalisator. As for the tax on railway tickets, its results will be watched with considerable interest and some anxiety. On whom will the extra burden fall—on the railways or on the travelling public, which has been considerably reduced already by many causes connected with the war?

Mr. McKenna had a word of sympathy for the income-tax payer. He evidently knows how heavily the burden already falls on many, more particularly on the professional classes, who are not only endeavouring to maintain “the standard of life necessary in their circumstances for efficiency,” but also to bring up and educate children so that they shall be fitted to carry on to the best of their abilities their duty in the state of life to which they have been called. In the delightful character sketch of Mr. McKenna from the pen of Mr. James Douglas which appears on another page, stress is laid on the fearlessness of his character, and he touched the right note in the concluding sentences of his brief and business-like Budget statement when he said: “Civic courage is as important in its sphere as military courage and we may justly claim in this time of stress that we have not been found wanting in either of those great virtues.” This being so we appeal to Mr. McKenna to use his influence to put an end to those fatuous “Don't” posters and other banal emanations that disfigure the hoardings to-day. Their appearance brands us as a nation of either imbeciles or cowards. We are neither. The Government would do well to adopt a more restrained tone in such advertising as is still necessary for the business of the country. Much good has no doubt been done in the past by these methods but there is a limit to everything. This attempt to regulate private expenditure by public posters at the present time when everyone is shouldering their burden bravely is deeply resented.

THE ENEMY OBJECT AT VERDUN

By Hilaire Belloc

THE one question which Verdun is suggesting throughout Europe now is this. What is the German object in continuing the attack?

Upon Saturday, the 19th February last, the Germans—after a preparation in the way of bringing up heavy pieces and accumulating heavy munitionment, resting their men, training special bodies, etc., for about two months—opened the attack *not* upon the "Fortress of Verdun," for there is no such thing, but upon the Verdun sector of the western front. They delivered on that day upon the lines from Malancourt eastward for twenty miles, but especially on the eight or nine miles between the Meuse and Ornes, the first shells of an intensive bombardment.

Upon Monday, February 21st, they launched their infantry after the 48 hours' preparatory artillery work against this eight to nine mile front: the number of divisions employed in this shock being no less than fourteen.

These lines are written upon Tuesday, the 4th of April. Forty-six days have already elapsed in the pursuit of a task which originally—if we may judge by the attempted rate of advance upon the one hand and the reasonable calculation of delay to French reinforcements upon the other—was designed for about four days.

We all know the changes which have passed over the great action and over the conception of the German General Staff in that period. There have been two main phases.

The first shock was intended to crush back the French troops beyond the Meuse, and in the heat of that victory possibly, or probably, to break the French line immediately beyond. This original scheme, for which everything had been designed, broke down altogether, and the moment of its failure was the French counter-attack on the plateau of Douaumont, a little before noon on Saturday, February 26th.

The battle of Verdun, as the Germans had designed it and as their General Staff had conceived its objective, was lost within the first week.

On the analogy of all the other great offensives launched in the course of this war, since the rôle of heavy artillery became clear (the Champagne offensive a year ago, the Artois last May, Neuve Chapelle, the two great attacks upon the Warsaw lines, Loos, the great offensive on the Isonzo some weeks ago, the French great offensive in Champagne, etc.), the German attack should at this point have ceased.

There is a clear reason why it should have ceased, a reason familiar to every student of the war, and a commonplace in the descriptions given by the higher commands of their task. It is simply this; that these great efforts are, against the modern entrenched defensive, so expensive in material and in men that you gamble upon a rapid breaking of the front (such as has *once* been effected in this war, to wit on the Dunajec last year), and if you fail to do that you must cut your losses at once.

Supposing, for instance, that General de Castelnau had gone on and on through October against the German lines in Champagne in the same fashion as that of his first great assault on September 25th and 26th, it would have meant perhaps half a million of losses and the putting of a very large number of guns out of action for some time, as well as the squandering of accumulated ammunition. *For no industrial nation can turn out shell at the rate at which it is spent in these tremendous efforts.*

But the Germans, having lost their battle in the first week, continued the effort in the shape of a new and different series of actions. This—that is, all the immensely expensive struggle of the last six weeks—is in tactical practice and theory a distinct, novel, and second affair. It has been prolonged up to the present moment—that is for nearly six weeks—and will probably be prolonged for many days more. This new phase is marked by the following characters:

(1) The front which is being attacked is struck here and there, not in a general assault but upon very narrow,

specially selected fronts: never more than 2,000 yards, often only 500.

(2) Each of these local actions is prepared with a specially intense bombardment, very costly in munitions. Each involves the use of from one division upwards. It is very rarely that any of them are delivered with less.

(3) The special sectors so selected have each a fairly obvious tactical value (as will be explained in a moment). There is no element of surprise. There is a continued effort to drive in at one of four or five points, each of which is obviously a point where success would be of ultimate value to the enemy, and each of which the French now know by heart.

Therefore—as the points are few, specially selected, and of narrow front—failure upon them does not cause the abandonment of the effort. The troops broken at the first or the second effort are withdrawn, new troops sent up, and when these are broken in their turn, new troops again—and so on. At Vaux, for instance, where there is barely room to deploy a division in full strength, something like half-a-dozen divisions have been identified, if I am not mistaken, from first to last; and it is the same with all the other points.

(5) Against this prolonged system of very intense, very dense local attacks, confined to particular points upon a general line of 30 miles in length, the French oppose nothing but what has been well called in one of their military phrases, "dynamic resistance." It is not a wall—that metaphor is bad. It is a hot iron against which much of the attacking material, often *all* the attacking material, melts away.

(6) Therefore the whole effort has become one quite outrageously more expensive in men for the attacking side than for the defenders *and this question of comparative expense is the capital factor in the whole matter.* Modern war like primitive or savage war thus conducted eats up, not the old, small, renewable armies, but the available force of whole nations: not in a generation but in a score of months.

Having got all this clear, let us proceed to the main question which has puzzled all observers in this war: the German conception lying behind this prolonged action. What is their object in going on for forty days and more after failing in their initial effort?

I have said that this question is the capital question of the moment. It is one I cannot presume to answer: no one can enter the enemy's mind. To do so thoroughly in any military conflict would be to ensure victory: conjecture alone is possible. But one thing is clear. There is an immediate objective—which is self-evidently insufficient—and there is an ultimate one. The immediate objective anyone can see. The Germans are obviously trying to get troops into the geographical area marked by the houses of Verdun. To give their effort more meaning by changing the phrase, to call it "taking Verdun," for instance, would be misleading. There is nothing to take. They are not dealing with a fortress. They are not investing a beleaguered army. They are trying to compel the retirement of troops upon a particular sector of the front from lines they at present occupy to lines some miles further east. In the process they could put their troops into the area of Verdun—and no more. They are continuing in such effort because they believe that it will not cost them more in armed men than *the ultimate result* will cost the French. For victory only means the disarming of one's enemy in so much greater proportion than one's own troops are disarmed during the process, that he will at last fall into a hopeless inferiority and give up the struggle.

What is that *ultimate result* which the enemy sees as the consequence of a mere French retirement beyond Verdun?

That second main question is the undecided kernel of the whole thing. Before approaching it let us answer the first and much simpler point: the manner of the attack and its cost.

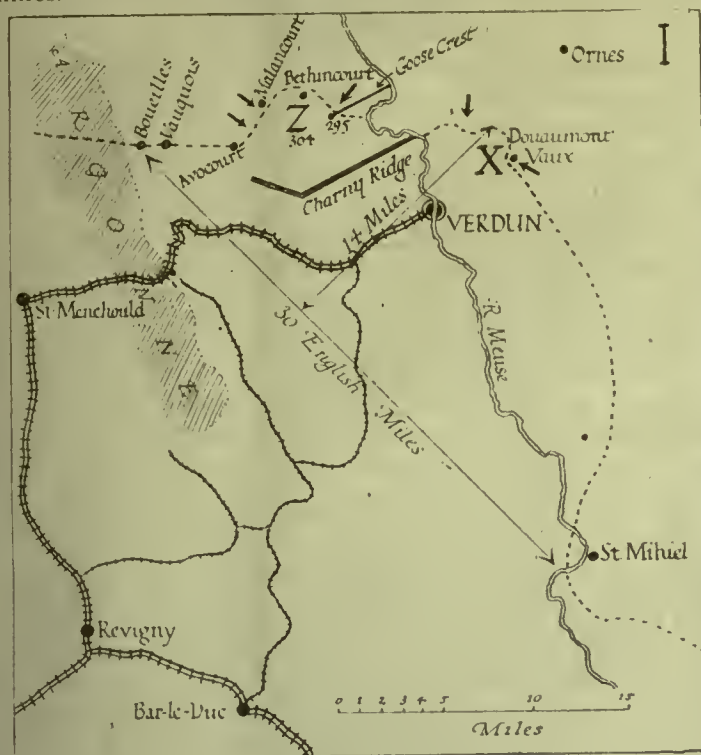
When we have studied how the enemy is trying to reacl.

Verdun and how far he is succeeding and at what rate, we can turn to the much more fundamental aspect of the question—why he should desire to effect this change and at what cost he seems prepared to pursue it.

The present method of attaining the immediate object

The sector of the Western front with which the enemy is dealing is a salient not very prominent and of the character expressed in the details of Sketch I.

If the reader will look at this Sketch I he will see that the line, starting at the edge of the Argonne at Boueilles and curving round to a point within a mile of St. Mihiel upon the Meuse, stands forward at its most extreme point about 14 English miles beyond the nearest point which the line would occupy if it were normally drawn instead of forming a salient. In other words, the extreme depth of the salient is 14 miles. Its width across what would be the neck of it, if it were a salient more defined, but to which it is rather ridiculous to apply that metaphor in so very slightly pronounced a bulge, is just over 30 English miles.



If the enemy can get the line back to the river Meuse above Verdun, and if he can get it back behind Verdun itself, he will apparently have effected his immediate design.

It sounds silly. It seems, at first sight, to have no very definite military meaning, I know. But that is quite clearly what he is doing, and we must examine later why he is doing it.

Now this being clearly the object in the enemy's mind, whether wise or unwise, what does it suggest to the French as the object they should aim at? The answer is obvious. The weak point in the enemy's scheme is that he is trying to get something of debatable value at a price which *must* be exceedingly high, and which *may* prove disastrously *too* high. It is the object of the French to make him pay the very highest price possible. So long as he pays that price territory—within reason, territory of a few miles breadth—matters nothing. If the enemy captures at an expense of 20,000 men, a few acres which can lead to nothing more, save a similar small advance several days later at a similar cost, the French merely consider the difference between his losses and theirs as a price paid. And his losses are normally from four to four and a half times theirs. If the few acres which he captures would from their position lead to some immediate and more important result—for instance, if they include a dominating height for observation or make dangerously narrow the neck of a salient, or give some other advantage which might immediately procure further and much larger results—then it is worth while lowering the proportion of loss; in other words, it is worth while in that particular instance to counter-attack and to recover what you have lost even if in so doing you lose

not the usual quarter or fifth, but half as many men as your opponent, or even more. Such counter-attacks have been the exception in the long story of these six weeks, ever since the Germans reached upon the east of the Meuse the main defences and ever since they began upon the west of the Meuse their long struggle for the Mort Homme.

We must remember in all this that the great war is novel in nothing so much as in its scale; both of time and of numbers.

It is within measurable distance of exhausting; the powers of certain of the chief combatants; it has more nearly exhausted the powers of the Central Empires than it has those of the Allies—even of the French. It permits by its mere continuation and by the mere further exhausting of the Central Empires of a reserve of manpower coming in from this country, from Italy and from Russia. Therefore in any sober judgment the debate must be a debate on numbers, as has been said here a hundred times; and the German Empire in particular, whenever it gives us an opportunity to bleed it will, in the bleeding of it, give us ultimate results of exactly the same character as the more dramatic and vivid results obtained in a local rapid and decisive action.

We have, then, the French noting the enemy's determination to occupy a certain geographical area and his readiness to spend a very large number of men in the process: a very large excess indeed over the corresponding French losses: an excess of, say, 4 or 4½ to one.

He is deliberately spending this capital for a future return: an ultimate purpose still to be discussed. We have the French therefore doing everything *not* to keep the Germans out of the geographical area called "Verdun," emphatically *not* to do anything so meaningless in a military sense, *but* making him pay just the very maximum price possible; and the test of the price is the contrast between his losses and theirs. We have the enemy, for whatever reasons, pounding steadily away in his desire ultimately—apparently at a calculated but exceedingly high price—to occupy that area. Let us ask first what tactical method the enemy is pursuing to achieve that result.

The method he is pursuing is the one with which his former work on the eastern front has made us familiar, the creation of salients, or the attacking of particular salients already existing and the attempt to flatten out such salients, each such attempt when successful involving the occupation of the area the salient formed.

Now it is quite clear on a mere inspection of the broadest points on the map that the salient of Verdun is not of a pronounced kind. There is no hope whatsoever of "cutting it off at the neck." Indeed, as I have said, there is no "neck," properly speaking, at all; there is, rather, a very broad base thirty miles long, across which, even before the attack began, fairly good lines of supply ran, and which now, with innumerable newly-hardened and even newly-constructed roads and many light railways can feed any number of men and guns at the fighting front.

Upon Sketch Map I we see the main double lines of railway of normal gauge, the northern one from Ste. Menchould to Verdun, being the main line from Paris to Metz and Central Germany, the southern one through Revigny and Bar-le-Duc being the main line from Paris to Southern Germany and Vienna by way of Strasbourg. While the lateral line joining Revigny and St. Menchould, connecting them to the northern of these two lines, is at all points vulnerable to long range fire, the southern is immune. There are further light railways (one metre gauge) shown upon the Sketch. There is a whole network of excellent roads to which others have been added in the last few weeks, and many new 60 centimetre gauge field railways serving the front in every direction. The three great railheads, as the French have told us, and as is indeed obvious, are Ste. Menchould, Revigny and Bar-le-Duc, and from them munitions and stores, and even reinforcements, when they are needed, pour into the fighting front.

But while the enemy can hope for nothing by attacking the existing corners of the salient he can effect something by flattening out one after the other the smaller subsidiary salients appearing upon the general trace of the front and so getting nearer to and further threatening Verdun itself; since we continue to premise that his immediate

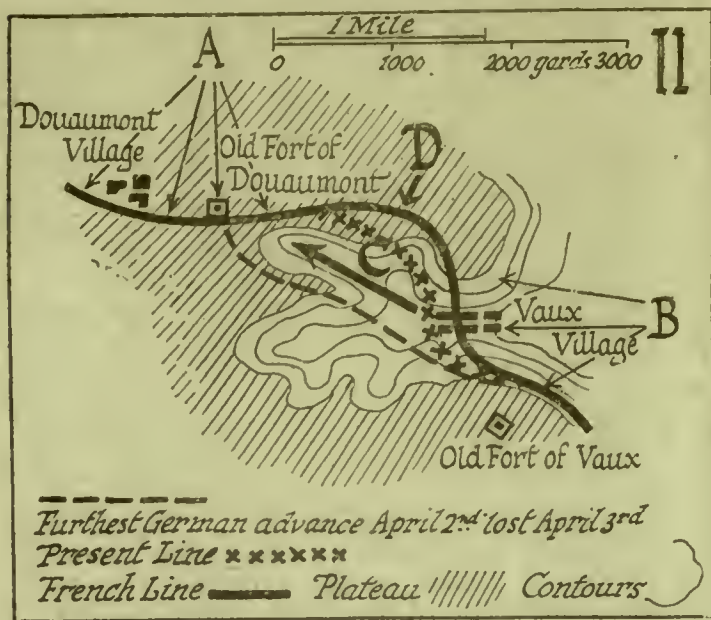
object is to put his troops into that particular geographical area.

Upon Sketch I the reader will at once perceive two subsidiary small salients, the one marked by an X, which we may call the salient of Douaumont, and the one surrounding the point marked Z on the other side of the Meuse, which may be called the salient of Bethincourt. Both these salients he has been trying to reduce for some time and has been particularly trying to reduce this week by attacks at their corners in the direction of the arrows upon the Sketch.

Let us before going further regard each of these efforts in detail, dealing first with the western one X against the plateau of Douaumont and the ravine of Vaux, and next with the salient of Bethincourt Z.

The Attack on Vaux and Douaumont

The enemy has for weeks past had the French in front of him in about the situation shown in Map II, where the French front, as it has stood for all those weeks, is marked by a thick black line. He is in the ruins of the old fort of Douaumont and he is in the ruins of Douau-



mont village. He has attacked over and over again in the general directions represented by the thin arrows starting from A, and he has attacked over and over again towards the ravine marked by the bold arrow C and from the direction represented by the sheaf of thin arrows starting from the point B. In the last week this series of efforts (for which combined he has over the space of forty days brought into play first and last at least six divisions) have been continued with much greater effect.

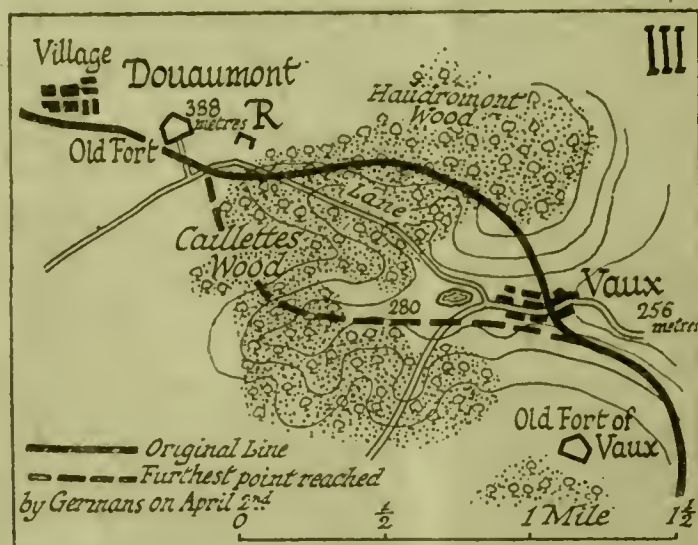
Indeed, the attack on Vaux, in its entirety has formed an excellent example of the fashion in which the present phase of the great action is developing; for it has shown us a German offensive procuring some real tactical results, and the corresponding necessity on the part of the French to counter-attack, the whole object being, to repeat what was said just above, that whatever be the German object the whole French object in this business is to make the enemy lose disproportionately in men and never to run the risk of considerable local loss to themselves save in the rare cases where the enemy at some immense sacrifice of effectives, has managed to occupy a point of real importance to his further plans. With these premises in mind, let us see what the details of the affair of Vaux have been.

Attack on Vaux

Upon Thursday night he attacked in very great force on the north side of the ravine at C, that is from the direction of the short arrow at D, and failed. Later in the night he tried again, this time up towards the ravine from the south-east and from Vaux village and carried the ruins of the whole village. On the Friday, with new troops, but not until late in the afternoon, he made a vigorous effort to clinch the matter by getting up the ravine C from Vaux and right up to Douaumont old fort up on the plateau. He pressed this difficult adventure with very dense forces indeed and lost pro-

portionately heavily, but failed. Upon the Saturday morning he tried again and failed again.

Upon Saturday afternoon or evening, and apparently over on to the Sunday, he delivered and pressed the last and most formidable attack. To understand that attack we must look at the Sketch Map III more detailed than Sketch II just presented, and showing all the features of that neighbourhood.



As you go up the main street of Vaux you come out at the end of the houses on the western end of the village upon a large pond. There is a by-road or lane starting from this pond and running up the ravine, of which I have just spoken. This lane mounts rather steeply through woods and comes out into the open on the summit of the plateau near the old fort, falling into the main road which serves the plateau and the fort at a point where the last of the redoubts flanking the old forts is situated. This point I have marked on the accompanying Sketch III with the letter R. The wood to the right, or north, of the lane that comes up from Vaux is called by the general name of the wood of Haudromont; the wood on the left, or south side, of the lane, which covers the fall of the hill, is called the wood of Caillettes. The line upon which the two armies were struggling, the two parallel lines of trenches, ran, a week ago, so that the ruins of Douaumont village, the old fort and the extreme redoubt at R were just in German hands. The whole of the lane was held by the French, and so was all the western part of Vaux village beyond the church.

The Germans, as we have seen, carried upon the Friday night the western houses of the village. They also carried the ground round the pond, and so possessed themselves of the beginning of the lane. Their subsequent action was this: They struck not only up the lane, but also from the north, from Haudromont wood, and swept through the wood of Caillettes. There was a moment when they were thus masters of all the Vaux ravine and had made of Douaumont village, or rather of the ground just south of it, a very dangerous little salient, and at the same time had created, by the same stroke, another dangerous salient in the promontory and plateau upon which stands the old fort of Vaux. Had they maintained their footing here, a rather large slice of the plateau of Douaumont would ultimately have had to be evacuated, and probably the promontory of the plateau of Vaux fort as well. Had he held Caillettes Wood the enemy would soon have had a considerably extended line upon the eastern and highest escarpment of the heights of the Meuse instead of the very narrow front he now has upon the same heights at Douaumont alone. On such an extended line occupying the flat top of the hills he could have deployed a formidable striking force.

The area he had just gained was therefore made the object of one of those rare counter-attacks of which the French are very chary, but which they will run to the expense of when the local conditions of the defence seem to make it necessary. Immediately following upon the German occupation of the Caillettes wood an intensive bombardment was delivered from the French side upon that ruined mass of beech, and upon Monday the 3rd, a sharp counter-attack reoccupied the whole of it, with the

exception of a tiny belt just near the redoubt. The lane was recovered by the French and at the same time all the western part of Vaux which had been lost three days before.

Such, so far as I can follow it in the communiqués and private accounts, including the French semi-official summary and letters in the Paris press, has been the story of the German efforts against this subsidiary salient of Douaumont during the last week.

The Salient of Bethincourt

When we turn to the other subsidiary salient, the one on the west, that of Bethincourt, we find something characteristic enough of all this duel upon the Verdun sector; a much more pronounced enemy advance, and yet no appreciable enemy gain. Vaux for a moment was a real gain for the enemy, which had to be eliminated in its last stages. The work upon the Bethincourt salient was not anything of the kind.

Let me turn, then, to the details of what the enemy has attempted and done against this second salient.

The main defence of Verdun upon this western side of the Meuse is marked upon Sketch I, and is already familiar to the reader as the ridge of Charny. It corresponds to, and prolongs the main advance beyond the river. Now, within the salient of Bethincourt, some four or five miles in front of Charny ridge, there is, as all the world knows now, a height called the Mort Homme, or Hill 295, which the French hold. If the French lose this hill they would probably have to retire to Charny Ridge, for there is no other good position in between. At any rate they would have lost the whole of the Goose Crest, which runs from Hill 295 to the river and which, though the most of it is in German hands, is of no use to them until the summit of the Hill 295 is taken. All the German work on this side, therefore, has been concerned with the effort to carry or turn—at any rate at least to occupy Hill 295. They have tried to rush it: to get round it: to dominate it by seizing the neighbouring higher Hill 304.

As with the Vaux salient on the east so with this Western or Bethincourt salient, and its vital point, the Mort Homme, there has been the continuous double effort upon either side of its base, and to follow this we must turn to Sketch V upon a larger scale.

Upon Sketch Map V the reader will see, rather roughly and only approximately, I am afraid, the contours of the neighbourhood. The original French line ran as does the full line upon Sketch Map V, covering Malancourt and Bethincourt, the village upon the brook in the bottom of the valley. The capture of positions upon the east of this line by the Germans and in particular their capture of the Crows' Wood, brought the line on the east back to the dashes also shown on Sketch V and close up to the Mort Homme, or Hill 295. Efforts spreading over three weeks were made to force this commanding position from

the eastern side. They were, like all the efforts which we have to retail in the present account, immensely expensive; they were begun over and over again and they led to nothing. The enemy then began attacking the further side of the salient.

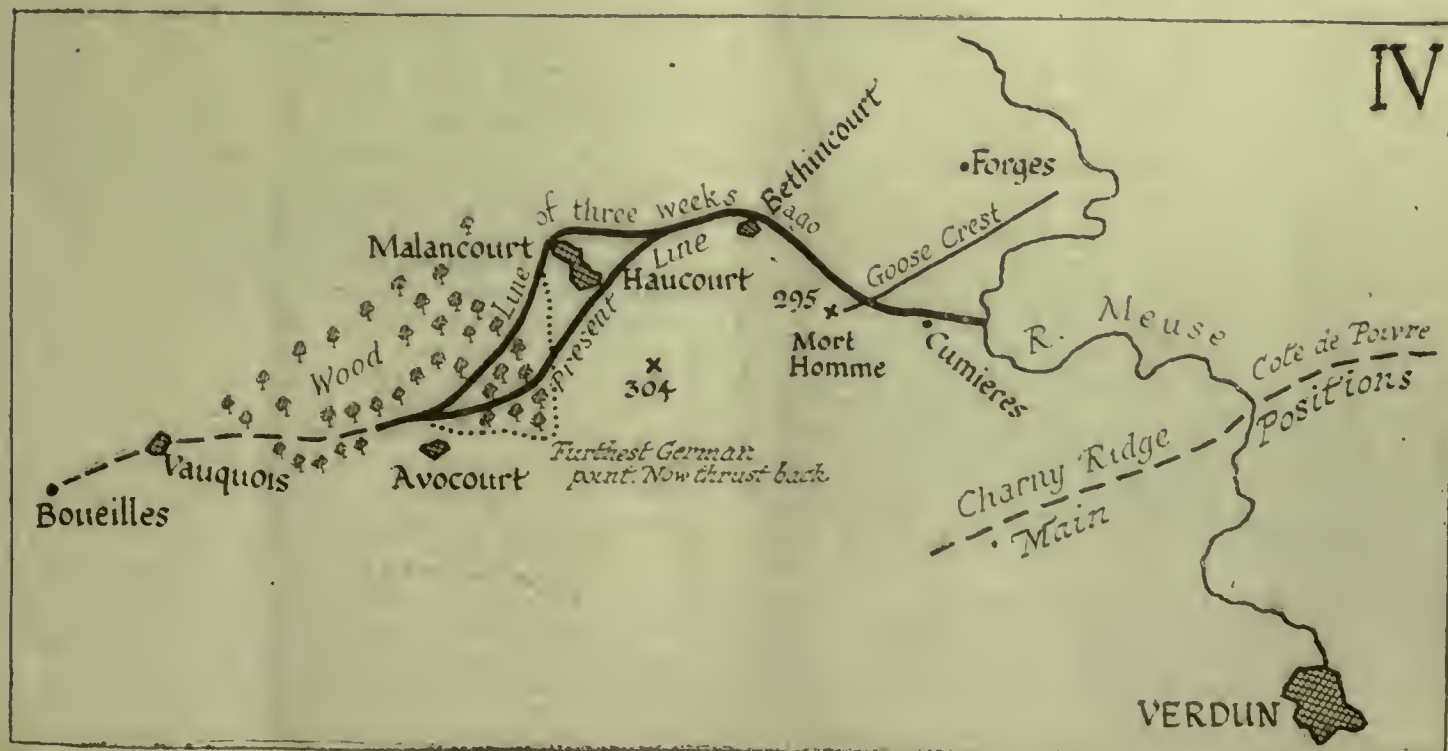
It will be remembered how he carried the projecting horn of the woods at A and the hill above Haucourt at H, after which action he had thrust into the French lines trenches following the line of dots on Sketch IV. The French recovered the outlying part of the wood at A, advancing about as far as the double line upon the Sketch, and in particular taking the redoubt which the Germans had established on the edge of the wood. Why the French here made one of their very rare counter-attacks will be explained a few lines lower down. This was upon Wednesday last, the 29th, in the morning. Meanwhile for 24 hours past the enemy had been charging again and again down the open slopes in front of Malancourt and Haucourt, which is a small hamlet attached to Malancourt. These villages down in the valley obviously form a very exposed projection and the enemy attacked with the object of reducing it. On the afternoon of the Wednesday, after being repulsed all the Tuesday and all the morning of the Wednesday, the enemy got into the first houses on the extreme north-west of Malancourt at C. Then he waited more than 24 hours to bring up fresh men. He brought them up in very great force and this is what happened:

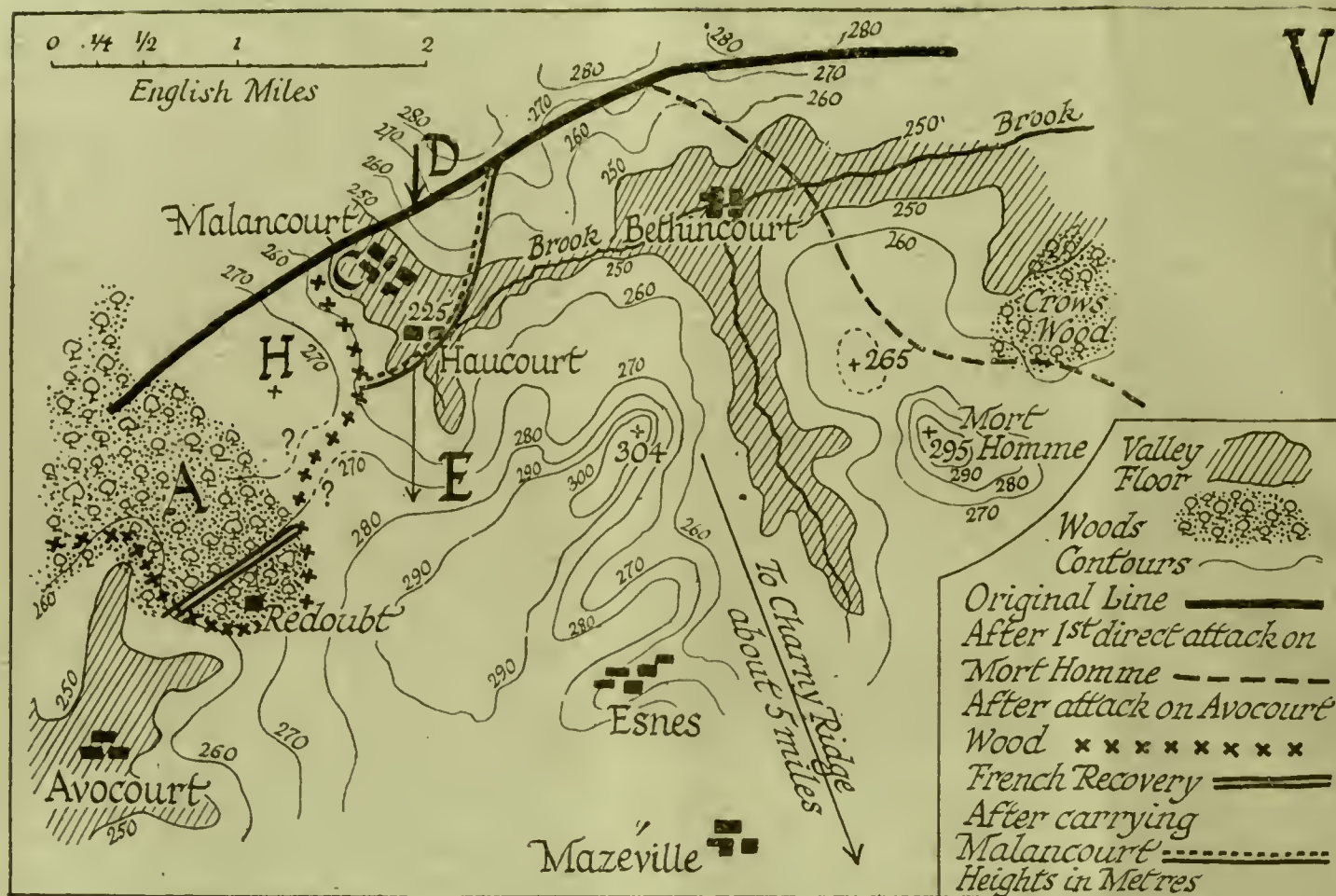
He attacked after nightfall on Thursday from down the hill which he held on the west at H and from down the hills in the direction of the arrow at D. He was thrown back. This was about 9 o'clock. He attacked again at about 11, adding new troops to those already so severely tried. The attack was broken up with very heavy loss. He brought up yet more troops and attacked again at about one in the morning of Friday and got into the first houses on the south-west side of the village from the direction of H.

From that moment till about six in the morning, that is up to dawn, he fought his way into the ruins, the French, who had been holding this projection—or such of them as survived—gradually falling back. By Saturday morning last he had established his line where the dots are marked upon Sketch V.

There now remained, as a result of all these efforts, a very pronounced little salient round the village of Bethincourt, which the French might have to give up at any moment. But not, presumably, until the enemy had led up again the effectives of at least a division and had had another slaughter.

Note what followed, because in its own way it illustrates as clearly as the contemporary fighting near Douaumont in the Caillettes Wood the manner in which the French are conducting these operations. It was certain, as I have said, that the enemy would attack and at heavy loss reduce the salient north and west of Bethincourt. The concentration on the enemy side for this purpose





was noted during Saturday. These concentrations have not been rapidly effected by the enemy during the last stages of the great struggle round Verdun. They have got slower and slower because the expenditure of men has gone far beyond the original calculation, so that the filling up of gaps or the use of fresh units has become in every case a more difficult business than it was.

In the night between the Saturday and Sunday, the first and the second of April, the French abandoned all the ground between the northern slopes and the brook of Forges in the valley, which marshy little watercourse runs directly from Haucourt to Bethincourt. (It is the northern fork or source of the stream, the southern runs into Bethincourt from the valley between Hill 304 and the Mort Homme.)

All day Sunday and all the following night the Germans delivered an intensive bombardment over all the abandoned area, believing it to be still occupied, and on the Monday noon they threw a couple of brigades forward to carry what they still believed to be positions held by the French. They were caught there by an enfilading fire from their left as well as by the fire in front of them from beyond the brook, and paid a very heavy toll indeed.

Such are the fortunes of the Bethincourt salient up to the last news received at the moment of writing.

The Proportionate Losses

Let us take this particular set of actions upon the narrow front between Avocourt and Bethincourt and study the object of the enemy and the price he has been made to pay in this short time not for obtaining but for merely preparing to attain that object.

It is perfectly clear that efforts of this sort involving a loss of anything from 10 to 20 thousand men with a local advance of anything from a mile to a quarter of a mile, at a distance of 10 miles from Verdun itself and a mere scratch upon the surface of the general salient of Verdun, are not undertaken with the mere object of occupying such little patches of territory. To understand what the enemy is doing here, we must carefully look at the contours.

Over against the Mort Homme, at a range of about 2,500 yards, is a height called Hill 304. If the enemy can get on to this flat-topped hill Mort Homme is turned and is untenable. If Mort Homme is turned and is untenable there is no good defensive, as we have seen, until the main position is reached four or five miles behind.

But Hill 304 is very steep upon every side except the west. It juts out like a sort of peninsula boldly from the plateau. Therefore the German effort is to take it from the easier contours of the western side. The wood at A gives them cover just as did the Crows' Wood against the Mort Homme at the other side. Hence their violent effort to occupy the whole of it some ten days ago, and hence the French counter-attack last Wednesday, which recovered all that part of the wood which climbs the first rise of the hill. That is where the Germans had put up their redoubt which the French recaptured. The attack to carry Malancourt and Haucourt is of exactly the same nature. It is preparatory to pushing up the slopes along the arrow E, getting the French out of the horn of the wood that they occupy and going up both from E and from A to carry Hill 304. The real effort, therefore, to turn the Mort Homme has not yet begun. Only the foundation for it has been laid.

Now the whole interest of these various efforts lies for us in the proportion of loss sustained compared with the result achieved. One might reiterate that truth fifty times and not make it too emphatic. It is the one thing which gives the fighting in front of Verdun all its meaning. And to show the reader what that meaning is let me give a couple of examples in detail.

The French held Malancourt and Haucourt, the hamlet next to it, with one battalion—to take that particular case. That is, they were here prepared, not to sacrifice in its entirety, but to suffer very heavy losses in, a unit which, even at its full establishment (which it certainly had not after the first days of fighting) would have numbered but a thousand men. Against this defensive, within the ruins of Malancourt and Haucourt, the enemy launched forces difficult to estimate upon so small a front and coming over such open ground, but not less than about twelve times as numerous as the forces of the defensive. We know under what conditions they attacked—their double repulse, their sending for reinforcements, their final triple action through the night. We have received from authoritative sources, and there has been printed, with full leave from the commanders in the French press, detailed accounts of what happened. And we are perfectly certain that before the Saturday morning was reached more than 12,000 and probably 15,000 men had been flung into the massacre of that attack: an attack renewed over and over again in formation so dense that it was in the nature of a swarm. The French were "firing into the brown" all the time. By Saturday

morning the remnant of the defending battalion evacuated the ruins and established their new trenches just outside, behind Haucourt.

There is, of course, in the description of such things, ample room for the noblest emotion and the most powerful description for those who have the ability, or whose task it is to dwell upon such things. Mine, here, is only to conjecture the driest elements of numbers, because by these alone shall we be able to say that there has been success or failure when the whole thing is cast up.

Well, what proportion of men among this great mass launched against all three sides of the little Malancourt salient were hit? It is notoriously difficult even for men upon the spot to gauge the losses of an enemy, especially in night fighting. But look at the mere common sense of the thing. You have these dense masses of men, enormous for the space occupied (think what twelve to fifteen battalions mean against something half the size of St. James's Park) not rushing the small area at a charge, but thrown back again and again, and getting in at last from wall to wall, after ample reinforcement. The Germans cannot possibly have lost against Malancourt less than four men to the French one. They may have lost five, or even six.

You have exactly the same story in one particular incident out of the thirty or forty attacks, small and great, against the Ravine of Vaux. The first, second and third battalions of the 19th Reserve Regiment of the German 5th Army Corps came on upon March 9th—say rather less than 3,000 men. They tried to rush just before night-fall the ruins of the village. They formed the advance body of the whole division that was attacking. Certain companies were, in the literal sense of the phrase, annihilated. That is quite certain, because every single man accounted for by the French as dead, or wounded upon the ground, or taken an unwounded prisoner.

Next day the 19th of Reserve had to be replaced not only by another regiment, but by another regiment of another corps, the 64th of the IIIrd corps.

I only give these special instances, which are dull in their minute detail, in order to show the kind of thing which is going on round Verdun.

The French hardly ever counter-attack. They do so on the rarest of rare occasions, where something vital is concerned, like the horn of Avocourt wood the other day, or the little dent made behind the fort of Douaumont last Sunday. Nearly all their work is simply a thin outer defensive that kills and wounds day after day a much denser enemy defensive perpetually renewed, and as perpetually destroyed.

We have had precise details of the establishment of very many enemy companies. We have found, over and over again that a third of the effectives had to be formed of the 1916 class. In many cases two-fifths of the effectives were formed of the 1916 class, sometimes the 1917 class were present. We have had similarly detailed proofs of companies recently reinforced and yet coming up for the first assaults reduced to 120 rifles. The losses have been as enormous as they have been continual. With a sufficient prolongation of them, there is no particular reason why the crests should not be slowly occupied, and even the Meuse itself reached. But only at a price to the enemy which will leave him exhausted.

What then is his final object?

A Conjecture as to the Ultimate Object.

I still take it that the enemy's object is mainly political. I think he adds to it the belief that there is about to appear a revulsion in French feeling and that continued hammering will hasten it. A true strategical object now it is impossible to discuss.

The enemy is perpetually telling us that his object is not political at all. That he has some far-reaching scheme in this mere rhythmic repetition of losses four or five times his opponents, and that on some distant day the great result will appear. What is it? A new line west of the Meuse is no conclusion. To talk of "turning the frontier fortresses" is to-day meaningless. The Eastern defence of France to-day is not a line of fortresses but of trenches.

I cannot but conclude that the moral effect of an entry into Verdun is the main German object.

There is also the second point I have mentioned. It is possible that the enemy believes, by some judgment he is

forming upon the French temper, that mere hammering, no matter at what cost to himself and no matter how small the French losses compared with his own, will cause the French moral to break. It is for him to judge and for the result to show whether so strange a conclusion is well founded. The attack on Verdun has not caused him less than 270,000 men. It has probably cost him nearer 300,000. He may expect to shake the confidence of the world by the entry into Verdun or to shake in a more restricted area the moral of the French army by the same act—to disgust them with fighting by perpetually pounding. He may think it worth while to lose half a million. His lines will still be intact if he loses three-quarters of a million. But with every fraction that he throws away, if his calculation of moral effect is unwise, as we believe it to be unwise, he is throwing away a calculable portion of his remaining power to fight.

The German Accounts.

If we wish to sound the enemy's mind in the matter we may do so both by the effects he is anxious to produce upon neutrals and by the accounts which he orders to be printed in his domestic press. One Schübart in the *Allgemeine Rundschau*, has put his name to a statement, certainly censored and probably ordered, and the gist of it is in this sentence. "We shall certainly take Verdun; but it will take a long time." He then goes on to say that it may take pretty well any length of time; and bids us not to expect any final results on the western front "till perhaps next year."

The *Deutsches Tagezeitung* tells us that "even if we measure only by territory occupied the effort is well worth while." The *Frankfort Gazette* in the matter of the Mort Homme first says that it has been taken and then a few days later says that it has been "practically" or "virtually" taken, because on the French maps the word "Mort Homme" occupies a space greater than the actual summit of the hill! The *Cologne Gazette* a whole month ago told its readers that the French paper *Homme Echanie* had been suppressed "for announcing the fall of Verdun," which the French desired to conceal.

In the matter of influencing neutral opinion we get exactly the same note. The district near Verdun has been flooded with American correspondents, one of whom has been told that the losses are not "particularly severe," and the worthy man confirms this by telling us that he did not himself see any great numbers of wounded passing the position which had been allotted to him. The losses could anyhow be replaced. So serious a neutral organ as the cultured *Nation* of New York informs its readers that the Germans can add one million new recruits to their present forces from the young men not yet taken within the course of this year. They might as well have said a million hippogriffs.

Everywhere it is the same tune. Verdun is to be "taken"—a phrase which means nothing now save the occupation of a piece of ground. The immense price paid is either denied or ignored. When the continuation of the effort begins to disturb public opinion at home the most extraordinary historical parallels are quoted. The people are told that Verdun—the mere town—is the "heart of France"—the official phrase has already appeared quite seriously in another Cologne paper. I have already pointed out the ludicrous parallel with the siege of Sevastopol. The word "investment" is used, as though of a fortress of the old fashion surrounded by a containing army. Another paper informs us that there is "still one avenue of entry left to the beleaguered fortress."

Now all this surely means one thing. That for some reason not military, or at least not directly military, the mere advance to the Meuse over a few miles of ground, the mere retirement by those few miles of an unbroken enemy front, is to be achieved at almost any cost—at almost any risk of future weakness short of a sheer local collapse, and therefore at almost any risk of the catastrophe that would follow sooner or later if the exact measure of losses tolerable were passed. It is an unsatisfactory solution. It leaves the question hardly answered at all—but I can see no other. H. BELLOC.

A military Rugby match has been arranged to take place on Saturday, April 8th, between the New Zealanders and South Africans, at the Richmond Athletic Ground. All proceeds resulting from the match will be devoted to the Sailors' and Soldiers' Tobacco Fund.

GERMANY AND THE NEUTRALS

By Arthur Pollen

THE week has revealed no marked change of any kind in the naval situation, though that an air raid has reached Scotland for the first time may not be without significance to the Grand Fleet. The submarine campaign continues without any new feature beyond maintaining the destructiveness with which it started. The tension between Germany and Holland which the *Tubantia* and *Palambang* outrages have created is demonstrated by the fact that extraordinary military measures are being taken on the Dutch frontier. We need not be surprised that these measures are represented by the Berlin Wireless press as being due to an ultimatum from the Allies to the Dutch Government. America has made no overt move, but there are many indications that the decision of the American Government is taken. And not least interesting of these is the development of the political situation in Germany.

Armament of Merchant Ships

It will be remembered that a ruthless, reckless, submarine campaign against all shipping plying with England or with any of the allied countries—a campaign that was to be final and decisive—was proclaimed to begin on the first day of last month. This proclamation was issued when it was supposed that America had yielded on the point that an armed ship was in a different position from an unarmed ship, so that not only would the ordinary canons of civilised war not apply in such a case, but Germany would be released from the specific promise not to sink any liner or indeed merchant ship, without visit, search, and provision for the safety of the people on board. But between the proclamation of the new campaign and the date of its promised beginning, it became obvious that the American Government was not going to accept the German contention as to the defensive arming of ships.

If the new campaign were persisted in, it must force President Wilson's hand. There ensued a struggle between civilians and extremists in the Emperor's council. The civilians, led by Von Hollweg, saw clearly enough that no submarine successes that could reasonably be expected could compensate Germany for the loss of American friendship. The extremists led by von Tirpitz insisted first that only by submarine war could any success against England be obtained at all and, next, that only by utter ruthlessness in the treatment of all ships neutrals liners, and the rest, could any success worth having be obtained.

While this controversy was at its highest the attack on Verdun failed, and German capacity to keep war going became gravely limited; this in turn made it doubtful whether a large portion of the world's shipping could be destroyed, and England thus brought to her knees, before Germany's power of resistance must come to an end. The diplomatists and statesmen could not fail to see that should the submarine campaign fail of its ultimate goal, its reaction on the German position, when surrender became inevitable, must be utterly disastrous. For the United States was not only the sole great neutral power that could help Germany in peace negotiations, that was the sole community with the wealth and good will capable of putting Germany on her feet again when the war was over. The failure at Verdun then was the decisive factor in the dismissal of von Tirpitz and the abandonment of his policy.

It was here that the German Government paid the penalty of the peculiar methods it had adopted to enslave the public opinion of its people. For a year or more the shipowner paying demurrage on his idle ship in American ports, the ruined merchants of Hamburg, the crippled manufacturers, and the half-starved proletarians had been told that all their losses and sufferings had been caused by England, and that the War Lord's vengeance was falling upon that country by his destruction of her ships. The first of March was to have seen this campaign quadrupled in violence, Von Tirpitz, a greater

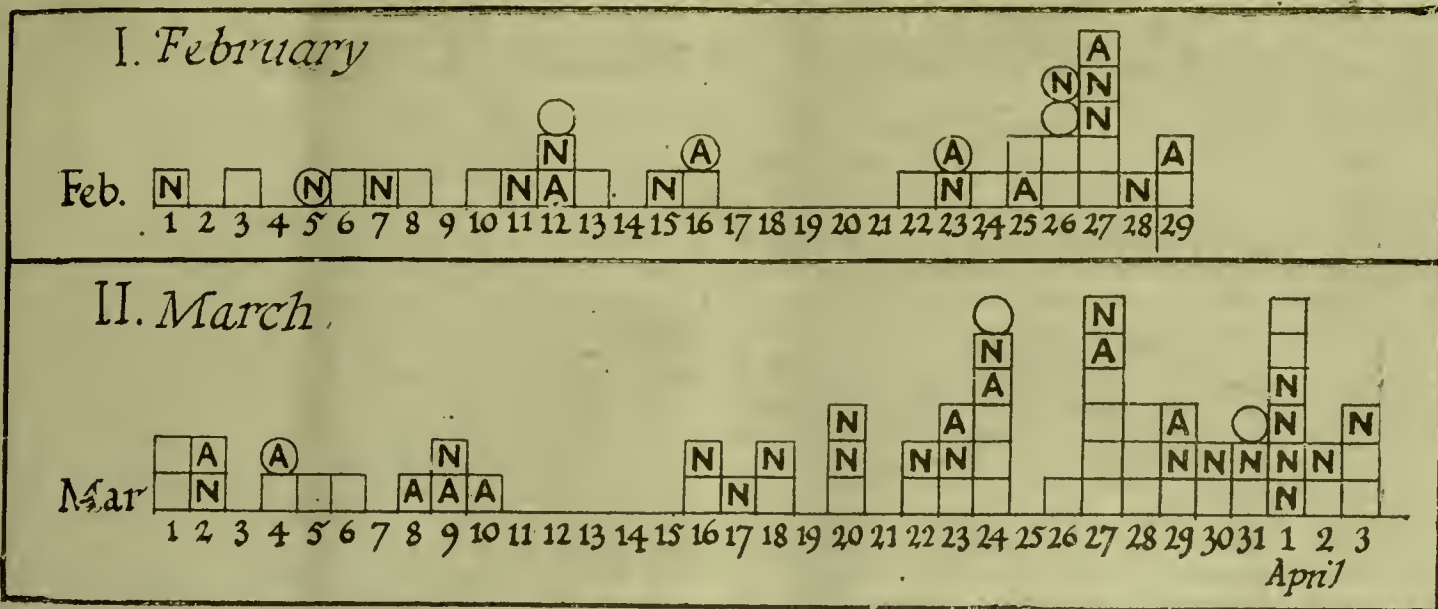
master of political agitation and intrigue than of naval science—it was his famous League that besotted the Germans into thinking that they would become a naval people, and perhaps the final and determining factor in persuading them that Great Britain could be ignored in the world conquest upon which Germany entered 20 months ago—Von Tirpitz had so organised things that, if he could not save himself, he could at any rate save his policy. The protest against submission to the neutrals was instantaneous and universal. Within five days of the Grand Admiral's dismissal, the Emperor had to order the initiation of his programme, in spite of its author being no longer in power. The first and obvious moral of the situation then was that the Government of Germany no longer had Germany in hand and consequently was no longer master of its own actions.

During the past week a great effort has been made to re-establish the authority of the Chancellor. A committee of all the Reichstag parties has been formed, and they have heard from the Chancellor, from Dr. Helfferich and from the Secretary of the Marine Amt a full exposition of the military and diplomatic position. The object of the Government was to obtain a resolution which should pass the Reichstag unanimously and give the Chancellor and his august master a free hand to deal with the situation.

Two parties apparently stood out against the course which was finally adopted. The new Socialists took up a line, the details of which are not given to us. But they are not difficult to guess, and Herr Ledebourg, who represented it on the Committee, was a final dissident from the resolution which all the other parties accepted. But the Radicals seem to have accepted it only after a struggle for a very material alteration. The resolution, as agreed upon, recites that the submarine is an effective weapon against England, that such use must be made of it as will guarantee the winning of a peace that secures the future of Germany, and that any negotiation with neutral states must provide that "while their just interests are to be respected, the German Government is to reserve such freedom in the use of the submarine as is necessary for the full assertion of Germany's sea power." The radicals tried hard to limit the resolution to saying that the submarine must be used against Germany's enemies only. But having failed they accepted the decision of the majority. It is claimed in the semi-official press that the resolution re-establishes the authority of the Chancellor. It seems on the contrary as if it were the agitators that have prevailed. For there is no conciliation to neutrals in a doctrine which says that Germany's necessity is to be a measure of Germany's freedom to use force at sea, and is to be the criterion of Germany's judgment as to the limits of right and justice that neutral powers can claim.

A German View

The significance of the situation is perhaps best conveyed by its effect on the cooler German minds. We saw last week how Maximilian Harden welcomed the dismissal of von Tirpitz as a triumph of reasoned statesmanship over insane militarism. The failure of the Reichstag to back up this triumph, and its determination to commit the German nation to a crazy campaign of outrage, has evidently made him despair of his countrymen. "In spite of uncountable victories," he says "the war is a cruel misfortune. In spite of Bethmann Hollweg's lamentable 'scrap of paper' statement, Germany wants treaties to be respected. Let us all agree that the war was a mistake, made not by one but by all, though not equally by all, and you will find Germany ready to organise the peace of Europe. The hour has come for the Kaiser and the Chancellor to state their war ends. Our enemies are afraid that after the war Germany will continue to arm herself and prepare other wars. This would mean an attempt to world rule and would bring all those who would sign peace with us in deadly



The above diagrams show ships attacked or sunk by mines and submarines in the months of February and March and the first three days of April, 1916

danger. This will never be. Nobody will remember this war with pleasure. Let us end it and organise peace. To hush up this desire for peace because it would prove our weakness is folly. *Germany has learned the mysterious ways of Providence.*"

It is hardly necessary to point the moral of Herr Harden's words. The ominous arming of the Dutch, the hardly less ominous silence of the American Government, these things tell their own tale. The wholesale destruction of neutral ships has long since made all civilised people condemn the Germans in their consciences. These judgments cannot indefinitely remain untranslated into action. In the case of Holland and Denmark, their land frontiers are so vulnerable as to make the initiation of action against Germany as quixotic an affair as was the belligerence of Belgium. Both probably would fight as bravely as did Belgium if war were forced upon them. But to begin it themselves is another story. No such danger threatens America. There the obstacles to defending the national dignity and to following the dictates of national honour are domestic, not foreign. But those obstacles are being slowly but surely removed. It is at any rate as clear as noonday now that President Wilson will not abate his insistence that the submarine cannot ever be a legitimate vessel in the war on commerce. There is no reconciliation possible then between American principle and the German practice. What the Americans are beginning to see is that there is no reconciliation possible between American principle and American practice. The folly of the Tirpitz programme, clear as the sun in heaven to all dispassionate observers, so clear to Maximilian Harden that he sees no alternative between national ruin and immediate peace, will perhaps not be made intelligible to the Germans until its inevitable fruit, the belligerency of America, at last brings it home to them. It may need this to lift the veil from the mystery of Providential ways.

The Schleswig Raid

At the time of writing last week we had practically no details of the affair off the Island of Sylt. There was little to record then beyond the fact that three seaplanes had been lost in attack on the Zeppelin bases at Tondern, and that the aircraft that made the attack had been brought to the North Frisian archipelago by Commodore Tyrwhitt's light cruiser squadron. We have still no detailed account of the proceedings, but there is enough to show that brilliant work was done in circumstances of quite extraordinary difficulty. According to telegrams from Danish sources, Commodore Tyrwhitt's advance was disputed by five cruisers, 20 destroyers, 5 hydroplanes and the Zeppelin L14. But they do not seem to have put up much of a fight, for no damage to any British ship is reported as inflicted by the enemy, there seems to have been no killed and wounded, and the only loss is three seaplanes, all of which were compelled to descend by engine trouble—not as I supposed last week by the enemy's fire. One ship, *Medusa*, was lost by collision,

but her people were taken on board a destroyer, so that there was no loss of life.

The Naval Action

The *Scotsman* has published a vivid account of what took place, from which it appears that the venture was made in a high sea and a blinding snowstorm. It must have been Quiberon over again, though on a small scale. Two armed German trawlers were sunk. A destroyer was rammed by the *Cleopatra*, and a battle hydroplane was brought down. At first it was believed that a submarine was destroyed also, but this the Germans deny. The German cruisers do not seem to have cut much of a figure, but it is probable that Commodore Tyrwhitt's ships were better handled, and that his gunnery was more equal to the severe conditions. They probably showed a wise discretion in keeping away. In the heavy weather the destroyers would have been exceedingly difficult to handle. The writer in the *Scotsman* says that several destroyers retreated in flames and badly hit. That one was run down by *Cleopatra* would leave one to suppose that it was either unmanageable or

SORTES SHAKESPEARIANÆ,

By SIR SIDNEY LEE.

THE KING'S GIFT.

*I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty.*

RICHARD II., IV., i., 299-300.

Mr. ASQUITH IN ROME.

*Set we forward; let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together.*

CYMBELINE V., v., 480-2.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S NEXT NOTE TO COUNT
BERNSTORFF: A SANGUINE FORECAST.

*I will not look upon your master's lines;
I know they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths, which he
will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.*

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, IV., iv., 135-8.

was commanded by an officer who had more courage than good fortune. It speaks well for the seamanship of Commodore Tyrwhitt's officers that the whole of the people in the *Medusa* should be saved, and a large number of prisoners picked up out of the armed trawlers that were sunk. That such a venture should have been made in such conditions is eloquent of the enterprise and professional mastery of those that undertook it. It resulted in the enemy being driven off, and the field being left clear for the flyers. They apparently went up on the following day—and in better weather.

Submarine Losses

I give to-day graphs representing the submarine losses reported at Lloyd's for the months of February, March and the first three days in April. As usual, Mediterranean losses are distinguished in circles, Allied and Neutral losses by the initials "A" and "N." In February it will be noted that there were 33 losses altogether, of which 6—2 Neutral, 2 Allied and 2 British—took place in the Mediterranean. There were therefore 27 ships attacked in home waters in 29 days. Of these 10 were Neutrals and 5 Allied, leaving a total of British losses in home waters of 12. The total losses in March are 49, of which 3—2 British and Neutral—were in the Mediterranean, leaving 46 in home waters. Of these 14 were Neutral, 8 Allied and 24 were British. The losses in the first three days of April are 11, of which 6 are Neutral and the rest British.

If we regard the new campaign as having been inaugurated on the 20th, the losses in the preceding 48 days, that is from the 1st February to the 20th of March, were 43 ships. In the 15 days the 20th of March to the 3rd of April inclusive, we have 41 ships gone. The new campaign then has raised the rate of destruction by 300 per cent. The actual loss is at the rate of 2.74 ships per day. The highest rate ever reached since February of last year, except by the 15 days, between August 8th and 22nd inclusive, when 47 ships were attacked. This is the only period during which the rate of loss exceeded 3 a day. It is perhaps worth remembering that before mid-September the rate had fallen again to what it was up to the 20th March. It will, of course, fall again now. But it would be rash to say how soon. Such losses are, of course, enormously more serious now than they were last August, simply because these losses are cumulative, and the demands on our shipping for the oversea forces become greater as time goes on and our numbers at the various fronts increase. Anything the Government can do in the way of restricting imports, other than of things necessary to productive trade, to feeding the population, and to the supply of the armies, should be done at once. In this matter no precaution can be taken too soon.

The Zeppelin Raids

The recent Zeppelin raids have been marked by two interesting features. For the first time an enemy airship has been brought down by gunfire, and, also for the first time, the Zeppelins have reached Scotland. Hitting an airship travelling at a high speed and at a great altitude has been shown by the experience of the war to be a matter of so great difficulty, that while giving every credit to those who have performed the task successfully, it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that success is quite impossible without exceptional luck. This detracts nothing from the merits of those who have achieved the task. Theoretically no doubt, stationary guns could be equipped with fire control instruments that would make success almost a certainty. Those who have studied this question longest are, it seems to me, most confident that the difficulties can all be overcome. But for fear that people should run away with the idea that there has been any gross neglect in this matter—at any rate since the war began—it should be made clear that the number and elaboration of the control installations required, would make such demands on the instrument makers that, had they been put in hand, it would have been quite impossible to supply the far more urgent needs both of the fleet and of the armies at the front. To construct a scientific gun barrier would need a group of 2 or 4 guns on, say, every 2 miles of front, and those whose curiosity is equal to the task of picking out all the vulnerable spots in England, can figure it out for themselves, the length of the lines required for any reasonably adequate pro-

tection. They can then estimate the demands that the fitting out of these lines would make on the gun-making and instrument making capacity of the country.

Aircraft and the Grand Fleet

The fact that the Zeppelins have reached Scotland raises the question whether the enemy is forming designs on our naval bases in the North. As we have seen, in previous papers, the probability of airships being able to injure war vessels under way is exceedingly slender. Commodore Tyrwhitt's most recent and most brilliant performances off the Island of Sylt, where he had 5 battle biplanes and a Zeppelin opposed to his cruisers and destroyers, confirmed the experiences of the Cuxhaven raid, and seems to be conclusive as to the capacity of well-handled ships to out-manceuvre aircraft of all kinds without difficulty. The situation, however, would be very different if any considerable number of airships could be brought over a harbour in which a battle fleet was anchored. Here again the experiences of the Cuxhaven raid are instructive. The *Von der Tann*, which was conspicuous in the raid on Scarborough and Whitby, was absent from von Hipper's squadron in the affair of the Dogger Bank. That she was desperately injured in the air attack on Cuxhaven has been widely stated in the American press. It is not supposed that she was actually damaged by bombs dropped on that occasion, but it seems certain that the raid threw all the shipping into confusion, and that hectic efforts were made to get out of the harbour—as was recently the case at Zeebrügge. It was in the consequent confusion that *Von der Tann* is supposed to have run foul of some other ship or stone work, and so to have put herself out of action. No doubt the probabilities of Zeppelins catching any of the Grand Fleet in similar conditions are small. But that an attempt to get at the Fleet from the air seems more probable now than it ever has seemed, is indisputable.

Control of the Air Service

The feat of Lieutenant Brandon seems to have rivalled that of the late Lieutenant Warnford, V.C., and it will give a new lease of life to the theory that the right place to fight Zeppelins is the air. The evolution of right doctrines in this very vital matter must be left to the experts—for it would be as grave a misfortune for too many aeroplanes to be kept for home defence as for the ordnance and instrument makers to be monopolised by providing anti-aircraft guns and sights.

I confess I noted with the deepest regret Professor Wilkinson's endorsement of Mr. Pemberton-Billing's complaints in Parliament on this subject. Professor Wilkinson justly holds the very highest place as a lay critic of military strategy. Yet in his letter to *The Times* he seems to me to have fallen into a most dangerous error. This letter seemed to amount to the advocacy of land war, sea war, and air war being treated as three quite separate and distinct activities. But our experience of the last twenty months should have opened our eyes in this matter. It is true that except in purely coastal operations, naval fighting and land fighting are so entirely dissociated, and the character of sea fighting and land fighting are so entirely different as to make their separation, both for strategical disposition and ministrative supply, a logical necessity of war. But the amphibious undertakings, on an unprecedented scale which the last thirteen months have witnessed, should have taught us that there are terrific dangers in the principle of separation, even in the case of two services where joint work is the exception rather than the rule.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Professor Baldwin, who was on board the Channel steamer *Sussex* when she was torpedoed and at one time was thought to have perished, has brought out, through Messrs. Putnam's Sons, a volume on *American Neutrality; its Cause and Cure*. The Professor's view cannot be better explained than in this sentence, almost the last in the book: "This is not a European conflict; it is not an un-American war; it is a human conflict, a world-war for the preservation and extension of what is of eternal value, the right to self-government and the maintenance of public morality." This may be said to be the thesis of the volume and most ably is it argued out. The Professor's final hope is that the war will draw together "the three Great Powers of the Atlantic that love justice and the life of peace—France, England and the United States."

The Position in Holland

By John C. Van der Veer

(London Editor of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf.")

I HAVE been asked to throw some light on the present position in Holland, since rumours about certain measures taken last week by the Dutch Government have caused undue misapprehension. We Dutchmen here are just as much in the dark as anyone else about the true meaning of those measures. But to me the greatest puzzle is, how any Britons could conclude from them that Holland might throw in her lot with the Central Powers and thereby commit suicide. For every sane Dutchman understands quite clearly that such and nothing else would be the result of a small neutral nation siding with the only aggressive Power.

The fate of Bulgaria and Turkey has certainly not been lost on level-headed Dutchmen, whose love of their independence, so dearly bought and so stubbornly maintained, is historically ingrained in them and will never be rooted out. I am not now saying that Germany has at the present moment any intention of threatening Holland, but I do say that the Allies have, since the beginning of this war, never, either by word or deed, threatened even the neutrality of Holland, far less her independence and the integrity of her rich Colonies. What Germany might have done, had she been able to win the war, is a different matter, and I shall refer presently to what leading Germans have at various times openly stated about the position of Holland.

The Rumoured Ultimatum

One further preliminary remark is necessary about these rumours. It was reported that, after the recent Conference held at Paris, the Allies were to have presented to Holland an ultimatum to allow the landing of Allied troops on Dutch soil apparently for an attack on Germany's weakest spot. Such delusions have from time to time been spread in Holland, but they never had any foundation whatsoever. We always knew from what source these reports came. The large mass of Dutch opinion, whose sympathies in this war are, or ought to be well known, never paid any heed to them. Personally, I find them so ridiculous that their contradiction is anything but pleasant to me. But I am fully convinced, that nothing was decided at Paris which could in any way cause uneasiness in Holland. The recent measures taken by the Dutch Government cannot therefore be explained by the totally unfounded fear that the Allies might be tempted to do to Holland what Germany did to Belgium.

What then is the true explanation? To begin with, we may be quite sure that any measures taken by our Government at the Hague have only one object, and that is: To defend at all cost the neutrality of Holland, and in case of need her honour and her full independence. The Dutch people of to-day have not withdrawn from the position of their heroic ancestors, to whose "courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism" John Lothrop Motley paid so warm a tribute. We have our small group of pro-Germans, whose sympathies run eastward, and are loudly proclaimed in the notorious pro-German weekly *De Toekomst*, out of all proportion to their influence. Most of our people have overwhelming sympathy with the cause of the Allies. Could it be otherwise in a country which prides itself on having been the birthplace of the illustrious Hugo Grotius? We should betray his great name by siding with a Power which in this war violated all those maxims on the conduct of war expounded in his master work, *The Rights of War and Peace*.

To revert to the measures taken by the Dutch Government, I find in my paper of last Friday the following reports issued from the Correspondence-Bureau at The Hague: "We learn that for the time being all leave of the (Dutch) naval and army forces has been stopped," "The highest military authorities of the naval and military forces were busy conferring together." "The Minister for Home Affairs had conferences with the Director of the Cabinet of the Queen and with the Minister

for Foreign Affairs." "It is rumoured that the Chamber of Deputies will hold a secret session." And immediately underneath these reports I read: "Dr. Bos (the parliamentary leader of the Dutch party of Liberal Democrats) writes (in the organ of that party): "Not since the beginning of the war has such an emotion overmastered the Dutch people, as that caused by the torpedoing of the *Tubantia*. The base attack on a passenger boat of a neutral power, without warning and reason, has stirred the cool blood of the Dutchmen to boiling point."

Torpedoed Dutch Steamers

Is that statement the clue to the foregoing reports? I know how deeply the torpedoing of the Dutch steamers *Tubantia* and *Palambang* has stirred and hurt the feelings of our people. And there is no doubt whatsoever, in Holland, that both these steamers were sunk by a German submarine. The sinister attempt to throw the blame on the English, failed altogether. The Dutch say rightly: "Why should the English sink Dutch steamers, which carried no contraband to or from Germany." Even in such a case, the English never sink a neutral merchant ship. In the unbiased and influential Dutch monthly *De Gids* it was stated last December:—

"Whereas the manner in which England, during this war acts at sea will in future not be considered as in conflict with the Law of Nations—for that Law, which always mainly consisted of the rights of war, has to reckon with changed circumstances and adapt itself to them—the way in which Germany tries to rule over any portion of the open sea is on a totally different level. It is certain that the civilised nations will never justify such a destruction of human lives and goods, which is also ineffective from a military point of view. For that method goes completely against the principles of International Law, which are based on humanity and military purpose, next to the mutual interest of all parties. That Law can never adapt itself to German methods of warfare. To excuse such action, which runs totally against the customs of International Law and against every notion of humanity, the German Government said that it is usually too dangerous for a submarine to investigate beforehand the ship's papers, and that self-preservation compelled their submarines to act as they do. That may be so, but then the German Government ought to have concluded from that the simple fact, that such warships are completely unfit for the task imposed on them. What, indeed, would any sane man say of a policeman, who without any investigation, shoots down an apparently suspicious person because he is afraid to talk to him?"

Public Opinion

This was written four months before the sinking of the *Tubantia* and the *Palembang*. The reader can judge what the Dutch feeling must be after those two tragedies, which followed each other so closely. When last spring, a German submarine sank the Dutch steamer *Medea*, which brought to England a cargo of such dangerous contraband as oranges, the editor of *De Gids* wrote: "If Dutch lives are again lost by such acts, the cup of injustice will overflow." And one Dutch subject happened to be a Javanese, but that makes no difference. And it is a wonder that no more lives were lost with that steamer, for the captain, the first officer and some other members of her crew had very narrow escapes. Now is it not clear that a neutral government cannot allow the lives of her subjects to be endangered, while they use the open sea in a legal and innocent manner? The Allies have never ruthlessly sunk neutral ships which carry on trade at sea, nor have they ever endangered the lives of innocent neutral seafarers. How, then, could the measures taken by the Dutch government be interpreted as directed against the Allies? The idea is too ridiculous.

Neither does any sane Dutchman think that the independence of our country has anything to fear from England and her Allies. On the contrary, the maintenance of Dutch neutrality happens to be a vital interest for

this country. Even if it were otherwise, we would not believe for one moment that England would harbour dangerous thoughts against our country. We are firmly convinced that England and her Allies are fighting for the maintenance of all independent nations. But self-interest is for many people a more convincing motive. Now, on that ground, Holland has absolutely nothing to fear from the Allies. And if she had, she would as in old times, put up a good fight to repel any attack. It is sometimes also said, that England may desire Holland's rich colonies. That notion can also be dismissed as without foundation. England cannot desire more colonies. Besides, the Dutch Indies are a source of strength for Holland. And a strong Holland is in accordance with England's own interests. We have often, but in vain, challenged our few pro-Germans to point out one instance when leading Englishmen or Frenchmen have threatened Dutch independence. But the German literature, written previous to and during the war, abounds with instances of such threats from Germany.

Some time ago the famous Dutch jurist, Professor Van Hamel, quoted in the Dutch weekly, *De Amsterdammer*, numerous German utterances, which were afterwards republished in a book. In all those utterances appear the eager desire that Germany should possess the mouth of the Rhine, which is only possible by annexation of Holland. The Germans know, however, that the Dutch character could not easily, if ever, bow down under the German Custom Union, whereby Germany could by "peaceful penetration" obtain the control over the mouth of the Rhine.

So far back as 1841 the learned German economist Friedrich List, wrote: "Holland is by her geographical position, as well as by her commercial and industrial interest, by her origin and language, an original German province, without whose reincorporation Germany is a house of which the door belongs to a stranger. Holland belongs to Germany as much as Brittany and Normandy to France, and so long as Holland remains independent, Germany can never develop to her full strength any more than France could when those two provinces belonged to England."

The Prussian historian, Treitschke, wrote in 1870: "There is no escape from the duty of the German policy,

to regain the mouths of the king of rivers, the inexhaustible resource for Germany, the Rhine. A pure political connection with Holland is perhaps unnecessary, but an economic union is not. And we are much too modest if we fear to say, that Holland's entrance into the German Custom Union is for us as necessary as our daily bread."

That "modesty" later German writers shook fearlessly off. Herr Fritz Bley wrote, in 1897, in the *All-deutsche Bewegung und die Niederlande*: "We do not think of making Holland German, for since the memory of man it is already German. . . . We shall give Holland again the life of a realm. She needs our emigrants and our power for the development of her colonial possessions. We need those dominions, drenched with German blood (*sic*) for our economic expansion. We must have the Rhine to the mouth, where Holland's silent resistance obstructs us."

Bernhardi said the same in *Germany and the next War*. Her Groh wrote four years ago, in his book, *Holland Deutscher Bundesstaat* (Holland a German League-state) "Alliance with Germany? No, only unconditional connection can secure Holland quietly her colonial possessions. If Germany is once established in Holland, then has she the head of the greedy English polyp in her hand."

Such ideas were uttered not infrequently during this war. Herr Alfred Ruhemann wrote, after the fall of Antwerp: "Even if we keep Antwerp we have not yet secured an outlet to the sea. We need that certainty which we can only get if Holland becomes more closely connected with us." Even the King of Bavaria lent his authority by saying, that Germany "could at last get a straight outlet of the Rhine to the sea." Germans forgot, when talking about the annexation of Belgium, the statement made by Herr Jagow, the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, just before the outbreak of hostilities, that Germany "could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making at the same time territorial acquisitions at the expense of Holland." Those significant words are not, and cannot be, forgotten in our country.

All this makes the position of Holland quite clear. We can dismiss as chimerical any idea of Holland ever siding with the Central Powers against the Allies.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer

By James Douglas

LATE in the seventies a lad was lifted out of the water at the Lambeth Swimming Baths, after having won a hotly contested race. He had taken the last ounce out of himself, and as he lay at full length it was apparent that he was utterly exhausted. Nevertheless, in a few minutes he was on his legs again, ready for the next race. The boy was Reggie McKenna. None of those who applauded his pluck could have foreseen that he was destined to become Chancellor of the Exchequer during the greatest war in our history. The boy was father of the man. Ever since he won that race he has been winning other races by sheer courage and greatness of heart. In 1887 he was bow in the winning Cambridge University Eight, and he rowed in the Trinity Hall boat which won the Grand and the Stewards' cups at Henley. These athletic triumphs provide a clue to his success in the Parliamentary arena. That success is due to character as well as brains, to courage as well as intellectual power.

Throughout his political career he has been remarkable for his iron fearlessness. He has never hesitated to face a storm of unpopularity after he had made up his mind. It is a rare quality in a statesman and a very valuable one. The British people like a man with a backbone, and whatever fault may be found with Mr. McKenna, his severest critic cannot say that he is invertebrate. There is no living politician who is more impervious to the biting blasts of unpopularity. He seems to thrive on criticism and to draw fresh strength from contumely. It is difficult to imagine a situation in which his consummate nerve would be rattled. The Germans assert that this war will be won by the nation

with the strongest nerve. It is with satisfaction that the British public notes the strong nerve of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he is the nerve centre of our financial system. As the business world looks to the banking world for light and leading, so the banking world looks to the Treasury, and so the Treasury looks to the Chancellor. There is a profound difference between peace finance and war finance. In peace blunders and aberrations are not irretrievable. There is a margin great enough to cover a multitude of financial sins. But in war—and especially in a war utterly unparalleled in scale—one false step may be irreparable.

It is not too much to say that upon Mr. McKenna depends the solvency of the Allied Powers. "Compared with Reginald McKenna," said a picturesque American writer, "John D. Rockefeller is a piper." No multimillionaire ever handled operations so colossal as those he has carried out with an easy mastery which astonishes the astutest financiers in the world. In finance nothing succeeds like success, and the ignorant are too apt to take success for granted. The sense of difficulty overcome is curiously absent from the Chancellor's exploits. To the average man he appears to be a magician who waves his fiscal wand and produces thousands of millions out of nowhere. But the experts know that he is a supreme master of his art, with a mind capable of seeing the whole curve of finance as well as grasping its minutest details.

It is not easy to persuade the general public that his great War Loan was equivalent to a great victory for the Allies, a victory as vital as the Marne or Ypres or Verdun. Yet such is the truth. It is not indiscreet now

to admit that the first War Loan was a comparative failure. It produced only three hundred millions. The second War Loan produced six hundred millions, being the vastest loan operation the world has ever witnessed, combined with a gigantic scheme for converting and liquefying hundreds of millions of Consols. There were many gloomy forebodings among the wise men of the city. They thought his proposals were revolutionary. But they worked without a hitch.

A Great Business Man

The truth is that he is a great business man as well as a great financier. He can hold his own with the highest banking authorities in the City. His scheme for utilising American securities was so daring that it took away the breath of many of our greatest financial experts. A story is told of a conference between the Chancellor and the bankers. It may be true or it may not. It is said that the bankers came to the conference in a hostile and sceptical mood. It was a critical juncture, but Mr. McKenna's nerve rose to the occasion. He convinced and converted the conference, and came out of the duel triumphant. It must be admitted that no amateur lawyer-politician could have performed that dazzling feat. The Chancellor knew his subject. He had surveyed every inch of the ground. He was fortified with facts and with reasons. And it is safe to say that the fruits of his audacious foresight will not all be gathered in till a later stage of the war.

It is worth remembering that Mr. McKenna was one of Sir Charles Dilke's young men. He won his spurs as the honorary secretary of the Free Trade Union. His first parliamentary victory was gained in a rather meticulous duel with Mr. Austen Chamberlain over a preferential duty on unstripped tobacco! "C-B" a shrewd judge of men, promptly made him Financial Secretary to the Treasury, where he evolved the machinery for Old Age Pensions, a faultless piece of work. From the Treasury he went to the Board of Education, where he secured grants for Secondary Schools, organised medical inspection, and opened the training colleges to Nonconformists.

But these things were but the prelude to his titanic work at the Admiralty from 1908 to 1911. To it we owe our command of the sea in the present war. Public memory is short, but it is well to realize that we are indebted for our naval security to Mr. McKenna's far seeing resolution. In March, 1909, he disclosed to a startled House the facts which a searching analysis of the German naval estimates had revealed. There had been a large increase in the German annual instalments. He showed that the increase could only be explained by one or other of the hypotheses or by both combined. Either the rate of German construction had been greatly accelerated or the size and cost of the German ships had been largely increased. Both hypotheses proved to be true. The acceleration, at first denied by the Germans, was ultimately confessed. But the degree of acceleration was insufficient to account for the increased expenditure, and the second hypothesis was quickly verified. The new German ships proved to be of far greater size and power. They were armed with 12 in. instead of 11 in. guns.

At the Admiralty

There were sharp differences in the Cabinet as to the number of Dreadnoughts to be laid down. Mr. McKenna demanded eight. Several powerful members of the Cabinet violently opposed him. But Mr. McKenna carried his programme. *The Iron Duke*, Sir John Jellicoe's flagship, was one of the ships he laid down.

It was expected that the famous eight would be armed with 12 in. guns; but when the full intentions of the Germans became known to the Admiralty, and after two ships had been laid down, the designs for the other ships were revised, and 13.5 in. guns were introduced. For a long time the secret was kept, and when the war broke out Germany had in being no heavier armament than her 12 in. guns. It was Mr. McKenna who evolved the powerful D and E class. Mr. McKenna was the first to arm a submarine with a quick-firing gun.

It is not generally known that if he had remained at the Admiralty we should in 1914 have had ready

a fleet of Zeppelins. So long ago as 1911 he gave an order to Vickers to build the first British Zeppelin. It was built, but its back was broken by an accident when it was launched. The true story of that accident has never been told. Unfortunately, Mr. McKenna left the Admiralty in 1911, and nothing more was done in the matter of Zeppelins.

Mr. McKenna, like Mr. Asquith, is a master of statecraft. He understands the art of managing men. There were no quarrels while he was at the Admiralty. No greater proof of his gifts as an administrator could be conceived. He is not an explosive and destructive statesman. He prefers to build upon the existing foundations. He once said, after being some months at the Admiralty, "I have found many customs and regulations which seemed ripe for abolition, and then on closer examination I have dug out the reason for them. There is or there has been a reason for every Departmental tradition. The point is to find out the reason before you sweep it away. This is often very difficult, but it is always worth while." This explains the mixture of courage and caution which is found in the McKenna's rule at the Treasury.

He can put his foot down firmly and keep it down, but he cultivates an open mind. He makes up his mind very slowly, but once made up it closes like a vice. He is broad in his outlook. Although he was opposed to Woman Suffrage, he never lost his urbane patience under persistent and acrimonious attacks. No man can stand fire more serenely. The first illustration of this quality was his attitude as Home Secretary towards the agitation for internment of enemy aliens. He was the target of many violent criticisms, but he never flinched before fire that was in reality aimed at Lord Kitchener. He never revealed the fact that he himself desired to intern all the enemy aliens, and he never defended himself at the expense of the War Office.

Loyalty to Colleagues

It is now common knowledge that the War Office were reluctant to undertake the burden of internment, for the simple reason that they had no accommodation, and could not spare soldiers to guard the internment camp. Loyalty to his colleagues is Mr. McKenna's dominant characteristic. It is a characteristic which he shares with Mr. Asquith. It explains the close bond between him and the Prime Minister. Without internal loyalty the Coalition Ministry could not stand the strain of war. That it should have stood it so long and so well is a proof of public spirit in one statesman which matches the public spirit of the nation.

In council Mr. McKenna is irreplaceable, for his supreme quality is judgment, calm, cold, and impartial. Nothing else accounts for his disciplined rise from obscurity to power, owing nothing to a platform popularity or to a good Press. There is dramatic irony in the fact that he was placed in the Treasury by the agitation over the shortage of shells, the authors of which builded better than they knew. Prophets predicted that Mr. McKenna would resign over Conscription. They were wrong. They misjudged his judgment. He does not wage war as a party man. He is like Dilke in his power of looking ahead. It is with to-morrow that his spirit wrestles. He is no stickler for absolute security in such a struggle as this. He recognises that war abolishes the canons of peace, and that it is the duty of the statesman to be bold to the verge of temerity where the stakes are so high and the cause so sacred. His five hundred million Budget is worthy of Pitt in his most daring mood. It is a blow at the heart of Germany.

A word about the private character of the Chancellor may not be out of place. He is the most domestic of men, devoted to his brilliant wife and to his charming children, Michael and David, who invariably appear at the luncheon table in Smith Square, and who are humorously nicknamed, "Kultur" and "The Hun." Mrs. McKenna works as hard as her husband, and is his right hand in public life. Thanks to her, the Chancellor bears the burden of office lightly and almost gaily. It may interest Dr. Helferich to know that his redoubtable antagonist is physically and mentally unabashed and unabated by German frightfulness, and that he faces the coming year of war with smiling confidence and ironic assurance, based upon the knowledge that he is rowing bow in the winning boat.

The Agony of Serbia

By Alfred Stead

"**T**HUS do they sigh who are about to weep." No more fitting description in few words can be found for the present plight of the Serbian nation. The war presents no more complete, no more terrible tragedy than that which has befallen the brave peasant people who so long and so successfully defended the pass, barring the road to the Central Powers to Bulgaria and the East.

The welcome visit of Serbia's exiled rulers, the Crown Prince and M. Pashitch should not only afford this country an occasion of paying tribute to brave men in evil plight, but should also bring to all minds a fuller realisation of the enormity of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed our Allies. It is difficult here to imagine the dramatic suddenness, the poignant agony of the tidal wave which submerged Serbia in a few short weeks.

The country is not known here, Englishmen have few friends in Serbia; there were no daily steamers to any Serbian Ostend to make realisation more easy. But, notwithstanding the difficulty it is vitally necessary to realise. The Serbians will not speak freely of their calamity. They are a proud people, who find in misfortune rather a reason for renewed effort than for lamentation on the housetops. While admiring them for their stoical endurance, it must be confessed that Serbian reticence makes it hard for this country truly to comprehend the real situation.

On broad lines it is known that after twice repelling the Austrian invader, after suffering the scourge of typhus and the sapping drain of starvation, Serbia, beset on all sides but one, fighting gallantly, albeit hopelessly, against tremendous odds, withdrew her fighting remnants towards the west, leaving her country to the tender mercy of the savage Bulgarian, the uncivilised Hungarian or the kultur-loving Teuton. But what is known of the true horrors, the whole cloth upon which the brief tragic story was woven in relief? Since October of last year conservative estimates place the losses to the Serbian nation at about one million souls—and this out of a small population far less than that of London. Killed and wounded in battle, died of disease and prisoners form but a small portion of this total—the civilians, the women and children have supplied the greatest the most horrible proportion. Many have been borne away into captivity, especially women with male children—the women are now working in Hungarian fields, the children are being moulded to the best ability of Jesuit schools into subjects of the Dual Monarchy. Both Hungarians and Bulgarians agree that only by schools can anything be done against what they are pleased to call "Serbian chauvinism," or what we would recognise and applaud as patriotism and love of national ideals.

It is easy to see how inevitably a national catastrophe must follow a national defeat. Even after the second Austrian invasion, when by a superb counter-attack the Serbian army drove the enemy north of the Danube and freed Serbian soil, the conditions were terrible. In January, 1915, the Serbian Metropolitan said that there were a million destitute old men, women and children, of whom a large percentage must die unless relief came. The richest provinces of the country had been devastated; there was no food; there were no medicines. A visit to these provinces was the most awful experience that war has given. The cries of untended wounded on the stricken field are terrible to the ears of those who unavailing hear and see, but the unending moan of children which ascended to the skies from the shattered, pillaged villages—what were once Serbia's fairest villages, cannot be described. To imagine it is a nightmare. In each house children were lying and children were dying; there was no milk; there was little bread; the water, like the houses, was polluted and microbe-laden; doctors there were none; medicines were not to be had. And so in ceaseless moaning hundreds and thousands of little lives went out, victims of the war.

If this was the case when the Serbian Government was at Nish, when the railway to Salonika was open, and when aid from the Allies, if dilatory and insufficient, was available, who can picture the condition to-day.

In place of a Government anxious to help the sufferers there are military forces whose fundamental belief is that the fewer the Serbians who remain alive the easier will be their task. "As long as there are Serbians there will be Serbia," is the Bulgarian view. Nor must it be forgotten that the recent offensive was prefaced by the ravages of typhus in the whole country, the victims numbering over a hundred thousand, while many who recovered were weakened and devitalised, unable to meet and live through any unfavourable conditions.

The combined attack on Serbia in last October brought into sharp relief the sufferings of a retreating nation. In under three months the entire tragedy had been played out. The sacrifice of the Serbian army, although the side of the story most in prominence, was but an infinitesimal part, and after all soldiers go to war expecting disaster and death. The only unnecessarily horrible part of the army's retreat was that the men felt that it was because of no fault of their own, or of their nation. And yet they bear no grudge and want to fight again. The slow retreat, the awful hardships, the deadly silence of that sullen long-drawn reluctant march from the beloved soil of Serbia to alien lands, will never be fully appreciated—even the bards of Serbia will fail to render justice to it. To those who shared in it, the retreat remains as a slow-moving symphony of crescendo despair with, however, ever a leitmotiv of hope and confidence in the future.

The wounded and sick of the army were left hopelessly and helplessly intermingled with the starving populace. Women and children shared filthy straw-strewn floors with soldiers, whose wounds were rank with septic poisoning. Later, the civilians with the army sickened and died by scores. How hard was the way may be judged by the fact that of the thousands of Austrian prisoners who set out for the coast only some 12,000 reached Valona. The retreating soldiers saw the civilians die of hunger and exhaustion and could do nothing whatsoever to help them.

In the snowy mountains of Albania, figures could be seen, struggling to their knees in the snow in silent supplication for food—but there was none, and silently the sufferers would sink down soon to be a quiet snow-mound by the roadside. As we looked at those unfortunates, the knowledge that the sufferings of those left behind surpassed those we witnessed, added horror to existence. For, in the grasp of the enemy there were far worse things than kindly, although long-drawn-out death in the snow, or the mud. Families saw their members subject to indignities worthy of a drunken Roman emperor in full Saturnalia. Mothers were divided from children, and dragged out a life of shame and misery, knowing that their lost ones were dead in unknown graves. Food was sent to Germany, given to the soldiers, there was little enough, and none for the inhabitants. Gold and silver were expropriated, and rich and poor alike were driven to beg in the streets. Law and order ceased to exist. The whim of the common soldier had replaced all codes of law. And with all this there was no neutral eye-witness, no Americans to keep the brute instincts of the conquerors in check. In Nish, there were a few Columbia University graduates of a Red Cross Mission who stayed behind, but the Bulgarians could not long tolerate their presence.

The Serbian nation is condemned to suffer alone, without anyone to hear, much less to help. While we wait for the fulfilment of our promises to make Serbia greater than before, the nation is giving its pound of flesh which cannot be replaced. We can feed Belgium, we cannot feed Serbia. Nobody can help them and nobody will ever know what horrors are going on in where once was happy Serbia. It is noble that the Serbian army should wish to begin again the struggle, but we must not forget the silent army of Serbian civilians, the old men, women and children, who are suffering and dying daily to make an Emperor's holiday. When we do arrive again in Serbia, let all measures of relief be ready with the army, do not let it be necessary to make appeals at the eleventh hour. Much has been asked of Serbia and much shall be given her.

Shackleton's Expedition

By Herbert G. Ponting

In this most interesting article Mr. Herbert Ponting, member of Captain Scott's Expedition and therefore thoroughly familiar with the conditions that are likely to prevail during the latter part of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition, explains as nearly as can be done from the scanty information that has so far reached us the probable position of Sir Ernest's party at the present time.

The photograph of the South Pole appearing on page 2 was printed from a negative taken by Lieutenant H. Bowers. The film was brought back by Captain Scott to his last camp, and was there found by the Search Party eight months after his death. It was subsequently developed at Cape Evans.

THE real incentive for Sir Ernest Shackleton's trans-Antarctic journey is to explore the unknown region which lies between the Weddell Sea and the South Pole. That in itself is a tremendous undertaking, but merely to regard the Pole as a "half-way house," so to speak, and to essay to continue on the journey to the opposite side of the Polar continent, is a colossal task. To accomplish this unprecedented feat of exploration has been Sir Ernest's fondest hope ever since he penetrated within one hundred miles of the South Pole eight years ago.

The risks of all previous South Polar expeditions are practically doubled, as Sir Ernest is not only relying on his own party getting safely through, but also on another party safely reaching the opposite side of the continent independently, and providing him with supplies for a large part of the latter part of his great journey as well as for emergencies when he reaches his journey's end. Had he essayed to rest content with reaching the South Pole from a point from which it had not hitherto been approached, and to turn back on his tracks, and return to the Weddell Sea, he would have had the absolute certainty that provisions would be cached along the latter part of his return route, and he would have known exactly what arrangements had been made to meet any emergencies which might arise. There could be no such certainty in the tremendous task which he set himself, and, perhaps, anxiety about the expected food depots and supplies at the journey's end have been among his hardships.

From the Pole

At the time of writing these lines, March 28th, we know little more than was contained in the first wireless messages from the *Aurora*. These messages indicate that Sir Ernest intended to travel from the Pole, via the Beardmore Glacier, to Hut Point on McMurdo Sound, which is an arm of the Ross Sea. In the absence of any information from the *Endurance*, the ship by which he and his main party sailed to the Weddell Sea, we can only assume that he adhered to his proposed time schedule, and started on his trans-Antarctic journey from some point on the shore of the Weddell Sea between Graham's Land, which is due south of South America, and Coat's Land, as near the date of October 1st, 1915, as the weather permitted, and not later than November 1st.

Providing that he met with no misfortune, and no impassable mountains or chasms impossible to cross—and nothing but such physical barriers would daunt Sir Ernest Shackleton—he hoped to reach the South Pole about Christmas Day. Assuming that he did so, and that his dog-teams were well and going strong, and that neither his party nor the dogs were distressed for lack of food, we can best estimate the approximate date of his journey's end by referring to Amundsen's time-table.

Amundsen left the South Pole on December 17th, 1911, with 16 dogs, and he reached his base at the Bay of Whales on the Great Ice Barrier on January 25th, 1912, with eleven dogs, all well. He therefore covered the 700 miles in 40 days, but he was extremely fortunate as regards weather, encountering little of the severe wind which distressed Scott's party so much. (The Bay of Whales is 400 miles from Cape Evans on the Ross Sea main part of the Barrier not shown in the plan.)

Shackleton's route, via the Beardmore Glacier, is

about 50 miles longer than Amundsen's. Allowing say ten days for the extra distance and the worse conditions of weather which would seem to prevail on this route, and assuming that Shackleton left the Pole on December 26th, and that the *Aurora* party laid out depots of food for him for the greater part of the way to the Beardmore Glacier, we may hope that he safely reached Hut Point, some time about the middle of February last. On a journey of such magnitude however many delays might be experienced, and, even if he got through safely, it is conceivable that he might have been several weeks longer.

Had everything worked out as Sir Ernest hoped and planned, and had the *Aurora* not met with the misfortune recently reported, he would have left McMurdo Sound early in March, and we should have had news of him from some New Zealand port early in April.

So much for man-made plans. But in that storm-beaten end of the world one never knows what a single hour may bring forth as regards weather. The blizzards of the Antarctic are of such severity that even small stones are blown about in the wind.

The "Aurora"

On May 6th the *Aurora* was blown from her mooring off Cape Evans, Lat. 77.25 S., and became fast in the ice-pack, in which she appears to have drifted for over nine months to as far North as Lat. 64.30 S., 161 E. With this misfortune to his ship, ended all possible hope of Sir Ernest's relief this year from the Ross Sea end of the journey. It is unlikely that any relief ship can reach him before January next, as until then, it being now the beginning of the Antarctic winter, the sea will be frozen or blocked with ice-pack.

But the fact of the *Aurora* being blown out to sea, and relief for the present impossible, does not necessarily infer disaster to anyone. It means a year's longer exile in the Antarctic, and a certain amount of hardship, but if the base has been reached safely by Sir Ernest and his party, and proper supplies were found there, not of necessity anything worse.

The drawing over leaf prepared from my photographs of the south part of McMurdo Sound will illustrate the points which I wish to make clear, so far as I am able to. I do not pretend that it is geographically correct, but it gives a fairly accurate idea of the topography of the district, from an imaginary point above the edge of the Barne Glacier at Cape Evans. The line of approach to Hut Point across the Barrier, at the end of the journey, would vary according to the ice conditions. If the sea were frozen it might extend well out to the south-west, or it might lie towards the eminence called Castle Rock, if the sea were open, and the surface of the Barrier badly crevassed near the land on the line marked. I have made it a summer view, when the sea would be "open," but it must be borne in mind that from the end of April to January the sea would probably, but not by any means certainly, be frozen. The freezing of the sea depends on the roughness of the weather. If continual storms are experienced during the winter the sea may not even freeze at all over a large part of the Sound.

Cape Evans

On the other hand, it is quite possible that the Sound might be frozen not only during the winter, but, to a less extent during the summer as well. In short, though it is more than probable that the winter ice between Hut Point and Cape Evans would break up during the summer, it is yet possible that it might not.

The fact that the *Aurora* had taken up moorings off Cape Evans indicates that Captain Scott's winter-quarters were being used as the base for operations. If Sir Ernest succeeded in reaching this place he would be able to live with some pretence to comfort, providing enough clothing had been landed from the *Aurora*. Unfortunately a message has stated that "the party is short of fuel and clothing." Clothing would certainly present greater difficulties than food, as nothing warm can be made from

seal skins. The "Weddell" seal is not a fur-bearing creature, but is covered with coarse hair which has no warmth in it. These animals are protected from the cold by a thick layer of fat, called "blubber," which lies just under the skin. Newly-born seals have soft, fur coats, but they are not calved until October. Seal blubber makes excellent fuel, and if enough seals can be secured, this would solve the fuel difficulty.

Ready Stores Only

It appears that "ready stores only" were landed at Cape Evans. Fortunately there are large stores of food left by the Scott Expedition here; and at Cape Royds, Sir Ernest's old winter quarters during his last expedition, about seven miles distant, there are other large supplies of tinned food and flour. This place can be reached from Cape Evans whether the sea be frozen or not, by way of the Barne Glacier. It appears that only two months' stores were landed by the *Aurora* at Hut Point, but at the Discovery Hut at this place there were considerable supplies of biscuits in 1912, and these will be good for any length of time.

It seems fairly certain that there is not likely to be any distress from lack of food. Clothing is likely to be the difficulty. Fairly satisfactory foot-gear can be made from seal-skins, but not clothes. Seal-meat is excellent eating, tasting not unlike bear flesh.

It would appear that food depots had been laid out towards the Pole, as the message tells of "six who had made the journey to the South" having returned safely on March 4th of last year. At present, however, we do not know how far south this party succeeded in placing these depots. The message states, "On January 24th (1915) a party of three men, with dogs, set out for the Bluff to establish a depot, taking stores with them for that purpose." Also, that "the next day Captain Mackintosh, accompanied by two other members of the party, left the ship for a sledge trip with dogs."

Later we are told, on May 6th, the day the *Aurora* was blown out to sea, that "Captain Mackintosh and his two companions, as well as the three men who had gone to the Bluff to establish a depot, and four members of the Scientific Staff, were ashore." The message continues: "We saw no more of them." It would appear, at first sight, that there was a grave note in this last sentence. And if the ship were at Hut Point all the time, from January 24th to May 6th, and the two references concerned the *same* journeys of these two parties, the news would be grave enough, as it would be clear that the Bluff party (we are not told where the other party went) at least, was several weeks overdue. They would not be likely to be out more than two weeks from Hut Point, as the distance would probably be not over 80 miles to where they would depot their supplies. As they had dogs with them, this should allow for reasonable delays.

But on January 24th and 25th, when these two parties left, the *Aurora*, on account of the ice, had probably been unable to get within many miles of Hut Point. On referring to my diary I find that in 1911 Captain Scott's ship the *Terra Nova* got within two miles of Cape Evans as early as January 4th, yet the following year she was unable to get nearer than two miles of Cape Evans as late as February 6th. It is therefore quite conceivable that the *Aurora* might have been 20 miles or more from Hut Point on January 24th.

Hut Point

The Bluff party, having made one journey to the place where they depoted their stores, perhaps returned to Hut Point, and after a few days started off again with other supplies. In the meantime, the ice having broken up between Cape Evans and Hut Point, the ship proceeded there, and on March 4th, as we know, took off the party of six who had returned from the journey on which they started on January 31st.

Unless the Bluff party of three made, as I think they did, *more* than one journey, they had not returned two months after the motor-party got safely back, though they had started a week earlier than the motor party. The message is not clear on this point, but I think that we may safely assume that they made *more* than one journey, and that they had not returned from the *last* one. In the meantime, since they left on January 24th,

the ship had merely not been in touch with them, and had left Hut Point for her winter berth on March 4th. We can but hope that this is what is meant, until we know more.

The motor party no doubt aimed for a point much farther south than the Bluff, but Capt. Scott's experience of motor-sledges was not a happy one. How far this party went is at present a matter of conjecture. We can only hope that they had better luck with their machine than Scott did. As for the scientists, they are probably safe enough at Cape Evans.

Cape Evans cannot be reached from Hut Point except by way of the frozen sea, and if Sir Ernest Shackleton arrived at Hut Point in February or March of this year he would probably find the way to Cape Evans barred by open water, as the ice usually breaks up in January and February. In this event, he would have to remain there until the sea froze, which it probably would do in April. There is no way of reaching Cape Evans from Hut Point except over the frozen sea, the land is completely blocked by the impassable glaciers of Mount Erebus. He would have to subsist on such supplies as he found there, supplemented by seal meat. There are usually a good many seals at this place, and the blubber would make good fuel. Here again clothing would be a problem, as very little of anything seems to have been left by the *Aurora*, beyond the sledging rations, the major part of which was probably "depoted" by the various Southern parties at different points. In any case, it would not have appeared necessary to land large supplies at Hut Point, seeing that the Base was Cape Evans and that was well provisioned.

Doubtful Points

A few more days will probably set at rest all further conjecture, as we shall no doubt hear of the safe arrival of the *Aurora* at New Zealand. It is to be hoped that all these doubtful points will then be cleared up, and that the fortunes of the brave fellows who have risked so much will appear more favourable than the present meagre information to hand seems to indicate. And again, the *Endurance*, now due at any time in South America, may arrive with Sir Ernest and his party safely aboard. Though he had failed to carry out his splendid project in full, the whole nation would breathe a sigh of profound relief to know that at least he and those with him, are safe.

For the present we must derive such comfort as we can from the certain knowledge that the Empire does not hold a man more fitted for the task he undertook than Sir Ernest Shackleton, and that in such men as Wild, Crean, Hurley, and Marston, he has men of as great resource in emergency as himself.

* * * * *

P.S.—I add this on April 4th as the article goes to Press. I see from the information contained in to-day's despatch to the *Daily Chronicle*, concerning the missing Southern parties, is still obscure, but Lieut. Stenhouse who has now reached New Zealand on the *Aurora* considers that the bad weather would account for their non-return up to the time the ship left Hut Point.

It now appears that the party that set out on January 25th from the ship headed for Mount Hooper, which is 175 miles from Hut Point.

It would seem that the motor-sledge was found to be as unsatisfactory as those of the Scott expedition, as it failed to reach Hut Point. One of Captain Scott's motors, after numerous breakdowns, pushed on some fifty miles or more further.

Great difficulty seems to have been experienced by the sledging parties off Cape Armitage, according to the latest despatch. This place has always had a bad reputation for dangerous ice, owing to erosion by the current which flows under the Barrier here.

We would draw attention to the charming shilling paper-covered booklets published for the Medici Society by Mr. Philip Lee Warner, under the generic title of *Memorabilia*. Among the latest volumes to be issued are *Portraits of Christ* and *The Last Supper*; they are edited by Mr. G. F. Hill of the British Museum and illustrated with reproductions of famous pictures. Mr. A. E. Zimmern's translation of the historical speech of Pericles forms another but unillustrated volume, and yet another contains *Easter Poems*. These *Memorabilia* are a distinct boon to lovers of literature and art.



The South Part of McMurdo Sound : Sir Ernest Shackleton's Destination

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story and examined his plans, which agree with an Admiralty chart, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. By degrees Captain Hull practically assumes command of the enterprise through force of character. After adventures they arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. They catch sight of a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig through that night and the following but find nothing; they begin to think he is deceiving them. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority for this, and he persuades his shipmates to go with him in search of it.*

CHAPTER XX

A Picture in the Forest

IT was noon next day when Macquart, who had been in the house with Wiart having a long talk, drew the others together for a consultation.

He led them among the trees to a spot where a clearing had been made by Nature, a regular room of the woods roofed with blue sky and walled with the liquid shadow of foliage. Macquart took his seat on the trunk of a camphor tree long fallen, Tillman sat down beside him, whilst Hull and Houghton remained standing.

"Well, I've fixed it," said Macquart. "He's open to lead us to the place, not to-day because he has to look after the rubber chaps, it's pay-day, but to-morrow."

"Will he be sober? think you?" asked Hull.

"He's off the drink. When we landed he was just at the end of a burst. He'll be right enough now for a couple of months and then he'll have another. He's that sort."

"Well," said Hull, "I guess you know more of the fellow's clock-works than I do. I can't stomach the blighter no how. Them whiskers of his sticks in my gizzard. I never could abide whiskers on a man—them pork chop style. If a man's a man, let him grow a full face of hair or stick to a moustache. Them sort of whiskers is unholy, and I don't mind a drinkin' man that takes his drink proper, but that chap don't. He's a last night's drunk goin' about in trousers. By Jiminy, boys, if we don't hit the cache, we'll export him as an objec' lesson. Them temp'rance guys would give a hundred thousand dollars for him to take round the States, they would so."

"Well, he's our last chance," said Macquart, "and I pin my faith to him, I do so. You mayn't like him, but don't say anything to rile him; he's the key to this proposition."

"We won't do anything to rile him," said Tillman. "Where's Houghton going?"

Houghton had walked off and was away among the trees.

"It's that gal," said the Captain, "she was peekin' at us from the trees and he's gone after her. She's after him, too, or my name's not Hull. We only wanted a cage of turkle doves to add to our top hamper and b' gosh, I believe we've got one."

Houghton had glimpsed her, a white glint among the

trees. She had been looking at them. He knew quite well that if he had not been of the party she would not have been there. Forgetting the others and heedless of everything, he made towards her. Seeing him coming she evaded him without taking flight, allowing herself to be seek every now and then and every now and then vanishing completely from sight.

This was the edge of the great and mysterious forest that throws its cloak far and wide over New Guinea. The trees just here were not very closely set but swinging lianas tufted with growths and huge shrubs with foot-broad leaves gave ample cover for anyone pursued. Not wishing to call out, half laughing, half vexed, hit in the face by leaves and clutched at now and then by thorns, he continued the pursuit till now where the trees were denser and the gloom more profound he stood lost and without sight of her, surrounded on all sides by a barrier that on all sides was the same.

Parrots were crying in the tree-tops and the push of the wind against the foliage came as a deep sigh, the voice of leagues of trees sleeping and half disturbed in their sleep.

Then came a scuttering in the branches up above, and a nut hit him on the shoulder and as he glanced up another nut caught him a sharp blow on the cheek. He was being pelted by little monkeys, swarms of little monkeys, skipping from branch to branch, hanging by their tails or by one hand. He was wiping his cheek when a laugh sounded almost at his elbow, and, turning, he saw Chaya. She was pushing back the leaves that hid her to peep at him and before she could escape he caught her.

He held her hands, and as he drew her towards him he felt as though he were drawing towards him the very soul of the mysterious forests, the very spirit of this tropical land, unknown and strange. She looked straight and deep into his eyes, and for a moment the prisoner and the captor changed places; then, breaking the spell, he released her hands to seize her to him, and he seized only air. She had eluded him again and he found himself face to face with nothing but swaying leaves. She had vanished as completely and suddenly as though the forest had snatched her from him. The forest that was her accomplice and of which she was the true child.

He pushed the still swaying leaves aside, thought that he perceived a glimpse of her and pursued it to find—nothing. Then after half an hour of fruitless wandering, he broke into an open glade and found himself close to the Papuan village. There was a great commotion in the village, one of the rubber gatherers had been brought in. He was lying on the ground turning from side to side, crying out and, to all appearances, delirious.

As Houghton approached, the unfortunate man ceased his outcries, raised himself with a supreme effort nearly to his feet and then fell back. He was dead. The natives, seeing the white man, pointed to the corpse and seemed trying to explain matters. Then one of them shook something from a mat basket, pointed to it and to the corpse. The thing he had shaken from the basket was a scorpion, rather smaller than the one from which Chaya had saved Houghton. It had bitten the unfortunate man only half an hour ago and here lay the result.

Houghton shivered at the thought of what he had escaped. It was like an object-lesson of what this country held for the unwary, a picture of its dangers for all who tread the paths of life or love.

CHAPTER XXI

The Great Thorn Bush

Saji knew nothing of the meetings between Houghton and Chaya. Had he done so, Houghton's story would have come to a very abrupt end. Saji was a being who moved entirely in blinkers with a more than vivid view of his immediate objective, but with great darkness on either side of him. So we might fancy the tiger to move through the jungle.

Having received his commission to watch the strangers and especially Macquart, he fulfilled it to the letter. The reward of his obedience would be Chaya; that was sufficient to blind him to everything else but his work.

Hull and his companions had found themselves unobserved



Chaya a Romance of the South Seas.]

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

“ Before she could escape he caught her.”

and alone. The interest of the Papuans in them seemed to have died out and the Dyaks showed no evidence of their existence. In reality, the newcomers made scarcely a movement that was not noted. Saji, unseen, was always with them. He had followed them to the second digging at the spit, and he had lurked behind Wiart's house listening to the conversation between Wiart and Macquart through a hole in the boarding of the wall.

He knew very little English, but enough to make out that a new move was in progress and that same night, coming back through the forest glowing green to the moon, he met the mother of Chaya and delivered his report.

“ They have done no digging to-night,” said Saji. “ They are all now asleep, but they start to-morrow with the rubber man.”

“ Where ? ”

“ I do not know where, or for what. The rubber man and he whom you told me to watch have been with their heads together for a long time talking in one another's ears. They mean no good to the others.”

“ How ? ”

“ I do not know how, but I smell death in all their talk. I see that five will go away into the forest and only two return — the rubber man and the other.”

The old woman said nothing for a moment. She seemed

listening to the wind in the trees and the night sounds of the forest.

In that vague green light, she seemed unutterably sinister and old, and Saji, his naked body glowing in the vague light, seemed the incarnation of the spirit of the Punan stabbing spear he carried.

It was like a conference between Age and Destruction.

Then she said:

"You must follow them, even if they lead you to the Black Waters, and you must deal with the one you know at the very moment when you find him alone. Should you fail to get him alone you must deal with him in the presence of the others, even though you die. Do you promise?"

"I swear."

Chaya came out from amidst the trees. She had been with the old woman and had left her before the meeting with Saji; then, looking back, she had seen the meeting and had returned to listen. Saji had been watching her all the time as she listened, and the fervour of his words seemed derived from her presence. The old woman did not seem to notice her, nor to care whether she was listening or not.

"At what time do they leave?" she asked.

"I do not know," said Saji. "But leave when they may, I will be with them unseen."

Without a single word more the old woman turned and made for the village.

Saji and Chaya found themselves alone. These two, despite the fact that Chaya was indifferent to him as though he were a dog, had long been companions in the forest. It was Saji who had taught her to use a blow-pipe so that she could kill a tree kangaroo or a bird at ten yards' distance; he had taught her woodcraft from the time when they had been children together, and she had once gone in the fishing prahu with him and had seen the sea breaking on the reefs, and the trepang gatherers at their work, and the great gulls fishing, the sailor brothers of the forest birds and as different from them as the foliage is from the waves.

She had gone with him on his hunting expeditions in the forest. Saji was a great hunter of small game. He would have been equally great after big game had there been any to hunt, but here in these forests you might travel days without meeting anything more dangerous than the lizards and the climbing kangaroos.

"You are going hunting then?" said Chaya in the sing-song voice to which the Saribas' dialect inclines.

"To-morrow," said Saji, without raising his eyes, which he had lowered at her approach.

"In the forest?"

"In the forest."

"You have told me of the big black kangaroo that hunts in the thorn, but to-morrow you follow the little one, the one with the beard."

"There are two bearded ones in that party," said Saji, falling into her vein.

"But your game is the least," said Chaya. "I know. He was the slayer of the white man who was my father. He must surely die."

"It has been said."

"But the others," went on Chaya, "must not die."

"Who knows?" replied Saji. "The forest is very full of death, he will lead them to it. His purpose is set more straight than a spear shaft, than the flight of an arrow."

"I will go with you and see this thing," said Chaya. "It will be better to see than the killing of little birds with the blow pipe or the trapping of fish in the nets. I will be with you at daybreak and I will bring my spear."

Saji for the first time looked up at her. His eyes burned in the gloaming, then he glanced swiftly down.

"As you will," he said.

Meanwhile the man in the tent and the man in the boat by the landing stage and the man in the frame house slept. The whole complicated and intricate conspiracy, now vaguely shadowed forth, lay in balance, watched only by Saji hiding near the tent and Houghton, who, to-night, had taken Tillman's place and was hiding near the boat.

Macquart, whose able mind was engaged on whatever plans he had made against his fellow-adventurers, had not the slightest fear of the past or suspicion that a hand was stretching out to feel for him.

Macquart was in the position of a man who leaves a village, spends years of adventurous life in distant countries, and returns fancying himself forgotten, forgetting the fact that memory lives long in quiet places and amongst small communities. ()

With the exception of one or two of the fishing Dyaks, he had not seen a member of the tribe, and he slept now the sleep of the unjust, which is often more peaceful and profound than the sleep of the just.

Saji, hiding near the tent, had not the slightest notion that Chaya, who was to accompany him on the morrow, had

any interest in the expedition except the interest of the killing there might be to see. Saji judged Chaya by himself, just as Macquart judged the memory of the tiny Dyak village by the memory of the great civilised cities.

Hull, unconscious of everything and Tillman suspicious but tired, slept so that the sound of their snoring might have been heard by the two watchers, Saji by the tent and Houghton by the river.

Then, as the colour of the sky, the voice of the forest changed with the breaking dawn, and the river that had held the stars in reflection showed to the increasing light ghost spirals of mist that clung to the mangroves with wreathy fingers.

Then, a golden glow came over the forest, and the sky above the green of the trees deepened in distance and where the stars were but a moment ago there was now the blueness unutterable of the tropic dawn.

Hull came out of the tent and stretched himself. Houghton had released himself half an hour ago from his duties as sentry, and was engaged in shaving himself before a mirror fastened to the tent canvas, and now Jacky and Macquart showed themselves coming up from the river-side.

Lastly, Tillman made his appearance.

"We'd better get breakfast and then set to work to pack the provisions," said Hull.

"We won't want to take too much," put in Macquart. "The expedition won't last long and we can always shoot as much as we want for food."

"Maybe," replied the other, "but I ain't goin' to trust to no roast lizards for my grub. Here comes the sleepin' beauty."

It was Wiart who had appeared on the verandah of his house.

Wiart had improved very much in appearance since they first met him. He had been then at the end of one of his periodical drinking bouts and he would be all right now till the next attack. His face looked more healthy and more human, despite the whiskers that gave such great offence to Hull, and he had a rifle under his arm and a bandolier of cartridges slung across him.

He came towards the party by the tent, for he was to breakfast with them.

Hull stared at the coming figure with a frown on his face.

"Hi," said he, "what's that? What are you doin' with that gun and them cartridges?"

"Doing," said Wiart. "Nothing, carrying them."

"Well, then," said Hull, "you'll just oblige me by carryin' them back and leavin' them in the house; this is a picnic, it ain't no huntin' party."

"But what are you talking about?" cried Wiart. "I always go armed in the woods."

"Not with me," said Hull. "I'm meanin' no offence, but I don't go walkin' with armed strangers in no woods. I'm as sure as certain you're an amiable man, but you're a stranger to me as the lady on the 'Frisco tram said to the gentleman whose foot was on hers. Now do you take me or do you don't—my ultimatum is no armaments."

"Then you can go without me," said Wiart, grounding the butt of the rifle and half-turning away.

"One moment, son," said Hull, "I can *not*. You've contracted to lead this party, and it's up to you to finish the contract."

Whether he received some sign from Macquart it is impossible to say; but the Rubber Man gave in suddenly, and unconditionally on the point of arms, put the rifle and cartridges back in the house and sat down to breakfast.

"I don't blame you for being cautious," said he, "though this seems caution run mad, if you'll excuse me for saying so, specially as the whole lot of you are armed. However, let it stand at that. I don't mind."

He understated the case. This was much more than caution run mad; it was perhaps the most deadly insult that one white man could put on another in that place. Hull did not care in the least. If Wiart had attempted to back out of leading them he would, as he said, have taken him along by a halter. Instinct had warned him against Wiart. He knew absolutely nothing of the suspicions that filled the more cultivated and sensitive minds of his companions, but he did know that not on any account would he trust himself in lonely places with the Rubber Man if the latter were armed. There is no doubt that in his sub-conscious mind Hull had worked out the sinister possibilities of any collaboration between Macquart and Wiart, but he was unconscious of the fact.

When breakfast was over, they began to pack up the provisions, Hull supervising.

"We don't want no tent," said he. "There ain't no

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(Continued from page xxii)

'skeeters in the forest to speak of, and we can light a smoke fire to keep 'em off if there are. Jacky can carry the pick and shovel. Now then, if you're ready, histe your bundles."

They streamed off, Wiart and Macquart leading, Jacky and Hull coming next and Tillman and Houghton following. Wiart had a pocket compass and Hull had another, though, as Wiart said, his knowledge of the road was so intimate that compasses were unnecessary.

They went down the glade past the Papuan village and struck into the trees where the glade ended:

It was like passing into a house; the damar, cutch and camphor trees round them flung their branches to make the roof, a roof supported by a thousand thousand pillars.

Just as the outline of the Tartar tents can still be seen in the outline of the roofs of the Chinese pagodas, so in the pillars of the cathedral we can see a vague sketch of the Forest, that first home of man, and in the gloom of our cathedrals some tincture of the gloom of the great cathedral that God created for the first worshippers.

The forests of the north have a solemnity all their own, and the forests of the tropics a mystery incommunicable to those who have not experienced it.

Here in the twilight that seems the twilight of the birth of things, vegetable life appears still clinging to its first and most extravagant forms. It moves. Like that convolvulus in the Botanical Gardens of Caracas that grows at the rate of an inch an hour, here, in the forests of New Guinea, the lianas lengthen themselves almost perceptibly, vines fight the trees and kill them, trees fall and crush the vines. The orchids are everywhere. They seem the furious attempt of the vegetable world to enter the kingdom of the birds and butterflies and insects. That bird clinging to that rope of liantasse is a flower, that butterfly is an illusion, that insect an orchid.

That bursting crash is a tree that has been falling for a year. The forest kills itself and recreates itself eternally; it is a community where the vegetable is king and where the vegetable wars with the animal, and the insects set traps for flies and thorn entanglements for animals, and mazes to bewilder and destroy men.

Houghton was alive to these impressions, Tillman less so.

"I've fixed up with Hull," said he, "to keep those two chaps always in front of us; they can't do any harm then."

"I'm not afraid of them and their tricks, unless we find the cache," said Houghton. "You see, while we are like this we can always guard against them, but should by any chance this lead of Macquart's be a real one and we touch the stuff, then, in the excitement of the business, when we aren't thinking, they may get their blow in."

"You needn't worry about that," said Tillman. "This lead is a spoof. I'm dead sure of that. Mac has some black joke up his sleeve. D'you know, I've got to that condition now that the gold is less to me than the chance of doing Macquart in if we catch him playing tricks; that chap has got on my spine. God! how I'm beginning to hate him!"

"I'm feeling like that," replied the other. "It's the strangest thing. At first I liked him, he seemed better than a fairy tale, and slowly I've got to feel like you. Yet he has never given me offence. Hull hated him all along, you see he knew him better and, besides, he's a chap that moves by instinct. Did you notice the down he's taken on Wiart?"

"You mean on his whiskers. Hull's a rum chap, and somehow he's hit the thing about Wiart that seems the bull's-eye. A chap must be a beast to grow a pair of things like that on his face—lost to all sense of decency."

Houghton laughed and they said no more.

The work was becoming heavy. They were crossing a boggy patch where tall nipah palms grew—the nipah palm loves the water—and their feet sank ankle deep at every step.

Beyond lay clear ground except for barrier lianas sagging so low that sometimes they could be stepped over.

In cutting Hull out of their councils, Houghton and Tillman had made a mistake. They had considered him too volcanic to trust with their suspicions, they had forgotten that he had a mind of his own, and that the working of that mind unchecked by them might be prejudicial to their plans.

Hull as he ate now, was thinking. The working of the jaws in mastication stimulates some brains, just as the contemplation of the ideal stimulates others. Hull, as he chewed his bully beef, began to think that he had never made full enquiries of Macquart as to the extent of Wiart's knowledge of their real business or his compensation if they were successful.

"Look here," said he to Wiart, "you know, I s'pose, that you're not takin' us on this traverse for the sake of our health."

Wiart glanced at Macquart who at once chipped in:

'O, I've told Wiart we're not hunting for that place

the niggers carted the baskets to for nothing. He's quite ready to lend us his assistance without prodding too deep into our affairs."

"All the same," said Hull, "I'm a man that takes nothing from no man for nothing, and if we strike what we're lookin' for I'm not goin' to deny his due to him who brought us to it."

"There's no use in talking of that yet," said Houghton, hurriedly.

"O yes, there is," said Hull. "It's better to settle jobs like these right off at the start, then there'll be no quarrelling at the finish, and if we hit what we're looking' for I'm up to give Mr. Wiart two hundred pound for his work in directin' us, a man can't say fairer than that."

Tillman, who was looking at Wiart, thought that he saw a momentary gleam of mockery in his eye.

"O, that's all right," said he. "I'm not bothering about rewards. I can see plain enough what you gentlemen are after, and I'll not deny that I guessed it from Mr. Macquart's questions and what he let fall. Well, if it's treasure, then, and you strike it rich, I'm not indisposed to take what you offer. I came on this expedition for the fun of the thing and to get away from that confounded rubber plantation for a day or two, that's what riled me when you objected to my carrying a rifle. That's maybe why you objected. You thought in your mind, this man may make trouble——"

"Wait a bit," put in Hull, "I only put in my word against arms because I didn't know you and because you were a bit thick with Mac here. You'll observe Mac doesn't carry a gun. Mac and me has differences at times, don't we, Mac? And I objects to any ehant of us quarrellin'. Now, if Mac's friend had a gun, Mac might borrow it, mightn't you, Mac?"

Houghton jumped to his feet.

"Come on," he said. "There's no use in sitting here talking. Let's be doing."

He began to pack up the things and the others, rising to their feet, helped him. Then they got under way in the same order of procession.

At four o'clock they arrived at a part of the forest which goes by the native name of the Great Thorn Bush.

(To be continued)

The new faille silks are first favourites for spring frocks; these, as their name indicates, having more or less of a raised surface. There is a considerable amount of substance about them and as a result they cut exceedingly well. Faille silks are rather expensive, the better qualities mounting into quite a large figure per yard. The French designers were the first to realize their possibilities, and the French factories still working are responsible for quite a number of them.

The new wrap coats for warmer weather have made their appearance, and in the majority of cases call for prompt admiration. A beautiful Bernard model seen the other day was of Lincoln Green suède cloth with facings, collar and cuffs of green and white bird's-eye spotted foulard. To the making of this coat no fewer than eight yards of material had gone, and the model hung in very full folds of singular gracefulness.

Some very pretty hats have a narrow veil of lace, falling over the brim and just veiling the eyes. It is the same idea as the narrow line of tulle hanging from many of the hats last year, but carried to a greater extreme. For these lace frills are to all intents and purposes eye veils, and should be very restful to the eyes when there is a glare, or a wind, or dust is blowing.

Tiny shoulder capes are being seen here, there, and everywhere, but it is a well-known authority's opinion that they will not be worn in earnest till the turn of the present year. Be that as it may, numbers of the new suits and wrap coats are decorated in this manner and it is said that cotton and linen frocks will follow the example in due course.

Pockets have come into their own, not deceptive bogus affairs into which hand or handkerchief could not possibly be slipped, but the genuine article. They are generally of diagonal shape, stitched either side of the skirt, and are edged with military braid or a piping of satin or taffetas. Quite an attractive dress of serge had the pocket outlined with a wide button-hole stitching of worsted and looked very well.

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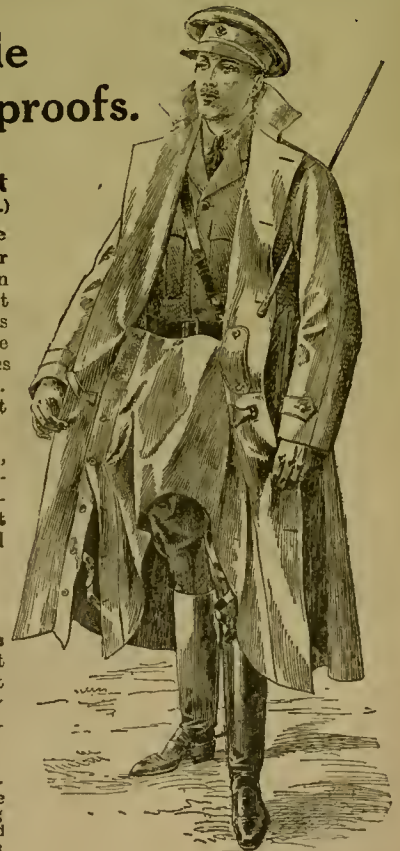
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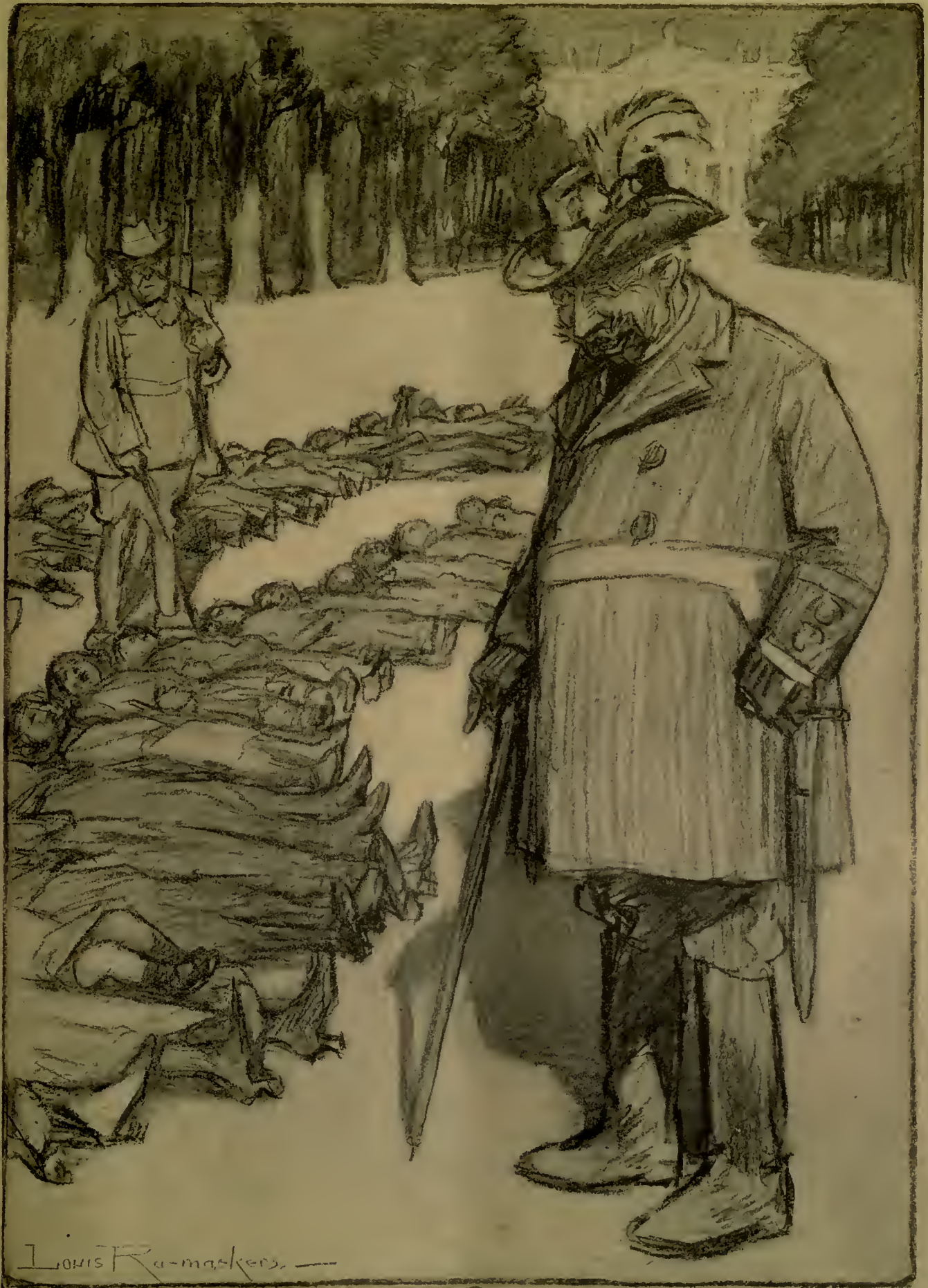
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Racmaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

A Zeppelin Raid: The Kaiser counts the bag



By G. Spencer Pryse

A refugee ship from Ostend receiving instructions from destroyers
in mid-Channel, October, 1914

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13th, 1916

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GERMAN CHARACTER

"**W**E have no time for rhetoric. Stronger than rhetoric is the might of facts and we let them speak for us." We thank you, Bethman-Hollweg, for teaching us these words. Strange though it may appear to many, they were actually uttered by the German Imperial Chancellor in his speech to the Reichstag. It is by the might of facts that Germany is indicted at the bar of civilisation, and we have to see to it that rhetoric has no part either now or hereafter in swaying our judgment. In the same issue of the *Times* which contained the text of the Chancellor's speech, appeared the report of the awful conditions prevailing at the camp for prisoners of war at Wittenberg during an outbreak of typhus. Rhetoric can never wipe away this infamy; it passes into history among the unpardonable greater barbarities of war. Its horror is heightened by the fact that this crime against defenceless prisoners was committed with the concurrence of a whole town, and that the arch-offender was a doctor—a man of sufficient scientific knowledge to be fully cognisant of the sufferings and death to which he was condemning these poor captives by his cowardly callousness and neglect of duty—a neglect for which he has been given the Iron Cross, a decoration which might fittingly have been instituted by Herod or Caiaphas as a distinction for cruel men to commemorate the part they had taken in putting to a shameful death Him who showed to mankind divine pity and compassion.

Hideous facts succeed one another so quickly that by the very weight of their numbers they almost crush the heart and mind into a state of apathy. Words either fail to describe them or else have lost their significance by constant repetition. But we have to keep steadily before our eyes that those horrible facts, which we would gladly lose sight of, are the true German character—the writing so to speak in which the Teuton nature expresses itself. Raemaekers' cartoons are no exaggeration; they are only the pictorial representations of actual occurrences or living truths. Regard the Kaiser gloating over a Zeppelin bag on the previous page. Its inhumanity would appal, did we not know that it represents the exact mental attitude which the Kaiser and his *entourage* assume towards the results of airship raids. They hope

to terrify Great Britain into demanding an early peace, wherefore the more British women and children that are slaughtered, the more they triumph.

In the Reichstag last week, the well-known Socialist member, Dr. Leibknecht protested vigorously against the Chancellor's flagrant perversions of truth. No doubt he does not stand alone, but those who are with him form such a small minority of the German people that one is reminded of Abraham's unavailing plea for God's mercy on the cities of the plain. Professor J. H. Morgan, who speaks with the authority of experience has declared that "the whole people is infected with some kind of moral distemper. To regard Germany as the misguided pupil of a military caste which alone stands in the way of her reformation, seems to me to ignore the volume of evidence as to the complicity of officers and men in those orgies of outrage." The Wittenberg infamy is yet further evidence of the same nature, and we doubt not that other testimony will continue to be forthcoming, for we have not plumbed to its uttermost depth German foulness in war, which is an integral part of the German philosophy of life. Mr. Asquith understands this, and has expressed himself more than once in such plain and explicit terms, that those are mistaken who consider he was whittling away his previous determination when in his speech at Lancaster House he attempted to define what he meant by the destruction of the military domination of Prussia. On the following afternoon in the House of Lords Lord Crewe made this quite clear when he rebuked Lord Courtney of Penwith in this straightforward manner;

When Lord Courtney tries to separate German enterprise from German militarism and the character of the German people from the ambitions of the German General Staff, he is undertaking an impossible task.

The best answer which has been given to the German Chancellor's speech is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliant analysis of it in *LAND & WATER* to-day. He turns the big pronouncement inside out, and by placing in juxtaposition its ludicrous contradictions and nonsensical falsehoods reveals in a clear light its insincerity and hypocrisy. He points out that while it is true that Prussia is the only country that the Allies or any other people in the civilised world have any reason to put under lock and key, it does not mean Prussia is threatened with destruction in the way it has destroyed for its own ends Belgium and Serbia. No phrase could better describe the object we have in view—that Germany is to be put under lock and key for a term of years until it gives the world indisputable evidence that its whole national character is changed; and it must be deprived of power and organisation to do evil. We know that many of the foul offences committed during the war which she endeavours to justify on the ground of necessity, or on some other equally heinous pretext have had their counterpart in times of peace in business transactions. That acute student of modern Germany, Dr. Arthur Shadwell, has remarked on the low commercial morality of German merchants. The main object of the Paris Conference must necessarily be the adequate protection of Allied countries against a repetition of an unscrupulous commercial offensive after the war is over.

Character does not change of an instant; blackest turpitude is not a sudden occurrence. We have seen how Germany has used the lawful occasions of commerce in order to betray her neighbours and has gloried in her cunning. There is not a capital or industrial city in Europe which cannot tell a story to match the one related in these columns to-day of how the Germans have over-run the London Stock Exchange. The purpose of the Paris Conference is to formulate a plan of campaign which shall have for its aim the placing of Germany under lock and key, that is of depriving her of the freedom she has utilised hitherto to exploit and undermine the industry of other nations for her own merciless ambitions.

THE RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

By Hilaire Belloc

THOSE who read the military history of the past always remark one puzzling feature in that history; it is the contrast between the simplicity of the military problem and the complex, because incomplete, fashion in which that problem is usually attacked.

The fundamental cause of that contrast is, of course, what has been called in all these articles the "political factor."

The nearer one is in time to a military problem, or the more concerned one is with its result, the more one understands why this "political factor" comes in to disturb the comparatively simple military problems.

We, for instance, marvel to-day at the Allies in 1793 dividing their forces for the siege of Dunkirk. We marvel that such a blunder was possible. We regard the victory of the French at Wattignies as something given away by the folly of the divided English and German commands to their opponents.

But the reason we marvel is that we feel none of the passions of contemporaries; that we have not before us the actual men with their conflicting wills and separate interests; and, most of all, we know the future.

When we exclaim at the folly of the Allies in separating their forces in 1793 it is because we know that their failure to destroy the revolutionary armies while there was yet time would breed the whole business of the Napoleonic wars.

The lesson of history in all these matters is surely clear enough. It may be summed up, I think, in the following simple proposition:—

The great struggles, in which ultimate issues are involved, always reach a complete decision sooner or later.

In other words, to cry off before you are yourself disarmed or have disarmed your opponent, because you happen to think some other matter (such as your present wealth, or physical or mental suffering) more important than victory, is not to achieve a compromise but simply to sign a foolish truce in the midst of what will necessarily be—taking history as a whole—a still further prolonged war.

Victory once achieved, the defeated party is defeated usually for ever, always for generations. Short of this, the struggle is but briefly postponed.

With historical events we see this truth quite clearly. With contemporary events it is confused by the false proportions we give to things that are too near us or with which we are too much concerned, and by the multitude of objects disturbing our judgment.

Whether non-military considerations will or will not mar the effort of one party or the other in this great struggle only the future can show. But with regard to the present moment of it—I mean the situation as it stands in this particular Passion Week of 1916—the attitude of the future historian will be very simple. The view presented to the future historian will be what all the soldiers have long seen, and what it would be well for all others to see as clearly as the soldiers do. It is this:

In a conflict the ultimate issue of which was at best the new form which European civilisation should take on, and at worst, the life or death of that civilisation (for myself I believe it is a struggle of the latter and not the former sort), the military problem was clear. Of the two groups of combatants one came to enjoy after the winter of 1914—through the collapse or insignificance of all others in its orbit—a direct and simple control: Prussia organised and used with unquestioned authority much the most of the machinery and much the most of the metal production of Europe, and the man-power of nearly 160 million people. Against this enormous force (which, according to one view, was trying to modify the future of Europe, in its own image; according to another could only destroy European civilisation, being impotent to create) were chiefly opposed three western Allies, less in population, far weaker in productive power, but representing the old and intense civilisation of Europe. Happily they had the aid of

another body numerically large—the Russian Empire. But this Ally was cut off from them and from European aid, and in resources and character differed wholly from the western group upon whose resistance would ultimately turn the fate of the war. The western group had railways, machinery, ships, mines and could call, in a very great extent for food, to a much less extent for metals and their products, upon the New World, which was not yet involved. It was superior to its enemies in the factors of intelligence and skill. It was immeasurably their superior in morals. But it was not actually and mechanically united, however strong its agreement, upon the common end. Not one party within that group was even the admitted leader, let alone the unquestioned master of the whole. Their very aims were somewhat divergent, for what each desired from the war differed somewhat from what each of its fellows desired. Italy could not but seek the control of the Adriatic and the security of her Northern frontier, France the positive destruction of a new and menacing barbarism beyond her frontiers; Britain, the continuation of an economic position and Empire built up by two centuries of magnificent adventure.

The resources each party could bring in aid of the others similarly differed. A reduced but very considerable volume of manufacture for exchange remained to Great Britain, who further kept the sea open for her Allies. The French had been first and best prepared with the purely military machine. The Italians, from the narrowness of their front, were using a lesser proportion of their total mobilisable forces than the rest. The Eastern ally with only one narrow gate of entrance for foreign supply (separated by half the world from the field of battle) undeveloped industrially, lacking for many months anything like an adequate armament, represented in the combination an exception which further disturbed the unity of the whole.

The victory of the Alliance against Prussia and her dependents was none the less certain, and had already virtually been achieved in the April of 1916, if the problem were regarded as a purely military one.

But it could not so be regarded. Not only a certain necessary divergence of aim but the divergences of national temperament and recent experience, affected particularly the western Allies. The interest of the late spring of 1916 (as this future historian will say) lay in the contrast between these disturbing political factors and the clear military problem.

Prussia could ultimately be disarmed. There was no conceivable accident to interfere with this conclusion if the war were pursued to its conclusion as a purely military task. In spite of her original enormous preponderance in men and her existing preponderance in metal and machinery, exhaustion threatened her as it did not threaten her western opponents. Mere exhaustion did not threaten her eastern opponent at all. This exhaustion Prussia felt particularly upon the score of men. And it was clearly one of her main objects at the moment at once to conceal this exhaustion as much as possible by misleading statements, and to achieve a decision before it should become fatal. Therefore did she perpetually and at vast expense continue to attack, her attack being no more than the attempt to break the lines of the great siege. But she further relied upon affecting non-military opinion, especially in the western powers opposed to her. So much did she rely upon this, that two incidents at that particular moment—the late spring of 1916—which will be to that historian of the future quite plain in character, were as a fact distorted by the passions and the inevitable lack of proportion affecting the judgment of contemporaries.

These two incidents were the enormous attack upon the sector of Verdun and the isolation of a very small British force in the remote East at Kut el Amara.

Such a historian would marvel at first that any misconception was possible: that such phrases as "the taking of Verdun" or the "peril of Kut" should be

possible at all. But if he knew his history well and could compare the situation with a hundred other such in the past, he would know how the misconceptions had arisen.

It is our whole business in this critical moment to-day to see the thing as he would see it and to correct those misunderstandings to which, if we are not wise, that historian may have to ascribe our defeat. For to conclude the struggle before Prussia is disarmed is to suffer defeat, with all the consequences of that disaster for Europe and ourselves.

Let us therefore state once more the merely military problem of the moment. The enemy is trying "to take Verdun." In Mesopotamia a relieving force is trying to disengage a single division contained by the Turks upon the Tigris. What, apart from all effect upon non-combatants, is the merely military meaning of these two efforts?

The isolated force contained upon the Tigris is not a quarter, it is not a sixth, of a single Allied force in action last Sunday upon one tiny front of nine miles out of the French front. It numbers in effectives not a half per cent. of the men actually engaged upon the western front.

Upon the other hand, the phrase, "to take Verdun" has, in the purely military sense, no significance whatsoever. *The whole meaning and the only meaning, so far as the military problem is concerned, of the struggle round Verdun, is the proportion of loss which either party has suffered at any stage during the attack.* There is no question of breaking the French line. There is no question of the "surrender of the fortress," for there is no fortress to surrender. No army is surrounded or nearly surrounded. No mass of material and munitions even is in jeopardy. The enemy is prepared to sacrifice a certain number of men over and above the number of men which he puts out of action upon our side. He is prepared to exhaust himself in this degree in order to be able to say that his soldiers stand in the ruins of a particular town—that is, upon a particular geographical area upon the map—there is now nothing more whatsoever to be discovered in his efforts.

Why is he prepared to do this?

Because he believes that the effect, not military but political, not upon soldiers studying the military problems of disarming an opponent, but upon civilian opinion—outside France—will be such as to determine an early peace in his favour. For the same reason he may direct his last efforts against ourselves.

In the first days of the attack upon Verdun he had another object. He thought that he would break the French line. Now he knows that this cannot be done. And we know it too. But he is persuaded that by the continual repetition of the name "Verdun," by the continual description of it as a fortress, by the concentration of the world's attention upon those mere houses, his presence among their ruins will shake the confidence of his foes and perhaps determine some accession of neutral aid for himself. The whole thing may be compared to the point which we ridicule so rightly in the later mediæval wars, when the capture of a single personage in an action was regarded by both parties as decisive. Because the French King John was taken prisoner at Poitiers, a victory which might have ended in the complete domination of France

by the Plantagenets and came to within an ace of producing, a generation later, the union of France and England under one crown, was thought to have been gained. Who to-day pays the least attention to the death or the capture of a political individual in an action? Who some time hence will conceive it possible that the mere moving backwards or forwards of a small section of an unbroken line upon the western front appeared to so many contemporaries an event of capital importance?

The French higher command has for now nearly two months stood strictly upon the defensive—"killing Germans." Why?

It is a tremendous moral strain on chiefs and men alike, in restraint of temper and in endurance of evil and pain.

There is a superabundance of men for a counter offensive: We out-number the enemy in the West by much more than half as much again as the total of his forces there. Yet the French line stands round Verdun absolutely restricted to defence for weeks and weeks, and, at stated times, slowly withdrawing—killing and maiming the enemy in heaps. Is it not obvious why?

I repeat, it is our whole duty in this moment, and the duty of all those whose opinions in sum make up that national judgment upon which governments repose, to treat the struggle round Verdun simply and solely from the point of view of numbers. What sacrifice can we impose upon the enemy? What price can we make him pay for something which has no military value? of how much blood will that exhausted body still let itself be bled. That is the only thing that counts.

If at the end of the fight round Verdun the French line ran from the Argonne south-eastward direct to St. Mihiel; if the enemy were present at the close upon all the ground now held by the French within the salient (including of course the area of Verdun town itself), and if in the balance of loss and gain the enemy had lost 200,000 men more than the French, then the action would be an asset of the highest value to the Allied side. If the extra margin of loss was not 200,000, but half a million, it would not only be a victory, but probably a decisive victory turning the whole war.

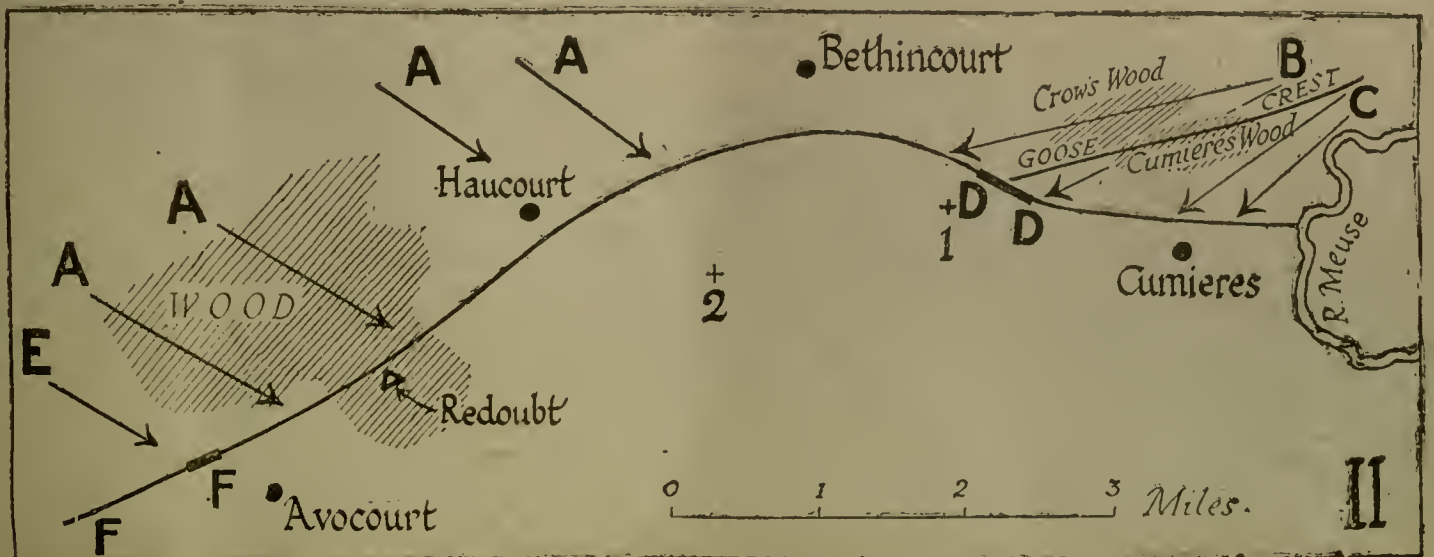
To see that point clearly and to retain it unshaken throughout all the vicissitudes of the battle is, so far as mere opinion is concerned, to win the war, and it will be doing exactly that which the enemy most fears our doing.

To that numerical estimate of the situation we must add another corollary equally important. If the Allies can compel the enemy thus to exhaust himself upon the western front it will be with the object of destroying him when the counter-offensive shall be launched.

The troops concentrated by the Germans throughout the previous forty-eight hours were launched in the clear weather of last Sunday, April 10th.

The comprehension of what followed will be the easier if we merely draw a line without contours, marking with crosses at 1 and 2 the heights of the Mort Homme and of Hill 304.

One body, amounting to somewhat less than two divisions, attacked along the arrows A A A, its left coming short of Béthincourt by some hundreds of yards, and its right being a little to the west of Avocourt. Something



like half this assault, therefore, was delivered from the mass of woodland called by the name of "Malancourt and Avocourt woods," and the whole of it aimed along the easier slopes which led up to the back of Hill 304. It is a mile to a mile and a half of hard open ground, rising only 60 feet above the last trees of the wood and 140 feet above the valleys. This attack along the arrows A A A appears, so far as we know at the moment of writing, to have been delivered somewhere about eight to nine in the morning of Sunday. It came on by columns of companies—that is, in very dense and deep formation—and its first and most vigorous effort very nearly reached to the French trenches, coming in some points to within a hundred yards of them. This first effort, however, was broken and the large force employed retired to reform.

Just after this first episode in the battle, apparently about ten o'clock in the morning (these hours are conjectural only until further information shall be afforded), the second attack was launched along the line of the arrows B B B, this second attack being somewhat stronger in number and amounting to at least two full divisions. In all, therefore, the equivalent of four divisions, two corps, or thereabouts, were already engaged. This first attack upon the east also failed before it had reached the first French trenches; unlike its western fellow it went to pieces, and the troops used fled for cover suffering the particularly severe losses consequent on such local breakdowns.

It was already clear before noon that the enemy was not only attacking in such a direction and fashion as menaced the Mort Homme directly upon the one side and indirectly, by Hill 304, upon the other; but also that his form of attack was such that if *either* of these two wings achieved its object it would take the *remainder* of the French line in reverse. Although the salient attacked was not pronounced, success upon either side would mean not only the retirement of the French in front of that success, but also a threat to the rear of the remainder of the French force suffering attack from the other section of the Germans.

It is significant in this connection that apparently after the repulse of the first attack from B there was launched—as from C—a very large fresh force—on the exact strength of which accounts differ—across the now dry flat belt of meadowland between the hills and the banks of the Meuse itself. This grass is water-meadow often (and recently) flooded between that stream and the Goose Crest, stretching up to the steep bank by which the crest overlooks the stream. This very heavy blow was struck right at the ruins of Cumières village and the French trenches covering those ruins and stretching to the river, but the field of fire was open, and the German check here led to very heavy loss.

Such up to somewhere about noon or a little later, was the first phase of the battle.

The next phase, which covered all the afternoon up to sunset, consisted in no more than the repetition of these first assaults. How these were directed upon the eastern wings from B and C we have as yet no details. But we know they were repeated, probably with better troops hitherto held in reserve, and that, late in the evening, a space of about 500 yards round about the thicker line D D, the German masses reached and occupied the first advanced French trench at the base of the Mort Homme, and ultimately remained in possession of it throughout the following night and day—up to the last information received on Tuesday evening, when these lines are written.

It was little or nothing to get for such an awful price but the western attack from the direction A A was even less fortunate. The renewed assaults were delivered here three separate times in the course of the afternoon, and all three of these renewed attempts were thrown back, as had been the first in the morning.

Upon this front, towards the end of the day, somewhere between five and six o'clock, an entirely fresh body of the strength of a brigade (I think it may turn out to be Bavarian) appeared still further to the German right along the arrow E and struck at Avocourt from the extreme north-west. Coming in thus at the close of the affair and triking the French trenches when these had supported the whole weight of the day, this brigade—or its head elements—not only reached but entered the trenches at

about the point F, and were only dislodged just before dusk by a counter-attack.

This Sunday fighting was the main affair. Upon Monday all was quiet in front of Avocourt. A strong enemy effort against the centre behind Béthincourt was thrown back; a flank attack on the right touched a point or two of the advanced trenches, and no more.

Such was the situation at the close of the battle so far as the description to hand in London on Tuesday evening informs us. It is clear that the news leaves us in the middle of an action not yet completed and one upon a scale comparable to the great original attack of seven weeks ago upon the other side of the river. I say "comparable," but not equal. For the numbers engaged, though formidable, have hitherto counted only half those which struck the line between Ornes and Brabant on February 21st.

While this main attack for the carrying and seizing of the Mort Homme and Hill 304 was proceeding, another attack, similar in volume and probably intended to prevent reinforcement by the pontoons across the Meuse, was being launched against the Côte du Poivre.

There had been great artillery activity along this main position east of the Meuse the day before, just as there had been artillery activity west of the Meuse seven weeks ago before the main attack was launched upon the eastern side, and it was thought at one moment that the enemy was attempting to assault all along the line, but little came of it. And if would seem that the bombardment to which the one side had been subjected was (as the converse bombardment of the western side had been seven weeks before) designed only to leave the French command in doubt upon the point of main effort.

The Evening Losses

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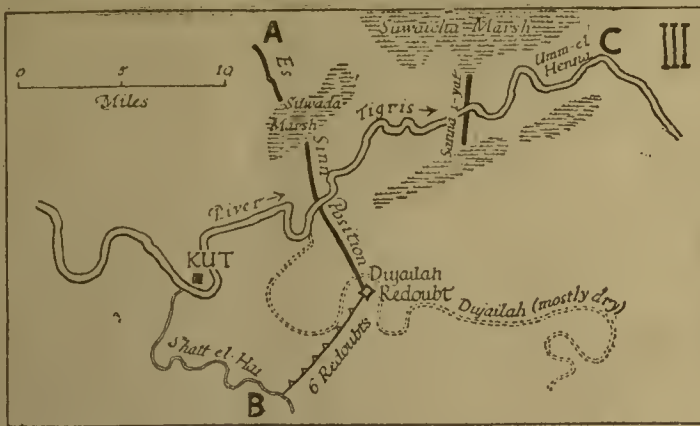
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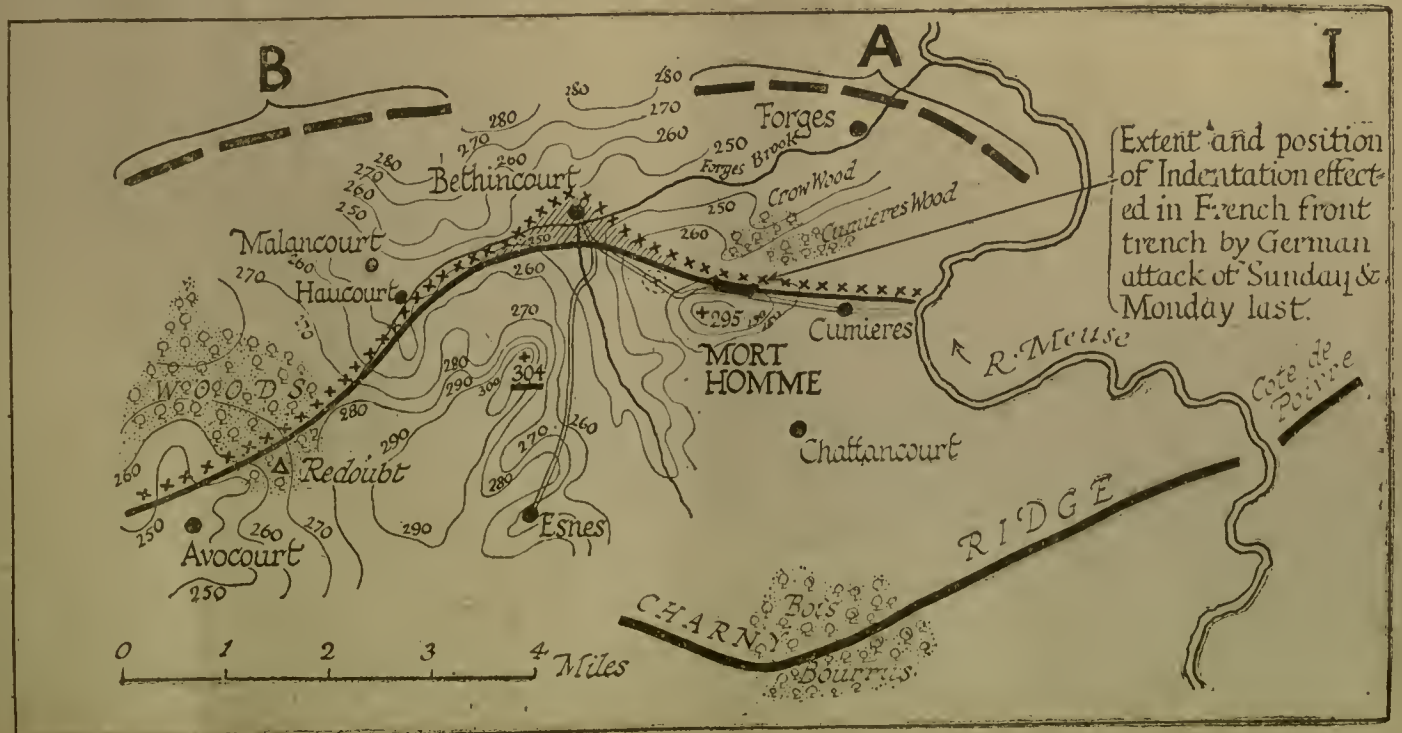
Main Offensive against the Mort Homme

Upon last Friday and Saturday, April 7th and 8th, the French command was advised of a great concentration of fresh forces (probably not less than four divisions in strength and perhaps more), upon the front behind the heights which run from Forges to the woods of Malancourt. The front line of German trenches at that moment ran as do the crosses upon the accompanying sketch Map I, and the main concentration was taking place roughly where the two groups of thick black lines, A and B, stand upon that sketch.

It was therefore clear, especially in connection with the very violent bombardment which had developed against the French positions along the whole of this nine miles sector, that the enemy was going to make a strong bid for the Mort Homme.

That height, as the reader knows, is the point upon which all this first line, four or five miles in front of the main Charny ridge, depends. The enemy must hold the Mort Homme and Hill 304 if he is to have full and secure possession of the first line: only when he holds them can he even begin his advance towards the main position behind.

It is possible, as we shall see later in this article, that



like half this assault, therefore, was delivered from the mass of woodland called by the name of "Malancourt and Avocourt woods," and the whole of it aimed along the easier slopes which led up to the back of Hill 304. It is a mile to a mile and a half of hard open ground, rising only 60 feet above the last trees of the wood and 140 feet above the valleys. This attack along the arrows A A A appears, so far as we know at the moment of writing, to have been delivered somewhere about eight to nine in the morning of Sunday. It came on by columns of companies—that is, in very dense and deep formation—and its first and most vigorous effort very nearly reached to the French trenches, coming in some points to within a hundred yards of them. This first effort, however, was broken and the large force employed retired to reform.

Just after this first episode in the battle, apparently about ten o'clock in the morning (these hours are conjectural only until further information shall be afforded), the second attack was launched along the line of the arrows B B B, this second attack being somewhat stronger in number and amounting to at least two full divisions. In all, therefore, the equivalent of four divisions, two corps, or thereabouts, were already engaged. This first attack upon the east also failed before it had reached the first French trenches; unlike its western fellow it went to pieces, and the troops used fled for cover suffering the particularly severe losses consequent on such local breakdowns.

It was already clear before noon that the enemy was not only attacking in such a direction and fashion as menaced the Mort Homme directly upon the one side and indirectly, by Hill 304, upon the other; but also that his form of attack was such that if *either* of these two wings achieved its object it would take the *remainder* of the French line in reverse. Although the salient attacked was not pronounced, success upon either side would mean not only the retirement of the French in front of that success, but also a threat to the rear of the remainder of the French force suffering attack from the other section of the Germans.

It is significant in this connection that apparently after the repulse of the first attack from B there was launched—as from C—a very large fresh force—on the exact strength of which accounts differ—across the now dry flat belt of meadowland between the hills and the banks of the Meuse itself. This grass is water-meadow often (and recently) flooded between that stream and the Goose Crest, stretching up to the steep bank by which the crest overlooks the stream. This very heavy blow was struck right at the ruins of Cumières village and the French trenches covering those ruins and stretching to the river, but the field of fire was open, and the German check here led to very heavy loss.

Such up to somewhere about noon or a little later, was the first phase of the battle.

The next phase, which covered all the afternoon up to sunset, consisted in no more than the repetition of these first assaults. How these were directed upon the eastern wings from B and C we have as yet no details. But we know they were repeated, probably with better troops hitherto held in reserve, and that, late in the evening, a space of about 500 yards round about the thicker line D D, the German masses reached and occupied the first advanced French trench at the base of the Mort Homme, and ultimately remained in possession of it throughout the following night and day—up to the last information received on Tuesday evening, when these lines are written.

It was little or nothing to get for such an awful price but the western attack from the direction A A was even less fortunate. The renewed assaults were delivered here three separate times in the course of the afternoon, and all three of these renewed attempts were thrown back, as had been the first in the morning.

Upon this front, towards the end of the day, somewhere between five and six o'clock, an entirely fresh body of the strength of a brigade (I think it may turn out to be Bavarian) appeared still further to the German right along the arrow E and struck at Avocourt from the extreme north-west. Coming in thus at the close of the affair and triking the French trenches when these had supported the whole weight of the day, this brigade—or its head elements—not only reached but entered the trenches at

about the point F, and were only dislodged just before dusk by a counter-attack.

This Sunday fighting was the main affair. Upon Monday all was quiet in front of Avocourt. A strong enemy effort against the centre behind Béthincourt was thrown back; a flank attack on the right touched a point or two of the advanced trenches, and no more.

Such was the situation at the close of the battle so far as the description to hand in London on Tuesday evening informs us. It is clear that the news leaves us in the middle of an action not yet completed and one upon a scale comparable to the great original attack of seven weeks ago upon the other side of the river. I say "comparable," but not equal. For the numbers engaged, though formidable, have hitherto counted only half those which struck the line between Ornes and Brabant on February 21st.

While this main attack for the carrying and seizing of the Mort Homme and Hill 304 was proceeding, another attack, similar in volume and probably intended to prevent reinforcement by the pontoons across the Meuse, was being launched against the Côte du Poivre.

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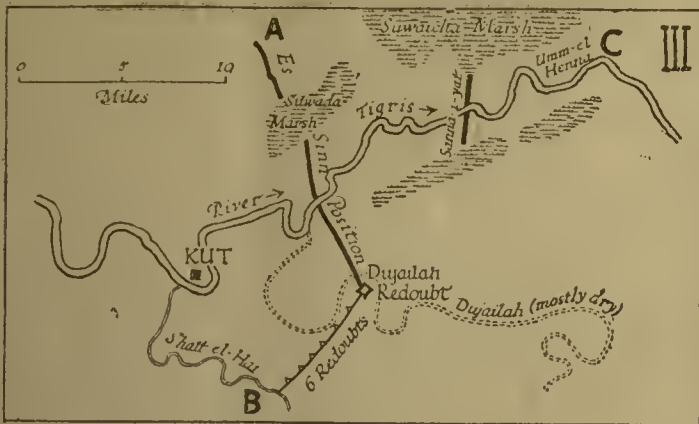
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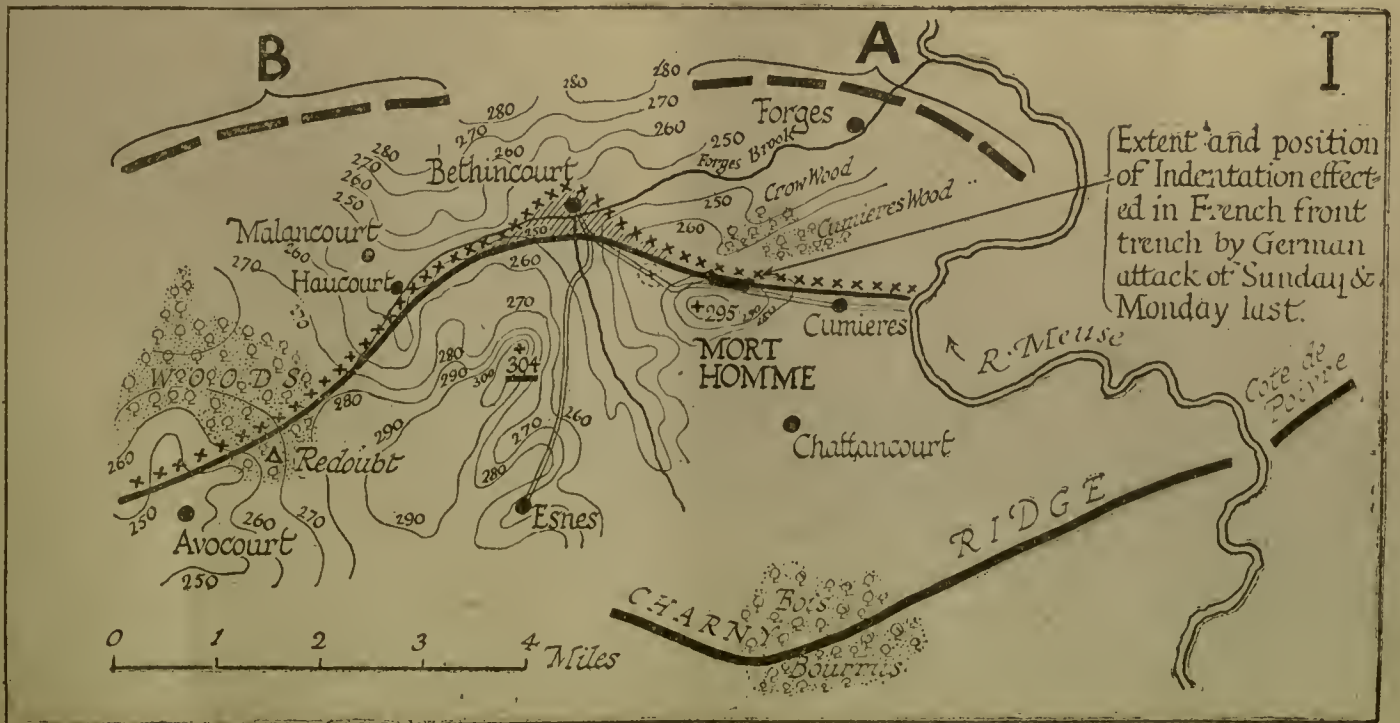
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It is possible, as we shall see later in this article, that



his efforts here are not intended to be carried on as far as the Charny ridge, but have only for their object the clearing of all the front between the first positions and the Charny ridge in order to prevent the French from firing across the Meuse upon the German troops which continue to front the main position beyond the Côte du Poivre and so round to Douaumont and Vaux. But, at any rate, whether he intends ultimately to make his main attack upon the Charny ridge or no, his immediate object is the carrying of the Mort Homme, or Hill 295, and Hill 304 above and behind it.

The first disposition made by the French command for meeting this massed attack—intended probably for the conclusion of all this last month's efforts west of the Meuse—was the evacuation of the salient of Béthincourt. This evacuation was effected partly in the night between Friday and Saturday, partly in the night between Saturday and Sunday last—the 8th and 9th of April. The new French line ran on the morning of the Sunday the 9th as does the continued black line from C to D upon Sketch I, the sharp salient shaded in the sketch being wholly abandoned by the French before the Sunday morning.

In the process of this abandonment the Germans claim that the French left isolated certain small bodies which they surrounded and captured. Unfortunately the German communiqués for some time past in what concerns the fighting round Verdun have been quite untrustworthy. I say "unfortunately," because an enemy's claims in such statements are essential to any just judgment of a situation, and the less reliable they are the less accurately can one piece together the scanty material at one's disposal. Occasionally the French are at the pains of issuing a detailed denial, though usually they leave the statements to pass for what they are worth. It is possible that a few score men went astray in the darkness. It is almost certain on the analogy of the puerile statements in the past with regard to Forges, Malancourt, Douaumont, Vaux and half a dozen other points, that the numbers of several hundred unwounded prisoners given by the enemy are false. What the exact amount of the exaggeration may be we cannot tell. The point is at any rate insignificant in view of the forces about to be engaged.

The French new line thus drawn up upon the morning of Sunday, the 10th, presents, as will be seen from Sketch I, the form of a slight salient, but the bend is not so accentuated as to present to the enemy any advantage, and the form which the attack took was little concerned with the salient formed and much more with the lie of the ground.

If the reader will glance at the contours of the foregoing sketch Map I, he will see, as has been pointed out in former articles, that there are two opportunities, the one direct and the other indirect, for mastering the Mort Homme.

The first is by rushing the comparatively small distance—about 700 yards—separating the Crows' Wood and its southern portion (called the wood of Cumières) from the summit of the hill. The enemy can debouch from the cover, such as it is, of these shattered woods and has but a comparatively short distance to go before he reaches the lowest slopes of the Mort Homme. Looked at from the edge of the wood this height is a rounded boss, the culminating point of which is about 100 feet above one; and the first French trenches coming up from the fork of the roads near Béthincourt touch the lower edge of the boss rather more than half-way from its summit to the wood. They stretch on down the hill, covering the ruins of Cumières village and so to the Meuse, the floods in the valley of which have subsided.

The second, indirect, method is, as we have seen in previous articles, to turn Mort Homme by the capture of Hill 304, a height which slightly dominates the Mort Homme at a range of rather over 2,500 yards.

As we have also seen in previous attacks, the only enemy approach to Hill 304 available is by the easy western slope, which comes up from the woods of Avocourt and the south-western side of the valley in which the ruins of Haucourt and Malancourt stand.

We can get a good deal of light thrown upon the immediate tactical method and object of the enemy and a fair measure of his success or failure by quoting the main points of a document captured from him during the course of the winter.

In this document the lessons taught by the great Allied offensive of last September were summarised and certain modifications of such an offensive necessary to future success are defined.

Further Notes on the Enemy's Effort against the Verdun Sector—An Enemy Document

The gist of the report was that an attack upon the first line would almost certainly be successful at a given expense of men and after a given and very expensive artillery preparation. But that to continue from this immediately to attacking the second line was an error. The time required for moving the heavy artillery forward and still more the time required for establishing new head supplies of heavy munitionment, the exhaustion of the troops employed or, alternatively, the difficulty of bringing up very large reserves at such short notice makes a continuous effort very doubtful of success.

So far, the conclusions of those German students of the war who drew up the report were at once negative and fairly common ground. It was the recognition of such truths which led the French Higher Command to "cut their losses" and preserve what might have been wasted in too prolonged an attempt against the second line.

But there followed in this document something more important, to wit a positive prescription. In future (it affirmed) the advance must be made by stages. You must not hope to break the resistance at one blow. You must, after appreciating the result of your first great effort, leave some interval for the preparation of a second. You must follow that by a third and a fourth, always calculating your expenditure of men as against a total which you are prepared to sacrifice for a final result.

These efforts stage by stage will obviously cost a much greater accumulation of munitionment than the *effort tendu*—that is, the attack without relaxation—but they may hope within a certain margin of time and a certain margin of expense in men and munitions to pierce the enemy front permanently.

If the German attack upon the sector of Verdun had successfully followed these lines we should only have to regard it, in spite of its prolongation, as the full and successful working out of a pre-arranged scheme, and certain students of the war, notably in America, did in an earlier stage of the great battle treat it so.

But if we examine the thing as a whole, we shall discover that there is no such exact correspondence between the plan and the result. Far from it: there has been a miscarriage.

In the first place there *was* an effort to break through all at once. In other words, the enemy Higher Command only used the doctrines of this report as a "second best" after their initial failure on February 26th.

In the second place the "successive stages"—when once reluctantly accepted by the enemy—have worked irregularly and at far too great an expense of time, men and material. True, what succeeded to the first great blow was a series of efforts intended to be spaced apart by about the time required to reorganise the attack and especially to bring up heavy munitionment. But when it came to practice instead of theory, the intended regular advance by successive and calculated steps failed. The factor of time has been quite disproportionate to the result aimed at, and the factor of exhaustion in men has also been disproportionate. Further, after a comparatively early stage in the action it was clearly found impossible to proceed by successive *general* efforts. That first general effort (by which I mean that effort upon a broad front) was succeeded by a great number of particular efforts against narrow fronts. Only upon very rare occasions spread out at great distances of time was there anything like advance in line. One might almost say that since the original great movement, which was checked on Saturday, February 26th, there has been no similar blow delivered upon a broad front until the effort of last Sunday, April 9th.

That part of the plan which has come nearest to realisation has been the succession of intensive bombardments. The supply of munitionment has been kept up perhaps beyond the expectation of the Allies, and shows, so far, no sign of failing. It is clear, as we have pointed out in these columns already, that the expenditure of munitionment is at a far greater rate than the supply can possibly be; but still the supply is coming in on to this

particular sector at a rate superior to that which was perhaps calculated for it upon the other side. With the expenditure of men, however, it is far otherwise. No reasonable calculation of the numbers at which it was worth while to secure the result can have allowed for the immense losses already suffered, especially if we remember that those losses have been suffered without any corresponding result.

What those losses precisely are as a maximum to date it is manifestly impossible to determine. The French authorities have been very careful to keep down in their official or quasi-official statements to the *minimum* estimate. But even so, the judgment based upon private reports and descriptions escapes this official caution and justly tends to regard the German real loss as much higher than the strict minimum occasionally estimated. Indeed, this minimum as published from time to time, quite apart from private reports, confirms such a view. For instance, one correspondent, speaking immediately after official information and from all his work manifestly warning us against excessive estimates, has told us that the loss of the first four weeks was certainly more than 150,000. Another, writing a good deal earlier, already quoted the figure 100,000. A more recent very cautious statement issued in some detail to the British press discovers the attacking troops actually identified to reach 450,000, puts their losses up to nearly a fortnight ago at about one-third of this number in the attacking line plus about 50,000 at least from losses behind the attacking line through artillery fire and sickness, making a total loss as late as that fortnight ago of 200,000. But we must remember with regard to such a calculation two things, first, that its whole object is to correct an undue optimism and the legends which stories from the front give rise to; secondly that the number of units actually identified upon the immediate front attacked must always be less than the units employed. How much less we cannot tell, though we may guess it from the nature of the fighting.

The identification of units upon a fighting front can only be arrived at in one of four ways.

1. The noting of those units from which the dead and wounded discovered upon the ground in an advance are drawn.
2. Those units from which prisoners are drawn.
3. The statements of prisoners under examination.
4. Documents taken from the enemy.

All these four sources, when one is strictly on the defensive and either immobile or occasionally retiring, are obviously more imperfect than when one is advancing.

Line of German Supply

We must always remember that the attack upon Verdun is conditioned for the enemy by a new railway which is built from Spincourt to Montfaucon (crossing the Meuse at Dun). The existing railway by Conflans and Etain

is directly under observation and long range fire from the heights of the Meuse and very difficult for the enemy to use. He is really dependent upon the new line.

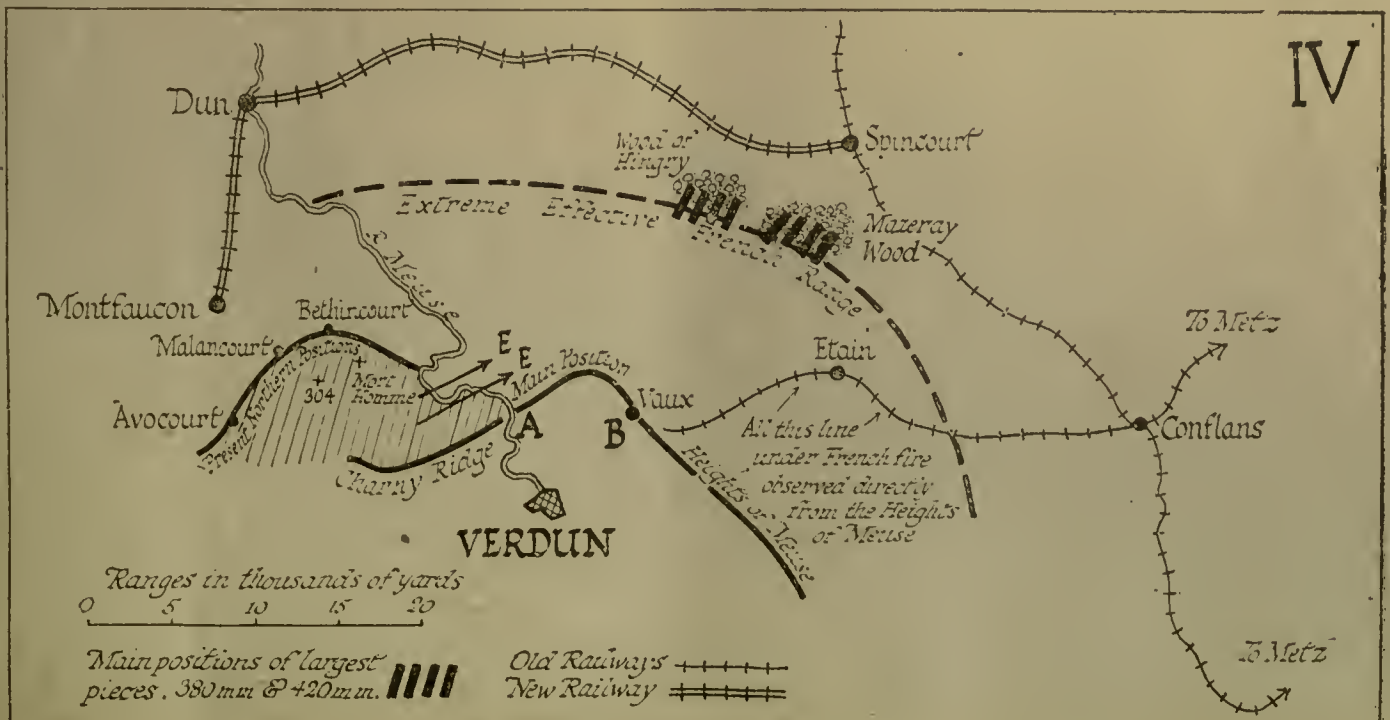
This means that the main German attack was condemned to come from the north and the north-east and north-west. It could not have a complete choice of all points upon the sector of Verdun. The reason why the enemy was thus tied to the twelve or fourteen miles upon which all his efforts have been directed, was in some measure his dependence upon the 305 howitzers, the 380 guns (a naval gun, I believe) and great 320 howitzers. It is true that he had the same choice of supply by road as the French had, and could organise the movement of munitions in lorries as the French could, but his special dependence upon very heavy pieces has here once again, as throughout the campaign, affected his mobility. Those who may think this an odd word to use in connection with siege work would do well to note the very practical meaning of the word in this case. The munitionment for the 305 (which piece is capable of moving along roads) is to some extent independent of the rail. That is, the munitionment can go by rail and be transferred to the battery, even at some distance, by lorry. But when it comes to the big 380 naval gun and the 420 howitzer it is another business. Theoretically, of course, one could move the shells though not the pieces without the aid of the rail. But in practice the handling of these enormous masses ties one to the railway, or to the close proximity of it.

As a matter of fact we probably know both the number and the situation of the 420's in this case. They have been emplaced for months upon regular platforms in Hingry wood, and in other portions of the big wooded area between Ornes and Billy.

There was also a naval gun of 380 in the wood of Mazeray, south-west of Spincourt.

Of the 420's there seem to be about twelve so far emplaced, and it might seem that some of these would be shifted round westward later to deal with the front on the left bank of the Meuse. But I believe there is as yet no evidence of this. It is, at any rate, a thing worth noting (though no more definite than any other information in such a matter) that the enemy's present efforts are directed only to getting rid of the French positions that threaten him on the other side of the river. In other words, he wants to carry the whole of the Goose Crest, including, of course, the Mort Homme and Hill 304 in order to be quite secure in his position east of the Meuse, which situation arrived at, he would concentrate again upon the old main front from the river round to Vaux, and there, after an artillery preparation entirely directed against that sector, would launch his last main attack.

The suggestion is that the enemy, being bound by his line of supply from Spincourt to Montfaucon, to attack from the north between Vaux and Avocourt, means his main last attack to come only upon the main positions east of the Meuse from A to B on Sketch IV., where



his first great effort was made nearly two months ago; and that his efforts to capture the Goose Crest, Hill 304 and the Mort Homme, which are still proceeding, are undertaken with the object of permitting this final attack to be delivered along the whole line A B, the western portion of which on the line of the arrows E E is now hampered by the remaining French possession of the shaded ground upon the sketch. It is suggested that if he captured the northernmost positions between Avocourt and the Meuse he would not go on to attack the Charny ridge, but having thus eliminated the threat to the flank of the arrows at E E would attack all along the western position between Vaux and the river.

I give the suggestion for what it is worth. It has been attentively listened to and discussed in France. It is all a question of numbers. If he cares to lose enough men he can, of course, after carrying the Mort Homme and 304, attack the whole line of the Charny ridge as well as the position east of the Meuse between that river and Vaux. As a mere problem of ground it is self-evident that he would get greater results by attacking the Charny ridge alone, because he would thus, if he were successful, automatically compel a retirement from A B. But that would mean a redistribution of his heavy artillery, which is now in the woods of Mazeray and Hingry, and the new emplacement and making of new heads of munitionment for 380's and 420's (15 and 17 inches) is a very long business.

Note on the German Mineral Supply

I believe that information has been received with regard to the condition of the iron ore supply in Lorraine, which is of capital importance to the enemy at this moment. The information is of double importance as showing us how the Germans are breaking the solemn treaties to

which they put their names (for what that was worth) in the treatment of prisoners and also the straits for labour into which they have fallen.

It seems that the mines in the Briey basin, especially those nearest Metz, Hommécourt, Moutiers, Landres and others, are now being worked by gangs of Russian prisoners. But some of the mines have got flooded, particularly Pienne, and none of the blast furnaces there are at present working. In this connection it is further worth recalling the fact that the whole of this bit of country, of which Verdun is one principal centre and Metz, opposite, the other, is the one field of supply for iron ore upon which the German Empire can securely depend. Just before the war three-quarters of the iron ore won within the Empire was, if I am not mistaken, provided by the territory annexed from France in '71, in Lorraine. Much of the foreign supply was provided also from French Lorraine, just over the frontier. A confidential memoir was addressed, according to the French authorities, to the German Chancellor last May by a group of the great industrial interests, pointing out that any grave interference with the supply of Lorraine ore would mean the loss of the war. And in this same memoir the annexation of Verdun was urged as one of the conditions of peace—at that time, of course, the basis of such illusions, though flimsy, was a little less flimsy than it is to-day, the German losses at that moment being actually less than half of what they are now, and the effect of the great success on the Dunajec recent and fresh. It may further be remembered that the trace of the new frontier in 1871 near Metz was exactly calculated to convey to Germany, what was then known as the whole iron bearing area of Lorraine. It is only since that date that the mines on the French side of the frontier have been put into exploitation.

H. BELLOC

COMBINED ARMS IN WAR

By Arthur Pollen

WHILE the submarine war remains the absorbing topic of the moment, there has been news of several minor naval incidents of interest, and Sir Charles Monro's profoundly interesting description of the evacuation of Gallipoli has been published. Never have the complexities of war been more clearly laid before us, and the dispatch is full of lessons to those, and they appear to be many, who imagine that the great campaign in which we are engaged can be simplified and made more efficient by the problems of air war being divorced from those on land and sea. I touched on this subject last week. The situation has developed markedly since then, and in response to several correspondents, I propose to discuss it at slightly greater length to-day. But the purely naval events must be dealt with first.

The Submarine Campaign

Undoubtedly the most serious fact of the present naval situation is that the German submarine successes continue at the high level that prevailed last week. Our last diagram showed the total reported up to April 3rd, but three have to be added to that total. In the ensuing week 22 ships have been sunk in home waters, and four in the Mediterranean. The casualties then in the last three weeks, excluding the Mediterranean, have been 20, 25 and 22.

Of this total of 67, 6 are allied ships, 26 neutral and 35 British. That the rate has been so high and has been sustained so long is to be explained more by there being a greater number of submarines engaged, than by these submarines being of a new type. But the chief explanation is that *all* the submarines seem to act *always* on the principle of sinking at sight. It is noteworthy for instance that in no single instance in the last three weeks has it been reported that a ship was sunk, or even attacked, by gunfire. It is equally noteworthy that, in almost every case, those on board the attacked ships saw no submarine. When in September the German Government volunteered a promise to America that they would sink no more ships without visit, search and pro-

vision for the people on board, it was pointed out in these columns that were this promise carried out, the submarine campaign would be robbed of nine-tenths of its terrors. It was this that made it obvious that if both Germany and the United States were serious—the first in her determination on an *effective* blockade, and the second in the maintenance of national honour—a conflict between them must be inevitable. The success of the last three weeks would have been quite impossible had the bargain with America been kept.

That it has not been kept, that Germany is in fact carrying out the ruthless and relentless campaign originated by von Tirpitz, urged by Reventlow, and forced upon a vacillating Chancellor and a shaken Emperor by a bloodthirsty popular agitation, creates an entirely new problem for the counter-attack. The Admiralty very rightly keeps its own counsel as its form. But it is clear that if submarines avoid the surface altogether, if they eliminate all the delays—even the five minutes' delay incidental to giving the crews of the doomed ships time in which to lower their boats—if ships are sunk everywhere by invisible foes, whose presence in the locality only becomes known when the survivors in boats are picked up, either by other steamers or by patrol craft, then the kind of organisation necessary for dealing with such tactics must differ altogether from those that characterised the milder campaign of last summer and autumn. The essence of the matter now is *pace in getting to the spot* from which news of the enemy is received. And *pace* is not so much a matter of the speed of the ships engaged as of *promptness* in sending them upon their work at the first intimation that there is work for them to do. Promptness of this kind is quite impossible unless the *control* of the patrolling and attacking craft is *completely decentralised*. It is quite useless for information of a submarine's presence to be telegraphed to the Admiralty and for the initiative in the pursuit to originate from Admiralty instructions. This is the first and the most obvious lines of modification that the counter-campaign must take. The second is an alternative way of attaining the main object, viz: bringing armed force more swiftly to the infested spot. In present conditions unarmed

drifters, yachts, launches, etc., are perfectly useless. Any news they may bring will be too late. They must *act instead of reporting*. It may not be possible to multiply the craft engaged in the hunt. It should not be impossible to see that every unit engaged in it is capable of taking an effective part. *At any cost* any one of them must be armed. And if it is necessary to despoil the old cruisers of their 3-pounders, 6-pounders and 3-inch guns, their loss of efficiency would be well balanced by the greater efficiency of the anti-submarine flotilla. So long as the old cruisers can keep their 6-inch guns, they can spare the armament originally put into them as defence against torpedo boats. It is useless against the modern destroyer and is far more wanted in craft actively engaged in the defence of commerce to-day.

These remarks must not be taken to suggest that the Admiralty's counter-measures are inadequate, that no changes of organisation are taking place, that the process of multiplying the means of attacking submarines is not in full swing. That the Admiralty measures have not appreciably reduced the rate is no proof that they are not effective. The counter-measures can only have a result *proportionate to the numbers of submarines engaged*. Without them the rate might easily have been twice as high. What is satisfactory about the present situation is this. The course of the campaign from September to the 20th March seems to indicate that during this period, the German Marine-Amt was making special efforts to produce boats and to train crews, so that we now have upon the field the total product of five months' strenuous preparation. When it is remembered that we have the maximum possible force against us, and this is employed with a total disregard to human rights or international obligations, the wonder is not that the victims are so many, but that the results fall so far short of achieving the German purpose.

The Loss of Ships

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge contributed a letter to the *Times* last week, in which it was pointed out that the total enemy attacks on merchant shipping had in 20 months only reduced the numbers of our merchant ships by 4 per cent. and the tonnage by about 5 per cent. While this is undoubtedly true, the totals are a little misleading, because that gallant and learned writer did not distinguish between ships engaged in foreign trade and the coasters, cross-Channel boats, etc. Something less than four-fifths of British steam vessels are usually employed in foreign trade and it is from these in the main that deductions due to enemy attacks must be made. If we take 8,000 as our foreign trading fleet, and assume it to be reduced to about 5,000 by the requirements of the Navy and the oversea forces, then the losses due to the enemy attacks show a far higher percentage—roughly indeed 8 per cent. and 10 per cent. instead of 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. Not that there is anything really alarming in these totals. In the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars the percentage of ships lost often attained 7 and sometimes exceeded 10 per cent. in a single year. Eight per cent. in 20 months is of course not 5 per cent. per annum. Even if the rate of loss of British ships during the last three weeks were maintained, it would only mean an annual loss of just over 10 per cent. It is obvious then that while the diminution of shipping caused by the submarine losses may raise freights, and consequently prices, may make it necessary to restrict imports more severely, and in many respects embarrass supply and trade, there is not the faintest ground for anticipating any grave shortage of food, any serious crippling of our economic life, above all, even the slightest relaxation of our military or naval activities. It is important to bear these facts in mind, because the whole of Germany's case for her sea savagery is based on it being necessary to inflict upon England the same privations that the English blockade has inflicted upon Germany. Where people throw over honour, decency and humanity, they are left with only one justification to console them for their crimes, and that is success. In this case it is clear that even this miserable consolation will be denied them.

The Washington-Berlin Crisis

The Amsterdam *Telegraaf* published a telegram from its Washington correspondent on Monday to the effect

that an ultimatum had been sent to Berlin, but this is not confirmed. It is more to the point that there is no indication that American public opinion is weakening. It still finds the continuance of the present position intolerable. That Mr. Wilson will have to break with Berlin appears then to be certain.

German Trade in the North Sea

On Monday it was reported in the *Times* and confirmed from Copenhagen, that Hamburg had sent two ships to Aalesund, taking fuel and returning with provisions and oil. It is added that they left and returned under the convoy of destroyers. The story is told as if these ships had put to sea in the ordinary manner, confident in the protection of their escort, and had entered Aalesund, and left again exactly as if the British fleet could either be ignored or be driven off by the craft that convoyed them. But an impartial view of the facts shows the situation to have a quite different significance. That German ships can leave Hamburg and maintain themselves for a time in the North Sea is obviously possible. There are the examples of the *Moewe* and the *Greif* to prove it. Any ship that has sufficient ingenuity to disguise herself as a neutral, and sufficient enterprise to take the risk, will be reasonably sure of a certain number of hours, if not days, of rather exciting cruising in the North Sea. But the journey from Hamburg to Aalesund would not even call for many hours of exciting cruising. The distance is about 700 miles, but except for the crossing of the Skagerrack, the whole journey could be done in territorial waters. Save then for the passage of the Skagerrack—and even this could be avoided by coasting round Denmark, and then taking the Swedish territorial waters until those of Norway were reached—German ships could embark upon this journey reasonably sure of protection for the entire journey. But note two things in regard to this. First, this journey could not be undertaken regularly, but only occasionally, for, as recent news has told us, Commodore Tyrwhitt is sometimes to be found cruising off the Island of Sylt, and it is after all, less than a month since the *Kong Inge* was taken by a British submarine in the Kattegat, and sent home in charge of a prize crew. In no sense then is the journey between Hamburg and Norway one upon which the Germans can rely. Note next that it can only be made at all because the ships are protected from the attentions of the British fleet. But such protection as exists is not derived from the High Seas Fleet of the German Admiral in the Atlantic, but from the inviolability of Danish, Swedish and Norwegian waters! Thus the whole affair, instead of being an assertion of Germany's freedom to use the sea, is a confession of German naval weakness, and is possible only because the Germans can rely upon our naval respect for international law.

A Superb Amphibious Operation

Sir Charles Monro's despatch describing the evacuation of Gallipoli, throws important light on the art of using naval and military forces in combination. He pays a generous tribute to the Navy's efficiency, and reminds us of a truth insisted upon in these columns since the first landing, that throughout these operations the fleet has taken the place of all the paraphernalia and organisation summed up in the expression "lines of communication and transport" in land operations. Never have the two arms been combined on so important a scale before; never has the combination been more perfectly and successfully exhibited than in that final test of efficiency—the successive evacuations of Suvla, Anzac and Helles.

Air War—Sea War—Land War

During the last week Mr. Billing has carried through an oratorical campaign that has only been very imperfectly reported. Lord Montagu and Lord Derby have resigned from the air committee, and according to one journal, because the need of centralising and co-ordinating the air service in a single department is not recognised. Exactly what these distinguished men mean by this centralisation is not explained. It is probably rash to attribute to them the views which Mr. Billing has proclaimed. But Professor Wilkinson's endorsement of Mr. Billing lends importance to the rumour that the real issue now is not disagreement as to the best way of organising the supply

of aircraft, but differences as to the strategic administration and command of the air service as a whole.

The argument in favour of a supreme and independent air force, for employment in a purely air war, is put in such terms as this. "Command of the Air" is as essential in this war as "Command of the Sea." It must be sought and won as an object in itself. It cannot be won by an air service if that service is under a divided administration. The air fleet which is at the disposal of the navy cannot be taken from the navy and employed upon the main purpose for which the air service should exist. Similarly the craft belonging to the army must be left severely alone. So long as the organisation and command of the air forces are in the hands of a mixed commission, military and naval needs will be given the first claim, and the existence of an independent air force neglected. But this neglect is ruinous, for air raids on enemy vital points may, and indeed *must*, be regarded no longer as secondary operations, but as primary, and primary because they may easily be decisive. Who, for instance, can doubt that the effective bombardment of Essen would isolate the German army from its chief gun and munition supply, and achieve at a stroke almost all that an army marching victoriously to the Rhine could do? Would not then such a bombardment be a far heavier blow to Germany than the loss of, say, Paris would be to France? The capacity of aircraft to deliver such attacks is well enough established for it to be worth a supreme national effort to carry them out on the desired scale. We must then have a force entirely free from naval or military control.

The Obvious Weakness

This may be an extreme, but it surely is not an unfair representation of what we may call the forward party's case. Its weakness is obvious. There can be no such thing as command of the air in the sense in which there is command of the sea. When Mr. Billing tells us that in the future the first will be more important than the second, he seems to me to be saying what is absolutely meaningless. This is because except for military purposes there is no *use* made of the air as an element at all. It cannot be used for the transport of troops, for the exchange of commodities, or for supply. There is not somewhere in the air, as there is at sea, a concentration of force which commands it as a means of communication. Airships and aeroplanes can rise from the land into the air, and opposing airships and aeroplanes can pursue and engage them, and then for the moment, the destruction of the enemy craft is an object in itself. But the *ultimate* object of attack and counter-attack is not, as at sea, to seize or dispute the possession of an element, but to use the element momentarily for some purpose immediately or indirectly military or naval. Thus the ultimate object of every air raid is to assist the army or the navy in its task.

It may be said that raids like those of the Zeppelins over England, or the proposed raid on Essen, are so remotely connected with naval or military operations as to make it quite scientific to regard them as ends in themselves. A case no doubt might be established for this philosophy. What is more immediately to the point is, that we have no experience to show that such raids ever have or ever can achieve so definite a success as to justify a war carried on by air being treated as a thing apart from land or sea war. The airship raids on England have in a military sense achieved less, on each occasion, than the battle cruisers' raids on the East Coast. They have achieved far less, altogether, than the submarines' raids on shipping. If Germany's fleet had been of sufficient power to be an active fleet, had it been engaged from the first in trying to find opportunities and means of forcing the British fleet to action—by having squadrons constantly at sea, by disputing the passage of our transports, by sending their cruisers to interfere with our sea services—would Germany, in these circumstances, have devoted her Zeppelins, whose scouting capacity must at times be of the highest naval strategical and tactical value, to such indirect methods of obtaining a military result as scattering bombs over the country in the hope that some vital damage would be done? In fact, are not the Zeppelin raids strictly speaking, just as much confessions of naval weakness, as is the submarine campaign? And is it not in each case the pursuit of a secondary or indirect

military purpose, to be explained by the fact that the German navy is not strong enough to use these devices for any direct naval object?!

The Purpose of Raids

Now what is the indirect objective which the enemy has in view in these raids? They are first and foremost to make a demonstration of a frightful and terrifying use of power to cheer and console the Germans, who are the victims of a real and direct use of naval power, and next frighten and exasperate the English who are made the victims of them. But the moral effect sought by an enemy is not limited to inspiring terror and anger. He seeks to create a diversion of naval and military force from its true purpose. The Admiralty, after the Yarmouth bombardment, very properly announced that the pursuit by the enemy of an unmilitary object would not lead the Admiralty to alter the distribution of the Fleet. But if the air raids on England result in the diversion of our air policy from its true purpose, the enemy will have achieved his end. For it is useless to deny that if air war becomes an object to be sought for its own sake, if Mr. Billing's thousand "best aeroplanes in the world" are to be produced by a vast national effort for the destruction of Essen and so forth, then it is as certain as anything can be that the air needs of the army and navy will take a second place. There is at least one excellent reason why this must appear as a very serious threat. If the accessory utility of aircraft, *always* to the army and sometimes to the navy, is proved by experience to the point of its being absolutely indispensable, the utility of aircraft in making raids of *decisive* military value is still to seek. All the Zeppelin raids on England put together have not yet achieved the casualties of the *Lusitania*, nor military damage that is more than nominal. The raids made by ourselves and our Allies over German communications and depots and the enemy's counter-raids, are not, I believe, rated by military authorities as of one-tenth of the value of aircraft in more direct services, such as scouting, the correction of fire, and so forth.

The real reason why raids are not more efficient than they are is, that the aircraft bomb has not a destructive capacity sufficiently great to compensate for the lack of precision in its use. In other words, if aircraft only existed as a *means of attack* no very notable addition to the implements of war could, on our present experience, be supposed to have been made. Their real value is as accessories to naval and military force. To get the best out of aircraft they must be used in combination with the fleet or the army. If this is so, it is quite unscientific to treat this branch of war as if it were as separate from the other branches as they are from each other. They are separate because the units of naval and military force are utterly different, are employed in totally different elements, and have a technique entirely separate and distinct. It is the exception for them to be used together, and consequently to deal with land and sea forces as separate is strictly scientific. But it is the exception for air forces to be used otherwise than in combination with land or sea force.

If the agitation for the reform and the infusion of greater vigour of our air policies is limited to supplying more and better machines and distributing them as they are wanted to the army and navy, reserving what is wise for the defence of these islands against raids—and, of course, for counter-raids if the force is available for them—then the agitation may do nothing but good. But if home defence and reprisals are to be regarded as ends in themselves, and the air force is to be organised primarily with these objects, then the danger to the army is manifest.

ARTHUR POLLEN

The twenty-four short stories which make up Richard Dehan's last book, *Earth to Earth* (Heinemann, 6s.) seem to bear little relation to the rather ambiguous title, which is also the title of the first—and in many ways the best—of the stories. They are all mere sketches, often commonplace in themselves, yet in each is an underlying motive that makes it worth the reader's while. Many of them concern the MacWaugh, a character very reminiscent of Du Maurier and the Trilby trio of artists, but the author is obviously more at home outside the studio than in, and the first and last are the best stories in the book.

Spring in Gallipoli

By Eden Phillpotts.

General Sir Charles Monro's despatch on the withdrawal of the Allied troops from the Gallipoli Peninsula was published on Tuesday. It emphasises once again the heroic character of this adventure. "The position occupied by our troops presented a military situation unique in history," writes General Monro.

There is a fold of lion-coloured earth,
With stony feet in the Aegean blue,
Whereon of old dwelt loneliness and dearth
Sun scorched and desolate; and when there flew
The winds of winter in those dreary aisles
Of crag and cliff, a whirling snow-wreath bound
The foreheads of the mountains, and their miles
Of frowning precipice and scarp were wound
With stilly white, that peered through brooding mist
profound.

But now the myrtle and the rosemary,
The mastic and the rue, the scented thyme
With fragrant fingers gladdening the grey,
Shall kindle on a desert grown sublime.
Henceforth that haggard land doth guard and hold
The treasure of a sovereign nation's womb—
Her fame, her worth, her pride, her purest gold.
Oh, call ye not the sleeping place a tomb
That lifts to heaven's light such everlasting bloom.

They stretch, now high, now low, the little scars
Upon the rugged pelt of herb and stone;
Above them sparkle bells and buds and stars
Young Spring hath from her emerald kirtle thrown.
Asphodel, crocus and anemone
With silver, azure, crimson once again
Ray all that earth, and from the murmuring sea
Come winds to flash the leaves on shore and plain
Where evermore our dead—our radiant dead shall reign.

Imperishable as the mountain height
That marks their place afar, their numbers shine,
Who with the first fruits of a joyful might
To human liberty another shrine
Here sanctified; nor vainly have they sped
That made this desert dearer far than home,
And left one sanctuary more to tread
For England, whose memorial pathways roam
Beside her hero sons, beneath the field and foam.

The German Chancellor's Speech

By G. K. Chesterton

THE German Chancellor has once more delivered a long speech on the situation, in the course of which he says that the Allies are troubled with a brutal lust of destruction and annihilation, that we have the discomfort of having on top of us big and broad mountains of bitterness and deception of the people, that peace can now only rise from a flood of blood and tears and from the graves of millions, that Germany is being treated as a scape-goat and must answer with a sword, because (it would seem) we have tried to put back a clock, and might have succeeded had not history since advanced with an iron step; and, finally, that he has no time to use rhetorical expressions. He considers with some care what it can be that makes him and his immediate neighbours morally and mentally better than other people; and, finally, comes to certain conclusions about what it is "that makes our hearts and our nerves so strong": so that if it only made our heads a little stronger, we should be quite complete.

For the main element revealed by such a Prussian monologue is merely a sort of weakness of mind. The Prussian will have it all ways; his greed is full of fear, like the timidity of a climber who will not let go of one foothold though he has found another. This gives some significance even to this first point of form; the strong silent man standing on his mountain of metaphors. He must be talking, to draw attention to his well-known taciturnity. The political philosophy of the speech is of the same blend. It is full of precisely that kind of bumptious shilly-shallying which marks the man in a three-act farce, who cannot be off with the old love before he is on with the new. Mr. Belloe has often pointed out in these columns the impossibility of prophecy in war, or even in politics; and perhaps the nearest approach to a safe prophecy is that whatever happens the Prussian will go on praising himself. But though consistent in praising himself, he is not consistent even in the nature of his praise. He praises his wonderful heroism in enduring to the end a starvation which his wonderful foresight has made impossible from the beginning.

I do not know whether it is worth while at this time of day to explain to the Prussian the elementary ethics of such things as the blockade. It is obvious that for anyone remote, as Prussia has always been remote,

from the tradition of chivalry (and therefore unguided by an instinct in the matter) a sophist may draw the line anywhere, on the plea that all war affects women and children more or less. Such a sophist will see at one end of the incline the breaking of a woman's heart by killing her lover, and at the other end the breaking of her ribs by jumping on her with heavy boots; and if he has no chivalric tradition, there is obviously only one other distinction he can employ. It is the question which party has made innovations of ferocity, and has extended the license of war to cover things which it did not previously cover. In the present case, to ask such a question is to answer it.

There have been hunger-sieges in war ever since war existed; and the reduction of districts by cutting off supplies has been the special policy of some of the loftiest publicists, like Lincoln, and some of the lowest, like Bismarck. There has never been anything resembling the baby-killing of the Zeppelins before, and it is not only desirable but probable, that there never will be again. But it is idle, as I have said, to urge even anything so obvious as this in order to justify a shortage which, by the enemy's own account, does not exist. The contradiction is only worthy of note as one of the examples of the special weakness of mind which is here in question; that omnivorous and indiscriminate greed of vanity which wishes to be admired at once for its squareness and its rotundity, for its bluntness and its sharpness, for its lightness and for its weight.

As the Prussian politician pays a mass of contradictory compliments to himself, so he flings a mass of contradictory charges against his opponents. He says that the three principal Allies united against Germany with the aim of putting the clock back to ancient times (whatever that may mean), and proceeds to prove that their aim is a wrong one, in the following further description of it. "What can the enemy coalition to-day offer to Europe? Russia the fate of Poland and Finland. France the pretension to that hegemony which was our bane. Great Britain, the state of dissension and of continual irritation which she called the balance of power on the Continent and which is the internal cause of the unspeakable misery which this war has brought upon Europe."

It is tiresome to attempt to unpick this tangle of non-

sense. But surely it is obvious that the three Powers cannot have combined to achieve these objects, for the simple reason that they are incompatible. Whatever a French hegemony may mean, it cannot possibly mean the balance of power. And if Russia is offering Europe the fate of Poland and Finland, that is the fate of being ruled by Russia, she is offering something which cannot possibly be either the balance of power or a French hegemony. We must therefore suppose that the three conspirators agreed in a common plan, because each was seeking something which the other two must of necessity be the first people in the world to prevent. The alternative to this incredible cross-purposes is, of course, the simple fact that the three Allies really had a common ground—and a good one. It was resistance to the one power that really did claim a hegemony, and really did threaten other people with the fate of Poland—for which she was primarily and originally responsible.

Three Important Admissions

All that the Chancellor has here really succeeded in doing is making by implication three rather important admissions, which he would probably rather not make. First, he admits that, in spite of all the talk about the earth-devouring British ogre, Britain really desired all powers to remain powerful and on a sort of equality. Second, he admits that, in spite of the talk about the decadence and disappearance of France, that country has still a considerable chance of playing the first part in Europe. And third, in the case of Russia and Poland, he admits that the one consistent and conspicuous piece of advice that Prussia ever gave to Russia was uncommonly bad advice; which was indeed the case. Prussia first proposed and pressed the Partition of Poland. She afterwards prevented the emancipation of Poland. She has since incessantly bragged of the natural inferiority of Poland and the complete subjugation of Poland. She now says, with an unsmiling visage, that she will not give poor Poland to shocking improper Russia; though it was only by her own wish that Poland was ever given to anybody. Much might be said in a gay and pleasurable spirit about this attitude, or antic, but for practical purposes a simple and sober fact will suffice; and that is the fact that nobody ever heard, or dreamed of hearing, a Prussian talk in such a tone until after the Battle of the Marne.

Here I merely remark on the advantage of hearing the Imperial Chancellor publicly repudiate the chief work of Frederick the Great. It is not the only confession of somewhat the same kind. It is worth while to note one other implied admission, which may have been more intentional, the contrast made between Germany's present aims and her aims in 1870, "when Germany was dreaming of Alsace and Empire." No German would deliberately dissociate himself from any imitation of Moltke and the example of Alsace, if he were not bidding cautiously for peace. Truly, Germany is not now thinking of Alsace—in that sense. She has become magnanimous. She is not troubled about getting her neighbour's goods, but only about keeping them.

The first stamp of this sort of stuff is an illogical vanity: The second is an utterly dead and disembodied pedantry. The best summary of it is Rousseau's "*nier ce qui est, et expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*" The Prussian is an outlaw and the enemy of everything in existence; but he is very careful in preserving the things which do not exist. Thus, there was and is a compact, unmistakable, independent kingdom called Belgium; which he and everyone else not only recognised but guaranteed. He has suddenly and savagely overpowered it, and now says there must be a new Belgium, by which he means, of course, a German Belgium. That is, we are to declare to all future ages that any prince who chooses to invade a weaker country shall be rewarded with that country even if he is conquered.

So far the thing, though a joke, might be held to be an old joke. This is not the first though it might well be the worst case of a kind of impudence which, being also impenitence, may quite properly be called damned impudence. But what is unique and German, what would only be conceivable in a German is the fact that the Chancellor covers up this moral tragedy with a sort of scientific fairy tale. He suddenly becomes very much excited on behalf of something which he calls "the long

suppressed Flemish race," which must have something which he calls "a sound evolution" based on its national character. The Flemish race would seem to have been so long and so successfully suppressed that the Flemings have forgotten all about it; and are all fighting tooth and nail for a country which they call Belgium. No doubt if the Germans were still in a position to do so, they would invade England to provide a sound evolution for the Jutish race; but I will not speculate, for even in answering such words one wanders out of the land of the living. It is as if a man who had just cut my mother into small pieces told me he had been very careful of her astral body.

The Chancellor remarks that Germany is the only state threatened with destruction. If we may take this as meaning that Prussia is the only country that the Allies, or any other people in the civilised world, have any reason for putting under lock and key, it may be true. If it means that the Allies and the civilised world will probably be in a position at the end of the war to put Prussia under lock and key, this also we may concede to the eager intelligence of the Imperial Chancellor. But it might be noted, as a preliminary point of fact, that whatever nation may be threatened with destruction at the end of the war, at least two nations were threatened with destruction at the beginning of the war, and were actually visited with practical destruction in the course of the war. The independence of these two nations was threatened by Germans alone, and was destroyed by Germans alone. The sovereignty of Serbia and the neutrality of Belgium were abolished at a blow by the Teutonic Powers, not as part of a difficult settlement of Europe, but as part of a perfectly wanton unsettlement of it. Whether or no any sort of annexation would be Europe's last word to Germany, it was certainly Germany's first act against Europe.

The Chancellor indicates, so far as I can follow him, that he is too refined to reply to Mr. Asquith because this would be replying to "personal calumny"; as if Mr. Asquith had accused him of bigamy or stealing bicycles. So far as I know, the very simple substance of Mr. Asquith's just indignation consisted in saying that it was wrong to invade Belgium; and I cannot understand how Mr. Asquith can indulge in calumny by saying of the Chancellor what the Chancellor said of himself.

A Misapprehension

Touching the whole of that matter there is only one thing which we particularly need to say. Upon one point the Chancellor seems to be under a misapprehension. He seems to suppose that because he has behaved like an anarchist, he has turned the world into an anarchy. He thinks that the mere fact, which we are ready to concede to him, that Germany has broken the civilisation of the world into pieces, means that we have entirely forgotten how it was put together, and shall be content with any patchwork he may pick and choose for us. In short, he thinks that his bravoes have not only knocked us on the head, but knocked us silly; so that we have forgotten our father's name and our baptism and even the wrong that he has done us. He is mistaken. The story of the German adventure has been dreadful; but we do not find it in the least dubious. It is the character of a crime to shock, but it need not of necessity bewilder; and in this we do not see any particular mystery except the mystery of iniquity. At the end of it the Prussian will not find himself picking up whatever he can get in a scramble; he will find himself more and more separated from his dupes and tools, and punished impartially, and punished alone. It is only by a misleading metaphor that we speak of a criminal as breaking the law. The law of Christendom is not broken.

There is one word of truth in the whole of the German Chancellor's speech; and it is a very vivid and exact word. He says that at this moment the Germans are "deep in Russia." They are. They are deep in a great many things which they do not understand. They are deep in a deep reaction against vulgar power, deep in an ancient disdain of pride, deep in a most divine hatred of cynicism and cold and unclean success. And to these both the name and the metaphor chosen are by no means inappropriate. Russia is really something of a human sea; there is a thing known to the sea-bather as being out of one's depth. And to-day the tide comes in.

When the Men come Home

By Professor J. H. Morgan

"SMITH, the sergeant has reported you to me for insubordination. What have you to say?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but him and I had a dispute about the number of carbon copies. He said he wanted three and I said two'd be enough. And he said 'Them's my orders.' And I said again 'Two will be enough.' And he said 'Them's my orders' and I said 'Two—'"

"That'll do. Why didn't you obey the sergeant's orders?"

"Well, sir, I told him he was wrong and I offered to prove he was wrong. You see, sir,—"

The Colonel scribbled a note or two on one of those fawn-coloured strips of paper which a thrifty War Office prescribes for H.Q. Memoranda, and gazed searchingly at this forensic offender. He was young, pert, and rather pleased with himself, having been specially enlisted as a typist, with special rates of pay, and detailed to that marvellous corps which, as regards its intellectual attainments, is nothing less than a profession, in respect of its mechanical gifts is certainly a craft, and in point of the variety and burden of its tasks could give points to "casual labour." On his shoulder straps were the letters "R.E."

"Look here, my lad" said the Colonel. "The Army's not a debating society. No! and it's not a trade union. Or if it is we've only got one trade union rule, which is 'Do as you are told, and do it quickly.' I've got to do as I am told. That surprises you, does it? Well if I didn't, home would be the word, perhaps something worse. If you don't, then field punishment's the word. Nasty thing field punishment" he said pensively. "It takes many forms—all of them more or less unpleasant, some of them very distressing to the sense of smell. Now we'll say no more about this. Don't do it again. You can go."

Casuistries of Obedience

As the delinquent saluted and withdrew, the Colonel turned to me. I knew him well for a wise man and discriminating. What he doesn't know about the labour movement is hardly worth knowing, for whenever there's been "labour unrest" in the last ten years at home, and the harassed authorities have had to call in the military in aid of the civil power, that unlovely duty has fallen to him and a certain illustrious chief of his. He has gone in and out, in mufti, among Labour conventicles, attentive, persuasive, expostulatory, drinking bad beer in a good cause and almost persuading your Socialist to be a citizen. If any officer has ever got to the bottom of that conundrum of the King's Regulations and the common law which presents an officer in times of civil "disturbance" with the pleasing alternative of being hanged if he obeys an order and shot if he doesn't, that officer is Colonel X. He knew, if any man did, that the only solution in dealing with the "disturbed" civilian is the exercise of a stupendous tact. Consequently his opinions on the casuistries of obedience were worthy of respect.

"They often begin like that," he explained to me. "You see they come over here fresh from a city office where they've probably wrangled incessantly with the senior clerk as to who should do the least work in the longest time, and they've hardly discarded their paper cuffs and put on khaki before they begin to try it on out here at G.H.Q. And they can talk—talk a dog's hind leg off. One of the first things that surprises 'em—and there are many—is the silence in this office. The second is Work. The third is Overtime. The fourth is—What you've just heard. I don't think I shall have any more trouble with him."

This allocution has often recurred to me since. For with several millions of men taken from civil life and passed—many of them at their most impressionable age—through the mint of the British Army, there is likely to be an abiding impression left upon them when they have passed out of military circulation and are returned to civil life. What kind of impression? In those

memoirs of military life which are a classic of their kind—*Souvenirs de servitude et grandeur militaires*—De Vigny, who came of a dynasty of soldiers and was a soldier himself, speculates with extraordinary insight as to the effects of military life upon those who have been submitted to it. His early years were passed under the spell of Napoleon, and throwing his books at the head of his tutor he quitted the Lycée for the Army, only to find himself, with the fall of the Emperor, waiting for a war which never came—kicking his heels in a barracks and reflecting on the futility of his career, and the "isolation" of the military life. The Army, he declared, was a nation within a nation, and though he loved with a passionate devotion the camaraderie of regimental life, he deplored its long divorce from civilian influences.

Universal Service

Few have celebrated more enthusiastically than he the bracing virtues of Army life—"c'est un bon livre pour connaître l'humanité"; none have dwelt more mournfully on its drawbacks. Superb in war, it was banal in peace, and the soldier, he complained, was inordinately flattered and no less inordinately depreciated according as the civilian found him necessary or the reverse. De Vigny's one hope was in universal military service—he wrote in the days of standing armies—whereby the Army and the Nation should become identified. Such a change, he prophesied, would be equally beneficial to the soldier and to the civilian. The soldier would cease to be obsequious, the civilian would become docile; the one would acquire flexibility, the other discipline. As it was, the soldier had too little confidence in himself, the civilian had too much.

This catastrophic war—a war which has come to be what von der Goltz prophesied it would be—a war not of armies but of peoples—has wrought the very change that de Vigny looked for. We have a nation in arms. Two things will result; the Army will leaven the nation, the nation will leaven the Army. Neither will ever be quite the same again. One may predict with some confidence that each will have a better opinion of the other. But of the two there can be little doubt that the nation had most to learn.

Both industrially and politically it was going from bad to worse; Liberal and Conservative, employer and workman, abused each other as though he were an alien enemy instead of a fellow-countryman, and never did anarchy run so high. Or the other hand, though the nation had never been in a worse condition, the Army had never been in a better. In the early days of the present conflict a certain ex-Secretary of State for War, with whom I was discussing the retreat from Mons and the superb rearguard actions fought by our men, said to me: "Yes, for its size no better Army than the British Expeditionary Force ever took the field."

The Army of Mons

Anyone who knows anything of the inner life of the Army during the ten years from 1904—1914 will endorse that verdict. Every officer from the divisional commands down to the youngest subalterns had set themselves to study the men; the new recruits no longer, as in the prehistoric studies of Kipling, gave every reason for joining the Army but the true one, and to say that "there was a woman at the bottom of it" ceased to be either pleasant or true; drunkenness had become merely foolish and disease disgraceful; the musketry of the British infantryman, always good, was now excellent; barracks were no longer the dreary inhospitable places they once had been; officers who took their profession seriously were no longer regarded as "mugs," and to be indifferent to the recreations of your men was regarded as neither amiable nor wise. In a certain little yellow manual recently issued confidentially to officers on active service, are words to this effect: "It is important for officers to remember that their first care should be not for themselves but for their men." Those words might stand as the motto of the original British Expeditionary Force. How

truly the officers took them to heart may be read in the stories of the almost incredible devotion of their men.

What is going to be the effect on the millions of civilians who have gone to school in an Army such as this?

Of one thing we can be quite sure. The men who have been through this great freemasonry of arms will be very impatient of the old appeals to class-prejudice which have so long disfigured our politics. After the realities of war the sham-fights of politics will wear a singularly inept vesture, and in nothing will they appear so inept as in their attachment to words and phrases. The men who will come home will have lived the life of action in which men are judged not by what they say but by what they do. I doubt if any of them are likely to be hypnotised by the old catchwords of politics with the stupefying rhetoric of the platform. It may be also that they will be far less conscious of rights and far more alive to duties. They will bring a highly critical mind to bear upon these things. The clerk and the artisan who has been an N.C.O. or a subaltern, and the employer or professional man—there are many such—who has served as a private in the ranks will have learnt, the one to rule, the other to obey, and each will have discovered the peculiar secret of all Armies: that he who aspires to give commands must have learnt first how to execute them. Of all the lessons that the Army can teach that is the most enduring and the most valuable, and the one which the average Englishman—especially the Englishman who has not been to a public school—needs most to learn.

Another is the habit of turning your hand to anything—*on s'apprend à mettre la main à tout, aux choses les plus basses comme aux plus élevées*, as the French soldier put it—without inquiring too closely whether it is the job you contracted to do or whether you are getting the pay you bargained for. The first thing a man in the Army finds—particularly the infantryman—is that his pay bears no appreciable relation to his work, that he may be called upon at any moment to do another man's job, that there's no such thing as piece-work rates and "overtime," and that it's a mere chance whether he can count on no more than four days in the trenches, four in support, and, no less than ten in billets after he has rung the changes on the one and the other. Also that there is no crime like that of "slacking," whether in a section or a whole battalion, and that hesitation here and slovenliness there only means that you are letting other fellows down. If a battalion gets a bad name for that kind of thing, other battalions will take care that they never hear the end of it; I well remember the scorn with which my servant, a private in the Suffolks, used to speak of a certain battalion who had left the trenches taken over by his regiment in such an untidy state that they had to do a kind of spring-cleaning after them.

Whatever else a man learns or does not learn in the

Army, he at least learns to regard his work as exacting as high a standard as his sport. He learns to "play the game." Is there any other national institution that teaches the Englishman that?

These men are going through a great school of patriotism and it would be affectation to deny that nine out of ten Englishmen badly needed it: The Englishman is a born individualist—and never so much so, paradoxical though it may sound, as when he calls himself a Socialist; before the war he had never learnt to subordinate his own interests to those of the State. He was always a man with a grievance and as such an easy prey for exploitation by politicians whose trade seems to consist either in discovering grievances or in inventing them. Hence the conscientious objector—he is a kind of survival of our unregenerate days and is no doubt genuinely surprised to find that he is no longer popular. There was a time when he would have had all his own way in the parks and on the plinth of the Nelson Column, but he has come to cut rather a sorry figure by the side of that evangelist of a new gospel—the man home on leave.

The more "leave" the authorities can find it possible to give the men at the Front the better; they will leave the whole nation. I well remember how during the old bad days some months ago when certain miners were crying "down tools" and, in almost so many words, "to hell" with the Navy and its coal, a Staff Officer at G. H. Q. told me that a certain regiment raised in the very district affected had begged to be allowed to be sent home for a few days to deal with the malignants. "Yes, and if I had my way," added my friend, "I'd let them go and I'd make John ——" (he mentioned a certain Labour M.P., who has played the game magnificently at home) "a colonel and put him at the head of them." Fortunately nothing so drastic is now necessary; the men at home in the workshops and the mines are beginning to reflect something of the devotion of the men at the front. All this, however, has taken us a prodigious time to learn and we have paid an enormous price for it.

The people at home have still much to learn; they have yet to learn that the nation's extremity is not the spendthrift's and the striker's opportunity. I have been in France some seven or eight months and my official duties took me everywhere north of a line drawn from Rouen to Rheims. During the whole of that time I never once saw a drunken person, whether man or woman, soldier or civilian. I saw much thrift, no frivolity, and little pleasure, an immense, almost religious, concentration of purpose, and everyone living on the very margin of subsistence. When I returned to England I saw—I need not say what I saw; everyone has seen it. What is going to save us? There is only one thing that can and will save the British nation and teach it a new way of life—it is the British Army.

The Spirit of Russia

By L. B. Namier

FOR centuries they have been watching the calm white face of a silent god, they have gazed at the patient, mute eyes of a suffering people. They have cursed it and they have taugh it; they have feared it, and they have bullied it; they tried to wring from it and master the unknown, they tried to bring it to the level of their own thinking, to conquer it, to transform it and to destroy it. It remained. Then it became a nightmare to them. Sometimes Germans describe it as the spirit of the Russian soil, as the spirit of the Russian people. The "spirit of a people," what is it? Merely a phrase, a subterfuge of those who in self-defence try to enclose life into abstract words and meaningless descriptions, so that they may master it, measure it and juggle with it at pleasure.

Go into the endless sad plains of Russia, among its infinitely patient peasant folk. What can you Germans do with them? For you always wish to do something. You and your work and your thoughts will pass over Russia as the wind that straggles across the plains. Even in that wind there is more than in your wisdom; it is part of infinite nature. It has wandered across the steppes, it has seen the rising sun, the cornfields have

bowed to it, and it has talked to the trees in the forests, and it goes on towards an endless, unknown future; just like the Russian people. Men have listened to its songs to the songs which it sings to lonely men in the wide, open fields, and it has listened to the mute sighs of patient, suffering men, who work silently, waiting for the day whose coming none can tell. But what are your thoughts, what are those artificial, stillborn creatures which you call ideas? "Children of the Spirit?" What is the spirit which is not man, which neither suffers nor rejoices but merely prides itself on an unreal existence? Your ideas will pass away unheeded.

You call the Eastern man aggressive because he is not willing to fight you on your own level. Why should he fight against you? You are the "dumb ones,"* the strangers, who come and go. The Russian peasant can put up with much that is unpleasant, and Russia has put up with plenty of Germans. Why have you so suddenly grown fierce? What do you fear, you clever efficient, victorious people? You have been insulted, Russian life itself is an insult to you. You tried to

*Germans are called in Slav languages by a word which signifies "the dumb man"; "Slavs" are the "worded ones."

transform it and you failed; you tried to understand it and you shuddered; you tried to deny it in a wild, hysterical cry, and the same silent, patient eyes still look at you with amazement. Poor amazing German folk! You do not even know how to suffer. Your conceit is too great, your achievements are too magnificent, your philosophy is too highly developed. You have asked Russian life for its *philosophische, erkenntnistheoretische Errungenschaften** and you got no answer; so you called the Russians barbarians. Then why do you fear them? And by God, you do fear them.

There was a German poet who wrote many fine, delicate lyrics, that skim the æsthetic surface of the life of the educated rich. He has also written several novels which describe the unreal vice of the meaningless German *Nachleben* (is it not funny, your petty vice of the body and your great spiritual discovery that it is not vice?). The writer's name was Otto Julius Bierbaum. He was very *deutsch* and in the year 1912 set out to study *das Phänomenon Dostojewski*. He has come very near being tragic. He escaped it by a hair-breadth. He saw a strange god, and did not strive with him. He shut his eyes and did not dare to keep them shut; and he finished by playing hide-and-seek like a little child, he, the great spokesman of a *Kultur-Nation*. He did not dare to keep his eyes shut, for he suffered from an *europäisches Kulturwissen* (a European conscience for culture) and he did not dare to keep them open, for he felt that he was shaken in his conceit as he gazed at the calm, open features of the man who had the courage to see, because he had neither the desire to judge, nor the impulse to change the things which he saw.

The German writer feels that "a kind of perversion of his natural feelings overcomes him," his pride on which he prides himself is in danger of vanishing before the suffering, the understanding and the crushing humility of that simple, human giant Dostojewski. Bierbaum wishes for a Nietzschean "transvaluation of all values," but values must remain; there must be definite values, otherwise, how could there be pride of achievement?

Dostojewski is truly great, says Bierbaum, "though at bottom I don't like him; he oppresses me more often than he uplifts me. I know it now, he is not a peak, he is a mountain-system. All our modern peaks, excepting only one, reach scarcely to half the height of his middle-chain. The one who excels his height is Nietzsche; but beside the enormous massif of live-rock that peak looks to a terrifying degree like a work of art, like something made, beside things elemental." Nietzsche's ideal expressed itself at its best in one giant statue, in his superman Zarathustra. Dostojewski has created crowds of men; none of them takes thought to add to his own stature, they bow to the ground in the sad, humble consciousness of their human lives. And yet, when looking from a distance at his living crowd, one perceives "a colossal figure resembling the images of those Indian gods with hundreds of heads, with thousands of arms, uniting in their bodies all the generations: the giant people of Russia."

Moments come when the German feels that he can no longer stand up as judge, as a wise and cultured judge against the poor, great man Dostojewski. He follows him as in the old legend the children followed the mystic piper. He looks to him as to a saint, he would adore him, and pray to him for miracles. "His works are . . . self-crucifixion; all literary confessions vanish before the stations of his Cross, there is no word which could express the adoration . . . when one sees that suffering man rise up again and again on his path toward Calvary; he loves the pain, and with the pain he loves humanity. . . . But without any pathos, without any pose. One might think of the images of the Byzantine Christ. But only for a moment. For the magnificence of Byzantium is lacking. Dostojewski is the very opposite of a *schöne Seele* (a beautiful soul). He was too great for that."

Dostojewski understood the heart of man and knew the name of God. He loved that which the world despises and crushes in contempt, says Bierbaum, but "which internally is glorious and sublime." And his love for it was not that of mercy, not even that of compassion; he wanted to change nothing, for he knew the secret glory which lives in debasement and suffering, and rejoiced in it. Before Dmitri Fyodorovitch, the brazen,

animal, and yet so passionately human Karamazoff, Father Zosima fell to the ground in silent, feeling reverence; and he sent his disciple Alyosha into the world to live man's life, to learn the mystery of good and evil, and the meaning of things which lie beyond the borders of both. It is beyond those borders that reveals itself the true sense of existence, for redemption cannot be of this world, material achievements are froth, and freedom and power are to be found only in feeling and understanding.

Is that then his Gospel? "If so, we have arrived at a point where the instinct of the man of Western Culture refuses to follow any further the sorcerer Dostojewski." He refuses to work miracles? He is not "a saint of action"? He will not use his power to any material purpose? He cannot therefore crush us. Our simple and sane German mind and German wisdom are stronger than he! The charm is broken; a broad, greasy grin spreads over the fat, angular face of the German writer. "Na, ja, Verchrstesler, at the best we may use you as an interesting exhibit!" It was only when dazed by fear that the eyes of the German had seen the glories of things which lie beyond the reach of calculation. The mystic piper has left the land of dreams, the golden stars of his magic robes have died away, his power has vanished. The German brings him back as captive into the land of values; he is now hardly anything but an interesting fool—the disciple has changed into his impressario. He will explain *das Phänomenon Dostojewski* and charge an entrance-fee. The German nation is safe. It has no reason to fear; it will make profits from trading in Russian "spiritual values" as for centuries it has by trading with the bodies, property and freedom of the Russian nation. Heroes, when it is safe, otherwise hucksters.

"Sincerely prepared to admire those virtuosi of humility as extraordinary men," says Bierbaum, "and to ascribe to them powers akin to those of saints, we refuse to accept them as examples and models for humanity at large . . . And we enjoy the confident hope that, if the Russian spirit is really affected by this inclination towards passivity, which we consider sublime, but yet diseased, then there is no danger of our being overwhelmed by it. Processions of flagellants do not conquer the world . . ."

"That which has made Dostojewski so great, is perhaps just the thing which will prevent the Russian nation from becoming great as against ourselves. But even assuming that this spirit answers the Russian heart, and is therefore beneficial for it, it can hardly further our own development. For it seems that we are not made to enter into it in the way shown to us by that, after all for us very strange, phenomenon Dostojewski. To follow his spirit would mean to deny Goethe and to consider Nietzsche a disease . . ."

The Germans will never do that; but Goethe did not care for Germany, and Nietzsche prided himself on his foreign Slav extraction.

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

The Clyde Strikers :

*Keep peace, upon your lives ;
He dies that strikes again.*

King Lear II. ii. 52-3.

The German Chancellor's Last Speech :

*He speaks plain cannon fire—and smoke
and bounce.*

King John II. i. 462.

April 1 : The Doom of the Zeppelin :

*I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.*

Richard II. II. iv. 19-20.

* A term used in the philosophical theory of knowledge.

Germans on the Stock Exchange

The Germans have invaded almost every branch of British finance, industry, and commerce. Their headquarters over here was naturally the City of London. In this article, written by a gentleman familiar with the City for over five and twenty years, how Germans gained their present strong position is explained, and the difficulties that will occur in disentangling their influence pointed out.

WHEN the Germans first invaded the City they were either welcomed or ignored—chiefly perhaps the latter. But those who can take back their minds, say, twenty years, and think of what has happened since have plenty of food for reflection. We have seen London branches of German banks established, which offered greater financial facilities for trading—be the traders stockbrokers or merchants—than our own banks did. We have seen bill-brokers and discount houses not only springing up but increasing. We have seen the London Stock Exchange overrun by Germans who became members and were surrounded and supported by a staff of clerks, half-commission men and "runners," all eager to seize any business going and all after it at the same time. English firms of stockbrokers soon found that their German competitors made considerable headway and they did not like it. So many firms took Germans into partnership in order to secure their connections and to minimise competition.

How these many Anglo-German combinations worked together is only known to those directly interested. In some cases dissolutions of partnership took place, whilst in others the German partner became senior partner in an old English firm and paid out his British partners.

The Kaffir Boom

The Kaffir "boom" of twenty years ago was responsible for introducing to the City a host of German undesirables. During this period of exceptional activity the Stock Exchange was subjected to a veritable German raid. Most of the Kaffir magnates of those days are now dead. Many of them were German and they naturally bestowed their favours in the way of orders to German firms and German "runners." It was during this boom that most of the German firms of stockbrokers established and developed themselves. They worked on the "large turnover and small profit" system—for in those days there was no regulation scale of brokerage—and by the "cutting" process they managed to establish a large clientèle amongst British investors and speculators who were seduced by a smaller commission than they were accustomed to pay to their usual broker. But though the commission was less it did not follow that the goods were bought in the cheapest market, and many true tales could be told in this connection.

To give an illustration: When a market in any particular share is active, the price of such share usually varies considerably during Stock Exchange hours, *i.e.*, the opening price might be $4\frac{1}{2}$ and the closing price $5\frac{1}{4}$ —a rise of 15s. on the day. The client on scanning the prices in his evening paper would congratulate himself on the fact that as his order was sent by post over night he would obtain his shares at the opening price. But when he received the contract from his German brokers his hopes were seldom realised, and he found that although he did not pay the top price of the day, he nevertheless paid much more than the opening quotation. If he complained there was always a plausible reply that the broker had every reason to believe that the early rise would not be sustained, therefore he thoughtfully waited for the shares to re-act—which they did not do. The client could, of course, challenge the price if he so wished, but how often has this been done, and what percentage of disappointed speculators would take the trouble? It is no stretch of imagination to say that there was a great deal of dishonesty in this direction during the Kaffir "boom," and the so-called clever people who perpetrated this fraud were in some instances so elated with their success that they were foolish enough to talk about it. Whether the custom continued after the Kaffir "boom" is not known, but to the credit of the British members of the London Stock Exchange be it said,

the many tricks indulged in by their foreign rivals never appealed to them. The writer well remembers discussing this question with a somewhat cynical critic who knew he had been victimised; but he merely smiled, shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "The Germans are so clever—we cannot beat them."

How German Banks Help

With the assistance of German banks in the City, the German broker could always offer better "carrying over" facilities than the ordinary British broker who had not unlimited capital at his back, and whose own bank would only lend on "approved" securities. Such special facilities not unnaturally attracted business to the German broker from various quarters. Knowing this, he was shrewd enough to encourage his assistants to secure business. They were supplied with an entertaining allowance, and those with pleasant manners worked their way into all sections of society, keeping their eye on business all the time.

At one time it looked as though Germany would rule the City of London, which was doubtless part of the German programme, and progress was only stopped when hostilities broke out. For some reason or other we never seemed able or inclined to put a brake on the German wheel. On the contrary we have encouraged German enterprise and loudly proclaimed the marvellous ability, industry, patience and perseverance of the Germans amongst us, both privately and in public, little thinking what a rod we were making for our own backs. Now we see the folly of our ways. The time has surely come to devise a plan of campaign for the future, but there will be much work to be done in the City before we can expect to succeed. Although the Germans may leave many businesses behind them, these cannot be taken up just where they are left. Much as we despise, and have every reason to despise, our foes for their methods of warfare, in fairness we must admit that they have taught us much in finance, commerce, engineering, chemistry, etc. The secret of the whole position is that they have developed their resources to the full whilst we, with the same resources, energy and brain power, have taken things far too easily. From Kaiser to hawker the German is a born "pusher"—not a "pusher" such as the familiar American "hustler," but a slow, calculating, methodical deep-thinking individual who has a goal in view and whose ambition is to reach that goal, no matter by what means.

To be Rid of the Hun

So far as the Stock Exchange is concerned it would seem that the best way to be rid of the German influence would be, not by attacking individual members of German origin, but by going further and attacking with every possible weapon at our command the German issuing houses who use the London Stock Exchange as a dumping ground for their wares. If this could be done, and there seems no reason why it should not, the result would be not only a gradual weeding out of the objectionable element on the Stock Exchange, but it might save British investors millions of pounds. The German financial houses in the city are mostly off-shoots or subsidiaries of leading financial institutions in the United States, Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, etc., and the bonds sold to the British public are created abroad by alien financiers. We should boycott every security, no matter however tempting it might look, that emanates from a German financial house, whether its headquarters are in New York or on the Continent. The process should not be difficult. It is only a question of making up our minds. The placing power of such houses is at the present time happily crippled, and if British investors determined not to touch anything of these issues in the future, it is safe to say that France, Russia and Italy would follow their example and Canada and Australia would certainly do the same. Therefore, the only markets left would be the United States, Austria, Germany and Turkey. This boycott would automatically weed out those members of the London Stock Exchange, Germans almost to a man, who specialise in such securities.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yahting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. They arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. Here they meet a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig through that night and the following but find nothing; they begin to think he is deceiving them. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority. He persuades his shipmates to go with him in search of it. The journey leads them through what is called the Great Thorn Bush.

CHAPTER XXII

Macquart's Third Trick

IT is the chief wonder of this part of the forests of New Guinea. Square miles upon square miles of Wait-a-Bit thorn, six feet in height, cut into a thousand intersecting roads and presenting a maze all the more intricate from the fact that the roads are sparsely occupied by trees.

Where the thorn is there grows nothing but thorn, forming a terrible wall, impenetrable as a barbed wire entanglement.

"There's a bad bit of stuff in front of us," said Wiart, "but we can get through before sundown; the way through winds a bit, but I know the road, and if I should miss it the compass will put us right."

"Heave ahead," said Hull.

Wiart, Macquart, and Jacky led the way, the others followed. Hull had closed up with his two companions and as they went along, Houghton proceeded to take him to task for his indiscretions.

"It was no good of you opening that question with Wiart," said he.

"What question?" asked Hull.

"Good Lord! About the payment we'd give him. Two hundred pounds—what's two hundred pounds to the amount we're expecting to find?"

"And how's he to know what we're expectin'," asked the other. "My idea was, if we nosed the stuff, to get rid of Don Whiskerandos before we carted it off, pay him a lump sum and get him drunk. He don't know what we're expectin'."

"How do you know he doesn't?"

"Who'd tell him?"

"How do you know Macquart hasn't told him?"

"He's not such a durned fool as that," said the Captain. "Where'd be the sense of lettin' another chap into the know?"

"Well, it's this way. Tillman and I have been suspecting that Macquart is up to some trick to do us three out and he's pulled Wiart in. Of course it's only suspicion, but if there is any understanding between them and if Wiart does know what we expect to find, the offer of two hundred will only strengthen his determination to help Macquart. He'll say to himself that with such a measly offer it's worth risking everything to go against us. I think we'd better let

Wiart into the whole thing and make him a partner and see if we can get him to peach on Macquart, if Macquart has been doing any p'otting. I could take him aside when we camp to-night and sound him if you fellows agree."

"Let him in!" said Hull. "You'd better let the whole of New Guinea in whiles you're about it, and put up placards when we get back to Sydney statin' the job we've been after and the amount."

"I think Houghton is right," said Tillman. "It's better to lose a bit than lose all. Macquart is a rat and he hates you, Hull, and would be only too glad to serve you some dirty trick."

"Listen," said Houghton.

They were pursuing their way along a thorn alley in sight of Macquart and the others who were leading the way and now, seeming to come from far away behind them, they heard a voice as though someone were hailing them.

A girl's voice evidently. Then it ceased.

They looked back, but they could see nothing beyond the distance of twenty yards or so. Though the trees were so sparsely placed that walking between them was easy, in the aggregate they made an obstruction to the eye, to say nothing of the fact that the path was irregular in its course.

"Come on," said Hull, "or we'll lose sight of them chaps in front. It's a bird, maybe, anyhow it's no consarn of ours."

They resumed the way and their argument, till at last Hull gave in.

"Well, if you chaps are set on it," said he, "I'm not goin' to stand against you, and Mac will have to pay the blighter out of his share. He's fooled the bizness up to this an' he'll have to pay for his foolin'."

They had reached a part of the great thorn bush now, that was simply a maze of alleys. This great maze extends over many square miles, how many no man can say, for no man has ever mapped it or measured it. The whole of this district is hated by the natives and feared as the abode of evil spirits; small wonder, for nothing can be more sinister than this intricacy of paths hedged by the mournful thorn.

Macquart and Wiart and Jacky, going steadily ahead, disappeared round an angle of the way, and when the others reached the angle they found bending paths leading from it in every direction, but of Macquart and Wiart and Jacky not a sign.

It was as though the earth had swallowed them.

"Hullo," cried Hull. "What's gone with them blighters?"

"They've given us the slip," said Tillman. His face had suddenly turned pale and his lips so dry that he had to moisten them.

Houghton, putting his hands to his mouth, shouted out. Not a sound came in reply.

"Quick," said Hull. "Drop everything and after them."

He cast his bundle down, as did the others, and started off down the broadest of the paths before them; it split into three ways, and dividing they each took a path, calling all the time to keep in touch.

They found nothing, and after a while, fearing to lose company, each began to return along the way he had come by, only to be confronted with the fact that he did not know the way; all sorts of feeding ways and side-cuts, passed without thinking, formed now a problem more dark than the problem set by the Sphinx.

Keeping in touch by calling, they managed at last to reunite, but they were now utterly mazed, without the least idea in which way to go—and the precious bundles were lost.

Dusk would soon be falling, suddenly, like a shut lid, and they were without food.

"Oh, cuss that swine!" cried Hull. "I oughter a' put a bullet through his carcass. This is the third fool trick he's played me. It's my fault; I oughter a' known."

"That beast Jacky must have played up to him," said Tillman.

Houghton said nothing for a moment. Then he spoke:

"There's no use in abusing them, or thinking of them till we're able to catch them. What we've got to do is to get out of this infernal place; we've got a compass, and if we strike consistently in one direction, we will be all right. That

river runs north and south; well, we must strike west, or at least take the most westerly paths we can find."

"Well, I'm blest if I didn't forget the compass," said Hull.

He opened the box containing it, got it level and found the west.

The path directly opposite to where he was standing led due west, and with a load removed from their minds, they started down it. It was only now, with safety in sight, that they began fully to realise the horrible situation from which they were escaping. The thorn tangle had a personality all its own, wicked and malevolent, its intricacy seemed the intricacy of an evil mind set on their destruction.

The path they were on led them in a straight line for some few hundred yards, and then bent to the right leading due north.

"Fitchered, b'gosh!" said the Captain. "We're done!"

"Come on," said Tillman. "There's no use stopping, and the light won't last long."

They hurried ahead to a point where the path broke up into three ways, one leading due west.

They struck down the westerly path, and it led them bravely till a curve came in it and they found themselves facing due south.

Tillman felt the sweat standing out on the palms of his hands.

The most terrible result of a maze like this is its demoralising effect.

Hull, with a movement of exasperation, flung away the compass; it fell into the thorn wall on the right of them and stuck there.

Then he folded his arms.

Tillman and Houghton glanced at one another; then Tillman recovered the compass and put it in his pocket.

"I ain't used to it," said Hull, as though he were addressing some fourth and viewless party. "I ain't used to it. It ain't fair on a man, a lee shore ain't in it—cuss the carciss of that onholy blighter; and to think I had him in reach of the grip of my fist—an' let him go!"

Tillman took him by the arm.

"Come on," he said. "There's no use in talking. Our only chance is to keep moving. We'll get out somehow, and then we'll deal with Macquart."

This latter idea seemed to restore the Captain to his senses, and they started off.

But now, with the suddenness of the tropics, night was on them.

It seemed to rise up from the earth like a mist, and then the stars were shining above.

They kept blindly on; there was sufficient light to let them see their way, but a terrible tiredness was coming on them. Since morning they had been travelling, with only a break for the midday meal, and the excitement which had made them fight their tiredness was now having its own effect.

Tillman stopped where a tree had fallen lengthways in their path.

"We'd better stop and rest," said he. "Here's stuff for a fire, it'll be company; lend us a hand to break some of the branches."

The tree had been dead long enough to make the branches brittle without rotting them, and in a few minutes they had collected enough sticks. Houghton produced a box of matches from his pocket; the flame of the first match caught, and in a moment the fire was crackling and blazing.

Then they sat down round it.

It is not till you are in the wilderness that you know the value of a fire.

A fire holds much more than brilliancy and warmth; to men and to dogs it recalls in the subconscious mind the camp cooking and evening rests from the million years when we were nomads. The dead Past lives in a fire, just as it lives in music. It was not round a tent pole, but round a fire that the first home was built.

The effect of the fire was greatest on Hull, who, producing his pipe, filled it and lit it. Houghton by the firelight had perceived a prickly pear growing amongst the thorn, and he was engaged in cutting some of the fruit off with his knife, taking care to avoid the prickles.

"See here," said he, "we won't starve nor die of thirst; there's lots of this stuff about, I saw several bushes as we came along. It's the only thing that seems to grow here beside this beastly bramble stuff; have some?"

Tillman took one, and having got rid of the prickles ate it and found it very good, but Hull refused food just at present; he was content with tobacco and he was busy in his mind with Macquart. His extraordinary intellect seemed to have eliminated Tillman and Houghton from its purview; it was as though all this business concerned him alone, and he seemed to be reviling Fate as well as Macquart, though he never named the lady.

"It's cruel hard," said he, "cruel hard. No, I don't want none of that prickly stuff; if I can't get man's food

I'll leave it be; I'm not goin' to fill my inside with sich garbage—it's cruel hard to be laid by the heels like this with a d—d bramble hedge givin' one the turn at every pint. It's playin' it pretty low down on a sailorman to set reefs before him like that a'shore. And to think I had a good gun in me hand and didn't put a bullet through the skin of that blighted scarecrow when I had the chanst. It's the same trick he served me outside the 'bacey shop in Sydney. In I went to get a seegar, and out I come to find him gone. Saw him through the winder as I was lightin' the seegar, and before I'd blown the match out he'd gone. I ought to a' known the chap wasn't a man; he's a conjurin' trick on legs worked by the devil, that's what he is, and I ought to a' spoiled him when I had the chanst. It was the same fower years ago; left me doped in a pub, he did, and slid off with me money."

"Did he take much?" asked Houghton, more for the sake of saying something than from any interest in the question.

"It's not s'much what he took," said the Captain, evasively, "as the way he took it; left me on a mud bank stranded, he did. Never clapped eyes on him again till I sighted him at Sydney."

He had let his pipe go out, and he was relighting it now when, of a sudden, he dropped the match and started to his feet.

Someone was hailing them.

The very same voice that Houghton and Tillman had heard that afternoon came again clearer this time and closer.

"Hi—hi—hi!"

Hull made answer.

"Hullo!" he roared. "Where are you?—who are you? Hullo!"

Again came the hail, closer now, and away down the path shown by the starlight amidst the trees, they beheld a figure, white, like a ghost.

CHAPTER XXIII

Chaya

ALL through that day Macquart and the party he was leading to their destruction had been followed by Saji, intent on Macquart and his doings, and with Saji had been Chaya.

It was nothing to them to pursue without being seen, and it was indicative of the mentality of Saji that on a business like this Chaya, his main desire in life, although she was at his side, was obliterated for him by the immediate objective.

As I have said his mind wore blinkers, when he was hunting he was a huntsman pure and simple and he had no view of anything else but the quarry. Chaya might have been a dog for all the attention he paid her on this business.

At noon, when the expedition paused for the mid-day meal, Saji and Chaya kept watch through the trees, and when the expedition started again they followed.

Saji had quite a clear understanding of the fact that Macquart was in partnership with the Rubber Man for the purpose of destroying his companions. Had you sifted Saji's evidence before a court of justice, or rather had you sifted the evidence that satisfied Saji about the murderous intentions of Macquart, you would not have obtained a conviction. All the same from what he had observed, from what he had heard, Saji, with his unerring dog instinct, was convinced of Macquart's intentions.

But he did not know how Macquart was going to carry them out. He thought at first that Macquart, relying on Wiart's knowledge of the forest, was going to lead his companions into one of the pit-traps dug by natives for wild animals, but when they arrived at the great thorn maze everything became clear to him. Wiart had explored this place and been through it twice with perfect security owing to the fact that he had blazed his way. Wiart, when the drink was not on him, was an enthusiastic forester and his knowledge of the rubber plant and its habitats was equalled by few. He was also a naturalist. The thorn maze had interested him as it could not fail to do and Saji, now faced with it, perceived at once the gist and meaning of this expedition. But he would not enter it. He had no need to for one thing. Instinct told him to get back to the river at once, to hide near Wiart's house and to await the return of Wiart and Macquart. They would come back alone—of that he was certain. The only way he could continue his tracking of them, for it was no part of his scheme, laid down by the mother of Chaya, to deal with Macquart till that person arrived at the end of his tether and disclosed the place where John Lant's treasure was really hidden.

"I go back," said Saji, when the party had disappeared into the thorn bush. "The Rubber Man and the other are leading them there to lose them, then they will come back; I go to meet them quicker than you can follow."

"Go," said Chaya, "I can return alone."

Next moment he was gone.

Chaya knew all about the thorn maze, though she had



Chaya a Romance of the South Seas.]

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“Saji and Chava watched through the trees”

never entered it; she knew that it was a haunt of evil spirits, and the Dyak blood in her veins and vague old traditions in her mind made the place repellent to her. But Houghton had gone in there to his death, and without hesitation she followed, just as the iron filing follows the magnet.

Chaya knew nothing about love, she had never even considered the name of the thing. When Saji had shown his feelings towards her she had repelled his advances as she would have repelled the fawning of a dog; he had never pressed them.

Once, and once only, he had stroked her arm and she had flung his hand away angry at his action, but not knowing in the least the real cause of her anger. With Houghton it was different. Since first seeing him he had never been out of her

mind. He was something quite new. A man like Wiart or the rubber traders, who had sometimes come to the village, but, somehow, absolutely different. Wiart had also made advances to her. Wiart in fact had once tried to kiss her and she had repelled him just as she had repelled Saji and just as unconsciously and without knowledge of the evil she was repelling.

But Houghton seemed to her a different being from these, not only on account of his good looks, which pleased her, but on account of his personality and his power to call her to him and hold her thoughts.

The thought that he was in danger raised in her a feeling of dread as though the danger threatened herself—as to what became of Tillman or Hull, she did not care in the least.

When she entered the thorn tangle the others had got

far ahead. The path she was on showed no traces of them and before she had gone very far she was confronted with the choice between two paths so alike that they seemed twins.

She chose the wrong one, pursued it for a while, paused to listen and fancied she heard voices. The thorn bush is full of illusion to the person who is alone and listening.

Then she called out several times but received no answer. It was her voice that Tillman and Houghton and Hull heard. Had they replied to it things might have been different, but they went on to their fate and Chaya, receiving no answer, went on to hers.

She followed the path till it divided into three ways, took one of them haphazard, and pursued its winding course till she was lost as surely as the person whom she was trying to find.

And still she kept on, not trying to escape, but endeavouring to find.

She had no thought at all of her own danger, she did not consider in the least the fact that if she found Houghton they would be both in the same position—lost.

She just sought for him, filled only by the tremendous passion that only now was beginning to declare itself in her breast.

Something great as the sea, as reasonless, as powerful.

She would find him in this terrible place if she kept on. If she did not find him she might die—it would be the same thing.

She kept on.

Then all at once she found a meeting of the ways and on the ground three bundles. They were the bundles that Hull and his companions had been carrying. She had watched them packed that morning, she had watched them unstrapped at the midday meal, and there they were, lying on the ground.

What did it mean?

She sat down beside them. What could it mean? Had Macquart and the Rubber Man slain the others then? There was no sign of a struggle, no blood. The bundles were just lying there where they had been cast without a sign to tell of the reason why they had been abandoned.

She listened intently and now, sitting there alone, she heard in the utter stillness the voice of the thorn maze, the murmur and drone of a million insects inhabiting this green and treacherous sphinx.

For five minutes she sat without moving, waiting, watching, listening. Then she rose to her feet, looked in every direction and then, stooping and picking up the bundles, she resumed her way, taking without choice the path she was facing.

The bundles were not too heavy to carry but they were awkward; she cast one over her shoulder by its strap, held one under her right arm and the other in her hand. She did not feel the weight nor did their awkwardness trouble her, she had only one thought—the man she was looking for.

Then the darkness came.

This was a terrible moment for Chaya, the gloom filled her mind just as it filled the world, vague terrors rose up before her. Death, starvation, injury, even the terror that lies in entanglement could not influence her or make her turn from her object, but the terrors of darkness daunted her soul. Ghosts of all sorts of superstitions and beliefs that had once haunted the brains of her ancestors awoke in her mind and walked there, paralysing her thought. She wished to hide, but there was no place of refuge. Then, as though the darkness were a heavy load bearing her down, she crouched on the ground beneath the stars.

On this, as on nearly all the paths, there were trees sparsely set, and the branches above moving slightly to the faint night wind now obliterated the stars and now let them peep through.

How long she had been crouching thus she could not tell, when something reached her, rousing her from her half-dazed state as a person is roused from sleep.

It was the smell of burning wood.

One of the results of living in the jungle as Chaya had lived, is the power to translate the messages that sounds, sights and smells bring one, from the language of the jungle into the language of human thought or into thought pictures.

The smell of burning instantly produced in Chaya's mind the picture of a camp fire.

She sprang erect, and then slowly turned with head half cast up testing the air in every direction. You could have noticed that she did not "sniff" the wind, she breathed quite naturally and then, assured of the fact that a fire was lighted somewhere about and that the scent of the burning wood was coming on the light breeze, she picked up her bundles and came along the path in the direction she had been going before Terror and the darkness had overcome her.

Arrived at dividing ways she chose the one that led most nearly in the direction of the quarter the wind had come from, and then at a point where it split she was rewarded.

Away down the left hand path she saw the glow of the fire.

She instantly hailed it and at once came Hull's answer. She replied and came along clutching the bundles tightly, walking swiftly, scarcely breathing, laughing to herself with joy.

"Why its a gal," said Hull.

"She's got our bundles," said Tillman.

Chaya advanced straight into the firelight, so that the red glow lit her to the waist; she did not seem to see Hull or Tillman, she dropped the bundles one after the other and still, without speaking, and with her wide dark eyes fixed on Houghton, held out both hands to him.

"You!" said Houghton taking her hands in his. He could say nothing more for a moment and the others stood by waiting whilst in the stillness, against the far murmur of the forest, could be heard the faint crackling and flickering of the fire.

"I followed" said Chaya, "fearing the man would leave you to be lost. Then I lost myself looking for you."

She explained, pointing to the bundles as Houghton released her hands, and then they began to understand the bitter truth that this joyful vision was a prisoner like themselves, a butterfly that had managed to get imprisoned with common flies in this huge vegetable fly trap.

But she had brought the bundles and pushed starvation away from them, they were saved for the time being, and as for water, they could never actually die of thirst whilst they had the succulent fruit of the prickly pear, to say nothing of pitcher plants which they had noticed yesterday attached to some of the lianas that hung between the sparsely set tree boles of the paths.

They sat down, Chaya and Houghton rather apart from the others, and Hull, putting some more sticks on the fire, opened his bundle and produced some food. The Captain had become quite cheerful again. It was indicative of his mind that he did not seem in the least interested in Chaya or the problem of how and why she had followed them. The bundle and its contents filled all his thoughts.

"Well," said he, "I never did think I'd have set my teeth in a piece of beef again. Them as likes prickly pears may eat 'em. I can't get on with garbidge, no how. They tell me there's chaps that lives on green stuff like rabbits and enjoys it, chaps with money enough to buy beefsteaks. I'm not beyond likin' a good cabbage in its place, but it has to be in its place, and that's a long way behind a piece of steak. Lord love me! I'd give half my share of that there *cache* for a steak and taters and onions *now* and a cup of corfee."

"Well, you're not likely to get it," said Tillman, who was also engaged on the contents of his bundle. "If you even smell a beefsteak again you'll be lucky—you're not eating, Houghton."

"I'm not hungry," said Houghton.

He was sitting so close to Chaya that their arms touched, and he had just captured her hand which was lying on the ground beside him as if waiting to be captured.

He felt the firm palm and then he felt the fingers close upon his thumb, the most delightful embrace in the whole world.

He knew that she had followed him all that day and that she had risked her own safety by entering the maze in an attempt to save him. He knew that she was lost now just as he was, and that Death was literally standing over them. The thought did not trouble him, or troubled him just as little as it troubled her. Love is so tremendous a power that Death, unless it means separation, has no force of way against it. It becomes the little thing that it really is just as that inflated phantom, the centipede, becomes withered leaves under a destructive blow.

(To be continued.)

Nearly all the new gowns are being made with remarkably severe bodices, there being a great leaning towards those planned on very tailor-made lines. Little coat-bodices fitting closely into the waist, with a breast pocket and military froggings across the front already have a great following, and look specially well made in silk faille.

A new idea is the short full dress raised a couple of inches or so to show an equally full lace petticoat. Many afternoon gowns of black taffetas are being made in this way, the petticoat beneath being of a rather fine meshed lace of the Chantilly persuasion.

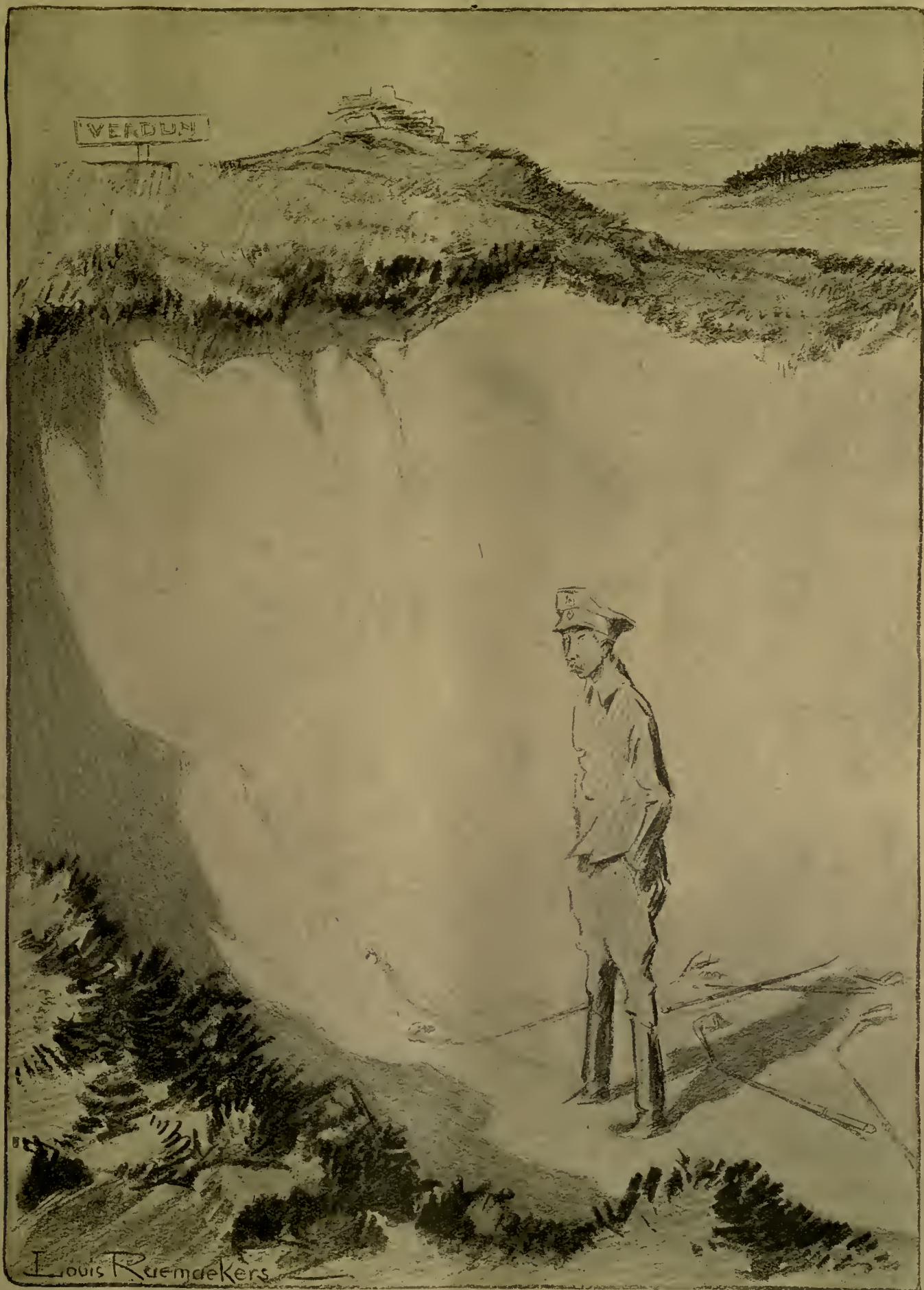
Odd skirts for the country are being made in black and white checks of enormous dimensions. There is nothing of the modest proportions of a Shepherd's plaid about these materials, the designs are as large as they well can be, and it is only the very slim and well-proportioned who can successfully wear them.

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

Bunkered



By G. Spencer Pryse

The Bathing Vans of Ostend: After the massacres of Louvain and Dinant, the inhabitants of Belgium fled before the invaders. Towards the end of August, 1914, thousands of destitute fugitives, drawn from every rank in life, were encamped along the sea shore at Ostend. The first comers occupied the bathing vans, those who followed found no shelter at all. Many had not enough clothing to protect their bodies

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THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1916

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THE FOLLY OF A TRUCE

NO sane man can believe that the interpretation placed by the German papers on Mr. Asquith's reply to the German Chancellor, corresponds to anything that was in the Prime Minister's mind when he spoke. The enemy has a very obvious motive for jumping at anything which could possibly be twisted into an indication that this country was weakened in its determination to prosecute the war unflinchingly until complete and final victory had been obtained; for a truce which will leave their power intact and the resources at their disposal still formidable and give them time to prepare for a renewed attack upon this country, is now the only hope of the Prussian rulers of Germany, and constitutes the true end of all their present policy, whether military or political. The fact, however, that some publicists, even in this country, have shown a disposition to put upon Mr. Asquith's words a gloss, less monstrous indeed than that of his German interpreters, but none the less unjustifiable and very mischievous, makes it a pressing duty to emphasise once more the reasons why no peace will be tolerable which leaves the military power of Prussia in being.

The great majority of the people of this country welcomed the Prime Minister's Guildhall declarations because, as the *Nation* expresses it, "it might be taken to mean that the military aim of beating Germany in the field must be pressed until either the German army had ceased to exist or the German State had been reconstituted, and the Prussian hegemony, established in 1870, annulled." In point of fact this seems the least that it possibly could mean; nor have we any reason to doubt that it is what Mr. Asquith meant and what he means still. At the same time, it is doubtless true that there exists a minority, small indeed in numbers, but by no means devoid of political power, which would not be indisposed to put an end to the war so soon as it could point to what the *Nation* (which may be taken as more or less representing the views of this section of opinion) calls "a more or less beaten Germany." And since this minority is beginning, however unjustly, to claim the Premier as a sympathiser, it is necessary to explain once more why their policy, however well intentioned, amounts to national suicide.

First, let us remember that a "more or less beaten" Germany—that is to say an uncrushed, unhumiliated and undisarmed Germany—will remain a Prussian Germany. The contrary view strikes us as one of the most

curious miscalculations into which men otherwise intelligent have fallen in regard to this war. They think that if Germany is "beaten" in this very qualified sense she will voluntarily change her aims and perhaps her rulers. Such a view is based upon a complete misunderstanding of the German attitude, and of the relations between the Germans and their Prussian masters. We may call Germany "more or less beaten," because her aggression against the liberties of Europe has failed. But that is not how the rulers of Germany will represent the matter to the people of Germany. They will claim that the whole world combined in arms to crush Germany; and that, thanks to Prussia and the Hohenzollerns, the whole world failed. They will point to the ravaged provinces of their enemies and to a Germany almost exempt from invasion as a practical justification of their "militarism." Finally, they will say that if their enemies are still armed and able to renew the attack, that is a reason for even more extensive military and naval preparations, and for even more concentration of power in the hands of the military authorities in Berlin.

It is no good arguing that the picture thus drawn would, from a historical point of view, be ludicrously false—that the war was deliberately planned by the Prussian authorities for two years, that they started with an enormous advantage over the Allies in men and materials, and that they counted on immediate and decisive victory. All the pictures drawn by the rulers of Germany for home consumption are as false; but they are believed, as this one will certainly be. Only if Germany suffers patent and ruinous military defeat, if her territory is visibly occupied by foreign armies and the terms of peace dictated to her involve open and undisguised humiliation, is there the smallest chance of the German people asking if Prussian rule is worth bearing at such a cost. Any such peace as that indicated above would certainly both increase the prestige and confirm the rule of the Prussian military caste.

That is the first point. The second is that this Prussianised Germany, which would still exist after such a peace, and which would still have at its disposal the enormous resources of the German and Austrian Empires, would certainly make the first aim of its future policy the isolation and final destruction of this country. On the Continent Prussia is already defeated; and though she will not admit it unless we make her, it will be long before she again ventures on a policy of aggression against France or Russia. But some compensation might be found in the establishment at our expense of a great Colonial Empire and a predominance at sea. To this achievement the new efforts of Prussia will be bent.

Our isolation will be the first objective. This may actually be made easier by the fact that Prussia's continental schemes have miscarried, that she may have had to give up Alsace-Lorraine to France and recognise Russian predominance in Poland and the Balkans. It will certainly be made enormously easier if we have had the chief hand in making the inconclusive peace from which we shall be the chief sufferers. Under such circumstances, we could not reasonably expect our present Allies to come to our rescue, when our folly and timidity were about to receive their due punishment. We should have to fight our battle for existence alone against the energies and resources of two great Empires devoted this time to a single end, and that end the dismemberment of our Colonial possessions and the reduction of our country to a position of permanent inferiority.

With the question of what terms should after victory be imposed upon the Germanic powers, we do not here deal. It is too early to think of such things. What is not too early to say is that such terms must be imposed and not negotiated, and that before we even speak of them "the military power of Prussia must be utterly destroyed."

THE ADVANCE ON TREBIZOND

By Hilaire Belloc

WE know very little of the Russian advance through Armenia. But we are able to summarise at this moment (Tuesday evening, April 18th), from the last news received, the general situation, and it may be summarised as follows:—

(1) We are fairly clear that the main Russian forces are in three groups whatever the liaison may be between them. The one group is already well to the west of Bitlis; the other is in the neighbourhood of Baiburt on the single high road leading from Erzerum to Trebizond, the third is—that is, was last Saturday or Sunday—in the neighbourhood of Trebizond itself.

(2) Where the most advanced units of the Russian progress now stand we do not exactly know, however, save in the case of the northernmost, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Black Sea Coast, reposing, indeed, with its right wing upon the sea, and about a day's march eastward of Trebizond.

(3) The Russians are compelled to take Trebizond before they can advance to their next step through the centre of Asia Minor, and before they can exercise a pressure from the north compelling the retirement or imperilling the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia. When they hold Trebizond they command ultimately all the eastern mountain country down to the Mesopotamian plain.

They are compelled to take Trebizond because that Port is the main avenue of supply for men and materials upon which the Turkish forces in this region depend. And though it would seem that ingress to the Port (or rather roadstead) is not unimpeded (there is not a regular blockade) it is upon Trebizond that the strength of the Turkish forces in Armenia reposes. Only when Trebizond has fallen will it be possible for the Russian armies to hold the full line from north to south, which is marked by the three points Trebizond, Erzingan, Diabekir. When they hold that line they will immediately threaten the railway which already reaches Raz El Aim and is being continued to Nisibin, and under that threat the Turkish forces in Mesopotamia will be isolated or will withdraw to the north and east.

This line Trebizond, Erzingan, Diabekir, is by no means the end of the business. It is only the end of the first

stage. Against a further advance the Turks can mass troops based upon Angora, which is served by the railway. But that first stage completes the extremely difficult work in the tangle of mountains which is the whole ground of Eastern Asia Minor. The second stage permits of an advance over the great Central Plateau which is far easier going.

Upon Trebizond, therefore, must our attention be concentrated in the immediate future so far as this field is concerned.

Let us first ask ourselves why the main Russian advance is being made along the rather difficult seacoast, and next what the chances of defending Trebizond upon that sector are.

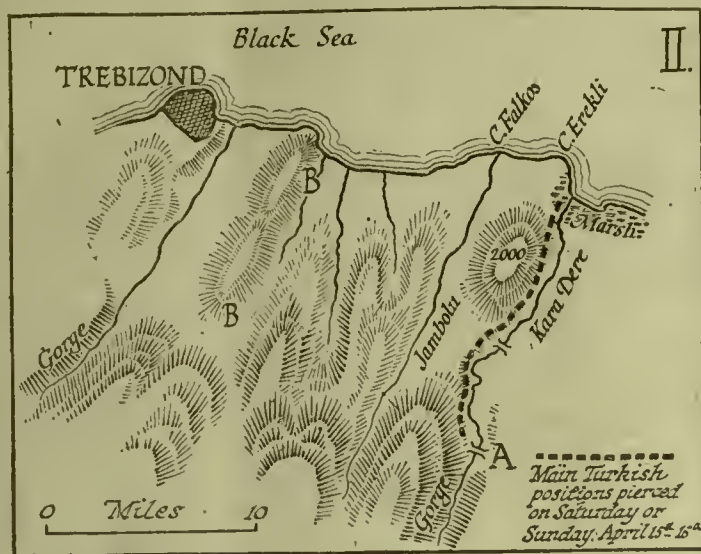
The advance is being made along the seacoast because the terrible tangle of mountains of the interior hampers our Allies in two ways. It lengthens the winter inordinately, leaving many of the higher tracks and passes deep in snow for several weeks to come and, of course, rendering the passage of guns and supply exceedingly difficult. There is only one road through these mountains, which threads its way along the gorges of the rivers from Erzerum westward, coming round by a great elbow to Trebizond. It is on that road that the central Russian forces have advanced to the neighbourhood of Baiburt. It can hardly cut across the angle to Trebizond in support of the force on the seacoast, because, though there is a track followed by the telegraph line which leaves the main road somewhat west of Baiburt and cuts off the angle, that track is not, I believe, passable to artillery. The Russians are doubtless constructing roads as they go, but that is very slow work in such a country.

Progress along the seacoast has the second advantage that it can be supported and supplied from the sea, and that it is proceeding under good climatic conditions. All that slope down to the coast varying in height from 6,000 feet to the level of the sea is now, in its lower portion, under the full influence of the spring.

The Russian force operating along the seacoast is, on account of what has been said above, almost certainly the largest of the three bodies. It is believed to be opposed now by about three Turkish divisions, or possibly rather more; say 60,000 to 70,000 men. It has reached



the main and perhaps only defensive line covering Trebizond which is that of the Kara Dere, and is about 15 miles from the town itself. The left, eastern, or further bank of the Kara Dere had been very thoroughly strengthened by the Turks under German guidance.



This river, like all those shorter ones which run from the escarpment of the high plateau down into the Black Sea, is in most of its course a torrent running through a deep and difficult gorge. The country becomes possible for troops somewhere about the point A on Sketch II above. Immediately upon the sea this rapid and dark stream (now swollen with the snow melting upon its higher sources) passes through a belt of marsh just east of Cape Erekli, but between the gorge (flanked by summits about 6,000 feet high) and the marsh, there is a front of quite ten miles and perhaps more upon which our Allies can attack. To have turned the line of the Kara Dere by its right or south was not practicable. The mountains were too difficult. It had to be forced by a frontal attack.

So far as the very brief message which has reached London informs us, the Russians have carried a portion at least of this fortified front. At any rate some elements of their force seem to be established upon the further bank. So far as can be gathered from the message received this success was scored last Saturday or Sunday. The remaining distance of the advance to Trebizond has no obstacle comparable to that of the Kara Dere. There is immediately to the west of the Kara Dere, coming out by Cape Falkos, a smaller but similar stream flowing down from the mountains called the Jambolu, but its shores are flatter and the western bank does not dominate the eastern as is the case with the Kara Dere. Then, after three small streams, one comes upon the last true defensive position covering Trebizond, which is a double range of hills at B with a saddle between, and to the south the same high mountain lands as everywhere marks this region. But it is very near the town, not continuous, and overlooked entirely from the south-east. Only those on the spot can tell whether it can be defended or no. Beyond this position nothing could save the town, or at least the use of the roadstead, because it lies right under observation and fire from these hills, while the considerable stream running immediately east of the city is too close to it to give a true defensive line.

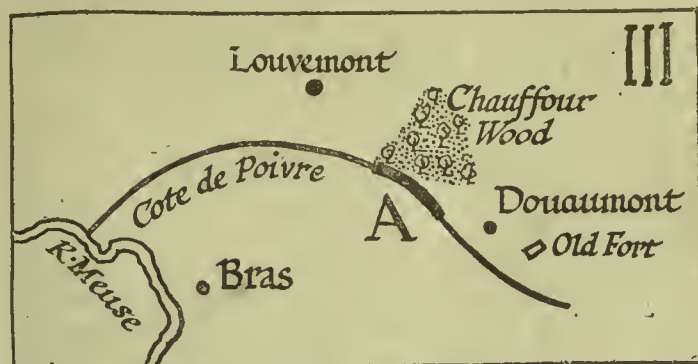
OPERATIONS BEFORE VERDUN

After the great attack of last Sunday, the 9th (which was comparable to the first German blow of two months ago in intensity and not far inferior to it in numbers, which continued throughout a great part of Monday and which failed with exceedingly heavy losses), the enemy remained a whole week reorganising his broken units, probably bringing up new men and certainly replenishing his stock of munitions.

It seemed probable that he was preparing an advance still further to the west. The time required for moving big pieces a few miles westward would account for so very long an interval of inaction. It has always been evident that the heavily-wooded country between Montfaucon and the Argonne, lying as it does upon the very

edge of the salient of Verdun, offered him a chance of concentration which he has not yet used. But at the moment of writing there is no sign of this development of the battle westward. On the contrary, it was renewed at two in the afternoon of Monday last, the 17th, upon one of the old fronts in the old fashion and with the old result. The usual allowance of twenty men to the yard, the front of about 2,000 yards, the crushing losses, the retention of the few yards of advanced trench. The picking up by the enemy of a certain number of wounded, and less unwounded, prisoners in the small section of advanced trenches reached, the grotesque exaggeration of their numbers in an official Berlin communiqué, and all the rest of it. The thing has become a sort of type or model, and the story of one such attack is the story of half a dozen others: particularly in the reiterated and violent falsehoods in the enumeration of prisoners which—on such a scale—is a novel feature dating from last February.

In this particular case the blow was struck in the centre of the segment from about the middle of the Côte du Poivre through the ruins of Louvemont and through the little Chauffour Wood to a point slightly to the east of that wood, and the small section of advanced trench which the enemy entered was a little salient just south of Chauffour Wood at the point marked A in sketch III here appended.



The affair is of no significance, but it affords an opportunity for discussing the whole French motive and type of tactics before Verdun in some detail.

The French Tactic at Verdun

I said recently in these columns that the question everyone was asking, all over Europe, about Verdun was, "Why was the German attack continuing?" Seeing that the original attempt to break the French line at the best, or at the least to put out of action a very much larger number of Frenchmen than the operation should cost in Germans had failed, the reason for continuing so expensive an offensive puzzled everyone. It puzzled the German critics just as much as the neutrals and the Allies, and the proof that it puzzled them was that they gave all manner of different answers.

I said, in connection with this question, that I did not pretend to answer it, and that I only suggested certain possible answers, two of which seemed to me the most probably true: two that might both be true at one and the same time.

The first was that the political importance of putting troops into the geographical area called "Verdun" was considerable for the enemy. He had fixed attention at home upon that point. Civilian attention abroad was also fixed upon it. The attention of all neutrals was fixed upon it; and in varying degrees, the attention of his enemies was also fixed upon that mere geographical expression. However meaningless as a military operation, the thing had become what hundreds of other similar operations have become in the past, a symbol disturbing and cutting across the purely military problem.

Secondly, the enemy probably believed—and still believes—that this constant hammering will at last produce a break-down upon the French side. He may be exaggerating the value of his infantry, but he certainly puts that value very high. He hopes that the enormous expense in German armed men which the hammering process costs him will be recouped by the sudden much larger expense in French armed men which the collapse of his opponent at the end of the process would involve.

All that ground we have already gone over. But there

is another side to the business which has so far been barely stated in these columns, and which now merits a more thorough discussion. It is the French side of the affair.

What are the French doing upon the sector of Verdun?

They stand week after week. They retire occasionally. In their retirements they necessarily lose a certain quantity of men and material. They attempt no serious counter-attack. What is the meaning of this?

The best informed of the London daily papers took up this question the other day, and replied to it—I think a little superciliously—by saying that the whole thing was quite clear. The Germans were attacking and the French were defending, and that was the end of it. We were to watch very anxiously the German attack, which might succeed. We were to watch with equal anxiety the French defence, which might fail. We were to regard the whole struggle as an undecided balance between these two forces, the equilibrium between which would at last fail to the detriment of the one side or the other.

This same conception, put with less clarity and with varying degrees of knowledge, runs through the most of our Press. It is apparent in all the current comment of the French Press, *except* in the half-dozen daily articles which appear from the pens of competent students (these by the way, often helped in their suggestions by the French Command). It appears (with similar exceptions) in all the neutral Press.

Now this view is obvious and undeniable. But it brings us *no nearer to the answer of the main question* which is not merely "What are the French doing," but "Why are they doing it?"

Objects of the Defensive.

Consider the various objects which a defensive can have in view.

(I) A large body of men and of material is contained within a certain area from which it cannot escape. It consists, let us say, of a quarter of a million men with their complement of guns and of military stores of all kinds. Its enemy prevents its leaving that area because (a) this enemy is more numerous and can therefore everywhere concentrate superior forces against its attempt at retirement. (b) He is in positions or can at will arrive in positions, which block that retirement. This is, in fact, a siege. The enemy's object in attacking in this case, if he attacks at all, is to crush back the ring of the defence upon a confined space where it has not elbow room to manœuvre, so that the besieged force shall fall into confusion and become his prey. Or he attacks to break the ring which, once broken, is no longer a defensive organisation and equally falls a prey to him. If he has reason to think that food or munitions will be exhausted in useful time he does not actively attack, he merely sits down before the besieged place and lets time do its work.

The object of the defensive is to delay the enemy as much as possible until succour shall arrive; to keep the area within which it can manœuvre large enough to prevent confusion, but not too large to be held adequately upon every side.

If the defensive can hold out until succour arrives and the siege is raised, it has won and the offensive has lost. Ladysmith in the Boer War was an example; Maubeuge in 1793. The effect of the delay has been to immobilise numbers of the enemy over a critical period.

If the defensive is either crushed or starved into surrender it has lost. We have had plenty of examples of that in the present war. Przemysl surrendered from exhaustion; Kovno was rushed; Maubeuge saw its ring of defences broken. In all these cases the defensive was standing a siege against superior forces, and failed.

There is nothing of this sort at all about Verdun.

Verdun is not besieged; no large force is contained without issue there, within a circle of foes. It is simply a town standing in a shallow salient, the lines of which are lines of trenches, and behind these trenches artillery helping to hamper and to break the attack as does machine gun and rifle fire from the trenches themselves.

(II) A large body of men with their material stands in a salient with a comparatively narrow neck. The enemy does not surround this body, but he nearly surrounds it. The issue by which that body can retire is small for the movements of such numerous forces. The enemy while

"holding" his opponent along all the bulge of the salient, strikes with particular force against either edge of the "neck." If he cuts the neck before the retirement has begun he will put out of action all the troops and the material within the salient. Even if he narrows the salient so much that the retirement gets congested, he will reap a very big harvest of men and guns by crushing in the bulge during that retirement.

There is nothing of all this in the case of Verdun.

The salient has no neck. It is a mere slight curve and the main attacks are not even delivered against the extreme points where that curve begins its projection.

(III) A weaker force holds up a stronger one by standing on the defensive upon a particular part of a long line. Its object in so holding up the attack of the stronger force is either to deceive the enemy upon the places where strength is concentrated in other parts of the field or to allow time for developments in that other part of the field or both.

We have had what is now a classical example of this kind of defensive in the case of the Grand Couronné in front of Nancy in the first week of September, 1914, which made possible the victory of the Marne.

There is nothing of that sort about Verdun.

The enemy knows perfectly well what troops we have and where they are, nor is there any necessity for the French to meet him, unless they choose, with lesser numbers. There is no tactical play to be considered; an immensely long line of trenches over 500 miles stands intact; one particular portion of it, about 4 per cent., is being vigorously assaulted; upon the rest there is freedom of concentration at will—within the limits permitted by the numbers withdrawn for the defence of the small sector attacked. Troops can be sent to aid in that defence, withdrawn shortly afterwards and sent to another part of the line, replaced by other troops taken freshly from elsewhere, and so on in rotation.

(IV) Even where a long line of this sort exists intact and only a small section of it is vigorously attacked, a prolonged mere defensive may be necessary, and its success may be of critical importance, because the lateral communications behind the whole line are bad and because the moving of men up and down the line is therefore difficult, very slow or impossible. The defence in this case must depend upon its own resources. If it breaks down the line will be pierced. Its mere tenacity is of the greatest moment to the cause of the defenders.

There is nothing of this about Verdun.

The lateral communications behind the French line are the best in Europe. They are superior even to the corresponding communications behind the German line, for they are not interrupted by the necessity for garrisoning occupied districts, or the interruption caused by such masses as the Vosges and the Ardennes. It is a very small point. The lateral communications of both opponents are first rate, but at any rate the French and British lateral communications are perfectly clear and sufficient for practically any movement of troops whatsoever at the shortest notice.

(V) Lastly, there is the attack upon a particular sector which may have great political or great economic or great strategical importance, or all three combined, and which therefore must be specially defended. Antwerp was a first-rate example of this kind. For the Germans to enter Antwerp in the autumn of 1914 was economically of great importance to them. It gave them building yards, a great town for the repose of troops, huge stocks of materials, etc. Strategically it was of great importance to them, because it cleared their flanks of all menace, and if they had not blundered in neglecting to cross the Scheldt it would have given them a mass of armed men as well. Even as it was, it gave them the elimination of very many thousands of their opponents at insignificant expense to themselves, and a very great quantity military stores and guns.

The defence of Antwerp, had it been possible (and it would have been possible if the Allies had cared to violate the neutrality of Holland and had at the same time been prepared with a large force to throw into the place), would have been of the utmost value.

Politically the entry of German troops into Antwerp was also of very high value. It decided the occupation of Belgium. It gave them what was incomparably the most important centre of civilian life within the area

of their operations. It profoundly affected opinion at home and abroad.

How does Verdun stand in this fifth category? What economic, political, strategic importance has it?

Economically it is worthless.

Politically it is what we have seen it to be: A place with an old reputation of being a fortress and a place upon which the eyes of the world have become fixed. It is a place the occupation of which would have an immense effect upon German opinion and a very great one upon neutral opinion. I will not deny that its occupation would have its effect upon instructed belligerent opinion as well. It is regrettable that this should be the case, but it is true. You cannot have the enemy trying to do a thing for weeks, even if the military value of that thing be doubtful, without his success impressing *all* opinion, even that of those whose business and capacity it is to isolate the purely military problem from all others. The phrase, "The Defence of Verdun" has become current with the Allies. It is even occasionally implied in French orders of the day.

What of the strategic value?

The slight salient of Verdun comes at an important point in the general line. It threatens directly one of the main German communications, that through Metz, and it threatens almost equally that through Luxemburg. It lies upon the flank of that great German salient, the apex of which stands near Noyon. A French advance from this point in the future would jeopardise the German line if it could be made before that line were retired. The lines before Verdun, the "corner" which the trenches here turn, is an offence to the enemy's plan. If it were wholly eliminated, if the French line had for the future to be drawn from the Argonne right down to opposite St. Mihiel, the Germans would be in a better posture. The mere occupation of the town of Verdun would effect nothing like so much as that, but it would lose to the French something of the advantage hitherto given them by a bridgehead beyond the central Meuse. It would give the Germans the whole line of that river. To that extent there is a purely military object in the defence of the mere town. But it is not a capital object, it does not seriously affect the campaign. An advance (when the enemy is sufficiently weakened) that should start from a few miles to the west or even to the south, would not be rendered impossible by the loss of the point of Verdun. Indeed, the great offensive of last September was attempted fifty miles away to the west. Still, the point has that amount of military importance, and it must be admitted.

There is then reason here for the German offensive, and there is in some degree reason for the French defensive too; I mean for its character and for its continued presence in *front* of the little town.

But the whole thing still remains a question of price. And the enemy has already paid a far higher price than the slight strategic advantage is worth. It is equally true that the French, by their strictly defensive tactics, are doing much more than merely defending the area of Verdun. *If they thought the mere holding of Verdun a great essential, they could with their superiority of numbers design a very different fight.*

It is not conceivable that the mere tenure of lines a few thousand yards in front of Verdun determines the French plan. It has another object and, so far as I can see, that object is to compel the enemy to pay the very highest price for what the French conceive to have been an error upon the part of his higher command.

Short of that the methods adopted would seem to lose their military meaning.

Consider what those methods have been and then compare them with the resources of the Allies.

The French through all these eight weeks have either retired very slowly or have been content to hold a pure defensive. Upon very rare occasions they have launched a local counter-offensive for the temporary regaining of one small point, which the local command found necessary to the plans of the moment. They have never—with all their advantage in numbers—attempted a permanent regaining of ground. In the main, the whole thing has been, since February 26th, a series of deliberate and cautious retirements, coupled with an equally deliberate and lengthy stand upon chosen sections of line. They gave up all the advanced positions in the Woivre without

reinforcing them, and before suffering serious pressure. They held Malancourt with one battalion against pretty well any odds, sacrificed the greater part of that battalion, did not reinforce it, ordered its remnant to fall back. Earlier they dealt in precisely the same way with the advanced post of Forges. They hold the eastern end of the Goose Crest with a comparatively small force, and allow it to receive the ultimately successful assault of a whole division. Only when an enemy advance threatens the continuity of the forward lines which for the moment they oppose to that advance, do they spend men in the temporary recovery of the area involved. And whenever they design such a recovery they invariably effect it. It was so with that last corner of the Avocourt Wood which laps up on to the first slopes of Hill 304. It was so with the Crows' Wood, six weeks ago; it was so with the ruins of Vaux and the Caillettes Wood a fortnight ago. In the one case of the Douaumont Plateau when there was a moment of real danger, at the very beginning of the operations, there was a really considerable expenditure involved in the recovery of a critical point. But take the thing in the mass and it is everywhere a strict defensive very slowly retiring before, for long periods immobile before, a succession of violent and repeated movements. *And all this is done with forces superior in number, easily equal in machinery and munitionment to the attack.*

That last is the capital point of the whole business.

If the Allies in the west were inferior in number, if their munitionment was now inferior or the handling of their artillery worse than the enemy's, or the quality of their troops lower than his, the thing would have a very different meaning. As things are with our knowledge of the numbers available, with our knowledge of the way in which the French maintain a continual rotation of fresh troops, with our knowledge of their consistent exposure of the very minimum number of men in advanced posts, it seems impossible to draw any other conclusion upon their method than that which is drawn here. This strange and highly disciplined anchoring of the Allies to a pure defensive; this refusal to create a diversion though there has been ample time for that. This absolutely consistent "blocking" for now eight weeks without so much as the sign of "lashing out" can surely only have one meaning. It is designed to exhaust. I have seen no other tenable hypothesis put forward. There may be one, but it is certainly not apparent.

False Enemy Figures

I know that I have had some difficulty in persuading a small but important minority of students of the war that figures officially issued by the German publicity bureaux are false.

I have had here the same difficulty which one finds right through this campaign of combating a mood. Even positive evidence frequently repeated finds this sort of obstacle refractory.

This mood of patient confidence in the enemy's loyal accuracy, in spite of his most glaringly obvious motives for being inaccurate in order to affect domestic and foreign opinion, is partly composed of a long established faith in German pedantry and partly due to something which the enemy has very carefully thought out: the effect of apparently minute detail in convincing people of the truth of something false. The playwright Gilbert noted this piece of psychology long ago and spoke of such details as "adding verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

I have dealt with this mood in the matter of the German casualty lists over and over again.

I propose this week to bring forward a piece of evidence which is absolutely conclusive in another field if the rules of arithmetic have any value.

I refer to the German lists of *unwounded French prisoners* taken before Verdun upon certain dates.

A brief note has already appeared upon this in the Press but a detailed analysis will be of more value.

When a force retires there is, over and above the killed and wounded who have been noted or brought back with the retirement, a much larger number of "missing"; because the men who have fallen, killed or wounded, are as to a great number of them left where they fall, while a certain number will have been taken unwounded by the enemy. The ground being subsequently occupied by

the enemy it is not possible to verify which are dead, which wounded and which unwounded prisoners. All you can do in establishing your numbers after such a retirement is to note that such and such a number of your men are "missing."

From all this it is clear that the number of unwounded prisoners must always be much less than the total number of "missing" in any series of retirements within a particular period.

Now though it is impossible after a retirement to say accurately what number of your "missing" are killed and what number have fallen into the enemy's hands wounded, and what number are unwounded prisoners, there is one element in the problem which we can establish in round numbers, especially after a long experience of some continued type of fighting; and that is the proportion of *dead* out of the total number of missing. You can tell within a fairly close average what proportion of the lost are dead, and the remainder will represent within a comparatively small margin of error your wounded and unwounded who have fallen into the enemy's hands.

Now the French have a complete record of the "missing" from their various units during the various retirements upon the sector of Verdun from Fresnes on the south to Avocourt on the north, between and including the dates February 21st, when the first retirement began, and April 10th, up to which last date alone the present note applies. The exact number is not published. The average proportion of dead upon the analogy of any number of similar movements and of similar fighting discovered upon the enemy's side and upon our own, makes one in round figures certain of the residue of wounded and unwounded. We know below a certain maximum and within a certain small margin of error the numbers who, though surviving, were abandoned.

With that point clearly settled in the reader's mind, I would ask him to turn to the following table of figures. He will find it interesting.

February 21st.—No German statement issued of prisoners taken this day.

February 22nd.—German statement "About 3,000 to this date."

February 24th.—German statement, "About 10,000 to this date."

February 25th.—No Statement.

February 26th.—German statement, "About 15,000 unwounded prisoners up to this date."

This was the end of the first big advance and of the principal French retirement over a belt from four to five miles wide under the first great enemy blow against the covering line of the defence.

After a delay of forty-eight hours (during which there was no French retirement, but in one place a slight French advance) the enemy issued a grand total of the *unwounded* prisoners, which had fallen into his hands. I would beg the reader to remark its minute detail. It was not given in round figures; it was given precisely, and the number given was 16,903.

That figure is our starting point. With the end of February, when the first very expensive retirement of the French was over and certainly before they had been able to establish complete lists of their own, the enemy told them that he held 16,903 unwounded men of theirs precisely, besides, of course, a great number (unmentioned) of their wounded.

We all know that since that period the German method of fighting has changed, the progress against the sector of Verdun has been insignificant and the motive for false statement greater.

We further know that with each succeeding day of disappointment, or at any rate at very brief intervals, it has been necessary to support the German opinion at home and abroad in favour of Germany.

Now look at the following twenty-three items, which are the statements as to French prisoners issued by the German Publicity Bureau under the authority of the German Government and of the German higher command during the whole of March and the first ten days of April.

1. March 3.—"Over 1,000." No special mention of *unwounded*.

2. " 4.—Over 1,000. do.

(These two items are quite distinct and refer to two separate days and two separate local advances).

3.	"	5.—938 <i>unwounded</i> .
4.	"	6.—152 "
5.	Same day,	but in "another place, "over 300 unwounded."
6.	"	{ 6.—711 <i>unwounded</i> (in one place).
7.	"	{ 7.—3,337 <i>unwounded</i> . (This was the day of the first big German advance west of the Meuse.)
8.	"	9.—687 (wounded and unwounded, not distinguished).
9.	"	14.—1,025 <i>unwounded</i> .
10.	"	15.—152 "
11.	"	16.—"A few" (number not specified) <i>unwounded</i> .
12.	"	18.—41 <i>unwounded</i> .
13.	"	19.—281 "
14.	"	20.—2532 (and a few over not specified) <i>unwounded</i> .
15.	"	22.—440 <i>unwounded</i> .
16.	"	23.—911 "
17.	"	28.—498 "
18.	"	30.—328 "
19.	"	31.—731 "
20.	April	2.—765 "
21.	"	5.—542 "
22.	"	7.—714 "
23.	"	10.—1,267 (The big advance in Avocourt Wood). —222 (in another place— <i>unwounded</i> , not specified).

I would beg the reader to note that this list of 23 items has all the marks of a perfectly genuine piece of work; sometimes the authors of it confess their inability to be precise and give us only round figures.

At other times they are happy to oblige us with very exact details, even when they have thousands of items to count in one day, as for instance, item 7. Usually they tell us that they are only troubling to give us the *unwounded* prisoners—because these indicate a moral weakness upon the part of an enemy or bad arrangements upon his part. But on other occasions they confess themselves unable to give us the precise number of *unwounded* and therefore do not mention whether the prisoners they speak of are wholly *unwounded* or no. The whole thing is convincing in the highest degree. It has only one drawback, which is that when you come to add it up and get the totals, the *unwounded* alone come to *more than double* the total number of *all* Frenchmen that can possibly have fallen into German hands, wounded and *unwounded* alike!

In other words, this enemy document, or rather series of documents, is demonstrably marked by the two characters which some have been so slow to accept in the matter of the casualty lists. (1) It is very carefully detailed and candid. (2) It is false.

I trust this piece of proof to be sufficient.

The enemy tells us that he will prove his case by "publishing the names." It is no proof. He has done that before—and included among the prisoners taken at Verdun names of men missing months and months before the attack begun.

Note on certain American Figures

Several correspondents have sent me some figures published in the London Press upon last Monday, April 17th, and cabled over from Washington. These figures purpose to be the "official estimates of the General Staff of the United States," as to the permanent losses of the various forces in the European War, up to the end of 1915. There is very little to be said about these figures in so far as they concern France, Austria and Germany, except that they have no relation to reality whatsoever. It is not worth while refuting them, because they do not give their supposed sources of information, and I think it accurate to say that they have no proper sources of information at all. They give the German losses in killed as less than 15 per cent. of men in the field and put the French at 32 per cent. The rest of the rubbish is on a par with this. I do not see any reason for wasting time upon such nonsense.

But its publication is a symptom of what may be a grave piece of neglect upon our part.

The Opinion of America

We ought, I think, in this country, to make up our minds definitely one way or the other, whether the presentation of the Allied cause to the American public is worth our while or no. If the opinion of neutrals—which is, after all, only a moral factor—is indifferent to us because we conceive it to have no real effect upon the course of the war, then we may neglect that field altogether and leave it to the enemy's undisturbed possession.

If, upon the contrary, we think that this moral factor is of weight, then it behoves us to put forward our fullest strength to influence it.

Of all the Allies Britain alone is in a position to do this, through the community of language and the very close commercial and other bonds between the two countries. Hitherto, one may say that nothing has been done. That is a strong phrase, but it is not an exaggerated one. No one who sees the American Press, as I do, regularly, can have any remaining doubts upon this matter. Those few proprietors of newspapers whose private inclination or commercial advantage is served by supporting the Allied cause continue to support it. But they do not print information of the least use to that cause, for it is not supplied to them.

Even the most obvious military truths about the war—not a special plea in favour of the Allies but a mere statement of facts—is not watched by us in any way, and even the papers which, on the whole, support us, leave their public, even when that public is favourable to the Allied side, quite ignorant of the true situation; for they have no one to give it them. I have myself in the last few weeks written letters to American papers obviously well disposed towards us to contradict such monstrous nonsense published by them as the following:—

(1) That Germany alone would put in about next February *one million* new effectives.

(2) That no instructed English opinion now denies the object of Prussia.

(3) That the German permanent losses from wounds were, in 20 months, *less than 79,000 men!*

Meanwhile, a press of certainly much larger circulation and of far more vigour is acting quite openly against us, and this press is fed with the utmost industry by German propaganda of every kind. The German Government really takes trouble here, and it has succeeded in something over a year in producing with very large bodies of American opinion the state of mind it desires to produce. It has not only pleased its own supporters—that was not its main object. It has not merely strengthened the positions of those who would in any case have been opposed to the Allied cause. It has done something much more. It has created a view of the war now very largely accepted in the United States and accepted just as much by those who are in our favour as those who are against us.

The best proof of this is the fact that the Germans can now circulate in America falsehoods of a crudity and enormity which they would hardly have attempted some months ago, and that these falsehoods are solemnly accepted upon every side.

I will give a particular example which I think very striking.

The *Chicago Daily News* published upon March 27th last a cable from its German correspondent in Berlin.

This cable is marked "*Via London.*" I do not say that those words represent the truth, but I note them.

The message sent is, of course, a German message supplied by the German authorities. It is to the effect that the total German permanent losses up to the 1st March, 1916, were 1,029,620.

Now I would beg my readers to dwell upon this amazing phenomenon. Here is a falsehood apparently so crude and stupid that it seems not worth telling. Every

Louise and Barnavaux, by Pierre Mille (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), forms a study of the French colonial soldier in China—and in love. Barnavaux reappears here subjugated at last by a woman, but he is still the old campaigner with a wealth of stories—and all the stories are good, though in one or two of the earlier ones the susceptibilities of some readers will be shocked, for east of the Straits the French colonial soldier is apparently as lacking in morals—as these are understood in the west—as any AINU. An echo of Mulvaney, Barnavaux is always entertaining, morals notwithstanding.

authority in Europe has debated the losses of the various belligerents until the subject is threadbare, and though there have been considerable differences we know that the truth fluctuates round about four millions for the date in question. We know that that is only normal to the rate of losses of all other belligerents in this war, and our only debates turn upon whether we are to put it at a quarter of a million less or a quarter of a million more. But the German authorities feel perfectly confident in their ability to publish *and to get accepted* in America a stupefying message cutting down the real figure not by a third or a half, but *to a quarter*. In other words, they believe—and probably they have good grounds for believing—that the American public will swallow the statement to the effect that German losses are, in proportion to the numbers fighting, four times less than any of their rivals!

We must not, in the comic side of such an incident as this, forget its very disquieting lesson. This piece of folly did not appear in some obscure hole and corner, nor was it put forward in one of those little fanatical sheets which from hatred of England or love of the enemy lose all sense of proportion. It appeared with every credential in one of the very great daily newspapers of America, something which may be compared to the *Manchester Guardian* or to the *Scotsman* in this country. It was accepted as an official and true statement by millions, and it has by this time undoubtedly become a legend with a whole body of opinion in the middle West.

Is it an exaggeration to say that such a state of affairs would have been impossible if we had, in this country, taken any steps to instruct American opinion?

We have taken none, and I think the reason is a very simple one. No one has been willing to take the trouble required.

I do not know whether it is too late. I hope it is not. But there is a great deal of leeway to be made up, and the more I see of the American press in these last few weeks the more I am impressed by the solidly rooted legend of German greatness which is now there implanted.

We may console ourselves by the knowledge that all this will count for nothing when the truth appears on the map, as it has already appeared in the calculations of the higher command.

We know that the alliance composed of the German Empire with its dependent peoples, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Turks and the Bulgarians, is already beaten. But between the present phase and the last one there is still a long distance to travel and in that interval it is possible that American opinion will count. There may still be time to effect something in that field. So far nothing serious has been done.

H. BELLOC.

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

The Wittenberg Infamy:

*This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage
Presented.*

King John IV., iii., 47-50.

To our Impatient Pessimists:

*How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by
witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.*

Othello II., iii., 379-82.

The German Dynamitard in America:

*And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.*

Henry VII., ii., 111-3.

WAR BY SUBMARINES

By Arthur Pollen

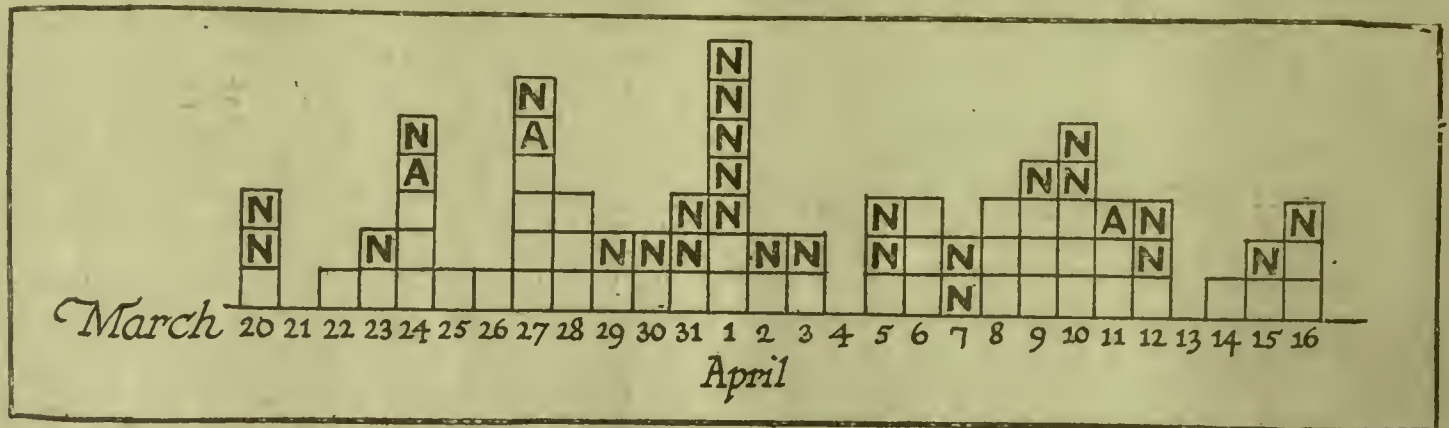
LORD MONTAGU has made it quite clear that he is not asking for an Air Ministry to control the use of all aircraft in the war, but only to reorganise and concentrate national effort for producing more and better flying machines of every kind. His effort to straighten this muddled state of things should have a much better chance of success now that its ultimate object is defined.

But it is evident that he has far higher hopes of the influence of aircraft on war than more conservative thinkers are likely to endorse. He tells us, for instance, that the mark of the present condition of the war is deadlock. It is so, he says, on the Western front, at Salonika and in the North Sea. It is an inevitable result of the power of defence being so much greater than the power of offence. The worst of it seems to be that this deadlock must continue, until determined by aircraft in land warfare, and by submarines in sea warfare! Obviously, if this theory is right, we cannot begin too soon or work too hard to bring our air equipment to the highest possible. But is it right?

If we test it by sea war, it hardly seems to coincide with an impartial view of the facts. There never has been and there is not now any deadlock in the naval war. We took the strategic offensive at the outbreak of war, and from midnight on August 4th, Germany has been im-

of any of our trading ships practically impossible. They speak as if what had been done during the last month might be multiplied by three or four, and kept up for weeks and months.

We should then have this extraordinary state of affairs. We should be unable to use the sea because of submarines, and the Germans, unable to use it because of the British fleet. The advantage would be, of course, all to the Germans—for we are dependent upon the sea absolutely and entirely, and they are not. Do facts or reason justify such apprehensions? For some months before March 20th—when the *Tubantia* and *Palembang* were sunk, and the new submarine campaign may be said to have begun—the average of merchant steamers, British, Neutral and Allied attacked and lost in home waters was approximately one per diem. In the first eight days of the new campaign, the average rose to $2\frac{3}{4}$; in the next week to $2\frac{5}{8}$; in the third week to $2\frac{1}{2}$; and in the past week it fell again to just over $1\frac{1}{2}$. Over the whole period then, the average is nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per day. This rate, if it could be kept up, would destroy 900 steamers a year. Were they all British we should lose at this rate between one-sixth and one-fifth of our steamers engaged in foreign trade. Were we dependent on British steamers only and were we unable to replace any of our losses, it would mean that, in the course of the next year of the war, we



Submarine Diagram: Corrected diagram of British, Neutral and Allied steamers attacked by submarines or mines between March 20th and April 17th; total 72, in 29 days, of which 42 were British, 27 Neutral and 3 Allied. In August 1915, 66 ships were attacked in 31 days. The largest number in any 7 days, was between August 18-24th, when 29 victims were recorded

potent on the surface of the sea. Her roving—and doomed—cruisers did some slight damage to our trade, her runaway capital ships did some still more trifling damage to a few coast towns. But no German battleships or battle cruisers have sought an action with ours. No squadrons have attempted to dispute the passage of our armies or our transports; no effort has been made to convoy German merchantmen to sea. Germany's confession of sea impotence has, then, been absolute. It is possible she may still dispute our command. But it does not seem probable that her equipment can so increase relatively to ours as to give her a better chance in the future than she has enjoyed in the past. So that the only stagnation in this field of war—that is, in the command of the surface of the sea—has been a continuous maintenance of British supremacy, with all that it carries with it.

Possibly Lord Montagu believes that submarines may turn this supremacy to defeat. If he means this, he can hardly have intended to imply that defeat will be brought about by Sir John Jellicoe's ships being destroyed. However badly equipped we were at the outset to defend the Grand Fleet against these craft, the entire lack of casualties by submarines in twenty months of war seems proof positive that there is now, at any rate, no danger to our fleet that need cause us great uneasiness. Lord Montagu must have quite a different form of submarine success in view.

To some people it is not inconceivable that Germany might have so many submarines at work and organise them so successfully, as to make the continuance at sea

should have to reduce our imports by, say, one-fifth; in the following year by one-quarter, and so on. In two years the situation would become very critical.

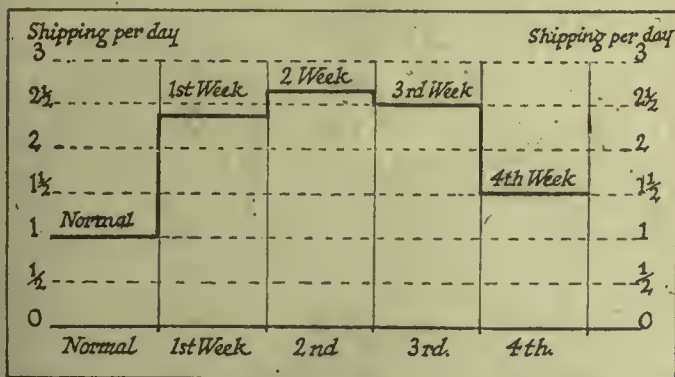
But this prospect, dismal enough I admit, need not frighten us for various excellent reasons. In the first place, we are not dependent upon British steamers alone. Of the 72 steamers attacked between the 20th March and the 17th April, 27 were neutral. If we assume neutral shipping engaged in the service of these islands to be a little under three-quarters of our own, it would make the total number of steamers upon which we are dependent 8,750 instead of 5,000. So the present rate of destruction, instead of being two-elevenths, would only be just under one-tenth; which, though inconvenient, would not really be very formidable. And in the second year of war, on the same scale of destruction, there would be a reduction of one-ninth, and so on. So that we could possibly carry on for at least three years without any renewal of our own or neutral shipping, and without being brought to a serious point of want. Even then, if the rate of destruction of two and a half a day could be kept up, we should be a long way from stagnation being turned into defeat.

But it seems obvious that the rate will not and cannot be kept up. Note to begin with that it has not been kept up. It was $2\frac{3}{4}$ a day during the second, and $2\frac{5}{8}$ in the third week, and it is only just over one and a half in the past week, and this is not so very far from normal. We must not forget that in July, August, and

the first week of September, we had precisely the same conditions. The rate then dropped suddenly from the highest on record to the lowest. I am far from saying that we are to infer that the present drop from the recent high rate forebodes a continuance of a low rate. But it was inconceivable that the high rate could continue; equally almost inconceivable that what we have just seen is not the highest rate possible. The agencies which reduced the rate last autumn—though probably less efficient than they were because attacking at sight gives to the U boats opportunities of sinking ships, and lessens our opportunities for sinking them—are still formidable enough, and they have doubtless been increased in numbers and in efficiency. Those engaged in these operations have a wider experience, and the organisation for pooling these experiences, and making the lessons of one field available in another, has been very greatly improved. The directions which these improvements had to take I indicated last week. The process of decentralising began going into effect about last June. And in four months we saw the value of the new principles employed. It may take a month or two to bring Germany's present equipment of submarines once more to negligible proportions. Meantime, for the moment at any rate, it looks as if the Admiralty had the thing in hand.

Force Direct and Indirect

The curve of destruction will inevitably tend to return to the normal for reasons inherent in the character of this peculiar kind of war. Where two forms of force are engaged in opposition, of which one is incapable of closing and fighting the other, and relies upon chance strokes from a distance to effect its end and on evasion for its safety, while the other is able and willing to close and fight it out—because *in contact* its powers of attack and resistance are superior, the former *evasive* force is



Daily Average Curve: The above curve shows how the daily average rose in the first week of the new Submarine Campaign from slightly less than one per day during February and the first 17 days of March, to 2 1/2 in the first week; 2 1/2 in the second; dropped to 2 1/2 in the third, and again to 1 1/2 in the past week.

ultimately doomed to failure. It is a truth illustrated in many experiences of guerilla war. The South African campaign and the American wars with the Red Indians are excellent instances in point. The weakness of the guerilla is his inability to combine and defeat the main force against him. The weakness of the organised force is to counteract the swiftness and secrecy of movement of the guerilla. In the submarine war the case is complicated by the submarines having objectives that cannot defend themselves. Success is measured by the number of these that they can waylay. The true analogy is with bandits and highwaymen, who have hills and deserts to hide in, and from them communications. But until a submarine is produced that can attack and destroy its pursuers or is impenetrable to the weapons its pursuers bring against it, the *ultimate* defeat of the submarine is certain, because while their pursuers can combine against them, the submarines cannot combine against their pursuers.

Lord Montagu, I imagine, called in the submarine to strengthen his argument, which in the main, of course, was that we could only decide the land war in our favour if we strengthened our attack by aircraft good and numerous enough for the purpose. But does not the argument of the submarine really apply with even greater force to the aeroplane? When used for warlike operations on

their own account, all aircraft are subject to a similar disability—They are unable to close and fight the enemy. They, too, have to rely on chance blows, and they are at a disadvantage greater than that of the submarine in that their objectives are many times more difficult to find and fifty times more difficult to destroy. Like the submarine they have no means of engaging the *fixed* defences put up to drive them off, so that they too must rely upon evasion for safety. Aircraft are only unlike submarines in that they can fight each other, and this is of course a disadvantage.

If the statement is accurate that in a month's time Germany will have 50 Zeppelins, 20 of which may be used for bombing the civil population of this country, it will certainly become highly desirable that we should have enough suitable aeroplanes—that are not wanted for the Army or the Navy—to engage these murderers in their own element. But even if we had aeroplanes numerous and good enough to bring down every Zeppelin that crossed the North Sea, we should be making the greatest mistake if we supposed that thereby we brought victory any nearer. It would be a case of the enemy compelling us, by an unmilitary use of force, to devote part of our force to the unmilitary object of thwarting it. And in calling this object unmilitary, I am far from saying that it is not a proper object. I am merely saying that its achievement does not carry us on one inch towards ending the war.

It is no answer to say that Zeppelins, coming often enough and in sufficient numbers, must inevitably destroy factories and arsenals vital to military efficiency. In the first month of the war France lost 73 per cent. of her coal supply and over 80 per cent. of her engineering resources. Yet it was not a fatal loss. Neither aircraft nor submarines can conceivably do damage on this scale. Their share in war is for practical purposes only indirect. They are dependent upon chance for success, and they must not be confused with those factors in the war which are decisive.

Important News

As we go to Press, two important pieces of news arrive. Trebizond has fallen to the Russians in what was, quite evidently, an operation in which land and sea force were brilliantly combined. Some ten days ago, it may be remembered, the *Breslau* made a dash to the Anatolian coast to assist in resisting the Russian push along the coast. She was driven off, according to the Turkish account, by a squadron which included one of the Black Sea Dreadnoughts. It was the first news we had had that any of this class were finished. The *Breslau's* speed enabled her, naturally enough, to escape. Whether the *Maria Imperatritza's* big guns could have been of very material assistance in the question one cannot tell without studying the contour map of the field of operations. But the squadron's intervention in landing artillery to cover the final advance appears to have been decisive. The official account does not say whether these were naval guns or not. They may, of course, have been field artillery landed from transports under the protection of the battleships. The conquest of Trebizond gives Russia a much-needed advance base for an Anatolian campaign, and for the first time, she will begin now to reap the full benefit of her unquestioned control of the Black Sea. It is an event of the greatest importance. Note that once more submarines have failed in preventing a landing.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Mr. Unwin published yesterday *The Book of Italy* issued under the auspices of Queen Elena of Italy in aid of the Italian Sailors' and Soldiers' Families and the Italian Red Cross. For several generations there has been a deep sympathy between the peoples of England and of Italy, a sort of natural and instinctive understanding of one another. There are few English writers or artists who have not felt the charm of Italy and her people, while on the other hand the cultivated Italian is generally attracted towards England and English life. *The Book of Italy* edited by an Italian scholar, Dr. Raffaello Piccoli, University Teacher at Cambridge, and with an Introduction by Lord Bryce, contains contributions from writers and artists of both nations. The net profits from the sale will be handed over by the publishers to the Pro Italia Committee in aid of the Italian Sailors' and Soldiers' Families in the United Kingdom and of the Italian Red Cross, under the patronage of the Italian Ambassador, Marchese Imperiali.

Air Defence Problems and Fallacies

The Failure of the Derby Committee

By F. W. Lanchester

PERHAPS the most important announcement which has been made in relation to service aeronautics during the last few weeks—in fact, since the appointment of the Derby Committee—is the collapse of that Committee, notified by the resignations of Lord Derby and of Lord Montagu, the latter of whom only joined the Committee in March. I do not know whether the terms of reference of this Committee were ever published, but it is impossible from the conditions that it could have been a Committee with executive power. The responsibility for the efficiency of our Navy and of our Army during the European War must rest *absolutely* in the hands of the Admiralty and War Office respectively. It is immaterial whether we are dealing with the infantry, with the cavalry, or with the artillery, or whether we are dealing with the Flying Corps; they are to-day the four arms of the Service (if we exclude the Royal Engineers from being described as an arm), the responsibility cannot be divided. Likewise in the Navy it is of no consequence whether we are considering our battle fleets, or our cruiser squadrons, or our mosquito flotillas of various denominations, or whether we are considering the Royal Naval Air Service, again the responsibility cannot be divided. In every case the inter-relationship between the different "Arms," be it of our Army or of our Fleet, is so close and intricate and the co-ordination of their movements is so necessary to the successful performance of their duties that no division of responsibility is possible. Ultimately as concerns the conduct of operations in the field the Commander-in-Chief of an Army must be absolute, and the Admiral in supreme command must have implicit power over the naval and air forces in his control.

Supply

From these elementary facts, which are not disputed by any competent military or naval authority, it follows that such a Committee as that appointed under the presidency of Lord Derby must be dependent on the agreement between the naval and military representatives serving thereon. If such a Committee could be dragooned by a majority in which the Service members were on opposite sides there would be an end to responsibility. It may be considered deplorable that when the machinery of a Committee has been formed with the object of bringing the responsible parties together to reach an agreement on vital points as they arise, that failure should result, but this is not the point at issue; deplorable or otherwise, it is perfectly clear and evident that the cure must not be sought in the direction of destroying that complete and plenary responsibility which is essential to the well-being of the Services, and proper conduct of naval or military operations.

It is said that the actual difficulty or rock on which the Committee was wrecked related to the supply of material. If we take this to be the case it is not a trouble under present conditions which is peculiar to the Air Service; it is a trouble which has manifested itself in other directions and in the supply of material of other kinds—shells, artillery, machine guns, small arms, etc., etc., even within a few weeks of the outbreak of war; it has led to the creation of a Ministry of Munitions and the appointment of a Cabinet Minister to organise and regulate supplies. It would be indeed strange if the supply of the special material demanded by the Royal Flying Corps, and the Royal Naval Air Service, were exempt from difficulty: aeroplanes, aeroplane motors, counter-aircraft artillery, bombs, Lewis guns and other items of equipment. In brief, the weakness of the Committee in the matter of executive power, and the particular difficulties in relation to the supply of material were both such as could have been reasonably anticipated and expected from the outset.

It would have been indeed a happy issue if under these conditions the Committee had been able, by the exercise of argument and persuasive power, to have accomplished

successfully the duties assigned to it, but such is more than in the conduct of human affairs could have been hoped or anticipated. The Committee was an experiment and it has failed. The discussion of the fundamental difficulty as touching the supply of material will be resumed later. The Press and public, of course, proceed to blame the Government for having set up a Committee which has proved abortive in its results. Perhaps the Government are to blame for not having foreseen the difficulties, and for having brought into being a committee which has after so short a career proved a failure, but the question of blame or otherwise is not what I am out to discuss. Naturally on the public admission of the failure we turn to examine the alternative proposals which have been made from time to time for the strengthening of service aeronautics, and for the more active persecution of air warfare, we find ourselves faced, amongst other projects with a proposal for an Air Ministry with full executive powers.

Responsibility.

This proposal requires to be examined and studied from the two points of view by which any scheme of military or naval reform is dominated: the question of responsibility, and that of the supply. The question of responsibility is one which is always paramount and which cannot be "jockeyed with" without disaster. The question of supply is one which under normal conditions is of comparatively easy solution, but which as experience has shown in the present great war, is one of grave and fundamental difficulty.

In dealing with the question of responsibility I take it as an axiom that the responsibility of a Commander-in-Chief for the employment of the forces allotted to him for the conduct of military operations must be absolute. There may be restrictions and he may have to act within the limits of instructions as to the actual task he is called upon to perform; these may be dictated by political circumstances, or by reason of grand strategy; but once given his job his authority must be supreme.

I take it as a further axiom that in the supply of material and personnel full responsibility must rest with the Admiralty and War Office respectively, and the said responsibility being limited by the resources of the country either as defined by the Parliamentary grants on supply which are made available from year to year, or in the case of national danger by the ultimate financial and material resources of the country, or as judged expedient by the Cabinet or by the section of the Ministry on which plenary powers have been conferred.

When as in the present great war the resources of the country, both in recruiting for all arms, and for industrial purposes in the manufacture of munitions, are utilised or commandeered to the utmost, it becomes one of the most anxious and difficult duties of the Ministry properly to allocate these resources between the authorities who are responsible; the conditions are without parallel in our previous national experience. If the question of the great war had been studied closely by competent authorities it is not unreasonable to suppose that to a very great extent the position could have been forecast, and on the outbreak of war every man could have had his duties allotted to him, subject of course to after adjustments based on experience, but nothing of the kind was done, and it is scarcely probable that our Ministry would have dreamed of devoting the necessary time or attention to the consideration of any such hypothetical study. The fact, however, which is of importance is that it was not done. Hence we have had industrial firms and recruiting officers competing for the same man; we have had the Army and the Navy competing for the output of the same factory, we have seen firms galore with pressure applied from two different authorities, in entirely opposite directions, not knowing, for example, whether to encourage their men to attest under the Derby recruiting scheme or whether to tell them that they were doing

better for their country in sticking to their munition work. We have had at times all the indications of impending chaos and the Government has had to improvise methods to deal with the situation as it has arisen; we have thus the Ministry of Munitions controlling our munition factories and firms engaged on Government contracts. The difficulty of fixing fair prices for munitions, machines, etc., which had never been made before was thus solved by the simple method of limiting profits, so that to-day it is of little national consequence at what price orders are placed with a firm under the Ministry of Munitions, since if the profit is excessive it comes back to the Exchequer. Though some of the more urgent difficulties have been handled by these means, the result is far from perfect. There are many rocks yet to be negotiated by further improvised methods and regulations.

“Forward”

All these difficulties have affected and still affect the supply of aircraft, and more broadly the air service *materiel*. It may be that the air service is more affected than some of the older arms inasmuch as the requirements are far more difficult to forecast, either as to type or quantity. In the question of personnel and training also the provision for the air services is less easy to deal with; new conditions have to be met by new methods. Those responsible for our present position may well be proud of the results so far achieved; we have in the Royal Flying Corps a service which has never failed to hold its own with that of the enemy, and this under meteorological disabilities which favour the enemy one might almost say in the ratio of two to one. Still the motto must be continually “Forward.”

It is thus clear that under the present conditions our second axiom, the plenary responsibility of the War Office and Admiralty for their men and material has had “willy nilly” to be subject to external regulation, the regulation of the Ministry of Munitions; and, since it is evident that the Ministry of Munitions is of the nature of a makeshift, and has not been worked out as an integral part of our military and naval system, its powers and scope are determined as a matter of expediency rather than as a matter of logic. Hence at present firms which as matter of past habit and tradition have been working exclusively or nearly exclusively for the Admiralty continue to deal with the Naval Contracts Departments and to supply the Navy direct. The position with regard to aircraft and much of the aeronautical material is anomalous in this respect. It is, so far as the needs of the Army are concerned, dealt with direct by the Director-General of Military Aeronautics, and has not been brought into line with army materiel of other kinds; it may be remarked, however, that the functions and scope of the Minister of Munitions are liable to be extended if circumstances warrant.

I will now in the light of the above pass to examine the suggestions which have been made on the question of an independent Air Service, and will firstly deal with the current or popular cry that the existing air branches of the Army and Navy respectively—namely, the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service involve “overlapping” and therefore must be amalgamated into a National Air Service, independently controlled. This suggestion I propose to show is based on fallacious views. If carried out *in toto* it infringes absolutely the axioms laid down, and can only result in confusion and the “evaporation” of responsibility.

The Slogan: “One Element One Service”

There is no virtue in mere words, but the general public have a tendency to accept an idea neatly expressed in an epigrammatic way, or to accept a slogan of any kind without enquiring too deeply into its intrinsic merits. I propose to deal with this cry “One element one service” at the outset. It sounds so very plausible and might be easily taken to express some fundamental and necessary fact. If it means anything, it means that there is some kind of symmetrical relationship between land, air and water, so far as warfare is concerned, that entitle the three so-called “elements” to symmetrical treatment, but will this view stand investigation? An army fighting on land is fighting on

land; it can only be directly supported from the sea, or it can only be directly in relation to naval operations when the zone of hostilities extends to the littoral. A navy fighting at sea is fighting at sea; it can only be directly affected, and the two present Services can only directly participate in a given operation when that operation is in a coastal region. Under these conditions the employment of two independent Services under their respective Ministerial heads is clearly appropriate.

The proportion of the total world area in which hostilities common to the two Services can take place is small compared to the total areas involved. Thus an exclusively naval action may take place anywhere on the broad ocean, or in our narrower seas, such as the North Sea or English Channel. An exclusively military operation may take place anywhere in the length and breadth of a continent. In neither case will the one service be called upon to co-operate directly with the other. It is only when the naval operations affect a coast line or the military operations stretch to within range of naval guns that the two Services are required to act in conjunction.

Is there any analogy to this in the air? The answer is emphatically *no*. There is no place in the field of military operations where aircraft cannot co-operate; *the coast line of the air is the surface of the earth and the surface of the sea*; there is nowhere on the surface of our seas or the broad ocean where aircraft cannot co-operate with the Navy; thus the conditions are totally dissimilar. In the future of military operations the co-operation of aircraft—aeroplanes—will be continuous, and the aeronautical arm will be constantly acting in the closest possible detailed relationship with the other arms of the Service; it is so acting to-day. In the Navy again aircraft, both large dirigibles and aeroplanes, and so-called seaplanes, will be acting continuously, undertaking reconnaissance, bombing, torpedoing, spotting, and perhaps other duties not yet defined. The employment of aircraft as an auxiliary to the Navy is relatively backward, but every month has its record of progress and every year will show its accumulated advance; it may be anticipated the relation will ultimately be as intimate (or nearly so) as that in the sister Service.

Co-operated Action

The situation is not symmetrical, and the slogan “One Element one Service” has no rational foundation in fact

If naval and military operations were interlocked as closely as aircraft and military operations are, on the one hand, or as aircraft and naval operations give promise of becoming on the other, it is more than doubtful whether our present system of two independent Services would be found the best solution as it is to-day. When it is required to conduct joint operations, as in Gallipoli recently, and as in many of the great belligerent operations of history, the forces representing the two Services are under two separate commands and the success of the operations in every case largely depends upon the working together of the responsible Commanders. Many examples could be quoted from history where a failure of close co-operation has resulted in a corresponding failure of the operation as a whole. There is no doubt that if such operations were the rule rather than the exception the system of controlling Army and Navy as two independent Services would be found to possess glaring defects.

But the inter-relation of Army and Navy even under conditions of co-operation is by no means so close as that which experience has proved necessary and desirable between the Army and its Air Service, and the divorcing of the one from the other or the division of responsibility, however effected between the Flying Corps, by whatever name it may be called, and the other arms of the military service, must be considered impossible to the extent of absurdity; likewise in the R.N.A.S. I am sure that in saying this my opinion would receive the support of every military officer of experience and of every strategist or tactician of repute.

Almost as insidious a suggestion as that involved in the cry “One element one service,” is contained in the suggestion that the provision of *materiel* and the training of personnel should be vested in a central authority. The idea of those who advocate this scheme appears to

be that the training of pilots and observers and the supply of aeroplanes, likewise the supply of counter-aircraft, artillery and the training of gunners, should be carried out under the authority of an Air Minister who would decide after discussion with the Services what motors, machines, guns, etc., should be adopted, what quantities should be provided, from what sources they should be obtained, and in addition to this, how the personnel should be recruited, how and where trained, etc., and the said Ministry should be responsible for supplying to both Army and Navy its section or share of the national Air Service "ready made."

Output and Demands

When considering a suggestion of this kind it is not possible to condemn the whole scheme out of hand on any broad or fundamental principle. There have been and are so many things which are to a certain extent anomalous both in the recruiting and training of our Armies and in the control and supply of material, and such anomalous arrangements have been in the past successful to a greater or lesser degree. It is thus not possible to condemn a new scheme out of hand however unlikely or anomalous it may appear at the outset.

It would be useless to discuss any scheme at the present time on too broad a basis; the country is at war, and the war conditions which obtain are admittedly abnormal. When we talk of the supply of material we have immediately to visualise the difficulties with which the supplies of material of all kinds are at present surrounded. The conditions are definitely those of a shortage, and whenever augmented supplies of one kind are deemed necessary the question immediately arises as to what other kinds of supplies or munitions may be curtailed. Thus the supply of counter-aircraft guns could be augmented considerably at very short notice at the expense of artillery of other kinds, or looking at the matter from another standpoint, a given increased demand for counter-aircraft artillery could be met if the possible increase in the output of other kinds of artillery is moderated. Under the conditions of a constantly growing output from our arms and munition factories it is rather a matter of in which direction must the growth of output be directed than a definite curtailment of one kind or another. The ultimate limit of the sum and total will be the number of men or hands and the output per man.

We have already a Ministry of Munitions controlling a large proportion of the output of the country, in fact with a few exceptions the whole of the military requirements in the direction of arms and munitions are under the control of the said Ministry. We have the Navy acting independently of the Ministry of Munitions mainly through firms whose output has been in the past devoted mainly to Navy requirements. As already stated the reason the Naval supplies have not come under the control of the Ministry of Munitions is rather a matter of expediency than logic. In brief the division of responsibility is the best practicable solution available at the moment. When at any point the Admiralty and Munitions requirements clash, as where firms are doing work for both, or where a given article is required by both, the matter is one of arrangement, and the most usual solution is that the output of certain firms is allotted to meet the naval needs.

We hear the outcry that often the Army pays one price for an article and the Navy another; to the layman, this sounds perhaps absurd and as betokening gross mismanagement. Sometimes this may be so. To the man who has any experience of manufacture, however, it is often quite clear that so-called scandals of this kind have no real foundation; all firms are not equally well laid out for the same job, and what in one factory may cost £100 may cost in another factory half as much again without any blame attaching to the management of the latter. Whatever is wanted by a country at war has to be made with whatever tools are available, whether they are specially suited to the purpose or not. It is one of the main functions of the Ministry of Munitions to adjust and regulate the various demands to suit the admitted relative importance of the supplies concerned. The whole "Munitions Machine" is an improvised makeshift; it does its best.

The proposition for the amalgamation of the Air Services, which I am now criticising, amounts in the

matter of material to the substitution of a fourth party, a Ministry of the Air who will take the responsibility of providing for both Army and Navy so far as aeronautics in the Services is concerned, and in this respect the proposed Air Ministry would act as a *special Munitions Ministry* as concerning aircraft and material, and would compete in turn with the three existing competitors, the Admiralty, the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions for the nation's output. So far as this aspect of the question is concerned, I think that for the duration of the war at least it would be preferable to end the anomalous position of the present supplies of aeronautical material by placing same under the control of the Ministry of Munitions as at present instituted, possibly as a sub-department. This would tend to reduce the present competition rather than increase it. Further it would simplify matters, inasmuch as the Ministry of Munitions has been set up to keep the Army supplied, and the War Office is the only capable and competent authority to decide whether it is most in want of high explosive shells, or field artillery, or howitzer batteries, counter-aircraft artillery, mechanical transport, aeroplanes, etc., etc.

In my opinion to create another authority to enter into competition for the supply of material with those which exist, to divide the responsibility of the Navy as to its supplies of aeronautical material, and to single out and separate a particular class of munition for a kind of parish-pump treatment has nothing to commend it and may lead to serious deadlock or at least result in confusion.

Again, are we so sure that the men who to-day specify their requirements for the Army or for the Navy are so obtuse or are so ignorant as is popularly represented? They are doubtless human and therefore liable to err, but the proposed Air Ministry will also be human, and surely no less likely to make mistakes.

Personnel

There is unquestionably something which might be done in the direction of unifying design as between the Services. There is doubtless much which could be done in the direction of ensuring that the aeronautical branches of our Services were making full use of each others' experience; I said all this myself eighteen months ago when writing my "Aircraft in Warfare," but it is by no means evident that an Air Ministry would achieve this end, or if it were to achieve this end it is by no means certain that it would not be at the expense of efficiency.

So much from the point of view of *matériel*. How now does the air amalgamation scheme show up when we come to the question of *personnel*. To my mind here again difficulties are certain to be met with; unfortunately the point is one on which the opinion of a military man would have infinitely more weight than my own. I will only say that I am astounded to hear the glib way in which is suggested the training of military and naval men and officers by a third party, the Minister of the Air, who is neither military nor naval, and must in the first instance borrow his personnel from the Army on the one hand and the Navy on the other, before he can begin operations. I cannot believe that unless what I have called the "greater scheme" be adopted, any good result could come from taking the training and disciplining of the *personnel* of either the Army or the Navy out of the hands of the proper authorities, namely the Army or Navy themselves, and I am greatly surprised to see such views obtaining any kind of currency. It is not my view that it would be definitely impossible to carry out such a scheme; I believe that it would be possible, but I think it is grotesque to imagine that the results would be more satisfactory, either from the point of view of the Army, of the Navy, or of the nation as a whole. I will put the matter in a nutshell by saying that the Army understands the training of a soldier, whether it be cavalry, infantry or artillery; the Navy understands the training of its personnel in all its existing branches; there is more in the training for the Army or for the Navy, *qua* Army and Navy, than there is for the branch of the Service for which the training is a preparation.

I have said that this is a point on which there are others who could speak with far greater knowledge and authority than I possess. Doubtless there will be expressions of opinion on the point from competent Naval or Military authorities before the question of service aeronautics is finally settled.

The New Dominion

"And thou shalt have Dominion."—Genesis, Chap. I

These verses, written by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in 1910 for the Christmas number of "The Car," show a remarkable insight into the possibilities of the aeroplane, of which recent events have afforded a striking demonstration.

Man Questions the Aeroplane

BRING you War on your widespread pinions, or the Peace compelled by Fear?
Will you shatter armies in battle, or travellers onward bear?
There is fate beyond our foresight in your planes and your tight-strung wires,
Will you weld the hearts of nations, or kindle their racial fires?

Rising, soaring, swooping, a speck in the open sky,
Through clouds and windstorms daring the thunder itself to defy,
Wonderful, fragile, unstable, that harder might be the test,
You have killed our sons without pity, taking the lives of the best.

The Aeroplane Answers

*I destroy not in sport or error, but I kill my pilots who fail
For an instant to gauge my temper, or I leave them maimed by the gale.
In the clement last to be conquered, shall my heart be easy to gain,
Shall I let fools guess my problems, or make my meaning plain?*

Man Questions the Wind

Wind of the land, now tell me, scent laden with clover and rose,
Wind of the sea, brine laden, knowest thou how the sea-gull goes?
Wind of the Day, in thy fullness, declare the charms that can save,
Wind of the night, in thy softness, thy secret reveal to the brave.

The Wind Answers

*Ask the bird that wheels above you if I bear not with tenderest care,
Ask the oak I have kissed ten lifetimes, though I stripped his branches bare,
Ask the sea whom I stir with my breathings, how my ordered cyclones blow,
Ask the seed wafted on to its seedbed to shelter under the snow.*

Man again Questions the Aeroplane

Thou Sphinx of the middle æther poised lone 'twixt the clouds and the sun,
The falcon and swift are conquered by thy magic speed outdone,
Canst thou reach the fleecy cirrus where Paradise opens its gate?
Thou symbol of man striving upward, seeking ever his freedom from Fate.

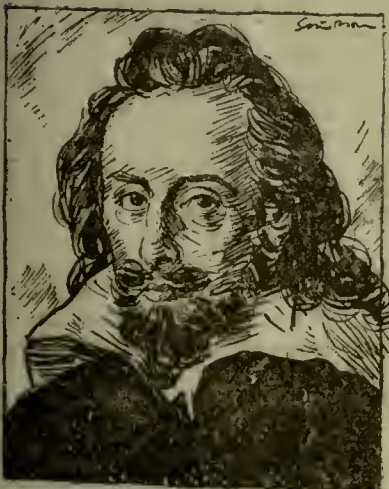
The Aeroplane Answers

*The God that sent you knowledge, and made your eyes to see,
He ordered the time of my coming, and Power he gave to me;
The youngest child of Motion in the cave of the winds was I born,
The Spirit of Speed was my father, my mother the Goddess of Dawn.*

*Thus doth He send me for Warfare, for Peace, for the ultimate good
Of the nations willing to woo me and fathom my every mood,
That the end may be won by courage, as it was since the world began,
To give the New Dominion of the wayward air to man.
Christmas, 1910. MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.*

Shakespeare To-day

By Sir Sidney Lee



SUNDAY next is the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death. It is also the day of the patron saint of England, St. George. The obsession of the war, and the imperative need of concentrating the national energy on its prosecution to assured victory give no just ground for denying to Shakespeare's name the commemorative honours which are due to him on so auspicious an occasion as the

tercentenary of his death. Rather, the national crisis enjoins us to dwell on Shakespeare's heroic achievement, even more earnestly than in a season of normal calm.

A fit appreciation of a country's past triumphs stimulates confidence in the future. A slight acquaintance with the recent intellectual history of the world makes it clear that Shakespeare constitutes the high water mark of our country's achievement in the sphere of mind. To focus public attention on the dominion which he has exercised and is exercising over the intelligence of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen—to remind ourselves at this juncture of the sway which this Englishman wields over the thought of the civilised world—can only tend to strengthen our faith in our country's cause, and to confirm us in our resolve to preserve it from every peril.

II.

There is no touch of insularity about Shakespeare. He was accessible to all manner of foreign influences; he sought his plots as often as not in foreign fiction, Italian, French and Danish. He gives his leading characters foreign names—Othello, Prospero, Miranda, Polonius, Imogen, Hermione, Iago, Romeo, and hundreds of others. Much foreign sentiment lives in his pages. His aler

mental receptivity rendered him sensitive to well-nigh every form of thought and emotion, and he assimilated foreign forms of thought and emotion, with which he met in foreign books, as readily and as completely as the thought and emotion which he observed in the streets of London or the Warwickshire lanes. There is no evidence that he ever went abroad. But while his largeness of outlook prohibited any narrow insular prejudices, there was fused with his tolerant sympathy for all human hope or suffering, there was welded with his comprehensive insight into all human aspiration, an intuitive faith in the destinies of his own country, an affectionate and an enthusiastic recognition of her virtues, combined with an alert perception of her failings.

Shakespeare has left on ample record proofs of his interest in his country's history, chiefly in the great series of history plays. The influence which that part of his work has exerted on his fellow countrymen in spreading historical knowledge of and interest in English history is almost sufficient in itself to entitle him to an imperial demonstration of honour at the moment. Two of the greatest figures in our history—one the greatest of our past generals, the Duke of Marlborough; and the other the greatest of our imperial Statesmen, the Earl of Chatham—both acknowledged that all that they knew of English history they learned from Shakespeare's pages.

No morbid cosmopolitan tendency could live in the air of these history plays. Yet it may not be the instruction they furnish in historic fact that gives them their main value. Their importance lies to-day at any rate, in the broad illustration they offer of the virtuous or beneficent working of the patriotic instinct. That theme Shakespeare presents in every light; he does not neglect the malevolent symptoms incident either to its exorbitant or its defective growth, nor is he wanting in suggestions as to how its healthy development may be best secured.

Although many other passages call equally well for citation, Shakespeare's principle of patriotism is summed up for his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen, as clearly and as pointedly as anywhere, in his familiar warning:

"This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
. . . Nought shall make us rue.
If England to itself do rest but true."

III.

On every phase of our present situation Shakespeare offers us words of good cheer and good counsel. Here is one rousing assurance of his which may be offered our new married levies in his name:

"If you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do swear to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's foe shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age."

None saw more clearly than Shakespeare England's destiny to command the seas, "which he hath given for fence impregnable." In Shakespeare's sight the sea was the "natural bravery" of this island:

"Which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in,
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But sink them up to the topmast."

Shakespeare has much to say of the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; but he insists with all his angelic strength on the prudent creed that the best preventive of war (human nature being what it is) is preparedness in time of peace:

"Peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
(Tho' war nor no known quarrel were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations
Should be maintained, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation."

In the same vein the dramatist 'offers' such sage pieces of advice as these:

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blows in his ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger."

Above all is it worthy of remembrance that, highly as Shakespeare rates courage, he declares repeatedly that wars are won by "wisdom," seconded by "valour" and never by "valour" alone.

"The better part of valour is discretion."

"When valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with"

are invaluable coinages from the Shakespearean mint. Shakespeare illumines with a piercing irony his denunciation of those who

"Count wisdom as no member of the war
. . . and esteem no act
But that of hand."

With magical insight does the dramatist extol

"The still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemy's weight."

Military victory, according to the Shakespearean dispensation, only attends

"Those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide the course of war."

IV.

Shakespeare's words are accessible to all mankind. Our German foe is making many arrogant and unveracious claims, among which his boast of identity with Shakespeare's spirit is the most ludicrous. Shakespeare is free of the Prussian taint, and no Teutonic quibbling can rob Britons of their exclusive racial affinity with him. "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him; we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." In English ears Shakespeare's poetry of war has, by virtue of its animating vigour and ripe wisdom, no rival. Englishmen have but to study their Shakespeare in order to recognise that, if a nation's poetry can now, as in older times, lead army and navy to victory, this country stands small risk of failure in to-day's mighty conflict. It is well for the English-speaking peoples to recall this week Carlyle's moving words, now seventy-four years old, and to try to realise their significance. "This King Shakespeare, does he not shine in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever?"

Active Service Exhibition

When fifty Grenadier Guardsmen, who have been to the front, are told off to make real trenches for all England to explore, it seems a pity that such a permanent effort should last but a month. Therefore one rejoices to know that the Active Service Exhibition, promoted by the *Daily Mail* in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Societies, is to be continued during the summer at the Knightsbridge Hall.

In addition to the trenches, the attractions include a wonderful collection of war relics, shells, grenades, trench mortars, trench catapults, and other weapons loaned by H.M. Board of Munitions, and a most interesting display of inventions which have been created as a result of the great war.

The complete gallery of signed artists' proofs of Louis Raemaekers' wonderful war cartoons has been retained and added to. Then there are the scenes of battlefields viewed through trench periscopes, and the very realistic sniper's post with its machine-gun in working-order.

Each day all these object-lessons on the war are to be seen for a shilling from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., and for sixpence from 5 to 8 p.m. The only extra charge is sixpence for viewing Mr. Arthur Collins's vivid representation of the Bombardment of Ypres. The public not only gains full value for money in visiting the Active Service Exhibition, but obtains an actual idea of the conditions under which our soldiers live and fight.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Scred, who, having heard Macquart's story, agrees to finance the enterprise. Scred purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Scred, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. They arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. Here they meet a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig but find nothing. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority. He persuades his shipmates to go in search of it. The journey leads them through the Great Thorn Bush, which is a vast maze from which escape is impossible without a clue. Macquart and Wiart desert their companions. As night falls a woman's voice is heard calling, and Chaya, answering their cries, finds them.

CHAPTER XXV

Mitu.

TILLMAN, who had now finished his supper, began to question Chaya. She described her wanderings amongst the thorn. She had never been here before, always avoiding the mysterious place, which had the reputation of being haunted.

The reason of this reputation lay in the fact, perhaps, that some natives who had come in here had never returned. One of its names in the Papuan was the Place of Confusion.

"A jolly good name, too," said Tillman, "but you say the Rubber Man has been here several times; how does he know the place so well that he leads us here, yet escapes himself?"

"He is perhaps known to the evil spirits," said Chaya.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Tillman. "He's well enough known to Gin anyway. Oh, the skunk! If I ever get hold of him!"

"What I want to get hold of," said Hull, who had lit his pipe, "is them whiskers. I wants to sit comfortable on that chap's chest and play with them whiskers. I wants a pair of tweezers and no help from no razor. I wants to talk to him, same as a barber does, between the pulls. Show him each hair as I plucks it out; anyone else may scalp him as wants to, I only wants his whiskers."

"He won't have much hair left if we ever catch him," said Tillman. "The thing that gets me is that they are most likely now at the cache, digging it out like rats. Hull, I didn't say anything about it to you before, but you remember that old burnt ship Houghton and I told you we saw in the lagoon?"

"Ay, ay," replied Hull, "what about it?"

"Well, I believe that was the *Terschelling*."

"The gold ship?"

"The same."

"But the gold ship weren't burnt," said Hull, "Mac said she was sunk at her moorings."

"He lied. She was sunk, but she was burnt first, burnt with all aboard her."

Hull pondered on this for a while. Then he burst out:

"But how the mischief was the stuff cached by the river—"

"It wasn't, it was cached by the lagoon, somewhere on the bank. Macquart brought us all up the river for the purpose of finding a chance to do us in. He can get the *Barracuda* out with Jacky."

"Oh, the swab!" said Hull.

The mildness of his language was indicative of the depth, below oaths, in him that was stirred.

"There's one comfort," said Houghton, who was still holding Chaya's hand unobserved by the others, "Wiart is sure to be done in by Macquart if they manage to get the *Barracuda* away. The only live men of those three to be left will be Macquart and Jacky, and Jacky will get his dose after he has been paid off at Sydney. I am firmly of opinion that Macquart is not a devil, he is the Devil. There's just the chance left us that we may get out of this before Mac gets off with the yawl."

"Yes," said Tillman, tapping the ashes out of his pipe, "and we won't be able to do anything unless we're fresh." He yawned, stretched himself on the ground and in a minute his deep breathing told that he was asleep.

Hull in a few minutes followed his example, lying face down and with his head on the crook of his arm.

Houghton turned to Chaya, her face was close to his, and in the vague light of the moon that came across the thorn bushes and tree branches her dark eyes gazed at him, then their lips met.

They had never spoken a word of love one to the other yet they had told each other everything.

They awoke at dawn. Chaya had fallen asleep with her head resting on Houghton's shoulder. She was the first to awake. Houghton had not slept at all. Holding her to him with his arm around her waist, feeling the warmth of her body through the warm girdle of brass beneath her robe, breathing the perfume of her hair, he did not sleep, he dreamt the dream of his life.

She awoke suddenly, raised her head, saw Houghton, and then raising her hands seized him by the arm, as though to push him away from her—only for a moment. The remnants of sleep still clinging to her had vanished and her eyes, losing their wild and bewildered expression, grew soft, human and filled with love. The Chaya who had laughed at the battle between the scorpion and the centipede, the Chaya who had led him that day into the outskirts of the forest to laugh at him and elude him, the Chaya who had tracked them yesterday with Saji not knowing in her own heart the real reason of her care for Houghton, had vanished. This was a new being, a rapturous, warm living woman. The savage had vanished entirely, the beauty of the savage remained, lending a supreme, indefinable fascination to the beauty of the woman.

"Chaya," whispered Houghton, holding her to him, "all my life I have been waiting for you—listen, before the others wake up, you are mine and never will I let you go."

Chaya sighed deeply. Then she put her arms round his neck. She did not speak one word. She raised her perfect lips to his, and the eyes in whose darkness and depth lay the mysteries of the forest and the sea.

Hull awaking from sleep saw nothing. Whilst he was rubbing his eyes they had drawn apart; he touched Tillman with his foot and the latter, awaking with a start, sat up.

"Good Lord!" said he, "I dreamt we were out of this and back on the *Barracuda*, what's the time?"

"There ain't no time here," said Hull. "It's after sun up and time to be movin'. Oh, cuss that swab!"

"Well," said Tillman, "we'd better have breakfast before we make a move. It's the biggest mistake to set to work on an empty stomach."

They set to on the provisions, Chaya cut some prickly pears and picked some small red fruit from a bush that grew low down among the thorns. She would touch nothing else.

She watched Hull eating. He seemed to fascinate her and amuse her at the same time. One of her greatest charms was a childishness and gaiety which even their desperate position could not destroy.

They were discussing ways and means of escape as futilely as children discussing the meaning of an algebraical problem, when Tillman, catching sight of something away down the path, drew their attention to it.

A small dark figure was disporting itself on the ground,

approaching them yet hiding itself as it came behind the tree boles.

"It's a monkey!" cried Hull.

Chaya, who had sprung to her feet and who was standing shading her eyes, laughed.

"It's mine," said she, "it is Mitu." Saji a long time ago had killed a monkey on one of his hunting expeditions. Now monkeys are not indigenous to New Guinea, but as Macquart had told them a race of monkeys introduced by the early Dutch traders infested the forest on the left bank and lagoon edge, this tribe had never spread, nowhere else in New Guinea were they to be found. The monkey killed by Saji had been carrying a baby in its arms, and Chaya, who had been with Saji, rescued the baby and brought it up. It was her pet and it followed her always at a distance, mostly springing along the branches of the trees under which she walked.

On starting with Saji yesterday morning she had tied Mitu up. It must have escaped, and picking up her traces pursued her.

She told her companions this in a few words and then went forward to meet her follower. But Mitu was shy. The sight of the white men evidently did not please him. He took to a tree, and Chaya standing beneath it began to talk to him in the native.

"Blest if she ain't talkin' to it same s'if it was a human," said Hull.

"Leave her alone," said Tillman. "It may be that the beast can lead us out. It followed her all the way from the village and it has found her. If it did that it can find its way back."

They saw the monkey under the blandishments of Chaya drop from branch to branch. Then it dropped on her shoulder and sat with one arm round her head and its melancholy eyes fixed on Hull and his companions.

Chaya continued talking to it as if explaining things, slowly approaching the others as she did so.

"He may lead us," said she. "I do not know. It may be. But I have nothing to tie him with."

Mitu had on a grass collar and he had evidently broken or bitten through the cord that had tethered him. Tillman understood her meaning at once, and searching in his pockets found six or seven feet of lanyard.

He produced it and Chaya, sitting down and taking Mitu in her lap, fastened one end of the lanyard to his collar.

Then she let him play about for a while to accustom him to the constraint of the string, and then, standing up, spoke to him again.

Mitu, looking preternaturally wise, listened and then started off, taking the way he had come by. Chaya followed him, and the others, picking up their bundles, followed Chaya.

"Well," said Hull. "I never did think I'd be condemned to follow a monkey. We only wants a barrel organ to make the show complete. Look at the brute. It's for all the world as if it had five legs."

Mitu's legs were not unlike his tail. He was going on all fours and his progress was not rapid. He would stop to sniff at the leaves and every now and then he would whisk up a tree bole as far as the lead would permit.

Chaya, recognising that he would lead them more swiftly if he were released and allowed to take to his own element—the air, untied the lanyard from his collar and let him loose.

Next moment he was swaying from branch to branch; where the trees were too sparsely set he would take to the ground, and though the progress was slow it was sure.

On one of the paths along which he led them they came on a strange thing, the skeleton of a man half overgrown with ground vines. Some native trapped long ago in this tangle and dying of starvation or perhaps simply from fright, had left these bones.

"I don't like meetin' that skillington," said Hull. "It ain't lucky."

"Nonsense," said Tillman. "There's no such thing as luck."

"Ain't there," replied the Captain. "Well, if there ain't, there's such a thing as bad luck and it seems to me we've struck it. No such thing as Luck! Why, I've seen it. You take a ship and alter her name and you'll see it too if you go for a cruise in her. Why, there's nothin' else but luck in this here world and you'll know it, me son, when you've seen as much as I have."

An hour later, after Mitu had led them hither and thither and seemingly in all directions, they came on the ashes of the camp fire. The monkey had brought them back to the very point they had started from.

Chaya sat down and buried her face in her hands, the others stood by speechless, and paralysed for the moment.

It was only now, really, that they began to recognise the appalling effect of the maze upon the mind. The feeling of being held—by Nothing, baffled—by Nothing.

Here they had air, light, liberty and speech, yet they were tied and bound by a viewless conjurer as surely as though he had tied them with visible ropes and thongs.

Hull, the pessimist, was the first to break silence.

"Well, we've got to get out," said he. "I reckon that skillington has spent itself now we've come back to the place we started from. There's no use in the gal takin' on, she did her best, but I'd like to put a bullet into that-durned monkey. I didn't put no store by that monkey."

"Yes," said Tillman. "There's no use in complaining. Let's make a new start and trust to chance."

Houghton was kneeling by Chaya and talking to her in a low tone. Then she rose up. She had been crying, but now she dried her tears, put her hand in Houghton's and followed the others on the new start off.

They had not been an hour on the new endeavour when they were startled by a cry from Chaya.

They turned and found her kneeling by a tree. Houghton was standing beside her and she was pointing to something on the bark.

On the bark, about four feet up from the roots was the mark of an axe blow. A piece of bark had been cut right out. It was an old injury inflicted on the tree possibly months ago, but it was definite and purposeful and Chaya knew at once its meaning. She rose up and hurried along to the next tree ahead. It showed nothing. She examined tree after tree and then again she cried out.

When they reached her she was pointing to another mark similar to the first, only slightly higher up. Tillman saw the whole thing at a glance.

"She's struck the blaze," said he. "Can't you see, Wiart or maybe some native has made it—she's saved us."

They followed her as she hurried along. Her keen eyes trained to observation required only one glance at a tree to tell whether it was blazed or not.

She had no difficulty at all at cross roads, for here every tree was blazed till the right direction was indicated. On straight paths the blaze was rare, it was not really required, yet it was there sometimes as though the man who had made it was so impressed by the possibilities of this terrible place that he determined to leave his mark as often as possible.

The depression and anguish of spirit that had ridden them up to this now completely vanished, and the renewed feeling of life and elevation of spirit slowed itself in each man according to his temperament.

They had not far to go, less than a mile the blaze led them and then vanished where the path of a sudden broke up and delivered them to the forest.

To find the thorn no longer on either side of one was to experience the feelings of a man who escapes from the clutches of a malevolent giant. The atmosphere of the forest was quite different from the atmosphere of the maze, a blind man could have told the difference. There the air seemed stagnant and like a prisoner. The life of the forest avoided the place, all but the insect life that buzzed and droned amidst the thorn.

Here the parrots were shrieking and chattering and the climbing kangaroos astir in the branches and the wind moving the leaves and bringing with it the perfume of the camphor and catch trees, and a faint fresh something that was perhaps the breath of the sea.

"Thank God!" said Houghton.

Chaya, with the faithful Mitu on her shoulder, looked around her. She was now in her own home, she could find her way in the forest by instinct, possessing that unerring sense of direction more sure than the pointing of the compass.

She led the way now, Houghton beside her and the others following. It was half an hour after noon, and they had still almost a day's journey before them ere they could reach the river.

It was now a race for the gold; but just as in the maze they were the prisoners of Confusion, so here in the forest they were the prisoners of Distance. They could not run, nor could they advance fast, the journey required that they should husband all their energies. Barrier lianas sometimes lay in their path so thickly that they had to be cut through, and it was absolutely necessary for them to halt every now and then for a short rest.

They flung away their bundles, retaining only in their pockets a few morsels of food, and they would have flung away their guns and ammunition had it been possible.

Sometimes when they rested they talked. Hull grumbled.

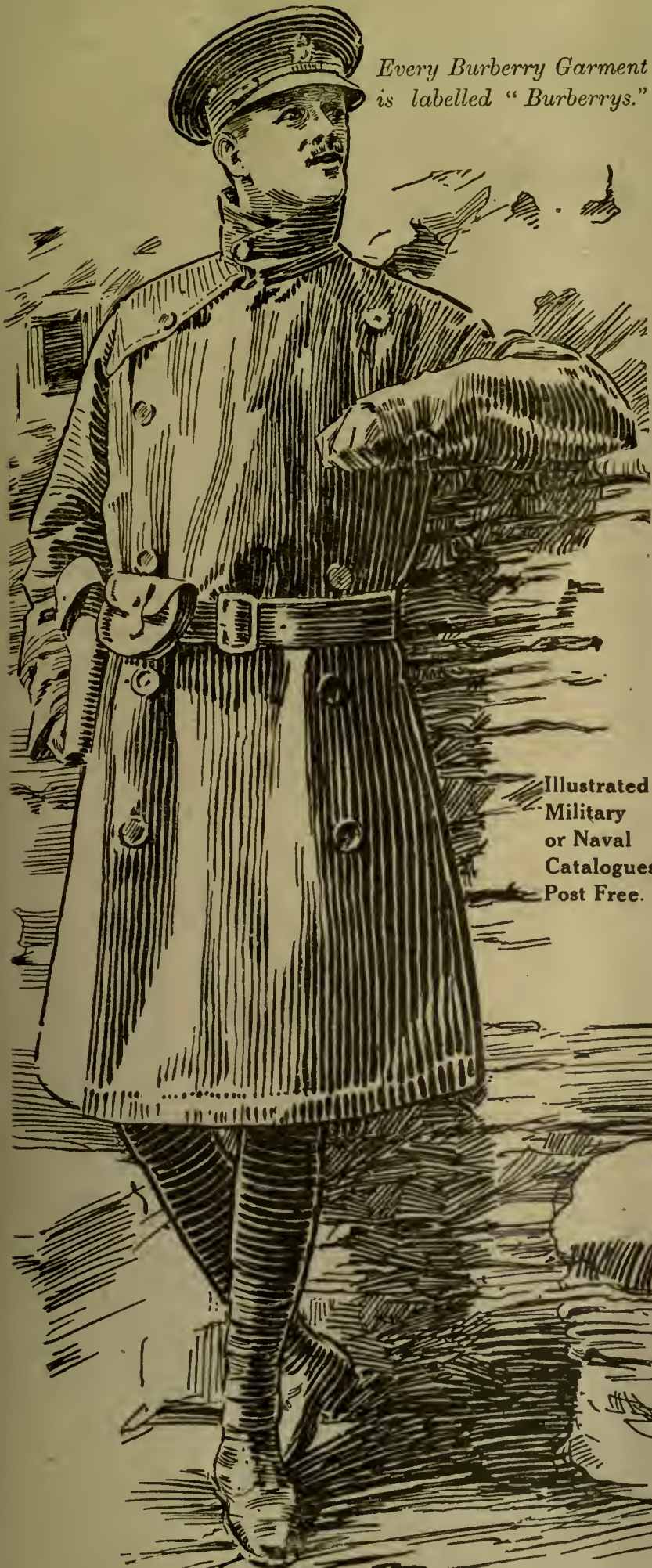
"If them two blighters went back to the river," said he, "they'll have taken the boat sure, to reach the lagoon, and then where'll we be?"

"We'll have to tramp it," said Tillman. "Make down the river bank as hard as we can pelt, but the chances are they'll have struck for the lagoon through the forest. Wiart seems to know the forest pretty well."

"How long will it take them to unload the cache, I wonder?" said Houghton. "God! It makes me boil to think that we may reach the lagoon only to find the *Barracuda* gone, and we stranded here, and those two and that infernal Jacky making for Sydney."

(To be continued)

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The King and Queen will attend the memorial service at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday for the Australian and New Zealand soldiers who fell at Gallipoli. This is as it should be. Anzac Day will pass into the greater anniversaries of the Empire, and its glory will never be blotted out.

By the death of Lord Clanricarde, the House of Lords loses the last of its eccentrics. Few of them have been of a lovable nature, and the late Marquis was no exception. He was no doubt more than a little mad, but not sufficiently so to be kept under that restraint which debar at least two members of the Upper House from taking their seats.

The honour conferred on the Aga Khan has been well won. His devotion to the Empire has been sincere and unswerving from the first, and he has spared himself no labour to uphold its interests. At times and in places it has demanded moral courage of a high order. Sir Mahomed Shah, Aga Khan, is the spiritual head of a large section of Mohammedans scattered throughout Asia and Africa. Though a wealthy man he owns no landed estates. The salute of 11 guns now places him on the level of a ruling chief, and signifies that the King-Emperor recognises that other qualities apart from land tenure may entitle a leader of men to the peculiar honour of a salute.

Whether it be due to spring weather or to deeper causes (I believe the latter) never have the restaurants of London been so crowded as during this April. As an illustration, I was at Prince's last Friday, which is considered an off day in the restaurant world, yet parties were waiting in the foyer for tables until half past two and later. Prince's of course has always been a favourite resort, though in the spring-times of peace the flood tide of its prosperity, so far as luncheon was concerned, was when the Royal Academy opened. But this year it has not had to wait for that event.

Before these words are in print, the result of the Wimbledon Election will be known. Whichever way it goes, Mr. Kennedy Jones will receive congratulations, for the contest on his part was thoroughly sporting. But K. J. has always been a sportsman and the tougher a fight the more he enjoys it.

He was offered a "safe" seat in the House years ago but he refused it. Those who know him best would like to see him there. He is a hard-headed business man with a strong streak of kindness in his nature, which he does his best to conceal. His first experience of electioneering was at Portsmouth over twenty years ago when his then partner, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, unsuccessfully fought an election.

Easter is the natural excuse for a little extra indulgence in sweets and chocolates; Rumpelmayer as usual gives every encouragement. He has the true French touch. The Easter eggs he despatches, however simple and inexpensive, are always works of art, and it is a pleasure to give as well as to receive them. Hospitals are not forgotten and Rumpelmayer has been very busy in sending them there, by his patrons' orders. His tea rooms are crowded of an evening.

The Canadian War Contingent Association issued a report this month of its work since its inception in August, 1914, until December 31st, 1915. It would be impossible to find higher efficiency; it has been thorough in its ways, straightforward in its methods, and the support it has received over here more particularly from Canadians has been most generous. The initial difficulties, especially in connection with its military hospital which is now at Beachborough Park, Shorncliffe, kindly lent by Sir Arthur and Lady Markham, would have disheartened most people, but they were at last overcome, and this hospital, administered by a committee under the able chairmanship of Mr. George McLaren Brown, has done and continues to do very splendid work.

When the Association first began its duties of looking after Canadian soldiers, there were only about 33,000 on this side of the Atlantic; now there are 120,000, but it can proudly boast it has never failed one of them. It has not only provided extra comforts but has laid itself out to make the life of the men both here and at the front healthier and happier. Its report is well worth a careful study. The chairman of its executive committee is Sir Thomas Skinner, and the hon. secretary, Mr. T. G. Colmer. No man has worked harder or to better purpose than Mr. Colmer. HERMES.

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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

Remember Wittenberg



The Alarm : Beveru, September, 1914

By G Spencer Pryse

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916

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DIES MIRABILIS

WHEN Britain's part comes to be written in the History of the Great War, when it is possible for all things to fall into their right perspective, Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of April, 1916, will stand out saliently as an historic date. For the first time in the annals of Parliament, that institution of which we Britons are so inordinately and perhaps a little unduly proud, the defence of the realm demanded a secret session which is practically without precedent. Two secret sessions there have been previously, but they have been secret merely in name and for causes so trivial that they scarcely count. There seemed a peculiar fitness that purely by chance this strong action of the leaders of Parliament with its inevitable encroachment on the ancient liberties and privileges of members of both Houses should have occurred on the birthday of Oliver Cromwell. The Order in Council which governs this secret sitting of the representatives of the nation is framed in the spirit of the great Protector, who, where the defence of the realm was concerned, paid slight heed to the susceptibilities of members of Parliament. At the same time we may express doubt whether that section of this Order in Council which has reference to Cabinet meetings has not been framed in a too drastic manner, and whether indeed it will be found possible or even serviceable in practice.

But Westminster witnessed another sight on this historic Tuesday. The men of Anzac—Australians and New Zealanders—marched to the Abbey and there "united in praise and thanksgiving for those of our brothers who died at Gallipoli for their King and Empire in the high cause of freedom and honour." The King and Queen were of the congregation and their Majesties must have thought of their own coronation in the old Abbey, so rich in the memorials of our race, and comparing the two occasions have found reason for deep gratitude that King and Empire should in these hours of trial stand so closely together and be united by one common purpose. The Prime Minister of Australia later defined this date as "the natal day of Australia's entrance into the world's politics and the world's history."

That in itself constitutes a memorable day; and the words which the Dean of Westminster spoke from the chancel steps of the Abbey: "We are resolved that by God's gracious favour our brothers shall not have laid down their lives in vain," were echoed by the Australian Premier a little later in the day: "I feel that the spirit of those dauntless ones whose bodies now lie on the peninsula are near to us on this day of Anzac urging us to press on and ever on to victory." There is no faltering in the pronouncement of either Churchman or Statesman. These straightforward words are the true expression of the heart and soul of the British Empire.

After a long protracted winter, summer came in at a single leap on this Tuesday. The sun shone out hotly from a blue sky, as though to grace the triumph of the courageous soldiers from southern sunnier lands. And the people flocked into the streets in their tens of thousands to give them welcome, cheering, waving handkerchiefs and flags, straying the way with flowers in a manner rarely seen in this Metropolis. The day of Anzac was a day of high holiday in London, which will long be held in remembrance. And the morning had not far advanced before rumour was busy with startling episodes in the North Sea and across the Irish Channel. There had been a raid, some said an attempted invasion, on the East Coast, but a little after mid-day an official statement from the Admiralty made plain just what had happened at Lowestoft. Before the afternoon had waned into evening, the news of the "rebellion" in Dublin was in all the papers, the Irish Chief Secretary's statement in the House being fully reported.

Directly it was hinted abroad there was trouble in Ireland, all who knew the country at once attributed it to the Sinn Feiners. It is a sort of "mad mullah outbreak" for which rebellion were too big a word. Nor can it be fairly termed a conspiracy seeing how open has been its propaganda, and how unconcealed its preparations. It calls for prompt repression and sharp punishment. Nowhere will this uprising of a few crack-brained fanatics, many of them in Government employment, be more reprobated than in Ireland. It has no backing and it is typical of that overweening ignorance which is Germany's chief characteristic in all her relations with other nations either during peace or in war that she should have taken it seriously. That there is close connection between Roger Casement's mad descent on the Irish coast, the Sinn Fein ebullition, the Lowestoft scramble and the Zeppelin raids is undoubted, but we only wish our enemies could be truthfully informed through their many secret channels of the actual effect it has had on the peoples of these islands:

Never have the Easter holidays been celebrated with greater verve and delight. The slowly improving weather that blossomed into the summer hours of Tuesday and Wednesday, contributed to this. But the great working population is enjoying temporarily unprecedented prosperity, and in London the shops have been crowded with busy buyers and the parks thronged with happy holiday makers, well fed, well dressed and determined to make the best of their brief rest and the sunshine in a manner that impressed even Londoners themselves. The German cruisers, whose big guns saluted the dawn of this *dies mirabilis* so far from frightening the people only gave new zest to their pleasure and wearied with one excitement after another, they went to bed that evening wondering whether the Zeppelins would round off the great day, but regretting that if they did, dead-tired they would sleep too soundly to be awakened unless a bomb fell on roof or doorstep. The German bogey will not work; the scooped out turnip with its tallow candle on a winter's night is more terrifying to the British public than anything the Hun has been able hitherto to launch against these islands.

THE TIGRIS CAMPAIGN

Strategic Value of British Operations in Asia Minor

By Hilaire Belloc

EVERYONE in this country is chiefly concerned at this moment—and naturally—with Kut. The chances of relieving General Townshend seem the principal business of the war, and the army on the Tigris is regarded in the light of that task alone.

But there is another far more important point to be considered in connection with any allied army in Mesopotamia at this moment, and that is the strategic effect of its presence upon the great war as a whole.)

That effect is considerable and to ignore it in our anxiety for Kut is to suffer a grave error in judgment.

Whether the small force now contained at Kut el Amara be compelled to surrender or not, the strategic value of an advance on Bagdad, which was entrusted to it, and the consequences that will presumably follow upon that advance, *in any event* remain.

In order to judge this we must get rid of the immediate anxiety for a very small isolated force, we must refuse to consider the Mesopotamian campaign as an isolated adventure, and we must consider the whole field of the war and its development.

What Led up to the Importance of the Turkish Empire in the War

Of the Alliance ranged against the British, French and Russians, and later the Italians, much the largest portion of the Central Empires (which was also the original portion) is, in a military sense, nearly homogeneous. The German word of command is universal from the Danube to the Baltic and from the Vosges to the Vistula. What this central body originally lacked in homogeneity it fully obtained upon the peril of Austria-Hungary during the first winter of the war and the consequent submission of all her organisation to direct control from Berlin.

This formidable power outnumbered for many months the available forces of the Allies opposed to it, for a still longer period controlled a much greater industrial output and, what was perhaps most important of all, *enjoyed a great disparity of force between its various opponents*. It could be confident that on its eastern front industrial resources would always be lacking to its enemy.

This homogeneous central body was also fully mobilised, that is, it had an organisation and means for levying men and material and communicating orders which permitted it to sustain at the very outset of the campaign a maximum effort so far as men and their movements were concerned.

Of the opponents to this central body France alone was in a similar position, and France counted in men only about a *third* of the central body; in opportunity for industrial effort originally—after the occupation of the northern departments and before the marvellous development of production in 1915—not a *leventh*.

The Central Powers thus attacking civilisation with such odds in their favour suffered from two grievous sources of weakness which, combined, threatened them with an eventual loss of the great war. These two sources of weakness were the inferiority of their land strategy to the strategy of the French, and the inferiority of their naval power to the naval power of the English. Before the main operations of the war had been in progress a month, the bad strategy of the German staff had destroyed all their advantage of initiative and discounted most of their advantage of numbers on the western front. Before they had been in progress another two months the enemy, for all his vast superiority in his munition and manufacture was pinned and caged upon the Western front. He has not yet been able to break the bars of that cage.

He was defeated at the Battle of the Marne which, early as it appeared in the operations, is the turning point

of the whole war. After being defeated in the Battle of the Marne he missed his opportunity to restore freedom of movement by his right or northern wing and struck in vain against the sector of Ypres *after* the doors of his prison had been closed upon him. One may say that by the 11th of November, 1914, he was definitely contained on the west.

The British supremacy by sea, the two factors wherein are the excellence of the British Navy and its size, blocked the enemy's supplies from the outer world to an extent only limited by the policy of the British Government towards neutrals. It thus completed the bars of the cage which had been forged by a superior military strategy upon the western side of the Continent. But it did far more than this, for it left the sea open for the Allies to supply themselves; and particularly for the French, whose industrial opportunities had been so grievously curtailed, to obtain munitionment, arms and every necessity from abroad.

As a counter to this state of affairs the enemy had two opportunities. (1) He could put Russia out of action and either obtain a separate peace from that Power or leave it by the defeat of its armies and their disintegration or capture negligible for the rest of the war. (2) *He could further endanger both France and Britain, but Britain much more than France, in their political position throughout the Mahommedan world. To do this his instrument was obviously the men, the religious and political organisation, and the territory of the Turkish Empire.*

Entry of the Turkish Empire into the War and its Effect

Early in the war he obtained the support of that ally. The Near East promised to Germany and Austria-Hungary not only this power of offence against the British, but also some ultimate chance of further supply in cotton and food and the rest in spite of the blockade, should the blockade become at last really severe. Further, the Turkish alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary completely shut in Russia so far as her main outlet to the sea was concerned; prevented the armanent of Roumania as a possibly ally of Russia, and heavily affected for the worse Russia's financial position as well.

It behoved the French and the British and the Russians, but particularly the British, to take measures against this new threat.

Supposing, to take an extreme hypothesis, the British had done nothing, then the Turkish Empire could easily have found men sufficient to cross the existing natural defences of Egypt and to overwhelm the small garrison of that dependency. Apart from the formidable moral effect upon the whole British position in the East, the attack would have cut the main communication between Britain and India. It would at the least have enormously increased the expense and the time of all communication between India and England. At the same time, there were men to spare in the Turkish Empire (supposing the Allies had done nothing) to move into Persia and interrupt any communication of men, news or policy through that avenue. It was even conceivable that Turkish forces moving against the comparatively small Russian garrison south of the Caucasus might defeat them and lay hands upon the Russian province which was also the main source of petrol supply for the Russians. Nor should we forget that an uninterrupted move against Persia would ultimately have cut off one of our own main sources of oil supply.

Of course, this hypothesis is purely imaginary. What really took place was a vigorous initiative of attack by the British against the new menace. First, there was the attempt to force the Dardanelles; next the rapid increase of the forces in Egypt; next the observation of essential

points in southern Persia, and *lastly the sending of a small force up the Tigris to threaten Bagdad.*

Meanwhile, the Russians in December, 1914, destroyed all danger of Turkish menace against Caucasia, and slowly advanced into Turkish Armenia itself. To the opportunity afforded the enemy by the Turkish Alliance there was one grave lesion, which lay in the presence of neutral territory between Austria-Hungary and Turkey. This weakness was eliminated last autumn [by the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Central Powers, the over-running of Serbia and the establishment of through communications with Constantinople.

This moment, about the beginning of November, 1915, may be regarded as the maximum point in the development of the enemy's strategy as a whole so far as that strategy concerns the Near East. He founded great hopes upon the through communication with the Bosphorus and Asia thus provided. He rapidly munitioned the Turkish armies and added largely to the instructors and leaders whom he had already begun to provide. It seemed possible that in the long run a serious attack upon Egypt might be made and might be successful. It was even conceivable, if there were a total collapse of the Allied forces other than those in the west, that the land route to India itself might be menaced within the space, say, of the next eighteen months or two years.

It is at this point that the advance on Bagdad, small as was the force with which it was attempted, begins to take on a strategical meaning in our eyes.

Effect on Turkey of a Hostile Force on the Tigris

A study of the map, coupled with an appreciation of the political importance of Bagdad explains the strategical situation therefore created by the threat to that city. The rule of Constantinople over the Turkish Empire depends mainly upon a complex of military, religious and social prestige. Bagdad, a distant but important capital upon its own account, fallen into the hands of an enemy would have shaken the whole of that organisation. Any threat to Bagdad must therefore be met by the assembly of a considerable force to save the city.

But such a force (the sea being closed by the power of the British fleet) depended upon the line of communication I, I, I, a line interrupted by two ranges of mountains at

A A, losing the advantage of the rail at B and dependent between B and the front at F for communications, upon a track across Mesopotamia and the waterway of the Tigris River. The assembly of a considerable force thus at F interfered with the scheme of attacking Egypt along the second line of communications branching from the first, marked 2,2. At this the rail had been carried as far as D and posts of water and supply established along nearly the whole of the dotted line beyond.

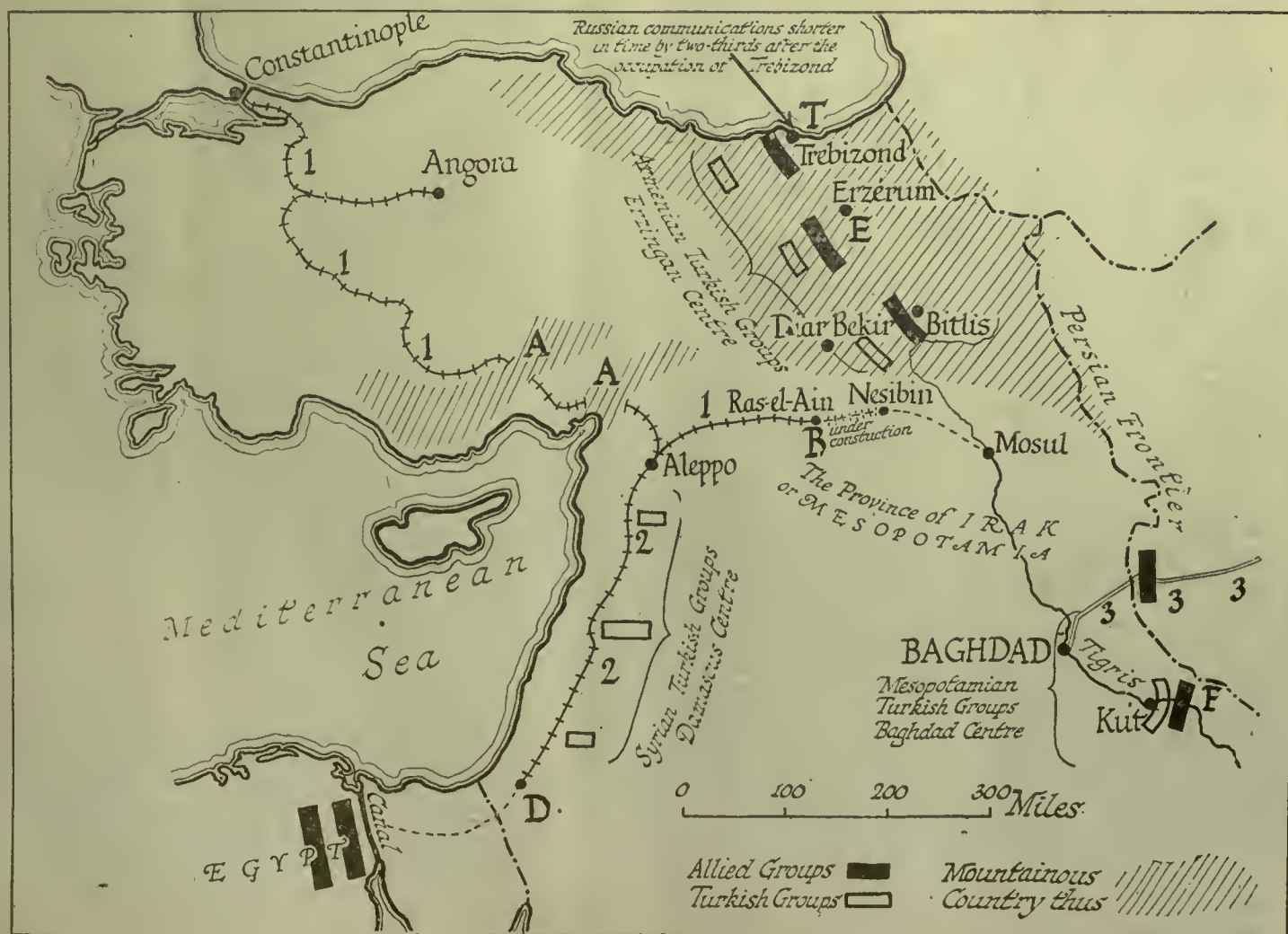
To undertake both operations at once would have involved a heavy strain, especially as a very large garrison had been accumulated in Egypt. This force by the sea, whenever the danger to Egypt should be past, would form a reservoir for use either in the further East or against Syria or for the drafting of reserves to any force based upon the Balkan port, should such a force be engaged in active operations. Meanwhile, far off, but upon the flank of the main line of Turkish communications, I, I, I, was the threat of a considerable Russian army which had for its objective in the first place Erzerum at E; next the great gate for supply to all this region, the Port of Trebizond at T, and lastly through Bitlis as well as through Erzerum, the road to Diar Bekir. This Russian force was operating in the mountains. The communications were atrocious. The winter was a most formidable handicap. But once it was in possession of all Armenia and once its own bodies should reach Diar Bekir, the large force which the Turks had concentrated in Mesopotamia—the province known in the Turkish scheme of administration as Irak—would be in peril, for Diar Bekir stands at the edge of the Mesopotamian plain, and any large body of men there present would, in a few days get across the only railway supplying the Mesopotamian front.

Now let us see how all this fits in with the position of the small British forces at Kut.

Suppose the worst and suppose this small force surrendered. What would be the strategical consequence?

It has brought down to F and kept there a considerable Turkish Army. Will that army retire after achieving this success against General Townshend's small force?

It cannot do so because it has in front of it the very large force gathered for the relief of Kut. It must remain in front of Bagdad so long as this very large force, immediately facing it stands on the Tigris. Whether General Townshend's small body is still in existence or no



in a military sense, does not affect this truth in the least. But if the Turkish Mesopotamian army at F remains thus hooked on to its present position by the large British force opposed to it, then with every week that passes the danger of its communications through the Russian advance in Armenia gets greater. There is no longer any question of an advance through Syria towards Egypt. The whole question for the Turkish higher command will be how to hold Mesopotamia and Bagdad. And it will be a question that will get more and more difficult to answer. There must come a time so far as this field alone is concerned, and eliminating disturbing factors elsewhere, when the Turkish force in front of Bagdad will have only one of three courses open to it.

(1) To summon to itself for the mere work of holding Iraq and especially its capital, Bagdad, all the available resources the Government at Constantinople can lend. In that case the Russian advance westward through Asia Minor, already menacing though slow, would become rapid and extremely formidable, for the only thing checking it so far has been the concentration of very considerable Turkish forces in front of it.

(2) They can fall back along their line of communications until they are past the danger point at Aleppo (the knot or junction which is always in peril of the powers controlling the sea and which many think should have been attacked long ago.) To do this is to abandon Iraq and to abandon Bagdad, and for that matter, within a comparatively brief delay to abandon Syria too. This is what in any highly organised country the inferior Turkish Forces would do in the presence of the Russian menace from the north and of the smaller but still comparatively large British force in front of them. It would be elementary strategy to act thus in the face of that menace and of this opposing force, if the Turkish Empire were one homogeneous and highly organised country, all the members of which were acting in accord.

(3) There remains the third course of keeping a large Turkish force covering Bagdad, but not reinforcing it heavily because the Turkish higher command thinks it essential to block the Russian advance through Asia Minor. In this last and third case the fate of the Turkish force in Mesopotamia is only a question of time. They will have their communications cut behind them and they will be destroyed.

A Choice of Sacrifices

We must not neglect in all this, by the way, the presence of a small and advancing Russian force which is moving down to Bagdad along the Persian road 3,3.

The conclusion of the whole matter would seem then to be that the threat to Bagdad puts the Turkish higher command into a situation everywhere menaced. Of the three policies open to it each leads to some grave loss, and the only choice they have is to decide which form of loss is the least; whether to sacrifice the central plateau of Asia Minor until the Russians draw near to the heart of the Turkish power, or to sacrifice Mesopotamia and Bagdad, or to sacrifice ultimately the army now occupying that province and protecting that provincial capital.

If we look at the position in Mesopotamia in this light, that is, as part of a very large general scheme, it will give to the present peril of the little force at Kut a different value from that which mere sensationalism, or worse, will attempt to give it. It is not the remaining military value of this small force which chiefly marks the strategical situation in the East. It is the combined positions of the main force upon the Tigris, of the advancing Russian forces upon the north and the east and of the Turkish body *between them all, and menaced by them all*, upon which an impartial observer of the strategical problem alone will fix his attention. The little point of Kut, which produced the present strategical situation, while it has the importance of a cause to so much larger an effect, has little other strategical importance for the future. Discussion as to how or why that force allowed itself to be surrounded is now merely academic. It belongs to the past. But discussion as to how valuable the presence of a considerable force upon the Tigris still is, and of what great effects it may lead to, is not academic at all, but of high practical importance.

As to the moral or political effect in the East following

upon the loss of one division, that is for others to determine. It can only be judged by men who have a personal acquaintance with a matter which is not in its essence military, but purely political.

SITUATION ON THE VERDUN SECTOR

The present lull in the operations before Verdun has lasted longer than any similar interval since those operations began.

The last considerable effort of the enemy was made nine days ago. Before that he had allowed seven full days to pass between the very extensive assault of Sunday, April 9th, which was made upon a front of nine miles, and died out in the following two days. These seven days were the largest interval of inactivity he had yet allowed his infantry to have.

It has been conjectured from this gradually extending series of spaces between each of his considerable expenditures of men that the enemy's attack upon this sector which had already proved so immensely costly and had hitherto arrived at no military result at all, was being allowed to die out.

It is impossible to decide upon the only evidence publicly available in London, whether this is the case or no.

The decisive evidence in the matter is the present nature of the bombardment.

If he is no longer delivering shell from the 380's and 420's, then it is reasonable to conjecture that the increasing intervals of inactivity are accounted for by his moving of these big pieces, and presumably his moving of them westward.

It is true that the Woevre is drying up and he can, if he likes, deliver attacks with comparatively large bodies upon the south-eastern end of the salient, between Fresnes and St. Mihiel. But all that is under observation from the heights of the Meuse. He would seem to have a better chance of doing something effective if he pressed the other end of the salient, the north-western end near the Argonne; and it has already been pointed out in these columns that he has there ample cover under which to concentrate, and on the whole, better results to expect from an advance.

If he is still delivering shell of the two high calibres mentioned, and from the same emplacements west of Spin-court, where he tied down his big pieces (which he can only move by rail) early in January, then the successively increasing periods of inactivity would point to his gradual abandonment of an enterprise he has found to be fruitless. The other pieces—up to the 305's—he can move in some few days and by road; but the big pieces above 305—the 380's and 420's*—are the test. Whether he is wise to tie himself up thus with such masses of metal and whether the results, against field works, is worth their immobility, is another matter. But certainly the evidence of what the biggest pieces are doing, whether they are still firing, and if so, from where, would be decisive. Lacking evidence upon that point, we can not only come to no conclusion, but we cannot even make any reasonable conjecture upon his future movements.

Meanwhile, it may be worth while to point out the errors underlying certain suppositions which have appeared in the Press, and which I have also found in the letter of several correspondents addressed to me during the last few weeks.

The first, and most important error, would seem to be that connected with the supposed object of the enemy to exhaust the French by his attacks.

More than one correspondent has suggested to me that this enormous expenditure of men has been thought worth while by the enemy because it would gradually wear down French resistance—would exhaust French numbers.

As I see the matter this conjecture is based upon a complete misapprehension of the numerical standing of the two opponents. It is based upon a vague idea that the enemy has much larger reserves of men, and can therefore better afford to waste them, and it is based upon the conception that such an offensive as the enemy has maintained for two months is no more expensive to him than to the French. If we examine the most

*These calibres are of course in millimetres, to reduce to inches (roughly) multiply by 4 and shift the decimal, e.g., 305=12.2 in., 420=16.8 in., etc.

obvious pieces of evidence upon this matter, we cannot entertain that conjecture as to his motives.

The German Empire alone is concerned in this war to hold a total front, eastern and western, of about 900 miles—or rather more.

The eastern section, that is, the lines north of the Pinsk marshes and stretching to the Baltic, can, during the thaw and until the drying up of the soil after the thaw, be held with a much smaller number of men to the mile than the western front. But it cannot be held with less than thirty-five divisions, and probably it is held with more. Upon the western front the enemy is believed to have over 115 divisions. He may have more, but I believe that number has been actually identified. He has put into the attack on Verdun, first and last, over thirty divisions; thirty at least have been actually identified. He has further to keep certain forces—they are already grievously attenuated—as garrisons to watch his doubtful ally in the Balkans. He has to waste—very grudgingly—some troops among the Austro-Hungarians. He has to hold down Belgium. That last point is one we should never lose sight of, for though Belgium is now ruled normally as a piece of occupied territory, the policing of it is a heavy drain.

The available power of the German Empire in men, including the youngest classes in training, is to the available power of the French Republic in men, including the same classes, roughly as seventeen is to ten. But of the western front the French troops, thanks to the British alliance, have only to watch something over 430 miles—say just under half what the Germans have to watch. The French are not hampered by having to hold down any conquered territory at all, or to stiffen any doubtful Allies. We know the comparative exhaustion of the two bodies, and we know that it is already slightly more severe upon the German side than upon the French. The enemy was already putting his 1916 class into the field in large numbers about a couple of months before the French put any of their 1916 class into the field at all. Of the French 430 miles or so, about 80 is mountainous and densely forested, and can be held with a less number of men than the open country north and west of the Vosges. This, of course, will relieve the enemy potentially as much as it now does the French, when the French pass to the offensive. But since, by this hypothesis of the enemy's aiming at exhausting the French, we are only at the moment considering a French defensive, it is a point in favour of the French.

Now these things being so—the enemy slightly, but appreciably, more exhausted proportionately than the French; his total man-power (in the German Empire alone), not double the French, but only 70 per cent. greater; the front he has to garnish more than double his opponents—an attack such as that which has been conducted upon the Verdun sector, has no chance of exhausting his numerically inferior opponent. It has no chance whatever of making the French army lose a larger proportion of its men than the German army loses in the same operation.

Indeed, it is impossible to see how such an offensive can be other than immensely more expensive to the attack than to the defensive opposed to it. As a mere numerical calculation the thing is meaningless. Individuals who have seen this or that restricted section of the lines, especially where there has been a counter-offensive, will report equal losses on either side. Such tales are balanced by others which, from the observation of such slaughter as that in front of Vaux just a month ago, generalise the German casualties at an impossibly high figure.

I know that the Germans have been lavish with their munitions, that the shelling of the French trenches has been extraordinarily heavy. But I also know that the defence has never broken and that therefore the shelter has been good, and I further know that since the first ten days of March the French reply in shell has been as heavy. The casualties from artillery fire, other than that of field guns, on the two sides will not greatly differ, but will be rather higher on the enemy's side because, as he is attacking, there are frequently recurring moments when his trenches are packed just before an assault. There is no superior "convergence of fire" against the French. The salient is not sharp enough for that. While losses from rifle, machine gun and field gun fire enormously greater on the side of a prolonged offensive.

The general principle stands and is in the nature of things. An offensive so directed, so prolonged and so restricted to narrow fronts, is enormously more expensive than the corresponding defensive.

The German higher command may, of course, imagine that the French are so unstable that heavy losses at this moment will incline them to peace, although they know that they are inflicting much heavier losses upon their enemy. That is a political, not a military calculation; and the Germans are quite wrong if they are basing themselves on that. But whether this be their conception or no, they cannot conceivably think that a continued attack in the present state of the Allies with the very large English body already in France, and the enormous reserves behind that body, is playing their game in the matter of attrition. The thing does not hold water.

Further note this: we are in the *tenth* week of the affair, the allied forces on the west are at least 50 per cent. more numerous than the enemy's. And yet he has not provoked us to the least counter-offensive. Does not that decide the matter?

It will be of the highest interest when these things can be studied in detail, and with the official evidence before one, to discover with what minimum of men the French have worked their astonishing defensive along the sector of Verdun. I do not mean with what minimum of men all told; on the contrary, the French have used (in rotation) very great numbers of men. I mean with what minimum of men in the front line, at any moment, and occupied in shooting at the enemy when he attacked, the French staff has worked upon these thirty miles.

A Unique Example

Upon the proportion of that number to the masses of the attack will largely turn the future science of modern defence. For Verdun will, in the future, be the classical example in the schools. The successful action of the French on the sector of Verdun is an example of the modern defensive upon a scale of men, munitionment and time, which makes it something unique even in the history of this war, quite unparalleled by any action of the past; such lessons as it provides will outweigh all others.

The same tactics have now been pursued by the French higher command for sixty days; or, if we count the first rapid retirement for sixty-five days; and during the whole of that time the bombardment has been continuous. The total number of separate attacks (in so far as they can be distinguished one from another, which is not always easy) would seem to be over forty, and of these no less than twelve have been attacks upon a front of from two to nine miles, and with forces from the equivalent of one to perhaps seven divisions. This last figure, the largest in any attack upon one restricted front, was the French estimate of the forces engaged on April 9th.

The enemy losses must, of course, be largely a matter of conjecture, and this is a pity, because the proportion between the losses of the offensive and the number of the enemy used at any moment upon the defensive is the essential point of the whole matter. The curve of losses, could we strike it, would certainly fall during the last few weeks because the enemy's attacks have been delivered at such much longer intervals, and in the lulls between there has been hardly any action at all. On the other hand, the curve would rise rather sharply between the beginning and the middle of the affair, from the development of the French heavy artillery fire against the German trenches, which grew very largely in volume between the end of February and the middle of March, since which date it has been maintained at about the same rate.

It is worth noting that the estimates of German losses in front of Verdun put about through the Press, have never had official sanction, but there has evidently been a very strong effort made to keep the published figures down below the true figure, to spread what business men call "a highly conservative" estimate. The reasons for such a public policy are obvious enough. Meanwhile, the best evidence obtainable has come from the great quantity of private information which has been fairly widely distributed behind the scenes. Take, for instance, the attack on the Mort d'Homme of ten days ago. Those who were eye-witness of that affair and who are trained by months of warfare to the estimate of losses will not

allow less than 8,000 of the enemy hit between Béthincourt and Cumières in that one assault. It is a perfectly clear open field and the chance of keeping an accurate estimate is at its highest. Upon the basis of this sort of private evidence one can hardly doubt that the total losses in the sixty-odd days are now well past the 300,000. They were reaching that figure before the great attack of April 9th.

The Enemy Civilian Attitude

One great factor in the enemy's military position which we are inclined to forget in this country is the attitude of his civilian population; and not only of his civilian population, but of great masses of his rank and file in the army. For it is at once a strength and weakness of his upon the military side that this opinion is still quite simply and unalterably convinced, not so much that German victory is certain (as Hindenberg was clamouring the other day) as that victory has already been achieved.

I say that this is at once a strength and a weakness. It is a strength in two ways: it permits his higher command to work untrammelled by criticism and to command all for any effort with a certainty of response. It is always an element of strength, though a dangerous and ephemeral one, to be governing men who over estimate their power. But it is a weakness chiefly in this: That, being a falsehood it has, like all balances on the wrong side, to be kept up at compound interest.

Napoleon with a real foundation of decisive victories very different indeed from that enjoyed by the German higher command, suffered grievously from this weakness during the later part of the year 1812 and all the year 1813 and the first months of 1814 up to his abdication. What people who rely upon the "over capitalisation" of national confidence chiefly have to dread is exactly what a debtor has to dread or, for that matter, any one who shirks reality, and that is, ultimate liquidation. They even usually exaggerate in imagination the whole effect which the unpleasant truth will have when it comes, and they are therefore led into efforts more expensive than are really needed to stave off that moment.

I am not sure that the continued waste of men upon the sector of Verdun is not largely concerned with this point. The German Press and the German orders of the day confirm one in such a conception. For instance, Deimling, in command of the 15th Corps (Strasbourg) issued an Order of the Day doubtless similar to orders issued by many other commanders upon the German side last February, but peculiar in this, that it has fallen into our hands. This Order of the Day expressed to his troops the confidence of the higher command in an *immediate* reduction of the French forces west of the Meuse, and the occupation of the bridges and town of Verdun as part of the *original* attack now nine weeks past.

There was no necessity for such bombastic utterances in the purely military sphere. There is no military necessity for any part of that stream of prophecy which pours out over Germany (and America and England) from the enemy's publicity bureaux. All Deimling had to ask of his soldiers was a special effort, and the only language necessary to such a pronouncement was the ordinary language of glory and duty and the rest. But he felt it incumbent upon him, or rather he was instructed, to promise specifically a highly definite result, which in point of fact was not reached.

You see the same sort of thing in the daily press of the enemy, which is, of course, written up, so far as these notices are concerned, directly by agents of the German War Office.

First an attack is being made to capture the local defences of a mighty "fortress" called Verdun. It is bound to succeed. For nearly every reader of the German daily press has heard of the "fortress of Verdun" since he was a child. Not one in a thousand studies the war sufficiently to know that there is no such "fortress" left under present conditions; not one in 500, perhaps, even reads a map. The Emperor goes to the front of the Verdun sector and makes every preparation for formal entry into the town, much as he did before Nancy nineteen months ago. Meanwhile the papers are instructed to say that "Verdun opens the road to Paris," a perfectly

meaningless phrase. Next that Verdun is "the heart of France," which is not only empty but idiotic. Next, for some weeks, that progress "though slow, is sure," next that "Verdun is invested and besieged" (which it isn't), and lastly, that entry into Verdun is "certain" —with no fuller hint at what the value of such an entry might be.

Now there was no necessity for all this save the keeping up of a legend. Save for that legend the Emperor was perfectly free to go quietly to the sector in which he was principally interested and to watch events like a soldier and not like an actor. There was no necessity for saying that the reaching of the Meuse at Verdun and the accompanying capture of great numbers of prisoners and guns would "open the way to Paris." The German higher command knew perfectly well it would do nothing of the sort, and by using that phrase they were simply piling on more to the debt which would have some day or other to be liquidated.

German "Victories"

As the affair goes on one notices another development. The attack is not so often spoken of as the "siege of Verdun" it becomes "the victory of Avocourt Wood," "The victory of Malancourt," "The victory of Hautcourt." The public in Germany is thus nourished with unending successes.

I have already suggested in these columns what I imagine will be the last development of all. It is only a conjecture but it is worth watching. I conceive that the moment when this offensive is abandoned will be marked by the sudden publication in the German Press of immense (and false) totals of prisoners and material captured, and probably some false and heavily cut-down total of the German losses incurred.

One other point seems likely. It is this. Some continuation of the attack on the Verdun sector will probably be maintained until another big offensive has been undertaken. Germany is bound to attack. She has no choice. That is why it was perfectly safe to allow, as was done in these columns, for a great enemy offensive on the Western front before the end of the winter and the drying up of the Polish front. She must attack again somewhere soon. And the political side of this overlapping of two expensive operations will be inducing the public to forget the Verdun failure in their excitement over the next effort.

Where that effort may be designed only those can tell who at Headquarters are noting the signs of concentration. For all we know here in England there may as yet be no such signs apparent. One theory, plausible enough, suggests that the attempt will be made against some portion of the British front. Another, more likely, against the point of junction between French and British upon the Upper Somme, with the advantage if it were successful over a belt of a few miles of cutting the main railway communication between Paris and the Straits of Dover.

Yet another theory is that no further great offensive upon the west will be attempted by the enemy, but that the west will be left to the defensive the moment the soil permits of an attack upon the Russian front. But all these things are mere guess work except to the men who are receiving the reports of German movement, and it is waste of time to speculate upon them.

A Note

As I conclude the writing of this article, news reaches London of another carefully thoughtout offensive plan just launched by the enemy. It looks even more futile than the earlier ones. The great combination which was to have been a powerful feint on the British coast coupled with a sudden drain of troops to Ireland and chaos meanwhile through an attack by air, has so far resulted in a few of the Sinn Fein in arms, the sinking of the only munition ship sent, the capture of one mad man, the hurried appearance of a few Zeppelins, immediately chased away, and a few shells on Lowestoft. If it gives the men who themselves feel panic and also work on the fears of others, some measure of the enemy's lack of judgment the silly thing will not have been in vain. H. BELLOC

THE AMERICAN ULTIMATUM

By Arthur Pollen

THE past week has been marked by momentous events. The long expected American ultimatum to Germany has actually been dispatched. Lowestoft and Zeebrugge have been bombarded. An attempt has been made to land arms in Ireland. This invasion was at first treated as a joke—but subsequent news shows that it was a carefully considered effort. It was made by a disguised cruiser, helped by a submarine. The ship itself was sunk by our forces, though the curious wording of the Admiralty announcement makes it quite impossible to guess the means. Amongst the survivors, all of whom it must be supposed were made prisoners, was the rebel Casement, and at the moment of writing he is in London awaiting trial by court martial. On Tuesday at 4.30 a.m., the German battle cruisers attempted a second bombardment of Lowestoft, this making the first effort to cross the North Sea since December, 1914. The squadron was engaged by all the naval forces in the locality, but these, one must presume, were limited to destroyers and light cruisers. The Germans took to flight incontinently, but not before they had dropped shell enough in Lowestoft to kill three adults and a child. The British light craft pursued, and kept in touch with them, in the hope no doubt, that our own battle cruisers would cut off the enemy and bring him to action before he had got within the defences of his minefields. Some of the pursuing squadron were hit, but none were sunk. But as no mention is made of these more powerful squadrons being engaged, it must be assumed that, as after the 1914 attacks on Yarmouth and Scarborough, the raiders have managed to get clean away. Twenty-four hours before this Admiral Bacon's forces seemed to have got into touch with some German destroyers off Zeebrugge, to have driven them into that harbour, and then to have given that place such a bombardment as it has never had before. In this case the initiative was probably purely British. Two points in connection with the Lowestoft and Irish raids are noteworthy. In the first the safety of the ravaging cruisers was secured by Zeppelin reconnaissance. Would the possession of similar craft by us have made it too dangerous a venture? In the Irish effort a submarine and cruiser worked in company. This is a combination, the possibility of which our patrolling squadrons will have to keep constantly in mind when they search seeming neutrals.

The Casement attempt to land arms in Ireland and the raid on Lowestoft must be read together.

The Admiralty announcement taken by itself, and read in absolute ignorance of conditions in Ireland, suggests a touch of light comedy. But probably it is a mistake to look at it in any such light. Neither Casement nor his German employers would be likely to start on an enterprise of this kind without hopes that, in the unlikely event of the arms being got through to the Irish coast, there would be somebody willing to use them. If there was any expectation of causing serious trouble in Ireland, then the raid on Lowestoft may well have been calculated to make the most of the situation.

The Germans are great architects in moral effects, and though their assaults on British nerves have so far not been repaid by any great perturbation of the popular judgment, there are not wanting signs, at any rate in London, that persons of reputed light and leading may yet be susceptible to terrorism. And moral considerations apart, it is always a good card to play on England's fear of invasion. If it does nothing else it may serve to keep troops in these islands that would be highly dangerous elsewhere.

And beyond both of these objects the German government is face to face with a difficulty with America now from which there is no outlet that is not disastrous either to its home prestige or to its military hopes. It has become, then, an obvious necessity of the situation to create some kind of diversional attack on Great Britain, either by bombarding its coast or by pretending to foster a rebellion in Ireland, for not otherwise could

German civilian attention be turned from the most important issue of the day.

Mr. Wilson's note to Berlin leaves Germany to choose between the absolute abandonment of all the methods that have given success to her submarines, and a final rupture with the United States of America. In sending this note Mr. Wilson has done exactly what he was expected to do. It followed logically on the discussions which have taken place during the last thirteen months. His demand that the Senate and the House of Representatives should each pass resolutions supporting the Government's policy clearly indicated that this step was imminent.

It was inevitable that the United States would take this line for two reasons. The issue with Germany is on a plain matter of right and wrong. And it occurs in the form of war which, for a great many years now, has been regulated by law in a sense in which land war never has. No cruiser captain can capture or sink an enemy ship without his action being liable to review in a court of law. Note, for instance, the recent case of the Captain of the *Carmania* having to tell his story of the sinking of the *Cap Trafalgar* in open court. A German General can capture and plunder a town and abuse the inhabitants apparently at will, and do what he likes with the loot. Anyone who is interested in a neutral which is captured or sunk has his remedy in the Prize Courts, and all naval action is liable to be reviewed by a court martial. These are truths that should prove illuminating to those who talk of "navalism" and "militarism," as names for an equal tyranny.

Effects of Sea Action

It is, historically, strictly true to say that the humanising of war began with sea war. Sea action is in its essence always simple and always direct. It lends itself to strict investigation, to accurate and unmistakable analysis. The moment, therefore, that Germany carried her contempt of the Christian and civilised code into this field her crimes were not only open to the detection and condemnation of the neutral world, but no excuses or mendacities could cloud the issue. The clearness of the facts then, the tradition that sea war was governed by law, the simplicity with which it was seen that the issue was one of right and wrong, made the attitude, which the United States has now assumed, inevitable from the first.

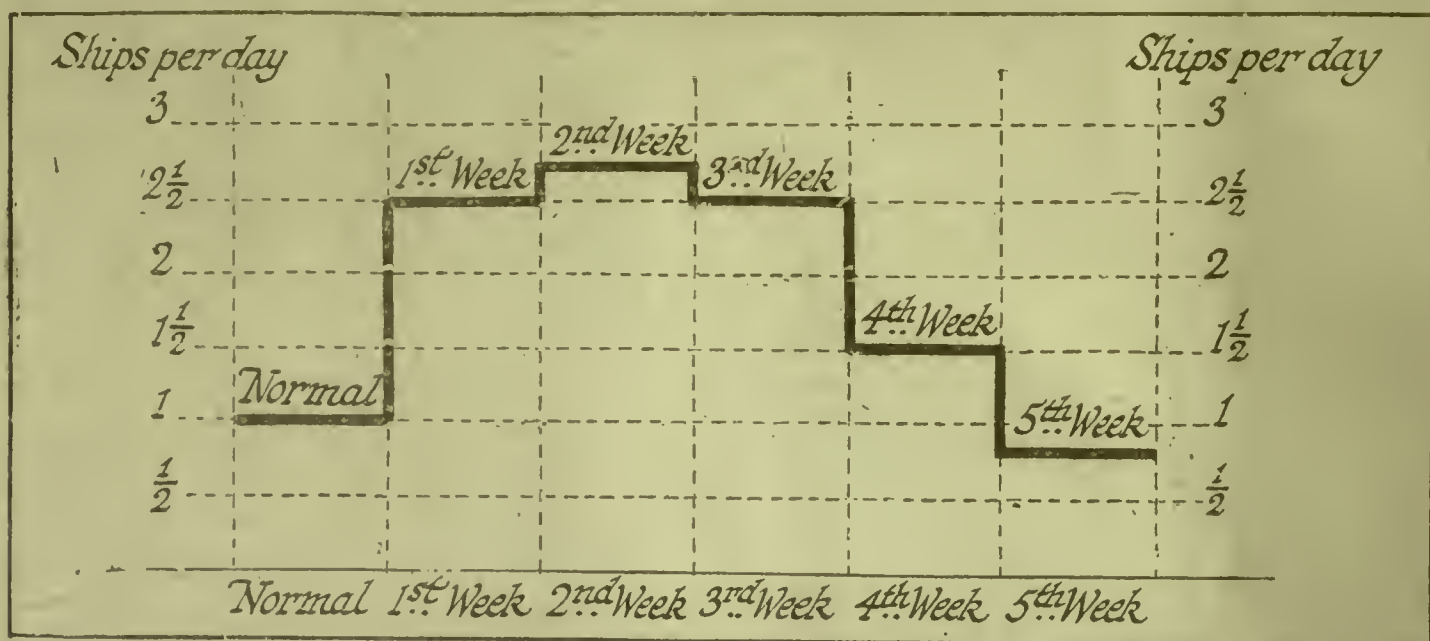
The consequences of this ultimatum will be twofold. It has already had an overwhelming moral effect. It gives a final shape to the judgment of the neutral world, and the allied belligerents would be less than human if they were not comforted and encouraged. The judgment of America on European affairs in a way anticipates that of posterity. When the New World is called into existence as a critic of the morals of the Old, it redresses the balance which the war has thrown out of gear. If, like the judgment of posterity, it has taken some time to become effective, this fact only adds emphasis to the finality of its character. The event, then, is one that has only to be defined for its value to be measured. The largest neutral state, the most democratic community in the world—in which opinions and judgments are canvassed and expressed with a freedom unknown elsewhere—has spoken with due deliberation and in unmistakable words, and with its protest has put a term to its neutrality. The thing is a portent, when we remember that no country is less prepared for or less desirous of war than the American States. That this reluctance is a measure of American sincerity will not be lost on the German Government! Nor will it fail to perceive that if the United States become belligerent, fellow victims among the neutrals may be encouraged to join as well.

Very few enemy expressions of opinion have reached us and it is not certain that any of these are of importance. There has been no general press comment—perhaps because none has been permitted. This reticence is an excellent proof that the Higher Command realises that the

final choice must now be made. It is an immense result. Germany has to make its choice knowing that it stands at the bar of the public conscience convicted of crime. What will the Higher Command's choice be? Those who have followed the developments of German policy in the months of February and March will see without difficulty the choice it will wish to take. For six months previously von Tirpitz had devoted the whole engineering resources of Germany to the preparation of a vast submarine campaign against the shipping that served these islands. While these preparations were going on at home, Count Bernstorff was trying to keep American opinion in check. Six weeks or so before the grand attack was due he played his master card, and for a time it looked as if, by our arming of merchant ships in self-defence, Germany had been supplied with exactly the argument that would take America out of the controversy. In the first flush of this seeming victory, March 1st was announced as the date on which the slaughter of the merchantmen would begin. Then suddenly it became clear that Bernstorff had failed, that the American Government were too well advised, both of law and history, to accept his sophistries. It became obvious that the Tirpitz campaign, if carried out as Tirpitz meant it to be, would precipitate the crisis which the German

The Consequences of Defiance

But if the public opinion in Germany compels a defiance of America, if the true proportions of the surrender are appreciated and are seen to be intolerable, something much more serious than the continuance of the submarine campaign will follow. For ruthless as it has been during the past five weeks, it is to be noted that the only liners and passenger ships attacked, have been the victims of misunderstood or disobeyed instructions. The cases of the *Palambang* and the *Tubantia I* dealt with over a month ago. It is against reason to suppose that the German Higher Command could ever have intended these ships to be sunk. Neither do I believe that the *Sussex* was sunk by order. The official account of this incident as published by the enemy is a lame enough affair, if it is interpreted as an effort to prove that the *Sussex* was not sunk, but if it is read as an explanation or an excuse for sinking her, it is a different matter altogether. In no conceivable form of naval operation can the difficulties in identifying an opponent be so great as in submarine operations. If, as one supposes, all the more experienced U boat commanders have perished, if all the present commanders are doing their work reluctantly and, remembering their predecessors' fate, in a pardonably



Daily average of Ships sunk. Note that in the past week the losses have fallen below normal

Government knew at all costs must be avoided. Von Tirpitz was thereupon dismissed.

But the Government had reckoned without the effect of its previous education of German public opinion. The creed that the submarine was the only weapon against England and could be made an effective weapon, had sunk deeply into the German conscience, and the strange spectacle was seen of a submissive people forcing the hands of their autocratic rulers. Three weeks behind time, then, the campaign began. A month of it has brought the ultimatum which the clearer heads had, from the first days of March, fully realised to be inevitable. The first, and indeed the only instinct of the German Government in this crisis must be to go back to their attitude before the agitation forced their hands. The Kaiser and Bethmann von Hollweg will then do their best to surrender. The American Government will do its best to make that surrender easy. So much is clear from Mr. Willard's exceedingly interesting notes from Washington in the *New York Evening Post*. And Mr. Willard is credited by his countrymen with a close and singular knowledge of Mr. Wilson's wishes and intentions. But though everything will be done to make the surrender easy, the surrender itself will have to be absolute. It must take the form of a complete suspension of the whole submarine campaign as we have known it hitherto. Only time can show whether the German Government that had to yield after dismissing von Tirpitz is strong enough now to face so abject a humiliation. If it is, there follows from the American note a military result of the first importance, to wit, a virtually complete security for the sea service of the allied belligerents.

shaken state of nerves, the wonder is, not that such a mistake as happened in the case of the *Sussex* occurred but that there are not many more such blunders. At any rate, *Tubantia*, *Palambang* and *Sussex* stand alone, and it seems incredible that some eighty ships could have been sunk during these five weeks, and no other liners sunk or attacked, except on the supposition that liners have been deliberately omitted from the proscription.

If Germany refuses to yield to America, the first result must be that the attack on liners will become as ruthless as has been the attack on freighters. This is a matter in which the belligerents' new Ally—if, indeed, she should decide to become an Ally—will not be able to help us. The only effective naval defence against submarines are fast, well armed light craft, and in this the American Navy is conspicuously lacking. The immediate result then of America's intervention may throw a far heavier strain upon the Admiralty's defensive organisation, by breeding a new, and in some respects, a more formidable threat against our shipping. This no doubt is a situation which the Admiralty has anticipated, and it is difficult to suppose that there is any form of defensive that is not being pushed to development at the maximum pressure.

But other Departments of Government must realise that this new situation, if it should arise, will require special measures. The building of new merchant shipping must be made to rank as equal in national importance with the making of munitions or the supply of the Royal Navy. So far Admiralty restrictions on merchant shipping have been largely withdrawn, but this for two excellent reasons does not suffice. First, shipwrights, boiler-makers, riveters, etc., while willing enough to

tackle naval construction, show no patriotic inclination to throw the same ardour into mercantile work, for the reason that they do not realise its national importance. Secondly, the firms that have contracts with shipowners for the production of steamers, have no inducement to raise wages or push on with this work, for the reason that any ships they build must be delivered under contracts made when economic conditions were totally different from those that now prevail. If they complete the ships, they do so at a loss. And as over half a million tons have been contracted for, the loss would be formidable. It is for these two reasons that it is clear that only Government action can put the renewal of our merchant shipping on the footing which its importance as a national interest now demands.

Next, it follows from the existing shortage and the threatened greater shortage, that the restriction of imports must be made a great deal more rigorous than it is. The employment of Sir Guy Granet to supervise this guarantees that the Government's policy, whatever it is, will be carried out with the greatest possible ability and firmness. It is more to the purpose that this policy should be as strict as possible, and that once principles are laid down, no pressure to allow exceptions should, even in a single case, be permitted.

The Case of the Underwriters

Finally there is the grave question of insurance, the importance of which seems in some quarters to be very little realised. In this field the excess profit tax may prove to be of questionable wisdom. The business of underwriting has been held to be a trade and not a profession, and the individuals and firms engaged in it have to pay last year's and now the enhanced impost on all after war profits. Some of the largest operators have already withdrawn from underwriting altogether and others threaten to withdraw. To them it simply seems to be a case of "Heads you win: tails I lose." The Chancellor has, of course, made certain concessions to them. The transactions of two years are to be brought into account, instead of only one, and the excess tax profits is not to be payable till the end of the present financial year. But is not the application of this tax mistaken in this particular case? At most underwriting

is half a business and half a profession. In no commercial undertaking does individual experience and judgment so affect a man's action. But this, after all, is not the point. The point is that we are in a form of sea war in which the *uncertainties* are greater than they have ever been, and that never was a free underwriting market more needed. Anything which weakens the market is bad policy. The underwriters have deserved well of the nation. From the first their action has been marked by public spirit. But their position is difficult. It is impossible for the Admiralty to give them information which will enable them to judge the probabilities of any one route being safer than any other. With an enemy with the morals of the German and armed with a weapon like the submarine, it is literally true to say that at *any* moment *anything* may happen. This is surely not a situation in which, however numerous the thousands that can be drawn in taxation, the Exchequer's receipts will compensate for a diminution in the confidence of the underwriters in their business. For the possession of a great reserve fund is of the essence of confidence in this affair. I cannot help thinking that anything the Chancellor might lose by omitting this tax altogether would be gained five times over by the community in lower underwriting rates, and the added buoyancy and courage which the prevalence of a low underwriting rate gives to the shipping world. And if the tax cannot be remitted altogether two changes at least might with advantage be made. Let the excess profits tax for underwriters be halved on the ground that their business is at least in part professional, and let no tax be levied at all until after the war is over, so that this period of exceptional—and to a great extent incalculable—risk should be dealt with as a whole.

The Submarine War

I continue this week the daily average curve shewn in the last number. It will be seen that during the past seven days the losses have dropped below one a day, that is below normal. The present fall can hardly be explained by the American note. It is more probable that the fall is due to the usual causes, namely, the necessity of all surviving boats to return home for refit, and the fact that many boats have not survived.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

An Unhumorous Philosopher

By Desmond MacCarthy

NOTICING a look of abstraction on the face of my companion, I asked him what he was thinking about. "I am thinking," he replied smiling, "about Herbert Spencer." I looked at him in astonishment. But afterwards when we parted my thoughts, too, strayed off in that direction, and I found them amusing.

Herbert Spencer's *Autobiography* is one of the most transparently honest books ever written. Men have often tried to confess themselves, but vanity or the desire for sympathy, or the penitent instinct are the strongest motives which prompt such attempts, and they are distorting influences of the most insidious nature. For really truthful self-portraiture some complacency and much detachment are necessary; and these are not qualities which generally urge a man to tell all he knows about himself. By itself self-complacency may produce an amazingly fatuous book; the life of Lord Herbert of Chertbury and Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography are excellent reading; but then several pinches of salt must be taken with every page, for the authors are out to make definite impression. Absolute detachment again prevents a man from writing about himself at all. The men then who have written about themselves most truthfully are those who have taken their work so seriously that it seems natural that the world should want to know all about them, and who, at the same time, are so satisfied with what they have done, and so convinced of its importance, that they do not care a rap what the world thinks. This was the case with Herbert Spencer.

The perfect blend in him of self-complacency with the

absence of personal vanity has produced a book of unrivalled honesty and tepidity. It has been said that Gibbon wrote about himself in exactly the same tone as he wrote about the Roman Empire; Herbert Spencer wrote about himself in exactly the same tone as he wrote about

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

The Reunited Ministry:

*Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.*

Richard III. 'V., iv., 292-3.

Parliament in Secret Session:

*Seal up your lips, and give no words
but mum;*

The business asketh silent secrecy.

2 Henry VI., I., ii., 89-90.

President Wilson's latest pronouncements:

He is awake.

He tells thee so himself.

Troilus and Cressida I., iii., 255-6

the Universe. He was not in the least afraid of making the Universe dull; he was as perfectly indifferent about making himself out uninteresting. His business was in both cases to generalise and correlate phenomena. Many men have screwed themselves up to confessing publicly they were wicked or have done mean things. But as in the case of Rousseau, pride usually peeps out in the fact that they are obviously conscious that they are owning up to the things other men conceal. They are proud when they compare themselves with others. Many have written themselves down as rascals, or as asses of the gay and freely kicking kind; but very few have tried to depict themselves at full length as essentially *dull*. Such an achievement is beyond the reach of humility, and can only be accomplished by one like Herbert Spencer in whom the passion for truth has no other rival passions.

Fascinating Result

The result is fascinating. Perhaps when the Synthetic Philosophy, that row of stout volumes bound in the philosopher's favourite colour, "an impure purple," is forgotten, its author may still be remembered as the most perfect specimen of a human type. There is no name for this type, but we have a name for his opposite; we call him a humorist. It was not that Herbert Spencer was an antigelast; so far indeed from looking forward to the day of the last joke, he was pathetically appreciative of jokes, seeking them himself with care and hope. But his mind was exactly the kind of mind in which humour does not live. The jokes he made himself, or appreciated, were little tiny jokes; he never saw a big one in his life. He tells us in his autobiography that a sudden access of moderately good health enabled him to make one once in the Isle of Wight. He was on a holiday there with G. H. Lewes, and at lunch he records that he remarked that it produced very big chops for so small an island.

Herbert Spencer had a hearty deep laugh; and his own chuckles which followed this remark must have been very funny. One can imagine his companion, after gazing for a moment in amazement at the delighted countenance of the philosopher, bursting into laughter himself, laughter which would be echoed by still deeper guffaws from the only begetter of the original joke; in their turn provoking redoubled peals from the other, and so on till climax was again reached memorable after forty years, and the reaction set in, when the philosopher suddenly recovering his balance and normal frame of mind, remarked on the causal connection between humour and health.

Whisky on Top of Wine

Describing a walk on Ben Nevis in another passage, he says: "I found myself possessed of a quite unusual amount of agility; being able to leap from rock to rock with rapidity, ease and safety; so that I quite astonished myself. There was evidently an exultation of the perceptive and motor powers. . . . Long continued exertion having caused an unusually great action of the lungs, the exaltation produced by the stimulation of the brain was not cancelled by the diminished oxygenation of the blood. The oxygenation had been so much in excess, that deduction from it did not appreciably diminish the vital activities." What is all this about? He explains. The fact was the philosopher was coming down the hill side charioted by Bacchus and his pards, having taken whisky on the top of wine on the summit.

There is another story about him which illustrates this habitual direction of his attention towards causes to the exclusion of all other aspects. Numerous complaints about the toughness of the meat having occurred at the Athenæum, the matter at last came before the kitchen committee, of which he was a member. It was agreed that the butcher should be sent for and interviewed. But Herbert Spencer would not hear of his being admitted until it had been decided exactly what was the cause of the complaints: it was unfair to the man to assert vaguely that the meat was tough. After a longish session, in which he took the matter in hand, the butcher was at last admitted and told that his joints "had too much connective tissue in them."

Now this habit of mind, though it may be sometimes the cause of humour in others, is unfavourable to the

internal production of it, and in that amusing book *Home Life with Herbert Spencer*, by two of the young ladies who kept house for him for eight years, the specimens of his own efforts in that direction prove this. For instance, there arrived one day a new photograph of him. The ladies began to criticise it, no one of them could find any points in its favour. "Why it gives neither your serious nor your frivolous expression! We don't like it at all." About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour afterwards we were astounded to see the philosopher in his shirt sleeves! standing at the dining-room door tying his neck-tie. The intensely amused expression on his face showed he was quite alive to the surprise he would occasion.

Without any apology for his deshabille he laughingly remarked: "I have come down to fire off a joke before I forget it! Your criticisms of my photograph—which you expect to be grave and gay at the same time—remind me of the farmers, who are never contented unless simultaneously it is raining on the turnips while the sun shines on the corn." And with an audible chuckle he hurried back to complete his toilet.

It is a terrible ordeal for any philosopher to be described in intimacy by two superficially reverential, but unconsciously frivolous young women. Herbert Spencer with his foibles, his ear-stoppers, his valetudinism, his habit of giving to everything—potatoes, religion, salt-cellars, precisely the same *quality* of attention, was peculiarly at the mercy of such observers. (It is a very funny book). He was absolutely defenceless; he had no humour, which is but the defence of the thinker against those who take things at their face value, and the enormously wide sweep of his intellectual curiosity was only equalled by the humdrumness of his sympathies.

Study of Trifles

He was a man who could not attend to anything he did not think of the utmost importance and was temperamentally driven to attend more than most men to trifles; who thought that complete independence of the bias of tradition was as important in deciding how a bed should be made, or how thick socks should be (he thought it illogical to suppose that the foot should be clad less thinly than the rest of the body) as in setting out to investigate scientific problems; who made a heroic life-long effort to cram every branch of experience into a world-formula (succeeding wonderfully well—with the help of a big paper basket labelled the Unknowable for things which absolutely would not fit), and yet at meals got excited by a minute smut on a potato. What a victim for the feminine eye!

The authoresses recount how on finding them ignorant of some fact, he would exclaim: "Dear me, how innocent you are!" But the reader is much more inclined to apply that adjective to him. Indeed, it is precisely that quality which after all saves his dignity. When the ladies suggested that the next time a rather over-talkative visitor came, they should all wear ear-stoppers, he entered into the idea without a notion that it in any way reflected on his own favourite method of guarding against too much conversation, and he superintended enthusiastically the melting off of the rims of old saucepan lids for their manufacture. (The ear-stopper was a curved spring which passed over the head and pressed a pad tightly over each ear.)

He could not really believe that the application of reason to any matter could ever lead to any ridiculous result; that is why he was exactly the opposite type to the humorist, for the humorist is always conscious of the double aspects of things. The contradiction felt may be between feeling and thought or reason and convention, or the contrast may be between the seriousness with which something is felt and its trifling nature, or between its importance and the lightness with which men take it. If the unreasonableness of convention strikes one humorist, another laughs at the absurdity of results reached by reason from the point of view of common sense; if one finds jokes in the lightness with which tragedies are born, another will find them in the seriousness with which trifles are taken. Humorists take sides on all sorts of questions, but they are essentially men who feel (whatever they think) that there *are* two or more sides to them. They are philosophers who cannot make up their minds.

Air Defence Problems and Fallacies

Air Ministry or Board of Aeronautics

By F. W. Lanchester

THERE are, in addition to the ordinary military duties, certain operations of *indirect* military value which experience has shown can be undertaken by aircraft with advantage. Such may be exemplified in the bombardment by aeroplane squadrons of the enemy's arsenals, shipbuilding yards, munition and explosive factories, depôts, warehouses, magazines, etc., also for destroying his transports, commerce, etc. Such duties may sometimes be said to come within the definition of ordinary military operations as has actually occurred in the present War. When this definition does not apply they may be undertaken by the Air Forces of either the Navy or Army, that is to say in our case by the Royal Naval Air Service or the Royal Flying Corps, whichever may happen to be the more suitable.

So long as we have to deal with operations of a decisively military character or a decisively naval character, as bearing directly and immediately on the conduct of hostilities, there is no difficulty in settling to whom the responsibility belongs, or as to which Service shall undertake the work; but when we are dealing with those operations of indirect military value which are undertaken in the interests of both Army and Navy—more broadly in the interests of the Nation—there is no natural line of demarcation, and under existing conditions it is necessary for an authority higher than War Office or Admiralty to intervene. The Ministry—the immediate advisers of the King—must decide. More generally, since ways and means cannot be improvised, some standing ruling must be laid down to determine on which Service the responsibility for any particular class of operation shall rest. It is probable that the absence of an authoritative and sufficiently early decision on this point is at the root of some of the difficulties which have been met with in the administration of our air services; it is likely to have been one of the difficulties which has contributed to the failure of the Derby Committee. Whatever may turn out to be the facts it is quite certain that neither the Army nor the Navy can be accused of having neglected their responsibilities with regard to these indirect aeronautical operations, unless the Ministry has clearly laid down which of the Services is to be responsible for the work in question, and defined this responsibility sufficiently in advance to permit of due preparation.

Home Defence

In addition to these operations of aggression there are also the duties connected with Home Defence, mainly concerned with the exclusion of enemy aircraft from British territorial air. This includes the provision of flight grounds, or aerodromes, of the necessary squadrons of aircraft with sheds, repair depôts, and all the attendant paraphernalia. Also of the counter aircraft artillery, popularly known as "Archies" in the Service, searchlights, and the whole of the attendant personnel, pilots, gunners, etc.

Now an attempt has been made by the Ministry to define this latter responsibility, namely, that of Home Defence, and it must be agreed that the lack of decision exhibited has been lamentable. Thus the responsibility has been given to the Army, then to the Navy, and now again to the Army. It cannot be right, and there can be no adequate reason for the responsibility to rest with the Army in the spring and summer and the Navy in the autumn and winter. It must be borne in mind in any criticism launched against the Government that in the order of military importance the immediate requirements of the Army and Navy in the direct conduct of hostilities takes first place; home defence and operations of indirect military value are rightly subordinated. There is grave danger, if public clamour is allowed to rule, and the Government is continually attacked by the Press and public (and more vitally by the electorate) that home defence may be given a first place in the aeronautical

programme, and support may be withdrawn or diverted from our Armies in the field. Already, owing to the campaign which has been carried on by certain sections of the Press, and the ill-advised support which has been lent to certain persons whose credentials are at least doubtful, it is possible that this question of home defence may be absorbing the attention and the resources, i.e., anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, also personnel, which should, "by all rules of the game," be devoted to direct aggression and be at the disposal of our Armies in France or elsewhere, to be employed in the major military operation of the smashing of the Huns. If one could have a definite statement from a responsible Minister that under no circumstances will the present agitation be allowed to involve the withdrawal or diversion of one gun or one aeroplane from the support of our Armies in the field, against the better judgment of the military authority, it would go a long way towards easing the minds of those who have the country's welfare at heart, and who look upon the present phase of the Air Agitation with grave misgiving.

Let it be laid down as an axiom that the combatant services must be accorded the first claim to consideration and the first call on our resources. Whatever part aircraft can play in bringing the present War to a successful issue is primarily by its activity as *ancillary to the existing services*. The part played by operations of indirect military value may be greater or less, but the independent use of aircraft, whether it be for long distant raids on the enemy (unconnected with other military operations) or in the solution of the problems of Home Defence, do not and cannot command a decisive issue.

Air Ministry or Board of Aeronautics

The very existence of what I have in the preceding paragraphs referred to as *operations of indirect military value* is in itself a strong case for some form of control, such as an Air Ministry or a Board of Aeronautics apart from the Army and the Navy. Such operations are new to warfare. We have neither experience nor tradition to guide us; they are outside the ordinary defined responsibilities of either Army or Navy. This latter assertion may be combated by some, especially in view of the fact that our Naval Air Service has executed raids which can only be defined as operations of indirect military value, such as the air raid on Friedrichshaven. However I do not feel that I shall be seriously challenged when I say that the said duties and operations are foreign to the experience of those who hitherto have had to control the preparation for and conduct of military and naval warfare.

It is not currently as well understood as should be the case that an Air Ministry as distinct from a Board of Aeronautics betokens as a corollary an *Independent Air Service*. If, as is probable, the operations of indirect military value become in course of time of sufficient importance and assume in fact an importance beyond anything yet demonstrated, an Air Ministry with an Independent Air Service may turn out to be a proper and necessary solution. It is well to keep an open mind. The case for a full blown Air Ministry has yet to be made good.

The subject bristles with difficulties which will inevitably take time and patient consideration for their solution. For example, if we assume that an Independent Air Service is to be created to take charge of Home Defence against aircraft, and also to deal with long distance raiding and generally duties of indirect military value we immediately strike difficulties of fundamental and elementary difficulty. Thus under what authority will our anti-aircraft artillery be required to operate; and under whose commands are our searchlights, etc., to be placed? Searchlights are essential to the working of anti-aircraft guns, and are liable to interfere with the effectiveness of the defensive aeroplanes if not controlled in close co-operation. If, on the one hand, these combined

bined means of defence are to be put under a command which is independent of our *military* Home Defence, we have the unprecedented state of affairs of two commands of a military character under two different Cabinet Ministers operating in the same area. Some who have no knowledge or experience of the question of responsibility in connection with military operations will possibly not be aware of the fundamental nature of this difficulty and the clash of authority which must inevitably result. Those who are conversant with the military aspect of the question will not need to be told.

Dual Responsibility

It is useless of course to suggest the Air Minister and the Minister of War will act in agreement and conjunction in all matters relating to Home Defence for the reason, if for no other, that the respective commands must each be given to an officer in the field whose authority must be unquestioned. There will be two such officers in any area, and the combined Home Defence will depend upon the two in some way pooling their authority or working hand and glove together. This, to say the least, would be a precarious state of affairs. An alternative would appear to be that the Minister of the Air and the Minister of War should decide to put both services in relation to Home Defence under one command. In case of disagreement as to which service the senior officer should belong, it might be laid down that the air command will be subordinate to the military Commander-in-chief of Home Defence. Manifestly there is nothing absolutely unworkable in such a suggestion, but considerable detail would have to be worked out. One is tempted to ask what benefit is to be derived or expected from the initial division. We may presume that if the said state of things is to obtain in time of war it would also be the most appropriate disposition in time of peace. It is bad to change a system in its essential features on or after a declaration of hostilities.

The alternative possibility, that the counter aircraft artillery and searchlights should be put under military control and the flying defensive force be under the control of an Air Minister, is scarcely worthy of discussion. We should certainly have our own aeroplanes shot at and hit more often than those of the enemy, and the enemy would only need to come plausibly disguised to ensure his own immunity.

It inevitably occurs to one that if it is a military necessity that the aeronautical home defence shall be placed under military command, then half the case for the Independent Air Service (that is to say, in relation to Home Defence) is gone. It is only necessary, in the first instance, that the King's advisers decide once and for all that home defence against aircraft, so far as based on land, shall be definitely under military control and throw the responsibility on to the Ministry of War to provide for the matter being adequately dealt with. The War Office would then no more neglect the problems of home aeronautical defence than it would neglect the other problems of defence which are committed to its care. If there are critics who would scoff at the War Office and hold the contrary, the reply is to reform the War Office and not employ others to do its work.

Our Second Line of Defence

When the above has been said it is to be remarked that the Home Defence conducted from our shores is, as in the case of Home Defence conducted on our territory, essentially *our second line of defence*. The first line of defence will consist of aircraft acting in co-operation with vessels of our Navy, whether cruisers or destroyers of existing type or of special type, is one of the yet unsolved problems. Again, when we endeavour to visualise the naval aircraft acting under a separate command from the Navy proper, we are faced with difficulties analogous to those which concern our land defence. Is the Independent Air Service and the Minister at its head to control the section of the fleet with which the air service (naval) machines will co-operate, or will the Independent Air Service confine itself to the aircraft alone, and be working in continual and close co-operation with the Navy? Will the Air Minister abrogate his control of the aeroplanes or other aircraft which have been allotted to Home Defence and place this branch of his air service under

naval command, and if this is done in time of war, will it also be done in time of peace? In brief, how will the responsibility be defined and authority be allocated?

The above may be taken as the bare outlines of the difficulties which must inevitably arise in relation to Home Defence. They cannot be slurred over, they cannot be covered up by eloquence or rodomontade however plausible. They are difficulties which will have to be faced and dealt with, not only as to broad principle, but in every detail before a Ministry of the Air, so far as Home Defence is concerned, can become a reality. Do not let us attempt to hustle the Cabinet and the Government into taking some precipitate action to satisfy popular outcry. We know that the Government is not a strong Government such as we should like to have seen to conduct the greatest war in history. I am quite certain in my own mind that if at the present juncture a Ministry of the Air were appointed to carry out the multitude of suggestions which are daily being thrown out by irresponsible Members of Parliament and still more irresponsible Press critics, it would be as great a failure as the late lamented Derby Committee. We do not want an Air Minister "in motley." The task of surmounting the many difficulties which will have to be surmounted if a real Ministry of the Air is to be created are such as cannot be negotiated by mere hustle, whether it be described as "ginger," or "push and go," or "bluff and bluster."

In the present article I have dealt with the question of an Air Ministry from the point of view of Home Defence. In the article which follows the question of aggressive action of indirect military value will be discussed in the same relation, and some of the more serious proposals which have been put forward in the direction of air reform will be reviewed; as outlined in my own "Aircraft in Warfare," and as comprised by the scheme which has been developed and put forward more recently by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

The Agony of Serbia

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Alfred Stead's article in LAND & WATER of April 6th entitled "The Agony of Serbia," we beg to inform you that our Swiss Committee for relief in Serbia has made arrangements for sending and distributing food and clothes in Serbia through its Own Commissioners. Any one wishing to contribute to this work of assistance may send his donation through the committee.

I am, Truly yours,

E. A. NAVILLE,

President Comité de Secours aus Serbes,

Geneva. April 17th, 1916.

The Bristol branch of the British Red Cross Society ought to benefit largely from the profits accruing from the sales of Tommy's *Red Cross A.B.C.*, which is published by that branch of the great national undertaking at one shilling. The rhymes of "J.R.G.H." are well illustrated by "C.T.," the whole forming a humorous recital of the alphabet from the point of view of the soldier in hospital.

The Daughters of Germany (Holden and Hardingham, 5s. net), is a scathing indictment of German morals, which shows clearly that, instead of having borrowed the manners and customs of the French Monarchy in the eighteenth century, Germany had nothing to learn in the way of immorals at any period of history. The book is an ugly but unimpeachable record of German grossness, and a refutation to the most strenuous German claim to racial superiority. It deals with the subject mainly from an historical standpoint.

Under the ungainly title of *Let Priest and People Weep* (Gay and Hancock, 6s.), Mr. Richard Shanahan gives a vivid and stirring account of German machinations on the Belgian frontier during the three years preceding the outbreak of the war. The book begins at about the time of the Agadir incident, and ends with the first German massacre of civilians in Belgium—that of Francorchamps, east of Liège. An excellent novel and an interesting contribution to literature of the war.

Mr. Richard Marsh's last book, *The Great Temptation* (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) opens just as startlingly as *The Beelle*, and is in some ways reminiscent of that famous story, although the mystery concerns "pills" rather than horrors. It forms one of the best mystery stories that have appeared for a long time, the interest being well maintained throughout.

War in Fiction and in Fact

By J. D. Symon

IN the dim prehistoric times that lie beyond August, 1914, our notions of war were of two kinds, wars of the past and wars of the future. Past wars, if we visualised them at all, seemed in spite of inevitable horrors, a gay and gallant pageant, wherein the man in a flashing uniform rose superior to the machine. Realistic painters and strict historians told us of rags and tatters, of men going barefoot, of squalor unspeakable, but that did not greatly alter the popular concept. The terrible pencil of Verestchagin may have lifted the curtain a little way for the more reflective; but the pictures of Detaille and de Neuville, of Vernet, Meissonier and Woodville, the splendid *élan* and onward sweep of Lady Butler's "Scotland for Ever!" gave the key-note to the home-keeping civilians' idea of the stricken field. "Le Régiment qui passe," with its rhythm of parade maintained amid the stress of active service, summed up the popular ideal. The war of fact seemed a romance, not a business.

It was otherwise with the war of the future, that strange portent in which the late nineteenth or early twentieth century began to interest itself, lured thereto by the arts of one ingenious writer. Others had attempted the same theme, but their imagined wars were all based upon the old conventions. They were mere Battles of Dorking, with a faint adumbration of modernised machinery. The late Captain Clarke's lively novel of a supposed Franco-British conflict (how absurd that seems to-day!) was read by the late 'nineties as a very plausible foreshadowing of what might be. The Chief in his motor-car, passing rapidly and easily from point to point, seemed quite wonderful. That was a touch of real progress. Wellington on "Copenhagen" had been superseded by a Prince on Petrol. And magazine-rifle fire received its due. But the area of operations was quite small, and high explosives were not. Colossal concentrations of Titanic artillery found no place in the story, and as for air-craft, a sane writer (not, mind you, without imagination) did not indulge in impossible flights of fancy. Verisimilitude was carefully observed, the licence of a Jules Verne would have tended towards an unconvincing narrative.

Ruthless Malignity

But the other fiction of future wars struck a bolder note. The scale was magnified many times and mighty engines of destruction had full play. Further, the novelist allowed himself to postulate a frightful and ruthless malignity. In the old forecasts the game was played upon the ancient chivalrous rules. In the new war scruples of humanity found no place. But in order to give that element its proper force it was necessary to go outside the world. Did we not live under a Hague Convention? The war of the future on earth was to be as humane as possible. The monstrous engine, therefore, and the monstrous malignity must be assigned to a race of super-intellectuals from another planet. It was these hideous creatures who, using the secret devices of science, blasted open towns with a heat-ray and drove before them pitiful crowds of civilians. The ultra-loathsome in war was no creation of humanity. A novelist who attributed such methods to humankind would have been voted an outrageous dreamer.

It is entirely to the author's credit and in accordance with his fundamental optimism that he should have found it thus necessary to bring his thorough exponents of frightfulness from beyond this present world, to wit, from the red planet of the War-God. How far that neighbour orb has been libelled we shall not know until communication is established. If the first message be a writ served on the novelist, let us hope it will come when we are once more at peace to enjoy so piquant a *cause célèbre*. A people believed to be mighty civil-engineers may have a real grievance, for civil-engineering, being in itself stupendous beneficence, goes ill with stupendous malignity. And the novelist, consistently enough, if cruelly, portrayed his Apostles of Horror as themselves most horrible of aspect. His whole conception would almost appear to be a subtle

satire on intellect sharpened to superhuman keenness. Perhaps he did not quite see how harshly his parable reflected upon Physical Science exalted to godhead, at the expense of the humanities. Or perhaps he meant it. However that may be, he was careful to remove all human likeness from these mere brains raised to the *nth* power.

Aerial Weapons

Another future war of the novelist's was waged by a civilised power with aerial weapons, and in a manner sufficiently terrible, but still, on the face of it, save for the bombing of open cities, legitimate. We read and were vastly entertained, but set it aside with a smile at the author's ingenuity. Such things were not going to happen. The wars of the future would be astounding, of course, but they would mean clean fighting, and even if air-navigation did come into its own, the old rules would hold good. Air-craft would be used only against military positions. The imagined unscrupulousness conveyed no warning. We applauded the teller of tales and asked for more. No civilised power would ever take a leaf out of his nightmare goblin books.

But to-day, what of it? We are living in the midst of all that, and worse, and have become so numbed by horror on horror piled, that it is doubtful whether we can realise this present welter. The detached eye of our grandson scanning the files of our 1916 newspapers will appreciate this super-novel we live in as we cannot hope to do. This morning's news sheet, could we but see it aright, would beggar any imagining of the futurist war novelist of yesterday. He might as well go out of business at once, for his occupation is plainly gone. He conceived certainly the malignant power that would seek conquest by sheer terror, but it is doubtful whether he ever thought that his hints would be taken and improved upon in his own time. A Yellow Power, in some remote epoch, might thus assault civilisation, but white men, no.

We thought the Germans were white men. That was our cardinal blunder. So here we are, bombed o' nights from the sky, torpedoed at sea as we voyage peacefully on our lawful occasions, our open cities shattered by a Brobdingnagian artillery, whole nations driven into exile at one fell stroke; pain, misery, famine and sickness stalking at large throughout Europe, rapine and atrocity rampant, and in the legitimate field of battle such carnage as the world has never seen. Every other day brings its Titanic disaster in a double sense, and we have come to take it as all in the day's work. The very newsboys have ceased to cry "'orrible disaster." It is no longer a business asset. Therein lurks a parable for the enemy. "'Orrible disaster" has never been a business asset for him. One day he will find that out, and at last he will know the stomach of this people. He banked upon plunging the world into the actualities of a super-war novel. Thus his sentimentality envisaged "Frightfulness." He knew how a taste of that medicine would affect himself. But he knew not the white man.

The Fat Boy's grisly fictions translated into action do but touch a deeper futility. The super-novel of war was effective only as fiction. As fact, it becomes a brutal stupidity which civilisation, standing serene above panic, has made it her stern business to suppress.

The Bright Eyes of Danger, by John Foster (W. and R. Chambers, 6s.) is a tale of the '45, and although the subject of Bonnie Charlie is one that has inspired a vast mass of reading matter of various sorts and qualities, the author of this book has caught the true spirit of romance and steered well away from hackneyed tracks and scenes. The fortunes of Edmund Layton, Westmorland gentleman and loyal to King George, and of Charlotte Macdonnell, Jacobite by race and instinct, takes us to Edinburgh at the time of the Pretender's occupation of the city, to Prestonpans, to Culloden, and to the long hunt that ended the last attempt to win back the throne for the Stuarts. Yet it is not with Charlie, but with the man and woman, Edmund and Charlotte, that the interest lies, and because of their fine qualities and their love—because, too, all the world loves a good story of stirring incidents and vivid characterisation—this book should make many friends.

A Book on Zeppelins

Reviewed by F. W. Lanchester

MR. R. P. Hearne's *Zeppelins and Super-Zeppelins* (John Lane, 2s. 6d. net.) may be said to be a book with a purpose. Its purpose is to advocate the big airship, to advocate, in fact, that this country should embark on a programme of the building of big airships. The book, being of a popular character, the big airship is termed a super-Zeppelin, which from the context appears to mean something that for size and power is greater than the Zeppelin, and presumably, if the Zeppelin gets bigger, faster, and more powerful, the super-Zeppelin is to get bigger, faster, and more powerful also.

There is no particular reason given why great Britain should have a potential monopoly in super-Zeppelins, or why our technical skill should enable us to fulfil Mr. Hearne's requirements. For example, he says "A super-Zeppelin may be defined as a rigid airship which is better, faster, and more reliable than the Zeppelin. The vital essential is speed. Our super-ships must be from ten to thirty miles an hour faster than the best German ship. At the same time it is desirable that our ships should be smaller, lighter, and stronger than the Zeppelins." This all sounds very fine, but it does not get us any forwarder. The Germans may just as easily postulate a *super-squared-Zeppelin*, which is to be from ten to thirty miles an hour faster than our best super-ship, and all the rest of the specification. This kind of talk is like unto slaying the enemy with printers' ink. No one is any the better or worse; we slay each other on paper, and, like the characters in *Bombastes Furioso*, we are ready to die again tomorrow.

But I believe in the plea that it is time to initiate a programme of big airships. There is no doubt the Navy wants airships, and what the Navy wants it must have. We must not deceive ourselves however. An airship *fleet* is required—not an odd ship or two—the programme is one which will run into millions sterling. We don't mind spending millions nowadays on anything which is necessary from a national standpoint. Since the War all Parties are agreed, and the parish-pump Radical, the great majority of the Labour Party, the Irish Party and the Unionist Party are all in the same boat pulling more or less in the same direction. We are going to have big airships, Mr. Hearne advocates a programme of big airships. In this respect it may be said that his book preaches the right doctrine.

Interlarded with Politics

When this has been said it is very difficult to find anything further to praise in the volume, either as to views expressed in the matter or in the arrangement. Thus the whole book, from introduction to the last chapter is interlarded with the politics of the subject; gibes at the want of foresight of the Government, of the stupidity of experts, and even at the stupidity of the constructors of German Zeppelins. Moreover it is full of assumptions which are by no means proven, inaccuracies in description, and general mis-statements of the position which cannot be condoned. Mr. Hearne conjures up people he calls "anti-airship experts," and describes them in many places as foolish and prejudiced people who would not listen to common sense. His accusations and statements are inconsistent amongst themselves, and are not in accordance with facts. Beyond this I think that even the advocates of the large airship will say, when they read this book—"Save me from my friend," for again and again we find the matter being urged as wanted for "future Wars," or to the "next War." It is fervently to be hoped that we are not going to wait till then.

Also, instead of confining himself to the possibilities which are well within sight, Mr. Hearne talks glibly of great seagoing aircraft capable of travelling at 100 miles per hour. Doubtless this will come in time, but such speeds are not quite yet within sight.

As illustrating the above criticisms it is clearly stated in more than one place in the book that an air fleet such as proposed, would constitute a definite assurance that "never again will enemy airships bombard London." How the super-Zeppelin fleet is to effect this guarantee is not made clear. There is unconscious humour in much of the writing with which Mr. Hearne presents us. For example, when he paints the Zeppelin as being of small use, because it is crude and badly designed, and because it has been stupidly employed, one cannot suppress a smile. Or again, referring to Count Zeppelin, he says: "In strictly adhering to that design in the light of later knowledge Zeppelin has shown stupid con-

servatism," and there are many other passages to the same effect. When we turn the page to see what Mr. Hearne's ideas on the subject are, we find (page 44) that he advocates a central tube along the entire length of the airship. In other words a stiffening member along the neutral axis (neutral whether in bending or torsion). This one suggestion is a quite sufficient commentary on Mr. Hearne's qualifications to criticise the Zeppelin as it exists. He repeats this suggestion in another form later in the book.

From a literary standpoint this work cannot be considered altogether an acquisition to one's library. The sloppy colloquialism of prefacing adjectives without adequate reason by the word "simple" (*simply marvellous* page 54) is always irritating, but the gem of the collection, if one may so express it, is to be found in the following passage—"The stock argument against the Zeppelin is that it is a fair-weather instrument, and no use in War. But the succession of raids on England in 1915 prove the Zeppelin to be a most wonderful vessel." As a piece of inconsequentiality, this reminds one of the admonition to the prisoner in the dock by the village J.P., "You have hard working and industrious parents, you have been blessed with good health, you have been given a good education, instead of which you go about stealing ducks."

Some Novels of the Day

Readers of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's stories—and their name is legion—will find in *The Vanished Messenger* (Methuen and Co., 6s.) a mystery of the international politics order, with an entirely new kind of villain, an extremely up-to-date hero, and a very attractive heroine. Mr. John P. Dunster, the messenger, brought over from America dispatches on which the peace of Europe depended; the villain, Miles Fentolin, intercepted the dispatches, and the hero, well, the whole story is told in Mr. Oppenheim's best manner, and though it seems rather strange to read of the preservation of peace now that war has actually come about, the plot is so well worked out that one is lured to belief in it. We commend the book to all in search of thrills and an adequate seasoning of sentiment and romance.

Josiah Chapel, the hero of *Chapel*, by Miles Lewis (Heinemann, 6s.) began life as a failure, and stuck to that profession up to the time of his wife's death, after which he began to take a grip on things. Mr. Lewis, evidently a Welshman himself, has worked out his Welsh hero's ultimate success in a series of strongly drawn sketches; though the book is one continuous story, it is made up of detached and separate studies of Josiah, his son Griff, Bess Hughes—whom Griff married—and certain other figures in the plot. The method suits the type of work, forceful stuff, extremely material in outlook, with a note of reality and very little sentiment about it. In the best sense of the phrase, this is a very clever book, introducing an entirely new and attractive type of Welshman.

The Stranger's Wedding by W. L. George (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) concerns a certain Huncote, fresh down from Oxford, who went in for settlement work in north London, where he met, fell in love with, and married a washerwoman's daughter—rather a superior washerwoman's daughter, possessed of aspirates and beauty, but still of an entirely different class from Huncote. The story is that of their meeting, marriage, and attempts to fit in their lives to each other. Huncote was moderately tactful, and Sue, his wife, tried her best to live up to her new status.

There, in essence, is the story, but not the book. For the author has brought to his work such artistry as Wells, brings to his studies of the lower middle class, and has brought too, a species of epigrammatic wit, a Latinity of brilliance, that one misses in Wells. There is, perhaps, a trace too much millinery in the book, a shade too much intimacy with things innately feminine, but both Huncote and Sue are masterpieces of creation, characters that will live long in the minds of those who learn them from these pages.

Mr. George proves himself a master of delicate shades of emotion, and in this, undoubtedly the best work he has done so far, he gives us a book that should rank very high among the novels of the year. For the book is not only brilliantly clever, in the best sense of that phrase, but is also a work of unusual depth and power.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. They arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. Here they meet a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig but find nothing. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority. He persuades his shipmates to go in search of it. The journey leads them through the Great Thorn Bush, which is a vast maze from which escape is impossible without a clue. Macquart and Wiart desert their companions. As night falls a woman's voice is heard calling, and Chaya, answering their cries, finds them, and through her help they at last escape from the maze.*

CHAPTER XXVI

The Treasure

THE decision of Macquart to seize the treasure, if possible, for himself and to destroy his companions, had been taken on board of the *Barracuda* long before they reached the river.

Before starting from Sydney, he had not conceived the idea. His mind had been taken up entirely with the preparations for the expedition, but there had always been a reservation in his mind due to the terms which Screed and the others had exacted from him. Privately, he held himself open to swindle them if he could, but without the least idea of how the thing was to be done.

On board the *Barracuda* his greed, his hatred of Hull, and the possibilities that lay in Jacky inspired the first part of the plot.

His original story, as told to Screed and the others, made no mention of the real position of the sunken *Terschelling* or the cache. Indeed, he had purposely put them on the wrong scent by stating that the cache was on the river bank and the ship sunk in the river. He had determined to keep the real position a secret till he was on the spot, and so he master of the situation till the last possible minute.

The wisdom of this plan of action became apparent to him on board the *Barracuda*. When Hull insulted him and made him work, he restrained his anger not only by his will, but by the thought that having the whip-hand he would perhaps be able to make the whip felt.

He determined to divulge nothing, to leave the *Barracuda* in the lagoon and to take his companions right up to the Dyak village. Once there, means might be found to get rid of them, and then, with Jacky's help, all would be plain sailing. He had made a study of Jacky and found him to be a black negation, a mechanism acting to the strongest will brought to bear on it, and Macquart had no doubt as to the strength of his own will.

The only point against the plan lay in the question of the safety of it. Was it safe for him to return to that village from which he had fled fifteen years ago?

Now Macquart was a very clever man, but even very clever men are subject to delusions. The fifteen years he had spent wandering hither and thither about the world seemed to him

fifteen ages. He had learned to forget so many things that he fancied himself forgotten, not knowing or remembering that life in a tiny community is not the same as life in the great cities, and that the village has a memory far longer and more retentive than the memory of a town.

Even so, he was not without vague qualms. But the strong desire to get even with Hull, the mad greed to possess everything and an indefinable antagonism that lay between him and Screed, were factors too powerful to be over-ridden by vague qualms as to personal safety.

Then there was another very curious factor; the desire, or instinct, to return to the place that was fatal to Lant and might be fatal to himself.

It was the homing instinct that carries the murderer to the place of his crime, an attraction begotten of repulsion.

Having made his plan, he stuck to it. Leaving the *Barracuda* in the lagoon, he brought his companions up the river, and though the first sight of Wiart upset his ideas and made him dread the presence of a white witness, he had not been long in that gentleman's company before he recognised in him a helper and a tool absolutely as though Satan had placed Wiart at his disposal.

Then to gain time, he prepared the faked treasure-digging expedition to the river spit, and then having made sure that Wiart was fit for the business and ripe for it, all of a sudden, he disclosed the whole thing to him.

Nothing could have appealed more to Wiart. As overseer of the rubber business he received two thousand dollars a year, and the climate was breaking his health. If the villainy failed, it would only mean three dead men in the jungle and a return to the rubber business. If it succeeded, it would mean unlimited money, and the delights of civilisation in the form of women, wine, raiment and ease.

Wiart was an unspeculative individual, else perhaps he would not have endured his life up to this so well. He never thought for a moment that this gold for which he was prepared to do anything might be a thing more dangerous to touch than a live dynamo—when Macquart was the object through which he touched it.

Not a bit. With the gleeful acquiescence of a schoolboy enticed to rob apples, he helped to shoulder the infernal scheme, and more, he engaged to put it through.

He knew the forest and its possibilities, and it was his ingenious scheme to make the forest a criminal.

He would not aid in killing. The forest would do all that, by the hands of its child, the great Thorn Tangle.

Now on its northern side the Thorn had only one broad way of entrance. Wiart on his first exploration of the place had blazed his way, and quite confident of returning on his trail had wandered far, coming out on the western side at last by the purest accident. He had made another expedition in search of beetles only a few weeks before the arrival of Macquart and his companions, and he knew that, whilst for himself and whoever he might lead, the place was safe, it was death to any unfortunate led into it without knowledge of the blaze.

Once he had got far enough, and finding the others some way behind, he had waited till a bend in the path helped by the trees hid his actions. Then he had given the word, "Full speed." We know the rest, as far as it concerns Hull and Houghton and Tillman.

As for Macquart and his two companions, they did not speak, till, led by the rubber man, they were free of the maze.

It had been debated between them as to whether Jacky was to be taken into their confidence by word of mouth. Wiart was for telling him the whole thing and making him an accomplice; but Macquart refused. "If we can get rid of them as easy as you say, where's the use of telling the nigger," said he. "He won't know whether they've stayed behind from choice or got left, and he has no brains to guess with, I reckon; if any explaining is to be done, we'd better leave it till we are at sea."

Wiart had agreed, and now clear of the maze with Jacky following them, they struck west led by Wiart. Wiart was very much more than a drunkard. Half English, half Dutch, his father had been a botanist employed by the Dutch government in forest work in Borneo. Wiart had been born with the instinct of the forest in his blood. He could not lose himself,

especially in these forests that he knew so well. He was following now a line of demarcation between a vast grove of dammar trees and a mixed wilderness of camphor, eutch and teak, and now he was skirting a huge boggy patch where rubber trees and nipah palms grew in profusion.

"You are certain we are going right?" said Macquart.

"Sure," replied Wiart. "I could tell my way by the smell, but don't waste time in talking, for I want to reach more open ground before dark. Where we're heading there is a big tract of very open ground leading within a mile of the river, where the trees close up again. You remember, we came through it this morning—but perhaps you did not notice. Men don't in forests, but to me a thinning of the trees that would not be very noticeable to ordinary folk is as sure an indication as a street would be."

"Go ahead," said Macquart.

At sundown, they paused to rest and partake of some food.

"Well," said Macquart, as he ate, "we have got our arms free at last; it's all plain before us now, unless those chaps work their way out of that booby-trap; if they do, and if they catch up with us, well—they've got the guns."

Wiart said nothing for a moment; he was busy eating. Then he said:

"You needn't worry. Leave that to them. They'll have enough of it before they are done. Besides, if they did manage to get out, what are they to say? Is it out fault that they lost themselves?"

"I tell you this," said Macquart. "That chap, Hull, wouldn't stop to ask whose fault it was. There wouldn't be the least little bit of good in putting up a defence. He'd shoot, and shoot on sight. I know him. There wouldn't be any use saying to him, 'It's not our fault,' or trying to make excuses."

"Well," said Wiart, "when he gets out of that place he's at liberty to do as he chooses, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not afraid."

They resumed their way, now beneath the starlight and the glow of the rising moon.

The forest glowed green to the moonlight, the green of the deep sea cave to which penetrates a few rays of the sun; the loops of the liantasse and the lianas sagging from the tree boles showed like ropes, and the orchids clinging to them like marine growths. The monkeys, for they had reached now the region where the monkeys swarmed, knowing by some instinct that they were unarmed, pursued them persistently, pelting them with nuts and bits of stick, but they did not even look up.

A little before midnight they reached the river, and skirting the village they came down to the landing stage. Here Macquart, having fetched the pick and shovel from the tent, waited whilst Wiart went to the house to collect what money he had there and to fetch his rifle.

By the stage was moored the boat, and near the boat a canoe. It was Saji's.

"We're in luck," said Macquart. "I was fearing that the boat might have been taken off by someone or gone adrift. It's just the sort of thing that might happen to spoil everything—but it hasn't."

"If by any chance they get out of that place," said Wiart, "they might follow us in that canoe—there's just room for three in it."

"Leave that to me," said Macquart.

He went to the canoe and untied the grass rope painter that held it to the stage, then bringing the canoe up, he followed his companions into the boat and they pushed off.

Canoe and boat floated out into the current, and Macquart, who had shipped the stern oar whilst Wiart took the bow, did not perceive a dark form half start from the bushes of the landing-stage and then take cover again.

Macquart, by his seizure of the canoe, had won the second move in this game he was playing against Fate. But he did not know it. He was quite unaware of the fact that he had been recognised by the woman who had been waiting fifteen years for his return, or that he had been followed by Saji. He recognised nothing and cared for nothing now, but the fact that his object was nearly accomplished.

Half a mile down the river he stopped rowing, and ordering Jacky, who was in the stern sheets, to haul the canoe up by its tow rope, he scuttled it, capsizing it with the help of the out-rigger.

It sank like a bottle, and the boat resumed its way.

The river, vaguely decked with mist, lay under the moon, making a fairy-like picture as it flowed by the chanting, moon-stricken forests. Great bats passed them, fouling the air, and the splash of a jumping fish now and then cast rings across the water. Now and then a great white feathery moth circled around them like a fragment of mist, and vanished as though dissolved.

With the oars and the current, they were making five knots so that, allowing for rests on the way, they reached the

lagoon opening in less than two hours. The *Barracuda* was lying just as she had been left, berthed by the trees on the banks. A horde of little monkeys were camped on board her, but they had done no harm and at the sight of the approaching boat they scuttled away, taking to the tree branches from where they observed the doings of the newcomers.

Macquart brought the boat alongside, and they scrambled on board, where on the deck Wiart collapsed, declaring himself fagged out.

"I must turn in and have a bit of sleep," said he. "I've been at it now since yesterday morning, and I'm not as young as I used to be. There's no use in spoiling the job by over-haste. Those chaps are fixed, even if they escape they have no boat to follow us with, so where's the use in us killing ourselves."

"All right," said Macquart. "I'll give you four hours. It'll be near sunrise by then. As for myself, I can't sleep."

They opened the hatch and went below, where Wiart tumbled into a bunk and was soon snoring.

Macquart had lit the swinging lamp, and he sat now under it at the cabin table, smoking.

There was food and drink in plenty to his hand, but he touched neither. He wanted no support or stimulant. He wanted nothing but just to sit and smoke and dream.

He had succeeded. He possessed the *Barracuda* and two hands to help work her. Half a million of money in gold lay only waiting to be shipped, and he had settled the score between himself and Hull.

The hatred of Macquart for Hull was a passion indicative of the man's nature. Hull had never done half as much injury to him as he had done to Hull. The way Hull had man handled him on board the *Barracuda* would, one might have thought, been sufficient to account for this hatred; as a matter of fact, whilst strengthening it, it had no connection with its cause.

He hated Hull because the latter had turned up in Sydney just at the moment when he had triumphed over all obstacles. It was the intrusion of his Past at the psychological moment when his new future was forming. Hull was the concrete expression of all Macquart's failures, wretchedness, crimes and general disabilities. He was also, of course, a possible sharer of profits, but the latter fact was less than the former, and the bad soul of Macquart rose against him from its most uttermost and powerful depths.

This being so, imagine his feeling when Sreed sprang Hull upon him at the moment of starting. Hull, from whom he fancied he had escaped!

Well, he had paid Hull out; he had disposed of Tillman and Houghton; there remained only Sreed, Sreed waiting quietly at Sydney to gobble half the profits of the expedition.

He determined in his own mind that this should not be. Sreed in his cleverness imagined that he had a tight hold on the expedition for the simple reason that to dispose of the findings without risk of exciting suspicion and enquiry, a "fence" was needed—a rich and well-to-do business man with business connections and a banking account. But Sreed had never dreamed of Wiart. Wiart, despite his drinking habits and his position as a factor, had large connections in the Dutch settlements, and a dark scheme was now evolving in the mind of Macquart by which these connections might be exploited without Wiart having a finger in the pie. A drunkard can never be trusted. Wiart would have to go; but he might be made very good use of before he was extinguished.

Jacky would have to go at the last when he had done his work. The gold was imperative in its terrible demands. No witness must be left of the whole of this business.

So deep in thought was Macquart that he did not notice the passing of time. It might be said that he slept a sleep that was full of dreams.

Rousing from it, he stood up and stretched himself. Then he turned and looked at Wiart, who was lying in the bunk breathing heavily, with his mouth half open.

Macquart smiled as he looked at the helpless figure before him; then he turned and lit the stove to make some coffee, and when that was done he set out some biscuits and canned meat. He let Wiart sleep till the last moment possible. Then he awakened him.

(To be continued)

The second volume of *Germany in Defeat*, by Charles de Souza (Kegan Paul and Co., 6s. net) is just as brilliantly written and fascinating as the first, presenting the strategic problems of the war in a style that makes them equal to any novel. We find it rather difficult to agree with all the author's views, but concur most heartily in his presentment of the problem of Antwerp, and his opinion of the genius that saved the western campaign, and we look forward with interest to the further volumes of this brilliant study of the strategic aspect of the war.



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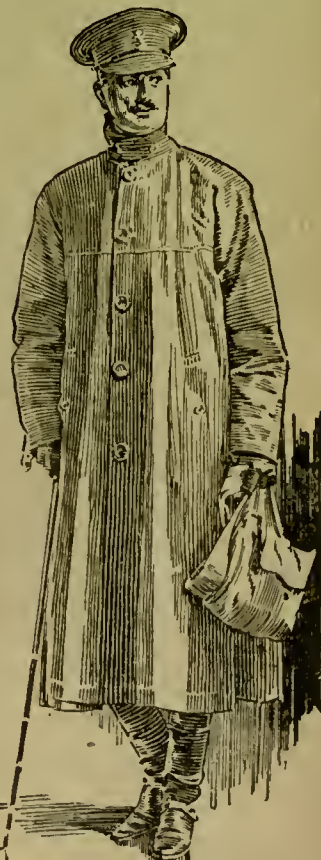
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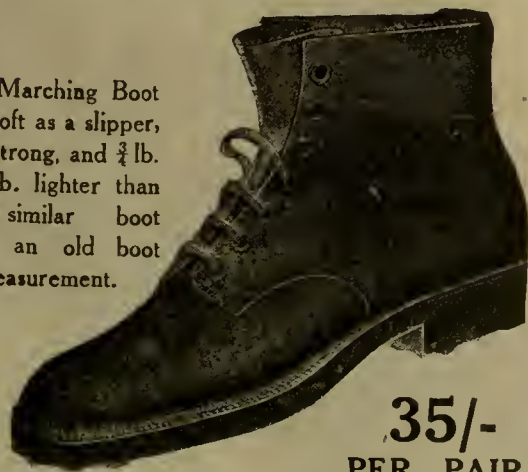
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❧ Town and Country ❧

The King and Queen of Portugal like going out and about, and they are frequently entertained by private friends. Just before Easter they were twice within three days the guests of honour at luncheon parties at the Ritz, which still maintains its reputation as the favourite restaurant of princes.

Lord Erskine, who came of age yesterday, is the elder of Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie's two children, and will in the natural course of events become one day thirteenth Earl of Mar and fifteenth Earl of Kellie, also Viscount Fentoun, which is the Premier Viscounty of Scotland. For those interested in the ramifications of pedigrees, and not afraid of headaches, there is no finer puzzle than the explanation of why there are two Earls of Mar, one the thirty-third, the other the twelfth, and why it is that the twelfth Earl of Mar and not the thirty-third Earl of Mar owns the family property.

Lady Hopwood has received many condolences on her unfortunate accident in the Strand. A daughter of the late General Black, who was well-known in the Punjab, she married the distinguished civilian four and twenty years ago. Sir Francis Hopwood must hold a record for varied service. He has filled important posts in the Board of Trade, the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. And he began life as a solicitor, entering the Board of Trade thirty years ago as an assistant law clerk. The Commissions he has served on make wonderful reading. In addition to ability and industry, he has delightful manners, and makes friends everywhere.

This seems to be the year of Hughes—radiant Hughes one might almost say. While we in this island are applauding Mr. William Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, in the United States they are discussing whether Judge Hughes shall be their next President, *i.e.*, if a Republican be elected.

That most admirable institution the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of which Lord Meath is chairman and whose headquarters are at Lord Meath's house, 83, Lancaster Gate, has just issued its thirty-third report. It is mainly due to this association that London is gradually becoming a garden city; that its squares and its disused churchyards

have been turned into gardens and its roads planted with avenues of trees. This report by the way contains useful hints on the planting and maintenance of trees in our streets. Since 1884, 118 open spaces have been laid out in London by the association at a cost of £46,000.

There was if anything a larger exodus than usual for Easter this year. Although the festival has fallen late, everything in the country is extremely backward so that it was difficult to realise that we were within ten days of May. Shall we have snow in May this year? Ever since the war began, it seems as if we have had abnormal weather.

The Easter holidays are always a great time for gardens. The busy person has at last a little leisure to bestow on their many claims and delights. The Royal Horticultural Society I hear is arranging a horticultural sale at the end of June on behalf of the Red Cross. It is to comprise plants, bulbs, fruit, cut flowers, etc., as well as books and paintings, which have gardens for their subject. All offers of help should reach the Secretary of the Society on or before May 27th. The sale will take place in Vincent Square.

An unusual memento of Verdun is possessed by Jules. His eldest son, Charlie, who was for many years in the restaurant, but has latterly owned a hotel at Chateauroux, has been through the fighting. Jules' birthday was at the beginning of this month, and from the battlefield there reached him from his son two lovely birthday cards, worked in coloured silks, which had been bought in Verdun itself. He has framed these cards. To pause in the middle of the greatest battle the world has witnessed to send your father a birthday card, is a charming little incident which strikes one as thoroughly typical of the French spirit.

Already have Messrs. Jarrold and Son paid nearly £1,000 to Mr. Arthur Pearson's Fund for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors at St. Dunstons, this being the first proceeds of "The Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Gift Book," which was published for this cause. They hope to supplement this sum for copies of this excellent book may still be obtained. HERMES.

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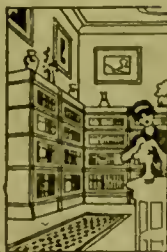
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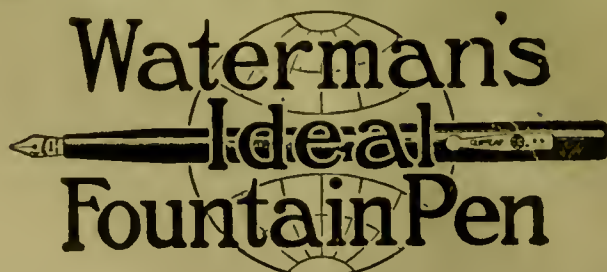
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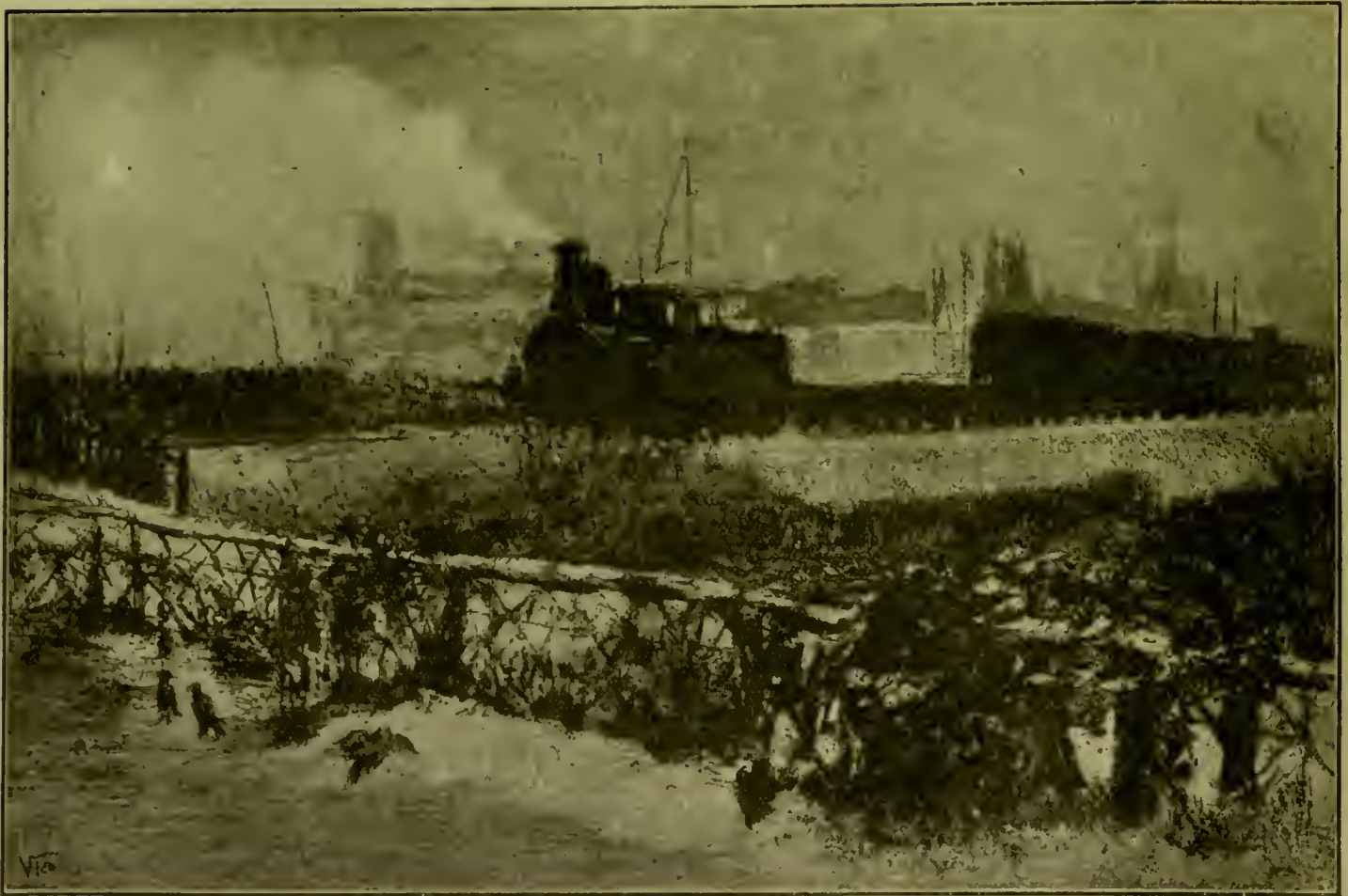
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The Jew—by Ettore di Giorgio

These photographs are of Italian etchings and engravings which are now on exhibition at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. An article dealing with this exhibition by Mr. Marcus B. Huish appears on page 18.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1916

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

THE statement made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons on Tuesday has done a great deal to clear the political situation. For the first time we have been explicitly and officially told, what was of course well known to the enemy, that this country alone is maintaining 71 divisions in the field—apart from 12 divisions contributed by our Dominions, and that the total military and naval effort of the British Empire from the beginning of the war exceeds the enormous total of five million men.

It is perhaps a matter for regret that the military authorities did not feel themselves free to make the figures public several months ago. Such a course would have differed from the practice of our French Allies—but then so does the policy of publishing casualty lists. It would have completely disposed of all that calculated campaign of slander through which certain people have sought to belittle and discredit the loyalty of their fellow-countrymen. If the Bill, which is now being introduced into Parliament, with the apparent consent of all Parties, really achieves the end which is desired by the Prime Minister; if it settles once and for all the whole miserable controversy, it will be a great step in the direction of national unity. The precise form of the measure is admittedly a question of political expediency, but neither this nor any other measure can really secure the result which is described in that high-sounding phrase "equality of sacrifice." Indeed, the very word "sacrifice" reveals a narrow and selfish spirit. The country calls for service, not sacrifice, and the Government has the indisputable right, without recourse to legislation, to demand the willing service of every man and woman, whether single or married, whether under forty or over, in any capacity for which they are fitted: any arbitrary line of demarcation is bound to give rise to individual grievances and unnecessary comparisons. From the political point of view alone, apart from its obvious fairness, we might have wished that the principle of universal service had been adopted by the Government early in the war, when it was urgently advocated by many public men. It would certainly have received the unqualified support of the nation.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the problem of recruiting in this country was at once wholly different from that presented to any of our Allies, and was solved in an unexpectedly successful, if not complete, manner.

If the violent controversy upon the method of recruiting had not arisen, the attention of our Allies would certainly be directed to the astonishing voluntary effort made by this country. Certainly the attention of history will chiefly be directed to that effort.

Let us consider what it has meant. A conscript nation prepares for war, not in a year or two, but over a generation. All its energies and activities are co-ordinated to fit in with the conscript system. Every man taken for service knows himself liable to lose his existing occupation should war break out, and is at fixed intervals experienced in the adjustments necessary to such a system, by his regular and periodical summoning to the colours for training. There are a thousand details which the system of conscription secures and establishes when it is part of a regular law, and these make a conscript country something different wholly in texture from nations such as Great Britain and the United States, to which such a system has never applied.

This country, which depends for its very life upon a vast overseas trade, as well as upon extensive manufactures at home, suddenly finds itself involved in a great war. It is possessed of a small professional army of a few divisions, mainly established for the purpose of garrisoning great possessions in the East, and of finding service for that garrison. It has side by side with this a volunteer force, also very small in proportion to the population, and composed of men with comparatively slight military training only. Within eighteen months, that nation produces an army comparable in size with the long trained and conscript armies of its Allies. It feeds, clothes, and trains this enormous mass of new material without a hitch, and what is perhaps most remarkable of all, it provides an adequate supply of officers. Within the twenty-first month of the war, it can boast of the mobilization of a force *superior to that proportion of one-tenth*, which, before this great war was regarded as the maximum effort possible in any country.

The truth is that this voluntary effort has not only proved triumphantly successful, but successful after a fashion which no one had dreamed possible and—we may say it with pride—which our Allies perhaps would have thought even less possible than we. What is now in progress is no more than a rounding off and completing of a task which had left a comparatively small margin of work undone. When the violence of the present controversy is forgotten in the great events of the summer which lies before us, this truth will be fully apparent to all.

There is one thing more to be said now that the final settlement of these controversies has been reached. Let us have no further complication of the issues by sensational "exposures" of this or that hitch in the extremely difficult work of apportioning military and civil duties to the small remaining margin of men who will come under the new law. It is perfectly easy for the leaders of an uncensored press in time of excitement and strain, to throw out of all proportion any details to which they choose to turn. If their object be to weaken us at the crucial moments of this tremendous task, they could not adopt a better method. Above all it is well to remember that the conduct of the campaign is not in the hands of the Press, but of the General Staff; and nothing could possibly be more mischievous than complaints, formulated in the newspapers, that we are "everywhere on the defensive." The right moment for the great offensive will be chosen by those who are competent to decide, and it is on their decision that we build our hopes of final and complete victory.

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN IS WON

By Hilaire Belloc

IT is characteristic of this tremendous war that from its very scale we miss its proportions. Things near to us, either in sentiment or in mere distance, become grotesquely exaggerated, and what is equally natural and equally a vice in judgment, things limited in the scale of *time* are also distorted. Something which happens quickly and sharply appears far greater than it is. Something long drawn out grows stale in the mind and is forgotten.

The local disturbance, which you may call at will a very serious riot or a small local rebellion, costs in Dublin casualties that do not reach four figures. A garrison, the British elements of which were not 3,000 men—not a mile of the Western front—surrenders. The two events fill the public mind, and there are even some who, in the midst of so tremendous a struggle for national existence find the occasion useful for the working of personal intrigues and the advance of petty individual ambitions in professional politics.

Meanwhile the greatest battle ever fought, an action with consequences that will affect the whole future of mankind almost as much as the original victory of the Marne, has been won by the French upon the sector of Verdun.

Put down the mere figures of this past action—by far the greatest in scale, whether we consider the numbers of men, or the munitionment, or the time employed that has ever taken place in the recorded history of the world—and see what they signify. Verdun means to the enemy a loss over and above the loss he has inflicted upon his opponent, certainly of four army corps, probably of five. It means the sacrifice of those numbers at the most critical moment of all, when he has already called upon the whole of one of his last two classes and is beginning to call upon the last of all. It means that an effort on which he had concentrated the whole of his available resources, for which he had spent some months in preparation, in which he had such confidence that he risked open declarations of victory and deliberate and definite prophecies of success, has resulted for him in a bloody and irreparable defeat.

Moral Effect on Germany

It means upon the moral side that all his millions at home who have read in a thousand daily sheets the official statements repeated day after day in a thousand forms, have now to know that those statements were false, and that the confidence based upon them must be abandoned. No public, however stupid, or however nervously exalted, can read day after day that an object is in process of attainment and then find it abandoned, without suffering a very serious moral effect indeed. No one knows this better than the British public, which has had to suffer such things in connection with subsidiary expeditions in this war. What would it be if a disappointment of this sort had attached, not to a subsidiary expedition but to what was rightly regarded as the main operation of the whole campaign?

There are, of course, other reasons, beside its mere scale in time and numbers which prevents the profound significance of Verdun from receiving full recognition in this country. The authorities here neglect to issue those regular statements of the general position of which the French now give such excellent models. The silliest German lie goes uncorrected and the enemy is naturally tempted to increase the effect which he rightly judges attaches to falsehoods about the number of prisoners he takes and grotesquely belittling his own casualties. Further, you cannot expect lay opinion to be as much struck by the victory of a successful defensive as it is by a forward movement upon the map.

If a couple of German corps had got themselves surrounded in the Balkans, let us say, and had had to lay down their arms after an action costing the Allies an almost equal number of casualties, we should have had the wildest excitement in the press and a public impression of victory such as we have not had since the beginning of the war.

Verdun, which is something three times as big as that, three times as large a success for us, has no such effect upon the imagination.

Yet one may presume that with the passage of a few weeks the great news will begin to be digested, and if not the full meaning of Verdun, yet at least its colossal proportions will begin to receive their due. When the time comes for the offensive (and when movement appears upon the map) the very obvious fact that Verdun will have laid the foundations for all the concluding phases of the war will not escape the general eye.

One can write thus strongly about this tremendous and decisive battle, because, although the enemy continues the same dull business of breaking his own head and has not yet begun to mask the nature of his failure by the undertaking of another in a different field, military judgment throughout the world, not only with the French command, which has full intelligence of the enemy's movements, but in the matter written to order throughout the German press, confirms one in the conviction that the great offensive upon the salient of Verdun has reached its turn and has ended in disaster for the enemy.

The Last Great Attack

The mere chain of dates leads one to that conclusion. These words are written upon the 2nd of May. It was upon the 9th of April that the enemy launched his men upon the last of his general assaults. It was an attack second only in scale to that of the first four days, now ten weeks gone, upon which he staked his future. It was utterly defeated, and on the evening of that Sunday the General commanding the French troops in the sector of Verdun issued his Order of the Day, telling them that they could now be confident that the victory was won. Already ten days earlier, when the decline in quality of the German attack had become clear, the critic whose judgment carries most weight in Europe, Colonel Feyler, had risked the words, "the French have won the battle of Verdun." There has followed since that disaster of theirs upon the 9th of April no enemy effort comparable to it. A week later came what was certainly a considerable bid for the *Mort Homme*, defeated again, of course, in what had become a regular routine; but since that date for more than a fortnight, those who (including the present writer) still expected a further general development, have only seen the enemy's effort die down. We are upon the seventeenth day from that Monday when he last attacked in any strength and during all that interval we have had no more than purely local offensives easily dealt with and delivered with apparently no hope of success.

Strategic Victory

Even at this date it is not possible to say that the enemy will not go on again. We must pray that he may—and the longer the better. Prussian stupidity and Prussian vanity, its colleague, are here our powerful allies—and they rarely fail us. There may be domestic reasons too for his continuing to bleed himself to death. He may yet find himself under some political necessity, or suffering from the command of some authority, not wholly military, and thus be condemned to lose another thirty thousand or so in the continuation of his blunder. It is unlikely, because the situation has become quite obvious and glaring, but it is possible. It is also indifferent to the general result of the campaign. The battle of Verdun is won. And Verdun can certainly go down to history as the greatest example of woodenness in strategical judgment that any command has ever afforded.

Only the future can show what the fruits will be, but we know already what they should be. And when the harvesting of them begins we owe it to those who died between Vaux and Avocourt to call them more than any other men the victors of the great war.

MESOPOTAMIA

The fall of Kut is the political event of the hour. It is the loss of nearly 3,000 British troops, say one-tenth per cent. of the trained forces of Britain alone in the alliance.

But the military event of that same hour is not the loss of this heroic little garrison but the situation now created for the Turks—and through them for the enemy as a whole—by their committal to the Mesopotamian position.

As a purely military subject of study the enemy's position in the Near East is one of the clearest and simplest the war has afforded, and if it be possible to examine matters of such vital interest with sufficient detachment one can almost take, in those enemy positions, the same interest as in a mathematical proposition.

Certain elements are of course unknown. We are in doubt as to the exact strength of the enemy's various bodies and we have no published account of the strength available against them in the four fields of Armenia, the Persian mountains, the Tigris and Egypt, but we know enough of the enemy's strength and of that of the Allies to determine the main elements, and those main elements lead us to fairly definite conclusions.

The key of the whole business is the geographical exception, made by the Tigris and Euphrates system, to the rest of the Turkish territory, coupled with the political importance to the Turkish Empire of that district.

Supposing the enemy's interests to lie within Asia Minor and Syria alone, observe what would follow: The whole strength of the Turkish Empire now upon the defensive would be occupied in delaying, possibly in permanently checking, the Russian advance westward through Armenia. It would have to watch a comparatively narrow front in Syria between the Mediterranean and the desert. It would be anxious, perhaps, with regard to its communications with Syria where they pass close to the sea near the Gulf of Alexandretta. But the position would have for the enemy this great advantage of simplicity, and a defensive against the Russians still in the Armenian mountains would be the only great preoccupation of the Turkish command.

The distant and eccentric Irak, the Mesopotamian field, essential to the present rulers of Turkey, who fear that with the loss of it their power of government may be destroyed, transforms the whole character of the war.

You have as the essential mark of the whole situation a dilemma between the defence of Asia Minor, and the retention of Irak with forces certainly not sufficient for the double task. You have not only a war upon two fronts (or, counting Syria, upon a possible three) but you have also one of those fronts so far thrust out beyond the Armenian theatre of operations that its communications are in ever growing peril.

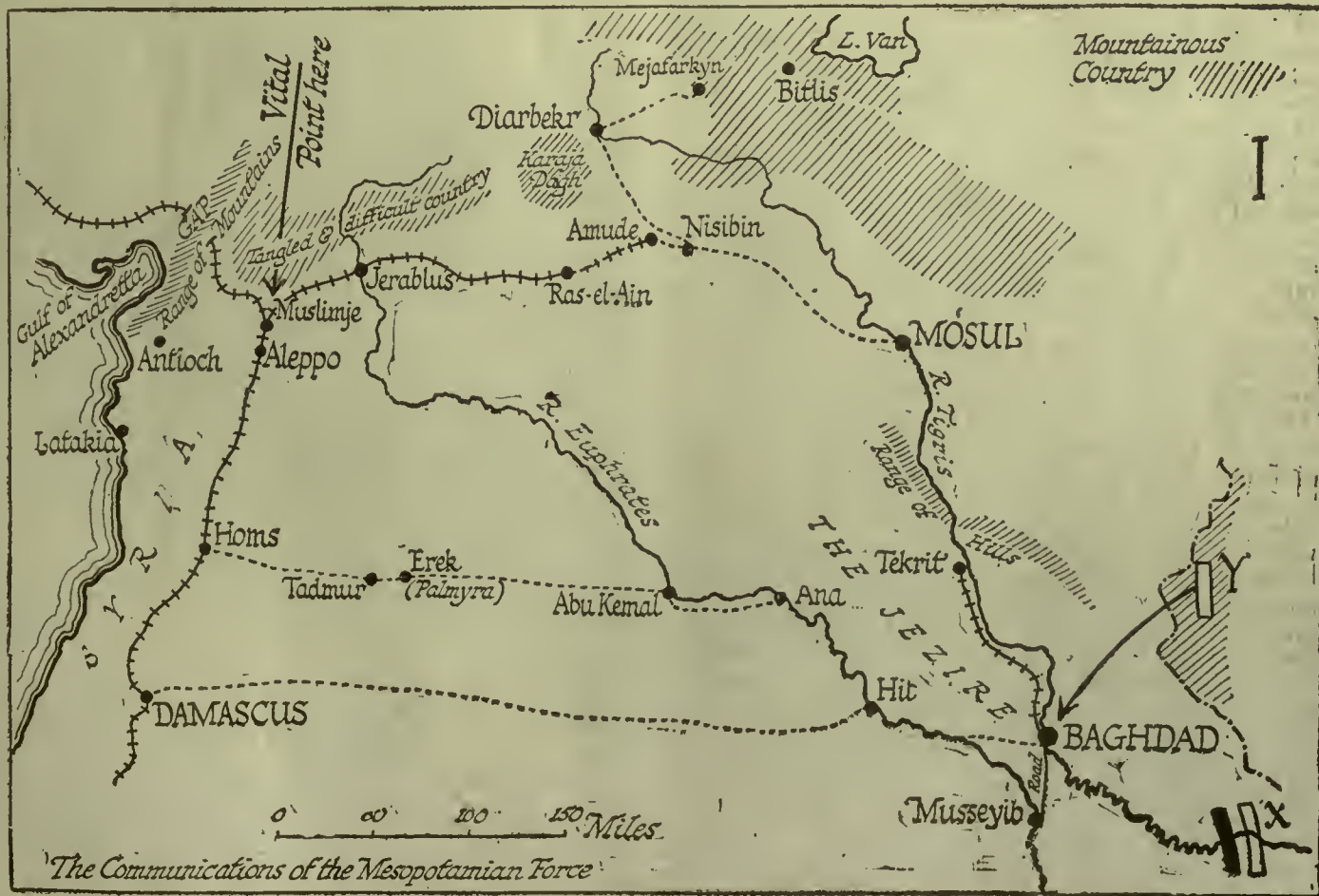
If the town of Bagdad and the vital interest it has for the Turkish power had stood further north and east this dilemma would not have arisen. Standing where that town does it will increase the present anxiety of the enemy's higher command until he shall be compelled to decide whether he will retain Irak with something like a certainty of military disaster, or whether he will abandon it with the political consequences which would follow such an abandonment.

Consider what opportunities are open to the Turkish forces in these fields. They have in the first place to rely entirely upon their own resources. They may obtain a certain amount of munitionment from the Austro-German manufactories. Of men in any appreciable numbers they can get none save through their own recruitment. With forces now no longer superior to those converging against them, and about to become inferior, they have to prevent the cutting of the communications behind their Mesopotamian army or to withdraw that army. There is no alternative.

It has been suggested that a concentration in strength in the Mesopotamian field alone, compelling the retirement of the British forces upon the Tigris further south would be a way out of the present Turkish dilemma. It would be nothing of the sort. So long as a large British force necessarily occupying the attention, and compelling the presence, of a large enemy force facing it, is present at any point between the Persian Gulf and the Armenian mountains—whether it is present further south after a retirement or further north after an advance—so long the Mesopotamian front with all its increasing dangers is the chief anxiety of the Turks.

A concentration in such numbers that the British forces on the Tigris should be overwhelmed and should cease to exist would of course give immediate relief, but a concentration in such strength and with very imperfect communications alone available is impossible.

The whole thing, therefore, resolves itself into this question. Can the enemy ward off the threat to his communications? Supposing him strong enough, as he certainly still is and will probably long remain, to hold



the Mesopotamian field and to cover Bagdad from the British on the south and the comparatively small Russian forces advancing on the east from the boundary ranges of Persia, can he at the same time defend the lines whereby recruitment in men and necessary munitionment reach him?

In order to answer that fundamental question those who, like the present writer, have no local knowledge and depend upon the evidence of others or upon the map, work at a disadvantage, but it would seem the opinion of those *who have local knowledge*, and it is certainly the conclusion to be drawn from the map, that the Turks cannot efficiently ward off that threat to their communications of which I have spoken. If they cannot do so then we shall witness within a comparatively short limit of time a complete change in the military situation of the Near East, and following upon it a whole chain of political consequences ultimately affecting the war in every part of its 3,000 miles of front.

There are two avenues of approach from Europe, the Bosphorus and Asia Minor, to any force keeping the field near Bagdad. The first is the road, now supplemented by a railway across the northern part of the Mesopotamian plain to Mosul, upon the Tigris, and thence down the Tigris itself. The other that same road as far as the Euphrates only and thence down the Euphrates.

Let us see how the matter stands in the case of each of these communications severally.

What may be called the "Tigris communications" are those which have so often appeared in these columns when the Mesopotamian position was discussed. They are the railway from the Bosphorus which, after the junction of Muslimje (12 miles north of Aleppo) is continued along the edge of the Mesopotamian plain where this meets the foothills of the mountains, and is generally known as the "Bagdad railway." When I last wrote of this line it had certainly reached the wells and springs of Ras el Ain. It had certainly not then reached and has probably not yet reached the point of Nisibin to which it is prolonged upon certain German maps. But it would be a fair guess to say that it has at the present moment reached the point of Amude, where the road or track down from Dairbekr strikes it. Thence a track now certainly organised for petrol traffic leads to the Tigris at Mosul, and thence both along the side of the river and down the stream itself the communications proceed to the railhead of the sector being built up north from Bagdad. This railhead was some little time ago, if I am not mistaken, at Tekerit. It may have been pushed further, though hardly beyond the point where the Tigris cuts through a peculiarly sharp and narrow range of hills half way between Mosul and Bagdad. For it would be bad policy to waste labour upon that part of the communications which are already fairly well served by water.

These communications, from the vital "knot" near the Gulf of Alexandretta, which will be discussed in a moment, are in all their sinuosities over 700 miles in length. The mere distance, therefore, constitutes a formidable element of difficulty, for when your communications are very long, even if they are passing through friendly country, all the delays due to counter orders, local checks, etc., get multiplied at a rate which increases far more rapidly than the mere mileage, and this is particularly the case in undeveloped country.

The second line of communications, which we will call the Euphrates line, is of about the same total length in mileage, but is very much less convenient, for serving Bagdad as a base for a Mesopotamian force. On the other hand, it provides better directions and opportunities for a retirement.

The Euphrates communication is not a single line, but a complex. Its main portion is the river Euphrates between the bridge by which the Bagdad railway crosses that river at Jerablus, and the point of Musseyib which, though not the nearest upon the Euphrates to Bagdad, is yet that upon which the only good road runs from the river to the town. It will be clear from the map that this use of the Euphrates as a line of communication leaves the troops of the Turkish Empire on the Mesopotamian front far more dependent upon primitive methods than that by the Tigris. After Jerablus there is no further rail even for a section of the way.

On the other hand, the Euphrates route is supplemented by a possibility of petrol traction along the two historic

ways that lead from Syria to the Euphrates itself. I owe to the courtesy of a correspondent who has given me most valuable personal evidence of the journey made in a petrol-driven motor from Syria to Bagdad, details of this opportunity open to the enemy. It seems that the going is good and that the total consumption of time, excluding the time taken in the crossing of the river, is not more than two days and a half. Of these ways the best is that which leaves the Syrian railway at Homs, passes Tadmur and the ruins of Palmyra near Erech, strikes the Euphrates at Abukemal and makes for Ana, at which point there are ferry boats for the conveyance of heavy vehicles.

The alternative route, further south and nearly parallel, starts from Damascus and strikes and crosses the Euphrates at Hit. It seems that the open country of The Jezine beyond affords perfectly good going without obstacles to Bagdad itself.

The continued provisionment of a large force—say, four divisions—by motor lorries alone, however, over a space of nearly 500 miles, is a formidable task, and, as we shall see in a moment, the crossing of such a stream as the Euphrates upon the way, adds another very serious obstacle. Further, there is a change of gauge between the main railway and the Syrian railway at Aleppo. It is probable, therefore, that if the enemy can be compelled to rely upon the Euphrates line he will use the river mainly for the conveyance of munitions, recruitment, and all the necessities of his army.

Now what are the advantages and drawbacks of this line?

At the present moment the Euphrates would be navigable for very considerable cargoes even from a point as high up on its course as Jerablus. The same cause which has led to the floods on the Tigris below Kut, which played so great a part in the checking of the force attempting to relieve General Townshend, swells the waters of the sister river. It is the melting of the snows in the Armenian mountains which raises the flood level at this season of the year. I understand that these conditions of navigability on the Upper Euphrates continue in normal seasons to a date about two months hence or a little less: at any rate, well over the time within which the power of the Turks to maintain themselves on the Mesopotamian front and on to Bagdad will be decided one way or the other. Because the progress of the Russians from the north will either be successful or will fail well within that limit of time.

But though this rise of the water at the present season presents such an advantage, the task of bringing munitions, let alone further heavy pieces and their shell, down some 700 miles of winding water (the mere line as the crow flies is 450 and the river is extraordinarily full of loops and bends) is hardly less serious than the task of attempting that munitionment by petrol traffic from Syria. The current is exceedingly rapid, so much so that a ferry at this season allows in rowing across the half mile of the stream something like a mile drop between the point of departure and the point of arrival. All the first part of the journey, and especially the higher reaches are a tangle of islands and there are throughout the whole journey, I believe, certainly throughout the greater part of it, a mass of perpetually shifting banks of sand in the bed of the stream. This same factor of the rapidity of the current militates gravely against the use of this avenue of communication in its reverse function, that is for all traffic back from Bagdad towards the north-west. Slow and difficult towing is the only means available, and this for a large force is out of the question. Should a retirement be determined on the only form it could possibly take would be a retirement directly westward across the desert and half desert lands between the Euphrates and Syria, and beyond Abu Vemal (or Hit if the two tracks were used) the Euphrates would no longer be of service.

From all this consideration of both the Tigris and the Euphrates system of communication with Bagdad, it is clear that the nodal point upon which the security of the enemy army in Mesopotamia turns is the junction of Muslimje just north of Aleppo; that is, in practice, the Aleppo town itself and its neighbourhood. The Tigris road would be thrown out of action the moment a Russian force got astraddle of the railway, say, at Ras el Ain, the Euphrates route the moment an opponent,

Russian or other, appeared at Jerablus; but the whole theatre of the enemy's efforts in Mesopotamia and in Syria, his military existence, as it were, beyond Asia Minor, is dependent upon his continued possession of Aleppo and its neighbouring junction. If he loses that region before retiring his armies in Syria and Mesopotamia are lost at the same time. If he retires before it be seized, he abandons Bagdad of course and Syria as well to the power of the Allies, and with such an abandonment the political position of the present government at Constantinople could hardly be maintained.

Now how near are we to the imperilling in this fashion of the enemy's hold south and east of Asia Minor?

In order to answer that question we must set down the elements as here in Sketch II.



His forces before Bagdad and within that base are held in place by the large British army on the Tigris, and a smaller Russian force coming down from the Persian mountains. His ability either to retire or munition himself while he remains thus held in the region of Bagdad is threatened in three ways. One of these threats is already in being, the other two are potential only and open to discussion.

We can see on this little sketch map, Map II, the situation and proportion of the Allied force surrounding the theatre of operations of the Turks in Mesopotamia. The main Turkish army being in the region A, with its local base at Bagdad B, and its two main communications together with its communications down the Syrian coast converging at the nodal point X near Aleppo, pressure can be brought against him either (1) by the Russian force coming down from Bitlis marked (1) upon the Sketch, or (2) by a successful stroke against X from the sea at (2), or (3) by an army marching as Napoleon marched along the coast of the sea from Egypt at (3) supported by the naval power at our command and striking at Syria. Of these three methods of imperilling the enemy one is actually in being; a Russian force is present between Bitlis and the Bagdad railway and is advancing south. The other two are merely potential. No stroke against the Aleppo region from the sea has been attempted as yet, nor any force gathered for delivering it, while the very large army in Egypt at (3) has hitherto lain almost wholly on the defensive, partly because the threat of an invasion to Egypt was at one moment serious, involving the danger of losing the canal, partly because the forces at a point so central could be regarded as a great reserve which could be thrown towards any point north, east or south, including India, should such a necessity have arrived.

Because 2 and 3 are potential only, and because the reasons for delay in both cases are necessarily known to the authorities and the higher command alone it is neither profitable nor perhaps wise to discuss them in any detail.

It is enough to show the more obvious of the characters they present. But the threat of the Russians from the north is not only very much more real and immediate, but susceptible of more detailed discussion.

A blow delivered from the sea against Aleppo would obviously settle the business at once. To deliver it upon the Gulf of Alexandretta has been suggested twenty times from as many quarters since Turkey entered the war. To deliver it south of the range of mountains covering Aleppo and a march upon that district from Latakia to

Antioch would be equally decisive. The reasons against such an undertaking are, I repeat, not open to debate at this moment. But they are not conclusive.

An advance into Syria from Egypt has the advantage that it involves none of the great losses and risks of a landing, no new base of supply, no new transport of troops, while the only strain it would put upon the already heavily burdened shipping of the Allies would be for the partial provision of the force from the side of the sea. To prevent its advance the enemy would be compelled to cover a belt across Southern Palestine of at least 60 miles and he would not thus cover Syria with less than 200,000 men. Were he to attempt to hold an entrenched line from the sea to the desert with a smaller number he would be broken. Were he to attempt to hold a shorter line he would be turned.

The last opportunity, however, and the only one which is of immediate importance, because it is the only one in being, is the advance of the Russian force from the district of Lake Van on Bitlis southward against the communications of the Turkish army. We do not know exactly where the heads of the Russian columns are, but we may conjecture that they are not yet arrived at the edge of the mountain land, or the point of Mejafarkyn, the ancient Martyropolis, which marks the beginning of the open country. When they have reached this point they will find a fairly good road, I believe, for the remaining fifty miles to Diarbekr.

Now the news that the Russians are at Diarbekr would be more important perhaps to the great war as a whole even than the preliminary news that they had taken Erzerum and Trebizond. It would mean that they were within striking distance—within a week's march—of the Bagdad railway, and of the main line of communications for the Mesopotamian army. It is possible that the alternative Euphrates route has already been partly organised, but we know with absolute certainty that not more than two months ago all the work connecting the Turkish Mesopotamian force with Asia Minor, Constantinople and Europe was passing through Ras el Ain, Nisibin and Mosul. There has hardly been time to establish an efficiently working alternative line of communications further west.

This does not mean that the Russians at Diarbekr are equivalent to the doom of the Turks near Bagdad. The Turkish army in that region has certainly ample provision for a retirement, it could and would retire by the west to the Euphrates certainly, and probably beyond the Euphrates by the tracks across the desert to Syria. Though the Russians at Diarbekr might be on the Bagdad railway in a week they would not be within the region of Aleppo, even by an uninterrupted march, for a month (for the railway obviously would be destroyed as the Turkish communications guards on it fell back). In point of fact a month would be a ridiculously small interval to allow, for the Russian advance would be contested and would meet, before it could threaten the Syrian line of communication, the serious obstacle of the Euphrates. But the Russians at Diarbekr would be equivalent to a Turkish retirement from Mesopotamia, with all the political consequences following upon such a retirement.

There is one more element in the problem, which has nothing to do with its topographical side, and is very serious. And that is the element of climate. The summer, which will render easy operations in Armenia and the Anatolian plateau to the west, and the advance down the slopes of the mountains towards the Mesopotamian plain, at the same time renders military action by northern races such as the Russians and the British in southern Syria and upon the Tigris and Euphrates abnormally difficult. The exact value of that factor will only be estimated in practice, but it must not be forgotten.

H. BELLOC.

The quaintly precise English of *A Hermit Turned Loose*, by A. Kawabata (East and West, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net) is reminiscent of Yoshio Markino's studies of western life. The author of this book set out to enlarge his mental outlook by travel, and his diary of experience in Egypt, Greece, Italy, and England is at once interesting and amusing, both by reason of the subject matter and the method of expression. It is a captivating little book, and decidedly one to read, if only for the novel view-points (to Western minds) that it discloses.

CONTRASTS IN SEA METHODS

By Arthur Pollen

THE naval developments of the last fortnight demonstrate the shifts and expedients a power inferior at sea is seemingly compelled to adopt when it has neither the imagination nor the resolution required for a direct effort to dispute an adverse command of the sea. They also illustrate how futile, in every essential of military result, these shifts and expedients must be. And in this respect they only repeat to us to-day lessons of which history gives us many examples. But in one respect they have produced what is almost a new phenomenon. I mean the open revolt of the neutral world against the methods by which a belligerent has aspired to the exercise of a real sea power without possessing the means of doing so in a manner consonant with the dictates of justice and humanity.

The United States has, perhaps wisely, limited its protest to forbidding further offences by torpedoing or shelling trading ships. The ground of the quarrel is precisely that in so doing Germany has been, and must continue to be, guilty of murder. But we should not lose sight of the fact that practically all her actions at sea are but variants of the same crime. Take, for instance, the fostering of revolt in Ireland. It is possible of course, that those responsible for sending the traitor Casement to the West Coast, and arming the handful of desperadoes who have been turning a few streets of Dublin into a hell, may have been foolish enough to have expected their efforts to result in an effective rebellion against the British Crown. An effective rebellion would undoubtedly have introduced a change in the military situation of real value to the enemy. But it is almost inconceivable that so fatuous a hope could genuinely have been held. It seems more probable that the Sinn Feiners were backed simply to demonstrate the power of Germany to introduce frightfulness upon a scene hitherto immune from her murderous intervention.

Take again the raid on Lowestoft and the unhappy accidents by which "Russell" and two armed yachts have run upon mines in the Mediterranean. The bombardment of Lowestoft and Yarmouth had no other purpose than casual murder; and the extension of the practice of sowing mines—so assiduously cultivated in the North Sea—to the Mediterranean, is indistinguishable from a deliberate, though indiscriminate, effort at murder, because to one ship of war that runs the risk of fouling them, a dozen non-combatant ships must face this barbarous and inhuman peril day after day. In the North Sea, as we know, the ratio of merchant ships to war ships that have been blown up by mines, is something like twenty to one. And it is the merchant ship that is least well equipped for protecting its personnel when such disasters occur. Thus, all Germany's naval action—whether by her most powerful warships, or by the craft or devices devoted particularly to the destruction of commerce—is marked by murder being its only object and its only method.

The American Crisis

Incalculably the most momentous question of the day is how Germany will act in face of the American protest against the continued indulgence of this homicidal mania. For a fortnight we have been entirely without news. President Wilson asked for an immediate reply, and it would seem as if some sort of reply could not be much longer delayed. The enemy's difficulty in sending one does not, as we all know, lie in formulating the policy that is wisest for himself, but in presenting that policy in a manner that will not be destructive of national discipline. Were there no difficulty on this latter point, Berlin would surrender to Washington without hesitation or delay. The policy of so doing is obvious, because the very remote military advantages lost by renouncing the attack on commerce are outweighed many times over by the dangers that must follow if America is driven into belligerency. It is surely no over statement to speak of the military effect of commerce destruction being both indirect and unim-

portant. As a *sole* method of making naval war, campaign after campaign has shown its futility. In none of our wars—neither those with France in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, nor in that with America in 1812—have the depredations on our commerce proved at all serious, though in many of these wars they were carried out on a colossal scale. The German submarine campaign has so far not approached the effectiveness either of the French or of the American privateers.

Nor would it be more than a passing embarrassment, if it were not for a change in naval conditions, that few if any realised before the war broke out. In previous wars the protection of commerce imposed extraordinary burdens upon the fighting navy. To-day it is the fighting navy that has imposed extraordinary burdens upon commerce. It is the British merchant fleet that has been compelled to find transports for our armies, and an almost endless tale of supply ships, both for the navy itself and for the maintenance of the forces employed in so many places overseas. Compared with the tonnage that naval and military requirements have withdrawn from civil uses, the tonnage lost by enemy action is almost trivial, and it is this fact that lends point to what I urged last week, viz., that the building of merchant ships must be put on the same basis as naval ship-building or the making of munitions. It is a simple fact that, in the general devotion of all private property to public war purposes, the distinction between naval and merchant shipping has vanished. Apart from building new ships, much more can be done to lessen the demand on shipping, and to expedite the clearing of the ships in use.

It is idle to suppose that we have arrived anywhere near the useful limits to which imports can be restricted, and voluntary effort can supplement State action in this respect to a very notable degree. Nor can it be doubted that in a great many ports—if not in all—a vigorous reform in the employment of labour, and the wise introduction of fresh labour, would result in ships being cleared and reloaded with far greater expedition than is now the rule. There are indeed many authorities who go so far as to say that if the labour devoted to building new ships could be turned to making existing ships more useful by shortening their periods of idleness in harbour, a tonnage, now useless, would be made available far exceeding that which any building effort could supply. Whichever way then that the problem is looked at, it is clearly obvious that no commerce destruction on any scale hitherto experienced, is likely to bring Germany that weakening of British military power which is its professed object.

Multiplication of Submarines

If then Germany hesitates as a mere matter of policy, and apart from internal questions, whether to yield to America or not, it must be because she has hopes of very greatly increasing the efficiency of her attack. It was repeated from some German source last week that the enemy had built and equipped over 200 submarines. I am not concerned at this moment to dispute the credibility of this statement. It is more to the point that even if 200 submarines were ready for the campaign, it would not at all follow that the campaign's efficiency would gain either proportionately or at all. And the reason is not really very recondite. It is to be found in the fact that a submarine cannot work with other submarines in the sense in which surface ships can work together.

If you add a squadron of six battleships to a fleet of twelve, you have manifestly increased the power of that squadron by 50 per cent. You have increased it because battle squadrons are an organised force, and all additions to that force, from the nature of things, contribute to a cumulative result. But the submarine is never part of an organised force. It is at most a mobile danger point. By multiplying submarines, you multiply danger points. But if the ships that have to pass the danger points

have any internal or external protection, the risks they run are not proportionate to the number of points of danger that they encounter. A man who is efficiently protected against wayside assassination by a body guard, can pass a hidden threat of this sort with impunity, and he can pass it ten times a day or a hundred times a day in exactly the same safety as once. If the assassins could all combine and overpower the bodyguard, it would be a different matter. A ship is no doubt in a slightly different case from a man so guarded. But where ships are armed, a submarine cannot come to the surface to pursue and bring it within range without serious risk, and where a ship is in patrolled waters, the submarine cannot come to the surface without risking instantaneous annihilation. There are, moreover, traps and dangers that beset its path in waters where the intended victims are numerous, and of these traps and dangers the submarine commander can have practically no knowledge whatever. No doubt the multiplication of submarines, by multiplying the points of danger, would add *something* to the risk of ships. The addition, however, is not serious. But the risk to the submarines of multiplying their numbers in patrolled waters would be strictly in proportion to their increase in numbers. And all this the Germans must know as well as we do.

The German Dilemma

There seems, then, no ground for doubting that the noisy professions of confidence in the submarine campaign as the means by which Great Britain was to be brought to her knees, were put out in Germany, not as a sober profession of military expectations, but solely to hearten a people stupefied by the spectacle of a country apparently universally victorious on land, and possessing the second most powerful fleet in the world reduced to a condition of pitiful sea impotence. For never in history has an impotence more complete been seen. When historians discuss the value of the destruction of commerce in war, they tell us how, for example, in the Revolutionary War, the French took so many British ships, and how we took so many French. The matter is always discussed in the terms of relative loss. But in this war the loss of the German marine has been complete.

Those that love statistics may argue as to the exact percentage losses by enemy action bear to our total shipping. But there is no dispute that the loss of German shipping is exactly 100 per cent. For such supplies as reach Germany from overseas she is dependent entirely upon neutrals, and after many months of irresolute vacillation, we have evolved a form of virtual blockade that reduces these supplies to a minimum. Opinions may differ and do, as to military hopes that can be expected from blockade—just as they differ as to the military effect to be got by commerce destruction—but it appears to be beyond dispute that all Germany is on the shortest of short rations, and the only thing which has reconciled the people to its privations has been the government's promise that their submarines would bring Great Britain to the same pass. How in circumstances such as these can the German Government unsay what it has said and yield to the American protest? It is perhaps the most acute and difficult problem that the much harassed Bethmann Holwegg has yet had to face.

The True Use of Sea Force

If the events of the last fortnight have shown the futility of the German sea action, they have included at least one example of British sea action of which there is a pardonable curiosity to know more. I allude, of course, to the engagement of the German raiding ships by our light cruisers and destroyers. We know no more of what, in fact, happened than that two of our ships were lit without being sunk. It is not profitable to make guesses as to the character of the engagement. I confine myself to the point that there was an engagement.

The portentous thing is that there was an engagement between some of the most powerful battle cruisers afloat, armed certainly with 12 and 11 inch guns—with, possibly, one unit carrying still heavier ordnance—and light fragile craft carrying nothing heavier than the latest type of 6 inch. It is significant as showing the different

that actuates the two navies. One makes sure by

the employment of his Zeppelins that the coast is clear, and sends its strongest ships on a mission of fugitive murder. The other, without a moment's hesitation, tackles these guilty monsters, though defenceless against their weapons and powerless to hurt them. What a humiliation that such noble vessels, such noble guns, built one cannot help hoping in the expectation of being put to a noble and chivalrous use, should be degraded to the purpose of mere ravaging and slaughter. Was it shame that compelled them to run from the scene of their crimes, pursued by craft of relatively contemptible power?

Never surely did material force stand out in such cruel contrast with moral greatness. Who can help asking the question, since a handful of mosquito craft can attack and pursue a battle cruiser squadron, why cannot the *whole* German navy, using *all* its resources, attack and bring to action the British navy? What lies behind the splendid courage of the one force, the strange supineness and irresolution of the other? We shall not be far wrong, I think, if we see in this, first and foremost, some signs of demoralisation must follow when a great navy is never throughout a great war employed on anything more glorious than the slaughter of those who are powerless to resist. The bloodguiltiness that stains the German naval flag must make it a hideous emblem to those that serve under it. But there is a something else behind Germany's sea impotence. Germany has no naval traditions and is not the heir to any doctrines of sea fighting. Her ship building policy, such of her naval literature as I have read, the writings of her general strategists like Bernhardt and the like, indicate that the German navy has always been regarded as a part of the German army, and it is inspired by similar doctrines as to the employment of force.

It seems broadly to be true that all German military policy is governed by one fundamental doctrine. This may be called the doctrine of the mass attack. It relies upon artillery of overwhelming size, and in overwhelming numbers; on machine guns in vast quantities, on the employment of men at the critical point in solid formations and in overpowering numbers. The thing was seen to perfection in the famous phalanx that forced the Russians back from Galicia. But, if it is not rash for one who is no military student to hazard a judgment in a purely military affair, it would seem as if all the German campaigns, from the advance on Paris to the attack on Verdun, simply exhibit variations of the same method. Germany's naval position gives her no opportunity for acting on this doctrine at sea. In the numbers of her ships, in the numbers and calibres of her guns, she is inferior to the force opposed to her. The essentials then of the employment of mass are lacking.

What is interesting is, that she seems entirely without capacity to use those elements in which she is superior to redress the balance. She has a monopoly of the means of aerial scouting, she has pushed the use of mines to a point undreamed of by any other navy, she must have incredible resources in submarines. Surely, if her sailors were resourceful, resolute, inspired by any genius for naval war, some combination of all these elements of scouting, attack and defence could be worked out that would give the German fleet some more noble aim than the crimes which have brought the condemnation of the neutral world upon her. But then it is perhaps the nemesis of these crimes that makes the German navy so sterile of war thought. For sea war demands something more than brute courage if it is to become an art. It needs chivalry, and clean thought, and a fine insight into the higher spiritual side in man. And for such qualities of the mind and heart piracy is a poor school.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

The concert in aid of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors last Saturday, at the Queen's Hall, proved a great success. The Executive Committee was almost entirely composed of members of the printing profession: well-known artists, whose names alone guaranteed a success, offered their services: the Lord Mayor gave permission for the Band of the City of London National Guard to play selections; the paper for, and the printing of the programmes: the clever sketch on the cover: the posters: the chocolates sold in the hall: all, from first to last, were provided free by generous and kind sympathisers in the splendid work which is being carried on by Mr. Arthur Pearson.

The City of Fear

By Gilbert Frankau

THIS was a city once : women lived here ;
 Their voices were low to their lovers, o' nights by
 the murmuring waters ;
 Their hands were busied with home—mothers
 and daughters,
 Sisters and wives :
 Now the shell dives
 To scatter anew the shattered remains of the homes
 that their hands made dear.
 Fear
 Walks naked at noonday's clear
 Where the shopman proffered his wares to the loitering
 street,
 Where the Mass was read,
 Above,
 The war-blades beat
 And whistle : and love
 And laughter and work and the hum of the city are
 utterly dead.

Never a barge
 Ruffles the long canals : the lock-gates rot,
 Letting thin runnels spout :
 Never the splash of a rope in the reeds nor the pash of a
 hoof on the marge,
 Crack of whip, nor the shout
 Of driver gladdens the quiet : the foul weeds knot
 And strangle the sluggish flow of the waterway ;
 Slime of decay
 Clots on the banks where the shell-holes cut deep and
 the shored edges crumble,
 Clots on the piers of the bridges that echo to transport
 wheels' rumble
 At fall of the night
 When no light
 Is a-gleam—
 Till the sudden flame from a gun-muzzle crimson the
 ebon glass of the stream.

Here, where the rails
 Ran straight and glittering, linking city to teeming
 prosperous plain,
 Mist and the rain
 And long disuse have rusted the glint of the steel that
 the wheels made shining ;
 Flame and steel have twisted the steel from the lines of
 its fair designing ;
 Gold with grain,
 Shone the fields once, when the harvest of peacetime
 was ripe to the sun for the flails ;
 Green and red
 Gleamed the lights once when the track was a-quiver, a-roar
 with the freight and the mails—
 But the life of the farm and the life of the field and the
 traffic of peacetime are utterly dead.
 The grey roads run
 Bare to the sun ;
 Not a cart
 Jingles in through the gates that our torn graves guard
 To the mart ;
 Never a peasant girl passes and smiles with raised eyes
 for a greeting,
 Never men clink at the cottage the cup of the wayfarers'
 meeting ;
 (Strown
 Into heaps by the roadside the cottages, blown
 And driven by shell-fire, and scarred !)

Only at night when the dank mists arise and the gaze of
 our watchers is hidden,
 Comes tramp and muttered cursing of infantry, rush of
 horse ridden
 In fear of the dark—
 For who knows how the far shell shall swerve or the blind
 bullet hiss to its mark :

Roadway, water or rail, the life has died in the veins,
 As life is dead at the breast ;
 Only remains
 The hollow corpse of a city, slashed and gutted of war,
 A grinning skeleton-city, mocking the eye from afar
 With a hangman's jest—
 With tower and chimney and gable where scarcely
 swallows might rest.
 Look well,
 Ye that shall die as we died !
 Is there roof of these roofs to guard your heads from the
 wind or the rain or the sun ?
 Is there wall unholed of the gun,
 Or street unpitted of shell ?
 Is there place where Man might abide
 Has the house he built for his scornful gods been proof
 'gainst the shafts of Hell ?

Ruin is over it all, hideous, complete :
 Street upon street ;
 House upon house that was gay with the patter of lost
 children's feet,
 Whose windows were mirrors of lamp light to beckon its
 worker returning
 To welcome of arms and of eyes, to the warmth of the
 home-fire's bright burning ;
 Palace and cot—
 Their charred beams rot
 And their rent walls gape as they totter, betraying the
 havoc within—
 Iron and tin,
 Brickwork and stone,
 Glasswork and tilework and woodwork to refuse-heaps
 battered and spilt and o'erthrown.

Through the storied square—
 Where aforetime the belfry spired
 In a moonbeam-fretted splendour of stone that was pride
 of a guild long dead,
 Where the glory of glass
 Was fired
 By the orange flames of a thousand candles ablaze on
 altar and shrine,
 Till the quiet beauty of perfect things was warm to the
 soul as wine—
 Men pass
 Hurriedly, fearfully, quickening the footstep, barely
 averting the head
 To vision in dread
 A gleaming, terrible desert, pitfalled with shadow-wells
 Blasted and bored by the shells,
 Jagged with rocks :—
 For the steel has stripped
 And ravished the splendours of graven stone, the ruby
 glory of glass,
 Till apse and gargoyle, buttress and nave,
 Reredos, pillar, and crypt,
 Lie tumbled and crumbled to monstrous ruins of splinter-
 ing granite-blocks

Over the grave
Of the work that was spared for the sake of the work
by the Vandals of elder wars,
Only one tattered pinnacle leers to the calm of the out-
raged stars.

This is the City of Fear!
Death
Has ringed her walls with his sickle, has choked her
streets with his breath;
In her cellars the rat feeds red
On the bodies of those whom their own roofbeams be-
trayed to him as they fled—
For none live here
Save you that shall die, as we died, for the city, and we,
your dead
Whom God for the sake of our one brave dream has
garnered into His hand
Will He give them to understand,
The proud and the thankless cities we left in a sheltered
land?

Should we care at all?
Should we not turn and take rest from our labours?
Here, where you buried us, sleep?
Forget the dream that was cheap at life, forget the
wounds and the pain?
Never again
Remember the call
That came to our souls in the sheltered cities, drawing us
over the deep?
Remember in vain!

Gladly we came—
From peaceful homeland village; from the raw dun
dusty town,
Where sun of the North drops down
In purple behind the prairie; from the pulsing plate-
glass streets,
That are bright with the girls of our younger nations at
southern rim of the sea;
From lazy tropic townships, where light of day is a flame,
And the night wave beats
In fire on the scented foreshores, and the cicad rings in
the tree;
From the gay gray mother of all our cities, at ease on
her banks of Thames—
Came and died,
Here
In the City of Fear.

Gladly we died,
But in death is no peace for us,
Rest nor release for us.

Had you buried us deep—
You whom we left to fulfill us the task that was stricken
out of our power—
Had you rolled the battle-tide back from our city, till
only the growl of your guns
Fell faint on our ears as the baying of hounds that were
hunting over the hill,
Perchance we might sleep:
But day upon day that grows weary, and hour upon slow
footed hour,
The long year runs,
And ever the foeman beats at the gates and batters at
rampart and tower
And our souls are unquiet, for the voice of our dreaming
will neither rest nor be still.

Our spirits fret
Through the troubled night,
To each sputter of rifle fire,
To each clink of your transport wheels;
Fret
To the roar and flash of your sleepless guns, to the tread
of your feet in the mire,
To each soaring light
That reveals,
In a silver silhouette,
House and tree and the hump of a crest and the broken
tooth of a spire;
Fret,
By day when the high planes drone
And the great shells throb through the void
And the trench blur in the gray;
Fret, and pray
That the hour be near
When the bonds of the foeman that hold us be utterly
broke and destroyed,
And ours alone,
The City of Fear.

How can we rest,
Knowing it all unaccomplished, the vow that was dear
to us dying;
How can we sleep or be still
In our tombs that are spattered and ploughed by the
shell-bursts and shaken by salvoes replying,
Till dead bones thrill;
Till our souls break forth from the grave—
Unshriven, unblest—
To flutter and shrill
Down the winds that murmur and moan in the ruins
our bodies were tortured to save.

Ye that remain,
Have ye no pity
For us that are sped?
Was it then vain,
Vain that we bartered our youth for the walls of the
desolate city,
Bartered the red
Life's blood, and the hopes that were dearer than blood
and the uttermost faith that was given us
Death hath not shriven us
Shrive ye your dead!

YPRES, 1916.

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

The Kaiser's Empty Brag—Dublin and Lowestoft at Easter:

*Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or
hell.*

2 Henry VI., III., i., 348-50.

The Weakness of Mr. Birrell:

*Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief.*

King Lear IV., ii., 54-5.

The Sinn Feiners:

*But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence.*

2 Henry IV., IV., ii., 116-8

Britain's Kinship with France

By Arthur L. Salmon

IN the first great historic invasion of Britain, the Ivernians and Celts were defeated by the finest civilisation that the Western world had then to offer, that of the Latins. But when the Teutonic hordes came battering at our gates, it was the lower civilisation that triumphed, at least for a time. Not only had the Celts their own spiritual culture and something more than a veneer of Christianity; but it had not been for nothing that the Roman occupation had endured for four centuries. But Celticism was hopelessly disunited, and it never presented a single front to the enemy; its resistance was always tribal, never national. Even so, it was only conquered piecemeal, and not that entirely; Wales, West Wales, and the North almost wholly escaped. France, at this moment our dear friend and ally, had also suffered from barbaric invasion, but had taken a firmer hold of Latin civilisation, so that her influence was able to convert fierce Norsemen into the comparatively refined and art-loving Normans who were later to convey their culture to England.

A False Idea

It is especially interesting at this time to draw attention to Britain's links with France, and to undo in part the mischief wrought by the Teutonising historians of a past generation, who tried to represent modern England as little more than a German colony. That idea is false both in spirit and in detail. We need not under-estimate the robust force of the Teutonic elements, or their part in forming the typical British character; but the fact remains that our racial achievement is a blend of at least three main constituents, that of the Celt, the Latin, and the Teuton. Where England's gift to the world is probably greatest, in literature, the prevailing elements are without doubt the Celtic and the Latin; in successful colonising we derive from Rome, in commerce from Germany.

When it comes to actual race, it is probable that our connection with France is at least as close as with Teutonism; at the present moment it would seem that our nearest European affinities are to be found with France and with Scandinavian Teutonism rather than that now controlled by the pernicious hegemony of Prussia. To cross from Cornwall to Brittany, even now is scarcely like a change of country; a few centuries since it would not have meant a change of language. Breton speech is the sole living analogue of old Cornish, a Cymric tongue akin to Welsh, differing from the Gaelic of Ireland and North Britain.

In romance we are linked to the Continent by the Arthurian cycle, purely British in its inception if not in its development, and to this day a far more potent force in our literature than the Teutonic *Beowulf* or Lay of the Nibelungs. When Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his history of the Britons he went to Brittany for his details, fabulous as these generally were; they were a common heritage, but, less disturbed by constant strife, the Bretons had best preserved them. Crossing to Brittany, we find the familiar names of *Donnonia*, our Devon, *Cornouailles*, our Cornwall, and *Leou*, obviously connected with the lost, perhaps not wholly mythic, land of Lyonesse.

From very early times there had been a close inter-colonising between south Britain and Armorica; not only so, but we know that the British founded a colony around the mouths of the Rhine, while the tribes of Belgæ in Britain obviously connect us with the Belgium that has won our admiring sympathies. As early as the year 316 there seems to have been a colony of Welshmen in Brittany; but the exodus from British shores of which we know most was that which followed the Saxon encroachments, when the British were being pushed further and further westward by ruthless Teutons.

The coast-region of northern France afterwards known as Brittany or Little Britain had been almost depopulated by furious incursions of Frisian and kindred tribes, and being an isolated deserted region, it offered naturally a tempting haven for the distracted Cymry who migrated

in large numbers during the fifth and sixth centuries. In a life of S. Winwaloc, whose name we find not only in the Cornish Landewednac and Gunwalloe, but in the Breton Landevenec, that "the sons of the Britons crossing the sea landed on these shores at the period when the barbarian Saxons conquered the isle. These children of a loved race established themselves in this country happy to find repose after so many griefs."

Strong traces of the community of the races occupying these opposite coasts of the Channel survive not only in speech and place-name, in legend, superstition, and folk-drama, but in saint-lore; the saints of Wales, Cornwall, Brittany, are very largely a common family. The librarian of the Louvre once drew attention to the fact that all the saints of ancient Breton parishes were, with a single exception, British; which of course does not mean that they were all born within the British isles. Only a few names need be mentioned. S. Budoc, an abbot in the isle of Lauret, left his name to the mother-parish of Falmouth; S. Non, mother of the famous Welsh S. David, founded churches both in Cornwall and Devon, but retreated to Brittany before her death. S. Ronan, who did great things in Brittany, is identified with the Ruan or Rumon of Cornwall and Devon; visitors to Fowey will find his name at Polruan. There was also S. Samson, a most energetic and militant saint, whose traces are very definite in Wales, Cornwall, Scilly and the Channel Islands; he landed at Dol and became a notable man not only throughout Armorica but even at Paris. S. Mawes or Modez appears to have been an Irishman who first settled in Cornwall and then crossed the Channel, leaving his name to one of the Brehat islands; S. Malo was apparently Welsh by birth.

Cymric and Gaelic Saints

While paying all due respect to the especially Cymric saints who came from South Britain, we have to remember that the Gaelic saints of Ireland and North Britain did their full share in bringing Christianity to northern France, and did even more in taking it farther still across the Continent. Lovers of literature as well as of archaeology know how close is the connection between Brittany and all the Cymric parts of Britain; while the kinship with Ireland is not quite so close, because the Irish belonged to a different branch of the Celtic family. Renan, himself a Breton, paid special attention to this kinship—a kinship so near that it has been asserted that Breton onion-sellers can make themselves understood by the Welsh, as they certainly could in Cornwall while Cornish remained a living language.

It has been so dinned into us that we are a Teutonic people, that something of the reverse side is a welcome relief. It is certain that our spiritual relationships have been rather with the Celts and the Latin peoples. Obviously none of our great writers reveal this Teutonic ascendancy, with the doubtful exception of Carlyle, who tortured a spirit very largely Celtic into Teuton violence of expression, to his own loss.

It is impossible to unravel differing threads of race in the woof of national character and national utterance; we must be willing to give Teutonism its fair place, but an unfair supremacy has been claimed for it, and against this we are brought to rebel, none too soon. Neither intellectually nor physically are the British people, even those most narrowly styled English, an insular colony of Germans. This may be said with all true recognition of whatever has been good in Germanism, which it would be mere pettiness to disavow.

Felicity, having no home ties, went out to South Africa and adopted journalism as a profession, hence *The Phases of Felicity*, by Olga Raester and Jessica Grove (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), a certain man, Bromley to wit, supplies the element of romance for a rather diluted love story, and misunderstandings spin out the romance to the last chapter. The authors know their Cape Town and have also definite acquaintance with the veldt; hence a readable and by no means unattractive little story, rather more concerned with Africa than with Felicity.

Air Problems and Fallacies

Air Ministry or Board of Aeronautics

By F. W. Lanchester

IN the preceding article it has been pointed out that the case for an Air Minister or Air Ministry, such as it is, depends mainly upon considerations relating to operations of indirect military value, these operations being broadly divided into home defence and attacks and raids on the enemy. The difficulties surrounding the former of these so far have been dealt with, and it has been shown to be nearly impossible to dissociate air (home) defence either as to organisation or command from the existing services.

Passing now to the question of attack. Up to the present very few raids have been made by our own aircraft or that of the Allies which can be considered as lying outside the range of legitimate military or naval operations. The distinction between a raid or attack from the air of *direct* and of *indirect* military value is not a matter of place or distance, but rather of *purpose*. Certain writers and speakers have failed to recognise the vital distinction which exists between raids having an immediate military object and forming part of a pre-concerted scheme, and those of an independent character, and of indirect value only.

Considered broadly it is comparatively rare that an operation of *indirect* military value is able to serve a useful purpose; every such operation in warfare requires to be considered on its individual merits. Any act which would not in the ordinary way be undertaken by the Admiral or Commander-in-Chief as part of his strategic scheme is suspect at the outset, it is *prima facie*, contrary to an admitted principle of strategy—the concentration of the whole available resources on a single object or purpose, i.e., that object by which the war is to be brought most rapidly to a successful conclusion. As in all human affairs there are exceptions, and the most common operation constituting an exception known to warfare, is *blockade*.

The Case of Blockade

Excepting where a blockade forms a definite siege operation,* it is essentially of indirect military value; the present blockade of Germany, for example, has for its object by the general weakening of the Central Powers to render their offensive less dangerous and their power of resistance less formidable. But even when there is so clear a case for action, and so well established and time-honoured a method of exercising general pressure on an enemy, the conduct of the operation reveals the fact that the method itself has inherent weakness.

Thus is it not a fact that every loaf of bread or pound of meat consumed which is unnecessary for the welfare of our population is just that much loss to the country, as assuredly as if it had been destroyed by the enemy? Are not our statesmen continually preaching economy, and the avoidance of luxury. Our Government cries out for economy, begs for economy; what is the response?

Reports show an increase of consumption of bread and an increase of consumption of meat per head of population. Our cheap jewellery trade is experiencing a boom, our pianoforte trade cannot procure supplies fast enough, picture palaces are reaping a golden harvest!

The German Government also know well the importance of economy. The German Government ask their people to economise. *The British blockade enforces the order!*

When we pass from a particular case to consider indirect operations broadly, we bump at once into the real fundamental weakness of such operations. I do not go so far as to suggest that there are no circumstances under which air operations of indirect value may not be

justified, I merely point out that in the present state of aircraft development opportunities must be rare and of unusual occurrence. What conceivable value is it to an enemy that he bombs a few of our farm-yards and fishing villages, if we finally defeat him in the main field of battle? And if we fail to defeat him in the major operations, what gain is it to us if we have driven off or destroyed a few airships or squadrons of his aeroplanes, or if we in turn have bombed a few of his cities or factories?

Air Supremacy

I am not writing against the ultimate necessity for Britain being supreme in the air in *every* field of operation, I fully uphold it; if after this war we neglect to place ourselves (and to maintain ourselves) in an unassailable position we shall deserve, man and woman, the downfall which will inevitably be ours in time to come. But the country is now at war with the greatest military power that history has known, and the present problem is to smash the enemy, and every operation of indirect military value must be weighed on its merits in view of the fact that the sum and total of our resources are limited and our Navy on the high seas and our Army in the field must take precedence of everything. Thus during the present war, the prospect of widespread air attack on the enemy's country must be regarded as remote. It will take all we can do to produce the air auxiliaries necessary for our existing services. If there should be enough independent air aggression during the present war to give us the measure of its future utility it is as much as we can expect.

But going beyond the present war, a considerable period must elapse before it will be possible to build up an independent air service, and when this is done it will need to be done stone by stone, brick by brick, if the structure is to stand. One has only to reflect on the enormous accumulation of experience and data which has been necessary to render possible the organisation of a modern European army or fleet, to realise that the task of forming an independent air service, if eventually it should come to achievement, will be an affair of decades rather than years, and can only be considered as proven when it has emerged successfully from a first class European war.

It is clear from the foregoing that if an Air Ministry were to be founded to-day to operate with due regard to existing needs and obligations it would have to "mark time" so far as its main purpose is concerned for a long while to come, and indeed might eventually prove little more than a monument to shattered expectations. Such a Ministry could only begin its real work when the war is over. Its main duties during the continuance of hostilities could be carried out by a Board having comparatively limited executive power. That is the room for such a Board few to-day question; the controversial side hinges mainly on such points as to what extent executive powers can be assigned to it, and in what directions it can best prosecute its activities to be of real assistance to the air branches of both the Army and the Navy as at present constituted. A Board of Aeronautics would incidentally serve as a medium for the collection and co-ordination of experience—the natural prelude to the creation of a full blown Air Ministry if at some later date this should be found necessary or desirable.

Two objections have been raised to a *Board* as against a *Ministry*. The first of these is that we don't want any more Boards and Committees, we want a *man*. This expresses an excellent sentiment, but unfortunately, that which in this sense is known as a man is a combination of exceptional ability and "grit" with experience, and our whole system of Government of late has not lent itself to the training of the *man* so much as the *team*. In a sense we have already the man or men—in the Services—in my opinion, exceptionally able officers who

* In a siege in which the high command has decided to reduce a fortress or position by *hunger* the exclusion of supplies becomes the operation of direct value. This is reflected in the fact that the killing off of part of the Garrison by Artillery fire or other means (which now becomes an operation of *indirect* value) might actually enable the defending force to prolong its hold.

could scarcely have been better chosen; all that is needed is the support and help of equal ability in those directions in which admitted weakness lies. The second objection is that without an Air Minister there would be no annual "air vote," and unless there is a Cabinet Minister directly responsible for screwing the necessary funds out of the Treasury, the job will be scamped. There are two answers to this, firstly the Army and the Navy might draw their air department requirements on a separate vote so that the public may see what the expenditure is, for what that check may be worth! Secondly, as suggested in my "Aircraft in Warfare," if the requirements of the Services were supported by the Board, whose civilian members were pledged to resign if what the Board considered an adequate provision were denied, we should probably have a far more powerful check on the adequacy of our Air Service than could be secured either by the mere publication of figures or by the complacency of a specially appointed Minister.

Let it not be understood that I am individually hostile to an Air Ministry or to an independent Air Service; I realise fully that a time may come when the solution of the problem of the adequate control of our air forces may involve some such step. I have myself drafted in great detail a scheme of control based on an independent Air Service and an Air Ministry with full provisions for the complete independence of the air departments of the existing Services.* Broadly stated, I believe this scheme to be feasible and workable; I have, however, failed to satisfy myself that there is an immediate call for anything so comprehensive, or that it is possible to inaugurate any such scheme successfully during the progress of hostilities; or at least under existing conditions.

Eyes on the Boat

When the nation is occupied in the conduct of a great war the coxswain's old adage "Eyes on the Boat" is singularly to the point. All the talk we hear of destroying Germany by bombing expeditions, by a widespread attack from the air, etc.; all the plausible rubbish which is spoken—to the effect that owing to the deadlock on land and the deadlock of another kind at sea, the war will have to be *settled* from the air; that the day of the infantry on land and the surface vessel at sea is over, and that the future lies with the aeroplane and the submarine; all this may be counted picturesque, but as doctrine it is certainly not as picturesque as it is dangerous. Perhaps I shall be counted wanting in imagination for ridiculing such talk; to me one must veritably lack imagination to be blind to its fallacy. We have heard the same kind of stories before; we have been told that the bayonet cannot be of any possible value in the face of the improvement in small arms. Nevertheless, the bayonet is the arbiter of battles to-day. We have been told before that the submarine has rendered all other vessels obsolete, but submarine cannot hunt submarine, and the position of the submarine is that of a perpetual fugitive from the high-speed surface craft of an enemy, also the first preparatory step to countering the enemy submarine is the withdrawal of one's own from the field of operations. When everything is taken into account these new innovations, whether they be torpedoes, submarines, aeroplanes or air ships, or small arms or artillery of greater range or speed of fire, result in modifications only of what has gone before, a change perhaps in relative values, corresponding modifications in design, the substitution of one type of surface vessel for another, the supplementing of ordinary field artillery with guns which command a range of fire from the zenith to the horizon, the supplementing of the bayonet with the hand grenade, the substitution for the steel armour of the middle ages, and for the earth works of yesterday, of the deep trenches and protection of mother earth to-day: in brief an enrichment of means and a wider range of technique, but man remains an earth dweller, his home and possessions are on and in the soil, and the underlying principles of strategy and tactical method are eternal.

This exaggeration or exaltation of the importance of operations of indirect military value to the extent of suggesting that such will eventually replace ordinary military operations in the conduct of a war can only be described as chimerical. Such ideas are fit only for

discussion by writers of fiction of the Jules Verne type, let us say for the destruction of "castles in the air." The real fact is that the moment the operation of aircraft is taken as something apart from, and unconnected with, a scheme of naval or military aggression, it is shorn of more than half its potential value. Even though our air forces were immeasurably more numerous and powerful than to-day, and if under the ægis of an Air Minister we were to institute a wholesale campaign of bombing on enemy centres of Government and production without any immediate relation to the operations of our Army or Navy, the result would be incomparably less than were similar forces to be used in concerted operations, acting in conjunction with the other arms of the Services.

Indirect Operations

The value of indirect operations will largely depend upon whether an enemy can by such means be reduced to impotence apart from and independently of the ordinary naval and military pressure which is being applied. Clearly the effectiveness of such operations is a relative question, one of degree; also, a very important point, it is dependent upon the future relative power or balance as between *air attack* and *air defence*. It may be recalled that up to the present the air defences of this country have been as successful as our naval defences, since, as demonstrated in a previous article (March 30th), the German airship raids have only been successful in so far that they have outraged international convention. The fact that no German airship has violated British territory during daylight or during the period of full moon is an absolute reply to those who talk glibly of our air muddle and lack of preparation. I have before stated that the responsibility for our deficiencies in this respect must rest with the humanitarian as typified in the frock-coated "Peace Conferencer," and with the World Illusion of the last fifty years. In the future it may be laid down that defensive organisation must meet hostile airship or aeroplane by night as by day, and up to a certain point this can undoubtedly be done. The reason for raising this matter again here is to point out that in assuming the case for an Independent Air Service as based on widespread operations of aggression, we are assuming that effective air defence against such aggression is predestined to failure.

My opinion to-day is strongly that attack from the air is too *volatile*—if it may be so expressed—to be of effect without the immediate support of other military and naval measures of aggression, and that *with a well organised defence* and appropriate precautions such independent action is destined to play a comparatively modest rôle in the warfare of the future.

A Summary

In concluding the present article I will therefore summarise the position that the "greater scheme" in which is contemplated an Air Minister and an Air Ministry forms a better subject for academic discussion (a discussion which might at any time become of real practical interest) than of immediate politics. From the latter point of view it fails on several different counts:—

(a) As an organisation for defence it is doubtfully workable in conjunction with the existing Services, and appears to involve a serious division of authority with attendant "evaporation" of responsibility.

(b) As an organisation for offence an Air Ministry is open to criticism on the ground that operations of indirect military value violate broadly the principle of strategy of *concentration of purpose*; it is based on an assumed future for independent and direct air attack which has not been proved, and of which we have no clear assurance or expectation.

(c) Its powers cannot be extended to include operations of direct military value without clashing with the plenary responsibility of our naval and military commands.

(d) To whatever extent a case may be otherwise sustained for an Independent Air Service, there remains the condition that naval and military demands, either for material or personnel have first claim, and thus, if the case for an Air Service be made good on other counts, no scheme can be carried into execution during a continuance of the present condition of shortage.

* Submitted for discussion to the Committee of the Navy League

Waste

By Charles W. Simpson

A GLOOMY, unwashed man in a dirty uniform sat on a luggage trolley, notebook in hand. He looked up as the engine whistled and the long, heavily-freighted train, with its load of ammunition, began to move out of the station. The trucks and wagons jerked noisily as the couplings tightened; a roaring cloud of steam shot forth in front of the engine and spread, slowly fading, across the rails.

The gloomy man scribbled something in his notebook and got up unasily; he was the officer in command of the supply depot. When he raised his hand there was another whistle; a fresh engine left the sidings and was coupled to another row of trucks on the main line. As each train left, the officer stared after it for a few moments, until it had partly disappeared in the damp, heavy fog that lay thickly across the line and necessitated the use of the great arc-lights in the goods-yard; then he turned and looked towards the crowded sidings.

Tedious work, this slow procession of trains—each one seeming to diminish by so little the mass of wagons awaiting their departure; but, if it was slow, there was method in the slowness, and gradually the sidings became less congested.

Drivers and firemen went about their work apathetically, in no way disturbed by the confusion that unavoidably ensued in handling this huge mass of rolling stock. Mostly civilians, they were merely carrying out their habitual duties, and were unsusceptible to the strain and stress of war.

There was little rest for anyone at the supply depot, from the officer in command to the platelayers and fatigue gangs. All the stores of food, forage, and ammunition were to be rushed out of the junction, and conveyed to a point—not expressly mentioned—somewhere up the main line. Besides the rows of already laden trucks, huge piles of flour sacks were stored under shelters roofed with iron sheeting in the goods-yard; stacks of hay and straw, covered with tarpauling, bulked up in the mist; and beyond them were ramparts of crates and cases of every description—tons of frozen meat and tinned stuffs; rations enough to keep an army in the field for weeks. It was a giant's task to move this mountain of supplies, and the energy with which it was being attempted indicated a crisis calling for supreme effort.

The O.C. left his seat on the trolley for the fiftieth time, walked down the platform and stopped at the door of the station master's office. In response to his call a slim youth with a small black moustache that grew very close under his nose and avoided his upper lip altogether, came briskly to the doorway—it was clear that he was not a railway official. In shirt sleeves, a pencil stuck behind one ear and papers bulging from his pockets, he was still an unmistakable junior sub., of callously cheerful demeanour in spite of the dark rings under his eyes.

"Tick off the ammunition as done with," said the senior officer; "and now," he added savagely, "we've got to clear out the grub."

"Right, sir!" answered the sub. brightly. "The swine won't find much left here if we go on at this rate, will they?" he chuckled with glee. "Poor hungry devils swotting their hides off to get here in time, and then—er" casting about for some felicitous phrase—"an empty cage—bird flown." He chuckled again.

"Let me see the lists," said the other, unmoved by the spirit of pleasantry: "we must look sharp. What comes next? Ah, yes; thirty truck-loads of barley, and forty of wheat, besides the stock in the yard—"

As the two men stood in the doorway of the office, a third, who was pacing rapidly up the platform, approached them. He pulled up sharply, and taking a quick glance round the station shrugged his shoulders with an air, half of indecision and half of impatience. He turned to the O.C.

"Look here, old chap; can you finish the job in eight hours? My men want to get to work on the line."

The newcomer was very hot and very dusty; his tunic and shirt were open, showing his chest glistening with sweat-drops. In one hand he carried a large ad-

justable spanner; his face and arms were smeared with black train-oil.

"Well—you can see what progress we've made," replied the officer: "those sidings were crowded this morning—and look at 'em now." He waved his hand towards the goods-yard.

"H'm yes; but it's time we ripped up those rails," said the other, eyeing a maze of shining metals, cleared of trucks and wagons. "My gangs have been at work fourteen hours; we've burnt thousands of sleepers, with rails stacked on top—Gad! how they blazed, and they're still red-hot."

"The rearguard struck camp this morning, and are now on the march in the wake of the army. I was given until midnight to clear all the supplies; you can smash and burn the whole place then, you devil of destruction—make a bonfire as hot as hell, and then save your hides." The destroyer smiled, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"Ah, it'll be a fine sight," said he; "a deuce of a fine sight."

"Fine sight!" retorted the O.C.—"You've got no sentiment man. Blasted wrecker!—Now then" he shouted to a driver as the next train began to roll out of the junction; "full speed ahead—give her as much steam as she'll take."

Then he left the office in company with the engineer, and the two men watched the scene from just outside the station.

A dreary scene—one of those sights which, though not actually concerned with human misery, give an acute impression of the horror and desolation of war, and of that ghastly element in war—waste.

Looking down the line, the country was half obliterated by the grey fog. Groups of men were moving among what at first sight appeared to be great piles of rubbish—a closer inspection showing that they were composed of rails and sleepers stacked together. Blots of dull red here and there showed that the piles were still smouldering, and at times the charred wood broke away with a faint, muffled sound, or the hot metals cracked. A scarcely heard rumbling indicated that fires were yet burning in the centre of the piles. Further away, columns of smoke, flecked by shooting flames, rose from other bonfires.

Picks rang on the broken railroad, where lines of men were working with rhythmic strokes. For miles round the earth was trodden by the hooves of horses and the feet of marching men, crimped by the wheels of guns and wagons—hedges and gateways demolished, and grass borders stamped into mud.

On the far ridges, the clearing mist mixed with the smoke of camp fires left by the retiring rearguard.

"We've done pretty well, don't you think? Not the jolliest sort of place to lead a starving army over, is it?"

The speaker buttoned his tunic and put the spanner in his pocket.

"The dreariest spot I ever wish to see" replied the other. "Come; I must get back to my job—it's more irksome than yours. I wish I could set a match to my show and burn it up" he went on, in a mood of partly assumed exasperation. "Better fun than sending off all these damned trains."

"Ho, ho!" said the engineer, "how about sentiment now? Well; I'd burn it if I had my way—but yours is no doubt the better method—only slow, devilish slow. And I must say I want to light those straw stacks. Some reward for my labour then; and oh lord!—won't they half blaze!"

He laughed and cleared his throat.

"I'll let you and your gang of incendiaries in by midnight—not any sooner, mind. Till then, so long."

The O.C. walked back to his trolley on the platform. The Northern Army was changing its base. After three days' severe fighting, productive of no definite result, it had retired on the junction during the night, and its leader had resolved on a desperate course. Seven miles

up the line was a broad river in flood; across it the remains of an iron girder bridge stood out of the water, twisted and bent by the force of a great explosion. This bridge had been destroyed early in the war, and the junction with its supply depot captured by the very army whose safety was now threatened. To move the supplies up line by rail was now impossible, and should the enemy win back what he had lost, his starving army would gain a new lease of life, and would be able to very seriously harass the rearguard of the Northern Army, and possibly to inflict severe losses, or even defeat. At all costs the supplies had to be removed or destroyed, and the enemy starved out.

The position of the Northern Army was critical, because it had only succeeded in holding its opponents in check and fighting a drawn battle; another desperate onslaught from the enemy, and the junction might be lost. So the leader decided on the destruction of the supplies, and a retirement across the river.

All through the first night, troops had marched past the depot on their way to the river, where the pontonniers were laying bridges for their crossing.

It was now evening; no troops remained on the junction side of the river, except the cavalry, screening the army's movements. The second night of the retreat was drawing on, and the work of destruction at the junction was nearly complete.

Just an hour before midnight, the last train steamed out of the station, loaded to its utmost capacity with provisions and stores. The man with the spanner was given the order to let loose his hordes of wreckers; already clouds of smoke rolled up thickly into the night from the fired buildings; straw stacks burst into sudden flame, casting showers of sparks over the surrounding piles—sacks of flour that had been abandoned and masses of frozen meat. Everything combustible was soon in a blaze; crash followed crash as the buildings collapsed, sending forth immense bursts of fire and smoke; a strong wind fanned the conflagration to fury, and blew wisps of burning straw through the darkness. There was a loud crackling now, a sound of hissing and tearing, as the destroyer worked apace.

The men who had accomplished their task now made all haste to follow their friends to safety. A light engine followed by trucks moved up the line; on the trucks were swarms of grimy figures huddled, together some with their legs dangling over the edge of the trolleys, others lying asleep on the floor-boards. Their hands were sore and blistered; all were parched with thirst and weak from exertion.

As they glanced back they saw a red, wavering glow in the southern skyline. Few among them thought of the thousands of exhausted and hungry men out in the night—they too might have seen the glow in the sky and have guessed what it meant: the death of their hopes, the loss of that for which they had fought so desperately and suffered so much. True; the enemy was miles away, busy with his dead and wounded after the three days battle; but hunger would not let him wait long, and even then he might have been advancing to wrest, if possible, some remnant of his prize from the burning.

* * * * *

Through the small hours of the morning, while the work of destruction was proceeding at the junction, a steady stream of soldiers, guns and wagons filed across the river. A mile below the wrecked girder bridge two others had been constructed on pontoons; they were placed close together—one on canvas boats for the infantry; the other, a more solid affair on wooden pontoons for the artillery and transport.

In the pale dawn-light, seen through the belts of mist that rose from the water and from either bank, the troops had an almost spectral appearance as they marched over the bridges, with no sound but their steady tread and the resonant rumbling of wheels as the guns and transport crossed on the pontoons. Regiments of infantry filed in seemingly endless procession from bank to bank; many of the men slightly wounded, with head or limbs in bandages. Some of the gun shields were dented—wounded men sat clinging together on the limbers. The batteries were followed by convoys of grey wagons, motor transport, and ambulance cars.

The army had marched from the scene of the three day's conflict lest an undecided battle should be turned

into defeat and disaster; it had laid waste its paths and covered its tracks, and all that could not be taken away was destroyed.

By midday half the army was across the river.

And all the while, behind them, train after train had rolled up from the southward, until on both lines something like two miles of engines, trucks, and wagons extended along some hundreds of yards from the river bank.

Then, towards evening, after the last of the troops, save a few squadrons of cavalry had crossed over the river, began an amazing work of destruction.

The girder bridge had spanned the river at a point, some little distance below the pontoons, where the banks were high and steep and where the drop into the river below was precipitous. Towards the wrecked bridge two trains began to move on the two parallel lines of rail; at first slowly, then faster, until they leaped the bridge-head and crashed down through the shattered ironwork into the swirling water below. There was a roaring detonation as some of the ammunition exploded, throwing up a bursting cloud of mud, water and splinters.

Two more trains were already coming on—this time from a rather greater distance—and they too plunged down thunderously into the flood—now thick with debris. Then two more—faster; and so on, two by two, until the river was choked and glutted with wreckage. The drivers stuck to their engines until they had got the trains moving steadily, and then, jerking the throttle-levers down, they sprang from the foot-plates and left the trains to clatter forward to destruction.

Gradually the piled wreckage began to show above the water; grim; distorted shapes of bent iron that seemed to gesticulate forlornly. Crates and boxes came loose, and spun down on the flood; and the wreck and waste continued until every train had disappeared over the brink.

At dusk the drivers and stragglers crossed the light bridge, while the pontonniers hurriedly dismantled the larger pontoon after a few squadrons of cavalry had crossed. A small charge demolished the lighter structure and the work was complete.

The retiring army had covered its tracks by ruthless waste—but waste that meant salvation.

There is much in *Sussex Gorse*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Nisbet and Co., 6s.) to render the book comparable with *Jude the Obscure*, although *Jude* was a failure, while Reuben Backfield was a success—and this work lacks the tremendous poignancy of the former novel, while Reuben's relations with the opposite sex were not lacking in conventional morality. Reuben desired Boarzell Moor, and, a small farmer at the time of his father's death, he bought his desire piece by piece. It cost him his brother, his mother, his two wives, and all his children; it cost him, too, over seventy years of strenuous work together with the respect of his neighbours and all the friends he might have made. And yet the man was not so inhuman that the reader cannot admire much of his character. He loved a place, a thing, as others may love sentient beings, and he sacrificed himself and all that he had to his one love—Boarzell Moor.

The book is well above the average length, yet not a page too long. It is made up of some of the strongest, most vivid writing of the last decade in spite of its author's detached manner of telling Reuben's story, and not only must it be ranked as a really outstanding novel, but also as a sincere and notable addition to that small part of the output of fiction which is also—in the best sense of the word—literature.

Paris Reborn, by Herbert A. Gibbons (The Century Co., New York), is a diary of life in Paris during the first five months of the war, dealing with incidents of the mobilisation, the aeroplane attacks, the censorship, and all that made Paris memorable during those months of threat and danger. The author shows, by means of these sketches, how the spirit of Paris rose to the level of the days, and how Paris—which is France, was reborn from the negation of all things to new beliefs and greater national aspirations—shows, too, how prayer came back into French lives, and the belief in things eternal and intangible was born out of the wreck of things tangible and material. One may gather, by reading such a book—which is evidence from a neutral writer, by the way—how it is that France is destined for victory in this war—how such a nation could not be other than victorious. It is an inspiring work, well worthy of careful perusal.

German Trade Methods

By Arthur Kitson

THE question has often been asked, "By what means has Germany been able to secure in so short a space of time so large a proportion of the world's trade?" Most writers who have dealt with this subject attribute her success to one or more of the following factors: *First*, to the intelligence and industry of the German people themselves, *secondly*, to their superior system of education, and particularly to their technical methods of training, *thirdly*, to their system of trade protection, and *fourthly*, to the encouragement and assistance that they have always had from their rulers.

The Germans themselves have often explained their tolerance of so autocratic a Government as theirs by claiming that the Kaiser is the best trade organiser and sales-agent in the whole German Empire.

There is a fifth reason which is often alleged, namely their financial system, under which their bankers have always been ready to associate themselves with German industries, and to furnish capital to any extent for the development of such enterprises as promised success. No doubt, all these reasons are valid, and German trade is an example of what a nation can accomplish when it is thoroughly united and organised for industrial purposes. There are, however, other factors of quite a different character. The Germans have been taught from infancy up, that the principal aim in life is to achieve success in whatever occupation they may be employed. They have also been taught that "the end justifies the means." No Jesuit ever believed more strongly in this doctrine than the present inhabitants of Germany. Every conceivable method of obtaining and developing trade, whether moral or immoral—whether praiseworthy or contemptible—is considered legitimate. Methods which other nations would regard as treacherous and infamous are permissible among the modern Huns. Many of these methods have already been brought to light since the war started. Many others are known only to those who have had extensive dealings with German houses and have not hitherto been published.

Trade Spies

We now know that the shoals of young Germans who prior to the war came to this country, to our Colonies, to France, to Italy, to Russia and other countries were trade spies employed under the direction of the German Government to secure all the information they could regarding foreign trade, which information they placed from time to time at the disposal of the German authorities.

Every town was encouraged to send so many of its most intelligent youths to foreign countries to seek employment in any and every kind of industry and business which they desired to follow. Being supported by their townspeople, they were in a position to offer their services free, their professed motives being merely to learn the language of the country. They were instructed to send weekly reports to the German authorities, giving a full description and information of the kind of business in which they were employed, with every detail as to output, methods and costs of manufacture, methods of payment, prices, discounts, with the names of the customers of each firm with whom they were employed. Any private business letters that they could secure they were expected to copy, particularly letters from foreign clients, with the nature of the enquiries, special terms asked or offered, and amount of orders, etc. In some cases, these youths were instructed to secure samples of the goods made by their employers and to send them to Germany. In this way, the whole business arrangements and methods of foreign firms became known to the German manufacturers, with the result that they merely had to produce articles of a similar nature, or if possible with some improvement, and offer them at better terms to the clients of these foreign firms in order to secure such foreign trade. German firms were given to understand by their Government that any financial assistance they might require for the purpose of ousting their foreign com-

petitors in the markets of the world would be granted them. They were instructed to undersell foreigners wherever it was necessary. They were told to give longer credit and to do everything in their power to convince the foreign purchasers and consumers that German methods and German goods were superior in every way to those of all other nations.

Secret Subsidies

It has been stated that at least one school of languages was subsidised by the German Government in order that its employees should send to Germany copies of correspondence given them by foreign firms for translation. It has been a custom with many British and foreign houses to send their foreign letters to such schools for the purpose of translation. Consequently, it was a very simple matter for the translators—if they were unscrupulous enough—to make and send copies to Germany. Such correspondence, naturally, was often of a very private character, containing details of the foreign markets and of the needs of various foreign purchasers, all of which would be of enormous value to the Germans.

Another method that the Germans have practised, was to send their representatives abroad to secure agencies for British, French, Austrian, Italian, American and other goods. These representatives would, for example, locate themselves in London or Manchester, and having secured the agencies for various British manufacturers for British specialities, they would endeavour to work up a trade in these articles within Great Britain itself. Having established themselves and become known to the particular trade in which they were engaged, having opened up a business with the British public, they would send the samples of these British-made goods to Germany and have them manufactured there, import them, and continue to supply their British customers with these imitations of British goods, until finally the British manufacturers would find their trade practically destroyed in their own country by their own agents. That these methods not only received the sanction of the German Government, and the so-called "higher classes" in Germany, is quite credible to those familiar with justice, as understood and administered in the Fatherland.

Some years ago, I was represented in South Germany by an agent who had been introduced to me as an extremely able and reliable man. After some months experience with him, I discovered he had been obtaining money under false pretences and had apparently forged my signature to documents which he had drawn up, giving himself the right to negotiate certain patents which I owned. On the strength of these documents, he had secured the payment of a large sum of money. The matter was brought to the attention of the Public Prosecutor of the city in which this man resided, and my solicitor petitioned for the man's arrest. The Public Prosecutor enquired the name of the prosecutor, and when he discovered that I was an Englishman, he refused to issue the warrant. When my solicitor expressed surprise, the prosecutor suggested that I should assign my claim to a German subject.

"I am not going to arrest a German at the instigation of a foreigner," said he.

German Justice

I had an acquaintance residing in that city—a German Baron—a very well-known public man, and I informed him of the decision of the Public Prosecutor, whereupon he offered to take the claim. He informed me that he also had been victimised by this same agent, and that he had hesitated to prosecute him as he had known his father. However, he forwarded my claim, together with his own, and on his complaint the agent was arrested and kept in prison without trial for a week. At the end of the week, the Baron was summoned by telephone to appear at the

Public Prosecutor's Office, where he was brought face to face with the prisoner. This conversation ensued :—

Public Prosecutor : " I have asked you to come here, Baron, in order to get the case against this unfortunate man settled. I understand that your complaint is that you gave him money at his request for the purchase of certain shares in a Company, and he has failed to either return you the money or hand you the shares. If he gives you the shares you are content ? "

The Baron : " Yes, I have no wish to punish the man, and if he returns me the shares, I shall be satisfied. "

Public Prosecutor to the Prisoner : " If I let you go, are you willing to give the Baron the shares you owe him ? "

Prisoner : " Yes. "

Public Prosecutor : " If you do not return the shares within a week, I shall have you re-arrested, and then you will be punished. You can go. "

The Baron to Public Prosecutor : " But this case is only one of two. What about the forgery case ? "

Public Prosecutor : " That case has nothing to do with you, Baron. I understand that you have merely taken it out of friendship for a foreigner, an Englishman, and I am not going to punish a German citizen on the complaint of a foreigner. My advice to you is to drop the whole thing and have nothing to do with it. "

This apparently ended the case so far as the Baron was concerned, but my turn was yet to come. Some three weeks later, I was on my way to Vienna, and I telegraphed my solicitor to meet me *en route*. I had come direct from Flushing on one of the through trains that ran from Flushing to Vienna. On my arrival in Germany my solicitor boarded the train, and advised me not to leave the train before crossing the Austrian frontier, as a warrant had been issued for my arrest. I enquired what crime I had committed. His answer was : " You have committed one of the most serious crimes of which a foreigner can possibly be guilty in Germany. You are accused of having conspired with another person to cause the arrest and imprisonment of a German citizen, and this is punishable with a long term of imprisonment. " I asked him

for the details, and he informed me that the agent who had forged my signature, after he had made his peace with the Baron by returning him his shares and had secured his freedom, applied to the Public Prosecutor for my arrest on the ground that I had conspired with the Baron to deprive him of his liberty !

I stated to my solicitor that of course this was nonsense, and that I had merely acted on what he himself informed me was the advice of the Public Prosecutor. He answered : " This is true, but it does not lessen the crime in the eyes of German laws. The man who advised your assigning your claim to a German citizen is the same who has issued the warrant for your arrest for having taken his advice. " He added : " Now you are beginning to get some idea of ' German Justice. ' " He said " I could furnish you with dozens of illustrations of a similar character, of how foreigners have innocently fallen into traps of this sort and have had to suffer the consequences. " For some three or four years afterwards I had to exercise extreme caution in travelling in Central Europe in order to escape the warrant that had been issued against me.

On another occasion when I attempted to bring suit against certain German firms for infringing my patents, I was advised by the very highest Patent Counsel in Berlin not to attempt to bring the suit in my own name. This eminent counsellor said : " I am sorry to have to confess it, but we have no laws in this country for the protection of foreigners. Our laws are made for the benefit of Germans and Germans only. " He added : " I do not think any of our patent Judges would issue an injunction to stop Germans from manufacturing goods in this country, even though they infringed your patents, considering that you are a foreigner. Your only chance of success would be by assigning your patents to a German or a German firm, and getting them to bring a suit in their own name. "

When the war broke out, there were no less than thirty German Companies manufacturing goods which infringed the German patents which I held.

Italian Etchings and Engravings

By Marcus B. Huish

MODERN Italy has done much for British art. At Rome, Venice, Florence, Turin, and other cities a most hearty welcome has always been accorded to it and this recognition has extended to purchases by the Royal Family, by National and Municipal Galleries, and to decorations bestowed upon many of our artists at the hands of the Crown.

Our return for all this has indeed been a sorry one. Notable Italians who have laboured hard to bring about these very material benefits to English artists and whose names have been brought to the notice of the British Government again and again have not even received a word of thanks, much less any special recognition.

An opportunity within the last few weeks has presented itself of reciprocating to some extent the hospitality accorded by Italy to our artists, but unfortunately it would seem as if it would not be availed of even to a limited extent. The Association of Italian Etchers and Engravers (*Associazione Italiana Acquafortiste Incisori*) wishing to hold in London an exhibition of the art, were invited by Mr. Brangwyn, whose art has been appreciated in Italy even more than in his own country, to partake of the hospitality of the Society of British Artists, an invitation which was cordially accepted. In consequence, at their Galleries in Suffolk Street, under the patronage of the King, a considerable display of etchings, lithographs, and kindred matters now cover the walls of the principal Gallery. But this is practically all the return we are giving, for although a substantial portion of the proceeds from the sale of the works will go to the Red Cross Societies of the two countries, the public response can hardly be called a cordial one, nor do we hear of any National funds being spent, or any public spirited person presenting, as he well might, with benefit to his country, a selection of the etchings to the Print room of the British Museum.

The critical in such matters will naturally compare this work of the Italians with that of his own countrymen,

exhibited only a month ago under the aegis of the Painter Etchers Society, within a stone's throw of Suffolk Street, and which is supposed to convey a fair representation of the art as practised in this country. Any such comparison must show that in more than one respect Italy can teach us something. For instance her etchers, having an ample fund of fine and picturesque material to draw upon, people the foregrounds of their cathedral scenes with animated processions, as in Chiapelli's " Barocco "; or Pasqui's " Bannered Crowd, " entering the Cathedral of Siena.

Again there is less slavish copying of nature and we see such audacities as " iron and stone " where Cesaro Fratino does not hesitate to introduce into the foreground of San Giorgio at Venice a huge timbered erection over which pass lumbering engines, a combination of singular power carried out on a large plate etched with fitting determination. Yet again an experimental spirit is evidently abroad attempting new methods of improving on the old ; this is seen in a plate from the hand of Magavacca. On the other hand in a direction where experiments in colour might have been looked for, i.e., in colour etching, there is a singular paucity, one of the few examples being Motta's " Rheims Cathedral, " where roseate angels weep over the burning pile : this is one of a singularly small number of war subjects, one of the few being Artioli's " Last Prop, " which is reproduced on page 2 of this issue ; here the Austrian Emperor is cleverly transposed into a figure of death propped up by gallows.

Amongst work to be noted is that of the President of the Society, Vico Viganò, one of several of his exhibits being " The Passing Train, " a photograph of which also appears in this issue ; Luigi Conconi's " The Third Rome, " with Victor Emanuel passing beneath the Arch of Trojan ; Adolfo de Karoli's coloured wood engraving, giving an architecturally planned view of the Roman Campagna ; and " The Bell Tower, " by Spadolini, a work remarkable for its clever draughtsmanship.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: *Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. They arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. Here they meet a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had scized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig but find nothing. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority. He persuades his shipmates to go in search of it. The journey leads them through the Great Thorn Bush, which is a vast maze from which escape is impossible without a clue. Macquart and Wiart desert their companions. As night falls a woman's voice is heard calling, and Chaya, answering their cries, discovers them; through her help they at last escape from the maze, to find that Macquart and Wiart have returned to the Barracuda*

CHAPTER XXVI (continued)

The Treasure

WHEN Macquart awakened Wiart, he roused himself up, yawned and looked about him. He did not recognise he was in the *Barracuda* for a moment. Then when he came fully to his senses, he put his leg over the bunk edge.

"I was dreaming that I was tangled up in that thorn scrub," said he; "couldn't get my bearings no ways." He rubbed his eyes, got on to the floor and came to the table.

"Where's the black fellow?" he asked.

"Jacky? Up on deck. He'll be cooking himself some breakfast in the galley. I made this coffee over the methylated stove so as not to be bothered with him."

Wiart drank his coffee.

"And now," said he, "I suppose there's nothing to do but go for that location of yours and get the stuff on board."

"Nothing. But we must take the yawl across the lagoon first."

"How's that?"

"Because the stuff is buried on the other side."

"Oh, Lord!" said Wiart. "We'll have to tow her."

"That's about it."

"And why in the nation didn't you anchor on the other side to begin with?"

"For the very good reason that the ship was sunk on the other side and I didn't want those chaps to see her bones. But they did, all the same. Two of them went cruising about the lagoon in the boat and spotted the burnt timbers sunk by the bank over there. I thought for a moment it was all up, but the fools never suspected. They came back with the yarn that they had found a wreck under the water, and they never suspected."

"D— asses," said Wiart. "She was burnt, you said?"

"Yes."

"That chap Lant must have been a peach."

"He was."

"And to think that girl Chaya was his daughter—well, she's a chip of the old block, and I reckon if she had any

idea this stuff we're after belonged to the father, and if she knew we were on to it, she'd be after us."

Macquart moved uneasily.

Chaya was the only hint of that Past which he still vaguely dreaded. He had seen nothing of her mother, scarcely anything of the Dyaks. Brave enough to go back to the scene of John Lant's undoing, he had not been brave enough to make enquiries or go near the Dyak village.

"Anyhow," said he. "She doesn't know. No one has any idea of the whereabouts of that stuff but myself. Well, if you have finished, let's set to work."

They came on deck, where they found Jacky, who, as Macquart had surmised, was engaged on some food he had cooked for himself in the galley. They waited until he had finished, and then they landed and cast off the hawsers. Then they fixed the warp for towing. This done, they rowed across the lagoon to the opposite bank to find a suitable berth.

The day was strong now in the sky, and when they reached the opposite bank, they could see vaguely outlined in the water beneath the boat, the bones of the *Terschelling* like the ghost of a black skeleton.

"She was a big ship," said Wiart, who seemed fascinated by the sight below.

"Fairly big," said Macquart. "There's her stern. Well, we'll bring the yawl over and moor her abaft the stern; that camphor tree marks the position."

They rowed back, took up the warp and began towing. The *Barracuda* came along easily enough. The difficulty was to bring her to her right position beside the bank. In doing this, they nearly got the boat stranded on the stern part of the wreck of the *Terschelling*, but they managed the job at last, and as the rays of the sun began to strike strongly through the upper branches of the trees, they had her in position, moored stem and stern.

"Now," said Macquart, "for the digging."

His cheeks showed a flush above the beard, and his eyes were brilliant with excitement. There was a spare mattock on board and this was brought on shore, also a compass and three mat baskets.

Jacky and Wiart shouldered the pick and the two mattocks, Macquart carried the compass. He took a line leading due south from the stern of the wreck and led the way straight into the forest. He led them for a hundred yards or so, and then stopped for a moment, glancing about him and seeming to listen. It was as though he were fearful of their being followed or surprised. But there was no sound other than the crying of the parrots, the wind in the trees, and now and then cutting through the air the rasping call of a cockatoo.

Macquart led on.

And now the trees began to thin out and then, suddenly, the ground rose before them, forming a little hill on which nothing grew except a few trees like the pandanus, but bearing no fruit.

The hill was evidently formed by an uprising of the same strata to which the Pulpit Rock at the entrance of the river, in some mysterious way, belonged; for, from the hilltop broke two rocks, in structure exactly like the Pulpit, though each of them was not more than six or seven feet in height.

They were situated thirty feet, or more, apart. When Macquart reached the space between these rocks, he sat down on the ground as if exhausted. Wiart, standing beside him and glancing round, noticed that the elevation of the hill gave him a view far over the trees to southward, whilst the trees to northward barred all view of the river.

The ground to the south was, in fact, covered mostly by low-growing mangroves feeding their roots in marshy land and reaching to the coast ridge where the foliage of other trees barred the view to the sea.

"Well," said Wiart, "how much further have we to go?"

"We are on the spot," said Macquart. He struck his hand palm downward on the ground as he spoke.

"Good," said Wiart.

He put his mattock down and took his seat beside Macquart, whilst Jacky stood by holding the spare mattock and pick and gazing round him, with eyes wrinkled against the sunshine, at the far stretches of mangrove forest over which was hanging a vague blue haze.

Jacky belonged to the primitive order of things. Amongst

all native races you will find specimens of manhood that seem still clung about by the atmosphere of the Stone Age. I am not so sure that you will not find these specimens of humanity also in the Highly Civilised world, but in the native peoples the fact is more striking because the specimens are more ingenuous and unvarnished.

Jacky, I have left his full description till now, was a man standing six feet in height and exceedingly powerful in make and build. Tillman said that he had the strength of three men, and Tillman scarcely exaggerated his facts when he made this statement. Yet, despite his strength and his height, one did not think of this individual as a man, one thought of him more as a child. For one thing, his mind was primitive almost to childishness, for another his movements were lithe and supple and rapid as the movements of a boy.

In this superb animal dwelt a mind that seemed light and shallow and restless as the mind of a bird. A mind engaged always with little immediate things. Not an evil mind, but a mind so unspeculative and mobile that it could be moved towards evil or good by any determined intelligence that chose to grapple with it.

Jacky had shouted at a Salvation Army meeting, had been exhibited, like a vegetable, as a fine specimen of what earnest Christian endeavour could do working in primitive soil, had broken a man's head in during a row in Tallis Street, had saved a boy's life from a shark in Lane Cove, helped in a burglary—anything that came along was good enough for Jacky, and it all depended on circumstance and external pressure as to the manner in which he would act.

Tillman had engaged him for the expedition and was his real master, but he had never paused to ask himself questions as to what had become of Tillman and the others, or whether they had been betrayed. He took Macquart's lead just as the *Barracuda* took the lead of the tow rope, and he stood now gazing about him with no thought of anything except whatever vague thoughts the scene around him inspired.

Macquart, after a moment's rest, rose to his feet and seized the pick.

There was about the whole of this business some touch of the enchantment which hangs around the story of Aladdin alone with the Eastern magician on that desolate plain above the treasure cave.

Wuart felt it as he stood watching Macquart who, now pale and perspiring, stripped of his coat and handling the pick, seemed for a moment paralysed, vacillating, filled with indecision and, one might almost have fancied, fear.

It seemed impossible now, at the supreme moment, to believe that the treasure was really here. This thing that had haunted him for fifteen years, pursued him about the world, held him away from it by fear and drawn him towards it by desire, had become for him an obsession, almost a religion. It was the embodiment of all his desires, the reverse of the medal struck by a Deity that had condemned him to a life of failure and crime. Here at last was to be glimpsed all that he had missed, all that he had failed to reach, all that he had seen from a distance, all that he had envied.

Macquart was no little man. He might have been a great man, but for the fatal flaws in his character. He was fundamentally defective. Drunkenness, vice, laziness—all these may be outgrown, lived down, lived over, all these may be simply functioned diseases of the soul to be cast aside as the soul expands and comes to its own. But the disease of Macquart was a crookedness in the grain and texture of his mind, a want, a blindness to the right and wrong of things, a negative ferocity that became positive when his desires were checked or excited. His fit of indecision and hesitation did not last many moments before, raising the pick, he set to work.

The ground was hard on the surface, but a few inches below it was soft sandy soil that promised easy work for the mattocks.

Working methodically, he broke the ground over an area of some ten or fifteen square feet. Then dropping the pick, he called to Wuart to help, and they set to work at the digging. The point he had chosen was almost exactly midway between the two rocks, and they dug without a word, silently, furiously, making the soil fly to right and left, whilst Jacky now and then lent a hand, relieving the exhausted Wuart.

After twenty minutes' toil, they paused from pure exhaustion. Then they resumed work again, work the most terrific ever undertaken by man. When the shovel begins to bring up despair, the treasure digger knows exactly the measure of his task, and not before. Macquart labouring, pale as a corpse, hollow-eyed and with his mouth gaping, had paused for a moment when Wuart, who had retaken the mattock from Jacky, struck something, lifted his shovel, and then, with a cry as though he had unearthed some terrible object, cast the contents of the shovel on the ground. He had brought up a spadeful of coins, broken wood, like the wood from which cigar-boxes are made, and earth. The golden coins were scarcely tarnished.

Macquart spoke not a word. He was standing with his mattock in his hand, his eyes fixed alternately on the find and on Wuart, who was now kneeling pointing to the gold and looking up at him.

He did not seem for a moment to comprehend what had happened and then, all of a sudden, he was on his knees, laughing like a lunatic and delving his hands in the place where the mattock had struck. Fistfuls and fistfuls of gold coins he brought up, holding them out in his wide open palm for Wuart to look at, whilst Wuart, with his arm round Macquart's neck, half-demented, inarticulate, and crowing like a child, picked up coins and threw them down.

It was a terrible picture of momentary mental overthrow.

A huge bird passing overhead trailed its shadow across them, and Macquart with a cry, cast his arm over the stuff he had been delving with his naked hand, and glanced up. He saw the bird, and as if this incident had brought him back to reason, he sat up, brushed the soil from his hand and pushed his hair back from his forehead.

"It's half in English coin and nearly half in French," he said. "God! to think it's here. There's some Dutch coin. It's all packed in boxes—so big." He held his hands a foot and a half apart. "You have broken one of the boxes; look, here's the wood. Pretty rotten it is. We must be careful how we go. Why, d—n it, we've already lost hundreds of dollars by your carelessness; look at the way you've flung those sovereigns about!" He picked up an Australian sovereign, light yellow like brass; he held it between his finger and thumb whilst he spoke. He seemed not to be able to let it go. He could not escape from the fascination of the thing or from the idea that he was in possession of a bank where these things lay in thousands, thousands, thousands. As he talked, he rubbed it on his left hand as if wishing to feel its existence with a new set of nerves. Wuart, with swollen face and the dazed look of a man who has been drinking, listened in a careless way and laughed at the other's reproaches.

"We'll pick 'em up," said he. "Where's the use of bothering. Suppose we lose one or two, will that make us any the poorer? What we've got to do now is to cart the stuff down to the boat. Lucky we brought those baskets."

He rose and taking one of the mat baskets, began to collect the coins, sifting them from the earth in which they lay. Macquart helped, whilst Jacky, squatting on his hams, held the basket wide open.

It took a long time to collect all the loose coins in view, and then Macquart, with his sleeves rolled up and just as a person breaks up honeycomb, delved with his hand in the remains of the box they had broken open, and extracted by handfuls the last of its contents.

"There are hundreds more boxes," said Macquart, sitting back and wiping his brow, "hundreds and hundreds. We brought them up in sacks, the whole crew working double shifts. Tons and tons of gold. The English stuff is atop, the French and Dutch below."

"Let's go steady now," said Wuart. "No more spade work, we'll dig 'em up with our hands and so avoid breaking them. They're all packed close together, I suppose?"

"Side by side," replied Macquart.

Kneeling opposite to one another, the two men began carefully to remove the earth, till the whole top of the second gold box was uncovered. It seemed solid, though the metal bindings at the corners were black with rust. Working it loose very gently, Macquart got one hand under it for the purpose of lifting it, when the whole thing burst to pieces and the coins came tumbling out in a jingling cataract.

"Curse it," said Wuart; "this is going to give us trouble."

It was. Had the boxes not been rotten with age, the transportation of the gold to the lagoon bank would have been a difficult business, but feasible. As it was, the handling and collecting of all this loose stuff was an appalling task, the significance of which was just beginning to loom before them. But it did not daunt them. They set to work, and in less than half-an-hour they had collected every loose coin, and the two baskets containing the first of the treasure were ready for transportation. Then they found that one basket was more than one man could carry if it were to be brought any distance—that is to say, for a white man. Jacky made no difficulty at all about carrying one, yet even for him it was a maximum load. They settled the difficulty by carrying a basket between them with the help of the pick shaft through the handles, Jacky following with the other. They left Wuart's rifle and ammunition, which they had brought with them, by the *cache*, and started.

There was no difficulty in finding the way; before they had covered half the distance, the shimmer of the lagoon led them through the trees, but when they reached the *Barracuda* they were so exhausted by all they had gone through and by



Choya • Romance of the South Seas]

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.]

“ He stood facing the Horror ”

the weight of their load, that they sat down for a moment to rest before completing the business.

“ This stuff will finish us before we’ve done with it,” said Wiart. “ Good Lord! I never did work like this before. Look at me! I’m wringing wet.”

“ Jacky,” said Macquart, “ hop on board and fetch us a jug of water ; bring a bottle of gin and a glass with you—we’ve earned a drink.”

Jacky, leaving his basket on the bank, climbed over the rail of the *Barracuda*, went to the saloon-hatch, paused for a moment to sniff, as if he smelt something for which he could not account. Then he began to go down the companion way. He had not taken four steps down the ladder, when he suddenly vanished as though snatched below, and a scream heart-rending and appalling pierced the air. Then came a muffled

cry, the sound of a struggle and silence. The two men on the bank sprang to their feet and stared at one another in terror.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Gold Fiend

With the sound of the struggle the *Barracuda* had rocked slightly, sending a ripple out over the smooth surface of the lagoon. She now lay perfectly still.

“ It’s those chaps that have escaped and got on board her,” said Wiart. “ They’re hiding there and waiting for us.”

“ Not they,” said Macquart. “ It’s something else. It’s maybe na’ives.” He was white to the lips and small wonder, for nothing could be more sinister or devilish than the way in which Jacky had vanished, as though the *Barracuda*

had snatched him into her maw. Then, suddenly, Macquart turned to the other.

"Off with you back and fetch the rifle," said he. "I'll stay here and watch. Quick, there's no time to be lost."

Wuart turned and started off amidst the trees and Macquart, withdrawing a bit, stood leaning against a tree bole with his eyes fixed on the *Barracuda*. As he stood like this, waiting and listening, a crash came from the cabin of the yawl. It was the crash of crockeryware upset and broken, and it only wanted that and the dead silence that followed to put a cap on the horror.

Natives would not carry on in this way. If they had seized Jacky and killed him they would not remain in dead silence.

Minute after minute passed and then a soft sound from behind him made Macquart turn. It was Wuart with the rifle.

"There's someone on board," said Macquart in a low voice. "There's just been a big upset in the cabin. One of us has got to board her and have a look down the hatch whilst the other stands by ready to shoot if anyone comes up. We've got to see this thing through, and quick."

"Well, I'd rather you went on board than me," said Wuart. "I'm no coward, but this thing gets me. It's not natural."

"Natural or unnatural, we've got to finish with it," replied the other. "We have no time to waste. There's the gold lying waiting to be taken aboard, and here are we waiting like fools. It's not a pleasant job, but we'll draw lots."

He plucked two blades of grass of unequal length, held them in his closed hand and held his hand to Wuart.

"Whoever draws the longest goes," said he.

Wuart drew a blade, then they compared the blades. Wuart's was the longest.

He was no coward, yet he held back just for a moment. Then picking up his courage and handing the rifle to his companion, he walked straight to the yawl, boarded her, and without a moment's hesitation, came to the open saloon hatch.

He peeped cautiously down, then turned towards Macquart and shook his head to indicate that he saw nothing.

Then, shading his eyes with his hand he looked down again.

He left the saloon hatchway and came to the skylight; this was closed, however, and could only be opened from below, whilst the thick glass prevented any view being obtained of the interior.

He was fiddling with the skylight in a stupid sort of attempt to open it, when, suddenly, from the saloon hatch appeared a vast hand that seemed covered by a black woollen glove. It grasped the combing and almost immediately squeezing up through the hatch opening came the head, shoulders and chest of an enormous ape.

It seemed at first sight an ape but Macquart knew that apart from the little monkeys on the river bank there are no apes in New Guinea. He recognized this as a creature spoken of by the native hunters. A creature larger than the ape yet far more terrible.

He was like a great ruffian man gone to neglect in the primeval woods, his humanity clinging to him like a shame.

Macquart was so astonished by this apparition that he did not even call out to Wuart, and Wuart who was still engaged in wrestling with the skylight did not see the object that had appeared on deck till a faint sound made him turn.

He had picked up a belaying pin to help him in his work, and now as he stood facing the Horror that had materialised itself at such a short distance from him, his hand, unfortunately for himself, instead of releasing the iron pin, clutched it spasmodically. It is quite possible that the brute might not have touched him. Creeping along by the bank and finding the *Barracuda*, it had boarded the yawl for the purpose of exploring it. Down below, it had been on the point of coming up when Jacky made his appearance on the saloon ladder. Then sure that all this was a trap and Jacky the setter of it the beast had seized the intruder by the leg, hauled him down, and finished him. Again it had been on the point of making its escape when the sound of Wuart coming on board had made it pause. Then, hearing the fumbling at the skylight and seeing a fair way up the companion ladder, up it came and another moment might have taken it off over the side had not Wuart, in a paroxysm of terror, hurled the belaying pin.

It struck the brute full in the mouth. Then Macquart, who had raised his rifle to his shoulder, but who dared not fire, so tremulous was his hand and so close together the antagonists, saw the creature seize the man and hold him out with both hands as a furious mother might seize a naughty child. It shook him.

It did not seem to do anything more than that, and then it was gone, and Wuart was lying on the deck hiccupping.

He hiccupped several times and put his hand to his side as if it pained him. He did not speak or take any notice of

Macquart. His mind seemed dulled or far away. Then, all of a sudden, as Macquart boarded the yawl Wuart turned on his back.

He was dead.

Macquart stood looking from the corpse at his feet to the spot where the murderer had disappeared into the trees.

He did not seem to understand fully for a moment what had happened. In fact, he did not realise fully that Wuart was dead till, kneeling down beside him he raised his arm and dropped it. Then all at once the truth broke on him. The terrible truth.

He did not care a button for the life of Wuart. The life of Wuart was of no more concern than the buttons on Wuart's coat. What concerned him greatly was the fact that if Jacky was dead below or seriously injured he—Macquart—would be helpless. Even if he could get the *Barracuda* out single-handed, how could he tackle single-handed the transport of the gold? This thought occurred to him, but he did not appreciate the true significance of it yet.

He released Wuart's arm, rose up and approached the saloon hatchway.

For a moment he stood listening, then he called down the hatch to Jacky, but received no answer. Down below there was absolute stillness, a silence accentuated by the faint buzzing of flies.

Then Macquart came down. The body of Jacky was lying right across the table with its head overhanging the end opposite to the door. The swinging lamp had been swept away and a tray of glasses and crockery-ware lay smashed on the floor. Otherwise there was little sign of confusion or struggle, but there was in the air a faint, vague odour of wild beast that caught Macquart by the throat and made the soul in him revolt.

Jacky was quite dead.

Macquart opened the skylight by means of the lever and the fresh air of day came down so that one could breathe.

The immediate problem now before Macquart was the disposal of Jacky's body. It could not be left here. It must be got overboard. He proceeded to the task and found after ten minutes labour that it was utterly beyond him. With the greatest difficulty he managed to pull and drag the body to the foot of the companion way, but he could not get it up. After all sorts of fruitless endeavours he paused to think. He could think of nothing. The only way to bring it up was with a tackle, but that would require not only a man to haul on the purchase, but a man to guide the body. Besides, he had not the means nor the skill. He sat down for a moment on the edge of a bunk. He was thinking, not of the body lying at his feet, but of the gold.

This was the beginning of a nightmare business. Gold! Gold! Gold! Tons of it waiting to be lifted and deported, a dead man lying on the cabin floor of the yawl, another on the deck, and one man with only one pair of hands left to face the task.

Even were he to get the gold aboard, how could he put to sea with that corpse in the cabin? It was very problematical if he could get the *Barracuda* out at all, single-handed as he was, but even if it were possible how about this dreadful supercargo?

Even if he were to store the gold in the fo'c'sle and tiny hold and close up the cabin hermetically, sealing hatch and skylight, how could he steer for any port? There would at once be an enquiry, and an examination of the boat; even if he were to return to Sydney, the port officer who boarded him and who was refused entry to the cabin would very soon have the rights of the matter.

The corpse of Jacky acted on him much as the whale-man's drogue acts upon the harpooned whale. He could not escape from it, and it was bound to ruin him in the end—even if he managed to get the gold on board.

But Macquart's brain just now was not in a condition to recognise clearly or weigh exactly. Having sat for a minute or so on the edge of the bunk he rose up and came on deck.

Here the first thing he saw was the body of Wuart lying just as he had left it—but—there was a bird circling in the air above it and already one of the eyes was gone!

In this terrible climate to be dead and be devoured are synonymous terms.

(To be continued)

Some of the prettiest shoe buckles are being made of quilted ribbon. Black brocade shoes look very well finished with magpie buckles of this kind. The white ribbon is inside, an outer quilting of the black frames it, and moiré is the best medium to employ.

Paste shoe buckles are giving ground in favour of those set with coloured stones. Dark blue, green, yellow and brown stones are all pressed into the service, and though they are of glass are so well cut and set that nobody would suspect it. Huge enamel buckles are another idea, and oxidised silver is being much exploited by well-known shoemakers.

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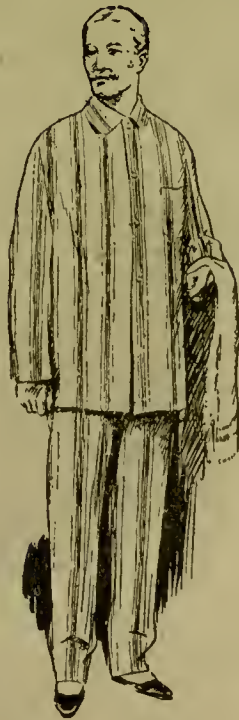
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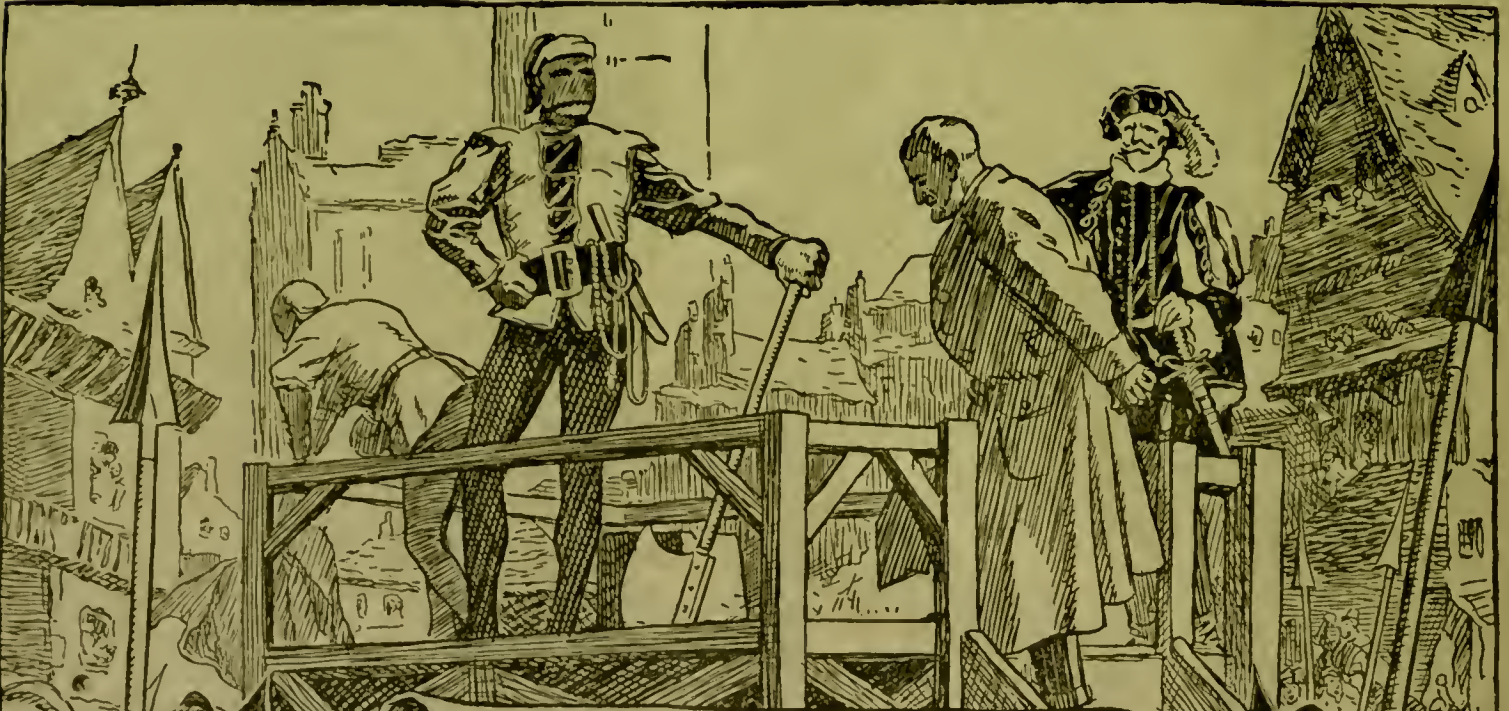
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916

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By Louis Raemaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Sinn Fein Snake



LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916

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MEANING OF THE GERMAN NOTE

THE German reply to President Wilson's complaints in regard to the enemy's methods of submarine warfare will for several reasons, be of special interest to readers of this paper. For one thing, it will be found on careful examination to fulfil exactly the prognostications of our naval critic. Essentially it is a surrender; and the American rejoinder makes the character of this surrender clear by refusing to take notice of the bravado, the raising of irrelevant issues, the falsification of notorious facts and the clumsy and, under the circumstances, exquisitely ludicrous appeals to humanitarian sentiment, and directing attention to the single point really at issue. On that point the victory of the United States is for the moment complete. The German Government announces that it has given orders to its submarine commanders not to sink either passenger or cargo ships without warning, whether within or without the so-called "war-zone."

Whether the terms now conceded by the German Government will be duly observed in the future is necessarily a matter of speculation. It may well be, as Mr. Pollen suggests in another column, that the hands of the Kaiser and his Ministers will again be forced by the clamour of those dupes whom they have themselves persuaded to the belief that Great Britain can be brought to her knees and her sea power destroyed by the intermittent murder of non-combatants on the high seas. It may be that the last paragraph reserving "complete liberty of decision" in the event of the United States not obtaining respect for "the laws of humanity" from Germany's enemies, though its main purpose was undoubtedly to make the original concession look less like a surrender and more like a bargain to German eyes, may also have been penned with a side glance at this possible eventuality. If that be so, the American reply closes that loop hole entirely. President Wilson answers, as everyone must surely have known that he would, by insisting that the German surrender must be regarded as unconditional, and that he cannot make any negotiations that may take place between the United States and another power a subject of discussion with Germany. If Germany accepts his reply as final she must needs accept it on those terms.

We know, however, that the action of the German Government will be controlled much less by any promises it may have given than by the situation in which it

finds itself; and it is in the light thrown on that situation and on the view taken of it by the rulers of Germany that the major interest of the German Note consists.

One may dismiss the fustian of which at least two thirds of that Note is made up. Its interest is mainly psychological. To those who still accept the legend of the amazing craft and stupendous knowledge possessed by the "efficient" Teuton there should be something enlightening about the crass stupidity which could think to make an emotional appeal to the Americans—of all people in the world—by pointing to the unprecedented inhumanity of "starving" an enemy into submission. As if the Americans, even if they could be supposed to have forgotten by what means the Prussians themselves reduced Paris, could possibly be imagined to have forgotten by what means Lincoln reduced the South! There are a dozen such touches of clumsy hypocrisy and transparent absurdity in the document; but they are not the main thing worth noting.

The main point to note is the confirmation afforded of the truth we have continually maintained; that the Germanic powers are already in process of defeat, that their rulers know it, and that their present hopes are set mainly upon an escape from that defeat, not by way of victory, but by way of a truce. These truths are the key to all or almost all that Germany says and does in these latter days, to the language of her rulers, whether addressed to her own people or to neutral nations, not less than to most of the more recent developments of her policy and strategy by land and sea.

They are evident enough to a discerning eye in the document under consideration. In the affecting passage to which reference has already been made we are told of "the many millions of women and children, who, according to the avowed intention of the British Government, are to be starved, and who, by sufferings are to force the victorious armies of the Central Powers into an ignominious capitulation." When before has the German Government gone so near to admitting the possibility of such a capitulation? When before has she exhibited an appearance of anticipating it and of being prepared in advance to explain it away. Yet some of the various and conflicting daily "explanations" offered to the German people in the matter of Verdun had already given indications of such a mood.

It is not in this paragraph, however, that we shall find the kernel of the document. The key passage, slipped in as though by accident, runs as follows:—

The German Government is conscious of Germany's strength. Twice within the past few months she has announced before the world her readiness to make peace on a basis safeguarding Germany's vital interests, thus indicating that it is not Germany's fault if peace is still withheld from the nations of Europe. The German Government feels all the more justified in declaring that the responsibility could not be borne before the forum of mankind and history if after twenty-one months' duration of war the submarine question under discussion between the German Government and the Government of the United States were to take a turn seriously threatening the maintenance of peace between these two nations.

This, be it observed, is offered as a reason for proceeding to the utmost limits of concession. The hint is broad enough. It is to the effect that there will be no more difficulty about submarine warfare if President Wilson will only offer his mediation and induce the Allies to make peace before defeat overtakes the Germanic Powers. It is unlikely that President Wilson will do anything so foolish; and it is certain that, if he did, the Allied Governments, confident that the enemy is weakening every day would listen to no such proposition. But it is equally certain the proposition would never have been made if the German Government were "confident of Germany's strength."

THE LAST ATTACK AT VERDUN

By Hilaire Belloc

AT the end of last week and during the week-end, the Germans acted upon the Verdun sector in a fashion which is puzzling to anyone who studies the war on its purely military side, which can be explained, perhaps, partly by those who are following the political side of the war, and which in any case leaves a problem not yet solved.

Everyone is aware that the critical point of Verdun is the Mort Homme. My readers are all familiar with the fact that if the enemy fails to take the Mort Homme he may render it untenable by taking Hill 304, a flat-topped eminence, very steep upon the south and the east, steepish upon the north, and gradually approached from the west; it is slightly higher than the Mort Homme (50 ft. higher) and is at a range of a little over 2,000 yards.

This sector, then, which may roughly be called the sector of the Mort Homme and of Hill 304, has been an open objective upon the west of the Meuse ever since the middle of March.

Upon the east of the Meuse, where the first main attack of the enemy was delivered, that attack broke down upon the chain of chief defensive positions, which runs from the village of Bras upon the Meuse round the Louvemont ridge to the ruins of the village of Douaumont, and so to the ravine of Vaux, beyond which it is continued along the crest of the high steep hills crowned by the old fort of Vaux and so down to the plain of the Woevre near Fresnes.

These positions east of the Meuse are the main positions of the defence. The defence is not concerned with preventing the Germans from entering the town or ruins of Verdun. It is concerned with making the Germans lose as many men as possible in a prolongation of their attempt, and it is concerned with letting French troops which have been thus maintained almost entirely upon the defensive, lose as few men as possible in this task. The French are not defending Verdun even if (unreasonable as the phrase sounds) the Germans are merely trying to enter that small town. The French are using the Ger-

mans' desire to enter it as a means of weakening the Germans.

Now for a statement of the events as they have developed in the last week.

The chief effort of the enemy has been against the Mort Homme—Hill 304—sector.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, the enemy began a new intensive bombardment of this particular narrow sector upon the Verdun front.

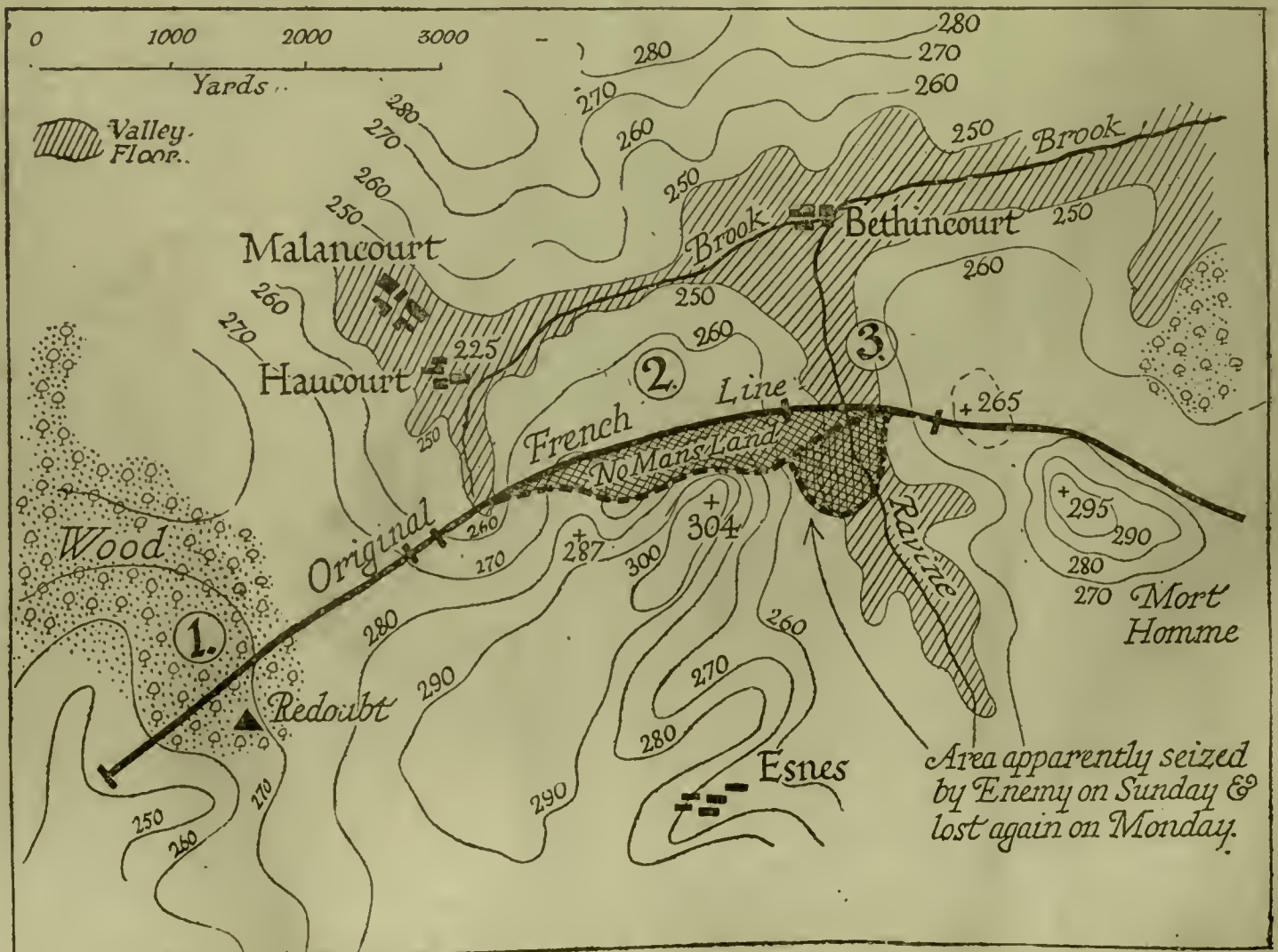
He carried on this bombardment two days and appears nowhere to have exceeded something between 5,000 and 6,000 yards in the scope of this artillery preparation from its extreme eastern to its extreme western point. All this work was directed against the north-western slopes which fall gradually upon (1) Avocourt Wood, (2) the northern slopes of Hill 304, and (3) the valley between the Mort Homme and Hill 304. Upon Friday, after this heavy artillery preparation, he launched about one division along the valley between the two hills and made repeated efforts to pierce between them and to carry Hill 304.

Up to that evening—the evening of Friday the 5th—he had completely failed, and that at the expense of very heavy losses.

Upon the Friday night and the Saturday the bombardment was resumed. Upon the Sunday, May 7th, with troops estimated at the equivalent of about two divisions, he attacked the whole front. The bombardment had reduced all the trenches on the north slope of Hill 304 to chaos. Before nightfall the French had evacuated these battered trenches on the northern slope of Hill 304. They had, with the bayonet, repulsed all the German efforts to get out of the wood on the north-west.

Renewed action on Monday (the 8th) led to no further result here. The French held and still hold (at the moment of writing), the summit of the hill.

The total result, therefore, in the small central portion of about four days' action on the north and north-westerly slopes of the flat-topped height is that the French line



which ran originally about half way down along the northern slopes now runs along the crest.

The curious result following upon this partial gain upon the part of the enemy has been that the belt between the original French line of advanced trenches and the present line upon a crest is a No Man's Land. If the enemy had been able to occupy it and organise it after compelling the French to retire, or if he succeeds in doing this in the immediate future, he can claim a considerable advantage. He will then lie to Hill 304 as he has long lain towards the Mort Homme; that is, in the immediate neighbourhood of its summit.

Such a situation compels the defenders either to evacuate the height or to reinforce.

To evacuate the height means probably a retirement upon the second line towards the Charny Ridge, for the Mort Homme and Hill 304 are the two capital points of the first line; while to reinforce and to take back the lost ground, though a mere matter of concentration in munitions and men, is expensive in both.

We know what happened previously in the case of the Mort Homme. The French command decided to render it secure ten days ago; they delivered a bombardment against the German trenches immediately below its summit; reinforced the covering troops there, pushed the Germans down the slope again, and got elbow room.

The last enemy assault upon Hill 304—far more expensive in men—was a reply to that French effort on the Mort Homme; and we have yet to see whether the French will send forward reinforcements to recover the now abandoned slopes of Hill 304, or whether they will decide that the enemy's losses make it worth while to leave things as they are.

Judging by the French policy in the parallel case of the Pepper Hill, on the other side of the Meuse, and its opposing hill (called the Hill of Talou) they will not specially reinforce this sector, but will be content to leave it a No Man's Land. It is swept and observed from every side, but only the immediate future can tell us which of the two policies will be pursued.

So far as the northern slopes of Hill 304 are concerned, therefore, we have this balance sheet for the week-end.

The enemy has thrown away a far greater number of men than it has cost the French. He has expended the very maximum amount of munitions which he can expend upon so small a sector. He has rendered untenable the northern slopes of Hill 304, which the French have evacuated. He has compelled the French to establish a new defensive line upon the northern crest of the hill. He has been unable himself to occupy the belt thus evacuated because it is swept by fire from the Mort Homme in flank as well as from the crest of Hill 304 in front.

But there are two other points in this very small field which must be carefully watched.

The first is the easy approach up to Hill 304 from the woods that climb this easy side, the horn called the "Wood of Avocourt." This was the approach by which the enemy attempted, with at least two divisions, a month ago, to get to the top of the hill. It will be remembered that he was broken in that attempt, that his occupation of the extremity of the wood was easily thrown back and that this gate, as it were, of Hill 304 has been closed to him ever since. During the recent main attack upon Hill 304 of last week-end a portion of his troops tried again to force this gate and were, as we have seen, defeated. They could not even get out of the woods towards the north-west of the hill.

The second point in the field to be carefully noted is the ravine which lies between Mort Homme and Hill 304.

Here the enemy had a very distinct success, the fruits of which he was able to gather for something like 24 hours. His troops upon this left wing of his assault carried the French front trenches and penetrated into the communication trench beyond, and there was a moment at some time on Sunday afternoon or evening when his most advanced men must have been placed somewhere between the two hills.

It was of no use occupying this ravine even if he had had time to consolidate it unless he had proceeded to attack either the one hill or the other immediately from its depths. For it is overlooked thoroughly from both sides, and it is at the mercy of observation from both. But he was not given the time to consolidate himself in this ravine. Apparently about dusk upon the Sunday

evening, at any rate during the succeeding night, a counter-attack drove him out of these communication trenches and he was thrown back upon his original position at the mouth of the gully.

In the course of these attacks upon Hill 304 three divisions, or the main part of three divisions, were used. One has been identified as a new division brought from the north of the line. It was a Pomeranian division. The other two would seem to be as yet not identified, but the enemy in his communiqué speaks of "Pomeranian troops" for the whole.

With the German account of these actions and with their significance I will deal later. Upon Monday evening, the last date with regard to which news has reached London, the whole thing may be summed up thus:

The Germans had brought into play, first and last, the best part of three divisions against Hill 304 in the space of five days.

Their attack concerned three points (1) The old bit of Avocourt Wood to the north-west; (2) The centre or northern slopes of Hill 304; (3) The ravine between Hill 304 and the Mort Homme.

(1) They had (against what French covering line we know not) failed altogether at the easiest point of approach, the Avocourt Wood. (2) They had rendered untenable the northern slopes of Hill 304 by artillery work, but had not been able to consolidate the evacuated belt nor to put infantry into it, though they had compelled the French to establish a new line upon the crest. (3) In the ravine between Hill 304 and the Mort Homme they had pushed forward successfully at a very heavy expense of men in the course of the Sunday, but on the Monday lost all that they had gained. This last point, however, was scored by the French, a counter-offensive which must have cost a certain price in men.

Attacks East of the Meuse

Now let us turn to their efforts east of the Meuse, which were less important than the efforts west of the Meuse upon the Mort Homme.

They there launched an attack with something between 12,000 and 15,000 men on the sector just west of the ruins of Douaumont village. They occupied at an expense in losses of perhaps 3 or 4 thousand men, about a third of a mile of first line trenches in the course of the same Sunday. It was thought worth while by the defence to send reinforcements and to drive the assailants out of the greater part of this small gain in the course of the Monday. This being done matters came to a standstill for the moment and the lines no longer moved.

What enemy regiments were used upon this sector we have not been told, but the French have described them in general terms as "Prussian": the point is of some significance, as we shall see in a moment.

Now let us analyse these very general and imperfect statements with which we have been furnished and see what we can make of the enemy's intentions.

We note the following points:—

(1) An attack in considerable strength has been delivered after a lull of a whole fortnight, during which there has been no serious effort upon the part of the enemy in this sector.

(2) It has been delivered a full month after the last great effort, for there has been no general offensive upon his part since April the 9th.

(3) It has been delivered with those troops which he counts the best, his Pomeranian regiments and other Prussian units not particularly specified.

(4) It has achieved exactly what has been achieved in the past at almost exactly the same ratio of very heavy expense to very slight and tactically insignificant advances.

(5) The one point which seems tactically significant to the defence, the ravine between the two hills, was recovered by the defence at the expense of a successful, though no doubt locally expensive counter-offensive.

(6) (And most important of all) there is no evidence of his having moved his heavy artillery; for the attack has been delivered upon a piece of ground, the preparation of which by bombardment has already been familiar to the defence for more than six weeks. There has been

no development of heavy artillery action against any new part of the front.

It is perfectly clear from these six points that the enemy was doing no more than continuing an attack which he knew to be, in a military sense, already a failure. It is comparable to his last efforts against Ypres in the second week of November, 1914. If he hoped at all for a miracle at the end of his effort he would at least have concentrated the largest possible body and made his last blow as strong as it could be. Just as in front of Ypres, at the end of that tremendous effort he put forward for the close what he believed to be his best troops, on that occasion the Guards, on this occasion picked regiments. Just as in front of Ypres, he admitted failure at the end of such a sacrifice. Again, just as at Ypres, he attempted nothing novel towards the end of his last action. For that matter you have another still more striking parallel in the case of the Grand Couronne, at the beginning of the war, where, having laid his plan for an attack in force upon a defensive position, and having tried, now here, now there, along its length to obtain a decision, he struck during the last days exactly where he had been striking before, without any attempt at surprise or at manœuvre. Apparently his calculations had been too minute or his confidence in subordinate command too doubtful to permit of change. But there is this great difference between Ypres and Grand Couronne on the one hand and Verdun upon the other, that the Grand Couronne lasted a week, Ypres three weeks. Verdun has lasted eleven.

There were lulls before the last flicker of the failure at Ypres. There were lulls of a day or a day and a half or two days. Earlier, at the Grand Couronne, there had been lulls of half a day, or a few hours. Here at Verdun there has been a lull of something like a month in major operations and of a fortnight even in minor operations.

What does all that mean?

It means in the first place, that Verdun has been upon such a scale as would seem to prove the enemy's determination to stake all upon it.

Opinion is divided as to whether he can find the resources for one more great offensive before he reluctantly determines upon a concentration of strength and the admitted entry into the last phase of the war. Class 1917 has not yet been used on a large scale by him, so far as Germany is concerned (it has all been called up in Austria). Class 1916 alone has been absorbed. He yet has to call upon class 1918, which has been warned in Austria, but which has not, I believe, yet been warned in North Germany. There has been a rumour of its being warned, but no more. He may have the material left in his own judgment for one more throw. At any rate, this continued return to the Verdun sector without any rearrangement of heavy guns, and at increasingly long intervals for recuperation, shows upon what a scale he had planned his attempted success—and gives us a measure of his corresponding failure.

The next point the affair suggests, is this:

Was not an effort, so futile in the military sense (it has been futile for weeks), connected with the enemy's present political demand for peace?

The Enemy Demand for Peace

That the enemy does now desire some spectacular effect in connection with his demand for peace cannot be doubted by any careful observer of the war. I do not mean his general demand—that has been in progress ever since last October, when he knew that he was at the maximum of his territorial expansion in the East, when he had just failed to obtain his decision against the Russians at Vilna, and when he threatened if the advances he had made were not favourably received to raise the East against us; when, I may add, he very thoroughly frightened a certain section of our own press, which, upon his futile advance in the Balkans, published maps showing the imminence of a triumphant German march upon India and Egypt. That he has thought an inconclusive peace necessary to him has been clear from at least that date, even in his open manœuvres; his private advances when the history of the thing is written will be conclusive evidence.

But, I now refer to the particular demand which he is certainly making at this moment.

We have evidence of that particular demand in several

places. It is set down in black and white in the Note to America. It appears in the rumours set afloat with regard to the intervention of the Vatican; but much more clearly does it appear in the German press which is controlled and in part written by the political authorities of the country. The whole tone of that press may be summed up in the words which one of the so-called "Socialist deputies" (called by their comrades "the tame men," who act as go-betweens for the Government), used probably upon Government order "neither-side can now win this war."

Exactly the same note has been struck by a man who is upon the whole the ablest of the paid agents in the service of Prussia, the Polish Jew Witowski, better known to the public of this country under the convenient alias of "Maximilien Harden."

This man is invaluable to the German authorities in the rôle of the "candid friend." He has been theatrically "exiled," so that men may say, "he at least is independent." He has returned, and the German censorship prints his repeated declarations that the war is really getting very horrible, and that the time has come for it to stop. Nothing of that sort passed the censor at Spandau, or to be more accurate, nothing of that sort proceeded from his office, when the Allies were still in doubt of victory!

The German communiqués themselves are illuminating in this connection, especially those which concern the last operations in front of Verdun. They are directly calculated to affect neutral and domestic civilian opinion even at the expense of hurting their own side in the eyes of the soldiers opposed to them. What other possible meaning can there be in the use of calculatedly false phrases like "we hold the height," when they do not happen to hold the summit? What is the sense of saying that their troops are in a particular position when no one knows better than the Command opposed to them that they are not in that position.

Or take again the remarks upon the French rotation of troops in front of Verdun. If there is one thing of which an offensive should be proud and upon which in a military sense it should insist if it wants to show that it is winning, it is surely the exhaustion of the defence.

In such a defence as that of Verdun, where there is no investment and where the defending troops are known to be superior in number to the attack, the power to refresh those troops by continual rotation is an essential test of the strength the defensive has at its disposal. Where on earth is the point of noting the ease with which the French can thus use fresh troops in rotation if it is not to impress uninstructed opinion with the idea that the losses of such a defensive are actually higher than the losses of the corresponding offensive? There may be opinion so uninstructed that it is capable of entertaining that idea. Probably the German Intelligence Department, or at any rate the German Publicity Bureaux is acquainted with such sections of opinion, or it would not waste energy in playing upon them. But what a confession! To be reduced to impressing the kind of people who think that a defensive easily drawing upon 50 divisions for short periods of strain is weaker than an offensive using 32 divisions subjected to impossible strains on the offence, broken, recruited, sent forward again, broken again in nearly three months of a hopeless effort!

It is conceivable that the enemy in his present effort for peace is not uninfluenced by noting that sort of false news, or false emphasis upon true news, in the Allied press which arises out of domestic intrigue or political ambition.

A curious example of the way in which opinion can thus be misled, was afforded some little time ago by the publication in the *Times* of the General Staff Map establishing the German units in front of the British line in France.

The map was accurate, and people concluded from it as they were meant to conclude—that in spite of all the enemy's efforts upon the Verdun sector he had been under no necessity to draw men from parts of his line to the north of that sector. On the other hand, the French command in front of the Verdun sector had identified the presence of divisions undoubtedly drawn from northern portions of the line and even from in front of the British.

How is this discrepancy accounted for?

In the simplest of all possible fashions. The map published in the *Times* was accurate for the moment at which it was drawn up, *but not for the moment at which it was published*. It referred to a state of affairs already a month old when the portentous revelation was made.

Sometimes news of this sort is simply untrue—as, for instance, the silly falsehood that the ample munitionment in the great offensive of last September was due to the establishment of the Ministry of Munitions. Not a shell fired in that great offensive was produced by the special activity of any politician. Every one had been produced by the organisation of the soldiers before any political and personal question had been made of the matter. Similarly the two startling announcements on which I commented some months ago, one of which cut down the German losses by a million, the other of which brought several thousand Germans to life, each in the course of seven or eight days.

But it really does not matter whether the information thus permitted to appear is misleading in one fashion or another. The only thing that matters is motive. So long as it is not the simple motive of recording the truth and thus enabling public judgment to be sound—it is a bad motive and adversely affects the moral power of a nation at war.

A Corroboration of the Enemy's Falsification of His Casualty Lists

I have received from a correspondent whose profession and whose opportunities and reputation give him unique authority, remarkable confirmation of the discrepancy between the official German lists of losses and the truth.

This confirmation attaches to only one small portion of the field, but it is characteristic and fits in most accurately with the larger calculations.

It applies to the losses in the Medical Profession of the German Empire alone.

The official casualty lists give of fully-qualified military doctors killed or died during the course of the war up to the end of 1915 466 names. This is, of course, allowing for the delay in the publication of names, and this number 466 represents (allowing for such delay) the total admitted number in the officially published lists.

Now the checking of this by private lists yields almost exactly the same result as was yielded in the case of immensely more numerous names of the larger categories dealt with in an article published three months ago in these columns, to wit, a discrepancy of rather less than 20 per cent.

Private lists were established by carefully going over the names given in three leading German Medical papers, the *Deutsche Medizinische* weekly; the *Berliner Klinische* and the *Münchener Medizinische*. A great number of these names, of course, overlapped, and were found in all three papers. Many were found in two; a few occurred in one only. Their total gives 565!

The value of these private lists lay, exactly as in the larger examples given last February, in the fact that they were more detailed and presumably more exhaustive.

In each case the full name, address and status of the individual concerned was printed. Only the names of those who had been killed or died on active service were considered, and only the doctors of full status. Medical students or candidates (that is, those who had passed their first examination) were not included.

That the number 565 is at once accurate and a minimum, there can, seeing the detailed information given, be no doubt whatsoever, and the discrepancy between it and the number drawn from the official lists is 17.53 per cent. In other words, the official lists represent only 82.47 of the truth.

It will be remembered that the discrepancy between the larger numbers of the Trades Unions, the Athletic Societies, etc., gave a discrepancy of close on 19 per cent. The official lists in these larger cases were a little over 81 per cent. of this number. The coincidence is remarkable and instructive. One would imagine that the names omitted in the case of a distinguished profession would be somewhat less than the average of omissions for the mass of the army, and that is precisely what we get from this calculation. The discrepancy in the case of the doctors is not the full 19 per cent., but somewhat less. It is not so greatly less, however, as to disturb our general con-

clusion. A little less than 19 per cent. for the mass and somewhat over 17 per cent. for a specially distinguished profession is a divergence natural enough, and the one figure confirms the other.

The importance of the evidence lies in the fact that we can in the case of these small numbers and of a limited field in which every man is known, establish the truth without contention and beyond all possibility of doubt. If there is a discrepancy of over 17 per cent. between the official and the private lists in the deaths of doctors, we can be absolutely certain that at any rate a larger discrepancy in the case of the mass of the army is to be presumed; and the arguments of those critics, who will have it that the German Empire is too efficient and too organised and the rest of it, to mishandle its official statistics, falls to the ground. It is the case of a particular and indisputable piece of proof against a general vague mood.

I must repeat what has so often been said when this question has been raised, that the discrepancy between the official lists of German casualties and the truth does not imply any elaborate system of false book-keeping, nor even in the greater number of cases, perhaps in all cases, any deliberate individual mis-statement. All it means is that the Government which wants to keep down returns sees that its records are kept on "the right side." When there is any row or any confusion, any loss of documents or any prolonged delay in furnishing them, those who draw up the official lists presumably give themselves the benefit of all such circumstances, and the general result is a minimising of the true losses. I have already suggested in former calculations the special ways in which this phenomenon would appear. Men who die at home after being discharged from hospital can be omitted from the official lists. Men whose death is long uncertain can be kept off the official lists, and may then in the long run never appear there. There will also, it must be admitted, be a certain overlapping between those marked as missing and those who turn out ultimately to be dead. In certain cases all the documents of a unit will be lost. We know that this has happened with several units during the retreat from the Marne and upon the Russian front. To give but one example: The case of a whole battalion of the 10th reserve Corps in the third day of the Battle of the Marne near Esternay, and that is only one instance out of many which occurs to me.

We are under no necessity to imagine peculiar cunning or villainy on the part of the enemy. Things left to themselves would produce the result I have shown, and any government desiring to keep the figures as low as possible would arrive at results below the true total.

At any rate, whatever the cost may be, we have in this particularly small but important example an exact corroboration of the conclusions arrived at by all the best observers in this matter.

H. BELLOC

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

The German Note to America:

*These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.*

Othello I., iii., 216-7.

The Daylight Saving Bill:

*There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early
stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.*

Henry V., IV., i., 4-7.

To Recruiting Sergeants under the New Bill:

This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

Much Ado About Nothing III., iii., 26-8.

THE GERMAN SURRENDER

By Arthur Pollen

THE German reply to President Wilson, with its characteristic jumble of rodomontade, prevarication and idle repetitions of things all the world knows to be untrue, will hardly have surprised those who have followed the discussion of the Washington-Berlin controversy in these columns. The dismissal of von Tirpitz in the early weeks of March made it clear what it was that the German higher command wished to do. It defined the attitude that had ultimately to be taken towards America. It was the agitation of the jingoes that deflected the Government from its purpose. The reply published on the eve of the *Lusitania* anniversary is the Emperor's effort to regain control of the situation. He had to deal with a tangled and difficult situation. He had to address the neutrals of America, he had to cow and bring into line those of his subjects who had taken his previous boastings as literally true, he had to do this without unsaying too much of what he had already said, and he had to remember that every word that was written would be read by his enemies as well as by his friends. It is no wonder that there was considerable doubt as to what it all meant.

The London press, disclaiming dictation to America, was almost unanimous in insisting that the reply did not meet the American demands. The American press was more divided. Some writers looked upon the note as a mere effort to gain time, an obviously dishonest continuation of that inconclusive word splitting of which the American public is after twelve months excusably weary. Others took it to be a sufficient concession to America, though by no means all that was asked for. Others again saw in it as definite a German surrender as could possibly be expected. There is certainly much in the note that stands in sharp conflict with this last being even a tenable view, but for all that I cannot help thinking it was the right one. I read it to say that Germany had given definite orders that submarines are no longer to sink *any* ships at sight, nor at all, without ensuring the safety of those on board. These orders of course may be rescinded. With superfluous frankness Germany has gone so far as to say that she reserves her freedom of action. And those that have followed the story hitherto will have no difficulty in seeing that this reservation is necessary, not because America is expected to press for a modification of the British blockade, but because what has happened in Germany before may happen again. The dynasty having nourished its dupes in the absurd belief that the Central Powers are already victorious on land and can be made victorious on sea by the submarine blockade of Britain, may, in spite of everything, still have to choose between a final conviction at the bar of German public opinion and a final effort to make good its promise. But for the present it can hardly be disputed that the note complies in all essentials with the American demand, and that for the moment the trading ships of the world are safe from unseen and sudden attack and that the crisis with America is postponed.

The American Terms

The indications at the moment of writing, that is on Tuesday morning, are, that President Wilson will act upon this view. In doing so he will not be deluded by the idea that it is safe to accept German statements at their face value. Ultimately the relations between the two countries will be decided not by words but by actions. And the question of the moment is, not what Germany will do but what she has done. Is the reply one that would seem to justify the President in accepting it as satisfactory?

To answer this we must see exactly what it was that America asked, and so far as it can be disentangled from the note, exactly what it is that Germany yields.

As to the American demand, no doubt can possibly exist.

The note of April 20th put the issue into the plainest English conceivable. Before the submarine campaign

began, it said, America had protested that the threat was incompatible both with law and with the higher justice upon which law is based: the past twelve months had shown the reality to be worse than the threat. The hopes raised by German promises to amend had been blasted. The case of the *Sussex* had completed the lessons of the *Lusitania* and *Arabic*, and now no possible doubt was left that the employment of the submarine for the destruction of enemy trade was "completely irreconcilable with the principles of humanity, the undisputed rights of neutrals, and the sacred privileges of non-combatants." "So that if the Imperial Government should not now, without delay, proclaim and make effective renunciation of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and cargo ships, the United States can have no choice than to break off completely diplomatic relations with the German Government." Germany had to choose between submission and defiance. She has made a defiant submission.

The German Dilemma

The tone of the reply is explained by the circumstances in which it was written. They are familiar to the reader. When the outbreak of popular frenzy forced the Government's hand, after von Tirpitz's dismissal, the sink-at-sight campaign was begun, though its author was no longer behind it. It began disastrously, if it was meant to be consistent with remaining friendly with America. First, two Dutch passenger ships were sunk. Finally, the *Sussex* was torpedoed with nearly 100 Americans on board. That all these cases were outside of the commander's instructions did not alter Germany's actual guilt. The dangerous folly of the thing had become manifest, and, as we have often seen, the problem that the Kaiser and his Chancellor had to settle was not what to do, but how to do it.

If the reader will put himself into the position of these two harassed men, he will realise without difficulty that the Note had to achieve three separate, and inconsistent purposes. First, it must save the face of the German higher command. For this purpose, it must repeat the stale and foolish lies that had done duty so often before. It must repeat them because the German jingoes believe them to be true. Incredible as it may appear to us, the German *docs* believe that the British blockade, which was proclaimed in the middle of March of last year, actually preceded the proclamation of the German war zone, which was published more than a month before. He accepts without question the statement that the campaign was directed against British cargo ships only—although in the fifteen months of the campaign half as many neutrals as British ships have been attacked, while, two neutral and near a dozen belligerent liners have been sent to the bottom unwarned. Although, after more than a year of this onslaught on our trade, British imports and exports show an increase, and not a decrease, though there is not a single necessity, and lamentably few luxuries that the British people must deny themselves, he still implicitly believes that the campaign has only to be continued for famine to bring us to our knees. In spite of hunger he does not yet realise the fatal handicap of sea impotence. He thinks Germany can win despite British sea supremacy. He believes these things because the Government has told him so and the Government cannot unsay what it has said, and so it must repeat them now.

Having thus saved its face, the higher command must next make a seeming virtue of necessity by making it appear an alternative—and perhaps a swifter—means of gaining the very end the submarine campaign itself was to achieve. The Note accordingly states that Germany confidently expects America to force Great Britain to abandon her illegalities and follow the laws of humanity. Should America not succeed, Germany, says the Note, will reserve her freedom of action. All this will sound very fine to the German reader. It makes the surrender look like a bargain. But the German Government knows

that America has never questioned our blockade proceedings on the ground of humanity. It knows that there never was and never will be any American effort to stop our exercise of sea rights, or to check the legal sale of American munitions. Nor will the pathos of the starving German arouse the sympathy of those who, in their civil war, compelled the rebels to surrender by cutting off their sea supplies. No one knows better that America perfectly understands the difference between the legitimate and illegitimate use of sea force. But so long as the German reader does not see that this request for American help in breaking the blockade is not a condition of Germany's surrender, but a sort of bullying appendage to it, then it does duty as the only kind of gilding that would make a pill go down.

Finally, the higher command must silence the jingoes by pointing out to them that a quarrel with America would be disastrous. The Note, accordingly, after reciting that the Central Powers have been offering peace right and left just because they are so powerful, says:—

"With all the stronger justification can the German Government declare that it would be an act which could never be vindicated in the eyes of humanity or of history to allow, after twenty-one months of war, a controversy which has arisen out of the submarine warfare to assume a development which would seriously menace peace between the German and American peoples."

The Surrender

So far the reply is purely for home consumption. What is its substance in face of the American demand? The demand, as we have seen, was for an immediate renunciation of inhuman practices. The reply is in these words:—

"The German naval forces have received the following order: In accordance with the general principles of visit and search and the destruction of merchantmen recognised by international law, such vessels, both within and without the area declared a naval war zone, shall not be sunk without warning and without the saving of human lives, unless the ships attempt to escape or to offer resistance."

There are several things to be noticed about this. It is not a renunciation in words but in act, and of course remains a renunciation only so long as those orders remain in force, and are obeyed. But is not the specific order of more worth than any explicit promise? Note next, that there is here no discrimination that excludes either armed ships or cargo vessels from the observance of civilised procedure. Nor is any distinction made between the war zone and the unproclaimed sections of the sea. It is then an executive act that abandons all the subterfuges that have done previous duty in the controversy. I cannot see how any form of words can be more explicit or more complete.

Its Effect

Its effect upon the war must naturally be of considerable importance. If submarines can only sink where they visit, search and save, their activities must be very much restricted. And while I am not one of those who have ever believed that, however ruthless their attacks might be, any serious national danger could result from them, it has long been obvious that if the rate of destruction was higher than our rate of new construction, a great deal of very serious inconvenience must result, both to us and to our Allies. We should be foolish if we relied on the reprieve which Mr. Wilson's diplomacy has secured, and excused ourselves from further effort either to destroy German submarines or replace the ships they have sunk. The campaign of March and April undoubtedly exhibited the high water mark of what submarine attack could do. It is by no means obvious that we have reached the high water mark of what our shipbuilders can do. We know, of course, from Lord Curzon's recent reply in the House of Lords, that shipbuilding has been made war work, and that the Admiralty has removed all difficulties from the way of building merchant tonnage. But it would seem more logical for the Government to undertake the construction of this tonnage itself. It is, after all, our own Government, and not the Germans, who have brought our available mer-

chant tonnage low. And of all forms of naval shortsightedness, the strangest surely was the abstraction of half our merchant ships for naval and military purposes without the immediate taking in hand of building an equal tonnage to replace what had been abstracted. Nor is it too late for this salutary change to be made now. For the present there will be a relief on the heavier toll of cargo ships, but a certain toll will still be taken, and as we have seen, the internal condition of Germany may, at any moment, make the position of the Emperor desperate. And when this happens, no fear of America will stand in the way of more furious assaults than ever.

Ships versus Zeppelins

During the last few months we have had repeated evidence that light cruiser squadrons are extremely active in the North Sea. My readers will remember how first we heard that Commodore Tyrwhitt had his flagship mined, then how when he had transferred his flag, he fought two separate actions off Sylt, how recently when the German battle cruisers visited Lowestoft some light cruisers unnamed had engaged them. But the latest news of the light cruisers is the most astonishing of all. They seem to have constituted themselves Great Britain's main defence against Zeppelins! For much more than 18 months some of us have been urging on various government departments the necessity of providing not only an adequate defence of guns for the main centres of British population, but what has always seemed to me vastly more important, adequate methods for ensuring that those guns are effective when the raiding aircraft appear. Since September last the artillery and the aeronauts have been screaming themselves hoarse, one party advocating the multiplication of gun stations, the other for 1,000 aeroplanes of a new and deadly type, to tear the Zeppelins down out of the sky and destroy them incontinently. With all our efforts only one Zeppelin has been brought down, though some scores of them have from time to time been brought over our fire, or been pursued by bomb-carrying airmen. But all this time it would seem as if the navy, personified by the light cruisers, had been preparing to take over these onerous duties from the not too successful folk on shore. And it was all of a piece with the navy's methods that while *Phaeton* and *Galatea* winged their bird, it was a submarine of all things that finished it off and with characteristic chivalry rescued the survivors.

If ever a list is made of the unexpected things that happened in this war, chief amongst them certainly must be the discovery that our light cruisers are our best defences against the air raids of the enemy. Many extraordinary things were prophesied about the submarine, but that one of these mysterious craft should finish off and sink a Zeppelin and rescue its crew is not to be found in the most flamboyant vaticinations.

The Blue Water Theory

It must have been a revelation to most people that guns mounted aboard ship for this kind of almost vertical firing can be used with such deadly effect. Why, it may be asked, have not the shore guns which have had ten times as many opportunities, been more successful? I do not think the explanation is very far to seek. The anti-aircraft batteries that protect our towns are immobile. They can only fire when the airship comes within range, so that in any event the time available for finding and correcting the range is exceedingly short—a grave disadvantage. Next the airships only come over the land in darkness. However good the searchlights, a Zeppelin artificially illumined at a great height is a far more difficult mark than one seen in the broad light of day. And then the naval guns had the great advantage that they are carried in ships that can go 30 knots. Supposing a Zeppelin comes straight over a shore gun and passes over it at a height of 9,000 feet, and assume the gun to have an effective range of 4,000 yards, the Zeppelin could be kept under fire while approaching and departing for about three minutes if its speed was 60 miles an hour. But if the gun had a speed of 30 miles an hour the period during which the Zeppelin would be under fire would be increased from three minutes to over five. But if a Zeppelin instead of coming straight over a fixed

gun, went 3,000 yards to right or left, the gun would not be able to reach it at all, whereas in a similar case a 30 knot ship could bring it under fire. If there is any sort of a breeze the Zeppelin would have very limited power of manœuvring to avoid the fire of the ship. In other words, if the fire control arrangements and the gunnery skill are equal, a ship's gun in broad daylight would have many more opportunities and far better opportunities of engaging a Zeppelin than any immobile gun could have.

We must next remember that, as the nights get shorter and the days longer so must the period of the daylight flight of the Zeppelin over the North Sea increase, if we assume that they only desire to operate over England during darkness. In mid-winter there are about 14 hours of darkness, in midsummer less than 5½. From Heligoland to Edinburgh is about 150 miles. If a 60 mile-an-hour Zeppelin left Heligoland on the 21st December half an hour before darkness, it would go straight to Edinburgh, spend half an hour dropping bombs, and make its way back to Heligoland, arriving half an hour after dawn. But in midsummer it would have to leave Heligoland 3½ hours before darkness, and would have to make a journey of 270 miles over the North Sea in broad daylight both in coming and in returning. Every British cruiser and destroyer carrying a gun for vertical fire and cruising in the North Sea, is a highly mobile, and as the Germans now know, a highly dangerous obstacle. The excitements of a Zeppelin raid during the summer months will then be unpleasantly magnified.

Though no one foresaw this very interesting development, I think the naval pundits as a body should be heartily ashamed of themselves that they did not. For Commodore Alexander Sinclair's, Captain Cameron's and Lieutenant-Commander Feilman's success is after all only a fresh illustration of the eternal truth, that mobile force is of incalculably greater value than fixed force. Those who have studied the controversies that raged in the last century between those who pinned their faith on fortifications and coast defence ships on the one hand and the fiery spirits of the blue water school on the other, ought I think to have foreseen that as the days got longer the chances of the fleets engaging the Zeppelins must grow greater, and that as the chances increased so the

probabilities of success would grow,

The worst of it is that the fast ship with well-served anti-aircraft guns is only a summer time protection. We obviously can no more dispense with the fixed defences of searchlights and guns, nor with the other kind of mobile defence, the counter-fleet of airships, than we can allow our naval ports and depots and coaling stations to remain incapable of protecting themselves against raiders by forts, destroyers and submarines. In other words, the blue water theory of anti-Zeppelin defence is subject to the same limitations as the blue water theory of national defence. And it is subject to a great many more as well. The fleet has to deal with a force twice as swift as itself, which possesses to boot the enormous advantage of a vastly superior range of vision. In the most favourable of seasons, then, it can never be a complete defence, though it may be singularly effective when it gets its opportunity, and in the unfavourable seasons it must of course be no defence at all. Still it is pleasant to know that the number of our counter strokes has grown, and that at any rate during the next four months, while no doubt preparations for a better defence for next winter will be made, the navy has added a new terror to the seas over which the raiders must pass.

ARTHUR H. POLLEN.

Postscript

Since writing the above, President Wilson's rejoinder has been published. It accepts the German surrender, but only on condition that it is a surrender and not a bargain. Germany must have expected the President to act on this understanding, though there may be an element of unpleasant surprise in his making it so brutally clear. This will not, in all probability imperil the settlement, which, at this moment, Germany must, at all costs, secure. It has for some time been evident that the failure at Verdun had made peace overtures inevitable before the year is out. So long as anything is expected from these, Germany cannot afford to estrange America. But if they are to be based on the theory of a German land victory, they will fail, and then—to quote the Kaiser's note—"a new situation" will have arisen.

Rise and Fall of the French Air Ministry

By F. W. Lanchester

IN the present article I propose to make a digression and to leave the dispassionate and academic consideration of the subject, in order to speak of the position as it actually exists, both in this country and in France.

For several months past there has been widespread talk in the Press of an Air Minister and of an Air Ministry. Coupled to this there has been an agitation centring on the question of the efficiency, and in some cases—in most cases—on the alleged deficiencies of our aeronautical forces. There have been grave allegations made against the naval authorities, against the Government itself, even against the poor unoffending experts, if there are such people as "experts."

Various parties have come forward both inside Parliament and out of Parliament with alleged nostrums and cures for variously alleged evils. Unfortunately the diagnosis of these self-appointed physicians is not always the same, the latter in fact do not agree even as to the symptoms of the supposed disease. Rarely is evidence offered of the statements or allegations made, still more rarely does the self-appointed doctor present his own credentials as evidence of his capacity to effect a cure. The medicine prescribed varies in its character from a veterinary dose of "ginger" to a liberal employment both internally and externally of industrial alcohol, and runs through the whole gamut of tonics and stimulants.

Thus the suggestions offered vary widely both in kind and degree; some have been discussed in the preceding articles, others remain for discussion, others again do not possess sufficient merit to justify even a passing reference.

Our Government has made one attempt at reform—the Derby Committee—and failed. The French Govern-

ment also has made one attempt—an Air Ministry—and has also failed. In both cases the present position is "as you were," and in this country the press and public agitation, backed by a certain measure of political support, continues as before.

Now the whole of this agitation and debate has already had its counterpart on the other side of the Channel, in France. There a real Air Minister was actually appointed, and five months later the Air Ministry was dissolved and control restored to an Army Officer, and thus in the course of the past twelve months the control of Service Aeronautics in France has twice been put into the melting pot. We have in these experiments of administration of our neighbouring Ally a fund of experience on which to draw, which cannot be other than of great value to those on whom responsibility rests to shape our own air policy, and to those who are prepared to make a serious study of the subject. Although these experiments of the French Government in the administration and management of service aeronautics have not been productive of good from the standpoint of the French Nation, they cast a flood of light on the difficulties which must be encountered by anyone approaching the subject *de novo*.

There is a very close parallel between this French history and our own, we have had the same press and public agitation, the same accusations of Service inefficiency. In France the outcry was summarised in the words "*La crise de l'aviation*." Here the analogous term coined by the Press and the Parliamentary malcontents has been "the air muddle." But in France the whole history developed earlier than it did in this country; the following is an abstract of the bare events as they have taken place.

Prior to the War, from April 1st, 1912, to October 1st, 1913, Colonel Hirschauer (now General Hirschauer) was Permanent Inspector of Aeronautics and is looked upon to-day as a most capable organiser and the man who *made* Service aeronautics in France. At the time of the outbreak of war General Bernard was in command of the French Flying Corps, but he resigned on October 10th, 1914, and was replaced by General Hirschauer who, under the title of *Directeur de l'Aeronautique* was at the head of the French Flying Corps until September 10th, 1915. On this latter date the French Government created an Air Ministry, at the head of which was placed a civilian, M. Rene Besnard, whose official title was *Sous Secrétaire de l'Etat Militaire*; the actual date of this appointment was September 12th. On February 10th of the present year, M. Rene Besnard resigned, and the newly created Air Ministry was dissolved after a brief existence of but five calendar months' duration.

Parenthetically it may be stated as a curious commentary and as a reflection on the *bona fides* of those who have talked loudest in this country, that scarcely a word has been said as to the history and achievements of the ill-fated Air Ministry of the French Government. The creation of the Air Ministry and the appointment of M. Besnard on September 12th, 1915, was duly announced and trumpeted in certain sections of the English Press, but the failure and dissolution of the Air Ministry five months later was received in silence. It is difficult to say positively that the matter passed without mention, but I have searched in vain in the papers which affect to inform the public on matters aeronautical, and have failed to find even a reference to so important a fact, or a word of discussion as to the circumstances which led to the final downfall of the Air Ministry and the restoration of the previous method of administration.

The present Director of Military Aeronautics in France is a soldier, Colonel Regnier, and his position is the same as that formerly held by General Hirschauer, his official title being *Directeur de l'Aeronautique Militaire Française*.

A Lesson of History

Now whatever individual views a man may hold as to the defects of our existing aeronautical organisation, be it in the Army or in the Navy, and whatever views he may have expressed prior to February of this year as to the advantages of direct ministerial control, that is to say, the advantages of the management of Service Aeronautics by a civilian Air Minister, he cannot (if acting in good faith) ignore the teaching of history in the French tentative or experimental Air Ministry. He may be able to show reasons why an Air Ministry in France proved itself a failure, he may be able to point to defects in its organisation or in its personnel which would account for its failure. He may be able to show that the conditions in Great Britain, with our naval first line of defence, differ so radically from those which obtain in France, as touching the Air Service, that what may be wrong in France, what may fail in France, may yet be right in Britain. He thus may be able to establish some plausible case for an Air Ministry in England in spite of its failure in France, *but he cannot with honesty* ignore the history of the French Air Ministry without rendering himself open to the accusation of ignorance or of deliberate *suppressio veri*. When we find that one of our leading journals has taken up a line of policy and will stick at nothing—even suppression of the truth—to support its own doctrines, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that its aims and actions are not wholly dictated by patriotic motives.

We will go into this history of the French Air Ministry in greater detail; there is not a point or turn in the experience, and I will say, the ordeal through which the French Air Service has passed which has not its intimate bearing on the present agitation in this country. The downfall of General Hirschauer, who as I have said is rightly to be regarded as the creator, or at least the organiser of the French Air Service, as it existed prior to the outbreak of hostilities, was due to a systematic campaign of intrigue. It is to be recalled that the first term of office of General Hirschauer (then Colonel Hirschauer) terminated prior to the War on October 1st, 1913, from which date the command was in the hands of General Bernard, and from a variety of causes during

the period which intervened after Colonel Hirschauer's resignation, the organisation had so seriously deteriorated, that the outbreak of hostilities was very speedily followed by the resignation of General Bernard and the recall of General Hirschauer to office. It is not possible to discuss in full detail the history of the opposition and intrigue by which General Hirschauer's authority was undermined. His thoroughgoing methods of re-organisation resulted in his incurring the enmity of many of the French firms engaged in aircraft contracts, and raised a corresponding opposition amongst a certain clique of politicians. In other respects the kind of agitation by which General Hirschauer found himself opposed was very similar to that which has during the last few months been agitating political circles in this country.

General Hirschauer

Now General Hirschauer's strength lay in the fact that he had both the theoretical knowledge and the practical experience. His weakness lay in the fact that he was a soldier and not a diplomat. Owing to the fact that he was a soldier he had no means of replying to the attacks which were made upon him, and these as we know can take various forms, and are difficult enough to answer and refute when directed against a civilian who is free to use his pen and speech in his own defence; defence is incomparably more difficult when a soldier is the victim of attack. Eventually the inevitable happened, political intrigue succeeded, General Hirschauer resigned, and an Air Ministry was created with the portfolio in the hands of the civilian, M. Rene Besnard.

Now M. Rene Besnard was no clap-trap orator, as with certain agitators of whom we have painful experience in this country; in this respect France was fortunate. M. Besnard made no pretensions to being a superman with a mission to put everybody else right. He was and is a capable and thoroughly honourable man, and one who was frank to state at the outset that he had neither the knowledge of the subject nor the experience of General Hirschauer, whom in a sense he succeeded.

A consulting or advisory Committee was appointed shortly after the inauguration of the new Ministry to co-operate with M. Besnard; the personnel of this Committee was largely recruited from amongst prominent members of the aeronautical industry; it included amongst others, M. M. Esnault, Pelterie, Clement Bayard, and M. Renault, also M. Eiffel, the well known French engineer. The inclusion of so large a representation of manufacturers and aeronautical constructors may undoubtedly be regarded as an attempt to silence criticism, or as a salve to opposition from the powerful trade interests to which General Hirschauer's downfall had been so largely due.

As Air Minister he undoubtedly had given him greater power, and was less vulnerable to attack from the political side; in spite of these advantages, however, his term of office may be summed up in the one word "failure," and as the failure of the régime which he inaugurated became more and more apparent a new and powerful press outcry arose until ultimately his resignation became inevitable; it was accepted on February 10th last. Beyond this the five months' experience of an Air Ministry had convinced the French Government that the control was more appropriately to be delegated to an Army officer; in other words the work was a soldier's work, and not that of a civilian; Colonel Regnier was appointed and remains in power to-day.

The failure of the French Air Ministry cannot be wholly attributed to any one cause. The probability is that many of the difficulties set forth in the preceding articles became manifest at an early period; but beyond this it is known that the work done under the Besnard régime was from a technical standpoint unsound. The trade representation was not found to be as beneficial as its advocates had hoped, and the new types of aeroplane adopted by the Air Ministry during its brief existence (in many instances machines of large size) proved unsatisfactory; these machines are to-day recognised as having failed to establish themselves as serviceable types.

It is a point of considerable interest, and it is in itself eloquent of the character of the agitation which resulted in the futile upheaval in the French Air Service administration (and of the agitation which is to-day in progress in

this country), that although the complaint of the chief would-be reformers is expressed as a general plea that the Air Service is thoroughly mismanaged, and that the men in charge do not know their business, the attack has been almost invariably based on the *success of the Zeppelin raid*. In other words, although the very exponents of reform have been and are loud in their protestations that they are not endeavouring to take advantage of the fear and the shattered nerves of sections of the populace, and repudiate any suggestion that their agitation is based on the success of the German airship as a means of intimidation, this is definitely the point or pivot on which the press arguments are found time after time to hinge, and it is the Zeppelin raid which has been exploited more than any other one fact as an alleged proof of the so-called "air muddle" in this country and of the "crise de l'aviation" as it has been described in the French press and Chamber of Deputies.

I give the following examples both from the press and from political speeches in France in illustration of the above statement.

Effect of the Zeppelins

The outcry against the French Air Ministry, more particularly as touching the Zeppelin raids, is wonderful in its singleness of purpose. When reading the discussion, either as it took place in the French Chamber or in the Press, one cannot escape from the continual talk of the Zeppelin.

The following from *L'Homme Enchaîné* is an interpellation of General Gallieni:

(1) What are the measures taken by M. Le Ministre de la Guerre against the raids of Zeppelins on Paris?

(2) How have these instructions been followed on the nights of the 29th and 30th January.

And on the day following in the same paper: "The same day that we had the visit of the Zeppelins on Paris we announced that M. R. Besnard had organised a tour of the *bonne presse* amongst our aeroplane factories and amongst our works for the construction of dirigibles." Later in the same article they refer to M. R. Besnard as "the disorganiser (*desorganisateur*) of our aeronautics." One day later, February 5th, a letter is published under the name of L. Bleriot, which begins, "I have felt in a manner particularly acute the affront of which Paris has been the victim. It is the main motive of this letter." Later in the letter M. Bleriot complains that everything would be right if a certain list or panel of pioneer constructors were embodied in a "*comité supérieur de la défense aérienne de la France*." The names he suggests are Voisin, Caudron, Breguet, Saulnier, Bechereau, Delage (Nieuport), Farman, which with the names already cited would practically mean the control of French military aeronautics by a trade committee!

On February 9th the same paper announces the resignation of M. Besnard and its acceptance by the French Minister of War, General Gallieni. M. Besnard's complaint in his letter of resignation is in brief that the French Chamber wished to saddle him with responsibility which was quite beyond the powers conferred upon his office.

We have in the above a most clearly and intimately related history of cause and effect. But in the same paper of February 1st we find the disclaimer with which our press also has made us familiar—"If the German 'psychologues' have believed with their Zeppelins and their bombs to terrorise the Parisian population they ought to be undeceived. Never has Paris shown less fear, one may say more indifference, to danger."

My comment on the above is that either the boasted indifference of the Parisian to the German bomb is a *farce*, or else the wave of displeasure previously expressed on account of the Zeppelin visit was a *pose* assumed by an industrial or political clique to remove a Minister who was distasteful. What greater triumph could the authors of the Zeppelin raids on Paris boast than of having been the means through popular clamour of the overthrow of the French Air Ministry! The alleged ineffectiveness of the Zeppelin bomb is curiously enough reflected in article after article in the same journal, and yet, on the strength of the failure of the defence, mud is continually thrown at the ill-fated M. Besnard.

The same history will be found in other French journals

of the same period. From the 1st February to the time of the Minister's resignation we have the same story, indignant complaints on the subject of the Zeppelin raids and scornful attacks on the Air Minister up to the date of his *démission*.

In examining this history of the French Air Ministry I have come across a paragraph in *La Liberté* over the pen of Georges Berthoulat which is worth quoting. The following is a rough translation. Referring to M. Besnard:

"He will not be replaced by a Sous Secrétaire d'Etat (Minister). Aviation is in fact a department which must depend directly upon the Ministry of War which this multiplication of under secretariats has threatened with dismemberment. General Gallieni has strong arms. He may be trusted to use them with energy to reorganise the Service as he reorganised the entrenched camp of Paris. At the outset let it be settled that the technical section of aeronautics must cease to be a watertight compartment of the *Direction*. Banished to the Invalides the technical section is ignored by the office of M. Besnard in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. Its remarks, its conclusions, even the most interesting against the Zeppelins, have been condemned to eternal sleep. Another similar vicious system; no connection between the direction of the artillery and that of aeronautics. But, firing from below against aeroplanes or Zeppelins depends upon the artillery, whilst fire from above against the same objectives belongs to aeronautics. Inconceivable but true! As for horizontal fire the two departments dispute amongst themselves without doubt."

But as to the main point—every French journal tells the same tale—the sequence is:—

(1) Zeppelin raids.

(2) A furious agitation against the Air Ministry hinging on the Zeppelin raid.

(3) Air Minister resigns.

In the article which follows I shall show how closely a parallel history has been threatened by the present air agitation (the so-called "air-muddle") in this country, a history which has kept French aeronautics in a state of unsettlement and ferment for a period of more than six months.

The dangers of an inconclusive peace, and the possibilities of submarine merchant ships, form the main thesis of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's latest book, *The Men Who Wrought*. (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net.) There is enough of love story in the book to give a personal interest, and there are German spies, German secret dockyards, a genius of a Polish inventor, and a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Cullum has adapted, to a certain extent, the methods of William le Queux to his own particular style of writing, and the result is rather heavy. Still, it is a good story, with enough of thrills to satisfy the most exacting reader, though few will agree with the writer's conclusion—the transport of the centre of the British Empire from these islands to some point of greater possible security. The author has evidently overlooked what happens in the case of countries possessing land frontiers, such as Canada must always possess. Power and the possession of power must always bring responsibilities and dangers, and the shifting of the centre would not make it less a storm centre.

The study of Dostoevsky's life and career embodied in *Dostoevsky*, by Evgenii Soloviev (George Allen and Unwin, 5s. net), is an appreciation rather than a criticism of the man. "A return to the people—service of the masses in a spirit of Christian love and truth"—such was Dostoevsky's message—that is the keynote of the book. At the same time, much of the matter that the book contains will prove new, even to the majority of those who are familiar with the great Russian through the translations of his work into English.

His sufferings, imprisonment, and ceaseless struggle with life are outlined, and the persistent melancholy of his work is more than accounted for by the man himself. His appreciation of the better qualities of the people of Russia—the inarticulate peasantry—is clearly shown. "Under the dingy smock of the Russian peasant, under his inveterate barbarity and uncouthness and 'beast-like ignorance,' Dostoevsky ever sought and ever found 'great depths of human sentiment' in the shape of the peasant's fine, almost maternal tenderness for whatever is weak or unhappy or in pain."

The book is a stimulating inquiry into causes, and perusal of its pages will help readers of Dostoevsky's own work to understand not only the work, but the man behind it.

Before the Charge

By Patrick MacGill

Patrick MacGill, whose first book, "Children of the Dead End," caused him to leap into fame as a writer of the realist school, is in his twenty-sixth year. Born in Donegal of Irish peasants, he started life at nine years of age as a potato digger in the North of Scotland. He then became a farm hand, labourer, tramp, drainer, and navy in turn, and all these phases of his life are described with great power in his autobiography.

In his spare time Patrick MacGill wrote poems and studied to such effect that he was able to translate from the French and German. A little paper-covered book (a collector offered a guinea for a copy a short time ago) entitled "Songs of a Navy," and published by himself, was his first venture; an article, scribbled in pencil on a piece of dirty paper in the navy shack, found its way to the editor of the London "Daily Express," who immediately sent for the young writer and gave him a post on the editorial staff. At the beginning of September, 1914, he enlisted as a private in the London Irish Rifles, and has been at Givenchy, Guinchy, Festubert, Grenay, and many other places, but was finally wounded at Loos in September last. His latest book, "The Red Horizon," was written entirely in the trenches.



PATRICK MACGILL

I POKED my head through the upper window of our billet and looked down the street. An ominous calm brooded over the village, the trees which lined the streets seemed immovable in the darkness, with lone shadows clinging to their trunks. On my right, across a little rise, was the firing line. In the near distance was the village of Bully-Grenay, roofless and tenantless, and further off was the Philosophe hamlet with its dark blue slag-head bulking large against the horizon. Souchez in the hills was

as usual active; a heavy artillery engagement was in progress. White and lurid splashes of flame dabbled the sky, the smoke rising from the ground paled in the higher air; but the breeze blowing away from me carried the tumult and thunder far from my ears. I looked on a conflict without a sound; a furious fight seen but unheard.

A coal-heap near the village stood colossal and threatening; an engine shunted a long row of waggons along the railway line which fringed Les Brebis. In a pit by the mine a big gun began to speak loudly and the echo of its voice palpitated through the room and dislodged a tile from the roof. . . . My mind was suddenly permeated by a feeling of proximity to the enemy.

He whom we were to attack at dawn seemed to be very close to me. I could almost feel his presence in the room. At dawn I might deprive him of life and he might deprive me of mine.

Two beings give life to a man, but one can deprive him of it. Which is the greater mystery? Birth or death? They who are responsible for the first may take pleasure, but who can glory in the second? To kill a man . . . to feel for ever after the deed that you have deprived a fellow being of life!

"We're beginning to strafe again," said Dudley Pryor, coming to my side as a second reverberation shook the house. "It doesn't matter. I've got a bottle of champagne and a box of cigars."

"I've got a bottle as well," I said.

"There'll be a hell of a do to-morrow," said Pryor.

"I suppose there will," I replied. "The officer said that our job will be quite an easy one."

"H'm," said Pryor.

I looked down at the street and I saw Bill Teake.

"There's Bill down there," I remarked. "He's singing a song. Listen."

I like your smile,

I like your style,

I like your soft blue dreamy eyes.

"There's passion in that voice," I said. "Has he fallen in love again?"

A cork went plunk! from a bottle behind me, and Pryor, from the shadows of the room behind me, answered: "Oh, yes! he's in love again; the girl next door is his fancy now."

"Oh, so it seems," I said. "She's out at the pump now, and Bill is edging up to her as quietly as if he was going to loot a chicken off its perch."

Bill is a boy for the girls; he finds a fresh love at every billet. His new flame was a squat stump of a Millet girl in short petticoats and stout sabots. Her eyes were a deep black, her teeth very white. She was a comfortable, good-natured girl, "a big 'andful of love," as he says to himself, but she was not very good looking.

Bill sidled up to her side and fixed an earnest gaze on the water falling from the pump; then he nudged the girl in the hip with a playful hand and ran his fingers over the back of her neck.

"Allez vous en!" she cried, but otherwise made no attempt to resist Bill's advances.

"Allez voos ong yerself!" said Bill, and burst into song again.

She's the pretty little girl from Nowhere,

Nowhere at all.

She's the—

He was unable to resist the temptation any longer and he clasped the girl round the waist and planted a kiss on her cheek. The maiden did not relish this familiarity. Stooping down, she placed her hand in the pail, raised a handful of water, and flung it in Bill's face. The Cockney retired crestfallen, spluttering, and a few minutes afterwards he entered the room.

"Yes, I think that there are no women on earth to equal them," said Pryor to me, deep in a prearranged conversation. "They have a grace of their own and a coyness which I admire. I don't think that any women are like the women of France."

"'Oo?" asked Bill Teake, sitting down on the floor.

"Pat and I are talking about the French girls," said Pryor.

"They're splendid."

"H'm!" grunted Bill, in a colourless voice.

"Not much humbug about them," I remarked.

"I prefer English girls," said Bill. "They can make a joke and take one. As for the French girls, ugh!"

"But they're not all alike," I said. "Some may resent advances in the street and show temper when they're kissed over a pump—"

"The water from the Les Brebis pumps is very cold," said Pryor. We could not see Bill's face in the darkness, but we could almost feel our companion squirm.

"'Ave yer got some champagne, Pryor?" he asked, with studied indifference. "My froat's like sand-paper."

"Plenty of champagne, matey," said Pryor in a repentant voice. "We're all going to get drunk to-night. Are you?"

"'Course I am!" said Bill. "It's very comfy to 'ave a drop of champagne."

"More comfy than a kiss even," said Pryor.

As he spoke the door was shoved inwards and our Corporal entered. For a moment he stood there without speaking, his long, lank form darkly outlined against the half-light.

"Well, Corporal?" said Pryor interrogatively.

"Why don't you light a candle?" asked the Corporal. "I thought that we were going to get one another's addresses."

"So we were," I said, as if just remembering a decision arrived at a few hours previously. But I had it in my mind all the time.

Bill lit a candle and placed it on the floor while I covered up the window with a ground sheet.

The window looked out on the firing line, three kilometres away, and the light, if uncovered, might be seen by the enemy. I glanced down the street and saw boys in khaki strolling aimlessly about, their cigarettes glowing. . . . The starshells rose in the sky out behind Bully-Grenay, and again I had that feeling of the enemy's presence which was mine a few moments before.

Kore returned from a neighbouring café, a thoughtful look in his dark eyes and a certain irresolution in his movements. His delicate nostrils and pale lips quivered nervously, betraying doubt and a little fear of the work ahead at dawn. Under his arm he carried a bottle of champagne which he placed on the floor beside the candle. Sighing a little, he lay down at full length on the floor, not before he brushed the dust aside with a newspaper. Kore was very neat and took a great pride in his uniform, which fitted him like an eyelid.

Felan and M'Crone came in together, arm in arm. The latter was in a great state of subdued excitement; his whole body shook as if he was in fever; when he spoke his voice was highly pitched and unnatural, a sign that he was under the strain of great nervous tension. Felan looked very much at ease, though now and again he fumbled with the pockets of his tunic, buttoning and unbuttoning the flaps and digging his hands into his pockets as if feeling for something which was not there. He had no cause for alarm; he was the company cook and, according to regulations, would not cross in the charge.

"Blimey! you're not 'arf a lucky dawg!" said Bill, glancing at Felan. "I wish I was the cook to-morrow."

"I almost wish I was myself."

"Wot d'yer mean?"

"Do you expect an Irishman is going to cook bully-neef when his regiment goes over the top?" asked Felan. "For shame!"

We rose, all of us, shook him solemnly by the hand, and wished him luck.

"Now, what about the addresses?" asked Kore. "It's time we wrote them down."

"It's as well to get it over," I said, but no one stirred.

We viewed the job with distrust. By doing it we reconciled ourselves to a dread inevitable; the writing of these addresses seemed to be the only thing that stood between us and death. If we could only put it off for another little while. . . .

"We'll 'ave a drink to 'elp us," said Bill, and a cork went plonk! The bottle was handed round and each of us, except the Corporal, drank in turn until the bottle was emptied. The Corporal was a teetotaler.

"Now, we'll begin," I said. The wine had given me strength. "If I am killed write to—and—. Tell them that my death was sudden, easy."

"That's the thing to tell them," said the Corporal. "It's always best to tell those at home that death was sudden and painless. It's not much of a consolation, but—"

He paused.

"It's the only thing one can do," said Felan.

"I've nobody to write to," said Pryor, when his turn came.

"There's a Miss —. But what the devil does it matter. I've nobody to write to, nobody that cares a damn what becomes of me," he concluded. "At least, I'm not like Bill."

"And who will I write to for you, Bill?" I asked.

Bill scratched his little white potato of a nose, puckered his lips and became thoughtful. I suddenly realised that Bill was very dear to me.

"Not afraid, matey?" I asked.

"Naw," he answered, in a thoughtful voice. "A man has only to die once, anyhow," said Felan.

"Greedy! 'Ow many times d'yer want to die?" asked Bill. "But I s'pose if a man 'ad nine lives like a cat, he wouldn't mind dyin' once."

"But suppose," said Pryor.

"S'pose," muttered Bill. "Well, if it 'as to be it can't be 'elped. . . . I'm not goin' to give any address to nobody," he said. "I'm goin' to 'ave a drink."

We were all seated on the floor round the candle which was stuck in the neck of an empty champagne bottle.

The candle flickered faintly, and the light made feeble fight with the shadows in the corners. The room was full of the aromatic flavour of Turkish cigarettes and choice cigars, for money was spent that evening with the recklessness of men going out to die.

I began to feel drowsy, but another mouthful of champagne renewed vitality in my body. With this feeling came a certain indifference towards the morrow. I must confess that up to now I had a vague distrust of my actions in the work ahead. My normal self revolted at the thought of the coming dawn; the experiences of my life had not prepared me for one day of savage and ruthless butchery. To-morrow I had to go forth prepared to do much that I disliked. . . . I had another sip of wine; we were at the last bottle now.

Pryor looked out of the window, raising the blind so that little light shone out into the darkness.

"A Scottish division are passing through the street now, in silence, their kilts swinging," he said. "My God! it does look fine."

He arranged the blind again and sat down. Bill was cutting a sultana cake in neat portions and handing them round.

"Come Felan, and sing a song," said M'Crone.

"My voice is no good now," said Felan, but by his way of speaking we knew that he would oblige.

"Now, Felan, come along!" we chorused.

Felan wiped his lips with the back of his hand, took his cigar between finger and thumb and put it out by rubbing the lighted end against his trousers. Then he placed the cigar behind his ear.

"Well, what will I sing?" he asked.

"Any damned thing," said Bill.

"The 'Trumpeter,' and we'll all help," said Kore.

Felan leant against the wall, thrust his head back, closed his eyes, stuck the thumb of his right hand into a buttonhole of his tunic and began his song.

His voice, rather hoarse but very pleasant, faltered a little at first, but was gradually permeated by a note of deepest feeling, and a strange passion surged through the melody. Felan was pouring his soul into the song.

Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?

Is it the call I'm seeking?

Lucky for you if you hear it at all.

For my trumpet's but faintly speaking —

I'm calling 'em home. Come home! Come home!

Tread light o'er the dead in the valley,

Who are lying around

Face down to the ground,

And they can't hear—

Felan broke down suddenly, and, coming across the floor, he entered the circle and sat down.

"'Twas too high for me," he muttered huskily. "My voice has gone to the dogs. . . . One time—"

Then he relapsed into silence. None of us spoke, but we were aware that Felan knew how much his song had moved us.

"Ye're not having a drop at all, Corporal," said M'Crone. "Have a sup; it's grand stuff."

The Corporal shook his head. He sat on the floor with his back against the wall, his hand under his thighs.

"I don't drink," he said. "If I can't do without it now after keeping off it so long, I'm not much good."

"Yer don't know wot's good for yer," said Bill, gazing regretfully at the last half-bottle. "There's nuffink like fizz. My ole man's a devil fer 'is suds; so'm I."

Our platoon Sergeant appeared at the top of the stairs, his red head lurid in the candle light.

"Enjoying yourselves, boys?" he asked, with paternal solicitude.

The Sergeant's heart was with his platoon.

"'Avin' a bit of a frisky," said Bill. "Will yer 'ave a drop?"

"I don't mind," said the Sergeant. He spoke almost in a whisper, and something seemed to be gripping at his throat.

He put the bottle to his lips and paused for a moment.

"Good luck to us all!" he said, and drank. "We're due to leave here in fifteen minutes," he told us. "Don't forget your respirators, boys, and be ready when you hear the whistle blown out in the street. Have a smoke now, for no pipes or cigarettes are to be lit on the march."

He paused for a moment, then, wiping his moustache with the back of his hand, he clattered down the stairs

The World's Trade after the War

By Lewis R. Freeman

[This remarkable forecast of the World's trade after the war and the consequent competition is by Mr Lewis R. Freeman, an American journalist of high reputation, who for years has given close study to commercial affairs both here and abroad, and has travelled widely.]

IN America there has been a persistent tendency—not only among professional pacifists and politicians, but also among those bankers, manufacturers and economists who have not been in personal touch with the situation across the Atlantic—to picture the belligerent countries after the war as depopulated, disorganised, crushed with debt and generally crippled in their power to carry on business at home and abroad.

The present struggle does not promise to develop into another "Thirty Years' War," and the drawing in of the United States on the side of the Allies would tend to shorten rather than to lengthen it. It is not difficult to conceive of contingencies under which hostilities would be brought to an end by next autumn, and peace by the middle of 1917 is more than probable. The point for American bankers, manufacturers and exporters to get well in mind is that their two greatest commercial rivals, Great Britain and Germany, far from being depopulated, disorganised or industrially crippled by the middle, or even the end of 1917, will, in spite of their huge war debts and the killing of many thousands of their best men, be in a stronger position to wage aggressive and successful war for the world's trade than ever before.

Organised Industry

This is especially true of England, which as a direct consequence of the war, from being one of the least effectively organised and most wasteful of manual effort among all industrial nations, has developed an efficiency comparable to if not yet equal to, that of the United States and Germany. There is no doubt whatever that to-day anywhere from seventy to eighty British factory workers are doing as much labour as were one hundred in pre-war times, and this at the expenditure of very little more physical effort. There is still much room for improvement along the same lines, but the fact that so much has been accomplished in so short a time shows the potency of war-time conditions in breaking down what had come to be regarded as the fixed-for-all-time barriers of British industrial conservatism, and furnishes an illuminative object-lesson with which to encourage further reforms after the war.

Besides a greatly improved industrial organisation as a direct result of the war, an enormous material increase of British manufacturing facilities will have to be reckoned with. There is scarcely an important manufacturing plant in the country which has not been greatly increased in capacity to accommodate the rush of war orders, while the number of new factories built for munition work of one kind or another is also very large. Whenever an addition to a factory has been built, the fact has always been borne in mind so far as possible that it would ultimately be utilised for peace-time work. In many instances, such as those of shoe, automobile and motor truck factories, and ship-building plants of all descriptions, the war-time extensions will be ready to turn to on regular peace-time work without any change whatever, and at a moment's notice. In other cases, certain changes of machinery will have to be made to effect the transition.

Even the huge new plants which have been erected by the British Government for the sole purpose of augmenting its munition supply will ultimately figure as an industrial asset rather than as an economic loss to be written off as "war cost." These are invariably located at the most convenient points as regards raw material of all kinds, and also as regards rail and water transport. The plan now is to utilise as many of these new plants as the Government ultimately decides it can dispense with for the manufacture of products hitherto imported almost exclusively from Germany. British chemists and en-

gineers will have to bestir themselves to turn out aniline dyes, gas engines and electrical machinery as cheaply as the Germans did, but with the raw material supply rather in their favour there is no reason they should not prove equal to the task. At any rate, whatever is done with the new war plants, England will resume her fight for the retention of her premier place in the world's trade with greatly augmented factory facilities as well as an improved organisation.

Increase of Manufactures

In spite of the five million men in her army and navy, and the huge numbers employed in such non-productive war effort as the censorship and the clerical work of the various Government departments, the increase of England's manufactures—if munitions are included—in the last twenty months is enormous. What this increase amounts to, it is impossible—in the absence of any figures covering the output of munitions, ships, etc.—to make even an approximate estimate. Judging however, from the fact that the country's exports have been fairly well maintained—as compared with 1913 as a normal year—and have even been increased from month to month since the first sharp drop following the outbreak of the war, it must be very great, possibly so much as 50 or 75 per cent.

Part of this increase, it is true, is due to causes which will cease to operate after the war—volunteer workers, suspension of trade union rules for the restriction of output, and sheer increase of nervous effort—but the much greater part is due to improved organisation and heightened efficiency. It seems reasonable to believe, therefore, that any losses of men which England is likely to suffer will be more than offset by the better application of national effort; through not only making four men do the work five did before, but also through increasing the quality as well as the quantity of their work—raising the average of skill.

That England's loss of merchant ships from submarines and other war causes will greatly handicap her commercial efforts after peace is restored is not probable. The seriousness of the ship shortage to-day is largely due to the fact that something like forty per cent. of the total merchant tonnage is in transport or other war service, so that the sinking of one of the remaining carriers has a significance considerably greater than the fractional percentage it represents in the total tonnage would indicate. But although it may well transpire that England will suffer even more severely before the war is over from shortage of ships than she is suffering to-day, this would not mean that she would necessarily be greatly embarrassed after the war. The release of the ships now under charter to the Government will give her more than enough bottoms to carry her goods in any likely event, so that, until the lost ships are replaced, she will merely have less tonnage than formerly with which to go after the carrying trade of other countries. The loss will, therefore, have a financial rather than a commercial bearing. The burden of the high freights which will rule for an indefinite period following the war will be, directly and indirectly, distributed pretty well over all the industrial nations; in the last analysis, indeed, over all the world.

Germany, like England, will be stronger industrially after the war than she was before, though her gain, both relative and actual, will be far less pronounced. England's increased industrial effectiveness will be principally due, as has been stated, to improved organisation, and in this particular it happens that Germany had gone just about as far before the war as it was possible to go. There will, however, as in England, doubtless be a considerable increase in the average "quality" of the work performed, due to the training of women and hitherto unskilled men. There can be little doubt, also, that Germany's increase of manufacturing plants has not been nearly so great as that of England. To begin with, the former's munition supply facilities were undoubtedly

far more nearly adequate than the latter's, and when the experience of the war proved the imperative necessity of speedily increasing these, the great number of German factories which had been closed down when that country's export trade was cut off stood ready for conversion. It was this circumstance, indeed, that made it possible for Germany to react to the unexpectedly great demand for shells more quickly than did France and England, both of which countries, far from having any idle factories, were confronted with a greater export demand than ever. Germany, has, it is true—especially in turning out the endless list of "substitutes" which have been required to replace products cut off by the blockade of the Allies—built many new factories, but there is no reason to believe that the increase has been on anywhere near so considerable a scale as in England.

Germany's Losses

Germany's losses in man-power have been, and will continue to the end to be, much heavier than those of England, since the former has been putting forth her extreme efforts and fighting on over a thousand miles of front from the outset. Yet it is still probable that the war may end without Germany's total losses being great enough to offset the better training of the men and women who have continued in, or been pressed into, industrial work.

All in all, therefore, there seems every reason to believe that both England and Germany will have gained rather than lost industrial strength as a consequence of the war, and that of the two England's position will have improved considerably more than that of Germany. Both will be better able to manufacture for export than ever before, and both, as a consequence of their great need of money, will be forced to go after overseas trade even more aggressively than in the past. Just how much their huge war debts are going to handicap them in their renewed commercial activities it is difficult to forecast just yet.

Germany's carefully prepared financial scheme was based on the expectation that her enemies would be forced to pay her war bill through indemnities. This hope appeared to persist in Government circles during most of the first year of the war, and even down to the time of the latest loan efforts were made to keep it alive in the hearts of the German people. As a matter of fact the sum total of the indemnities Germany is likely to receive is represented by the "fines" that were levied upon occupied French and Belgian cities in the first months of the war. As long ago as the beginning of the present year—three months before the great drive at Verdun had been definitely halted—it was an open secret in Washington that Germany would be quick to welcome a peace that would involve not only her withdrawal from Belgium and France without the receipt of indemnities, but even the payment of an indemnity to the former under the euphemistic title of a "reconstruction fund."

Since it is absolutely certain, then, that Germany will not be able to pay her war debt with indemnities levied upon Russia and France, and since it is likely that this debt will be increased by a payment to Belgium, and also to Serbia and France, it is hard to see how she can escape paying the penalty of a huge financial crash for erecting those precarious "houses of cards," her unbacked war loans. The dead weight of her idle ships and stagnant export trade must also be felt in Germany long after both have begun to move once more as the British Navy lowers its bars.

With anything less than the clean-cut victory that would enable her to shift her debts upon her enemies' shoulders—an almost negligible contingency—Germany's after-the-war financial problem will be a staggering one, and not the least difficult part of it will be to persuade her people to take back in paper what they gave in gold. Indeed, there is much to support the view of those who hold that the Kaiser's greatest trouble is coming, not in the settlement with his enemies at the peace conference, but in the settlement with his own deluded people after the peace conference. The German people they say have, under the stimulus of war enthusiasm, freely dribbled out their gold for iron rings and iron nails, but when they learn that their life savings have gone in a lump to pay for a war which has most

signally failed to accomplish what they had been assured it would, they are likely to develop, to say the least, an unsuspected intractability.

If we knew what course the German Government would pursue in the way of paying off its war debt, we should be in a better position to forecast what effect the existence of this debt will have upon Germany as a competitor for the world's trade. In the case of England, which has financed the war by perfectly legitimate methods of remarkable astuteness, the influence of her new debt would seem to be perfectly clear. A continuation for an indefinite length of time of some such rate of taxation as the country has shown itself so well able to bear during the war, combined with continued and perhaps increased national and personal economy, should ultimately see England through with a clean slate and a clean conscience. The high taxes will, of course, mean that the cost of living will remain high, and this, in turn, will keep wages up, thereby increasing the cost of production. Should ocean freights remain anywhere near their present level for a number of years, it is possible that the cost of living in England might become as high as in the United States, though that is an unlikely contingency. Wages, however, are hardly likely to increase quite proportionately to food, and it is probable that the higher standard of living of the American workman will always keep his pay higher than on the other side of the Atlantic.

Still paying lower wages than the United States, England has but to bring her industrial organisation up to that of the former to be able to turn out goods more cheaply, and it will be found that a long step has been taken in this direction during the war. The advantage that England will still enjoy as the world's principal carrier will rather more than offset the considerably increased expense she will be under for raw materials from abroad.

International Trade Alliances

While it would be idle to speculate before the peace settlement concerning international trade alliances to be entered into after the war, it is quite possible to observe already the set of certain significant currents in some of the individual nations. The British Empire, for instance, appears to be inclining strongly toward the throwing up of a tariff wall, not only with the object of protecting new industries which may have sprung up for supplying goods hitherto bought from Germany, but also—and principally—with the object of curbing the increase of German wealth and power. The decision on this score, it is urged, is one which cannot wait for peace-time deliberation, for some kind of protection must be devised against the seven thousand million marks worth of German goods which have been accumulated during the war for the purpose of "dumping" upon foreign markets as soon as the seas are open for German ships. The figure may be an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that Germany's imperative need of money, as well as her desire to regain lost markets, will induce her to endeavour to kill two birds with one stone by offering an unprecedented quantity of her goods at very low prices.

Not only in England, but even more insistently from Canada, Australia, South Africa and India, there is a cry for adequate protective measures against German "dumping" immediately after the war, as well as for the initiation of some scheme calculated to restrict to the minimum for an indefinite period German trading with all parts of the British Empire. There is no mistaking the strength of this feeling. It is evident not only in the growth of very powerful anti-German societies in England and the Dominions and Dependencies, but also in the utterances of some of the most conservative members of their Governments.

It is just conceivable that Germany may be in strong enough position at the Peace Conference to insert provisions insuring her against the formation of a customs union among the Allies, but nothing less than sending the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea could prevent England, once she so desired, from throwing up such tariff walls as she pleased about her own Empire. That such a wall against German goods—and it would operate to restrict German influence generally as well—is not only desirable but imperative, I am thoroughly convinced.

Some Mountain Passes

By William T. Palmer

SOMEHOW our British mountain passes have only an "off-day" attraction for the climber and mountaineer. Certainly, in his route from Keswick, such a one is compelled to tramp over Sty Head, or approaching from Langdale has to endure the torments of steep and stony Rosset Ghyll as a prelude to his pleasure. But in this motoring generation one may easily find habitues of Wasdale who know nothing of either the Wrynose or the Stake passes, though neither is far away. And the same circumstance may be found both in Wales and in Scotland.

There seems to be a strong prejudice that mountain passes must be all alike. For my own part I am just in from two days in the Central Grampians where the famous Glen Tilt and Larig Ghru passes were taken on successive days, and certainly not agree there is any common ground in the scenery there. A few months ago I renewed acquaintance with the passes about Glencoe, including the Devil's Staircase (a soldier's nickname this for a very moderate ascent!) from Rannoch Moor to Kinlochleven, and some time earlier was in the dark depths of Glen Nevis. The Cumbrian passes are of course old familiar places, both as regards the motor roads, the bridge paths (which serve as modern tourist routes), and the nearly invisible "dalesman's ways."

A slight consideration shows that mountain passes may be divided, for accessibility, into the classes already mentioned. The motor roads represent the great trunk lines (though they are exceptions). The drove road and the many "passes of the calves" of the Highlands indicate the routes by which drovers assembled their live wares for the fairs which in the long ago were often held at points not even represented on modern maps by a place-name. Such roads, being disused, are in some danger of being forgotten, and the casual tourist who follows their green lines knows nothing of either the history or associations around his feet.

Robber Routes

Then there are the robber routes so-called—selected not always as secret places, but maybe because the way of pursuit, by breaking some bridge or damaging a ford could be hindered until the twenty-four hours allowed by the law of "hot-trod" had expired, and the robbers had the right of defending with violence their misgotten property.

In choosing both drove and robber routes a due regard had to be taken for forage for the beasts: even the wildest Highlander who ever lifted a Lowland cow had no desire to present at home a bag of skin and bones, a fine animal emaciated by bad pasture and hard driving. How often, in following such routes, does one find an alp of sweet grass starred in the weary miles of heath and bog. Nor did the ancient cattle-drovers particularly favour an ultra-narrow passage between cliff and burn. If, and because, the Pass of Killiecrankie could not be avoided then that route was taken, but the narrow path made driving tedious and mishaps almost certain. The thief with his tiny knot of ill-gotten cattle might lurk in crannies of the rocks, drive his beasts up burns when other progress was impossible, and cross the highest and narrowest ridges, but not so the honest man whose planning of mountain roads was for the public good, and has mostly continued.

One finds it utterly impossible to assemble mountain passes under specific banners. They are too individual. There is nothing in Britain like the Larig Ghru which has just given me a lively scrimmage against wet, snow and fluffy drifts, and almost caused a night's bivouac on the lower boundary of the forest of Rothiemurchus. Rising nearly to 2,800 feet, it is for the most part of its height rough and stony, but still it occupies a most emphatic trough through the Central Grampians, no less than four distinct peaks of over four thousand feet peeping down into its recesses.

Compared with the passes of Cumbria, the Larig is like an uncouth, loose-limbed hobbledohoy. Its great length is cast over miles of moor, stones and bog, with a glorious unconcern as to appearances. Sty Head, on the

other hand, is a jewel among mountain passes (it is not, and should not be, perfectly symmetrical). It ladders up the screes from Wasdale Head, twists neatly round the corner of Great Gable, and skis down the cliff into fertile Borrowdale. In half a dozen miles it has passed through the whole scenic gamut, has attained its little sensations, its wonderful quick changes, and is a thing for the memory to cherish. But the long struggle of the Larig gives one hours of comparative tedium, inevitable no doubt where Nature is shaped on the doubly-large scale of the Grampians.

Motor Roads

One can scarcely accept a motor-road over the ridges as a mountain pass without protest, though such as Kirkstone and Glencoe, Llanberis and Drumochter have fine claims. Nor does the road winding into the Trossachs or that between Ben Cruachan above and Loch Awe beside really deserve the name of mountain pass unless we also include the way through the gorge of Cheddar in Somerset or some of the Derbyshire main roads. Some of General Wade's roads achieve the height of respectable passes, but that was unavoidable, and the beauties of the Devil's Staircase or of Corriyarick (between Dalhinnie and Fort Augustus) are of a poor order.

But after all there is no comparison between the natural and the artificial in mountain passes. In the former the approach is usually by some ridge or inclined strata which favours an easy if lengthy ascent. General Wade followed the example of all military engineers by marking the point at which it was necessary to cross the ridge, and came up to it by a series of more or less steep zig-zags—a horrible mutilation of the face of the mountain. Even in the old Roman routes the same discrepancy was visible, though in less degree, probably owing to the fact that two-wheeled chariots and light baggage carts were the only conveyances to be provided for. The Maiden Way which passes the Pennine near the top of Cross Fell on its way to Alston is a fair example of the Roman mountain road. The approach from Ambleside to High Street would, of course, have been steeper, but unfortunately the line of this road, presumably near Blue Ghyll, cannot be definitely traced in these days.

Concerning the mountain passes which were never intended for ordinary cattle traffic there is little to say. Dalesmen, smugglers, sportsmen, climbers have been concerned in making these short cuts from point to point. The Larig Eilde from Glen Etive to Glen Coc, Moses's Gate between the two Gables in Cumberland, the various miner's paths in Snowdonia are all examples of this type. These passes often touch scenes of great beauty, but for the most part their object remains strictly utilitarian. There is a girdle round Snowdon from Llanberis over the neck between Crib Goch, down into Cwm Dylli and over to the pass between Lliwedd and the main mountain which certainly introduces one to some glorious rock scenery.

Other routes are mere grinds up scree and boulder and slippery grass without the slightest offset in the way of interest. No one, for instance, gets much pleasure out of Sticks Pass (to the north of Helvellyn) or from the miner's track which crosses the marshy moor from Penygwryd past the Glyders for Ogwen and Bethesda. The cove between the Glyders and Tryfaen absolutely hides the beauty of those mountains, and another depression on the Ogwen side prevents anything good being visible there. But the track saves the quarryman at least an hour compared with the circuit by main road to Capel Curig and up the disappointing Nant Ffrancon.

There are mountain routes and paths among the Pennines, but few that are interesting as passes. The walk from the Tees to the Eden by way of High Cup Nick, is about the best that comes to mind, for the lonely valley of Birkdale lies deep in the moor and the descent beyond the pass, through the great whinstone outcrop, is steep and interesting. The other routes are mere lines rising to and over great moorish hummock, and certainly witness little of Nature's grandeur.

Vivid Scenes and Striking Thoughts

THE war is changing the values of all things great and small; among the lesser ones is the significance attaching in the public mind to certain professions and vocations of life. Take for instance the title, Professor. A Professor has been always popularly supposed to have an air of antiqueness, to use a polite word, clinging to him; he has been regarded as a being (some would even say a thing) entirely detached and remote from the daily occurrences and ideas of life. Now we find we owe to a Professor one of the most vivid representations of the facts of war in Belgium and in France and to another Professor what is certainly the most acute description of the state of feeling which this war has created at home. Thus once again does war destroy the artificialities of peace, and serve to re-establish reality in our minds.

It is now some little time since Messrs. Macmillan published *Leaves from a Field Note Book*, by Professor Morgan (5s. net). It still shares with Boyd Cable's *Between the Lines* the distinction of being the most vivid description of this war as it actually is across the Channel. Professor Morgan has the power of making a scene live with a very few words; sometimes he is inclined to strain this power, which is the only adverse criticism one can make, the result being a certain loss of spontaneity. Apart from that each picture stands out throbbing with life, and alas, at times, with agony. But there is ever a fine reticence in the more terrible passages, which is as effective and as awe-inspiring as the murders off the stage in a Greek tragedy. "Bobs Bahadur," the opening story, is a little bit of history that will live; it tells of the visit of Lord Roberts to a hospital for Indian troops on board a ship in a French harbour on his last visit to France. "Stokes's Act" is a fragment of military history; indeed it may be said that all these stories deserve to endure because of the underlying fact, as well for their high literary achievement. They will doubtless in years to come form the basis of many tales, and the story-writer will turn to them for local colour when he writes about the Great War. Professor Morgan's book has the quality of a classic.

My Brother's Keeper.

The other Professor to whom we have referred, is Professor Jacks. Messrs. Williams and Norgate have just published a collection of two and twenty essays from his pen, entitled *From the Human End*, 2s. 6d. net. These essays reflect in a wonderful way the perplexities, worries and disturbances which have been caused in the minds of so many of us by the war and by those changes in our attitude towards life which unprecedented circumstances have compelled. Singularly exquisite is the chapter on "the peacefulness of being at war." "I believe," he writes, "that the war has brought to England a peace of mind such as she has not possessed for generations." Is not this a true belief, and realising it is it not as it were balm for one's own sore heart or wounded spirit?

A finer study in irony has surely never been penned than the essay "Organisation in Tartarus," but there is one passage in the previous essay, "Am I my brother's keeper," for which Professor Jacks will win the gratitude of every thoughtful person in the country. As we all know there is a considerable school of sentimentalists who have constituted themselves into the keepers of their brothers; their advice has filled columns upon columns in the newspapers, ever since August, 1914; it has latterly slopped over on to the hoardings. We ask these good people to inscribe on the tablets of the memory this passage; for it is an honest and true report of the evil which is so often wrought in other men's lives by well intentioned but impertinent interference:

Is there anything in this world which so rouses the indignation of a self-respecting man as the discovery that another man is presuming "to do him good," not from love, not from personal affection, but from a cold-blooded sense of duty? Put yourself in the position, not of the keeper, but of the brother who is being kept on these terms. Would you like it? Would you accept it? Would you not say, "The position is quite intolerable—humiliat-

ing—disgusting! This fellow dislikes me, hates me, would be glad if I were out of existence, and yet forces himself in the name of his duty to look after my interests—to do me good! What does he know of my interests? What can he know, hating me as he does? The prig! The monster! Let him go to the devil!" This is what you would answer. And, looking at the matter from the human end, I cannot see that you would be wrong. A sycophant, a toady, a sponge, knowing on which side his bread was buttered, would answer differently.

Some Novels of the Day

Dolores Fane, the last descendant of a race of dissolute gentlemen, forms the central figure in *Oranges and Lemons*, by D. C. F. Harding (Cassell and Co., 6s.) The book is, in fact, her life history, and it is also a very clever study in feminine psychology, though the reader will find it a little difficult to understand Dolores' uncanny devotion to Amadis, the Argentine scoundrel who fouled all that he touched. We begin by disliking Dolores, but gradually the fineness of her wayward character is made manifest, and long before the end of the book is reached we are in full sympathy with her. The novel is one of unusual merit, and, if a first book, is of the highest promise and no small measure of achievement.

No Graven Image, by Hilda P. Cummings (John Murray, 5s. net) is a study in renunciation. Dick Everard, who is introduced to the reader at the close of his Cambridge career, is made by his convictions to renounce first his aspirations as a writer, and then the woman he loves, and all the time he is so self-analytic and introspective that we are not quite sure whether the writer is consciously or unconsciously endeavouring to show what a small soul he possesses. He lives by the beatitude, "Blessed are the meek," and turns the other cheek with the greatest pleasure. To a large extent the man is sacrificed to the plot—but it makes a very readable story.

It is always refreshing in a novel to meet with a character who can command the reader's whole-hearted admiration, and such a one is Felicity in *Felicity Crofton*, by Marguerite Bryant. (Heinemann 6s. net.) Felicity is no young girl, but a matron with a grown-up daughter, and her charm lies in her perpetual youth and a quality that forms an ennobling influence on those with whom she comes in contact. She understood and carried into daily life the true spirit of self-sacrifice under circumstances that tried her to the utmost. An excellent foil to Felicity's strength is her friend Stella Preston, through whose weakness the greater part of Felicity's troubles arise.

Brownie, by Agnes Gordon Lennox. (John Lane, 6s.) is the story of a capricious little woman of Anglo-Italian parentage, who married with no more than mere affection for her husband, and came to regret it when the one man for her came into her life. The story would have been much more effective without the addition of a most impossible villain, Rudolf de Moro to wit, who says "Ha, ha!" in the approved style of melodrama and utterly fails to convince. He is necessary, however, for the working out of the rather machine-made plot, in which the really live figure is Brownie herself, a clever study of an unusual and attractive type of woman.

Mr. Eric Leadbitter has a way of taking small lives and small happenings and making them extremely interesting, a talent he evinces to the lull in *The Road to Nowhere* (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.) Joe Peaping, the greengrocer's son, determined to rise in life, and the fortunate accidents and little meannesses by which he achieved his aim debase rather than refine the man himself, in spite of his surface polish. One cannot quite avoid the impression that the author has, to a certain extent, sacrificed an excellent psychological study—to wit, Joe—to the making of his story, for Joe's failure in learning the deeper lessons of life is carried almost too far for credence. In spite of this, the story never fails in "grip," but carries the reader along to the "Nowhere" of its end, minus the proverbial dull page.

There is a good deal in *The Winds of the World*, by Talbot Mundy (Cassell and Co., 6s.) to remind the reader of Kipling's *Kim*. His fascinating, exasperating Jasmini, in spite of the power with which he endows her, will appeal to those who know the East, and the German intrigue, on which the whole story is based, is real enough to interest even a captious critic of the work. The story is a good one.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

SYNOPSIS: Macquart, an adventurer who has spent most of his life at sea, finds himself in Sydney on his beam ends. He has a wonderful story of gold hidden up a river in New Guinea, and makes the acquaintance of Tillman, a sporting man about town, fond of yachting and racing, and of Houghton, a well-educated Englishman out of a job. Through Tillman's influence he is introduced to a wealthy woolbroker, Screed, who, having heard Macquart's story, agrees to finance the enterprise. Screed purchases a yawl, the "Barracuda." Just before they leave Macquart encounters an old shipmate, Captain Hull, who is fully acquainted with his villainies. Hull gets in touch with Screed, who engages him and brings him aboard the yacht just as they are about to sail. They arrive at New Guinea and anchor in a lagoon. They go by boat up a river where they make the acquaintance of a drunken Dutchman, Wiart, who is in charge of a rubber and camphor station. Here they meet a beautiful Dyak girl, Chaya. According to Macquart's story a man named Lant, who had seized this treasure, sunk his ship and murdered his crew with the exception of one man, "Smith." Lant then settled here, buried the treasure, and married a Dyak woman, chief of her tribe. Lant was murdered by "Smith," whom Captain Hull and the rest make little doubt was no other than Macquart. Chaya, with whom Houghton has fallen in love, is Lant's half-caste daughter. Macquart guides them to a spot on the river-bank where he declares the cache to be. They dig but find nothing. Then he starts the surmise that the Dyaks have moved the treasure to a sacred grove in the jungle. Wiart is his authority. He persuades his shipmates to go in search of it. The journey leads them through the Great Thorn Bush, which is a vast maze from which escape is impossible without a clue. Macquart and Wiart desert their companions. As night falls a woman's voice is heard calling, and Chaya, answering their cries, discovers them; through her help they at last escape from the maze, to find that Macquart and Wiart have returned to the Barracuda. These two find the cache and unearth the gold. A huge kind of man-ape enters the yawl at this juncture, and kills both Jacky, the native, and Wiart, leaving Macquart alone with the dead bodies and the gold.

CHAPTER XXVII (continued)

The Gold Fiend

MACQUART stared at the sight before him. Then he tried to get the corpse of Wiart overboard. It was a most terribly difficult business. Wiart did not seem to want to go in the least, once or twice when he slipped back on to the deck, just as Macquart had almost got him over the rail, his face in the full glare of the sun showed a grin as if he were deriding the efforts of the other. The injury to the eye gave him the appearance of having just fought with someone, his clothes were in disorder, his collar half off, and his necktie all askew. From a distance as Macquart recommenced the business of trying to get him over, it looked as though a drunken man were being ejected from the Barracuda. This time Macquart was successful, and the body went over and floated off on the current that flowed riverwards past the yawl.

It was an hour after noon now and Macquart, who had not eaten since dawn, felt faint from his exertions and from want of food. Leaving aside this feeling, he was afflicted with a slight confusion of thought, or rather want of power in co-ordinating his thoughts.

He went into the galley and found the remains of the food left by Jacky that morning. In the locker on the right hand side there was plenty more food. Biscuit tins and cans of preserved meat and vegetables, condensed milk and so forth.

Macquart ate, and as he ate his eyes roamed about hither and thither. He read the Libby and Armour labels on the meat cans, and the measure of his extraordinary position might have been taken from the feeling of incongruity and strangeness with which these commonplace labels filled his mind.

The place where he was seemed remote from the ordinary world as Sirius.

He could hear a faint chuckle now and then as the lagoon water lapped the planks, and occasionally a faint groan from

the rudder. There were all sorts of little facts about the lagoon that spoke in all sorts of little ways only to be distinguished and interpreted by a person who had nothing to do but listen.

Thus the drift of the current was unequal in rapidity, sometimes a fairly strong swirl would lip the bow and swing the rudder to starboard a few inches, or a log would come along half-submerged and rub itself against the planking, or a faint bubbling sound would tell of a spring blowing off its superfluous water in the lagoon floor.

The Lagoon, seemingly so dead and inert, was, in reality, always at work, fetching in driftwood from the river, expelling it again, raising or lowering its level in some mysterious way independent of the sea tide or river flow, stopping up old well heads on its floor, opening new ones, getting rid of all the detritus that a tropical forest hands to the water.

Macquart sat for a while after he had finished eating, listening to these vague and indeterminate voices, then though the gold was always in his mind, the recollection of the two baskets of treasure left on the bank came to him for the first time.

He left the galley, landed, and seized the basket that Jacky had laid down before going to his death. Then struggling on board with it he stood undecided as to what he should do.

It was impossible to store anything in the cabin. He could not go down to that place again. There remained the hold and the fo'c'sle. He had never explored the little hold, but he knew the fo'c'sle; he came to the fo'c'sle hatch, paused a moment, and then, just as a person shoots coal into a cellar, he emptied the contents of the bag down it. He had no time to waste stowing this cargo whose horrible proportions in relation to his puny efforts were ever looming before him. It was like being in front of a great golden mountain that had to be removed piece by piece and in pocketfuls. Added to this fantastic labour would come—on its completion—the problem of escape from the lagoon in the Barracuda single-handed; added to this the terrible problem of the disposal of Jacky's remains.

No man outside of Nightmare-land was ever confronted with such a position as that which faced Macquart urged on by gold lust.

In the grasp and under the whip of the gold demon all the powers of his mind were subservient to the main desire.

He turned now with the empty basket in his hand, regained the shore and came back with the other full basket; shot the contents down the fo'c'sle hatch, listened till the jingle of the last rolling coin ceased, and then flushed, breathing hard and full of new life and energy, started off, with both baskets rolled up under his arm, for the cache.

Here, with one of the mattocks, he cleared the earth carefully away from the next treasure box, and then working with his hands, began to extract it. Work as carefully as he might, the rotten wood of the box sides broke to pieces and the coins fell about loose; he had no one to hold the basket open and he spent ten minutes in fruitless attempts to devise some method to keep the thing erect and yawning.

Failing in this he was condemned to hold it open with his left hand and fill it as best he could with his right.

He succeeded finely in this way as long as the coins were in mass, but when it came to the last few hundred scattered loose, ah! then the real trouble began. Every coin had to be picked up. His task-master saw to that. To leave one single golden coin ungathered was a physical impossibility, and it was during the picking up of these that Haste kept crying to him "speed," and imagination kept painting the awful labours still before him. Every last coin of all that cache had to be removed, for each of these terrible things had a power as great as the mass. Each was a sovereign or a Louis.

Each represented four dollars or five dollars, and five dollars to Macquart, who had always known poverty, five dollars dressed in gold in the form of a sovereign, constituted a power against which there was no appeal.

He whimpered as he picked amongst the soil, whimpered like a woman in distress.

The heat of the day was great and the sun struck heavy

on him, all the time the sweat was pouring from him, and a thirst, tremendous as the thirst of fever, withered his soul.

Then, when the last coin was salvaged, he took the basket carefully by both handles, rose to his feet and lifted it.

He had intended to fill both baskets, but he had completely forgotten this intention, and indeed the present load was as much as he could carry—almost more than he could carry.

He had got halfway between the cache and the lagoon bank when one of the handles of the basket broke, the basket swung over and a torrent of coin fell with a noise like the rush of rain amidst the leaves and grass.

A faint jingle told of coin striking coin, then nothing could be heard but the crying of the parrots in the trees and the wind stirring the branches.

Macquart carefully seized the basket by the edge on the side of the broken handle so that no more of the contents could escape, then he placed the basket by a tree trunk, then he proceeded to hunt for the lost treasure. He seemed quite unmoved by this disaster, but in reality he was stunned. It is not the weight that makes the last straw figure as the last straw, it is the psychological moment. This accident that would have made Macquart swear earlier in the day now made him dumb.

Then, with what seemed a terrible patience, he went down on his knees and began to collect the coins. He stripped away the long leaves as well as he could and the ground vines. Here and there he could see the faint glint of a metal disc and whenever he saw one he pounced. The light was not very strong, on account of the foliage above, yet it was sufficient for his purpose.

And now as he laboured on hands and knees, rooting about like an animal, movements in the branches above became apparent, and twenty little faces, some upside down, could be seen watching the worker with an earnestness ludicrous, yet somehow horrible.

A monkey is a grin when it is not a grimace, and nothing can be imagined further removed from honest mirth than these incarnations of laughter—nothing certainly than these little faces amidst the leaves looking down at Macquart.

Then one of them plucked a big, squashy-looking fruit from one of the branches and flung it.

It hit Macquart in the small of the back and he sprang to his feet with a yell. The blow had been a sharp one, and coming unexpectedly there, where he fancied himself alone, the shock had badly upset his nerves.

He glanced wildly about him. Then he saw his tormentors and shook his fist at them.

His outcry had startled them, but they recognised at once that he was unarmed; they knew that he was angry and that they were the cause of this anger, and they knew that he was impotent and the knowledge of all this filled them with joy.

They pelted him now with little nuts whilst, pretending to ignore them, he went on his hands and knees again. As he worked he placed the recovered coins in the side pocket of his coat. Then as he worked, something that was not a nut hit him on the brim of the hat which he had pushed back to save his neck—bounced over his shoulder and struck a broad leaf in front of him. It was a gold coin.

He had made a great mistake in placing the basket by the tree trunk, for there was an air shoot hanging by the tree, and sliding down the air shoot one of the monkey folk had captured the basket and its contents, spilling most of them on the way up.

But there was enough left for ammunition, and Macquart, looking up, got a fistful of sovereigns in his face. He turned, saw that the basket was gone and then, forgetting that he was a man, with the howl of a wolf he began to climb the tree that was nearest to him. As he climbed, he shouted and swore at the creatures skipping above him, and the higher he climbed the higher they went.

Then suddenly the branch he was climbing by broke and he fell, the next branch caught him, but only for a moment, before it snapped under his weight, delivering him to the branch immediately below.

He clung to it swinging by his hands twenty feet above the ground.

The monkeys above, enraptured at this fine game that had been suddenly provided for them, pelted him, but he did not heed.

He did not know how far the ground was beneath him; he felt that he was at an enormous height in the air and that to fall would be sure death. He clung. He tried to work his way along the branch towards the bole, it was impossible; to do so he would have been forced to hang by one hand at a time and that was beyond his strength; besides, the branch had bowed beneath his weight. He knew that he could not go on clinging for ever, that the fall must come certain and soon, yet his mind found room for fantastic thoughts. It

seemed to him the forest was in a conspiracy with John Lant against him. Trees, monkeys, leaves, vines, lianas and birds, all were "setting on" him to rob him of his life; he saw himself swinging there, pelted by monkeys, the picture came to him as though it were the picture of another man. Then cramp seized him and he fell.

The fall, so far from killing him, did not even break a bone, but he was half stunned, and he sat for a while with his hands to his head, whilst the world rocked and reeled beneath him, and the monkeys, who had descended limb by limb, pelted him and jibed at him as if to show the boundless and tireless malignity that life can tap through its creatures.

Then, after a while, Macquart rose up. He stood up a moment as if undecided and then made off back towards the cache. He went half running, half stumbling, talking and muttering to himself in a crazy sort of way, defeated, beaten, yet still led by the gold that was destroying him. At the edge of the cache he sat down and began digging with his hands.

He had brought the other basket up close beside him and as he burst another gold box open he began filling the basket, but his half crazy mind was now so obsessed by the idea of the basket breaking that he did not load it with more than five handfuls of coin and earth, for there was no thought now of sifting the coin from earth or earth from coin, only the overwhelming and overmastering thought of speed.

Then, with a load that a child could have carried, he started off at a trot for the lagoon edge, discharged his burden into the fo'c'sle of the yawl and returned.

So it went on, and when the sun sank and the stars broke out above he was still running, whimpering like a child who is late on an errand and fears a beating, heedless of the rushing monkeys that flitted above him like a breeze in the foliage, heedless of everything except the vast labour on which he was engaged—for he was not carrying gold now in his basket, but earth, under the belief that he had to empty the whole world into the fo'c'sle of the *Barracuda*.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Pursuer

SAJI, when he parted from Chaya after having seen Macquart and his party vanish in the thorn maze, made back for the river at a trot.

It was a nine or ten hours' journey from the river to the thorn for Europeans cumbered with luggage. The return journey took Saji slightly over four hours. The runner who brought the news from Marathon to Athens would have had little chance in a long distance race against Saji.

Like a centipede, this man seemed to have a hundred pair of legs at his service to be used a pair at a time, so that he might run forever, or at least till all were worn out; his lungs were practically inexhaustible.

It was towards ten o'clock when he reached the Dyak village, and there under the stars he met the old woman who was waiting for news.

He told her everything.

"So," said she, "he has led them into the thorn city; that means he will come back, he and the other one, he will lead him to the hiding-place or he will destroy him before they get there. Now is your time to strike, but not till you have marked down the hiding-place."

Saji nodded.

"Where is Chaya?" asked the woman.

"She is following after," said Saji. "I came swiftly."

The old woman went to the hut where she lived and returned with something in her hand. It was a parang, a Dyak knife in a leather sheath. She held it out to Saji, but he showed her that he was already possessed of one, taking it from his girdle and holding it before her in the starlight.

"Give it to me and take this," said she. "It belonged to Lant, it will know what is to be done and lead you."

Saji took the parang and placed it in his girdle. Then with another word or two to the old woman he started off through the trees. By the river bank he took up his position amongst the bushes at a point that gave him a good view of Wiant's house and the landing stage, then he squatted down to wait and watch.

He was watching chiefly by means of his ears, his eyes told him little of what was going on around him beyond the span of river bank where the house stood. His ears told him much. He could hear the river, a sound made up of a thousand little sounds, from the weak voice of the water washing bank and tree roots and landing stage, to the splash of fish jumping in the distance. The smell of the river came with its voice, a smell of damp and decay, mixed with the musky perfume of river mud.

Then on the other hand he could hear the voices of the forest, swept by the night wind. Hour after hour passed without lessening in the slightest the deadly vigilance of the watcher. He was thinking of Chaya. The success of this



Chaya, a Romance of the South Seas

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.I.]

“In the grasp . . . of the gold demon all the powers of his mind were subservient to the main desire.”

hunt would bring him Chaya. When he presented her with the gift of gifts she would be his. The old woman had said so. Chaya despised him as a monkey-slayer, she looked on him as a boy. When he proved himself a man in her eyes all would be different.

Then of a sudden thought fled from him and feeling for the Punan stabbing spear at his side he bent forward and remained rigid as a drawn bow. They were coming. He watched them as they parted, Wiart going to the house for his gun and Macquart going to the tent. Then they appeared again, coming along down to the landing-stage, Macquart leading the way, Jacky and Wiart following.

They were going to take to the boat and once they were off it would be a simple business to follow them in the canoe.

He watched them arranging the boat, then he saw Macquart

going towards the canoe. The boat pushed off and the canoe followed it.

Then Saji, with a wildly bounding heart, saw that he had been tricked. These men whom he despised in his soul had been cleverer than he. Never for a moment had he dreamed that the canoe was in danger, never for a moment had he fancied that their suspicions would have been raised against him. And now he found himself checkmated, rendered impotent, tricked, and put out of the game.

He sprang up amongst the bushes, then he sank back again. To follow was impossible, to show himself or call out might only lead to a shot from that rifle Wiart could use so well.

He watched the boat vanish round the river bend, then he fell to thinking.

There was not another canoe on the river, all the fishing

Dyaks were at sea. The river was no use, so he dismissed it from his mind; the only road he could take was the river bank and he did not know the road in the least.

He knew the forest, but he had never hunted along the river bank, though his hunts had sometimes brought him out on the river-side. However, want of knowledge of this strip of the forest did not stay him in the least. The river would be his guide, and picking up his spear he started.

He did not know in the least where the boat was making for, he only knew that it had gone down stream and down stream he made his way.

The road was easy at first, but presently it became bad, squashy and overgrown with mangroves. The mangrove root seems made by Nature as a trap for the foot, but Saji seemed to have eyes in his feet and he did not trip. He passed over this difficult ground as swiftly as though the easy parts of the forest, passed the belt of nipah palms that bordered it and struck in to the region of cutch and camphor trees that lay beyond, always keeping in view the river on his right.

Beyond the camphor trees came very easy ground. In the old days when certain animals were more frequently met with in this part of the forest, they would come down to drink at the river just here, and this fact was to weave itself into the texture of the story of Macquart in a most unexpected manner.

Saji had not made twenty yards across this easy ground when the earth gave under his feet. He made a wild effort to save himself, failed, fell into the darkness and lay half stunned for a moment and half smothered by the rush of earth and rubble that had followed him.

He had fallen into a pit trap dug in the old days. A bottle-shaped cellar in the earth covered over with laths and clay and growing plants. The laths made of split bamboo had decayed long ago, but the fine roots of the plants held the clay together; it had consolidated and hardened, making a cellar top capable of sustaining the weight of a small animal, but not the weight of a man.

In the old days the bottom of the pit had been dressed with sharp bamboo stakes, point upwards. Fortunately for Saji time had rotted these to dust.

He lay for a moment, then he sat up. He knew at once what had happened to him, and the knowledge restored his faculties like a stimulant. Looking up he could see above the faint light that indicated the ragged opening through which he had fallen. Then he rose to his feet and began exploring his prison with his hands held flat, palms against the walls.

He was not long in discovering the exact shape of the trap which was that of an inverted funnel. Having obtained this fact, he explored the texture of the walls.

Rain had never come in here, the earth covering and more especially the leaf covering of the roof, coupled with the fact that the roof formed part of the gentle shelve of the bank to the river, had kept the place dry, and the walls were of hard earth, but not so hard as to be proof against the point of his spear.

He had been carrying it aslant over his shoulder when he fell, and he had not released his hold on it. It was the first thing he touched when recovering his full consciousness.

Having explored the texture of the walls, he turned to the question of the depth of the trap. By standing on tiptoe he could just touch the foliage on the borders of the hole in the roof with the spear-point.

Having obtained all these facts, he crouched down on the floor of his prison to grapple with them.

It was a terrible problem. No less than the problem of escape from the interior of an inverted funnel whose walls were of hard earth.

For a long time he crouched wrestling with it. Whoever had devised this trap must, in carrying out his plan, have expended no little time and energy. The earth must have been drawn up in basketfuls, the delvers carefully broadening the base at the risk of an infalling of the walls. But the labours of the making of it were nothing to the labours of Saji wrestling with the result.

Unable to hit upon any means in the least feasible, he suddenly rose to his feet; as he did so, something touched him on his shoulder. It was the end of a ground liana that had been brought down by the spear head when he had explored the opening with it. The liana hung down like a rope; it was half an inch thick. It was salvation.

Inverting the spear and pushing the point into the further recess of the pit, he managed to seize the butt with his teeth, so as to bring it up with him. Even in the overwhelming joy of finding an easy and rapid means of escape, he did not forget for a moment the necessity of taking the weapon with him.

It was impossible to climb with it in his hands, and even now, holding the extreme end of the butt in his teeth, he had to keep his head bent with his chin on his chest as he climbed.

This made the process more laborious and more lengthy; it produced all sorts of extra vibrations in the rope of liana; it was his undoing. His uppermost hand had reached within a foot of the opening, when the liana broke.

Instantaneously, he must have—so to speak—spat out the spear butt, else it would have been driven through the roof of his mouth. As it was, he found himself lying on the floor of his prison with the spear across him.

He was shaken, but quite unhurt, and the fall, instead of demoralising him, set him to wrestling again with the problem he had so nearly solved. Saji had fine qualities amongst his many defects, and the finest of them was patience under defeat, and steadfastness. The sea and the forest had educated these natural qualities inherited from those ancestors of his, who had tracked and trapped and fished since the beginning of time, ambushed their enemies after weeks of patient watching, and secured their heads just as Saji hoped to secure the head of Macquart.

That was the gift which would bring him Chaya, and, much as he valued life, that was the object for which he was striving now.

Though he had no enmity against Macquart, the head of Macquart held him to its capture with a grasp stronger than the love of life.

Saji had no enmity towards the animals he followed in the forest or the fish he followed in the sea, yet in the pursuit of fish or beast life was nothing compared to the object of the chase. His busy mind, working now with the activity of a squirrel in a cage, suddenly struck upon a new idea.

He began to attack the walls of his prison. Going down on his knees and with his spear point, he began digging away at the clay as though endeavouring to make the beginnings of a tunnel. Nothing was further from his thoughts than a tunnel. He was digging to bring down earth.

If he could bring down sufficient to make a pile high enough to allow him to stand on it and grasp the vegetation at the opening, he fancied that he could save himself. Had the pit been flooded with the cold, practical light of day, I doubt if he would have attempted the business.

He worked with the spear point, and then, like a digging animal, with his hands. He worked constantly and methodically; he worked through the remainder of the night, through the dawn, and on into the day. Then he rested for some hours, and recommenced working through the evening. Before nightfall, he had brought enough clay out of the pit side to make a mound three feet high in the centre. A tremendous amount, considering the stiffness of the earth, and the fact that the higher the mound was built the broader spread its base. For every inch of altitude he had to broaden and thicken the base of this infernal mound. As a matter of fact, to escape by this way it would be necessary to fill the whole pit with clay. To come up on a rising tide of clay. The thing was impossible. His labour had given him employment which, after liberty, is the best gift a prisoner can receive, but that was all.

Now, with the darkness, he knew that he was lost, that all the digging he could do would not save him, and knowing that he sat down to die. Saji had a terrible philosophy of his own. Whilst capable of endless effort, he was a fatalist pure and simple, when faced with the impossible or the inevitable.

He did not moan to himself or curse his lot. He had to die—well, then, he had to die, and there was no more to be said on the matter. He did not think, as he sat there, of all the pleasant days and good times he would never see again, simply because such things were not for him. Blue skies to Saji were no more than blue skies to an indiarubber figure; sunshine was good because it warmed him, and for no other reason. When it warmed him too much, it was bad. Freedom was good because it allowed him to move about and kill things. Food was good because it filled his stomach and satisfied his desire for food. He had neither sunshine, freedom, nor food here, but presently he would not need them.

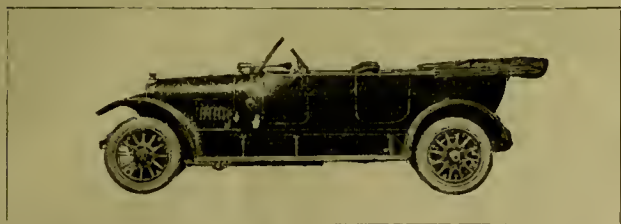
His mind retired in to itself, folded up, almost ceased to exercise its functions.

Long after dark, how long he could not possibly tell, Saji, seated in the darkness of his terrible prison, suddenly came to life and sprang erect with a shout.

The sound of voices had come to him. Voices of human beings passing close to the pit mouth.

(To be concluded.)

With each day that passes the coat—frock comes more surely into its own. At present most of them to be seen about are in serge or gaberdine, but it is likely that these will be replaced by linen, tussore, or shantung, once summer is here. There is a thick weave of linen that lends itself uncommonly well to this tailored influence, and nothing could be cooler or more comfortable during the dog days.



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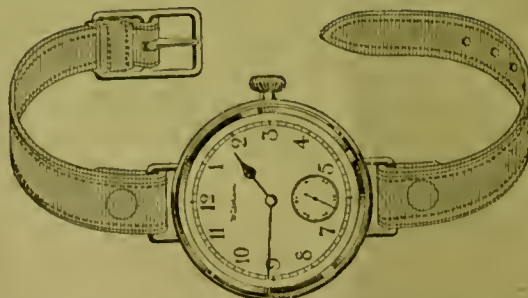


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By Louis Racmaekers.

Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

The Wolf: "Is it not time to stop all further bloodshed?"



The King of the Belgians

Reproduced from the picture which is being exhibited by Mr. Harold Speed in the Royal Academy

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THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1916

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ARE WE WINNING THE WAR?

THESE words form the text of a jeremiad contributed by Dr. Dillon to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*; and since this article has attained a wider publicity through the columns of the *Daily Mail*, his arguments deserve careful examination.

In the first place he deprecates any attempt to belittle the German achievements in front of Verdun on the curious ground that the enemy's losses "cannot have exceeded 100,000, as there were hardly more than 300,000 German troops in action." Can Dr. Dillon really be ignorant of the standing fact that the number of divisions actually identified up to May 1st was 31 and in addition is it not obvious that an enemy does not launch an attack on this scale without taking care to provide adequate reserves? Has the author of this remarkable military estimate not heard that the enemy was compelled over and over again to reconstruct these divisions. His losses during the first month of the Verdun fighting were, on the most conservative estimates, at least 100,000, and at the end of April certainly exceeded a quarter of a million. Even the official German lists, though a ludicrous underestimate of the truth, admit a monthly loss of over 150,000 in the first eighteen months of war, and are we to believe that in the three months of the most sanguinary fighting of all, their losses have miraculously reached a minimum? As for the success or failure of this costly effort, the best way is to compare the flamboyant statements of the German press in the early days of the attack with the insignificant results achieved.

It is clear that we must look elsewhere for evidence that we are not winning the war, and it is scarcely to be found in the following statement that "the enemy is attacking us and attacking violently. The Allies are, as usual, on the defensive, amply supplied, one piously hopes, with men and munitions." It is difficult, we may say in parenthesis, to forgive the scorn which is barely concealed by the piety of Dr. Dillon's hopes, but the real answer to this contention is that attacks, even violent attacks, are only justified by success, and proceed quite as often from necessity as from strength.

Dr. Dillon apparently finds some consolation, though very little, when his eyes are turned towards the sea: but here again he is full of gloomy foreboding: "We must sing Britannia rules the waves in a lower key: for a time has come, when every nation, however in-

significant in its navy, may, if it possess a sufficient number of submarines, cripple or ruin the sea-borne commerce of its enemy. And that is the task which the Germans have set themselves to-day. . . . How thoroughly and scientifically they have worked out the problem we know." Unfortunately the above was written before the German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag, reported in the *Morning Post* of May 12th, which contains the significant admission, "A great mistake has been committed in overstating the value of the submarine campaign against England. Our naval experts no longer believe in the probability of reducing England to starvation and ruin by submarines, even if the war lasts for another two years."

Perhaps the most extraordinary argument of all those used by Dr. Dillon, is his estimate or rather obsession concerning the number of German reserves. He ridicules as a puerile fabrication the story that they have melted down to 700,000, and in a bewildering sentence commits himself to the following opinion: "I venture to affirm that the Germans still have between 7 and 8 million men to draw from. . . . I go still further and assert that they dispose of nearly two million of their best troops whom they have kept back for the *coup de grace*." If the words "dispose of" are meant to indicate that the flower of the German army is kept in reserve, the conception is so childish and so opposed to the very elements of probability, not to say strategy, that we cannot impose it on the German General Staff. Is it conceivable that they would have called up their 1916 and 1917 classes while they had still a large reserve of trained and seasoned troops to draw upon? They have indeed "disposed of two million of their finest troops," and twice that number, but in a sense that is irrevocable. Our readers are familiar with the detailed evidence of German losses which has been presented in these columns; we know that their total mobilisable strength did not exceed nine million, that the irreducible minimum of their permanent losses was 3½ million at the end of 1915; that the fighting during the last three months has been of the most bloody and desperate character; and consequently the suggestion that their available forces still number from seven to eight million is a patent absurdity.

What is the panacea for all our troubles? What is the sure road to victory? According to Dr. Dillon, all that is needed is a change of Government. Of our statesmen he says, "If we may judge by public acts, their conception of the problem is how to worst the Teuton abroad without deranging our present political and social ordering at home, without running counter to party traditions, without hurting the susceptibilities of neutrals, without compelling universal national service, and without securing the co-operation of labour."

We regard this indictment as false in every particular. Within two years the military and naval forces of the British Empire have reached the stupendous total of five million men, which indicates that the Government has not only faced but carried out the obligations imposed upon it: the derangement of the political and social order is witnessed by the willing sacrifice of every class in the community: party distinctions, so far as the Press will allow, have been swept aside: the blockade has been enforced to a degree which has sometimes moved the resentment of neutrals, to say nothing of the expostulation of the enemy: compulsory service has been adopted, and the Prime Minister, through the exercise of his unique talents, has avoided that discord between labour and capital which would have proved disastrous to the country. The true answer to the question, "Are we winning the War?" is to be found in the sudden anxiety for peace which has smitten the German conscience: that is not the herald of victory. It is the dawning recognition that, in the inevitable sequel, the might of Germany must be broken,

ALTERNATIVES BEFORE THE ENEMY

By Hilaire Belloc

THE enemy has lost the battle of Verdun; he has—it should be presumed—the men left for one more great offensive, if not upon the same scale, at least in force. He must make such an offensive because his rapidly approaching limit in resources of men, his more distant limit of resources in supply, condemn him to it.

Let us see what alternatives he has in the matter.

We begin with the present—and very advanced—stage of his bloody defeat upon the Meuse.

It is a phenomenon which you will find in any other form of conflict when the beaten party tries to go on showing fight too long. One might generalise further and say that it is a phenomenon you may see in any form of energy expended beyond the moment of its highest efficiency. You will see it in the wobbling of a top and you will see it in the successively declining "spurts" of the runner who has misjudged a long course and is pumped out before the end of it.

Phases of the Verdun Action

In the particular case of this Verdun sector we have now enough experience to establish something like a regular rhythm governing the business. When the original "head" of shell which permitted a more or less continuous bombardment was all shot away, the first phase of the action—prepared for nearly two months—ended: and there came a period which could be prolonged for as many weeks, or months, as the enemy's supply of men would last—or at least as long as the French chose to stand on the defensive. During this second phase each effort of the Germans had to be prepared by a preceding period of accumulation in material and of re-organisation and recruitment in men. Very roughly speaking the time that could be devoted to intensive effort was to the time required to prepare that effort as about 5 to 1. An interval of ten days prepared and permitted an intensive effort of 48 hours; an interval of a fortnight was followed by something like three days of effort. Such a rough rule is, of course, modified in a thousand ways, and by nothing more than the difference in the numbers of effectives with which each effort was made. But that seems to have been about the proportion. The enemy's command had to build up men and munitions during five days for each day of expense in the same. He may, if he will, launch any number of new attacks against the critical points of the present defensive line—Hills 295 and 304, Avocourt Wood, Vaux ravine and hill, Poivre hill, Haudromont farm. He can at an absurd expense in men make slight advances anywhere. But in proportion to the strength of each such effort he is thus condemned to a ruinously high price in time.

The date on which the battle of Verdun can be regarded as definitely won was, my readers will probably remember, April 9th; or, to be accurate, the close of the great attack on that day.

It was then that General Petain issued his Order of the Day congratulating the soldiers upon their efforts and marking the close of the decisive period. That the battle would be won and that everything was tending that way, had been apparent very long before, but that is the day on which one can fix as the terminal point.

Since then we have seen these successive lulls and intense efforts beating a pulse. The last intensive bombardment began upon May 3rd, followed by the futile infantry action of May 5th. These lines are written upon *Tuesday*, May 16th. There has been nothing of any consequence in the interval. The enemy may be accumulating further shell and bringing up fresh divisions, or reconstituting divisions already used and broken, but if he does so I think it will be found that the effort he makes will pretty well correspond to the rhythmical proportion just arrived at. He will use up in time about five days of preparation to one of action and the price so paid in time is now disastrous.

We may take advantage of such a lull in the operations to consider the war as a whole and to estimate the enemy's position for the near future. Very many of my correspondents have asked me to make such an estimate when an opportunity should be afforded by some pause in the main operations, and they have lately added to this request frequent suggestions that I should reply in detail to the more ridiculous statements put about by those who work in this country for the exaggeration of the enemy's power.

The two foundations of any estimate are, of course, an estimate of men and an estimate of the power of munitionment and supply, including in the latter material for industry and maintenance of population as well as material directly used in war.

The general situation of both those elements at the present moment is well known and need only be stated.

There are in this war, from the point of view of manpower, two distinct groups. There is the group of what may be called the "fully mobilised countries," and there is the group, the members of which have, for various reasons, not yet put forth a maximum effort in manpower.

In the first group we put the French Republic, the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Bulgarians and the Serbians. Every one of these nations, from the first day it entered the war, had the whole of its available man-power organised, could calculate with precision how long "normal methods of recruitment" would last it at a given rate of wastage, and what "abnormal methods of recruitment" would yield—particularly the numbers of the "immature classes" (1916 and 1917) which would ultimately be drawn upon should the war be prolonged beyond the close of the year 1915.

Eliminating for the moment Bulgaria and Serbia, and considering only the three major members of this group, we know what the condition of exhaustion is, and we know it by the very simple test of remarking the necessities under which each fully mobilised power finds itself of calling upon the last drafts of recruitment.

Approaching End of Reserves

The position is briefly this.

All three powers are approaching the end of their reserves in men—that is, of the numbers over and above those necessary to keeping of their armies in the field. All three powers have already fallen back upon the "abnormal methods of recruitment," and particularly upon the calling up of the youngest classes normally regarded as "immature" and below the military age.

But though these three powers are all near the limits of recruitment as compared with the other group of powers which still have large reserves, they are by no means neck and neck. Reduced as the margins are in each, there is still a difference, giving an ampler margin to one and a lesser margin to another, though the margin is in all three cases narrow.

The Austro-Hungarian Power is the most exhausted of the three. It owes this misfortune to a number of causes.

The excellence and persistence of the Italian artillery work upon the narrow but densely crowded Gorizia front is one cause; the terrible climatic conditions of the Carpathian fighting last year is another; the very bad defeats suffered at the beginning of the war are a third; the disaffection and consequent desertion or mishandling of Slav troops, especially in the earlier part of the campaign, is a fourth. At any rate, whatever weight we allow to each of these causes, and to others which may have contributed to the result, we know that Austro-Hungary is at the present moment the most heavily hit of all the belligerent powers in the matter of men. She has put men up to 55 under contribution for military work of sorts (though, of course, there can be no question of using these older classes in the field). She has long ago used her 1916 class and has now many weeks ago put portions

of her 1917 class into the field. She is the only Power which has warned and, I believe, already examined, her 1918 class—that is the lads who will be 20 years of age in the course of 1918, who and are consequently either just under or just over 18 years of age at the present moment.

The German Empire comes next in its exhaustion of men. It has called up into the field pretty well the whole of its 1916 class. It has called up and is training and has already, I believe, put into the field portions of its 1917 class. There certainly exists secret information upon the status of the 1918 class in the German Empire at this moment, but I have not seen that information. I am dependent only upon published telegrams which seem to show that the 1918 class has been warned, and perhaps, in the case of special services, examined, but at any rate, the 1918 class in Germany is not so far advanced towards service as is the corresponding class in the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Lastly, we have the French Republic in the following situation:—

The 1916 class was called up many months ago, and has been in training ever since. The Germans even claim that certain members of it have been discovered among their prisoners before Verdun. I was specially told, upon the other hand not many weeks ago, that none of this class (save a few original volunteers) had as yet been put under fire. But, no matter which of these versions be true, it is of no great consequence. The French have certainly not yet put into line many of their 1916 class. The Germans have put into line nearly all of theirs. They have called up for training, now four months ago, their 1917 class. So have the Germans. Neither party has put this class into the field yet in any appreciable numbers. The French have certainly put none of it at all. If the Germans have begun to put theirs in, it has been only on a very small scale so far.

German Tactics and Exhaustion

We must of course remember further in this contrast that the French period of training is very much longer than the German. It is more than twice as long.

If it be asked why the German Empire should be somewhat—though but slightly—more exhausted than the French Republic, the answer would seem to be that frequently given in these columns: that the German Empire has been fighting upon two fronts, that it is ruled by a tactical tradition of close formation (from which it sometimes attempts to depart but to which it invariably returns), and that it has also since the Aisne been condemned to a perpetual offensive against entrenched enemies. The *two* great offensive actions of the French, that in the Artois a year ago and that in the Champagne last September, you can set in the history of the campaign against at least *five* such expensive German efforts—of which Verdun is the last and greatest by far. It is only in the natural order, and precisely what was to be expected, that the German service should show a slightly greater loss in proportion to its numbers than the French. But we must be careful to remember that this difference is only slight.

Such is the general situation as to numbers upon the continent, so far as these numbers regard the fully mobilised great nations. We can represent the thing clearly, but exceedingly roughly, by saying that where Austro-Hungary has probably lost in 21 months 10 men out of a given unit, Germany has lost, say, 9, and France about 8, while the man-power of Austro-Hungary and Germany is to that of France alone as almost exactly 3 to 1.

It would be mere waste of space to refute once more the ineptitudes and worse which have been spread upon the situation in the press of this country, especially during the last few months.

Many of my correspondents again point out to me the wearisome iteration of the official German lists, which as we all know, are about six weeks belated and about 19 per cent. below the truth in dead alone. It is really not worth while going over that well-worn field again. Germany does not work miracles. Her losses in the war are proportionate to the effort she has made and are naturally upon much the same scale as those of her Allies and her opponents. The real losses of the enemy, as of any other belligerent power, are at this time known to

within so small a margin of error that there is very little room left for discussion. If any new *fact* can be produced worthy of our consideration and slightly modifying the conclusion universally reached upon this matter by every competent observer in every bureau of every war office and of every staff, it should receive due consideration. But mere vague assertion without a shred of evidence is not worth wasting powder and shot upon in any serious examination of our problems.

So much then for the first group or category of “fully mobilised powers.”

The second group of powers includes Italy, Great Britain, Russia and Turkey. It is the group of those Powers which have not yet, for various reasons, availed themselves of their full man power for the purpose of this campaign. I mean, have not put it yet into action. Lest this phrase should falsify my argument I will pause to consider the different ways in which these Powers, which still have such large reserves of men, are affected.

The Turkish Empire ought upon paper to produce very much larger forces than those it has actually produced. Some have therefore argued that these forces still stand in reserve. They do not.

Possible Reserves

The Turkish Empire is very loosely held together. It contains a mass of population that can hardly be used for war (for political reasons), and other masses that are very bad material indeed for an army, and other masses again which simply cannot be enrolled at all for geographical reasons—cannot be got at. It has great difficulty in providing itself with arms, and still greater difficulty in providing itself with munitions. What maximum fully equipped force the Turkish Empire can keep in the field we do not exactly know—but we know that the forces already mobilised cannot be appreciably increased. We have received the maximum effort of this foe, and it is already declining.

The causes that make Britain, Italy and Russia severally possessed of large hitherto unused reserves of men are quite distinct in each case.

Great Britain has raised, so far as the mere enrolling of men is concerned, the training of them, and their potential use in the war, a very great number indeed. She has made an effort everywhere comparable to, and in some cases surpassing, the effort of the continental powers. At the beginning of the war the generally accepted rule among soldiers was that the mobilisation of one-tenth of one's population represented a maximum effort. The strain of the war has slightly raised that standard and, though the extra men squeezed in have for the most part been absorbed in auxiliary services, yet the 10 per cent. has risen in the case of Germany and of France to something more like 12 per cent., and some say to even a trifle over 12 per cent. It has been exactly the same thing in this country, with the difference that this country has produced virtually the whole of its enormous effort by voluntary and not by conscript means—as amazing a political success as has ever been achieved by a free nation in the history of the world.

When one says, therefore, that Britain stands in the category of the not-yet-fully-mobilised nations, what one means is *not* that she has failed to reach her practical maximum* of man-power in *enrolment*—for she has reached that maximum, and perhaps even passed it. One means that the forces actually put forward in the field and the losses hitherto sustained are not in proportion to that man-power. Roughly speaking, the man-power of these islands stands to that of the German Empire as more than 5 to 7, but less than 5 to 8. But the total permanent losses in the British forces from all causes whatsoever are not $\frac{1}{3}$ ths or $\frac{2}{5}$ ths of the corresponding German losses. They are more like a fourth or a fifth. And that is why Great Britain possesses vast reserves of men either behind her front, or lying in reservoirs, as it were, such as Egypt, or in camps and depots or under training here at home.

The position of Italy, again, is different.

Italy is fighting very intensely (and with a cumulative effect upon the enemy) upon a narrow front, or rather

* I mean by a “practical” maximum the highest number that can be actually used as soldiers without impairing the nation and the army's necessary supply: as distinguished from a “theoretic” maximum, which may of course, be as high as you like—up to the actual limits of population.

upon two separate pieces of front, the most crowded one of which is narrow: the open country between the Black Mountain and the Adriatic. Her rôle there is to hold the dense Austrian line with artillery work which is as good as any in Europe, and we have every evidence that the Austrian losses at this point after a year of warfare is out of proportion to the Austrian losses in any other field of the war. The pressure here must be getting severe, as exhaustion in recruitment is beginning to tell. It may soon provoke a diversion.

But for such a task Italy does not need a mass of mobilisable men, and there stands behind the army in action a very large potential reserve of man-power.

With Russia, again, there is a separate and quite different cause for the reserve of man-power which she can boast. So large are those reserves that even if Russia had the same power of equipment and munitionment which the industrial civilisations of the west and south possess, she would never have put into the field at any one time, even upon her vast front, all her human resources. But she is handicapped by great difficulties in munitionment and equipment. The evil results of these difficulties in the great retreat of last year we all know. But, on the other side of the account, there is the presence of masses of men pouring through the depots, trained and passed on to the front as equipment is obtained and munitionment produced or purchased.

The next consideration after we have got a clear view of the way in which numbers stand, is the consideration of the length of front to be held.

There is no exhaustion, nor any approach to exhaustion of reserve power in Italy, England or Russia. There is the approach of such exhaustion in the three fully mobilised powers of France, Germany and Austro-Hungary. But when we consider the fronts to be held by the belligerents in this war of positions, this element gives the problem a very different significance from what it would have if we were considering forces in movement.

Our enemy has to keep troops—if we exclude the Asiatic campaigns—upon fronts, difficult to estimate exactly on account of the mountainous character of the southern belts, but not less in all their sinuosities than 2,500 miles. The two chief fronts, however, upon which the campaign depends and which must be held in full strength, are the eastern and the western which, between them, come to about 1,500 miles.

The German Empire alone (to take the case which we can study most precisely) has almost exactly 1,000 miles of front to hold, of which just over half is on the west and just under a half on the east.

These fronts have been arrived at, not by the deliberate policy of the German commanders but by the hazard of war.

The German armies did not stand where they chose to stand in the west. They stood where they could. They were pinned, in spite of themselves, to a line only part of which was at first organised. They have tried hard to break out since the autumn of 1914 and they have failed.

Their considerable extension towards the east in Poland is not due to any policy of occupying such and such districts, but to the fact that they reached their present lines after equilibrium was restored between their immense superiority in equipped men and munitions and the Russian inferiority therein. They stand where they stood seven months ago, halted after a series of tremendous efforts (all of which failed) to envelop the Russian armies during the great retreat.

Though the very extended front which the German armies, to speak of these alone, are holding, thus include alien territory which they think can be used as an asset for the obtaining of an inconclusive peace, that is of no purely military advantage whatsoever. It is indifferent so far as the military problem is concerned, whether the line stands in Poland or Prussia. It is its length and its facility of supply that count. The great extension of these fronts and their distance from supply, especially in the case of the eastern line, stand in the balance against, and not in favour of, those who hold them.* What has

been deliberate in the policy of the German Government, if not in the strategy of the German commanders, has been the determination to stand on these extended lines probably beyond the moment when it would be prudent to shorten them, and certainly up to the very last moment of such prudence.

If the Russian forces were in precisely the same situation of munitionment and equipment as the western forces the situation, already clear to most observers of this campaign, would be equally clear to the whole world, instructed or uninstructed.

The Allies have an overwhelming superiority in reserves of men; only one of them is in anything like the same state of exhaustion as the enemy.

The enemy has come to hold fronts requiring all his armies in the field, save a small margin still remaining for offensive power, but rapidly dwindling. The end of such a situation would be almost mathematically certain.

But Russia is not in the same situation for munitionment and equipment as the western powers, and it is this distinction between the eastern and western fronts which gives its particular character to the whole position.

Lastly, there is an estimate to be made of the position in munitionment and supply.

We do not know, of course, the exact numbers of shell produced in each belligerent country per day at any moment. One hears roughly from time to time what is being produced in the various countries of the Allies, and one hears what the enemy claims to be producing. One can estimate the probable truth of his claims, and one can estimate by the nature of the activity shown and by the rate at which the effort has developed in the factories of the Allied countries, how far the estimate one hears of *their* production agrees with the truth.

The general conclusion—without giving away even the broadest statistics—is roughly that the Allies in the West turn out munitions at a rather higher rate than the Central Empires. The Central Empires are not producing half a million shells a day, nor will they ever produce half a million shells a day. But they may pass the 400,000. The actual production of Russia is supplemented by purchase from abroad and by the aid of her Allies. You cannot industrialise a great country in a few months, nor produce a system of railways in the same time where it was lacking before.

Of the two parties one is far more severely handicapped for general supply than the other. The Allies are far less burdened by want than the Central Powers and Turkey. They suffer in the west from a restriction of freight, in the east from the great distances from which industrial products must be brought. But the Central Powers are now really hampered; even for food—more for leather, rubber, fats and oils. We cannot starve them, unfortunately. But we increasingly strain them.

Now if you put all these points together, we can, I think, see how things stand in this late spring or early summer of 1916. We cannot prophecy, of course, or say that the enemy will attack here or there. But we can estimate his necessities and opportunities.

The Germans clearly believe themselves to be the driving power of their combination. And they are right. They possess a sufficiency of men in the younger classes to release or to recruit the human material for one more considerable effort. They will make that effort. It would have been better perhaps for them if they had chosen or been able to cut their losses in front of Verdun in time. It is possible that they feared a counter-action had they stopped earlier in front of Verdun. It is possible that they continued to believe till long after the opportunity had passed that they would succeed in breaking the French line. It is possible that they suffered some admixture of purely domestic, political motive. It is very probable that they were misinformed as to the political temper of the French and believed that heavy French losses before Verdun, even at an expense to themselves of something like 3 to 1, were politically worth inflicting.*

Whatever the reasons for the continuance of the action

* We must not follow the analogy of past wars here. Distance with a good railway supply is not the same thing as distance with supply by horse and waggon. But the German eastern front *does* suffer from length and paucity of communications throughout the winter. This, as definite collected evidence has shown, was a cause of heavy losses from sickness. The enemy conceals this (of course) in his published lists.

* I omit all reference to the silly talk about "stopping the spring offensive of the Allies." No such offensive was ever intended, nor did the enemy's Higher Command ever expect it. They began emplacing their heavy guns near Spincourt right in mid-winter, because they thought they could provoke and win a "Battle of Verdun." They did provoke it, but they lost it utterly.

in front of Verdun—and it has been an obvious folly—continued it has been with losses that will only leave the enemy strong enough for another and less violent offensive in the immediate future.

He must deliver such an offensive because he must attack. His exhaustion condemns him to it, and the perpetually increasing numbers of his foes. On the day when he confesses that he can attack no longer he is done. On the other hand it is the obvious policy of the Allied command to constrain him to such an attack and to reduce him to that position to which the counter-offensive at last undertaken against him shall be of certain effect, and shall complete his ruin.

He must attack. Where will he attack? The only men who can answer that question even approximately are the men at the British, the French and the Russian headquarters. But we see at least that one of two obvious opportunities lies before the enemy. *He may* attack elsewhere. He may attack in Volhynia, or even waste himself against Salonika. He might foolishly strike on the Italian front where no decision is possible at all. But his obvious *main* opportunities are not there. His obvious opportunities are either against the British front on the west and where it joins the French, or against the northern Russian front in the east. The soil is drying. He may have misjudged the political element on the eastern side as much as he has misjudged it on the west. We may say that there is no decision to be arrived at by one last violent thrust in this field, and the argument is sound. But he may believe that there is a better chance here of some effect than there would be against those Western Powers who have easily proved his masters, who use their railways better than he does, can now produce more shell than he can, and have just tamed him thoroughly after what was most certainly his most desperate effort. He is of course carefully watching the press of his opponents. He does not underestimate the advantage he has in the unrestricted liberty of false and disheartening statement which our Allies so curiously note in the London press. He fully appreciates what kind of stuff may be printed here should some portion of the British front be subjected to a prolonged intensive bombardment, should he compel the retirement of troops upon any one sector of it in any considerable degree.

THE PROBLEM OF NATIONALITIES As it Presents Itself to the Enemy

When the great war broke out in Europe, the power which suddenly launched it—Prussia—was one which had in every form of its activity, denied national rights. The Universities, the Prussian military writers, the whole intellectual energy of the country in its every manifestation had ridiculed and denied the old doctrine of national right in Europe. Austria Hungary was by its very constitution as a State a negation of those rights. It was a compromise whereby various irreconcilable national aims were united under one head and kept, as it were, upon a sort of balance. The House of Hapsburg, because its whole existence reposed upon separate nationalities kept from fighting under an artificial unity, the House of Hohenzollern because it stood for the negation of national right, appeared before Europe as the protagonists of a theory which some would have called revived from the older time before the French revolution, which others would have called particularly modern, but which in any case ignored the ideal of nationality and put in its place certain ideals of order and material comfort.

It was no contradiction of this truth that the governing cliques in either case were patriotic. Obviously the Prussian landed classes patriotically desired the dominion of Prussia, as obviously the Magyars in the Austro-Hungarian combination desired the continued oppression of Slav populations, Roumanian and Serbian, over whom the Magyars ruled, and in so far those Magyar oppressors were patriots.

But the combination of the Central Empires as a whole stood for the negation of national rights and the affirmation that this political religion was outworn.

On this account it was that the Allies, varying as were their motives of antagonism against Prussia and her dependents, could take as a sort of general common

ground the defence of the old European law. They could affirm that nationality was a sacred thing. The Russian commander issued his famous proclamation with regard to Poland. The violation of the neutrality of Belgium gave a rallying point in the same field of ideas to the British. The French, who alone of modern European nations had suffered annexation of territory in modern times, obviously could take this doctrine for their battle cry; and when later Italy came into the war the motive force of their action was the anomaly of Italian populations living under Hapsburg rule.

The very trigger which started the war—the Serbian question—was from top to bottom a national question, and in the first months of the war not a word was heard upon the enemy's side save of contempt for the national ideal, while most of the enthusiasm upon the Allied side was in defence of that ideal.

Complexity of Motive

As the great campaign developed, however, this simple issue, if it was simple at the very beginning, rapidly became obscured and distorted. At least five of the smaller neutral nations could complain that the blockade of Germany and Austria, mild as that blockade was at the beginning of the war, offended their traditional rights. It was next apparent that sundry other neutral nations, also small, were unwilling to subscribe to the doctrines that the allied cause was the defence of national right. After all every one of the Allied nations was occupied in Africa and Asia or in Europe itself in governing portions of territory against their will, and the confusion of the issue was not to be marvelled at.

When the King of Bulgaria, for very base motives, joined and became subject to Prussia, the issue was further confused. The increasing rigour of the blockade increased the irritation of certain smaller neutral nations. Then came the hesitation of Greece with the inevitable anomalies of the Allied occupation of a Greek port and sundry other consequences following upon that occupation, lastly the ephemeral and local but startling rebellion in Ireland.

It might truly be said that after twenty months of war the Central Empires no longer stood in the general mind for what they had represented during the space of several generations. They were no longer mere deniers and oppressors of national rights. Everyone seemed to be in the same boat so far as these were concerned. It was even possible for the German statesmen to play timidly with the, to them, fantastic and foreign doctrine that the people of one race, culture and territory had a moral right to govern themselves and that invasion of this right was a crime.

Meanwhile the occupation of Poland by the Austro-German armies had given an opportunity to the enemy to suggest in his cries for peace the autonomy of this country which Prussia had been the first to massacre, and at whose rights the Kings of Prussia more than any other men had continuously jeered.

Enemy Stupidity

One might summarise the whole thing by saying that the old European tradition of national rights stood out clearly at the beginning of the war as a main issue between the combatants, but that developments taking place in the course of the war confused it, until it became, in the month of May, 1916, entirely obscured.

Now I would suggest that the future of the war, particularly as the Central Empires begin to feel the material and obvious effects upon the map, and in their pockets, and their resources, and their armies, of that defeat which they have already potentially suffered, will revive this matter of nationality and will perhaps end by leaving it as clear as it was in the beginning.

This accident we shall largely owe to the stupidity of the enemy. Let us consider how he has dealt with the matter to his hand.

Belgium, he might claim, was but a very modern artificial state divided into a Flemish speaking and a Teutonic-speaking population, and further divided on the question of religion, and yet again divided by the great quarrel between the proletariat and the capitalist. The enemy has done nothing to take advantage of any of these points

in his favour. He has impartially destroyed the monuments of the one portion of Belgium as of the other. The violation, the tortures and the burnings have proceeded from a general desire to feel great at the expense quite as much of those who speak Flemish as of the Walloons. He has further, which is especially foolish of him, shown an utter lack of thoroughness in this as in his other experiments in terror.

When he has found that his actions adversely affected neutral opinion, especially American opinion, he has apologised for them and restricted the activity of his agents, then foolishly allowed their activity to break out again. The whole thing here has been on the same model as the incredibly stupid bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims. There was no conceivable reason for that outrage at its beginning save to show to the French that Prussia was perfectly ruthless, and therefore to be feared. To prove this Prussian gunners were ordered to destroy the national monuments to which the French were chiefly attached. They dropped shell in conformity with their orders upon the Cathedral of Rheims, which was at the moment being used as a hospital, and was flying, I believe, a huge Red Cross flag. When they had ruined the glass, and burned the roof and destroyed a certain number of statues attached to the building, they ceased their efforts, apparently in surprise at the way in which they had been received by the civilised world. But the enemy did not cease them altogether. From time to time he would launch a shell in the direction of the cathedral in order to do a little more damage. He did himself the maximum of moral harm with the minimum of effect. And he is still at it. The Cathedral of Rheims is a target at a range of a little over 6,000 yards from the foremost of his guns. It is larger than Westminster Abbey and is not concealed by tall surrounding buildings of any sort. He cannot plead error. It is sheer fatuousness. It is the alternative emotion that men pass through when they do not quite know on what platform they stand—and so it has been in Belgium and in Eastern France. There is no guarantee that the long period of repose through which some districts have passed may not at any moment be followed by another outburst of violence.

In Poland there has been another history. Poland was occupied in connection with the great advance against the Russian armies. The military object of that advance was clear; it was the destruction of the Russian armies by envelopment. It failed altogether. Its attempt was only possible through the lack of munitionment from which the Russians suffered, but on the other hand, the Austro-Germans were correspondingly tied by their heavy artillery, and on six successive occasions six successive plans for the envelopment of a great portion of the Russian forces failed. When the effort was exhausted Poland, as a whole, was occupied by the enemy's armies and evacuated by the Russian armies. The race and the people had suffered enormously. They had already been divided between three Powers, the Prussians, the Russians and the Austrians, of whom they hated the Prussians by far the most. With the Russians they had a long hereditary quarrel only somewhat softened in modern times. Their situation under Austrian rule was by far the best. One might have thought that Austro-German armies appearing in the country with such an historical foundation for their rule would have taken immediate advantage of what was but an accidental result of their failure to destroy the Russian forces. One might have imagined that they would have consolidated this moral opportunity by some sort of statecraft, however clumsy, as they did the material opportunity by the establishment of their trenches. Nothing of the sort. There has been a perpetual change of plan in their dealings with the Polish and Jewish population, so far as the Prussians were concerned; and the Prussians were more and more the masters. They seemed unable to decide whether they would consolidate or whether they would merely bully the miserable remains of the population. Whatever be the situation of the Polish peasants now subject to Austrian rule alone, it is certain by every account we receive that the Polish and Lithuanian population under Prussian rule has suffered from the unstable policy of the Prussian commanders as no other district in Europe has suffered. It continues to suffer even in the simple matter of victualling. Prussia cannot make up

its mind whether it is better to leave memories of starvation among these people or to see them fed.

What is happening in the Balkans exactly we do not know. Accounts are confused. But so much is certain that the wise playing of the Serbians against the Bulgarians has not been attempted. There has been nothing but the crude overrunning of the Serbian districts accompanied with every form of torture and barbarity. It has been a sort of revenge taken against a thing which proved at last much weaker than the power which was exasperated by its former resistance. There has been no trace of statesmanship in the matter. Only of hatred.

Now the sum total of these blunders would seem to be this. So long as the Central Empires can maintain their extended lines and can govern by merely military rule the populations within those lines, the national questions remain obscure. But the moment a shifting of the lines begins, the moment the military grasp ceases to be sufficiently firm to maintain so vast an extent of territory, there will be no moral result left in support of the Austro-German cause.

Bohemia wished to be Slav, but never wished to be attached to any Slav group.

Catholic Southern Slavs in Croatia had their difference with the Orthodox Serbians of the same race. The Roumanian population subject to Magyar rule was largely Uniate and garrisoned, geographically, as it were, by German settlers and Magyar colonies.

Of all these opportunities no advantage has been taken.

With the first shaking of the line now covering the Austro-Hungarian monarchy every one of those national riddles will again present itself for solution.

In the case of the Germans the matter is differently, but much more intensely true. When the Russians reappear in Lithuania and in Poland the age-long quarrel between them and the Western Slav will exist no doubt, but it will be accentuated in no way by a new feeling produced in the course of the war in favour of the Germans. It will almost certainly be the other way. And there is no conceivable standing ground now—as there might so well have been a few months ago—for divided opinion in Belgium at the moment of a general retirement. That retirement will produce nothing at all but a sensation of relief.

In the mere mechanics of the war this factor of national feeling will have very little effect. The nations are too highly mobilised, their manhood too completely employed for civilian opinion to count in the field as it counted in the old wars of professional armies. But it remains true that the settlement of Europe after the war will be adverse to the Central Powers in a fashion that it might not have been if they had used the few months of their unexpected territorial expansion (as much unexpected by them as by us, and as little connected with their victory as their defeat) wisely and upon a consistent plan.

They were unable to show such wisdom. They were unable to follow a sustained plan because they entered the campaign, and particularly Prussia entered the campaign, with a deliberate scorn for the sanctity of a nation. Immorality on that scale is stupid, and stupidity is the main agent of defeat in war. H. BELLOC

There is much food for reflection in *Prisoner of War*, by André Warnod (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.) The author took part in the great battle of the Grand Couronné, went up to the northern frontier, and then, while tending wounded, fell into German hands. This brief record of his experiences in the prison camp of Merseburg is terrible through its simplicity; it is a bald, soldier's tale of unforgettable indignities, at the hand of a race that knows no refinement, no kindness, no tact, and no respect for a captured foe, but is sunk in a vast conceit. Such a book ought to be in the hands of every person who still thinks that Germans merit the treatment that is accorded to ordinary people or that they are animated by the decent motives that govern civilised life. Over sixty drawings amplify the text of the book, drawings French in character, and as illuminative as they are original. Altogether, this is a book not to be missed.

At Prince's restaurant, Piccadilly, Mr. Archibald Joyce, the celebrated composer has been engaged to play every night with his wonderful orchestra.

THE REALITY OF SEA POWER

By Arthur Pollen

BY the time these pages are in the reader's hands, a fortnight will have elapsed since the German reply to America was written. A glance at the diagram of the ships lost since April 16th, that is to say, in the fifth, sixth and half of the seventh week since the new campaign against British, Allied and neutral shipping was begun, will show how immediate has been the effect of the surrender. For, in the latter half of the seventh week, it will be seen that, possibly by design, or it may be only by accident, only four sailing ships were attacked, while in the eighth week only three ships, all of them British, have gone under. These three are the *Cymric* and the *Eretria*—one torpedoed in the Atlantic the other in the Bay of Biscay—and the *Dolcoath*, apparently sunk in the southern portion of the North Sea, but whether by mine or torpedo is not yet known. The case of the *Cymric* was cited as if it qualified the sincerity of the German submission to America. But this criticism is not called for; for it is obvious that no U boat so far afield as those that sank this ship and the *Eretria* could possibly have been warned. And the sinking of the *Cymric*—far from being a disquieting symptom—though deplorable enough in itself—is both interesting and reassuring, because it proves that this particular U boat must have been at large in the approaches to the Irish coast and Channel for a considerable time without being able to secure any other victim—a fact that is eloquent both of the inefficiency of the present submarine captains, and of the effective character of the counter-measures directed from Queenstown. If the *Dolcoath* was sunk by a mine, it would seem as if, so far at any rate, Germany was abiding for once by her written word.

Fear of America

There seems to be excellent reasons for supposing that she will continue to observe it. The issue is not Germany's sincerity, but her fear of American sincerity. It appears from the very limited comment allowed to appear in the German press that the surrender to America has created a profound and most disagreeable impression, and is acquiesced in for the same reason that inspired it, viz. sheer terror of American intervention on the Allied side. The Chancellor's explanation to the Reichstag took the odd form of saying that the value of the submarine blockade had been grossly exaggerated, and that in no case were any really important military results to be expected from it. This throws a curious light on the dismissal of von Tirpitz and the subsequent revival of his policy in deference to the public outcry. It is more to the point that the Government has been able to suppress a similar outcry now. Even the most flamboyant jingoes seem to have been sobered by the continued failure at Verdun, the increasing stringency in the matter of food supplies, the new and formidable threat the Grand Duke is developing against Turkey, more than all by the reaction of all these things on popular sentiment in Germany, which plainly shows that the country is in no mood for the indefinite prolongation of an unsuccessful war. Thus the effort to save the face of the higher command has only met with very indifferent success. Harden openly scoffs at the argument that Great Britain is inhuman in trying to starve Germany into surrender, and all parties seem to realise the futility of reconciling the doctrine that the blockade of England could never be decisive with the previous boasts that it would bring this country to its knees. If it was so ill considered a course, why have such sacrifices been made, why such risks run with America?

If the Government has failed to conceal from its people that it has yielded out of weakness, it has been no more successful in disguising the character of its submission to those to whom the submission has been made. As we saw last week, the effort to present this surrender as a bargain failed dismally. For Germany's repute for

observance of her word is such that the mere suggestion that it was a bargain left Mr. Wilson no alternative but to state publicly that there could in no circumstances be any bargain in such a matter. By her own clumsiness then, Germany has deepened, not mitigated her own humiliation. But this was not the only, nor in some ways perhaps the worst, result of her perverse and stupid diplomacy. Something might have been expected from the notorious disagreement between the State Department and our Foreign Office as to certain details of our blockade methods. Left to itself, the situation—or, at least, one can imagine Germany so thinking—might have developed in a way embarrassing for the Allies. But so little do the Kaiser and the Chancellor understand the American character, that in their effort to use the situation to their home advantage, they have actually made it impossible for America to do anything.

The effort to dictate a policy to Washington has, it is said, led to the crushing retort that Great Britain and the United States have a machinery defined by treaty for dealing with such disagreements. And with the retort there was a reminder that it was exactly this machinery that Germany had politely declined. Not only then is there no chance of the embargo being relieved by any immediate or effective action by America, but Germany is faced with the uncomfortable fact, that should America think her rights impugned, she would proceed to their vindication by the legal but leisurely method provided by our arbitration treaties.

The chief interest of the present situation then consists in this. Germany has manifestly yielded to America because it is obvious to her Government that the German internal and military position would make a quarrel with America a disaster of the first importance. The people of Germany have acquiesced in this surrender because they—no less than their Government—fully appreciate the dangers of the situation. They realise the humiliation of their Government to the full, because its surrender has been robbed of all its pretences, and shown to be no bargain. It is the first time since August, 1914, that Germany has had to submit to a public reproof, acknowledge herself wrong, and admit that her submission is due to

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

A Redmond-Carson Pact:

*A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd
And neither party loser.*

2 Henry IV., IV., ii., 88-90.

Bluster and the Coalition:

*For it comes to pass oft that a terrible
oath, with a swaggering accent sharply
twanged off, gives manhood more appro-
bation than ever proof itself would have
earned him.*

Twelfth Night, III., iv., 199-204.

Disraeli's Posthumous Fame:

*It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and
lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.*

Much Ado About Nothing, IV., i., 219-24.

the simple and significant fact that she is no longer in a position to assert the doctrine on which she has acted for forty years. That German necessity justifies anything that Germany may do, is a creed that has no universal application to-day. She knows now that British Sea Supremacy is a terrible reality, that no make-belief boast can disguise from her people. She knows that no atrocities can relieve the people from the consequences of its exercise. She also knows that the neutral world will not tolerate its atrocities.

It is the first step in the schooling of the Teutonic mind to the truth which it is the purpose of the Allies to make real and convincing. And the truth is simple. The public life of Europe is to be governed henceforth, not by the German will but by the common sense of what is right and just. What right and justice interpreted into action mean, Germany will learn when her armies have surrendered unconditionally.

North Sea Strategy

Meanwhile the directly military employment of perhaps the most potent instrument in ensuring this final surrender, to wit, the British fleet, has during the last week been made the subject of discussion. Mr. Balfour has written a strange letter to the Mayors of the East Coast towns, which foreshadows important developments; an inspired German apology for the recent raid on Yarmouth and Lowestoft has been published, and both have aroused comment. Mr. Balfour's letter was inspired by a desire to reassure the battered victims of the German bombardment. He realised that the usual commonplace that these visits had little military value no longer met the case, and proceeded to threaten the Germans with new and more effective methods of meeting them were these murderous experiments repeated. The new measures were to take two forms. The towns themselves would be locally defended by monitors and submarines, and, without disturbing naval preponderance elsewhere, new units would be brought further south, so that the interception of raiders would be made more easy. But for one consideration the publication of such a statement as this would be inexplicable. If the effective destruction of German raiders really had been prepared, the last thing the Admiralty would be expected to do would be to acquaint the enemy with the disconcerting character of its future reception. Count Reventlow indeed explains the publication by the fact that no such preparations have indeed been made. But the thing can be much more simply explained than that.

When Mr. Churchill, in the high tide of his optimism, addressed the House of Commons at the beginning of last year—he had the Falkland Islands and the Dogger Bank battles, the obliteration of the German Ocean cruising force, the extinction of the enemy merchant marine, the security of English communications to his sole credit—he explained the accumulated phenomena of our sea triumph by the splendid perfection of his pre-war preparedness. The submarine campaign, the failure of the Dardanelles, the revelation of the defenceless state of the north-eastern harbours, these things have somewhat modified the picture that the ex-First Lord drew. And, not least of our disillusion, we have all come to realise that in our neglect of the airship we have allowed the enemy to develop, for his sole benefit, a method of naval scouting that is entirely denied to us. That the British Admiralty and the British fleet perfectly realise this disadvantage is the meaning of Mr. Balfour's letter. He would not have told the enemy of our new North Sea arrangements had he not known that he could not be kept in ignorance of them for longer than a week or two, once they were made. The letter is in fact an admission that our sea power has to a great extent lost what was at one time its supreme prerogative, *the capacity of strategical surprise*.

Naval Development

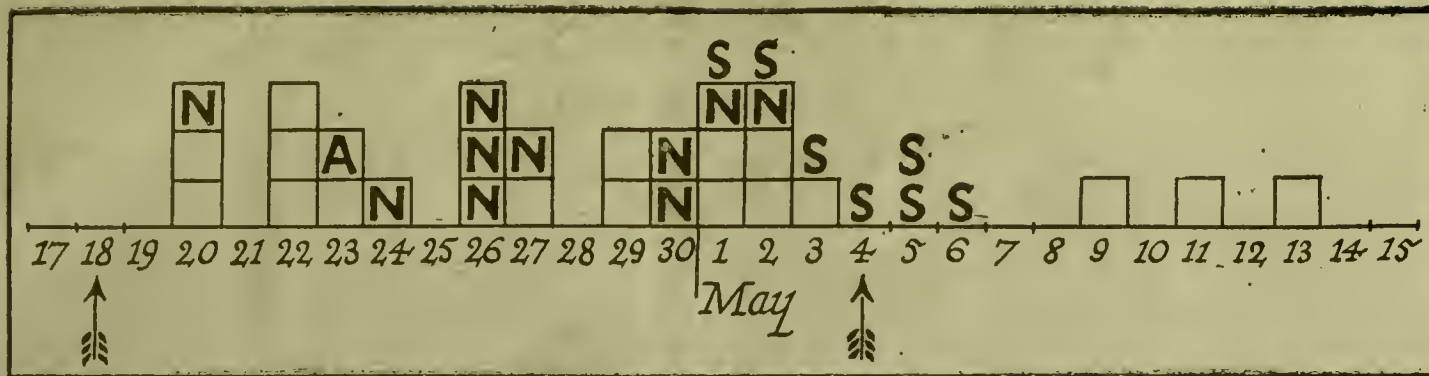
But this does not materially alter the dynamics of the North Sea position, although it greatly affects tactics. The German official apologist will have it, however, that another factor has altered these dynamics. Admiral Jellicoe, he says, may be secure enough with his vast fleet in his "great bay in the Orkneys," and, between that and the Norwegian coast, hold a perfectly effective

blockade line, but all British calculations of North Sea strategy have been upset by the establishment of new enemy naval bases at Zeebrugge, Ostend and Antwerp. He speaks glibly as if the co-operation of the forces based on the Bight with those in the stolen Belgian ports had altered the position fundamentally. This, of course, is the veriest rubbish. So far no captured Belgian port has been made the base for anything more important than submarines that can cross the North Sea under water, and the few destroyers that have made a dash through in the darkness. Such balderdash as this, and that the German battle cruisers did not take to flight, but simply returned to their bases without waiting for the advent of "superior forces," imposes on nobody. It remains of course, perfectly manifest that our control of the North Sea is as absolute as the character of modern weapons and the present understanding of their use makes possible. The principles behind our North Sea strategy are simple. One hundred years ago, had our main naval enemy been based on Cuxhaven and Kiel, we should have held him there by as close a blockade as the number of ships at our disposal, the weather conditions and the seamanship of our captains made possible. The development of the steam-driven ship modified the theory of close blockade and, even without the torpedo, would have made, with the speed now attainable, any continuation of the old practice impossible. The under-water torpedo has simply emphasised and added to difficulties that would have been insuperable. But they have undoubtedly extended the range at which the blockading force must hold itself in readiness. To reproduce then in modern conditions the effect brought about by close blockade in our previous wars, it is necessary to have a naval base at a suitable distance from the enemy's base. It must be one that is proof against under-water or surface torpedo vessel attack, and it must be so constituted that the force that normally maintains itself there is capable of prompt and rapid sortie, and of pouncing upon any enemy fleet that attempts to break out of the harbour in which it is intended to confine it.

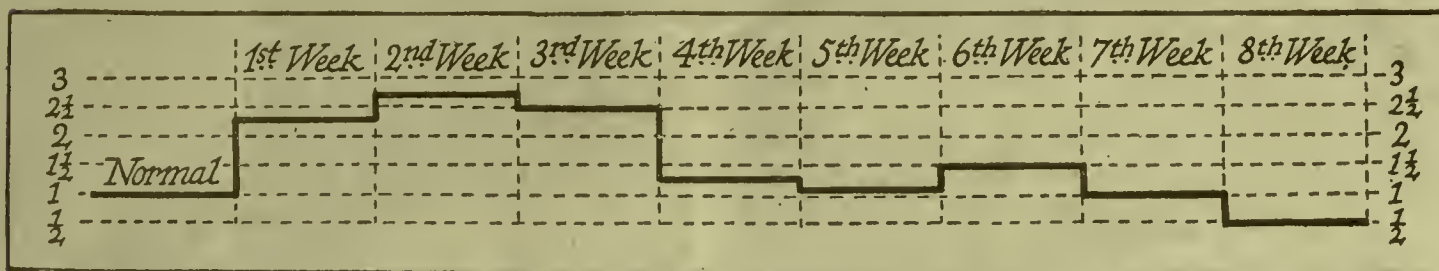
Possible Fleet Bases

"The great bay in the Orkneys" may, for all I know to the contrary, supply at the present moment the Grand Fleet's main base for this purpose. But there are a great many other ports, inlets and estuaries on the East coast of Scotland and England, which are hardly likely to be entirely neglected. Not all, nor many, of these would be suitable for fleet units of the greatest size and speed, but some undoubtedly are suitable, and all those that are could be made to satisfy the conditions of complete protection against secret attack. Assuming the main battle fleet to be at an extremely northerly point, any more southerly base which is kept either by battle cruisers, light cruisers or submarines, may be regarded as an advance base, if for no other reason than that it is so many miles nearer to the German base. The Orkneys are 200 miles further from Lowestoft than Lowestoft is from Heligoland. An Orkney concentration, while making the escape of the Germans to the northward impossible, would leave them comparatively free to harry the East coast of England. If, approaching during the night, they could arrive off that coast before the northern forces had news of their leaving their harbours, they would have many hours start in the race home. But this freedom had to be left the enemy—because no risk could be taken in the main theatre. It is assumed on the one side and admitted on the other, that Germany could gain nothing and would risk everything by attempting to pass down the Channel. The concentration, then, in the North of a force adequate to deal with the *whole* German fleet—again I have to say in the light of the way in which the use of modern weapons is understood—remains our fundamental strategical principle.

Mr. Balfour's letter has been criticised both in the *Times* and the *Sunday Times*, as if its proposals argued an abandonment of these principles, and the *Times* critic regrets the use of monitors for coast defence as the "most disturbing" feature of the case. He sees in it a relapse into the old heresy that was killed by the blue water school. But it seems to me that he has not applied the principles of this controversy correctly. The argument



British steam ships blank. N means neutral, A allied, and S sailing ship. The arrows mark the dates of the American Note and the German Reply



This diagram shows the rate of daily loss that prevailed before March 20th, namely one per day, and its growth and decline in the eight succeeding weeks. The American Note was sent in the fifth, and the German Reply in the seventh week.

against the coast defence fleet was not that such a fleet could *never* in any circumstances be of any use, but that to devote national treasure to developing a fleet of this character when a sea going fleet was wanted, was an unwarlike misapplication of funds. But these are not the alternatives between which the present Board of Admiralty has to choose. Their predecessors, earlier in the war, delayed the building of battleships and cruisers to build monitors—doubtless because they thought that such ships were capable of employment to decisive military effect. Why the pre-Dreadnoughts could not be used for coast bombardment instead of monitors need not be argued here, nor whether it was good policy to delay sea going capital ships to complete an inshore squadron. The fact with which the present Board of Admiralty has to deal is that the monitors are there. If then certain of them are sent to the North-East coast, it can only be because there are more monitors available than can be employed in such bombardments as can now usefully be carried on. If this interpretation of the Admiralty's action is correct, there is no diversion of the monitors from the "aggressive purpose of their designer" to a passive and defensive purpose. Monitors obviously cannot pursue and catch German battle cruisers, but they carry formidable guns of long range and great destructive power. It may be difficult for them to hit a 26 knot target manœuvring at very long range, but it will not be less difficult for the distant and manœuvring ships to hit them. Their presence might then inflict serious damage on an invading German. But to use them so does not mean either that the present Board considers a coast defence fleet should be built to the neglect of more universally efficient forms of naval force, or that monitors are the best means of engaging the raiding cruisers.

If the *Times* critic is right about the redistribution his attack on this part of Mr. Balfour's policy is vastly more damaging. For according to this writer the policy of defensive offence, Great Britain's traditional sea strategy, has now been reversed. The East Coast towns may expect comparative immunity, but only because the strategic use of our forces has been altered. It is a modification imposed upon the Admiralty by the action of the enemy. Its weakness lies in the "substitution of squadrons in fixed positions for periodical sweeps in force through the length and breadth of the North Sea." Were this indeed the meaning of Mr. Balfour's letter and the intention of his policy, nothing more deplorable could be imagined. But what ground is there for thinking that this is Mr. Balfour's meaning? He says nothing of the kind. He makes it quite clear that a new arrangement is made possible by additional units of the first importance now being ready to use. The old

provision of adequate naval preponderance at the right point has not been disturbed. It is merely proposed to establish new and advanced bases from which the new available squadrons can strike. It stands to reason that the nearer this base is to the shortest line between Heligoland and the East coast, the greater the chance of the force within it being able to fall upon Germany's cruising or raiding units if they venture within the radius of its action. To establish a new or more southerly base then is a development of and not a departure from our previous strategy. If there is nothing to show that the old distribution is changed, certainly there is no suggestion that the squadron destined for the new base will be "fixed" there. If squadrons now based on the north are there only to pounce upon the emerging German ships, why should squadrons based further south not be employed for a similar purpose? ARTHUR POLLEN

THE VETERANS' CLUB

We would draw special attention to the Duke of Bedford's appeal on the subject of an Imperial Memorial to the heroes of the Great War, which, as planned, is to be constructed from the nucleus already existing in the Veterans' Club.

The original club was opened five years ago to fill the wants of the ex-service man, where he could meet old comrades, get a bed, write his letters, and obtain help or advice, especially with regard to employment. There were no less than 7,000 members of it before the war, most of whom have rejoined the colours, but in view of the immense expansion of the Navy and Army and the vast numbers of Veterans who will leave the Services at the expiration of the war it is necessary that the whole scope of this splendid Club should be enlarged if it is to be of adequate use. The present club building is quite inadequate for a large membership, and it is also considered that branches should be established here and in the Dominions, and centres constituted to which men could turn for help or advice on emigrating from this country to any one of the Dominions.

The Veterans' Club Association has been formed to translate such a plan as this into action, and patriotic individuals are invited to join the Association and subscribe to it according to their means. It is desired to purchase and transfer the Club to an adequate building in London, now in the market, and permanently to endow it as a great Imperial Memorial; to endow a splendid country house (which has been offered to the Committee) as a convalescent home for the use of members, and to carry on the other activities of the existing club in Hand Court, Holborn.

For these purposes it is estimated that a sum of £250,000 will be needed. Donations and subscriptions should be sent to the Duke of Bedford or the Lord Mayor of London, c/o Messrs. Cox and Co., 16, Charing Cross, or to Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross. It is much to be desired that the response to this appeal will be both prompt and generous.

The Charge

By Patrick MacGill

Seven supple lads and clean
Sat down to drink one night,
Sat down to drink at Nouex-les-Mines
Then went away to fight.

Seven supple lads and clean
Are finished with the fight,
But only three at Nouex-les-Mines
Sit down to drink to-night.

RIFLEMAN FELAN, my mate, went up the ladder of the Assembly trench with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. Out on the open his first feeling was one of disappointment; the charge was as dull as a church parade to start with. Felan, although orders were given to the contrary, expected a wild, whooping forward rush, but the men stepped out soberly with the pious decision of ancient ladies going to church. In front the bilious yellow gas receded like a curtain, but the air stunk with it still, and many of those who followed pulled down their respirators over their mouths.

A little valley formed by the caprice of the breeze opened in the gas and its far end disclosed the enemy's wire entanglements. Felan walked through the valley for a distance of twelve yards, then he glanced to his right and found that there was nobody in sight there. Dudley Prior had disappeared in the gas.

"Here, Bill, we've lost connection!" he cried, turning to his left. But his words were wasted on air; he was alone in his little glen, and invisible birds flicked angry wings close to his ears. His first inclination was to turn back, not through fear, but with a desire to make enquiries.

"I can't take a trench by myself," he muttered. "Shall I go back? If I do, some may call me a coward. Oh, damn it! I'll go forward."

He felt afraid now, but his fear was not that which makes a man run away; he was attracted towards that which engendered the fear as an urchin attracted towards a wasps' nest longs to poke the hive and annoy its occupants.

"Suppose I get killed now and see nothing," he said to himself.

"Where are Bill and Pryor and the others?"

He reached the enemy's wire, tripped and fell headlong.

He got to his feet again and took stock of the space in front. There was the German trench, sure enough, with its rows of dirty sandbags, a machine gun emplacement and a maxim peeping furtively through a loop hole. A big, bearded German was adjusting the range of the weapon. He looked at Felan, Felan looked at him and tightened his grip on his rifle.

"You —!" said Felan, and just made one step forward when something "hit him all over," as he said afterwards. He dropped out of the world of conscious things.

A stretcher-bearer found Felan some twenty minutes later and placed him in a shell-hole, after removing his equipment which he placed on the rim of the crater.

Felan returned to a conscious life that was tense with agony. Pain gripped at the innermost parts of his being.

"I cannot stand this," he yelled. "God Almighty, it's hell!" He felt as if somebody was shoving a red-hot bar of iron through his chest. Unable to move, he lay still, feeling the bar getting shoved further and further in. For a moment he had a glimpse of his rifle lying on the ground near him and he tried to reach it. But the unsuccessful effort cost him much and he became unconscious again.

A shell bursting near at hand shook him into reality and splinters whizzed by his head. He raised himself upwards, hoping to get killed outright. He was unsuccessful. Again his eyes rested on the rifle.

"If God would give me the strength to get it into my hand," he muttered. "Lying here like a rat in a trap and I've seen nothing. Not a run for my money. . . . I suppose all the boys are dead. Lucky fellows if they

die easy. . . . I've seen nothing only one German and he done for me. I wish the bullet had gone through my head."

He looked at his equipment, at the bayonet scabbard lying limply under the haversack. The water bottle hung over the rim of the shell hole.

"Full of rum, the bottle is, and I'm so dry. I wish I could get hold of it. I was a damned fool ever to join the Army. . . . My God! I wish I was dead," said Felan.

The minutes passed by like long grey thread unwinding itself slowly from some invisible ball, and the pain bit deeper into the boy. Vivid remembrances of long-past events flashed across his mind and fled away like telegraph poles seen by passengers in an express train. Then he lost consciousness again.

About eleven o'clock in the morning I found a stretcher-bearer whose mate had been wounded and he helped me to carry a wounded man into an original front trench. On our way across I heard somebody calling, "Pat! Pat!" I looked round and saw a man crawling in on hands and knees, his head almost touching the ground. He called to me but did not look in my direction. But I recognised the voice; the Corporal of my section was calling. I went across to him.

"Wounded?" I asked.

"Yes, Pat," he answered, and turning over, sat down. His face was very white.

"You should not have crawled in," I muttered. "It's only wearing you out, and it's not very healthy here."

"Oh, I want to get away from this hell," he said.

"It's very foolish," I replied. "Let me see your wound." I dressed the wound and gave the Corporal two morphia tablets and put two blue crosses on his face. This would tell those who might come his way later, that morphia had been given.

"Lie down," I said. "When the man whom we are carrying is safely in we'll come back for you."

I left him. In the trench were many wounded lying on the floor and on the fire steps. A soldier was lying face downwards groaning. A muddy ground sheet was placed over his shoulders. I raised the sheet and saw that his wound was not dressed.

"Painful, matey?" I asked.

"Oh, it's old Pat," muttered the man.

"Who are you?" I asked, for I did not recognise the voice.

"You don't know me?" said the man, surprise in his tones. He turned a queer, puckered face half round, but I did not recognise him even then; pain had so distorted his countenance.

"No," I replied. "Who are you?"

"Felan," he replied.

"My God!" I cried, then hurriedly, "I'll dress your wound. You'll get carried in to the dressing station directly."

"It's about time," said Felan wearily. "I have been out a couple of days. . . . Is there no R.A.M.C.?"

I dressed Felan's wound, returned and looked for the Corporal, but I could not find him. Someone must have carried him in, I thought.

Kore had got to the German barbed wire entanglement when he breathed in a mouthful of gas which almost choked him at first and afterwards instilled him with a certain placid confidence in everything. He came to a lesiurely halt and looked around him. In front of him a platoon of the 20th London Regiment, losing its objective, crossed parallel to the enemy's trench. How funny that men should go astray, Kore thought. Then he saw a youth who was with him at school and he shouted to him. The youth stopped; Kore came up and the boys shook hands, leant on their rifles and began to talk of old times while a machine gun played about their ears. Both got hit.

McCrone disappeared; he was never seen by any of our regiment after the 25th.

The four men were reported as killed in the casualty list.

How German Public Opinion is Formed

By Colonel Feyler

SPEAKING in the Reichstag recently, the German Minister of War declared that the German official communiqués were invariably true, contrary to those of Germany's enemies. This declaration, coming on the heels of the false account of the capture of Fort Vaux, near Verdun, and equally false news of the storming of the Mort Homme, may have caused some surprise. To those, however, who since the commencement of the war have made a special study of the methods of the German Press Bureau, it caused no surprise whatever. I would like to quote an example of similar manipulation, dealing with operations in Flanders during Spring, 1915, which will be of special interest to the British reader.

The Hill known as Hill 60 is situated south-east of Ypres and south-west of Zillebeke. As can be seen from the number "60," which denotes metres above sea level, this hill is a mere mound of no great altitude, but it suffices to dominate the surrounding plain. The British took possession of this position from the 17th to the 19th of April and on the 20th April published the following official statement:

The operations started on the 17th April finished yesterday in the complete occupation of an important position known as Hill 60, situated about two miles south of Zillebeke, east of Ypres; this eminence dominates the country to the north and north-east. Operations commenced by the explosion underneath the Hill of a mine which killed a number of Germans and resulted in the capture of 15 prisoners, including one officer.

On the 18th April at dawn the Germans counter-attacked vigorously in order to re-take Hill 60 but were repulsed with heavy loss. The enemy then advanced in serried ranks, exposed to the fire of an English machine gun battery . . . they were everywhere repulsed with heavy losses.

German Headquarters kept their public informed as regards these operations in the following manner:

18th April: After exploding several mines the British penetrated yesterday evening into one of our positions situated south-east of Ypres on an elevation immediately north of the Canal, but they were immediately turned out again by a counter-attack. Fighting has ceased, except for the possession of three of the craters.

19th April: South-east of Ypres the British were ejected from the small portions of our position which they still held. Yesterday evening they made an attempt to regain possession of the Hill by means of a violent attack along the railway from Ypres to Comines. This attack failed with heavy loss.

The contradiction between the two versions is thus absolute. In England the public is under the impression that Hill 60 is occupied by British soldiers; in Germany everyone believes the contrary. The question will without doubt, however, be solved by the Communiqués of the days immediately following; it can be taken for granted that the Germans, if indeed they have lost the hill, will not have given up hope of recapturing a position of so much importance. This is proved indeed by their silence after their despatch of the 19th April, as they are no doubt waiting for a successful operation to wipe off the failure exposed in the British Communiqués of the 20th.

Experience during the present war goes to show that the Germans will certainly return to the attack, whether or not they see fit to publish their intentions. The operation of attacking and defending a fortified position has almost invariably shown the following three phases.

Firstly, a reconnaissance of the position to be captured and the crushing of advanced lines covering the position.

Secondly, the decisive attack which, if successful, does not fail to provoke an immediate counter-stroke by the dispossessed party who by means of a swift counter-attack with his nearest available reinforcements hopes to take advantage of the victor's exhaustion and to re-take the position before the latter has had time to consolidate it. Should this counter-attack be successful, the original attacker has to re-commence his operations.

If the counter-attack, however, fails, then the third phase becomes evident. The defender does not despair of recapturing his lost position, but the enemy has already

consolidated his lines and the defender has, therefore, to organise a methodical attack against his old positions.

Unless a thorough comparison of communiqués and an exhaustive study of earlier examples are at fault, the Germans have now arrived at the third phase of the battle of Hill 60. They have published on the 18th and 19th April the probably quite correct news of the success of their first counter-attacks, but they have omitted to publish their final failure. They will now no doubt pass to the third phase, but they suffer from a manifest inability to publish this fact, having burnt their bridges by stating they are still in occupation of the position, and they cannot publish news of its recapture without confessing that it had been lost. We are, therefore, confined to statements from the Allied camp, and these certainly have an appearance of truth; as, once Hill 60 had been occupied there was no plausible reason for composing fairy tales of more fighting for it. Any fighting that takes place after this point must as a logical certainty be fighting of the third phase, in which the Germans are attempting to regain their loss.

No time is lost in informing us of the situation, first by the following French Communiqués:

22nd April, 7 a.m.: In Belgium an attack has developed against the trenches on Hill 60, which had been captured by the British. The attack was repulsed.

23rd April, 7 a.m.: The British troops have repulsed two attacks on Hill 60. The German counter-attacks, whose violence is explained by the desire of the Imperial General Staff to repair the loss denied in their official Communiqués, have definitely failed.

Shortly afterwards we have General French's report:

22nd April: The Germans continue to make violent counter-attacks before Hill 60. On Tuesday afternoon between 6 and 9 p.m. we repulsed two heavy infantry attacks, inflicting heavy loss on the enemy. Throughout the night the Hill has been bombarded by the enemy and we have repulsed several other attacks.

23rd April: The German attacks against Hill 60 have been several times renewed since the last despatch. All these attacks have failed and have now momentarily ceased. We hold the whole ridge, to which the enemy attaches a great deal of importance. There is not a word of truth in the German official statement to the effect that the position has been retaken by the Germans.

The position *was*, however, retaken by the Germans two weeks later, on the 5th May, by means of the use of asphyxiating gases; but of course *Berlin was not in a position to announce this recapture* and it was left to General French to make the news public. This, of course, was not very satisfactory to German Headquarters and in their telegram of the 7th May they described the action as follows:—

Near Ypres, all the attempts of the British to retake Hill 60, situated south-east of Zillebeke, which has since the 17th April been the centre of heavy fighting, have met with failure.

In this manner the German public is given confirmation of the German despatches of the 18th and 19th of April, which had concealed the capture of Hill 60 by the British; in order to meet the situation, the rôles have had to be reversed and instead of the Germans attacking and expelling the British the British are represented to have attacked and been unsuccessful in expelling the Germans. As a matter of fact German Headquarters, on a later occasion were careless enough to give the lie to this description, when speaking of their recapture of the position in a despatch dealing with the uses of gases, thus showing how difficult it is to sustain a deception.

The above is one of the most interesting examples of the German method of reporting nothing but victories. We have seen how the situation brought about by the *denial* of a British success has eventually been solved by a *misrepresentation of the subsequent German success* which had nullified its effects, and how this subsequent German success is described to the people as *the third phase of the previous successful attack*.

Many examples could be given of this process of a successful misrepresentation of unfortunate incidents, but the case of Hill 60 is outstanding in its blatancy.

Renascence or Decay

By Joseph Thorp

RENASCENCE or Decay" might very well stand against the Prussian *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* as the summary of the choice of destinies which lie before that political system known as the British Empire. Nor is the reference to defeat or victory in the field, but to the elements of decay or of regeneration in the constitutional structure and the temper and conditions of the various racial and national elements. The problem is older and wider than the war, though that catastrophe has defined it and imported a note of urgency into it as into so many others.

"Renascence or Decay" might also serve as the summary of the thesis argued in *The Problem of the Commonwealth* (Macmillan) which is in effect the result of the studies and deliberations of that group of students of political affairs which founded and has conducted *The Round Table* with such marked ability, detachment and perceptible effect. The book is indeed, for reasons duly explained, put forward in the name of but one of their number, Mr. Lionel Curtis, but it has the breadth and authority of its composite authorship.

Readers of *The Round Table* will have noted in that admirable quarterly, the persistent use of the term "Commonwealth" to replace the more familiar "Empire." It is the peculiar service of this school to their generation that they have set forth their problem in terms of free citizenship, responsibility and mutual service rather than dominion. The change of terms reflects the change of thought—and the changed thing.

For there is a world of difference in the two conceptions. The highest claim of the association of nations now under the British flag (for the moment prescinding from the claims and causes of our Allies and referring especially to the envious German challenge of the British position) is not the claim of possession. It is the fact that out of the conception and practice of liberty under that flag there is like to spring a better hope for mankind than out of the domineering projects and methods of *Deutschtum*. That dear hope is a greater thing for us to fight for than any barren desire to keep by the sword what was won by the sword of our fathers.

What then is this Problem of the Commonwealth? The admirably argued thesis before me confines itself to a single, but immensely important, aspect of a manifold problem. How can a way be found whereby "a British citizen in the Dominions can acquire the same control of foreign policy as one domiciled in the British Isles." Of many utterances of Dominion statesmen expressing dissatisfaction with the present situation this of Mr. Andrew Fisher sets out the matter in its simplest and bluntest terms. "If I had stayed in Scotland, I should have been able to tackle any member on questions of Imperial policy and to vote for or against him on that ground. I went to Australia. I have been Prime Minister. But all the time I have had no say whatever about Imperial policy—no say whatever. Now that can't go on. There must be some change."

But what change? Mr. Curtis addresses himself to the answering of that question, and it must be admitted that if his closely reasoned and lucidly phrased argument be followed step by step it is difficult to resist the conclusion that nothing less than a fundamental constitutional change, the establishment of a new Imperial executive—"one Cabinet responsible to an Imperial Parliament and electorate and another to a British Parliament and electorate"—rather than any development of the method of Imperial conference, will serve to prevent disintegration, to consolidate, to develop the greater Commonwealth. This conclusion is approached, step by careful step, *via* a consideration of the growth of self-government in England, in America, and in the British Colonies—now the Dominions. It is shown how the range of authority covered by the term self-government has been constantly extended, but in the case of the Dominions, stops arbitrarily short of the highest function of self-government—the responsibility for national defence, the determination of the high issues of peace and war. An open-eyed discussion of the difficulties

involved and a very careful attention to authentic definitions makes for the clear understanding of this absorbing problem.

It is well to try and express the problem for ourselves in the concrete. We want such a democratically moulded and acceptable union of nations in one Sovereign State as will create a greater loyalty to the Commonwealth—over and above the sectional loyalties to the separate parts: so that an Englishman or New Zealander will be first a Commonwealth man then an Englishman or New Zealander; as now both Englishman and Scot are essentially British before they are Scotch and English. The statement wears the appearance of being the very reverse of the truth. But the test lies not in the apparent strength of the affections which are most often more warmly engaged with the nearest entity, home, city or native land, but in the great choices made in crisis. The Scot would stand for Britain and the Empire as against a separatist Scotch party.

When Lee, the Virginian, chose for Virginia as against the United States, he chose wrong. He had not understood the terms of his allegiance. Hyphenation is raising the same problem again in America to-day. To create such a federation of British States with equal rights and equal share of control as shall win and retain the loyalty of all—that is our task as the author sees it. It cannot be done without vision, without labour, without the sacrifice of many preconceived ideas and the abandonment of a dangerous complacency as to the sanctity of the British constitution. This candid, serious, lucid, and generous-tempered piece of political thinking will carry weight in the discussions that must precede effective movement towards the final issues of self-government, and the completion of the Commonwealth.

To our author and those for whom he speaks, "Freedom" is no vague shibboleth. It is a term with definite content and implications. It is wrought by constant human endeavour in the light of experience often bitter:

"What has been has been, and God Himself cannot change the past. But the future is all in human hands to make or to mar, so far as with mortal eyes we are able to discern what time will bring forth. . . . When freedom is saved we may fail to see that the world has been changed in the process, and that the Commonwealth, with which the cause of liberty is inseparably linked, cannot continue to be as it was. Changed it must be, and woe betide us if those changes are not conceived in accordance with the principle for which the Commonwealth stands.

Of all our Allies, Japan is the one of which least is known. There are histories in existence familiar to historians and students, but the general reader is not aware that Japan has lived through heroic times, and maintained her freedom by bravery and resolution in the face of supreme dangers. Lord Armstrong rightly draws attention to this in his introduction to Mr. Yamada's story of the Great Mongol Invasion in the reign of Kubla Khan at the end of the thirteenth century. In Japan this invasion is called Ghenko or Genko, and Mr. Yamada has called his very able and admirable book *Ghenko*. (Smith Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

This invasion bears a curious similarity in many points to the Great Armada, and the author (who by the way is a Cambridge graduate) tells the historic story in a most thrilling manner. It is a chapter of history with which we ought all to be familiar, for it casts a strong light on the Japanese character and makes clearer that division which so often bewilders the casual student—the cleavage that exists behind the peoples of China and Japan. A sidelight is also thrown on Korea, in fact after a perusal of this volume one is able to take a much better view of the Far East. The book is written in rather quaint English, for the author, though he has mastered most of the intricacies of our language, at times goes astray over the connotation which colloquialisms have given to certain phrases; but this does not detract from the general interest; some may think it even heightens it. Lord Armstrong observes, "change the names and the seat of war and much of Mr. Yamada's story might well apply to the great struggle now taking place in Europe." The extraordinary likeness between German and Mongol sense of honour and frightfulness is especially remarkable.

Where America Stands

By Lewis R. Freeman

A COUPLE of years ago—only a month or two previous to the outbreak of the war, in fact—I listened one night, in San Francisco, to what I thought was the most eloquent, the most reasonable, the most convincing “peace” address I had ever heard. The speaker was a well-known American editor and publicist, one of a family distinguished for three generations for its efforts to promote universal brotherhood, to make the dream of world federation an accomplished fact. He did not, like Norman Angell and other professional pacifists, maintain that financial and other material considerations would make future wars impossible, but only held that man’s increasing humanity to man, as evidenced on every side, could bring the world to no other goal than a scheme of living founded on a “live-and-let-live” and “do-as-you-would-be-done-by” basis. Unlike the ante-bellum harangues of the professional pacifists, too, that speech, delivered to-day, would ring almost as true as it did two years ago; this because it was based on fundamental truths, which the war has not altered, but only given us the more clearly to understand.

However, this particular peace address will not be given again, or at least not for a considerable time. I know this, for the speaker himself told me so on an evening when I sat next him at supper at the New York “Author’s Club” scarcely a month ago.

American Aloofness

“You’re just over on a short visit from the other side, are you not?” he asked. “So! Well, how do things look to you here after six months’ absence? Are you as much shocked as is everyone else who comes back from France or England at the aloofness, the lack of responsibility, not to say callousness, of this country regarding the war?”

“Frankly, yes,” I admitted. “The glare of the ‘Great White Way’ is a welcome relief from the darkness of London, but there is no use pretending that the lights of Broadway are symbolic of any general enlightenment existing in this country in the matter of the great world issues now being decided—perhaps for the next score or so of generations—in Europe.”

“Several dozen other returning Americans have told us about the same thing,” he said; “only you are rather more moderate than the majority of them. All of them are ashamed; most of them indignant, and ‘mad clean through.’ Do you know what I am afraid of? It isn’t that we won’t get into war with Germany—that is inevitable if Prussianism is not crushed once and for all time by the Allies, and we don’t know yet that it will be—but that we will not get into *this* war with Germany. I mean that unless Germany commits some flagrantly and deliberately overt act, such as the sinking of an American liner with loss of life, that will force us in willy-nilly—and I think the Kaiser will take good care not to do that—we may not, as a nation, come to our senses in time to draw the sword before the present struggle is practically over. We shall have had no part—”

“Pardon me,” I interrupted. “But I don’t seem quite able to reconcile your words with those which I heard you speak in San Francisco two years ago.”

“I hear something like that every day now,” he answered. “and from both ‘friend’ and ‘foe.’ I found I had still much to learn about many things, and the war has been the means of teaching me some of the most important of them. They used to call me a ‘practical idealist’; the war taught me that I was only an impractical dreamer. As a matter of fact, I am still an idealist, and also, I trust, still practical. Perhaps the main thing that the war has brought home to me is the fact that while there is such a thing as Prussianism still alive in this world, practicality and idealism, so far at least as international politics are concerned, cannot go hand in hand. Until or unless Prussianism is crushed for all time, therefore, I have made up my mind to keep my idealism for a domestic pet, roaming only within the

‘three-mile limit,’ and employ what practicality I may have to bring home to my fellow countrymen these cumulative facts; first, that there *is* a great war going on; second, that it is a world war rather than a localised European struggle; and third, that for reasons both moral and material—not only on the score of national honour, but of national safety and perhaps national existence as well—it is their duty, by actual and active participation in the war, to do their share in ridding the world of the menace of Prussianism.

Ahead of Congress

“So far as the country as a whole is concerned, one cannot be sure that it has much more than grasped the first two facts. That the people fully realise that it is a world war that is raging—one that may involve them whether they desire it or not—is shown by the attention they are giving to the so-called ‘preparedness’ movement. In this particular—in the determination to build up an adequate army and navy—the people are unquestionably ahead of the Government, or at least of Congress, now, as many times in the past, the country’s ‘Old Man of the Sea.’ But as for realising that both honour and material interest—the latter quite as powerfully as the former—impel America to align herself with the Allies against Germany, I am afraid I can hardly describe such a grasp of the situation as anything like universal. The most encouraging feature of the situation is that practically all of our sound thinkers—the men that stand for the best in literature, politics and business—have arrived at this conclusion, and are speaking out. Their influence is rapidly moulding popular opinion among unprejudiced Americans of all classes, but whether this will become strong enough to galvanise the country into action before it is too late is open to considerable doubt. I pin my main hopes to Germany’s ‘running amok’ again and doing something that will leave us no choice but to turn to and fight.”

“What do you mean by ‘too late?’” I asked.

“Just this: The ignorance and selfishness—not to use several stronger terms which I would be perfectly justified in employing—of a very large element in Congress, and especially in the House of Representatives, makes it absolutely out of the question for the nation properly to meet the present crisis in our foreign affairs. Now, supposing the quickening conscience of the people would make it possible to replace the worst of this ‘rotten timber’ with sound wood through resolute action at the polls in the November election. The fact remains that, even in this happy contingency, the new Congress would not be able to make itself felt until it convened next March, and by that time our chance of being of any material use in the war may well have gone by. The fight to determine whether humanity or ‘frightfulness’ is to be the dominant force of the next cycle of history may well have been lost or won without America’s having struck a blow for a fundamental cause of which she has trumpeted herself the foremost champion since the day of her birth.”

Material Interest

“Just what do you mean by saying that material interest as well as honour should impel America to go into the war on the side of the Allies?” I asked. “I have observed with much satisfaction that an increasingly large number of right-minded Americans are ready to draw the sword on the score of honour, but it seems to be the pretty general opinion that honour would be just about all we could hope to come out of it with. What material interests would our participation in the war serve? You don’t mean more ‘munition prosperity,’ do you? Wouldn’t that be more than offset by the fact that we would have to begin taking Europe’s I.O.U.’s where we are now getting her gold?”

“I didn’t mean anything quite so material as dollars and cents,” was the reply. “What I did mean was this:

All but the purblind in this country know that we must have a strong army and a stronger navy. We shall need them, especially if we elect to continue our traditional but now obsolete and impractical policy of isolation and try to stand alone; but we shall also need them even if (as so many of us are working and hoping for) we endeavour to enter an after-the-war alliance with France and Great Britain to keep the world's peace. But only our actual entry into the war will awaken the country to the necessity of, and force Congress to provide for, sufficiently powerful fighting arms. If we continue to temporise with the situation—if we just manage to 'save our face' and keep out of the war—we shall never get an army and a navy sufficiently strong either to make us unassailable standing alone, or to qualify us to hold up our end in an alliance with France and Britain.

"Another incalculable benefit incidental to our participation in the war would be the cleaning up of the Augean Stable in Congress. I feel rather too strongly on that subject quite to trust myself to words; but you were in Washington during the 'armed ship warning' debate and vote and know what a miserably misrepresentative lot so many of our 'professional politicians' are.

For the Cause of Humanity

"Finally, a war fought for the cause of humanity and entered into only at the end of a year and a half or two years of unparalleled provocation would arrest the denationalisation that has been eating deeper and deeper toward the heart of this country ever since the Civil War. The size and the diversity of the United States, encouraging the tendency to put sectional above national issues, has been an important contributing cause of this trouble; but the main one has been the increasingly rapid 'dilution' of our original population with not readily assimilable Europeans. How deep this canker had eaten no one suspected until the ramifications of the endless chain of Teutonic plots began to be uncovered. Our entry into the war would put an end to this insidious menace once and for all; it would re-nationalise us; 'Americanism' would begin to have some meaning again."

I have set down this conversation at some length for two reasons: First, because of the diagnosis it furnishes of the American situation by a keen and impartial student, and secondly, because of the insight it gives of the viewpoint of such leaders of American thought and action as Colonel Roosevelt, Joseph Choate, Major Putman, Dr. Elliott, Lyman Abbott and many others, who have discerned the fundamental issues in the European war from the outset and have endeavoured to awaken the minds of their countrymen as to their responsibility regarding them.

It will probably be difficult to make Englishmen believe that President Wilson, had he still been the head of Princeton University during the present crisis, or anything else save an official of the Government of the United States, would almost certainly have stood and worked for the same good ends. Yet there is little doubt that such would have been the case. As President he has felt that his action was limited to putting the will of the people, as he interpreted it, into effect. And because the American mind was not a thing to be pinned down and charted with square and compass, because, like all national minds, it is a variable and uncertain quantity, his course has been a difficult, not to say an impossible, one.

A President of the United States has two alternatives—he may lead the people, or he may elect to be led by them. In tackling the knotty domestic problems which confronted him previous to the war—Panama Tolls Repeal and currency and tariff reform—President Wilson led, and led successfully, even brilliantly. But with Mexico his policy of "watchful waiting," corresponding to the English "wait and see," only piled Pelion of hopes deferred on Ossa of failure. His handling of the submarine controversy with Germany was foredoomed to partial if not complete failure from the moment he began to steer by the variable planet of popular opinion instead of the fixed star of his country's and of his own higher ideals. He tried to follow (where he might far better have led), and the flickering of his guiding lights has lured him into endless pitfalls.

The President's lack of firmness in dealing with Mexico and Germany has undoubtedly seriously undermined his power to lead. Once, and only once (just after the sinking of the *Lusitania*), he could have taken the country with him in anything he might have decided to do. Indeed, such was the state of popular feeling in May of a year ago, that Bryan with his peace dove, or a shepherd with his crook, could have led the country into battle. Since then the position of the President in this connection is probably about as I heard a New York policeman epitomise it a few weeks ago.

"If Wilson takes the country into the war now," he said, "he will have to drag it by the scruff of the neck where old 'Teddy R.' could lead it a prancing. And let me tell you one thing more," he added. "If the country didn't prance along after Teddy, he'd swing it around in a couple of circles by the tail and chuck it into the war. And then it would pick itself up, thank him for it, and begin to fight."

No people in the world more dearly love a leader than does the American, and it is probably true, as a trenchant French traveller once observed, that they would rather take the chance of being misled than not led at all. President Wilson, in spite of his technical diplomatic victories, has steadily lost prestige with the very people whose wishes he has so scrupulously endeavoured to follow by his failure to take advantage of this fact.

Colonel Roosevelt

It is impossible to overlook Colonel Roosevelt in any survey of the American situation, for "What would 'Teddy' have done if he had been in Wilson's place?" is a theme of never-ending interest from Maine to California. This is really not a hard question to answer with a considerable degree of certainty, for we have both the spoken word and the past record of the unflinchingly courageous ex-President to go by. He would have protested strongly against the invasion of Belgium, but would hardly have ventured to go further if Germany—as would doubtless have been the case—disregarded that protest. On the initiation of Germany's submarine war in February of 1915, there would have been another protest from Washington, this one short, sharp, to the point, and that controversy would have been threshed out to a finish—a diplomatic finish, I mean—in fewer days than it was destined to drag months. Either Germany would have been forced to a complete and unequivocal surrender, and there would have been no sinking of the *Lusitania*, *Arabic*, *Ancona* and the rest, or Roosevelt would have led America "in." Vigorously led, there is no reason to believe that it would not have gone in "a-prancing" without forcing the doughty Colonel to resort to the ignominious alternative suggested by my policeman friend.

Just previous to my departure from New York a popular musical hall comedian was raising nightly laughs with a joke which ran something like this: "If Roosevelt had been President the war would have been over by this time—over *here*."

"More truth than poetry in that," I heard a man next me observe, and most of the audience seemed to agree with him. Personally, I feel certain that a "Rooseveltian" handling of the trouble at the outset—a firm grasping of the German nettle—would have at no time brought the United States so near to a break with Germany as they are to-day. But if that break had come, a far more united America would have been thrown into the struggle than President Wilson—in spite of the impeccability of his intentions, and no matter how much he may "stiffen" at the end—can possibly have with him when or if his earnest efforts to avoid a rupture come to nought.

This should not, however, be taken to mean that, with the country once in the war America would not "orientate" very quickly. Thanks to the work already done by such leaders as the one whose words I have quoted, public opinion, in spite of its diverse elements and the fluid state in which it is at present, would harden very rapidly. The German-American, in spite of his numbers, would be troublesome rather than dangerous. His bread is buttered on the American, not the German side, and the very large majority of him is too canny to do anything to cause it to fall with the fatty side downwards.

The So-Called "Air Muddle"

And Some of Its Exponents

By F. W. Lanchester

IN the preceding article an account was given of the history of the ill-fated French Air Ministry, and the causes which led to its creation and to its downfall were discussed.

It was pointed out that both events followed as the outcome of a press and political agitation in which the dissatisfaction of the "trade" played a conspicuous part, and in which the Zeppelin menace was freely exploited. Beyond this the system of control by a civilian Minister was a generally admitted failure. I now propose to show that the same influences have been and are at work in this country, and the same general plan of campaign is being followed in the conduct of the onslaught against the administration of both the Royal Flying Corps and of the Naval Air Service, as in the agitation which proved so detrimental to French military aeronautics.

There is every probability that a case will be made out for reform in the administration of our Air Departments, but the present agitation, with its picturesque title "The Air Muddle" is not based on solid grounds, or on facts of which proper evidence can be adduced, in brief it is not founded on honest criticism. The actual attack, however, is the matter of present discussion; at the outset it will be demonstrated that this attack—launched by certain sections of the press in an indiscriminate manner—is part of a campaign of deliberate and cold-blooded misrepresentation.

I will proceed at once to give a few instances and evidences of the above statement of the position. Firstly, as to the trade origin of the attack. There appeared recently in a trade organ published weekly an article entitled: "The Dope Question." It may be explained that "dope" is the under-varnish applied to the wings of an aeroplane.

Here is the accusation:

"Manufacturers who are in doubt whether to refuse to use dope made by the Royal Aircraft Factory and perhaps endanger their Government contracts by their refusal, are strongly advised to consider their employees' health and their own reputations first.

"If there is any argument on the question, manufacturers need only go direct to headquarters at the War Office and Admiralty and state plainly that they prefer to use dopes which they know and in which they have confidence. The Aeronautical Inspection Department is entirely without prejudice in this matter; in fact, previous experience of the R.A.F. does not probably prejudice the A.I.D. in favour of Raftite and other R.A.F. chemical products.

"So far as the Admiralty is concerned, manufacturers will be well advised to go right over the heads of minor officiousness to someone of post-captain's rank or higher, and state plainly why they object to being dictated to in the matter of material by young men lacking in workshop experience."

Here is the truth:

"Raftite," the name given to the Royal Aircraft Factory "dope," is non-poisonous. The formula of raftite is due to the Laboratory of the Royal Aircraft Factory, where the poisonous character of tetrachlorethane vapour (then used in ordinary dopes) had been experienced at a date when not publicly or generally known. Raftite contains *no* tetrachlorethane.

Apart from the inaccuracy as to *fact*, a more unworthy accusation has probably never been penned. Unfortunately the above scarcely differs, either in its untruth, or as to its libellous character, from a multitude of other statements which have appeared over the same initials in the same journal. In the current issue of *The Observer* over the initials C.W. there is a new edition of this dope accusation. It would now appear that the grievance against the Royal Aircraft Factory is that they are alleged to have cornered the supplies of a necessary ingredient! Equally false. The text of the paragraph is as follows: "Better dopes were submitted, but they had not a chance. It was even discovered that the R.A.F.

had established a corner in certain raw material, so that private dope makers were to be squeezed out completely." Ingenious but entirely without foundation.

On calling attention to this I have been asked by serious people why, if the facts are as stated, the Government have not taken action—any private firm would have done so. I am not speaking to defend the Government. *I also ask why the Government has taken no action?* I now *publicly* ask the Government why no action has been taken. If such unfounded accusations had been made against a private individual or firm prompt action at law would have resulted; is it then so mean and dastard a thing to serve His Majesty the King that loss of reputation and public opprobrium are to be borne without hope of prompt or effective redress? Possibly charges of this character may be dealt with by the Committee of Investigation now sitting.

Here is another journalistic outburst from a London daily in which the source of inspiration is evident. In this case I give in a footnote (for comparison) the translation of a letter from the pen of M. L. Bleriot*, showing the *identity* that *motive* already commented upon.

"Mr. Tennant referred with great satisfaction the other day to the existence of a British Advisory Committee on aeronautics. None of the men on that Committee has ever been practically identified with aviation†, although the Committee has weight in the 'theory' of flight, but the theory of flight was pretty well understood eighty years ago. It took a couple of brave practical men like the Wright Brothers, willing to risk their necks above the hard earth, rather than conclusions and figures on sheets of 'theory' to make a machine that actually flew. Why does not the Government supersede its Committee of Theorists, and appoint instead a Committee of experts from the following firms:—Sopwith, Martinsyde, Roe, Bristol, and Vickers."

In this paragraph we have evidently the work of an ignoramus to whom the word *theory* is so obnoxious that it has to be held up to ridicule *in inverted commas!* He little seems aware of the fact that every one of the constructors he mentions depends largely upon *theory* for his product; also the Brothers Wright have always acknowledged their indebtedness to the Smithsonian Institution and the work of Langley. Such articles do not represent any opinion but that of their writer, but they all serve as means of publicly imputing discredit to the powers that be. *Any brick is good enough to throw.* On the other hand, Lord Montagu, who is now taking an active hand in advocating reform in service aeronautics, is fully alive to the importance of scientific investigation, but he is—or was—certainly not too well informed as to his facts. Thus in his speech on March 9th in the House of Lords he deplores that we are behindhand owing to the fact that "we had neglected science." It is a definite fact that so far as the scientific side of aeronautics is concerned, Great Britain leads the world.‡

Elsewhere Lord Montagu complains of overlapping between the Services—so far as scientific research is concerned there is no "overlapping." The existence of

* "I have felt in a manner particularly acute, the affront of which Paris has been the victim. It is the main motive of this letter. French aviation, which up to the opening of hostilities was the first in the world, has experienced if not a crisis at least a retardation in its progress. The reason is quite simple. They have eliminated from the technical Committees of the Department concerned with the study of the programme the men who had created this science. If they will restore to these men, who are at once aviators, engineers and constructors, the real technical control in collaboration with two or three selected pilots, in four months the time lost will be nearly regained.

† It is already time. The men to be included are Voisin, Caudron, Breguet, Saulnier, Bechereau, Delage (Nieuport), Farman. From these should be formed a Superior Committee for Aerial Defence for France. Their past guarantees the future.—L. BLERIOT."

‡ It is to be noted that at the time the letter was penned by M. Bleriot, there was already an Advisory Committee acting in co-operation with M. Besnard (the Air Minister), including the names of many well known pioneer constructors—MM. Esnault, Pelletier, Clement Bayard, and Renault, and others. Clearly M. Bleriot's complaint is the time-honoured lamentation of the "outs" who want to be "in."

† This is definitely untrue.

‡ Compare Proc. Inst. C.E., 1914, cxviii, pp. 250 et seq.

the Advisory Committee for Aeronautics on which both Services are represented is in itself a guarantee that there is no unnecessary duplication or "overlapping"; the work is carried on as decided by the Committee at the National Physical Laboratory or elsewhere, and whenever the requirements of the Services permit they are co-ordinated.

Trade Jealousies

But it is not only the press, as voicing views which may, or may not be inspired by members of the trade, we have more direct examples of the pernicious influence and working of trade rivalries and jealousies. It is only a couple of days since the Chairman of one of the leading manufacturing concerns in the country was amazed to find that a well-known politician (supposed to be some authority on the subject) had actually been crammed "to the muzzle" with the cock-and-bull stories of a discontented aeroplane motor designer, and had believed every word! When such credulity is rampant it must not be considered surprising that so many of our daily papers which have, at least so far as one can tell, no axe to grind at all, should be printing and reprinting stories and articles of a detrimental character which have no foundation in fact whatever. That it should be possible for such articles to be published in good faith I am reluctantly willing to admit.

When in some instances I have criticised adversely the part played by *the trade* in the present agitation it must be understood that I am not attacking every member of the trade or even a majority of those in this country engaged in aeronautical construction; I am attacking a certain clique, or certain members of the trade, who have made themselves unduly conspicuous both directly and indirectly in connection with slanders of individuals and bodies connected with our aeronautical administration which stand in the way of their individual and personal ambitions. Admittedly this is a small minority, but it is a noisy minority, and as unscrupulous as it is noisy.

The greater number of our aircraft constructors are fully occupied in carrying out the work which has been assigned to them by the Director of Military Aeronautics and by the Naval Contracts Department, and have the good sense not to mix themselves up in politics. They would be the first to discountenance the unpatriotic behaviour of their less enlightened brethren, but they may be pardoned for declining to mix themselves up in a controversy when their duties clearly lie in the direction of attention to business and the efficient execution of the work which has been entrusted to their care. We may hope, now that an association has been formed of aeronautical constructors, something will be done to prevent a mischief-making minority from behaving in a manner which is inimical to the national interest, and liable to bring discredit on the trade as a whole.

So far as the attack centres on the Royal Aircraft Factory it is quite certain that nothing can appease these self-appointed critics. It is not really a question of whether or no the Royal Aircraft Factory manufactures a quantity of machines which form an appreciable proportion of the total output of the country. It is not a question of whether the Royal Aircraft Factory is managed well or badly. To these people the existence of the factory is the offence. If they can say that it is badly managed it is a good enough basis for attack, but it is quite certain that the better and the more efficient the management and the bigger the output of machines, etc., the more violent will the opposition become; for it is not the inefficiency that is really the complaint, it is the very efficiency of the factory which is unwelcome. If we go deeper in search of the fundamental objection, it is not only that the factory manufactures aeroplanes, it is that it supplies the wherewithal to firms who have never previously built an aeroplane to enter at once into competition with the old-established makers of proprietary machines. Again the complaint is that this work is not done efficiently, and that the designs in process of manufacture are subjected to numerous and unnecessary alterations (House of Commons May 11th, 1916). The facts would be no more welcome if this ground of complaint were removed. That which matters to the firm having a proprietary machine to push, and an imaginary goodwill to sustain, is that the construction of

aircraft has been reduced to a matter of science and engineering, instead of remaining in the realm of priest-craft.

It is a favourite device of those wishing to show how obtuse the authorities are, to quote the performance of their latest (say) aero engine, and point out how superior it is to the R.A.F. engine which has been manufactured in quantity for the last eighteen months. They omit to mention how long it will be before their own engine can be produced in quantity at all; they omit the fact that the engine which they are putting up for comparison has all the advantage of two years development, and that if it were not better than the R.A.F. engine it would be a conculsive proof of its designer's incompetence! Yet statements of this character are commonly swallowed by the press and public as if they were proof of the incapacity of the men who designed the R.A.F. engine (with such defects as it may possess) some two years ago.

The Advisory Committee

The plea that the Advisory Committee should include a certain contingent of trade members sounds plausible enough. It is to be remembered, however, that the scientific work done by the Advisory Committee includes many matters besides that relating to aeroplane or airship construction. The Advisory Committee is not an engineering committee, it is a scientific committee; the questions which come before the Committee are at times closely concerned with engineering problems, but it is almost invariably the scientific aspect of those problems which it is the duty of the Advisory Committee to investigate or to report upon. But these scientific questions concern many matters besides aeroplane construction. They include amongst a multitude of other matters such questions as navigation of aircraft, compass deviation from various causes, bomb sighting, meteorological questions, etc. A full realisation of the breadth of the ground covered can only be obtained from a perusal of the Committee's published reports.

The Committee have the power, if occasion arises, of taking the evidence of aeroplane builders or others, and when it has been thought desirable this power has been exercised. There is no more reason or useful purpose to be served by any one trade being represented on the committee than by any other of the many trades affected. To have members of the aeronautical industry permanently sitting on the Committee would result not only in a waste of time for the Committee, but of a great waste of time on the part of aeronautical constructors whose own work would be proportionally neglected. The suggestion that the Advisory Committee should be largely recruited from amongst aeroplane constructors arises from a total misconception of its functions. Even were members of the trade added to the Committee, the difficulty and criticism would be in no wise overcome. The offence against those who were not invited to sit on the Committee would be increased a hundredfold, and we should have repeated the very difficulty which arose in connection with the French Advisory or Consulting Committee—namely, that as soon as certain members of the trade were appointed, the members who were not appointed became the most violent critics of the French Air Ministry.

The Wittenburg Heroes

To the Editor of LAND & WATER.

Sir,—Many of us must feel deeply that some memorial should be put to the memory of the three brave doctors who died of typhus at Wittenburg Camp while doing their utmost to alleviate the terrible sufferings and misery of which we have all read with a thrill of horror from the reports of Major Priestly and Captains Vidal and Lauder.

The King has voiced all our wishes by the honours he has graciously bestowed on these gallant men who mercifully survived, and we now feel that the names of those who died—Major W. B. Fry and Captains A. A. Sutcliffe and S. Field.—should be remembered in the years to come. All will agree that the memorial should take the form of helping to alleviate suffering and do some permanent good, but that must necessarily depend on the amount received. I will gladly receive and acknowledge small sums as well as large.

CONSTANCE PARKER OF WADDINGTON,
Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey.

CHAYA

A Romance of the South Seas

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Treasure.

WHEN Hull and his companions reached the landing stage and found the boat—as they expected—gone, they struck at once down stream taking the exact path taken by Saji.

You will observe that mechanism which Fate often displays in the fact that Macquart, in stealing the boat and so making his own position seemingly more secure, had, in reality, provided a release for the death that was pursuing him in the form of Saji and which was trapped and held up in the pit.

The party, passing along the river bank and hearing the call for help, stopped, made a search, discovered the trap mouth and soon had the prisoner out.

"Why, it's one of those blessed Dyaks," said Hull, "caught huntin' in his own trap."

Houghton said nothing. He was looking at Chaya who had gone up to Saji. Saji was standing feeling his joints and taking deep breaths of air and Chaya was talking to him.

"He wishes for food," said she to the others, "and to go with us; his canoe has been taken from him. He would get it back."

Hull had some biscuits in his pocket, which he produced, and Saji, after a rush to the river bank for a drink, joined in with the others. His strength and life had completely returned to him, and at the suggestion of Chaya he took the lead, being a better woodsman than any of the rest with the exception, perhaps, of herself. He had saved his spear. Even in the excitement of release he had not forgotten that, and he marched now ahead of them with the spear across his shoulder, leading the way, and piloting them much more quickly than if they had gone without him. Chaya and Houghton came last.

"He is full of danger and he must not see us together," murmured Chaya, whose hand Houghton was holding for a moment. "If he were to hear *that*, he would try to kill you."

"Let him," said Houghton laughing, but she released her hand. She seemed full of fear of Saji, not for herself but for Houghton. Saji, however, had no eyes for anything but the road before him. Almost quicker than they could follow him he went ahead so that dawn had little more than touched the skies above the tree-tops when they reached the lagoon bank.

The first thing they saw was the *Barracuda* moored to the opposite bank with the whole width of the lagoon between themselves and it. The *Barracuda's* boat was tied up beside the yawl. Not a sign was to be seen of Macquart or his companions.

"Will you look at what the swabs have done?" cried Hull. "How in the nation are we to get across?"

"Thank God, the yawl's not gone," said Houghton. "That's the main point. We'll get across somehow. Let's think."

Even as he spoke, in the vague light that was now filling the world, they saw a figure emerging from the trees on the opposite bank. It was Macquart. He was carrying something in his hand. They saw him board the yawl.

"He's carrying a basket," said Tillman. "Look at him! He's emptying it down the fo'cs'le hatch. By God, he's found the cache and that's the stuff he's emptying into the *Barracuda*."

"Looks like it," said Hull, who was standing now on one foot and now on the other. "Oh, the swab! To see him and not be able to get me fingers in his hair. Come boys, it's round the lagoon or nothing. There ain't no use in trying to swim for the place is sure full of sharks. It's a fifteen mile tramp but we'll do it."

But Saji, who had been talking to Chaya, solved the difficulty in a quicker way. Plunging into the water and still carrying his spear, he struck out for the opposite bank. There were sharks here surely, but Saji had no fear of sharks. He had often swum amongst them.

They saw Macquart make off again among the trees with his basket; he evidently had not seen them, and then they saw Saji unmoor the boat. He brought it back, sculling it from the stern, and they crowded into her and in less than

five minutes they were on the deck of the yawl. Hull made a dart for the fo'cs'le hatch and tumbled down it; then they heard him striking a match and then came his voice.

"Lord bless my soul!" The blighter's been fillin' her with clay" Then a wild yell. "Suverins—suverins." Silence and another match being struck. "There's suverins all scattered on the clay." He came tumbling up, his face blazing in the now strong daylight, and in one broad hand which he opened wide two sovereigns and some earth.

"Did you ever see the like of that!" he cried. "Haff a ton of clay the swab has shovelled aboard her with suverins all scattered on it. Where's the sense in that? What's he been doin'? Has he struck the cache or has he hasn't? Look out, here he comes!"

Macquart broke cover from the trees as he spoke, basket in hand and half running. He saw the men on the deck of the yawl but did not notice them in the least. On board he came, brushed them aside, rushed to the fo'cs'le hatch and emptied his basket.

They stood horrified. Macquart was no longer a man, though retaining a man's image. He seemed like a beast in the last stages of pursuit. The saliva ran from the corners of his mouth, his breath came in sobs and sighs, his face was grey-brown as the earth he was carrying, and it was evident, now, that, although he did not recognise them in the least, he saw them as figures, for he avoided them as, empty basket in hand he made again for the shore.

Just as his foot touched the bank, Saji, who had landed, seized him by the arm. The effect was instantaneous and extraordinary. Macquart's mind, or what was left of it, dropped the idea that was fixed in it and seized upon the idea that he was being pursued and seized. With a movement swift as light he freed himself and dashed off among the trees with the Dyak in pursuit.

"Now we're done proper!" cried Hull. "Cuss that nigger! If he'd left that chap alone he could have followed him to the *cache*."

"We'll find it without him," said Tillman. "It can't be far. Follow me, you chaps. See, there's his marks. Why, dash it, he's made a regular road."

They had landed, and following Tillman, they made along Macquart's tracks. Tillman was right. Macquart, in those endless journeys to and fro had left a road. Trodden down leaves and plants, broken lianas, spilt earth, gave indications that required no skill in tracking to follow, and when they reached the *cache* everything was plain.

A burst gold-box lay exposing its contents to the now risen sun. Macquart had not touched it. Earth and gold were all the same to him. He, who had to empty the world into the fo'cs'le of the yawl against time had no time to bother with trifles, just as the treasure-seekers now had no time to bother about him.

Hull, after the first shout of discovery, had cast himself down on his stomach and, now, laughing like a madman, was playing with the contents of the box, laying those tattooed hands of his in money. Tillman absolutely crazed, was dancing like a monkey in the sunlight before Hull. Houghton alone held himself together. Chaya was there. As full of mad excitement and joy as his companions, the check of the woman, who was looking wonderingly on at the antics of the others, held him from any demonstration. He only laughed; then, turning to Chaya, who was laughing also, he seized her to him. She did not resist. They were as much alone as though the frantic Hull and Tillman were miles away. They were screened by the gold.

Then Hull came to his senses and began to talk almost rationally, sitting up and punctuating his remarks with blows of his fist on the ground.

"Oh Lord, Oh Lord!" cried Hull. "To think of poor old Mac gone cracked and shovellin' dirt and leavin' the yellow boys!"

It was indicative of the Captain's mentality that all anger against Macquart had vanished to be replaced by furious mirth at the tragedy that Fate had shown to them.

"Man and boy I've worked all me life for tuppence, and look at this. Look at me now, and Mac tried to fitcher me over the business, and look at Mac! I tell you, it had to come. I felt them suverins drawing me all me life, and there they

are. I wasn't born to die pore. I was not. And now I'll sit in me kerridge and live as I ought. That's me. Me sittin' on the top of the keg and smokin' my pipe and Mac runnin' mad in the woods chased by niggers."

Tillman, recovering, was also in a talkative mood.

"We've struck it in the middle of the bull's eye," said he, "and no mistake. That's what pleases me. We aimed for it and hit it. If we'd tumbled on this thing by chance there wouldn't have been anything to it, but we've got it by going for it. Well, it's champagne for all of us for evermore, Amen."

"It's big luck," said Houghton, who was standing by Chaya. "But there's one thing that bothers me. Where are Wiart and Jacky?"

"That needn't worry you," grunted Hull, who was tossing coins on his thumb. "Mac's done 'em in as sure as I haven't. Went mad and done 'em in. Here we come and find him mad and them gone—done 'em in—that's what he's done. He'd a' spifflicated his own grandmother for half a hapeny, would Mac, and here he was, alone with the nigger and old whiskers and half a million pounds."

"It looks like it," said Tillman. "Well, there's no use in talking about it. I'm longing to get this stuff under cover."

Tillman had picked up the basket that Macquart dropped in his flight and they proceeded carefully to fill it with the gold in sight, a business that did not take three pair of hands long in accomplishing, whilst Chaya held the basket open. Then they set to, and in a moment located the next gold box.

"They are set side by side," said Houghton. "We won't have a bit of trouble with them, only we will want baskets. I vote we get back to the *Barracuda* with this lot and then rig up something to carry the stuff in. A piece of sailcloth will do at a pinch."

The others fell in with this idea. But, just at the start, Hull raised an objection.

"I don't like to leave this stuff alone with no one to look after it, and that's the truth," said he. "I ain't a narvous man, but it gets me on me spine when I think of leavin' this stuff to its lonesome."

"There's no one to touch it," said Tillman.

"Maybe not," replied the Captain, "but all the same, I'm no happier to leave it."

"I'll stay and look after it," said Houghton. "Chaya and I will sit tight here while you two get aboard and bring back the canvas."

"I'll be easier that way," said the Captain.

He started off with Tillman and they carried the basket alternately till they reached the deck of the yawl.

"We'll stow it in the saloon as far as there's stowage room," said Hull, "and the hold will take the rest. Dash me, if I like stowin' it anywhere. I'd sooner keep it on deck under me eye, but that's not to be done." He lowered himself down the saloon hatch and Tillman was preparing to follow with the load when a shout from Hull down below made him start. He put the basket down on deck and the next moment he was in the cabin. Hull was standing by the body of Jacky stretched on the floor.

"Good God!" said Tillman.

"Dead," said Hull, lifting an arm of the corpse and letting it drop. "Neck broken to all appearances. Done in by Mac. What did I tell you?"

Tillman was too shocked for a moment to speak.

"How he did it, Lord only knows," said Hull, who was now as cool as a professor of anatomy demonstrating on a "subject." "There ain't no scratch that I can see. There ain't no blood, just the neck broke. He *may* have tumbled down the saloon hatch and killed hisself, but that ain't probable with Mac about. Most like he was done in by Mac and the whisker man and then the whiskers got his gruel later on. No knowin'. But he's got to get out of here and we've got to shift him. We've got to rig a tackle to the main boom and histe him. Let's get to work."

They rigged the tackle and ten minutes' gruesome work got rid of the intruder. He went overboard with a pig of iron as a sinker and the Captain, quite unmoved, assisted in the removing of the tackle and the rousting out of some spare canvas to serve as a sack for the carrying of the gold.

CHAPTER XXX.

Fate.

Houghton left alone with Chaya, took his seat by the cache whilst the girl sat beside him. If ever any man realised his ambitions in life, that man was surely Houghton. The one woman in the world that he wanted sat beside him, all the money he required lay before him.

"Chaya," said he, pointing to the cache, "that is what we came here for. We have got it and we must now go away. Will you come with me?"

Chaya laughed softly to herself. The woman they called

her mother had no more hold upon her affection than Macquart. She had absolutely never known the thing called love till Houghton came into her life. She opened out her hands as though running over in imagination the whole earth, turned to him, laughed into his eyes and held up her lips.

"That is well," said he. He held her hand and they sat shoulder touching shoulder, not troubling to speak.

All at once Chaya started and turned her head, whilst Houghton rose to his feet. A voice from far away to the right came to them through the almost windless air. It seemed hailing them.

"It is Saji," said Chaya, who had often heard that hail on their hunting expeditions. "He is calling to me." She knew by the sound of the voice that Saji was either injured or in distress. She answered the call and the reply came as faithfully as an echo.

"Now he will know," said Chaya, "and he will come here as surely as the snake to its rock." They listened, but no sound came from Saji. That wily hunter, having obtained their direction, was using his breath, no doubt, for a better purpose than shouting.

Then they heard him moving among the leaves and a moment later he appeared from among the trees. He was crawling on hands and knees. He held the parang between his teeth, for his girdle had been torn off in some violent struggle. He was mortally wounded and he was dragging along the head of Macquart by its hair. When he saw Chaya he cried out, and supporting himself on his left hand as she approached, he held up the head with his right.

It was the gift of gifts, the love-offering of the Dyak warrior. It was more than that. It was the head of the man who had murdered Chaya's father.

Chaya did not know this, nor did Houghton, nor did Saji. All these actors in the drama were perfectly unconscious of the fact that here Justice was dealing retribution, that here, above the gold for which Macquart had murdered Lant, Macquart's head was being offered as a gift to Lant's daughter.

Houghton cried out in horror, but Chaya, just as on the day when she stood watching the battle between the scorpion and the centipede, stood looking at Saji and his terrible trophy unmoved. She knew that it was his offering to her, and her love for Houghton had told her in some mysterious way the secret of Saji's passion for her. It was as though she were watching not only the savagery from which she was escaping, but the whole of that mysterious past which lay on her mother's side, stretching through unknown ages during which men, to gain the love of women, had brought them as love gifts the heads of men.

Saji, with one supreme effort, tried to rise to his feet; then he fell on his knees, on his hands, on his side, quivered as though a breeze were astir amidst his muscles and lay dead beside his trophy. As he turned on his side they saw the cause of his death. The shaft of his own spear broken off, protruded from his side. Macquart, in his struggle for life, must have gained possession of the spear and used it with deadly effect, only to fall a victim to the parang.

Houghton was advancing towards the body of Saji when Hull and Tillman appeared from among the trees carrying the canvas for the conveying of the gold.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Escape.

It was the morning of the fifth day after the death of Saji, and Hull and his companions were stretched on the deck of the *Barracuda* in the shade of the trees, smoking and talking. Seldom have men worked as those three during the last few days. Not only had they got the last of the coin on board, but they had proved to themselves the fact by digging up the last possible vestiges of the cache. They had got a good deal of the rubbish out of the fo'es'le and flung it overboard after sifting it and now the boat was all trim and ready for sea.

Pig-iron ballast had been jettisoned to be replaced by gold. The gold was stored in the cabin, in the hold and in the fo'es'le. They had worked surrounded by an aura. The thing was fabulous and the labour like the labour in a dream. Nearly under them lay the bones of the *Terschelling*, the ship that had been taking all this wealth to China ports more than fifteen years ago. Its non-arrival had, no doubt, affected underwriters, caused talk, caused loss to the insurers of it and then had been absolutely forgotten. Here it had lain dead and buried to all seeming, but its soul had been actively at work, weaving, weaving, weaving, drawing lives together like threads to make the texture of the pictures that forms this story.

It had drawn to itself Hull and Houghton and Tillman, Macquart and Jacky, Wiart, Chaya, Screed, and strangest of all it had brought up the past and dealt out Retribution to the wicked. Who will say that gold is a lifeless thing, or that



Chaya, 1 Romance of the South Seas

[Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.E.A.]

“He dashed off among the trees with the dyak in pursuit”

it is not in its way a God? Now stored and prisoned, and about to be deported to a land where its activities could begin anew, it showed nothing of its presence except in the weariness of its slaves who were lying about on deck.

Chaya was down below in the cabin, arranging things. When Hull and Tillman got the truth of the matter, they had made no trouble at all about Chaya, though her joining them would make things a great deal more difficult on the return journey. It was arranged that she should have the cabin for herself to sleep in, and during the day, except at meal-time, the rest of the crew being condemned to the fo'cs'le. Not that this mattered much as the crew, being so small, it would be required most of the time on deck.

The incident of Chaya scarcely gave Hull and Tillman a

thought. Gold fever and heavy labour held their entire minds and beings, and it was perhaps the exhaustion produced by these two causes that made Hull, as he lay on the deck now, smoking and stretching himself, to forecast the difficulties still before them.

“There's a good many miles of sea between here and there,” said he, “but I don't mind northen so long as we get clear of the coast. I wish we was out of this lagoon.”

“What's wrong with the lagoon?” said Tillman. “It's been a pretty good friend to us, I think.”

“I don't know anythin' that's wrong with it,” replied Hull, “but I wish we was clear of it.”

“Well, we'll be out of it to-morrow,” said Houghton. “We have only to get the water on board and we can do that this

evening. We couldn't go sooner than to-morrow. Lord! every bone in my body is aching. I didn't ever think I could have worked like that. Do you know we have been at it for five days without a break scarcely?"

"Seems more like five years," said Tillman. He had risen up and was leaning on the rail tapping the ashes from his pipe into the lagoon. Whilst engaged in this his eye caught sight of something. It was the prow of a fishing prahu. At this moment Chaya came on deck and her quick eye caught sight of the prahu. She called out to Houghton and he and Hull sprang to their feet.

The prahu that had come up the lagoon at a rapid pace turned in a hairpin curve with the foam pouring like cream round the blades of the starboard paddles and vanished as it had come almost in an instant.

"That was smartly done," said Tillman. "Those chaps must have come to have a peep at us. I wonder how they knew we were here."

"I reckon they didn't," said Hull. "They just struck sight of us and got skeered." But Houghton who had been talking to Chaya was not of this way of thinking.

"I don't like the look of those chaps," said he, "neither does Chaya. She thinks they must have got wind of what we are after and they've seen her. That old woman who calls herself her mother is sure to have raised the tribe when Chaya did not go back. It's nearly a week now since she joined us and she thinks that the fishermen of the tribe have come up from the sea to the village, got news of what has happened and started out after us."

"That's cheerful," said Tillman.

"I said just now I wished we were out of this lagoon," grumbled Hull.

"Chaya thinks that the fact of her being with us may have caused the trouble," went on Houghton, "and she says, rather than endanger you two and the gold she is ready to go back. I would go with her."

"Now, we don't want any of that sort of stuff," said Hull. "We've contracted to lift the girl as well as the stuff and we're not goin' to be done over our contract by those chaps."

"We've got our rifles," said Tillman.

"Blow rifles!" said the Captain. "Sticks is good enough to beat them off with." He went down below and got an axe, then with the axe in his hand he lumbered over the side and disappeared into the forest.

In half an hour's time he returned. He had cut down and cut up three small trees and he carried the result of his labours under his arm in the form of three cudgels, each four feet long. Down he sat on the deck and as he whittled at the weapons with his knife he laid down the law of self-defence by means of sticks to the others.

"I'll larn you somethin'," said the Captain. "Don't you never try to belt a chap over the head with a stick till you have him on the ground. The p'int of the stick is the able end for fightin'. Use it like a bay-net. There's not a man livin' can stand up to the poke of a stick if the chap that's usin' the stick knows his bizness. Now these sticks is short enough to fend or break a spear with and long enough to dig a nigger in the stomach with. That's the p'int to aim at."

He spent nearly half the day over these weapons, and at sundown they started to water the *Barracuda*, Houghton and Tillman taking the beakers to the well they had found just inside the forest whilst Hull and Chaya kept guard.

They slept that night on deck, keeping watch in turn. But not a sign came of any trouble from the river.

Then just before dawn they unmoored and the Captain with Tillman got into the boat and hauled the *Barracuda* out. They towed her to the mouth of the river where the wind, setting from the land fortunately for them, was ruffling up the lagoon water. Here they got the boat on board and hoisted the mainsail and jib, whilst the *Barracuda*, beginning to walk and talk, nosed her way into the river mists now breaking and making spirals to the wind.

The tide was ebbing and as they drew along past wooded capes and deep dense masses of mangrove growth, Hull, who was on the look-out, saw on the calm dawn-lit sea just at the river mouth vague forms like water flies come to rest on the ruffled water.

"That's them," said he. "look, they're waitin' for us. Now, you take my orders and take 'em sharp. We're makin' five knots, we must make nine; crack every stitch of canvas on her and give me the wheel."

He took the wheel whilst the others flew to obey his orders, and the *Barracuda* with all sail set and the main boom swung out to starboard, came along at a spanking pace before the wind that was bending the palm tops and spreading before them in cat's paws of vaguest silver. The rifles, loaded and ready were lying on the deck to be used as a last resort. Chaya was kneeling by Houghton ready to hand him his weapon, and Tillman, with his foot on his gun and his club in his fist was standing by Hull.

Houghton could hear the sound of the sea coming against the wind. Never in his life had he gone through moments of such supreme tension as now, waiting for what might come in the vague light of morning, and a silence unbroken but for the wash of the waves on the distant reefs and the wash of the water at the bow of the yawl.

Then suddenly uprose a clamour like the crying of sea-fowl. The six prahus that had been lying like logs on the heave of the sea swarmed into a dark line and the line rushed to meet them. Houghton saw Hull, as calm as though he were on a pleasure sail, standing, quid bulging his cheek and great hands playing gently with the little wheel. Then suddenly the wheel went over to port and the *Barracuda* crashed into something that went grinding away under the keel. At the same moment, something struck the main sail.

It was a light spear, venomous as the sting of a wasp, and it stuck there slatting and held from falling back by its barb, whilst Hull put the wheel over again to starboard and twenty more spears fell "wop, wop" into the water astern of her.

"Done 'em," said the Captain.

Houghton looked back. He could not believe that it was all over. Yet there were the prahus all in confusion in the wake of the *Barracuda*, the wrecked prahu like a broken umbrella on the water, and the heads of the swimmers who were being rescued by their friends.

"They laid to get us one on each side," said Hull, "and if I hadn't shifted the helm and rammed that chap, they'd have got their holts—which they didn't. Well, there's no blood spilt and that's all the better. Gad! boys, we've got the stuff away!"

The sun answered him, breaking up over the sea, and all the great lonely coast they were leaving showed in its desolation across the water rippled with gold and strewn with the foam of the reefs.

Houghton, holding Chaya's hand, looked back. Then, still hand in hand, they went forward and stood looking far ahead to where the ruffled blue of the sea faded through the morning haze into a sky of azure fair with the promise of the future.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Envoi

ONE bright morning, two months later, the *Barracuda*, having hung off and on all night in view of Macquarie, entered Sydney Harbour. Stole in unnoticed, storm-beaten, and sun-blistered, and foul with tropic weeds, the strangest craft that had ever made that port of call.

She and her crew, bronzed and tattered, and her cargo, invisible but there, might have sailed in from some distant Age when men made the world marvellous with their deeds and before machinery had made man commonplace as itself.

Chaya alone, sunburnt and laughing and amazed at the wonders of this new place, was a whole romance in herself.

Yet no one noticed them—or only some early fishermen and a few longshoremen at the little bay near Farm Cove where they anchored, and one of whom was sent hot foot with a message to Screed—a pencilled message which ran: "Big luck. Come at once, and for God's sake bring some provisions with you."

It would be impossible to describe that breakfast in the musty, fusty little cabin with the sun blazing through the port-holes and the skylight. Wealth sat beside each of them, and the prosaic Screed, as he listened to scraps of the marvellous voyage, forgot even the gold he was sitting on in contemplation of the greater gold that lay like a halo around the work of these wanderers.

Chaya sat by Houghton—the only man among them doubly blessed by wealth.

THE END.

Some of the summer matinée jackets are the most fascinating affairs. One model made of three layers of different coloured ninons, apple green, blush pink and sea blue has a border of white swansdown and looks like a summer cloud. For those wanting an inexpensive jacket there are charming little coats of printed French lawn trimmed with a kilted border of white Valenciennes, and an attractive turn-down collar. Yet another coat appeals in crinkled silk crêpe scalloped all round the edge with a deep satin stitch, padded underneath so that it has a raised appearance.

C.A.V. ELECTRIC STARTERS.—Effective, Powerful; a simple pressure of the pedal and the engine starts under its own power. When C.A.V. equipped a girl can start the heaviest engine. Full particulars post free to all motorists.—C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.—(Advt.)

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE ONE SHILLING
[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

To Victory!



By Quarter Master Sergeant-Instructor E. Handley Read.

The Passing of Ypres

At the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, there is a wonderful exhibition of water-colours, entitled "The British Firing Line," by Quarter Master Sergeant-Instructor E. Handley-Read (Machine Gun Corps, late Artists Rifles.) This picture of Ypres is typical of these sketches which so faithfully represent the ruin, emptiness and heartbreaking dreariness of the battlefields of France and Flanders.

LAND & WATER

EMPIRE HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1916

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EMPIRE DAY

THREE years hence we shall celebrate the centenary of the birth of Queen Victoria, that august name of good omen, and historians will then doubtless tell us in detail how in this one hundred years the British Empire has grown from tottering infancy into sturdy self-reliant manhood. Mistakes many and great have been made, but in that we have always been loyal to our ideals of liberty, honour, humanity and justice, and have not denied to those in subjection that freedom of individual action which we so hotly and at times even foolishly claim for ourselves, we have outlived the errors. The truth of the singer is fulfilled again in this chapter of Imperial history that nations as "men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things."

On the morrow of the first Empire Day to be officially recognised in the mother country, a Briton, be his birthplace betwixt the narrow seas that guard these old shores or under the skies of wider horizons in new lands, cannot fail to feel a sense of pride and satisfaction in the work that has been accomplished. The unity of the Empire is now no more a mere abstract expression, but a living concrete fact. In these pages a record is given of the help which every part of the Empire, from the greatest Dominion to the least remotest island over which the Union Jack waves, has rendered to the mother country in her day of trial, and it is shown how faith in the Empire has been consecrated with blood, freely poured forth; race, religion, custom, caste being subordinated to this one central idea. The British Empire has gained in this war an immortal soul, through the generous and lavish self-sacrifice of her sons.

We have been told that "the world's altar-stairs slope through darkness up to God"; we have learned that they ascend also through pain. The truth, the pitiful truth, appears to be that the redemption of mankind in small things as in great things can only be won, even in this twentieth century of the Christian era, through the torment of Calvary. It is almost as though the lights of heaven must be blotted out, earth swim in a sea of blood before man is capable of comprehending the nobility of his fellow-man. Yet surely it should be possible for humanity to make advance by some less sorrowful way. Our children and our children's children may, we hope, learn wisdom through the sufferings and bitterness of spirit of our present experiences, and will trust each other with fuller confidence than we possessed before the war. From this richer sympathy a more vigorous life shall spring which shall make the British Empire not only the stronghold of justice and freedom, but, as it were, a city whose citizens enjoy both the power and means to utilise their talents and develop their abilities, each and everyone, to the highest value possible, and are capable of self-sacrifice for the good of the community equally in peace as in war. It is no easy achievement, but towards this end we must press if all the slaughter and anguish of these months is not to be in vain.

Let us escape from the fetters of words and shibboleths, for life is action not speech. This verity has been taught us by war, and the lesson must never be forgotten. Before the Victorian centenary arrives, in every human

probability peace will be restored; by peace we imply the cessation of carnage and the stay of devastation. But let us not be deluded by the word, and dream we may then sink back safely and comfortably into the old ruts out of which we have been so cruelly flung, and soak our souls with the opiates of self-complacency. There is in truth no such thing as peace on this earth if life be healthy and beneficent and the progress of humanity maintained. Even under the most favourable circumstances there must ever be struggle and fight. And it is an Empire well worth fighting for, for it is confined by no narrow conceptions; it is too vast for restricting influences of class, colour and creed. Though tribute has to be rendered unto Cæsar, that is unto the State, to all men is it freely permitted to render unto God the things that are God's; and where Christianity prevails, it is judged at the last not by doctrines or dogmas but by practical kindness—by giving meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, hospitality to the stranger, and care to the sick. Those who have mocked us for ruling with so light a hand, and deemed it to be the mark of indolence and decadence, are confounded.

But we have to take the world as it is if we would endeavour to make it a better world. We must organise the Empire in a manner hitherto undreamed of; we have to sit down and consider carefully every commercial enterprise and make it impossible in the future that the channels of industry shall serve as poison-ducts for an enemy who is not restrained by the decencies of life, but has exalted treachery and the betrayal of friends and neighbours into a noble service to the State. Nor can we be deterred from this purpose by the slave-whip of political sophists and rhetoricians, who would herd us back into sloth and inaction by the flick of phrases which have served their purpose in the old days, when eyes were blind and hearts failed to understand. We show on other pages of this issue the manner in which the British Empire may be all but self-supporting. Can anyone honestly declare protection against the products of Germany, raised in self-defence, to be a part of Tariff Reform or an infringement of Free Trade if we continue to our gallant Allies, as we shall most certainly do, the commercial facilities which they have hitherto enjoyed.

There is hard work ahead for the Empire—work which cannot be delayed and which must be undertaken in a thorough and methodical manner. It implies breaking with the past, but does not all life since the guns first roared at Liege imply this? This journal counts itself fortunate in that by a happy inspiration it broke off in August, 1914, from its former traditions and began a new career that synchronises with the world struggle. Since that day it has endeavoured to give week by week a faithful report not merely of the chief episodes of the war, but of their inner significance; and it has striven to elucidate the influences which these unprecedented events are exerting on life both within the British Empire and without. Its purpose has been to encourage the doubters and to stimulate the fighters, nor when mistakes have been made has it deemed it necessary to reprobate those in authority, believing that to know all would be to pardon much if not all. When the last shot has been fired and a glad silence descends on the troubled air, it foresees that its work will increase rather than lessen. The problems of the future will be at least as difficult as those of the present. If peace has victories as renowned as war, war has prosperities as affluent as peace, so there must needs be a complete re-settlement of the economic and political life of the British Empire, which will make heavy demands on publicists. We are no visionaries, thinking a new heaven and a new earth are to be created by scraps of paper and the pens of Plenipotentiaries, for we remember the wise words of a Chinese statesman, "There is but one Heaven; it is approached from Earth by many ladders. And all the ladders are steep."



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

[BORN 1836—DIED 1914]

Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1895-1903

MESSAGES FROM THE PREMIERS.

Below we print Empire Day messages, specially indited for the "Five Nations" Number of *Land & Water* by the Prime Ministers of the Overseas Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

CANADA : The Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden :

NOTHING could be more fitting at this time than some special recognition of the day on which we celebrate a world-wide Commonwealth, single-minded in devotion to common ideals of freedom and justice and determined to maintain a common allegiance. Toward that end more than 300,000 Canadians have already offered their utmost service, and throughout the Dominion there is no thought of counting the cost. Whatever further burdens are assumed will be measured only by what is needed to secure a recognised victory for our common cause and the lasting integrity of our united Empire.

AUSTRALIA : The Right Hon. William M. Hughes :

ALTHOUGH there have been many occasions since the war broke out upon which the true idea of the British Empire has been more clearly revealed to us, to-day, Empire Day, is the special occasion when the peoples of Mother Country and Dominions join to celebrate the unity and strength of our wide flung race. Our enemies, seeking to destroy, have reconstructed. Such occasions as the conquest of German South Africa, the landing of the immortal 29th Division at Helles, the entry of the Canadians into action at Festubert, and the storming of the Gaba Tepe cliffs by the Australians and New Zealanders have welded us. Our own folly and stupidity may sunder some ties ; nothing else can, if we are in truth worthy.

We in Australia are with you heart and soul in the war, because we are free men loving freedom. We shall fight for our Australian citizenship and our part in the destinies of the British Empire as dearer than life. Australia warmly appreciates the splendid welcome and generous hospitality extended by Great Britain to her fighting sons, more and more of whom daily are visiting England. Thus are the links of the race being strengthened and when peace comes we hope to stand united and strong, a power for good and for the advancement of the world.

NEW ZEALAND : The Right Hon. William F. Massey :

IN the cause of Liberty and Freedom for which Britain has drawn the sword our Dominion's sons are taking their place in the fighting line and will continue to do so until final and decisive victory comes. Fifty-five thousand sturdy New Zealanders have already responded to the call of duty. More are coming and reinforcements will regularly go forward. On this anniversary of Empire Day the world beholds the British Nation more firmly united than at any time in its past history. Reverses, when they occur, serve only to strengthen our determination to win this war at all costs. New Zealand, along with the other Overseas Dominions, taking pride in her loyalty and devotion to King and Country, will not relax her efforts now or after the war to ensure for all time the safety and integrity of the Empire.

SOUTH AFRICA : The Right Hon. Louis Botha :

AT no time in the history of the British Empire has there been greater necessity for co-operation and a united front. A glorious victory for Great Britain and her courageous Allies must be the sole aim and object of all our efforts. South Africa will continue to do her duty.

Empire Building

The Possibilities of Imperial Union

By Harold Cox

THE conscious movement for Imperial unity is barely a generation old. It had its origin in a book published by the late Professor Seeley, entitled *The Expansion of England*, embodying a series of lectures which had been delivered in Cambridge. The main thesis of this epoch-making book was that England had expanded her Empire more than half unconsciously; she had built up vast dominions across the seas without specially intending to do so, and frequently in opposition to prevailing currents of thought at home. There is, at any rate, this much of truth in the late Professor Seeley's thesis that at the time he wrote—namely, in the early 'eighties,—very few English people then living had seriously and deliberately thought of Empire building.

Barely twenty years had elapsed since Disraeli, who subsequently became a vigorous exponent of the Imperialist conception, had spoken contemptuously of the Colonies as "a millstone hanging round our neck." Another English statesman, who, to an even greater extent than Disraeli, subsequently identified himself with the Imperialist movement, was in the early 'eighties an ultra-English Radical, who probably had never given a single thought to overseas problems. So little indeed was Mr. Chamberlain recognised as an Imperial statesman that when in 1895, on the formation of the Unionist Cabinet, he took the office of Colonial Secretary, there was a murmur of puzzled surprise throughout the newspaper press. Yet within two years, at the Jubilee Conference of 1897, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain formulated ideas which lie at the very basis of the conception of Imperial union. The events of the South African War strengthened Mr. Chamberlain's enthusiasm for Imperial expansion, and at the same time gave to the country at large a more vivid conception of the responsibilities attached to a great Empire.

The same events brought more clearly into public light and increased the public influence of another great Empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes. To him more than to any other Englishman does the Empire owe the consolidation of South Africa, and his name is rightly for ever connected with a vast stretch of South African territory.

Since then the conception of Imperial union has become common property. It affects all classes and all parts of the Empire. In Mr. Hughes, who comes from the Antipodes, the Empire possesses a remarkable exponent of this conception. His advocacy of Imperialism as the leader of the Australian Labour Party may usefully be balanced against the anti-patriotic attitude adopted by a section of the Labour Party in this country. That some of his speeches here suffer from vagueness may be true, but his action in Australia has been full of determination. Promptly on the outbreak of war he took steps

both to organise the dispatch of troops to the firing line, and to get rid of the financial control which the Germans had secured over some of the most important mineral industries of Australia.

At the present moment it may safely be said that apart from a few cranks who are temperamentally disposed to criticising rather than to helping their own country, everyone throughout the Empire is eager for closer Imperial union. That eagerness arises from two allied impulses. In the first place, the loyalty which all parts of the Empire have displayed in rushing to the colours has created a wide-spread feeling of solidarity which alone calls for definite expression; secondly we all of us now clearly see the danger of

disunion. We have learnt that Germany has for years steadily been planning to build up a great Empire of her own, partly to be fashioned out of the ruins of the British Empire. On both accounts—for mutual affection and for mutual protection—the importance of Imperial unity is now recognised by everyone.

It is, however, useless to form a clear conception of the ideal to be attained unless at the same time we take into account the obstacles which have to be overcome before the goal can be reached. It is from this point of view that it would be satisfactory if men like Mr. Hughes would add to their exposition of ideals a precise statement of the steps required to attain them.

There is a fairly general agreement that one of the most important steps towards closer Imperial unity—perhaps the most important of all—is the establishment of a fiscal system which will pro-

mote closer trade relations between different parts of the Empire. On this point the example of the German Empire is very illuminating. In effect the German Empire, created in 1871, was based upon the German Zollverein established in 1834. The word Zollverein means neither more nor less than customs union. Before the Zollverein was established (and for historical accuracy it should be added that the process was gradual, though the year 1834 may be taken as the main date) Germany was cut up into a multiplicity of separate areas fenced off from one another by innumerable independent customs houses. By establishing a customs union these barriers to internal trade were swept away, and though the different German States remained politically independent, their peoples were brought into such close commercial union with one another that the ground was prepared for political union.

It will not, however, do to press this analogy too far. The arguments for removing an internal customs barrier are obviously greater than those for removing a similar barrier between countries separated by the sea. The same consideration applies to any question of political



Elliott and Fry

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM M. HUGHES
Prime Minister of Australia

union. It is much easier to form an Imperial Reichstag sitting in Berlin, in which Saxony and Württemberg and the rest of the German States are represented, than to form an Imperial Parliament sitting in London to which Canada, Australia and New Zealand would have to send representatives across the seas. For these and similar reasons there is little profit in studying the German analogy too closely. Our problems are peculiar to ourselves and they must be studied in the light of our own experience and the light of our own ideals. When Mr. Chamberlain addressed the representatives of the Colonial Conference in 1902, he said emphatically that the first thing to consider was "how far we can extend the trade between the different parts of the Empire—a reciprocal trade." He added in words which were as emphatic as they were definite, "Our first object then, as I say, is free trade within the Empire." To that proposal the Dominions made no response. They were not prepared to concede free trade to the Mother Country.

In none of his speeches urging Imperial union has Mr. Hughes indicated any willingness on the part of Australia to repeal the somewhat heavy duties which are imposed upon the manufactures of the Mother Country. What is true of Australia is apparently true also of Canada, New Zealand and South Africa. The only portion of the Empire where free trade with the United Kingdom prevails is India, which is due to the fact that India is under the direct political control of the Home Government. Clearly it is impossible to coerce the Dominions in this matter. Nobody would dream of proposing to undertake such a task, and if conceivably it were undertaken it would certainly fail.

These are facts which should be borne in mind by those newspaper writers who are in the habit of arguing that the opposition to Imperial unity comes from the free traders of the United Kingdom. Complete fiscal union is impossible without Imperial free trade and the opposition to Imperial free trade comes not from English free traders but from Colonial protectionists.

Assuming that this protectionist opposition to Imperial unity cannot be overcome we have to consider whether any steps can be taken to secure a closer unity while still maintaining the fiscal independence of the Dominions and recognising that that independence will be used for the sake of protecting colonial industries against the competition of British manufactures. Here again it is alleged by tariff reform writers that opposition comes from English free traders. Again the allegation is untrue. The only proposal which the tariff reformers in this country have made is that a general tariff should be imposed upon all goods entering the United Kingdom, but that colonial goods should be admitted at a lower rate than foreign goods. This proposal, so far from bringing nearer the ideal of fiscal unity would drive that ideal farther off. There is no colonial producer who would not prefer the present system of free entry into the British market to the proposed system of a duty upon his goods and a higher duty upon foreign goods.

This indeed is a crucial question both from the point of view of the Dominions and of our Allies, and it is well at once to face it, especially in view of the growing demand for protective duties at home for the special benefit of

British agriculture. The arguments for and against that proposal cannot be here considered in detail, but this fact must at once be faced, that it is impossible to protect British agricultural industries without imposing heavy duties upon agricultural products now supplied to us by our own colonies and by our Allies.

We have then to consider whether, leaving aside both the proposals of the tariff reformers and the pre-war view of the ultra-free traders, we can take any practical steps which, while falling short of Mr. Chamberlain's ideal of free trade within the Empire, may still make Imperial trade relations closer. There is one step which we can certainly take, namely to agree with the Dominions to penalise the trade of our enemies. If either by tariffs, or if necessary by absolute prohibitions, German trade is handicapped in all countries under the British flag, to that extent those countries will at any rate have the opportunity of trading more frequently and more fully with one another.

On the political side the ideal vaguely floating in many minds is the creation of some form of truly Imperial Parliament. But the Dominions, quite intelligibly, look with alarm upon the possibility of an Imperial Parliament which would deprive them of even a portion of their present complete legislative independence. But it may, however, be suggested that there are certain inter-Imperial questions which can reasonably be referred to decision by an Imperial Council without effectively encroaching upon the privileges of the various domestic legislatures. Probably any such Council would have to be composed rather of delegates from the existing governments than of representatives to be chosen by direct popular election.

Without waiting for the creation of such an Imperial Council for settling inter-Imperial problems, there is one definite step towards closer Imperial union which might be taken at once. The present Parliament of the United Kingdom — frequently known as the Imperial Parliament, though the title is only partially justified — consists not only of the House of Commons, but also of the

House of Lords. When England and Scotland were united by the Act of Union in 1707, it was very properly provided that the sovereign should no longer create peers of England, but that he should instead create peers of Great Britain. Subsequently when Great Britain and Ireland were united in 1801, peerages of the United Kingdom were substituted for peerages of Great Britain. Cannot we, following these analogies, now provide for the creation of peerages of the Empire? Such peerages must be freed from the serious objection attaching to existing Peerages, namely, their hereditary character, and be given for life only. They must clearly be limited in number, and precaution must be taken that the selecting authority is not affected by considerations of British party politics. Subject to these conditions, it would be an immense advantage if the King were at once authorised by Act of Parliament to create Peers of the Empire, without regard to creed or race or colour, to hold office for life and to act as spokesmen in the House of Lords for the oversea portions and problems of His Majesty's Dominions.



CECIL RHODES

Elliott and Fry

Born Bishop Stortford, July 5, 1853—Died Cape Town, March 26, 1902

Story of the Five Nations

The story of the Five Nations and the part they have played in the Great War, when it comes to be written fully, will form the noblest epic in the annals of the world. That day has yet to dawn. But here we give briefly, and as it were in skeleton form, the outlines of this splendid story. The following articles from the pen of able writers, each familiar with the events he describes from the hour when the first bugle sounded the call to arms, set forth tersely the glorious assembly of the fighting forces of the British Empire. Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Arthur Pollen in other pages of this issue tell of the strength which the Mother Nation has herself displayed. We have added to this story an account of what India has done, written by Sir Francis Younghusband, and also a summary, necessarily brief, of the extraordinary efforts made by the outlying parts of the Empire to render the fullest assistance in their power to the cause of liberty and humanity for which Great Britain and the Britains beyond the Seas are warring. Try to visualise the gathering together of this mighty army, from almost all the shores of the world, remembering that they have come together of their own free will, without compulsion. The dream of our greatest Imperial statesmen has been resolved into fact.

Canada and Her Army

By an Officer of the Canadian Expeditionary Force



General Service Badge

IT is fortunate for us that this world war was preceded by a period of organising military activity in Canada. In summarising the tale of the Dominion's participation in the struggle, a few preliminary facts deserve to be recalled. At the Colonial Conference of 1907, the Chief of the British General Staff, Sir Neville Lyttelton, in a paper on "The Strategical Conditions of the Empire from a Military Point of

View," laid down three fundamental principles of Imperial preparation, of which the first two were:—

1. The obligation imposed on each self-governing unit of providing as far as possible for its own security.
2. The duty of arranging for mutual assistance upon some definite lines in case of need.

An Imperial General Staff was then proposed, a common type of organisation, a common terminology, and a common standard of education for officers. It was further suggested by General Lyttelton that whatever the size of a contingent sent by a colony, it should be accompanied by the requisite number of administrative field units. The suggestions were accepted, and the further Defence Conference of 1909 saw a general concurrence of the overseas members in the proposition "that each part of the Empire is willing to make its preparation on such lines as will enable it, should it so desire, to take its share in the general defence of the Empire."

Sir John French's Visit

When, in the following year, Sir John French, as Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces, paid a visit to Canada, he criticised, not unsympathetically, the conditions then prevalent, and made further valuable suggestions. Two years later, the Dominions Section was established at the War Office. Danger was in the air and the Empire was prepared to meet it.

About this time the Liberal Government, which had been fifteen years in power in Canada, was overthrown, and a new War Minister, Colonel (after Major-General Sir Sam) Hughes, entered upon the scene. Popular interest in military affairs became marvellously quickened, and the work of organisation went forward by leaps and bounds. Now to the question: What was the actual state of Canada's army at the outbreak of war? It consisted of 3,500 permanent troops and (on paper) 60,000

active militia. In point of fact, the number presenting themselves for annual drill was never more than 45,000 and was frequently below 40,000, imperfectly trained, equipped and officered. In addition, there were 3,000 or 4,000 British Army reservists, and there were some 25,000 members of civilian rifle clubs, a useful organisation dating from 1901, whose members might be expected to fill up the gaps in the Militia ranks.

This then, was Canada's military strength at the outbreak of war. Undeterred by the misgivings of experts and by manifest technical, as well as numerical shortcomings, the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, offered 20,000 men to the British Government to join the Imperial forces at the front, and the offer was accepted. Promptly did Canada respond to the call; old Militiamen as well as untrained volunteers poured into the hastily-improvised recruiting stations, and in less than a month the Minister of Militia found nearly 40,000 men under his orders.

Valcartier Training Camp

A huge training camp, the largest ever seen on Canadian soil, sprang into being at Valcartier, in the vicinity of Quebec. The formation of this camp was itself a triumph of engineering and military science. The making of roads, drains, the establishment of a water supply, the laying of railway tracks, electric lighting, telephones, a sanitary system, bath-houses, was accomplished within a single fortnight. The largest rifle range in the world, with a line of targets $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, was set up. Within a week 25,000 men had flocked thither from all parts of the Dominion, drawn from every class and phase of the national life; from Canadian towns, homesteads, ranches, mines and factories.

It had been decided to send to England a complete division, in addition to a reserve brigade to be used for drafting purposes to repair the losses in the field. Not only had these troops to be armed and trained, but the material had to be created on the spot—clothing, boots, puttees, mess-tins, belts, haversacks, bandoliers, pouches—in brief, all the accoutrements of an army. No detail of administration was overlooked. The force received careful medical attention and every man was inoculated against typhoid. A fleet of transports was assembled, and on one rainy day towards the end of September, the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Duchess and the Princess Patricia, reviewed the first division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. A few days later a fleet of transports, such a fleet as had never before been borne seaward on the St. Lawrence, sailed away to Plymouth and the Old Land. They arrived in the middle of October and were at once encamped on Salisbury Plain, where, under their new commander, Lieut.-General Sir Edwin Alderson, they underwent further training under conditions which severely tried their spirit and powers of endurance, but from which they emerged triumphant. Here they were visited by that matchless soldier, Lord Roberts, whose name alone had a magical power to kindle their zeal and loyalty. "The prompt resolve of Canada," he told them, speaking for Englishmen,

"to give us such valuable assistance, has touched us deeply. That resolve has been quickened into action in a marvellously short space of time, under the excellent organising and driving power of your Minister of Militia—my friend, Major-General Hughes."

Early in December, one Canadian battalion, the "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry," composed almost wholly of veteran soldiers, left the camp to join the 27th British Division. But it was not until the second week in February of last year that the First Canadian Division landed at St. Nazaire, and thus found itself at last in France.

In this Division were two thousand descendants of the Frenchmen who had left France in the 17th century. One company of the 14th Battalion was entirely composed of French Canadians, speaking only the tongue of their ancestors, and as they marched through the French countryside, on their way to the front, the air rang with the old chansons, which, long since forgotten in the land of their origin, still lived in the New France overseas, from whence they came. "The population," wrote a French Canadian officer, "applauded us; people ran to the doors of their houses and offered us fruit and wine; at the stopping-places, French soldiers brought us coffee and rum; joy and gaiety reigned everywhere, as we passed." It was an irresistible appeal to the historic imagination.

Having taken over French trenches at the front, in the neighbourhood of Ypres, not many weeks elapsed before the Canadians received their baptism of fire. The "Princess Pats" was the first of the overseas battalions to be engaged in an action of real importance. This was at St. Eloi, and on March 20th their gallant commander, Colonel Farquhar, was killed. During the ensuing month the battalion covered itself and the name it bore with eternal glory.

Second Battle of Ypres

With the famous Second Battle of Ypres, the world is now familiar. In those three days, April 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1915, the fame of the First Canadian Division spread throughout the world. The French line of trenches had been emptied by a pestilential and irresistible onrush of poisonous gas. The Canadians sprang into the breach, and were left to bear the brunt. Enormously outnumbered, they fought steadily two days and nights, knowing that upon their efforts depended the safety of the whole line which the enemy was endeavouring to pierce. "The Canadians," reported Sir John French, "held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say that the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been attended with the most serious consequences." "Canada," said the *Times*, "saved Calais."

Meanwhile Canada was not slackening her efforts. Another call for troops had gone forth, and another, and another. In May, just following the Second Battle of Ypres, which had stirred all Canada like flame, a second division set sail. In September, the month which saw a further important action at Loos, a third division left Canadian shores. At the present moment, a fourth division is in England, *en route* for the seat of war, and a fifth and sixth are forming.

In March, 1916, it was announced by Sir Robert Borden that his Government was authorising the enrolment of 500,000 men as Canada's contribution to the forces of the Empire. Of this number, nearly 350,000 are already under arms.

Gradually Canada has built up, keeping pace with these active military developments, a great military organisation, not only in the Dominion, but in this country. In London is Major-General J. W. Carson, C.B., and an administrative staff, constantly in touch with the War Office, with the Army Council and with the Imperial General Staff. Moreover, on the East Coast is a great reserve division, under Brigadier-General J. C. Macdougall, C.M.G., which is constantly drafting men to the depleted battalions in the firing line. The Representative of the Dominion Government at the front is Colonel Sir Max Aitken, M.P. There is a thoroughly-equipped medical service under General Carlton-Jones, and a staff of eminent surgeons, and scattered through the country are

numerous Canadian hospitals and convalescent homes which minister to the needs of Canada's sick and wounded. The Canadian Pay and Record Offices in Westminster employ a thousand military clerks. Altogether Canada's war expenditure already approaches a million dollars a day.

The War Machine

Gradually the war machine of the Dominion has been approximated in character and discipline to the fighting forces of the Mother Country. The system throughout, even to its smallest details, is the same; the uniform of the troops is the same; such laxity as was apparent on the arrival of the first division has vanished, and there is now nothing in the appearance, deportment or morale of the men to distinguish them from any of the newly-raised British battalions, save that the physique of the Canadians is rather superior. The very term "battalion" is of recent introduction in Canada; the unit was the regiment. At first, the Canadian battalions wore any distinguishing badges, the maple leaf and the brass shoulder-lettering being their only mark of individuality. But at an early stage it was thought wise to encourage the territorial system, and battalions came to be associated with the localities in which they were raised. Individual badges were devised and by degrees a battalion esprit de corps was fostered.

It is perhaps invidious to single out any one of the scores of battalions which have seen active service, but Canadians will not soon forget the deeds of the gallant "Princess Pats," the 16th Battalion (Canadian Scottish), the 4th Battalion, the 1st (Ontario) Battalion, the 3rd (Toronto), Battalion, the 7th Battalion (British Columbia Regiment), the 13th Battalion (Royal Highlanders of Canada), the 8th Battalion (90th Winnipeg Rifles). Of the gallant officers who have fallen the list is large, but the names of Birchall, Norsworthy, Merritt, Boyle, McHarg and Drummond are sure of a niche in our Temple of Fame.

What the war has done in a military sense for Canada stands revealed. The series of scattered units, enrolled merely for local defence and intended in time of war to be auxiliary to an army raised by Great Britain, has vanished as such forever from the scene, emerging as a Canadian Army, which already in the crucible of war has adjusted itself into the machinery of a world-wide Imperial military system.

Australia's Part

By Arthur Mason

(London Correspondent of the "Sydney Morning Herald")



General Service Badge

IN days to come, when place and share and praise and honour shall have been measured through the juster perspective of history, Australia's enthusiasm of service and sacrifice in the cause of Empire will have its due portion of fame in the common fame of the Dominion peoples. That estimate of a future generation, the result of a more delicate balancing of forces than is available to us who are in

the very midst of their clash and fire will, as it always does, consolidate our faiths and illumine our judgments.

The material progress which had lifted Australia to national stature by grace merely of a handful of population and a century of time, had been the ideal progress of a land that was always prosperous and always peaceful. The hint of war had disturbed that progress. No thought of war had checked it. The wars of other lands and other ages were, in Australia, not the catastrophic crises of national fate, but part of the picturesque tradition of a

storied past. She had had a share in the South African war, but long before July, 1914, it had come to be recognised as a small share in a small campaign. No possible inspiration to thought of war was to be had by her people, either from the political experiments in which they were constantly engaged, or from the steady flow of prosperous years in which their wealth grew and multiplied. Still less was there of such inspiration in the easy circumstances of a life swathed in Australia's natural surrounding of soft airs and abiding sunshine. Yet, and in spite of all, influences of sterner motive were undoubtedly abroad.

There was always, for one thing, the incalculable influence of Australian loyalty to Britain. For the most part dormant, it was easily awakened and obviously alive. No one doubted that if ever a day should demand of it something more than the singing of national songs and the waving of national flags, that demand would be met, and met not less, but more willingly by reason of the growing sturdiness of a definitely Australian national spirit. Gradually, too, the leaders of Australian political thought had begun to measure the antagonistic possibilities of other races of the Eastern seas. In the eyes of a constitutionally easy-living people this was little more than a far-off menace, escape from which seemed, in any case, to be a matter almost wholly beyond the capacity of their limited numbers. By reason of it, nevertheless, the seed of the defence preparation of Australia was sown, and the fruit of it became visible when, in 1909, the Royal Australian Navy came into being, and when in 1910, the historic visit of Lord Kitchener led to the Defence Act of that year and its provision for compulsory training.

Kitchener's Scheme

For the most part, the Kitchener scheme and the Act based upon it were measures for a so distant future that their bearing upon the actual war demand of 1914 is to be found not in the region of facts, but among those other less tangible influences which have played so great a part in the arming of Australia. For the Military College of Duntroon established under the Act, had no more than begun its work in 1914, while the Citizen Defence Force was to be built up gradually by drafts of the cadets who had been trained for a specified term of four years between the ages 14 to 18. But from its very beginning the compulsory training scheme had a moral effect upon the nation. It lifted the thoughts of hundreds and thousands of Australians to things beyond their accustomed range. It strengthened the fibres of Australian nationality no less than it improved the physique of Australian boyhood. It reminded a people almost too easily circumstanced that danger might lurk unobserved, and that the responsibilities of nationhood could not for ever be avoided. And in every one of those details it was a compelling influence upon the mind and heart of Australia when the blow fell and the Empire call rang across the world.

Not the only influence, of course, for there were many influences, and all the influences together surged into a common irresistible impulse, so that Britain's entrance upon war, at a stroke and from one end to the other of the continent, transformed this peaceful, peace-loving Australia into a land aflame with the ardour of battle. Space will allow no more than a hint of that sudden fierce enthusiasm—how it issued first in the Government's immediate offer of an Expeditionary Force, and afterwards in ten thousand subsidiary enthusiasms, how at the signal men came hurrying from near and far to offer their fighting services, men of the cities and men of the bush, men of the silent mountains, and men of the great plains, men of cultivated profession, and men of the humblest callings, picturesque men of all kinds and conditions from across the unrivalled inner picturesque lands of Australia, men who lived at touch with the grandeur of its magnificent distances, men who sweated in the dusts and heats of its desert wastes, lonely men from west of sunset, and men of the crowded highways of life—left all and came flooding in at the word of need. Nor can more be said of the Australian enthusiasm of liberality, an enthusiasm which set the whole nation at work for others and for their own, and which has subscribed nearly four millions sterling to war funds and contributed many millions of articles of food and clothing to whomsoever seemed to deserve or desire them. And only a word, too,

of the stress and strain of Governments, and of all in authority; or of the completeness of the offer which has promised 300,000 Australian soldiers to Britain and has despatched a great proportion of that number fully equipped and partially trained, what time the financial burden of it all upon the five million people of Australia calls for repeated War Loans and foreshadows an expenditure for the current year of £75,000,000.

First Successes

With no more than this in respect of achievements and sacrifices which in themselves are of the essence of national revolution, one passes to a word in remembrance of achievement in actual war and the supreme sacrifice inseparable from it. The first Australian successes were those by which, in October, 1914, Australia possessed herself of the important German colonies of New Guinea and New Britain. On November 9th, too, the wholly admirable activities of the Royal Australian Navy were crowned by the victory of the cruiser *Sydney* over the notorious *Emden*, a dramatic event which fully and finally established the infant Australian Navy in the affections of the Australian people, who, besides, are proud to think that ships of their's are now in battle-line in the North Sea with the mighty fleet of Britain.

The men who had rushed by the thousand to the first enlistments were soon in training camps near the capital cities, available to them the more conveniently by reason of the Defence organisation, of whose machinery they and many of the officers at their service were a part. But the work of the camps had to be short and sharp. For it was no far cry from those fateful days of August to the night of December 6th, when the fleet of transports bearing the first Australian troops to fight on European fields stole in line through the Suez Canal, and no farther cry to the days that followed, when the sands of the desert, and the waters of the Nile, and the stones of immemorial temples and tombs—the whole vast solemnity of ancient Egypt—were the familiar surrounding of the youngest army of the Empire come from the newest nation of the world.

Their work in the sands and the sun of the Egyptian training grounds was hard and unceasing. But it re-made them. It built them and those who followed them, detachment after detachment, a steady stream of reinforcements—tens of thousands of Australians in arms—into the soldiers they meant to be. It gave them, moreover, General Birdwood, now their leader of leaders. It sent them, under him, to the Dardanelles and Gallipoli, there, on April 25th, 1915, to make the glorious entrance into battle which has immortalised them, there to fight through months of unflinching gallantry in almost every hour of which was an act of heroism, in some hours at least of which—as in those of the unforgettably bloody days of last year's August—hundreds of Australian lads fell without a murmur and died without a cry. Through eight months of bitter fighting, varied by unescapable lingering sickness, the Gallipoli campaign wore to its ignominious end. Out of the mouth of the hell of it the Australian soldiers came, in December last, unsullied, established in a fighting fame as glorious as any. They left behind them thousands of their dead, the graves of whom are an abiding sorrow of the kinsfolk and friends who, though they sent them forth gladly risking all were wholly without thought of such a tragedy on such a scale.

The way of Australia, however, under this shock of war, is a great way. It covers its strange new grief with silence. The 11,000 Australian sick and wounded who have been nursed back to health in British hospitals, or invalided home, cover theirs with a smile. Such as are fit once more have joined their fellows in the pleasanter fields of France, obviously happy in the thought of a new campaign. In Australia they will be remembered less with anxiety than with confidence and pride. For Australia was never more proudly at war than now. Still her soldiers come. Still she gathers and trains and equips and sends them forth. She makes munitions of war. Out of her fertility she feeds the comrade peoples half across the world. Her call for men and still more men is a matter of ordered campaigning by the legislatures of all her States, and if appeals should fail she will not hesitate to compel. In all regards,

indeed, Australia has played and is playing and will continue to play, the part of a Dominion of the Empire whose people have risen easily and fearlessly to exalted vision of a great Imperial cause.

New Zealand's Share

By Noel Ross



General Service Badge.

ON April 25th Londoners lined the streets and cheered themselves hoarse as the Anzacs marched to the memorial service in Westminster Abbey. What was it they were cheering? Some, perhaps, applauded the good carriage and the fine physique of the men from Overseas. Some cheered because it was the first approach to a military pageant, the nearest to a "Maffick," that

they had yet been allowed. How many saw the real significance of those long columns? How many of those enthusiastic Londoners realised that the true lesson lay in the fact that those men, drawn by no tangible tie, had come 15,000 miles to fight for Empire.

We in New Zealand heard of the declaration of war on August 5th, 1914. Inside three weeks an expeditionary force, fully equipped with guns, and escorted by colonial war vessels, had captured German Samoa, the first enemy possession to fall into the hands of Britain. During the same period the military resources of our small Dominion had been taxed to the uttermost, but they had withstood the strain.

Crowded Recruiting Offices

Camps sprang up in various parts, and men were drafted to central points. At Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, the recruiting offices were rushed by men anxious to enlist. Many would-be recruits came hundreds of miles, only to find that they were too late and would have to await the formation of the reinforcement units before they could get places. At the end of the first month there was in the camps a force of approximately 10,000 men. Nor was this all. Thanks to the system of compulsory military training, one man out of three, and that is an excellent leaven, knew how to handle his rifle; knew what was expected of him in the way of discipline; understood the elements of camp sanitation; and even had a grounding in work in the field. With the mounted men these benefits were even more marked. Those who had them, brought their own horses, many of them valuable beasts, and they knew how to look after them. A colonial trooper is his own veterinary.

Clothing and stores of all sorts came quickly to hand, and before the end of September the New Zealand Expeditionary Force was an accomplished fact, fully armed, with complete equipment, and ready to go anywhere the Mother Land commanded. Big ocean-going merchantmen and liners were acquired by the authorities. Marble panelled saloons were transformed into rough deal-boarded mess rooms, and cabins were removed. Bunks were fitted up tier upon tier in the holds, and even in the refrigerating chambers. Then the men were marched from the four centres to the transports. To the man in the ranks things seemed to go without a hitch, and no better testimonial could be given to those responsible for the organising of the force. The fleet of grey-painted troopships concentrated at the port of the capital—and waited, for the German was prowling in the Pacific. A month passed before it was safe to venture out. The time was not wasted, for route marches filled the long spring days. At last came our escort. We woke one morning to see moored near us a great black hull. It was the cruiser *Ibuki*, flying the

Rising Sun of Japan. Then on a morning when the sea was so smooth that each ship was reflected in perfect outline, the twelve grey transports glided out of harbour. The Great Adventure had begun.

No need to recall the long period of training in Egypt, or the tragic sequel at Gallipoli. Some of us had but a few hours on the Peninsula, some, but very few, held out through the long days until the evacuation.

From the original New Zealand contingent of 10,000, has sprung a force of 50,000 men! Of this total 38,000 have sailed from New Zealand and the remainder are in camp in the Dominion. In addition, some hundreds have joined in England and Australia. To you people who talk lightly of millions, that seems perhaps a drop in the ocean. It means more to us, for that 50,000 has come out of a population of a million souls—no more. To keep up reinforcements for this force, we have to supply 2,500 men every month and the men are not hanging back.

Ideal Camps

An Imperial military man of high standing said recently that the two main camps in New Zealand, at Trentham and Featherstone, were probably equal to any in the world. That seems a sweeping assertion, but it is possible. Between the two camps 10,000 men can be accommodated. All the men are in wooden buildings, and there is no overcrowding. The water supply and the drainage are excellent, there is electric light, and a railway runs into the centre of each camp. There are in addition bathing arrangements and every device that can be thought of for the comfort of the men. Horses are being shipped continually, and there are twelve ocean-going ships solely occupied in carrying men and supplies from the Dominion to the Force in the field, for we are maintaining it.

As yet New Zealand has no form of conscription for service abroad, but here is something that should interest the labour unions, men of the Clyde, and some of the Welsh miners. Quite recently, our Minister for Defence addressed a body of railwaymen on recruiting. He spoke at length, and forcefully. At the end of his speech he was approached by a deputation. And what do you think he was asked? These working men wanted a Conscription Bill brought in! The men put their case plainly. If they enlisted now, they said, their positions were immediately filled by those who stayed behind. Under conscription they would all have to go, and the slacker would gain no advantage. Conscription has not come yet, but it may be necessary. If it does come, then it will come easily, and the country will accept it with good heart and understanding.

One is often asked by people in England, and still oftener told, the difference between the New Zealand and the British Tommy. The theory seems to be that the men are of a different class. One is told, "Your men must be different. They live in the open spaces, not in towns. They come from the land, not from offices." It surprises people who hold that opinion when they are told that our men are, for the most part, recruited from approximately the same class as the men who make up an English division. This applies more especially to our infantry. Out of the four battalions in the main body there were very few men who had ever spent more than a fortnight in the country in each year of their lives. They came from offices, shops, and warehouses, and their "open life" for the most part was confined to a stroll in a small patch of garden after their day's work. No, the secret does not lie there. Rather is the solution to be found in the entirely different social scheme of the Dominion. It is a complex matter, too complex to detail here, but, briefly, it is this.

In New Zealand a man more fully recognises his own worth. You may take a man from any class at random, a shearer, a wharf labourer, or a cabman, and you may talk to him for half an hour. In that time it is more than likely that you will never hear him call you sir, nor will he show you any particular deference, whatever your own position may be. The Prime Minister of the Dominion is known familiarly as "Bill." The working man has no idea that you are one bit higher up the social scale than he is. If you are a capable man in your own line, he admires you for it, but that is all, and in return he asks no more from you.

Now such a state of affairs alters the whole outlook in the matter of discipline. Times without number our

men have been summed up by people who did not know them, in a phrase that is usually a variant of this, "Yes," they can fight like the devil, but they have no discipline." Never was there a greater mistake. At first it is difficult to see outward signs of it, but all the time it is there. It stands to reason that a man whose outlook on his fellows is as I have tried to explain it, does not take readily to constant saluting, or to the "Yes, sir" and "No sir" of the army. To sum it up in a sentence, he has sufficient brains to sift out all the artificialities of discipline and enough common sense to understand its necessities.

No Looking Back

One fact there is that it would be well to remember. New Zealand at the outset said, "Here are my sons, do with them what you will!" and she has never taken back that offer. Gallipoli was a failure, and the many crosses in Shrapnel Gully and back of Hell Spit testify to the sacrifice that New Zealand mothers have made. That sacrifice was made willingly, and without regret, and yet in the Heart of Empire we hear loud voices demanding satisfaction, asking for enquiries: "Whose plan was this?" they shriek "Who sent these men to their deaths?"

We can answer them, New Zealand sent them, and she is well content, looking back, to know that they died with their work well done. To all such clamourers we would say, "Let our dead lie in peace. If you want enquiries, if someone must be pilloried, then wait till the war is over. Only don't ask us to go a-muck-racking with you!"

There is another way in which New Zealand has proved her loyalty in this crisis. Not only has she sent men, but she has sent money and produce. Her gifts were not spasmodic, but from the commencement of the war with generous hand she has poured out her wealth. The Government realised early in the trouble that prices of foodstuffs would soar to an unprecedented height. It consequently took the only course open to it and acquired the meat, wool and produce direct from the farmer at a reasonable figure. The transport of all this material was a matter of some difficulty, so again the authorities came to the rescue and provided the ships to carry it to the world's markets.

The generosity of institutions and private individuals has been extraordinary. In many large business houses, from the head partner to the lift boy, each contributes his regular weekly quota. And this will continue as long as the war lasts. We are a small people, but what we have given, lives, money, produce, has been given cheerfully in the cause of Empire and for the freedom of the World.

South Africa's Record

By C. D. Baynes



1st South African Infantry
(Expeditionary Force)

THE true measure of South Africa's share in the great war is not to be taken by men or money. The 50,000 men who were raised in South Africa for the campaign in German South-West Africa; the 30,000 men who have been raised for the campaign in German East Africa; the sundry thousands who have come spontaneously to Europe; and the 15 millions sterling representing the actual amount spent by South Africa in the prosecution

of the war—all these make a goodly appearance, stand for a signal achievement in arms, and are eloquent of energy in the support of Empire, more especially when one has regard to the small white population of the sub-continent, which numbers not more than 1,500,000 souls.

In order to do justice to South Africa's service to the Empire—and it has been very substantial, even dazzling, and in the heroic vein—it is imperative to pay the nicest attention to the circumstances of the country. If

that be done, she emerges with an achievement to her credit that is destined to make a bright page in the World's Book of History and to be to all nations for an example. And the achievement is threefold—South Africa has been saved, South Africa's honour and fair fame have been preserved, and, in the process, the ethics upon which we have based our Imperial being have been justified, the power and prestige of the Empire enhanced and its very foundations strengthened. All this has South Africa done.

The call that came to South Africa came at a delicate moment. When in 1914 war in Europe broke out, the Boer War was still a thing of yesterday, memories were still green, and not yet had the sore places healed. Responsible Government was but a dozen years old, the Treaty of Vereeniging not much older, and the residues of the war were a lingering racialism, which, cunningly nursed by mischief-makers, still had much bitterness in it. That is not to say that responsible Government was not succeeding. Actually, it was working wonders, restoring the sense of dignity and self-respect, even of independence, and nurturing a new spirit of good faith to the Mother Country. Nothing less than responsible Government would have served in South Africa, where the spirit of the soil is so strong, the love of land so deep-rooted, and the gift of it was far-seeing.

But a dozen or more years are a very brief period where it is a case of conciliating racial antagonisms and healing the wounds of war; and in 1914 it was too soon to look for unanimity. There were still the Irreconcilables through whom enthusiasm for Empire was retarded.

Botha and Smuts

Happily, however, South Africa had Botha and Smuts, who rightly knew what South Africa had received in the gift of responsible government. These two had a nice regard for pledged words and the Treaty of Vereeniging, as for the very real benefits and blessings it bestowed; and loyally they went about its faithful observance, standing out for two vital things—conciliation at home and closer co-operation with the Mother Country.

It was at this juncture in the autumn of 1914, war having been declared, that the Imperial Government, through the acting Governor-General Lord de Villiers, invited the Union Government to "seize such part of German South-West Africa as would give them command of Swakopmund, Lüderitzbucht, and the wireless stations there or in the interior." It was a sensational invitation, containing a call to duty which meant putting to the test the good faith of land and people in an hour when it was still easy to expect too much of both. Equally was it a flattering invitation, suggesting a very confident feeling in London that South Africa would not be found wanting. But Downing Street must have known that, though the right response would be made, there could hardly be unanimity, though there might not be real trouble.

It was a delicate moment, and a difficult one. The opportunity for playing a great part, for building up a greater South Africa, and for rendering a great Imperial service, was at hand; and the instinct of General Botha was to seize it instantly. But he also had his country to consider. Could he carry it with him? Would it respond to the summons to do a splendid and unselfish act? Would it bear the cost?

He would not have hesitated a moment on any one of those heads, or as to his capacity to command the country's consent to the campaign and its complete confidence, had he had his people, pure and simple, to deal with. But in the interim they had been largely "Germanised." Active agents of Germany, posing as peaceful settlers, had been abroad, tampering with men of the veldt, undermining their loyalty, engineering dissensions and producing political feuds, so that many were alienated in sentiment, and already anti-Bothaism was but another name for pro-Germanism. Many were ready to seize any opportunity for pulling down General Botha and his colleagues at the first sign of Imperial confidence. Plans had been prepared for making the first occasion an excuse "for regaining South Africa's independence!"

The situation was not simple—not even when the Germans had actually invaded the Union at Groendoom, which is called Nakob, and furnished the cause of war

There was the native to keep in view, and the effect upon him of more strife in the land. Finally, there were the industries and the finances of the country to consider. General Botha and his friends were sorely beset, and, though the path of loyalty was plain, the way was not easy.

The suspense, however, did not last long. In three days General Botha announced that he and his colleagues "cordially agreed" to undertake the great Imperial enterprise in South-West Africa, and a month later the Union Parliament confirmed the Government's action by the significant majority of 91 votes to 12. The country's Defence Force was in being, and the campaign in a difficult country, where Germany had been fortifying herself and making vast preparations for years, began under favourable auspices.

In that minority of twelve lay the seed of mischief, the capacity to create in co-operation with the enemy in the German South-West many difficulties. Soon the fruit of German intrigue, the work of a hundred German agents, declared itself; and the campaign in the South-West on which South Africa had quickly set out was interrupted by a rebellion within the Union itself, by the defection and treachery of Beyers and Maritz, and by other treacheries and troubles to right and left.

Conquest of South-West Africa

The difficulties of General Botha were increased an hundredfold; but in the process of arms they were overcome; and, having overcome them, he himself marched to the conquest of the South-West, swiftly adding to the Imperial assets a country bigger than the German Empire.

Then followed the expedition to German East Africa, for which, with the same enthusiasm, in the same spirit of loyal Imperialism, and for the sake of the cause of Freedom and Civilization and the well-being of the Empire, South Africa has sent forward thirty thousand men, who are to-day fighting bravely under General Smuts. But not yet was the country with the two Generals to a man.

As late as March 23rd in the House of Assembly, the German East African Campaign being now in full swing, Mr. Fichardt protested against "wicked expenditure on a wild-goose chase round Kilimanjaro"; it was unfair to ask them to vote for "unknown schemes for an unknown purpose to an unknown amount." "Yesterday it was German West; to-day it is German East. What would it be to-morrow?" "Moral support was well enough; but they had to consider the cost."

Again General Botha stood forward and carried the day and the country, administering a reproof in passing. This, he finely declared, was no business for bargaining, and the land would be disgraced which said to the Imperial Government—"We shall help you—if you pay us back."

A troubled South Africa in troubled times! But, it has triumphed over its enemies within and without, and has set up a record of achievement in the Imperial cause rich in great deeds, fragrant of good faith, and abounding in the true spirit of loyalty.

There is gain of territory, and there will be further gains of territory when German East Africa falls; but South Africa took up arms not for material ends. Deeply interested as she necessarily was, and is, in the future settlement and destiny of Africa as a whole, in the immediate and permanent elimination of the German enemy from her borders, and from all parts of Africa, and in the defeat of German designs upon it, her grand concern when she assumed arms and went forth to do battle has been throughout for the higher ideals—the ideals of liberty and the cause of civilisation; and her chief anxiety this—that in the hour of trial she should not be wanting; but be found faithful in all things, and loyal; and that the trust reposed in her when responsible Government was given should be justified.

It is by the spirit of her support of the Empire's cause, as much as by the strength of it, by her successes in the field and her contributions of men and material, that South Africa's part in the war can alone be rightly measured. She who, only the other day, was opposed to us, has fought for us from her own free choice, from conviction of the righteousness of our cause, because of the goodness of the thing we call Empire, and for the sake

of all the treasured things it means, which are freedom, security, emancipation, enlightenment and progress—things greater than many lands and vast possessions.

What India Has Done

By Sir Francis Younghusband



1st King George's Own Gurkha Rifles

BEFORE the outbreak of war there had been much talk of sedition in India. There had also been many seditious acts. In 1912 an attempt was made on the life of the Viceroy himself. And, if there were seditious words and seditious acts in time of peace how much more likely, it would seem to an outsider, and especially an unfriendly observer, would there be sedition in time of war. Our enemies certainly

counted on a revolt and assumed that India would be disloyal: there is ample evidence of German designs to create trouble in India.

But we British have always trusted India and India nobly responded to our trust. "I was sure in my heart of hearts," said Lord Hardinge, "that India was sound, and I never hesitated to proclaim that assurance and act upon it." When the great strain and test came India had the opportunity of displaying the loyalty which those who knew her best were convinced lay silent and latent within her. The Chiefs, the educated classes, and the great mass and bulk of the people gave instant, spontaneous and convincing proofs of loyalty. And throughout the period of the war the relations between the Government and the people have never been closer or more confident.

As a result, India, instead of being a risk, an anxiety and a source of danger to the Empire, has proved one of its props and pillars. Britain had no need to send troops to hold her. She held to the Empire. She sent out troops not by brigades or divisions, but literally by the hundred thousand. And of all the component parts of the Empire she was the first to come to the help of the Mother Country on the battlefields of France.

As far back as the time of the Napoleonic wars India had sent troops to Egypt. The dramatic stroke of Lord Beaconsfield in bringing Indian troops to Malta in 1878 will be remembered. Indian troops fought in Egypt in 1882, in East Africa and in China. But the largest expedition that ever left the shores of India before the present war numbered only 18,000 men. And now, since the outbreak of the war, India has despatched no less than 300,000 soldiers over-seas and has contributed several million pounds worth of war material to the Empire. She has sent troops to France and to China; to the Cameroons on the West Coast of Africa and to Mombasa on the East; to Egypt and Gallipoli; to Mesopotamia and Persia.

But the most noteworthy point is that for the first time in history Indians and British have fought side by side on the battlefields of Europe. It was a momentous step to take. This is a war between Europeans. We did not use our Indian troops in the Boer war. And many may have thought it unwise—even wrong—to employ them in Europe. But the enthusiasm in India was so strong; the eagerness of India to take part with the rest of the Empire in this struggle so great, that it was impossible to leave them out. The Germans profess themselves to be shocked and hurt at our employing what they call savages to fight against them. But the disciplined troops of the Indian Army have as fine a chivalry in warfare and fight as cleanly as any European army; and the peoples they are enlisted from, though sometimes wild, are not barbarian: they at least have their code of honour.

On a brilliant day at the end of September, 1914, long lines of transports steamed in stately procession into Marseilles harbour. It was a significant event. The

men have been summed up by people who did not know them, in a phrase that is usually a variant of this, "Yes," they can fight like the devil, but they have no discipline." Never was there a greater mistake. At first it is difficult to see outward signs of it, but all the time it is there. It stands to reason that a man whose outlook on his fellows is as I have tried to explain it, does not take readily to constant saluting, or to the "Yes, sir" and "No sir" of the army. To sum it up in a sentence, he has sufficient brains to sift out all the artificialities of discipline and enough common sense to understand its necessities.

No Looking Back

One fact there is that it would be well to remember. New Zealand at the outset said, "Here are my sons, do with them what you will!" and she has never taken back that offer. Gallipoli was a failure, and the many crosses in Shrapnel Gully and back of Hell Spit testify to the sacrifice that New Zealand mothers have made. That sacrifice was made willingly, and without regret, and yet in the Heart of Empire we hear loud voices demanding satisfaction, asking for enquiries: "Whose plan was this?" they shriek "Who sent these men to their deaths?"

We can answer them, New Zealand sent them, and she is well content, looking back, to know that they died with their work well done. To all such clamourers we would say, "Let our dead lie in peace. If you want enquiries, if someone must be pilloried, then wait till the war is over. Only don't ask us to go a-muck-racking with you!"

There is another way in which New Zealand has proved her loyalty in this crisis. Not only has she sent men, but she has sent money and produce. Her gifts were not spasmodic, but from the commencement of the war with generous hand she has poured out her wealth. The Government realised early in the trouble that prices of foodstuffs would soar to an unprecedented height. It consequently took the only course open to it and acquired the meat, wool and produce direct from the farmer at a reasonable figure. The transport of all this material was a matter of some difficulty, so again the authorities came to the rescue and provided the ships to carry it to the world's markets.

The generosity of institutions and private individuals has been extraordinary. In many large business houses, from the head partner to the lift boy, each contributes his regular weekly quota. And this will continue as long as the war lasts. We are a small people, but what we have given, lives, money, produce, has been given cheerfully in the cause of Empire and for the freedom of the World.

South Africa's Record

By C. D. Baynes



1st South African Infantry
(Expeditionary Force)

THE true measure of South Africa's share in the great war is not to be taken by men or money. The 50,000 men who were raised in South Africa for the campaign in German South-West Africa; the 30,000 men who have been raised for the campaign in German East Africa; the sundry thousands who have come spontaneously to Europe; and the 15 millions sterling representing the actual amount spent by South Africa in the prosecution

of the war—all these make a goodly appearance, stand for a signal achievement in arms, and are eloquent of energy in the support of Empire, more especially when one has regard to the small white population of the sub-continent, which numbers not more than 1,500,000 souls.

In order to do justice to South Africa's service to the Empire—and it has been very substantial, even dazzling, and in the heroic vein—it is imperative to pay the nicest attention to the circumstances of the country. If

that be done, she emerges with an achievement to her credit that is destined to make a bright page in the World's Book of History and to be to all nations for an example. And the achievement is threefold—South Africa has been saved, South Africa's honour and fair fame have been preserved, and, in the process, the ethics upon which we have based our Imperial being have been justified, the power and prestige of the Empire enhanced and its very foundations strengthened. All this has South Africa done.

The call that came to South Africa came at a delicate moment. When in 1914 war in Europe broke out, the Boer War was still a thing of yesterday, memories were still green, and not yet had the sore places healed. Responsible Government was but a dozen years old, the Treaty of Vereeniging not much older, and the residues of the war were a lingering racialism, which, cunningly nursed by mischief-makers, still had much bitterness in it. That is not to say that responsible Government was not succeeding. Actually, it was working wonders, restoring the sense of dignity and self-respect, even of independence, and nurturing a new spirit of good faith to the Mother Country. Nothing less than responsible Government would have served in South Africa, where the spirit of the soil is so strong, the love of land so deep-rooted, and the gift of it was far-seeing.

But a dozen or more years are a very brief period where it is a case of conciliating racial antagonisms and healing the wounds of war; and in 1914 it was too soon to look for unanimity. There were still the irreconcilables through whom enthusiasm for Empire was retarded.

Botha and Smuts

Happily, however, South Africa had Botha and Smuts, who rightly knew what South Africa had received in the gift of responsible government. These two had a nice regard for pledged words and the Treaty of Vereeniging, as for the very real benefits and blessings it bestowed; and loyally they went about its faithful observance, standing out for two vital things—conciliation at home and closer co-operation with the Mother Country.

It was at this juncture in the autumn of 1914, war having been declared, that the Imperial Government, through the acting Governor-General Lord de Villiers, invited the Union Government to "seize such part of German South-West Africa as would give them command of Swakopmund, Lüderitzbucht, and the wireless stations there or in the interior." It was a sensational invitation, containing a call to duty which meant putting to the test the good faith of land and people in an hour when it was still easy to expect too much of both. Equally was it a flattering invitation, suggesting a very confident feeling in London that South Africa would not be found wanting. But Downing Street must have known that, though the right response would be made, there could hardly be unanimity, though there might not be real trouble.

It was a delicate moment, and a difficult one. The opportunity for playing a great part, for building up a greater South Africa, and for rendering a great Imperial service, was at hand; and the instinct of General Botha was to seize it instantly. But he also had his country to consider. Could he carry it with him? Would it respond to the summons to do a splendid and unselfish act? Would it bear the cost?

He would not have hesitated a moment on any one of those heads, or as to his capacity to command the country's consent to the campaign and its complete confidence, had he had his people, pure and simple, to deal with. But in the interim they had been largely "Germanised." Active agents of Germany, posing as peaceful settlers, had been abroad, tampering with men of the veldt, undermining their loyalty, engineering dissensions and producing political feuds, so that many were alienated in sentiment, and already anti-Bothaism was but another name for pro-Germanism. Many were ready to seize any opportunity for pulling down General Botha and his colleagues at the first sign of Imperial confidence. Plans had been prepared for making the first occasion an excuse "for regaining South Africa's independence!"

The situation was not simple—not even when the Germans had actually invaded the Union at Groendorn, which is called Nakob, and furnished the cause of war

There was the native to keep in view, and the effect upon him of more strife in the land. Finally, there were the industries and the finances of the country to consider. General Botha and his friends were sorely beset, and, though the path of loyalty was plain, the way was not easy.

The suspense, however, did not last long. In three days General Botha announced that he and his colleagues "cordially agreed" to undertake the great Imperial enterprise in South-West Africa, and a month later the Union Parliament confirmed the Government's action by the significant majority of 91 votes to 12. The country's Defence Force was in being, and the campaign in a difficult country, where Germany had been fortifying herself and making vast preparations for years, began under favourable auspices.

In that minority of twelve lay the seed of mischief, the capacity to create in co-operation with the enemy in the German South-West many difficulties. Soon the fruit of German intrigue, the work of a hundred German agents, declared itself; and the campaign in the South-West on which South Africa had quickly set out was interrupted by a rebellion within the Union itself, by the defection and treachery of Beyers and Maritz, and by other treacheries and troubles to right and left.

Conquest of South-West Africa

The difficulties of General Botha were increased an hundredfold; but in the process of arms they were overcome; and, having overcome them, he himself marched to the conquest of the South-West, swiftly adding to the Imperial assets a country bigger than the German Empire.

Then followed the expedition to German East Africa, for which, with the same enthusiasm, in the same spirit of loyal Imperialism, and for the sake of the cause of Freedom and Civilization and the well-being of the Empire, South Africa has sent forward thirty thousand men, who are to-day fighting bravely under General Smuts. But not yet was the country with the two Generals to a man.

As late as March 23rd in the House of Assembly, the German East African Campaign being now in full swing, Mr. Fichardt protested against "wicked expenditure on a wild-goose chase round Kilimanjaro"; it was unfair to ask them to vote for "unknown schemes for an unknown purpose to an unknown amount." "Yesterday it was German West; to-day it is German East. What would it be to-morrow?" "Moral support was well enough; but they had to consider the cost."

Again General Botha stood forward and carried the day and the country, administering a reproof in passing. This, he finely declared, was no business for bargaining, and the land would be disgraced which said to the Imperial Government—"We shall help you—if you pay us back."

A troubled South Africa in troubled times! But, it has triumphed over its enemies within and without, and has set up a record of achievement in the Imperial cause rich in great deeds, fragrant of good faith, and abounding in the true spirit of loyalty.

There is gain of territory, and there will be further gains of territory when German East Africa falls; but South Africa took up arms not for material ends. Deeply interested as she necessarily was, and is, in the future settlement and destiny of Africa as a whole, in the immediate and permanent elimination of the German enemy from her borders, and from all parts of Africa, and in the defeat of German designs upon it, her grand concern when she assumed arms and went forth to do battle has been throughout for the higher ideals—the ideals of liberty and the cause of civilisation; and her chief anxiety this—that in the hour of trial she should not be wanting; but be found faithful in all things, and loyal; and that the trust reposed in her when responsible Government was given should be justified.

It is by the spirit of her support of the Empire's cause, as much as by the strength of it, by her successes in the field and her contributions of men and material, that South Africa's part in the war can alone be rightly measured. She who, only the other day, was opposed to us, has fought for us from her own free choice, from conviction of the righteousness of our cause, because of the goodness of the thing we call Empire, and for the sake

of all the treasured things it means, which are freedom, security, emancipation, enlightenment and progress—things greater than many lands and vast possessions.

What India Has Done

By Sir Francis Younghusband



1st King George's Own Gurkha Rifles

BEFORE the outbreak of war there had been much talk of sedition in India. There had also been many seditious acts. In 1912 an attempt was made on the life of the Viceroy himself. And, if there were seditious words and seditious acts in time of peace how much more likely, it would seem to an outsider, and especially an unfriendly observer, would there be sedition in time of war. Our enemies certainly counted on a revolt and

assumed that India would be disloyal: there is ample evidence of German designs to create trouble in India.

But we British have always trusted India and India nobly responded to our trust. "I was sure in my heart of hearts," said Lord Hardinge, "that India was sound, and I never hesitated to proclaim that assurance and act upon it." When the great strain and test came India had the opportunity of displaying the loyalty which those who knew her best were convinced lay silent and latent within her. The Chiefs, the educated classes, and the great mass and bulk of the people gave instant, spontaneous and convincing proofs of loyalty. And throughout the period of the war the relations between the Government and the people have never been closer or more confident.

As a result, India, instead of being a risk, an anxiety and a source of danger to the Empire, has proved one of its props and pillars. Britain had no need to send troops to hold her. She held to the Empire. She sent out troops not by brigades or divisions, but literally by the hundred thousand. And of all the component parts of the Empire she was the first to come to the help of the Mother Country on the battlefields of France.

As far back as the time of the Napoleonic wars India had sent troops to Egypt. The dramatic stroke of Lord Beaconsfield in bringing Indian troops to Malta in 1878 will be remembered. Indian troops fought in Egypt in 1882, in East Africa and in China. But the largest expedition that ever left the shores of India before the present war numbered only 18,000 men. And now, since the outbreak of the war, India has despatched no less than 300,000 soldiers over-seas and has contributed several million pounds worth of war material to the Empire. She has sent troops to France and to China; to the Cameroons on the West Coast of Africa and to Mombasa on the East; to Egypt and Gallipoli; to Mesopotamia and Persia.

But the most noteworthy point is that for the first time in history Indians and British have fought side by side on the battlefields of Europe. It was a momentous step to take. This is a war between Europeans. We did not use our Indian troops in the Boer war. And many may have thought it unwise—even wrong—to employ them in Europe. But the enthusiasm in India was so strong; the eagerness of India to take part with the rest of the Empire in this struggle so great, that it was impossible to leave them out. The Germans profess themselves to be shocked and hurt at our employing what they call savages to fight against them. But the disciplined troops of the Indian Army have as fine a chivalry in warfare and fight as cleanly as any European army; and the peoples they are enlisted from, though sometimes wild, are not barbarian: they at least have their code of honour.

On a brilliant day at the end of September, 1914, long lines of transports steamed in stately procession into Marseilles harbour. It was a significant event. The

transports carried troops from India to fight in France for the liberties of Europe. And that it was possible to carry them four thousand miles across the ocean was a fine tangible proof of the value of sea-power. The troops were welcomed with enthusiasm by the people of France. They were a living symbol that France was not standing alone in the death struggle with her implacable foe.

In the very Nick of Time

And the Indian contingent arrived in the very nick of time. General Joffre had indeed thrown back the Germans from the walls of Paris, and our gallant little army had taken a noble part in this great feat. But the Germans were gathering themselves in huge momentum for another terrific push; this time to reach Calais, there to prepare for an invasion of England.

Foreseeing this movement, Sir John French had skilfully withdrawn the British forces from their position on the Aisne and extended them across Belgium. The delicate operation of withdrawal was completed by October 19th and on the same date the Lahore Division arrived in its concentration area near the Belgian border. Already the great battle for Ypres had commenced. As early as October 11th British and German cavalry had been engaged. From then onward there was desperate fighting against the ever increasing numbers of the enemy. The Second Corps by October 24th was becoming exhausted owing to the constant reinforcements of the enemy, the length of line it had to defend and the enormous losses which it had suffered. And the Lahore Division was on that date sent to the neighbourhood of Lacon to support it. It is a far cry from Lahore to Lacon. But these troops from India arrived at the moment of greatest stress. Sir John French knew that to extend his front across Belgium to the sea was exceedingly risky. But he resolved to take that risk rather than suffer the disastrous consequences of letting his flank be turned and the Channel ports laid open. No more arduous task has ever been assigned to British soldiers. And it was to aid in frustrating the desperate attempts of our powerful enemy to break through our line that the call was now made on the Indian Corps.

On October 22nd the 7th Indian Brigade was fighting in support of the Cavalry and the remainder of the Lahore Division from the 25th October onwards was heavily engaged in assisting the Second Corps in the fighting round Neuve Chapelle. On the 28th October especially the 47th Sikhs and the Sappers and Miners distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct in the attack on Neuve Chapelle. When the Meerut Division had arrived the Indian Army Corps took over the line previously held by the Second Corps.

This line was subjected to constant bombardment by the enemy's heavy artillery, followed by infantry attacks, and two of these attacks were very severe. The 8th Gurkha Rifles were driven from their trenches and on November 2nd west of Neuve Chapelle the line was to some extent pierced and slightly bent back.

On December 19th the Indian Corps attacked the German position and gained two lines of trenches, but they were unable to maintain their position and had to fall back. The following day the enemy attacked in force, drove back the Sirhind Brigade and captured a considerable portion of Givenchy.

The winter months of trench warfare in wet and cold and mud were especially trying to Indian troops and they suffered much. But they still retained their spirit, and when Sir John French inspected them in January he reported that their appearance fully confirmed his first opinion, that they only required rest and a little acclimatising to bring out all their fine inherent qualities.

On the 10th, 11th and 12th March, 1915, was fought the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and the success attained was due, the Commander-in-Chief said, to the magnificent bravery and indomitable courage displayed by the troops of the 4th and Indian Corps. The Garhwal Brigade and the 25th Brigade carried the enemy trenches, and, sweeping eastward, gained a footing in the village itself. The Jullundur and Dehra Dun Brigades attacked the Bois Du Biez, but were held up by a river and had to maintain themselves in the position gained.

Again in April the Germans in great force made vigorous and sustained attacks against the town and district

of Ypres and again they were repulsed. And here also Indian troops fought with their British comrades. On April 22nd the Lahore Division was moved up to the Ypres area. The Germans had for the first time made use of poisonous gas, the effect of which was so virulent as to render the whole line held by the French Division untenable. The left flank of the Canadian Division was then left dangerously exposed and it was only the conduct of these splendid troops that averted a disaster which might have had most serious consequences.

Throughout the summer of 1915 Indian troops took their part in holding the trenches in Flanders. And in another part of Europe also were Indians fighting alongside the British and French. From the beginning of May they were fighting in Gallipoli. On the night of the 10th May the 6th Gurkhas distinguished themselves by crawling hands and knees up the precipitous face of a cliff which was always after called the Gurkha Bluff. The story of the gallantry of the 14th Sikhs, whose officers both British and Indian were nearly all lost, and of those Indian troops who, after the Suvla Bay landing, did for one moment reach the summit of the ridge and looked down on to the waters of the Dardanelles, is interwoven with the story of the immortal 29th Division and the glorious men of Anzac in one of the most tragically heroic pages in all history.

Kut

And in another tragic failure, made sublime by the superb deeds of soldiers, Indian troops also took their part—in the defence and in the attempted relief of Kut. We do not yet know the full history of that ill-fated adventure, but we do know this much, that the Indian troops, like their British comrades, shrank not from attacking entrenched positions across perfectly open plains where no shelter whatever from the most deadly fire was to be found. And we know too that with the British they cheerfully suffered all the terrible privations of lack of provisions, lack of water, lack of adequate medical aid.

In East Africa also; in the Cameroons, and at Tsingtau Indian troops have taken their share of the Empire's work. And, when we think of these deeds of the Indian Army and remember that at the critical moment and at the critical point India was able to send all her best troops—and what is more significant still, nearly the whole of her artillery and immense quantities of arms and ammunition, then we may surely feel that India may in future be regarded as a true and trusty partner in the Empire.

The Crown Colonies, etc.



Malay States Volunteers

THE war had not been in progress many weeks before the truth was realised that it was a great crusade. From the outset this conception was manifest in those outer parts of the Empire, where familiarity with the German as he really is, had taught Britons that the Teuton philosophy of life was in direct opposition to their own. They had not to wait for the horrors of Belgium in order to realise it was to be a war against Huns, a death struggle between a higher and a lower civilisation. And so Britons came instantly trooping to the aid of the Mother Country, in little companies, from all parts of the Empire. Presently there was not a Colony or Settlement which was not organising assistance on an unprecedented scale. It is marvellous how resources have been strained to the uttermost in both men and money, even in the smallest of Britain's possessions. But the time has not come when it is possible to obtain a complete or exact record.

Take, for example, Singapore (where compulsory military service has been in force for weeks) with the adjacent Malay States. The Government has exercised no particular control, and apparently no official record was kept of those who came home, but there were several contingents and many hundreds of individuals. In fact the first contingent of men from Singapore was entirely financed by private enterprise, funds being raised locally to send them to England. Since then, the tea and rubber plantations have been cleared of all their best and youngest blood. Some estates have carried on with extreme difficulty, while others have been obliged to resort to elderly men. Indeed, one can fairly say that unselfish patriotism has been at its best in the Malay States and adjacent islands, where men have given up large salaries on plantations to serve as privates in the Army.

Patriotic Planters

But the planting community in the East has always been famed for its unselfish patriotism. In the Boer War, India and Ceylon furnished regiments for South Africa, but on this occasion the Indian planting community was called to serve locally. Some, however, found their way to East Africa, where many of them had friends, and where compulsory military service has been in force for months. Apart from individuals the Ceylon Government furnished, at its own expense, a contingent of 250 men for service at the Dardanelles; the majority of the survivors of this contingent have now received commissions.

In China, the China Association and its various branches have pioneered the homeward movement of fighting men. They usually assembled in Shanghai, but they came from all parts of the Far East. In Shanghai they were grouped together and sent home, and in many cases commissions were awarded them by the British authorities before they left. About 450 men came to England under the direct auspices of the China Association; they included 80 men of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. Any number came home independently, and from Japan every available Briton of fighting age seems to have come forward. One came from Hakodate in the extreme north of Japan, and he claims to have travelled farther to reach the battlefields of Europe than any other Briton.

Conservative estimates reckon that about 10,000 men have come in all from South America, of whom perhaps about 4,000 to 5,000 were from the Argentine. In many cases the journey home necessitated the crossing of the South American Continent and took months to accomplish. Hardly an Englishman of military age remains in Mexico, and many of those who returned to fight—and there were hundreds—had seen some sort of military experience in the local revolutions. The United States perhaps have sent more Britons than any other neutral country, for the Britishers scattered throughout the various States at once responded to the Mother Country's call, and came back whenever it was in their power to do so. In many cases the expenses home were paid by the men themselves.

The West Indian Islands rose splendidly to the occasion. From Jamaica and Trinidad, from the Bermudas and the Bahamas, and from the Windward and the Leeward Islands came men of the Blood to offer their lives in defence of their ideals. The West Indian regiments have taken an active part in the war, some of them are even now in Africa. The women who stayed behind devoted long hours to preparing comforts for the fighting men and for making ready hospitals for the reception of the sick and wounded. It is no exaggeration to say that for the last two and twenty months wherever the flag has waved there British women have devoted themselves day by day to the well-being of their fighting men, and have bravely forbidden private anxiety or sorrow to interfere with their untiring good work.

In West Africa, as in East Africa, there has been fighting to be done at the threshold, and so it has not been possible for troops, either fair-skinned or dark-skinned to be sent to Europe. No one will forget the generous offer made by West African chiefs to help in the war. Many of them were Mahommedans, and prayers went up from their mosques for victory on British Arms, for they knew by report what would be their fate were Germany to triumph.

Never in history has there been more dramatic punishment for cold-blooded, heartless cruelty than the fate which has overtaken Germany's possessions on the Dark Continent.

Take down a map of the British Empire and with a pin-point designate a single speck of red which has not contributed to the defence of the Empire! It is impossible. The Fiji Islands have sent two contingents, from the Seychelles and Mauritius have come no small part of the white population. The Falkland Islands have not only heard the big guns of the British Navy, but have sent men to the firing-line in France and Flanders.

There is nothing more pathetic than to read at the present time the British papers all over the world, and notice the little notes about former residents who had gone home to fight, and whose names now appear in the "Roll of Honour." Hardly a newspaper appears in a British possession without them, and in some, such as those in the Far East, where the recruiting has been heavy, there is always quite a long list of their own. In the long annals of war there is no such thrilling story as the rallying of the British Empire round the standard of the King-Emperor.

British Battlefields

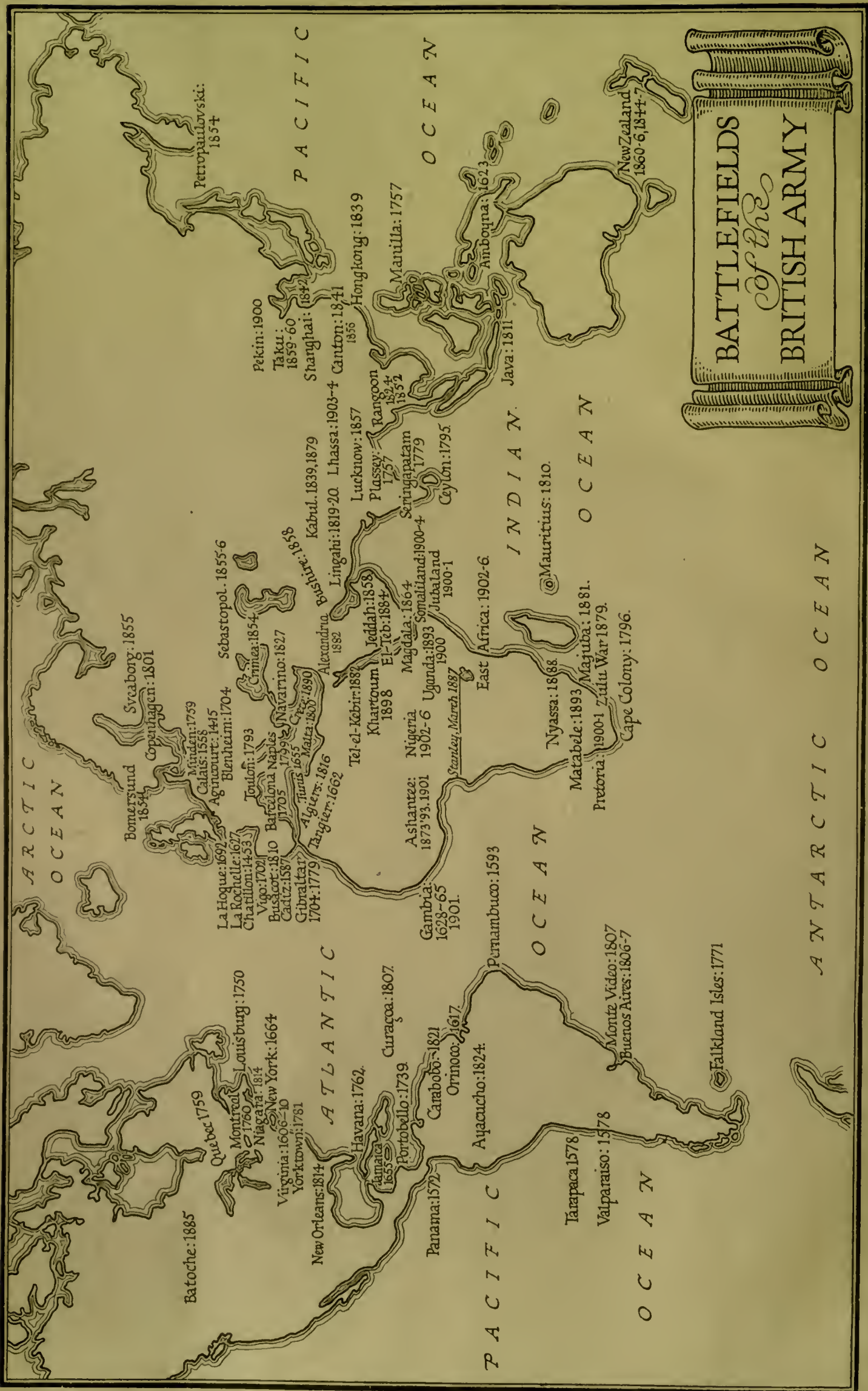
A MAP is published overleaf which shows at a glance the battlefields of the British Army. It is not in any sense complete, for the simple reason that it would be impossible, on a chart of this size, to mark every actual scene of encounter between Britain's fighting men and their foes for the time being, but it does demonstrate the world-wide arena over which our little army—the "Old Contemptibles," to give it the Kaiser's nickname—has fought in order to establish the foundations of Empire. Most of these campaigns are, of course, familiar to our readers, but this synopsis will come somewhat as a surprise to many, for Britons are apt to forget that no nation, not even the French, has more feats of arms to its credit outside the cockpits of Europe.

Of deliberate purpose all reference to the British Navy and battles on the sea are omitted, for "there's never a wave of all her waves but marks our English dead." And it would be futile to attempt to chart the deeps and the shallows which have listened to the guns of British ships when they have spoken in defence of British rights and have thereby made secure the freedom of the seas.

These battlefields of Empire tell a different tale than mere military glory. On many of them have been won that sympathy which ever exists between clean and brave fighters, be they friends or foes, and from which when the decision has been obtained, mutual respect and understanding spring. To give two instances, there are the campaigns against the Sikhs and against the Ghurkas, neither of which, by the way, are shown on this map owing to lack of space, which has caused many little wars to be crowded out. None of the fighting races of India withstood our troops more stoutly than they, yet almost before their wounds had had time to heal, these, our former stubborn foes, were fighting shoulder to shoulder with us before the walls of Delhi as our staunch comrades. Again and on a larger scale has this miracle of a right understanding and mutual respect springing to quick fruition from hard-contested battlefields been witnessed in South Africa.

Nor has the Briton only risked his life where military glory is to be won. No sooner are the dead buried and the wounded cared for than he turns to the fields of peace and risks his life as gaily in the development of new lands. The British Roll of Honour in these fights against Nature, these struggles of peace times, would be a long one where it only possible to compile it. That well-known verse of Kipling's describes in vivid phrase the work to which so many of these battles have been but the prelude:

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
 Make ye sure to each his own
 That he reap where he hath sown;
 By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve
 the Lord!



For letterpress see preceding page.]

Britain's Military Effort

By Hilaire Belloc

THE picture which everyone should have before him in writing of a contemporary event, is the aspect this event will have for posterity. He must attempt to see the thing with that detachment and in that proportion normal to a man separated by long spaces of time from the affections and bias of the moment.

If we approach the military effort of Britain in this spirit we shall find that effort to be a far stronger and greater thing than opinion has yet conceived.

The war has been in progress less than two years. We have not yet ended its twenty-second month. In that brief period of time (it will be but a flash in the eyes of history) Great Britain has produced, upon the Military side of the State, *an organisation almost entirely novel, and constructed under conditions which render it unique in all the history of war.*

Unless we recognise not only the magnitude but the individuality of the effort, not only its scale but its quality, we shall miss (to our disadvantage to-day) what posterity will certainly grasp.

When the war broke out Great Britain was able to put into the field not quite four divisions.

The full four divisions of what we called "the Expeditionary Force" were only constituted in the very progress of the fighting. Their last complementary units did not exceed the losses already suffered in the first shock, and only reached the field while the third heavy day of action was in doubt.

Even this original body, of less than four divisions, was not in line until the war had been in progress upon the Continent for more than a fortnight. It was a force of professional regulars. It represented very nearly the maximum effort which Great Britain was pledged to *or had hitherto thought possible* in case of a continental campaign.

From Six to Seventy.

When, in the counter-offensive which began a fortnight to three weeks later, these four divisions increased to a nominal six ("nominal," because the losses of the previous fighting had so grievously depleted the units engaged) the very maximum was reached of all that had been envisaged before this war.

So matters stood when the British army in France, representing not a tenth at that moment—indeed not very much more than a twentieth—of the total Allied forces in the west, came to the Aisne river and entered that second phase of the campaign to which we are still condemned: the war of trenches.

In the middle of May 1916, exactly twenty months later, the army in the field numbers *seventy* divisions, so far as the effort of these islands alone is concerned. Not only are those seventy divisions kept at full strength during a campaign of unprecedented wastage, but they have behind them such masses of men already trained and equipped as permit the maintenance of those units—not indefinitely, indeed, for the wastage of all armies in this war is more rapid than their possible recruitment, but, at any rate, for quite as long a time as the struggle in its present form can possibly last.

Not only have the numbers thus increased by more than tenfold, but the total mobilised man-power of the nation has increased at the same time in a far larger proportion; and when the third year of the war is entered it will be found—for reasons which we are about to examine—that *Great Britain will have turned to the purposes of war, direct or indirect, a larger proportion of her population than any belligerent country, with the possible exception of France.*

The statement when it is thus first made sounds extravagant. It is true, as will soon be apparent.

This State has multiplied its field army by more than ten in the course of less than two years, and has multiplied its total armed force by a multiple nearer 18 and 10.

Now let us consider (without as yet mentioning the peculiar difficulties involved) the equipment of this force.

To raise and train a body of men is one thing, to provide it with its necessary equipment is another. Under modern conditions it is the second of the two tasks that is the more serious, and the more likely to involve delay. By equipment in this sense we mean not only the accoutrement of the soldier but the provision of the armies with all their parts in due proportion. We mean the provision of field guns, of a new and exceptional number of heavy pieces for the longest task. We mean the provision of everything needed for the sanitary formations and the provision of everything required for supply; we mean the provision of all technical instruments, and, in general, the organisation of an army in its fullest development.

The immensely increased armed forces of Great Britain are now in that position. Nothing is lacking, save here and there in such things as have been invented during, or have been suggested by, the course of the war itself. In these every belligerent is, according to his situation, still making good his position. We have not yet, for instance, the same full output of steel helmets as the French, for the French were here the pioneers, but we are advanced beyond the Germans and Austrians in this respect. On the other hand, there are certain forms of trench weapons in which both the armies of the western Allies were only lately, and may still be, catching up with the enemy. Against this again set the fact that there is at least one trench weapon in which we are altogether the pioneers, in which our Allies are to follow us when it appears, and in which our enemies will be behind us so heavily as hardly to be able to catch up before the end of the campaign. With the exception, however, of these varying details of things developed during the course of the war, the army is fully equipped, and has not been presented during its rapid increase at any moment subject to any lack of equipment. I might add that it is equipped with a solidity and thoroughness of *material* in the true national tradition.

This feat, the multiplication of one's army in the field by more than ten in the course of twenty months, and the putting forward of the new formations fully equipped in every detail, is a thing which has not been known before in the history of war. It has not been known where nations already armed and already practised in war were concerned.

It is a feat the more extraordinary when one considers that the nation which has performed it was one of the great Powers. A nation hitherto ignorant of arms, or one which from its small size could anticipate permanent neutrality in European conflicts, might be compelled to sudden expansion from some very low original minimum. But England was a nation of the first rank, which had calculated beforehand the proportion of its various efforts in case of war, naval, military and economic, which was suddenly called upon to throw the whole of that calculation to the winds and to develop one single field of its energies after a fashion utterly out of scale with anything previously conceived or consonant with the general arrangement of the national life already absorbed in the problem of defence. The thing had to be done in the midst of a highly differentiated industrial society, working at full pressure, and it had to be done in a society which actually lived—not merely thrived—by sea-borne commerce, and which would *die* if it lost the importation of raw materials and food.

These are the considerations (considerations attaching to the nature of the British polity before the war, and, indeed, during all the course of the war) which gives to the effort Britain has made a quality far more remarkable than its mere scale—enormous as that scale is.

The best way, perhaps, in which to put the thing is to point out a simple truth which everyone will admit who has the imagination to throw his mind back to the early summer of 1914. That truth is this. No one in the

world—no foreigner, still less any Englishman acquainted with the nature of his own country—would for a moment have conceived the thing to be possible.

If you had said in June, 1914, "Two years hence Great Britain will have enrolled for the purpose of the State in a great war five millions of men. She will have fighting in various fields of that war, fully equipped and at their full strength, 70 divisions. She will have trained behind those divisions ample reserves for many, many months to come. She will be also in process of training further reserves so large that she can 'see her war' long beyond the limits set by our Allies and our rivals," you would have been saying something which would not have been condemned as exaggerated, or foolish, or mad, but as simply meaningless.

You would have been told in the first place that the mere making of rifles for such a force was beyond the power of Great Britain did she work at nothing else for many years. It would have been pointed out to you that there were not instructors necessary for the training of half, or even a quarter, of such forces. You would have been given some idea of the number of guns an army expects to have to the thousand bayonets, and upon that point alone you would have been put out of court.

We do not yet see the thing at all. That we do not see it in its true proportions goes without saying. I repeat that we do not see the thing *at all* any more than a man upon the surface of a mountain sees a mountain. It is a prodigy.

Now there are in connection with that prodigy two things especially to be remarked. The first is the social medium in which it took place and against the apparent character of which it took place. The second is the economic effort which accompanied and made possible the military.

The society from which this immense effort proceeded with such immense rapidity was not a democratic society. It was a society such as has often been developed by powerful commercial and maritime states in the past; a society essentially oligarchic in character. Its main interests were the interests of trade. Its main civic discussion was the discussion between its increasing vast proletariat majority and a capitalist class decreasing in numbers, but adding to its wealth with every decade.

This society had never been asked to undertake within living memory any complete national effort against an equal foe. That experience which has moulded all the national tradition of the German Empire and of the French Republic, of the Southern as of the Northern States in America, was here quite lacking.

It is true, indeed, that those who cared to note the steps of a certain moral revolution through which the country was passing would have marked as peculiarly significant the voluntary recruitment during the South African war.

But in the first place it was upon no such scale as this. In the second place, it was accompanied by a very high rate of remuneration. In the third place, and most important, it came just after the period when the particular problems presented and the particular passions aroused by the South African conflict were keenly alive.

The more important thing that has been done in the last two years had no such advantages. It arose from a circumstance unexpected, and in a state of the public mind towards any potential enemy in Europe which can hardly be called a belligerent state of mind at all.

There had been in a comparatively small section of the educated classes an insistence for some years upon the rivalry between the German Empire and Great Britain. That a conflict upon this scale was coming was not contemplated for a moment. Even those few who saw such things in the future saw them in the shape of a duel between this country and one great rival. It prepared against the danger of invasion, and at the most demanded nothing more than a sort of militia, universal indeed, but trained only for the purpose of an island defence.

It is important to emphasise this point at a moment when it is largely forgotten. An army for fighting abroad enormously greater than the hypothetical little "Expeditionary Force" was never in the contemplation of the most imaginative.

The thing is entirely new. It has been called into being absolutely from the beginning and, as one may say, almost

out of nothing, so far as the moral forces creating it are concerned. And that is one part of the miracle.

Those who know the history of the country in the past will be the most ready to grasp the truth with regard to the second part of that miracle: I mean the fact that the effort was voluntary.

Until quite a few weeks ago—until, indeed, the whole thing was done and hardly anything remained to do—the creation and the recruitment of this enormous body of men, to a large extent its training and organisation too, were due to spontaneous effort.

Voluntary Effort

Those who knew little of their own country and nothing of the past, chose sometimes to point out how much of public advertisement, of persuasion, and (in cases) of individual pressure were necessary to produce enlistment. What these men evidently did not know, or could not conceive (from a happy insularity), was the light in which the thing appears when we consider either the past of this country or the history of our Allies and rivals.

The Germans, for instance, spend much of their slow and mechanical research upon the lives of their neighbours. They are nearly always lacking in judgment, but commonly well stocked with detail. They have, before the war broke out and during its progress, grossly misunderstood subtlety, magnanimity, human and other characters alien to their own. But at least they were acquainted with the material circumstances upon which mere calculation could be based. It was their trade.

Now the Germans undoubtedly took it for granted that the voluntary effort in this country would not only fail, but fail early and ignominiously.

All their press, particularly their satire (if anything so heavy can be called satire) took for granted what seemed to them—and not only to them—an obvious truth; that no nation, and least of all an industrial nation such as ours, feeling all the strain between capitalist and proletariat, could produce, without legal enforcement of service, anything but a comparatively small professional army. The German mind has had to suffer so many disillusionments in the last two years that it is now frankly bewildered, and it is giving forth the chief mark of bewilderment—which is self-contradictory statement. But in nothing has it begun to be more bewildered than in this particular point of the British voluntary system.

The German mind is so slow to appreciate anything through the senses that its jeers at the continuance of such a system and its incredulity of the British power to raise anything beyond the first few divisions, continued past the bloody and complete defeat suffered by the German army in front of Ypres. It continued on and on until there were at least twenty British divisions in France alone opposed to the German lines. Then and then only did the German popular mind at last—whatever the German higher command may have thought—begin to change in this regard.

To-day—and for some months past—that misconception of England has so utterly disappeared that probably the German mind has half-forgotten it ever entertained it.

The economic effort which has accompanied this prodigious transformation in the armament of Great Britain has not been as novel in quality, though in scale it has been as remarkable.

Briefly, the wealth of England has been "mobilised" as that of no other belligerent—and it is not perhaps wholly to the advantage of this country or its future that it should have been so. Our wealth was, to use a continental metaphor, more "liquid." It was therefore more easily tapped. But whether it were wisely tapped or no might form a suitable matter for discussion in other pages than these. If a man owns a ton of wheat in the Argentine and a hundred bales of cotton in Egypt, he is possessed of wealth more movable and more easily exchangeable than some highly improved farm in Picardy or Lombardy. The temptation to realise in consumption, or to acquire for consumption by exchange, goods of this kind, thereby saving the less mobile wealth of others is considerable, and that temptation has been yielded to. Great Britain has financed the Alliance very largely, herself entirely (without recourse as yet in any marked degree to foreign or neutral aid), she has thus

been freely "tapped," because beyond any other of the belligerents her wealth was *mobile*. But that is not the same thing as saying that her wealth was *greatest*, or that her expenditure has been in proportion to her ability among the belligerents.

In another aspect of this economic effort Great Britain has done something novel and perhaps perilous: I mean in the scale of charges. It may be that an industrial society could not act in any other fashion: it is a matter not proper for discussion here. Whether you measure it by the number of men in the field, or by the number of men equipped, or by the number of weapons used, or by the number of missiles discharged or accumulated—no matter what you make your test—you will find that the co-efficient of expense per unit is immensely higher here than elsewhere. It is sometimes nearly treble. It is nearly always double.

It will be said with justice that for the most part such wealth—or (to be accurate) such consumable values—remain within the economic frontiers of the nation. That is true. A portion of them, indeed, is lost for ever, exchanged with neutral foreigners against goods which are immediately destroyed in consumption—such as shell: or which, if not immediately destroyed in consumption (weapons, for instance) produce no further wealth. But still the greater part of the material passes from the economic power of one British subject to the economic power of another. But that is not the root of the matter. The root of the matter is that what was formerly accumulated wealth productive of further wealth in the hands of the first British subject, turns into wealth which is consumed and destroyed without the production of further wealth in the hands of the second British subject. The process has been going on with an intensive progression. It was begun when expansion of the war and its duration were less clear, and the economic effect of such a revolution has yet to be seen.

Yet here, also, the whole thing has been voluntary. There has not hitherto been any practical "conscription" of wealth, though something very like it has appeared indirectly in the new high taxation—for it is clear that that taxation cannot be paid out of income, and that much of it will be provided by the selling of stock to the foreigner. How much will thus disappear we shall know perhaps when the first real pressure of that new taxation begins to be felt next year.

There should lastly be considered in connection with this great business the specially difficult problem which was presented by the officering and the staffing of the new armies. It was perhaps the most serious of all.

The one main thing discussed in every continental country when the conscript armies of the last generation were in process of construction, was the officering and the staff. It was necessary in a conscript country to form *cadres*, that is "Frameworks"—moulds, as it were, of existing officers and non-commissioned officers into which should be poured the material of the mobilisation. Without such a framework no army could stand.

The formation of these *cadres*, even under conscript conditions, was always a serious difficulty. The supply of professional officers was not unlimited. The obtaining, training and keeping of a body of non-commissioned officers was still more difficult. The formation of *cadres* for the reserves was a continual anxiety and, if one may use the phrase, abnormal methods had everywhere to be taken advantage of. Thus in Germany a reserve of officers was created out of the young men who had only one year's service and who had paid a sum of money to be exempt from the ordinary conditions of barrack-room life. In France the difficulty of obtaining enough non-commissioned officers was met, but only with partial success, by the offer of premiums for re-enlistment. It was always doubtful how far the system had succeeded.

Here, in England, this vast new army had to be provided immediately, and out of nothing, with its *cadres*.

It did not find, as the mobilised forces of every other nation found, *cadres* already in existence, far too large for the standing army and designed for the army mobilised. It found when war broke out quite a small body of professional officers, a correspondingly small body of non-commissioned officers, a certain number of commissions held by men who were not professional soldiers, and whose experience of their profession was very much less than that of professional soldiers—an inheritance of the

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time of the old volunteers continued through the new Territorial army. Beyond these there was nothing.

There was a moment when it seemed hardly possible that, in such circumstances, the officering of the new armies could be accomplished. But the marvel here has been, as in the case of numbers, not that the difficulty should exist, not that it should have been unfortunately clear, but that it should have been dealt with at all.

With the formation of staffs the matter was graver still. It was long the talk of every continental critic, not only of our new armies, but of his own, that "you cannot improvise a staff," and the staff is the brain of an army. The staffing of an army means not only the staffing of its higher command but of all the subsidiary units down to the brigades.

How far that worst of all difficulties has been surmounted the campaign has already in part shown. We have heard plenty of criticism of the imperfection of staff work. We had ample evidence of that imperfection at Neuve Chapelle, and not a little of it last September. But, I repeat, the conspicuous fact about the whole business is here, as in the case of numbers, as in the case of officering, not the gradually decreasing imperfection displayed, but the power of forming staffs at all with such rapidity and out of perfectly new material.

In conclusion, we must remember with regard to all this that this success (the magnitude of which no one has yet grasped), has been accomplished under the conditions of modern war.

The analogy of the past, which is sometimes appealed to, will not hold. The chief analogy, of course, is with the armies of the French Revolution. These were not multiplied by ten, but they were multiplied by three. Their officering also was a problem which was but gradually solved.

Novel methods were used which ultimately proved successful in their case, as in ours. But there lies between the two things this capital difference, that in the case of the revolutionary armies all developments would be slow. The conveyance of information, itself a matter of days and sometimes of weeks; mobilisation the affair even of

months, and the transport of bodies for the attack, something at the best a matter of 15 miles a day, at the worst seven, but half that distance.

What has been done to-day has been done in the face of an enemy intimately prepared; with all his powers for war alive and ready from the first day, with information conveyed in a few seconds over any distance of space, with mobilisation a matter of a few days, and the concentration of a million men upon any small front made possible by invention in the course of a couple of weeks.

It is perhaps the power to improvise under such circumstances and in the face of such an opponent that has been the most amazing feature of the whole story.

THE TRENINO

These lines are written twenty-four hours earlier in the week than usual from the necessity of going to press a day before the usual time.

I am therefore compelled to interrupt any examination of the new offensive upon the frontier of the Trentino, for that offensive is still in progress at the moment of writing. The critical point, the power of the enemy to force the Italian main line, or their failure so to do, remains undecided.

But what has happened up to the last news received upon writing this may be tabulated as follows:

Beginning upon Saturday, May 13th, and throughout Sunday, May 14th, a violent intensive bombardment with heavy pieces, the characteristic of every great offensive, was directed uninterruptedly along the Italian front between the Upper Valley of the Astico in front of the Folgaria plateau and the valley of the Adige. The Italian front here ran everywhere in front of the permanent works, now transformed into field works, which crown the positions defending the Trentine valley. The two main groups of heavy guns are on either side of the valley on the ridge of the Biaena east of Rovereto and on the Folgaria to west and somewhat to north of that town.

After the bombardment of Sunday, May 14th, the Austrian assault on Monday, May 15th, attacked the height of the Zugna Torta, which stands out rather in front of the most advanced Italian positions; with the village of Moscheri, at its base.

The attack was carried on all the Monday and the Tuesday against the Italian advanced positions, and on the latter day Moscheri was entered.

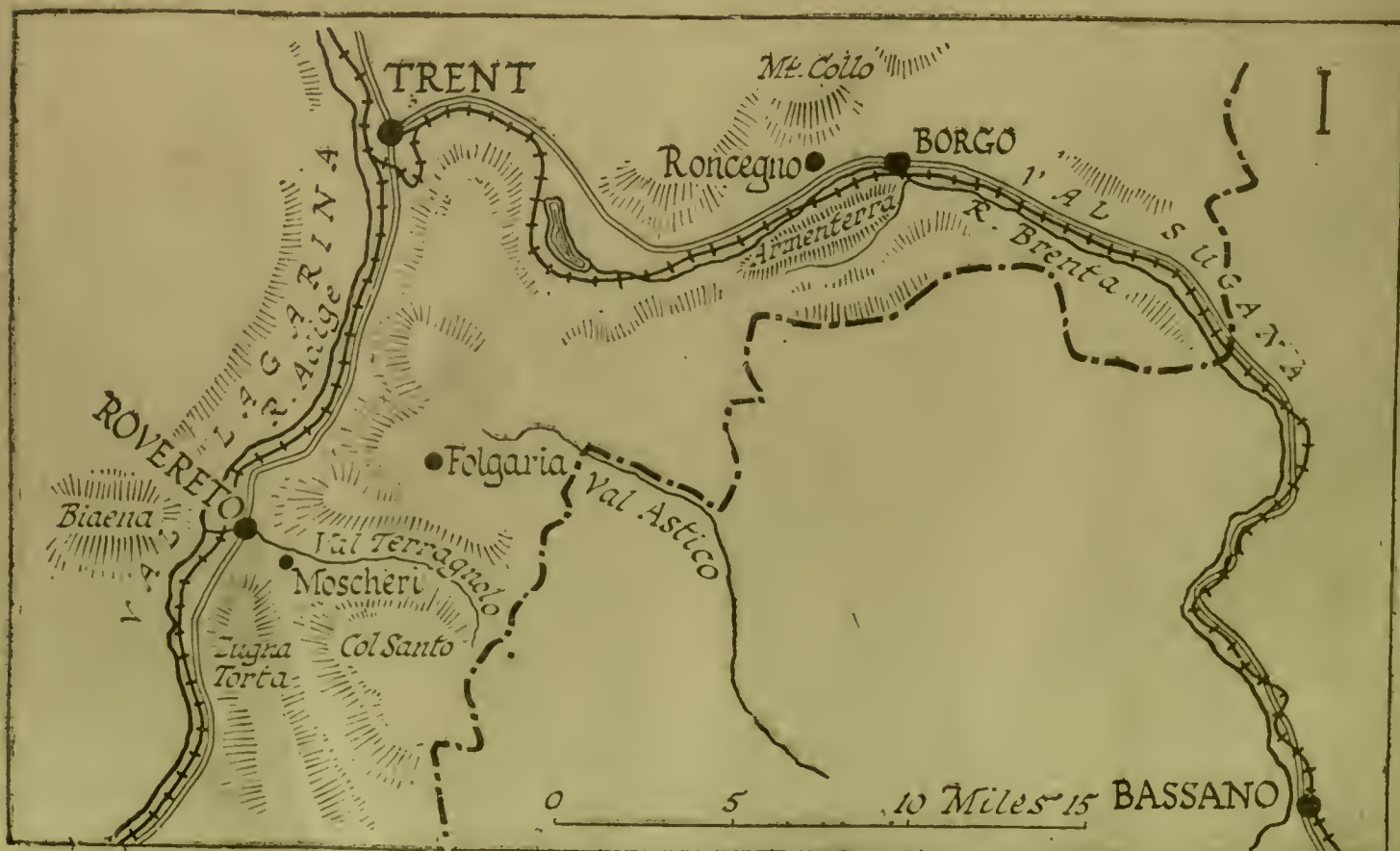
Meanwhile during the same Monday and up to dawn on Tuesday, the second attack was proceeding upon the advanced Italian positions in the Val Sugana, that is in the Upper Valley of the Brenta, between the summit of

the Collo and the height of the Armenterra, with the village of Roncegno between them which marked the extreme limit of the former Italian advance up the valley. By Wednesday the Austrians were suffering something of a check, especially in the Val Sugana, where they lost a certain number of prisoners and fell back. But on Thursday the Zugna Torta, at the base of which the Austrians had already entered Moscheri, was evacuated by the Italians. On Friday, the 19th, the western end of the Armenterra ridge was occupied by the Austrians and the village of Roncegno at its foot, while a subsidiary movement between the two valleys was being pushed against the Santo between the Terragnolo torrent and the Zugna Torta ridge. By the evening of that day the Austrians claimed 13,000 Italian prisoners, 107 guns and 12 large howitzers. We shall see in a moment how these claims may be criticised.

The Saturday and the Sunday gave no appreciable result, at least in the news reaching London by Monday afternoon, and it looked as though the great offensive had reached some main line of defence upon which our Ally proposes to stand after having retired in some places over two miles of ground, in others over a mile to a mile and a-half.

The first main general object of these offensives, from the great model of Verdun down to the smallest efforts such as the attack on the Vimy Ridge last Sunday, is to postpone the counter-offensive of an enemy growing in power, and with luck to render that offensive weak or impossible by the time it comes (that is, supposing one has compelled the enemy to lose more men than a defending force ought to lose) and with greater luck still to arrive at some decision.

Armies as they reach the end of their resources are always compelled to attack. To stand upon the defensive means nothing, strategically, except using in one's own favour the element of time. It connotes increasing strength in comparison with one's enemy. The only other things it can connote are despair—which is not a strategical consideration—or the political hope that delay will secure more favourable terms. When things are the other way, when one knows that one's enemy will get stronger and oneself weaker as time proceeds, then the defensive is useless and the offensive imposes itself. It is clear that a decision of any kind attained before the disportation of forces became overwhelming would be the salvation of the declining force. It is equally clear that bad blundering on the part of a superior enemy so that he should lose too many men though standing upon the defensive, might cripple his power of greater action. It is clear that upon the very least a vigorous offensive, so





long as a declining force can conduct it, postpones the dreaded final attack against it which its relatively increasing enemy designs; and that is why the Central Empires are condemned to unceasing offensive action so long as they have a margin left over the numbers required to hold their lines.

In each particular offensive there is also, of course, a local object which would, if it were attained, effect something like a decision. It is clearly the intention of the Austrians to force the two passages of the Adige valley and the Val Sugana. They propose to do this by direct attack, and by turning the defences of the valleys round by carrying the mountain group lying between.

It will be seen from the map that the two main passages carrying both road and rail which lead from Trent (and all that lies behind Trent) into the Italian plain, are the valley of the Adige, running north and south, with its great town at the opening of the plain at Verona, and the Val Sugana, that is, the upper course of the River Brenta, with its town at the opening of the plain, Bassano. If two Austrian columns could debouch from the hills by these two avenues, they would be right behind the main Italian force on the Isonzo and upon the main communications of that force; upon the Venetian plain, rendering the Italian position on the Isonzo impossible and destroying the whole plan of campaign of the Italians.

It is exceedingly late in the day to attempt so grandiose a scheme, but failing success in it there yet remain, as we have seen certain important results attaching to the movement if it can proceed somewhat further unchecked. It is being conducted with all that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy can gather for the purpose. One Italian unofficial estimate puts it as high as 14 divisions. It is not that. But it is at any rate, we will presume, not less than 10. It is supported by long-accumulated masses of heavy guns and ammunition. It will inevitably relieve the pressure upon the Isonzo and bring a counter-reinforcement for the Italians back upon the Trentino front. It will, if it be sufficiently prolonged, at sufficient expense to the Italians, disturb the plans for the offensive later on.

We have exactly the same lesson to learn from the renewal of the attack on Verdun. It costs him a tremendous price in men, but it is better to throw the men away on the chance, with luck, of crippling the later offensive, than to keep them merely for use in a slowly declining war. It is pretty clear by this time that even this calculation has gone wrong. The Allied command in the West has evidently decided that the losses suffered upon its side are worth the expense entailed upon the enemy, and leave it perfectly free to attack at its own moment. The really striking thing about the whole matter, is the refusal of the Allied command to be provoked into a counter-offensive. It is the most convincing evidence of what the situation is.

If we could have, either in the case of Verdun, or in the case of the Trentino, an exact table of the comparative

losses, the thing would be so clear that not the stupidest panicker could shirk the conclusion. Unfortunately we have not that statistical evidence to hand, but we know roughly on the analogy of all past experience the proportion of losses between the offensive and the defensive in this trench warfare. We further know what is meant by the enemy's established rule for impressing us with the results of any of his abortive offensives. He always gives as the total number of prisoners taken upon the first blow as many men as he can possibly get any of his opponents for the moment to believe. Roughly speaking the figures given are usually equivalent to, or a little superior to, the total losses of all kinds suffered, and the object is to depress the opposed command during the period of disorder before the line is reorganised and exact figures of missing, with the presumed proportion of dead, wounded and unwounded among them, are obtainable. Claims to the capture of heavy guns are nearly always accurate, for it is not a matter upon which lying is of any use, the opposing command knows perfectly well that it has had to abandon such batteries or no. Claims to the capture of "guns" in general include every sort of trench weapon. Claims to the capture of "field guns" specially so named cover, as a rule, the total loss in such weapons of the opponents, and include what is destroyed with what is still useful material.

Judged by this test the Austrian claims up to last Sunday night when the Italian belt of advanced posts was taken and apparently a check received by the enemy upon the main positions behind, show something of this kind—the Italians have lost we may presume, in dead, wounded and prisoners, about the total number of prisoners alone claimed by the enemy. One battery and probably part of another of big howitzers emplaced far forward for the reply to the Folgaria and other enemy batteries has fallen into Austrian hands, and a certain unknown number of field pieces with which French weapons have been counted. All that is insignificant. The vital points are the expense at which this shallow belt of territory in the mountains has been acquired and the resistance which the enemy will meet with upon the main Italian positions. With regard to the first point we have only analogy to guide us, and may estimate losses perhaps two and a half, perhaps three times more numerous than those of the defence—for it is clear from the enemy's own figures that the Italians held their first line very thinly as opposed to the German method which cost the enemy so heavily last September. As to the second point it belongs to the future.

H. BELLOC

For the notable frontispiece of its "Five Nations" number, LAND & WATER is indebted to Mr. Bernard Partridge, the famous "Punch" cartoonist. We are indebted to the Proprietors of "Punch" for permitting Mr. Partridge to draw this cartoon for LAND & WATER.

Dominions' Naval Help

By Arthur Pollen

THE splendid work of the Canadian, Australian and New Zealand troops in the stricken fields of France and Flanders, has largely overshadowed in the memory of the public the importance of Dominion services at sea. For that matter, there has been little published wherefrom a connected or detailed story can be derived. But the broad facts of the share of the Dominions in the naval campaigns are available, and, on an occasion such as this, it is right and fitting that the more salient points should be brought to our recollection.

The first ship of the British Navy to be sunk in action—*Good Hope*—was the first ship, I believe, in the Navy List that was, in a sense, a gift from the Britons of Overseas. At the Battle of Coronel, *Good Hope* was the gallant Cradock's flagship. In the ships that fell so gloriously in that unequal fight, there was serving a detachment of officers and men from the Royal Canadian Navy—the youngest of the daughter services of the Empire. It was little more than a matter of months that these men had trained before they set out on this desperate and, in a military sense, fruitless errand. They were, I believe, the first of our Overseas brothers to shed their blood and lose their lives at sea in the cause of Empire.

More recently, two other Dominions gave to the mother country's Navy, by direct gift, units of the first importance. *New Zealand*, a battle cruiser of the *Indefatigable* type—after a maiden cruise to the Dominion that gave her to the nation—returned to home waters, and joined Sir David Beatty's flag. So far as we know, she has been a unit in the battle cruiser squadron ever since, and has remained under the command of the officer who commissioned her, Captain Lionel Halsey. She took part in the sweep into the Bight of Heligoland of August, 1914, and, in the affair of the Dogger Bank, flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Archibald Moore, when he succeeded to the command of the squadron after *Lion* had been disabled. *Malaya*, a battleship, was the gift of those of the Malay States that are under the dominion of the British Crown. The value of such gifts as these needs neither argument nor emphasis. Finally, *Australia*, after invaluable services in the Pacific and Indian Oceans while von Spee's squadron was in being, has for long been in the same squadron as *New Zealand*.

Nor were the Canadians, who shared in the action off Coronel, the only Dominions men serving in the Senior Service. The uncounted flotillas of sloops and special craft designed for hunting submarines, and for finding and sweeping away mine fields, etc., have been largely manned and commanded by volunteers from Canada and other Dominions. From quite early in the war, too, Canada undertook the patrol of her own Eastern coast, thus releasing the North Atlantic squadron for more important work. Further than this, both Australians and Canadians have undertaken and managed the whole of the transport of the great armies they have sent to Europe—a purely naval operation of the first magnitude and importance. Canada has supplied the Royal Navy with great quantities of naval munitions. Thus men, trained and untrained; material, raw and manufactured—everything which each Dominion could give—has been willingly offered and eagerly accepted.

Australia, at the outbreak of war, was the only Dominion that had a completely organised Navy and an Admiralty of its own. Of ships—finished, commissioned and ready for sea—her force consisted of the *Australia*, a battle cruiser of the *Indefatigable* class; two protected cruisers of the *Dartmouth* type, the *Melbourne* and *Sydney*; the *Encounter*, a sister ship of *Challenger*; six 26-knot destroyers, and the nucleus of a flotilla of submarines of the *E* class. In addition the fast light cruiser *Brisbane* and some destroyers are now completing for her navy. It was not perhaps a very large force, but it proved to be of decisive value in war. Without it, the coast towns of Australia would have been at the mercy of the German-China squadron, her very important trade routes open to the ravages of von Spee's light cruisers.

The strategic position in the Pacific and Indian Oceans was curiously complicated at the beginning of hostilities and it may be of some interest to recall the main circumstances. In the China Squadron, Vice-Admiral Jerrom had under his command *Triumph*, *Minotaur*, *Hampshire*, *Newcastle* and *Yarmouth*, eight destroyers, three submarines, four torpedo boats, half a dozen gun vessels, and some river craft. The latter would, of course, be useless for war purpose. Of this force, *Triumph* was not commissioned. She had been sent to Hong Kong as depot ship, and at the outbreak of war was due for a refit. Only a nucleus crew of officers and men was on board. She was actually fitted up with men, officers and stores, and sent out of harbour within forty-eight hours! The East Indies Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Peirse, consisted of *Swiftsure*, a sister ship of *Triumph*; *Dartmouth*, a cruiser of the same class as *Newcastle*; the *Fox*, an old *Astraea*, and four small craft. In Australian waters were the Dominion squadron I have enumerated above. Clearly, neither the East Indies nor the China squadron—without *Triumph*—was any sort of match for the forces at von Spee's disposal. And had Japan preserved her neutrality, our chief reliance must have been placed in the force which the loyal foresight of the Australians provided.

Von Spee's Plans

The share an Overseas navy can take in the strategic defence of the Empire, and its influence upon the plans and the movements of the enemy, are very clearly indicated by a brief review of what in fact happened in the only waters where a colonial navy existed. The first ship of the German China squadron to be sunk, namely, *Emden*, fell as we all know to the Australian *Sydney*. And if we follow the movements and can penetrate the plans of von Spee, it becomes obvious that it was the existence of the Australian navy that determined his movements, and materially assisted in hastening his end.

Von Spee had the choice of scattering his fleet or keeping it together. Scattered, his light cruisers were hardly equal individually to the best of the light cruisers that they might encounter. *Sydney*, *Melbourne*, *Newcastle*, *Yarmouth* and *Dartmouth* were all more heavily gunned than *Nurnberg*, *Leipzig* and *Emden* or than *Dresden*, which had joined von Spee at Easter Island in the middle of October. His battle cruisers—though not carrying such heavy metal as *Swiftsure* or *Triumph*—were yet much faster. Each was about equal in speed and fighting power to *Minotaur*, and, of course, vastly superior to any other British ship in the Pacific—*Australia* excepted. But he could not count on having to meet British ships only—and the Japanese Navy had some single ships that were as fast and more powerful than his. This is an important matter to remember in discussing his choice of plans.

The first question that he must put to himself was—should his policy be to scatter his fleet and do all the damage he could? Or to keep it together, in the hope of ultimately achieving some strategical object worth having? Scattered, the damage the armoured cruisers could have done on the trade routes—supposing they could be supplied—would clearly have been enormous, although he could hardly have expected to do much against the transports, for these would surely be convoyed so long as his ships were at large. But the necessity of convoying the ships would have relieved him to a great extent of the fear of formidable vessels being sent to hunt him upon the trade routes. He might have guessed that the Japanese ships would probably be kept to their waters. This would leave all the trade routes of the Indian Ocean open to his attack. Had he used his armoured cruisers as commerce destroyers here, he could reasonably have expected a staggering success before they could be brought to action by superior force. With such a policy, he would no doubt have recognised the ultimate fate of his ships to be inevitable. Sooner

or later they must have been run down and brought to action. But the catching and destroying of these ships would have been no simple matter. It would have been to use looking for them with single ships of greater power but lower speed. Of ships of equal speed and equal power, the British Navy could only supply the four *Natal*, *Duke of Edinburgh*, *Black Prince*, *Minotaur* and her two sister-ships. And to all of these, except the *Minotaur*, highly important duties elsewhere had been assigned. If there were no other difficulty then, he could probably count on a reasonably long trip for each ship, and a considerable success while life lasted.

Chilean Aid

But it probably was not any definite weighing of the chances of this or that ship being sent against him that decided him to keep his fleet together. East of Australia and Singapore there are only two trade routes of supreme importance—the Pacific lines between China and Japan and America, and what may be called the coasting lines connecting Japan and the Chinese ports with the Indian Ocean. By far the most important both in values of freights and in numbers of ships is the latter, and the bulk of this trade has to pass across the Indian Ocean to the Suez Canal. In the Indian Ocean there comes not only this far Eastern trade, to which the Malay, Borneo and Dutch and Java trade must be added, but it is swelled by what comes from India, Ceylon and from Australasia. The mouth of the Red Sea, then, is the point at which all the Eastern trade concentrates. What was probably von Spee's final argument against devoting the whole of his force to an attack on this congeries of vital arteries was the difficulty of ensuring the supply of coal, provisions, etc., for his ships. But if he kept in the Pacific the innumerable archipelagos offered him two supreme advantages. He could in the first place hide amongst these islands for almost as long as he wished. He could next organise the German traders scattered up and down through Polynesia to collect and send him supplies, provisions, and above all news, when it was available. Lastly the large amount of German shipping plying on the West coast of South America could be organised to supply him with coal. In electing for the Pacific he chose between the chances of a formidable destruction of commerce and the best chance of keeping his squadron in being.

Immediate safety was probably not his only object in view. The German community in Chile was numerous, rich, owned a great many ships, and in many districts monopolised Chilean trade, so that port after port could be relied on to act almost as if it were German and not neutral. His plan seems to have been, then, to elude the British and Japanese by concealment in the islands and then gradually to work a passage across to Chile, and to decide when he got there what his future plans were to be. The details of his actual movements, so far as I know, are not available to the public. It is to be presumed that in the early stages of the war the China squadron, reinforced by the hastily commissioned *Triumph*, sought him at his only Eastern base of importance, Tsing Tau. But he had left this long before hostilities were imminent. He appears to have taken the whole of his squadron with him to some rendezvous in the Caroline Islands. The first news the world heard of his existence was his appearance off Samoa towards the middle of September. A fortnight later he was off Tahiti, and he was not heard of again until he met and destroyed Cradock's squadron on November 1st. It has since become known that *Dresden*, which before the war represented German interests at Vera Cruz, had made her way round Cape Horn, and joined him some ten days before Cradock was encountered. It is probable that she brought the news of his arrival off the Chilean coast. And while *Dresden* was working round the Horn, von Spee was pursuing his way at low speed to Massafueras after a stop at Easter Island en route. From the end of July then till the 1st November he maintained his squadron in fuel and provisions without possessing any base of any kind—an unprecedented achievement.

A few days before his appearance off Samoa the world was startled by the resounding news of *Emden's* devastations in the Indian Ocean. She had three series

of successes. The first began on September 10th and before the week was out six ships were captured and most of them sunk. A fortnight later she took five more ships in three successive days. Again for a fortnight nothing was heard of her, and then six more fell between the 10th and 19th of October. *Emden's* third disappearance lasted nearly three weeks. She was then brought to action and destroyed by *Sydney* in the Cocos group of Islands. Simultaneously with the appearance of *Emden* in the Indian Ocean *Leipzig* destroyed a British ship off lower California, but she captured only two more victims, one on September 11th and the other December 2nd.

Now if all these movements are examined it is not difficult to see a connected plan behind them, and it is equally clear that the plan was of old standing. In discussing what von Spee might have done and what he did I am not therefore supposing that he debated these points when war became certain. The fact that *Dresden* was dispatched round the Horn off the coast of Chile, seems to argue that it was known for certain that von Spee, if all went well, would reach there by the end of October. What was the object of these movements? First there was the very important strategic object of keeping his enemies guessing where he might be and what he might be up to. While he was in being considerable forces would have to be mobilised, either to look for him or to guard against him. Trade would be nervous, the dispatch of troops would be full of danger, important units would have to be employed as convoys. There was next always the chance that he might encounter and defeat some inferior force and in this respect chance served him well. Although there was always the possibility of an encounter which would raise the prestige of German arms, still, he could hardly have supposed that things would so shape themselves that a British Admiral with so inferior a force as *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow* would cross the Atlantic with orders to seek him out and engage him. He must then have regarded the only naval victory that fell to him as the most astonishing stroke of luck in history. There was also the possibility of his making his way to Africa, where, if Great Britain's hands were really full elsewhere, his ships might very materially assist in prolonging a struggle for existence by one or more of the German colonies. Lastly there was the possibility of attacking some undefended British possession and, if only for 24 hours, hoisting the German flag over it. It was as we know his anxiety to bring off this coup at the Falkland Islands that led to his undoing.

These points are worth rehearsing now, because it is obvious that, had Australia not possessed a unit of the power and speed of her battle cruiser, the fate intended for

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

Empire Day.

*The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.*

King John III., i., 81-2.

The Ruler of Imperial Britain.

*Wherever the bright sun of heaven
shall shine,*

*His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall
flourish*

*And, like a mountain cedar, reach his
branches*

*To all the plains about him; our children's
children*

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

Henry VIII., V., iv., 50-5.

The Safeguard of England.

*Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.*

3 Henry VI., IV., i., 43-6.

the Falkland Islands would certainly have befallen the chief seaport towns of the Commonwealth. The possession by Australia then of the navy that she had was a decisive factor in limiting von Spee's movements and making him choose a path across the Pacific.

Discipline and the Dominions

It is now quite certain that the Dominions can produce navies of the very highest class and merit. This may sound like a commonplace, but it has not always been so. When it was first decided that Australia should raise and train a personnel of her own, many of those who knew most about Australia and most about the navy were anything but confident that the experiment would succeed. The sturdy sons of Australia and Canada are born and bred in surroundings that produce men of the finest physique, of a high and lofty courage and of an admirable fighting spirit. These are obviously as good material as there is in the world for an army. But it was questioned whether men and youths bred in this freedom and spirit of independence could accommodate themselves to the highly rigid discipline that the naval life requires. In British ships there is a high proportion of men on board who have been brought up in naval schools from childhood, or have come into the navy as boys of 16 to 18 and have been put at once to the discipline of a barrack training. They have found themselves grouped from the first with long service Petty Officers and men to whom a reverence for naval discipline is so to speak the foundation of their being. A large number of them are country bred; they have felt the feudal traditions of our society, they have a natural respect for those above them in the social scale. All these things have greatly simplified the task of the British naval officer on board ship. So ingrained in point of fact is the respect for naval law, that it is almost axiomatic to say that, if serious difficulties arise, it can be due only to bad will and a rebellious spirit. But the whole problem obviously changes its character in a country where there is no feudal tradition, no respect for class, where an independent spirit and a sense of equality pervades the whole community. Where young men know no other surroundings and no other spirit than this there seems good reason for fearing that they would find instinctive obedience and the formalities of discipline almost incompatible with habits which have become a principle. Those who feared these difficulties were not completely reassured by remembering what admirable soldiers our Canadian and Australian fellow subjects had shown themselves to be. They thought the problem of bringing them under the influence of naval discipline would be infinitely more difficult, and they feared both the capacity of the men to submit and the capacity of British officers to bring them to submission.

Again, it was clearly perceived that the foundation of a new navy was a much greater undertaking than the mere expansion of an old one. In this process of making seamen out of entirely new material—material bred in conditions that seemed inimical to their ever being good seamen—both officers and men would be put to an exceedingly searching test. War has taught us that both have emerged from this with flying colours.

So far as Canada goes naval developments had gone little beyond the training of personnel, nor had this been carried on on a very large scale. But as has already been remarked apropos of the heroes that fell at Coronel, the training had been perfectly successful. In Australia the thing had been carried far further and had indeed to some extent been put to the test before war broke out. It was natural that the Canadian experiment should succeed under the strain of imminent fighting. It was a thing, of course, to pull men together and make each one do his best. But in Australia one capital ship and several other smaller units had been fully commissioned and engaged on regular naval work in ordinary peace conditions. If there were any difficulties, and surely there must have been some, nothing was ever heard of them. Any doubts there may have been as to how the thing would work were all dissipated when the campaign began.

In the engagement between *Sydney* and *Emden* it was a matter of justifiable pride to the officers of the Australian ship, that a crew with a high proportion of comparatively

inexperienced boys went through that action with a self-possession and coolness that the most experienced veterans might have envied. In that action, as the official report pointed out, the opening salvos of the *Emden* took a heavy toll of the ship's company. It seems certain that *Emden* scored first blood. She got the range at a distance that was hardly to be expected with guns of the calibre that she carried, and her salvos were fired with astonishing rapidity and with still more astonishing accuracy. Whether *Sydney* was making as good a pattern with her guns was not a thing that could have been known to the generality of the crew. The point is that when the only obvious matter was that *Emden* had got *Sydney* under fire, there was never a moment's uncertainty as to how *Sydney* took it.

Naval Endurance

The Australian navy's baptism of fire then established the character of the new force beyond all question. It has had a more testing time since. *Australia* has for long made one of the battle cruiser force in the North, where the spells of dreary waiting for the enemy have been broken only by disappointments when there was a hope of getting him. The Colonial sailors have, of course, only had to endure the same tedium as our own men, but it is a complete answer to those who questioned the capacity of men bred in the freedom and independence of Colonial life to acquire the patient persistence of those inured to discipline, that this particular crew has done so successfully. But while this is so, it must not be forgotten that the problem will be a standing one and will not solve itself. It will only be solved if officers are chosen for the training of Colonials, who are conspicuous for tact, patience and good humour. The whole thing will doubtless become easier as the mother and daughter navies become better and better acquainted. And the best assurance of continued success would undoubtedly be that whatever reserves, either of a purely voluntary or of a paid character are established, they should be encouraged to take their training as far as possible in British ships and in home waters. It should be a *sine qua non* in the case of all Colonial officers, not only for their own sake, but for the sake of educating the ward rooms to which they are attached. The guiding principle should and no doubt will be, that the danger of misunderstandings will diminish in proportion to the intimacy of the friendship and mutual knowledge that is established between the officers and men of the home and Colonial forces.

There is one other aspect of the question of the future of the Dominion navies which, though it is of a delicate kind, cannot be ignored. The proposal that Canada should furnish three capital units of the first importance to the Imperial fleet broke down owing, it is supposed, to political misunderstandings in Canada itself. Now it is quite certain that no Dominion navy can follow a healthy and normal development, so as in the end to reflect the true character of its constituent personnel, and the true genius of the people who maintain it, if it is allowed to become the shuttlecock between rival political parties. It will be a still greater danger if the officers and men in any of these navies ever have reason to suspect that the actual administration of their force is coloured by political or party designs, just as it would be the ruin of any right spirit in a navy if employment or promotion is ever believed to be procurable by party service or interest. In the long history of the English Navy, we have seen all these things happen again and again, to the bitter loss of that most gallant service. In our own navy, to political influence, court and social influence have in the past been added too. Things are very different to-day, but clearly there can be no healthy spirit unless every officer knows that promotion and employment will depend upon professional merit and professional merit alone; and there will be no healthy public spirit about the navy unless every voter, whatever his party, realises that the interest of the service is a purely national affair, which no temporary passage of political interest or passion must be allowed to affect. It is probable, however, that after so great a war as this, in which the direct naval services of the Dominion have been so remarkable, there will be very little danger of the naval future.

ARTHUR POLLEN

AFRICA AND THE GERMAN PLAN

By John Buchan

PROFESSOR ERNST HAECKEL, who describes himself for the purpose as a "free-thinking Monist," has been adding to the gaiety of nations by discoursing in an American magazine on Germany's future plans. We have not hitherto associated Professor Haeckel with high politics, but in these hard times all the *gelehrten* have been mobilised and the venerable author of "*Welträthsel*" with the rest. He explains that Germany needs an empire, not like England for lust of gold, or like France for vain glory, or like Italy for megalomania, or like Russia because of sheer barbarous greed, but because she is overcrowded at home and wants a dumping ground for her surplus population. Africa is going to be a substantial part of this empire; the Congo especially, which is to come to Germany as a consequence of the espousal of Belgium. The whole of Central Africa from sea to sea will be German, while the Cape will be restored to Holland, and Egypt to the Turk, and perfidious Britain will depart from the continent altogether.

Professor Haeckel is not to be taken seriously, except in so far as he gives expression to popular opinion in his own land. At this moment there is but one German colony in Africa. Togoland fell in the first month of the war; a year ago General Botha secured the surrender of South-West Africa; two months ago the last German resistance died in the Cameroons. Only German East Africa still stands, ringed round with enemies, and General Smuts' mobile columns are already pressing the defence southward upon the main railway. But the ultimate fate of Germany's overseas possessions depends upon the decision of the struggle in the main theatres, and that decision is not yet. It is too soon for any of the combatants to count spoils. But it is worth while to remind ourselves of the purpose for which Germany went to Africa and the precise views she entertained with respect to that continent. In striking at German Africa the Allies are not attacking irrelevant and half-forgotten dependencies, but an integral part of the German scheme of world-empire.

The Origin of German Africa

Other colonial empires have come about by accident and the slow process of time, "growing as the trees grow while man sleeps"; but Germany's was the outcome of a sudden ambition developing into a methodical plan. The oldest of her African possessions has a history of less than fifty years. After the defeat of France in 1870 and the industrial development which followed, she aspired to all the appurtenances of a great nation. She saw France and Britain with colonies, and she desired quite naturally to have some of her own. Her population was growing and she wished an outlet for emigration under her own flag. She was in the throes of a new industrialism, and she sought her own producing grounds for raw materials. Besides, national glory is always measured to some extent in terms of territory, and she wished more of the map of the world to be the German colour. She was of the opinion of Captain John Smith that "the greatest honour that ever belonged to the greatest monarchs was to enlarge their dominions and erect commonwealths." Her publicists, List and Friedel and Treitschke, pointed out that trade followed the flag, and Bismarck, playing on Europe as on a stringed instrument, saw in oversea adventures a chance for securing fresh assets to bargain with in the European game. German colonisation was a reasoned policy, not the haphazard work of individuals which gradually merges into a national purpose. And, like all reasoned policies, in its first stages it marched fast.

The way had been prepared for her in Africa by many path-finders. The history of Africa in the last century is full of German names, missionaries, explorers and scientists, who must rank high in the record of exploration. Such were Kolbe and Lichtenstein, Mohr and Mauch in South Africa; in West and Northern Africa Hornemann and Barth, Ziegler and Schweinfurth, Rohlf and Nachtigal; in East and Central Africa von der Decken

and von Wissmann. At first she found her path made easy, for Britain was friendly and unsuspecting. The few men at home who knew anything about the subject were thinking only of the slave trade and welcomed a European collaborator in its suppression. Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons publicly thanked God for the advent of Germany to assist "in the execution of the great purposes of Providence for the advantage of mankind."

The year 1884 saw the foundation of German Damara-land, of German Togoland, and of German Cameroons. That same year the Berlin Conference regularised her acquisitions, and six years later the Caprivi Agreement settled the borders of German East Africa. By 1890 German Africa existed practically in its present form, and during the Moroccan troubles of 1911 it was increased by a strip of French Congo. She had obtained territory nearly five times the size of Germany in Europe, much of it of great potential richness. And she had succeeded in building a fence across the British road from the Zambesi to the North.

Germany's Colonial Methods

Having got her colonies, Germany proceeded to handle them vigorously after her own fashion. She had no notion of live and let live with the native populations. The hapless black was dragooned under the system of government which obtained on the banks of the Spree. In the words of Dr. Moritz Bonn, who may rank as one of the ablest students of German colonial affairs, she "solved the native problem by smashing tribal life and creating a scarcity of labour." She spent money like water and her colonial deficits grew, but she got value for her outlay. The roads and railways in the Cameroons, in Togoland, and in German East Africa were models of tropical engineering.

Settlers did not appear in any large numbers, for the good reason that their life was made too difficult by an ever-present bureaucracy. The colonist of whatever nationality must be given a fair latitude or he will never get his roots down into the soil. The result was that German settlers used to trek across the border into British territory, finding their country's hand too heavy under an equatorial sun. The truth was that Germany did not really want settlers. In spite of Professor Haeckel she had no great surplus population to export, for in late years her tide of emigration had slackened. What she desired was producing grounds for raw material under her own flag, and she was in a fair way to get them. Her most successful colony, German East Africa, was a planter's country, with huge agricultural estates, like the old Portuguese *prazos*. Producing grounds, military outposts and observation stations—this was the future she designed for her oversea possessions.

Now, colonisation is something more than a chain of plantations and factories, and it is much more than a string of military garrisons. It involves *settlement*—the adoption by emigrants of the new land as their home, the administration of that new land with a view to its own future and not with regard only to the ambitions of the Motherland. Mere exploitation is not colonisation, as the Dutch and the Portuguese found. The inhabitants must get their roots down, must acquire a local patriotism as well as a patriotism of origin. The duty to the land itself must be recognised, and not less the duty to the older masters who continue to live side by side with the new. True colonisation is a slow business, an organic growth rather than a mechanical construction. Such are the British colonies, both in the tropical and temperate zones; such are those of France, whose sons have shown in North Africa a very special aptitude for handling native races and a true devotion to their adopted land. Colonisation is a game which has certain rules, and if these rules are broken it cannot succeed. The German possessions have never been true colonies. Successive waves of colonial enthusiasm have overflowed Germany; missionaries like Herr Dernburg have been despatched on grand tours; but the root of the matter has been

neglected. Garrisons and plantations have been created, but not daughter states; and garrisons and plantations are not destined to endure, for they are never deep enough in the soil.

Further, the German colonies, being what they were, were a constant menace to their neighbours. If one man is digging trenches to drain his farm, and another digs to make the foundations of a fort, there is nothing in common between the two and no possibility of harmonious neighbourship. All Germany's activities have in late years been given a military purpose, and competition in the old fair sense was impossible. The State used its credit to build up great industries and establish shipping lines, and often money was spent lavishly from which there could be no purely economic return. All this was legitimate enough, but it naturally gave other colonising powers matter for thought. Just as in private business the British and French merchant felt that the German was not competing with him on fair terms, since he had his Government behind him, so in colonisation it was perceived that Germany did not run for the proper stakes or play the game by the recognised rules.

The Military Purpose

The truth is that the genuine colonising impulse which existed in Germany about 1880 had utterly disappeared during the past decade. The German colonies had become part of the Pan-Germanist propaganda, like the Baghdad Railway or the fortress of Tsing-Tau. They represented one side of the plan of expansion, as the control of Mesopotamia represented the other. There was this difference between the two, that while the extension south-eastward of the Central European Powers might be possible by military strength only, the maintenance of armed colonies demanded a navy. Again and again the enthusiasts of

the Navy League used the colonial argument to support their pleas; Germany in her effort after *Weltmacht* must have her oversea garrisons and an omnipotent navy was needed as a link between them. Given that navy, their strategic value would have been great. German East Africa was on the southern flank of the road to India as Mesopotamia was on the northern. With German influence on both sides of the great waterway to the East, the most vital interests of Britain would have been menaced. The *Drang nach Osten* was largely and subtly conceived.

Professor Haeckel looks forward to the restoration of the German colonies in Africa and their vast aggrandisement. His dream can only come true if the Allies are beaten to the ground. If the Allies win there can be no question of handing back African territory. It is not only that our own African colonies would strenuously oppose it; the thing is forbidden by Imperial strategy, by our knowledge of what Germany aimed at, and of the purpose which she destined her colonies to serve.

She has never shown the colonising spirit. As there is an honourable camaraderie among pioneers in wild countries, so there is a certain freemasonry among those Powers which have experimented in colonisation. Their object is to make a garden of the desert, to create a new land which, while owing allegiance to the Motherland, shall yet be free to follow its own natural development and shall be administered for its own advantage. If a tropical colony, it owes duties to the soil and the former inhabitants; if a white man's land, it seeks settlement and the advent of a new nation. But a colony which is used as an armed post and as a point of vantage in some great strategical game, is outside this comity. It is eternally a spy, an alien, and a potential disturber of the peace. During its life it will be regarded with just suspicion, and its end will be unlamented.

The Man and the Machine

By G. K. Chesterton

IT is obvious that war will probably punish the particular neglects of peace; and England in this war has suffered sharply from the principal neglect in English education. I mean the almost complete neglect of history, even of English history. But even our ignorance of the historic would have been less disastrous if it had not been overweighted with two affectations of cheap culture; the prehistoric and what I may call the post-historic.

Our philosophers in fact and fiction were almost entirely occupied with a remote past and a remote future. In other words, they were exclusively concentrated on what everybody has forgotten or on what nobody can foresee. For instance, the merest magazine-writer could tell us that all men were once cannibals; which is extremely doubtful. Or he might very probably tell us that all men will eventually be vegetarians; which is even more doubtful. But if you asked such a man so cogent and fundamental a question as whether the food of the English populace has been really cheaper in mediæval or modern times, you would find that he had not looked even for the materials of a decision. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that this involves the whole question of whether the chief change in our history has been for the better or the worse. To neglect such real things, and live in remote things, is to breathe the air of falsehood and prepare the penalties of mere comfort. Our tales about the past were told at random, in the confidence that dead men tell no tales. And in our tales about the future we wallowed in prophecies, which we knew we should not live to see falsified.

Among these fairy-tales, at once prehistoric and prophetic, is one which we are luckily losing in the deadly disillusionment of war. It may be called the legend of the Teutonic Race; or the fairy-tale of the two golden-haired brothers. These two blonde and beautiful persons, the Englishman and the German, were twins in some prehistoric perambulator and were destined to embrace again at some far-off family party, having only been separated in the interval by the one being occupied in

annexing the whole of the earth and the other the whole of the sea. Other groups and institutions, such trifles as the Roman Empire, the French Revolution, the melting-pot of America and what can only be called the continent of Russia—these things did not exist at all, except as things to be annexed. It is legitimate, I think, to be proud of having really artistic dreams; and it has not disadvantages, except that in order to dream we must sleep. And we awoke when the knife was at our throat. When we sought for our brother we saw the face of a stranger, and looked into the eyes of a savage.

The truth is that no two men, neither of them literally black or literally naked, could well be more different than the two types which have come to stand for England and for Germany. It is the islander against the inlander, the amateur against the specialist, the eulogist of a liberty falling into laxity against the eulogist of a discipline driven to terrorism, the heir of a ruined Roman province against the chief of a half-baked and hardly baptised tribe, the wanderer whose winnings have all been at the ends of the earth against the plodder who has laid field to field, and taken his provinces from his nearest neighbours. The perception of this contrast is no mere recoil due to the war; it has long been apparent to those who preferred European history to Teuton mythology. Its solidity can be proved by the fact that the contrast holds in the weaknesses as in the merits of England.

No two types are more different than the shame-faced snob and the entirely shameless slave. It is true that too many English citizens merely try to be gentlemen; it cannot be said that even German aristocrats try to be anything of the kind. We should not now put forward George IV. as the flower of our national heroes. But the First Gentleman of Europe was, in this true and traditional sense, a gentleman; that his very vices were obliged to be munificent. It may be that Frederick the Great was the first man of Europe, and that this is a greater thing; but it remains true that his very virtues were obliged to be mercenary.

It is true that the English cult of commerce and private

liberty produced in the Manchester School an individualism shockingly indifferent to the lives of the labourers. It is equally true that the Prussian disciplinarians have taken considerable care of the lives of labourers; the care which nigger-drivers have almost invariably taken of niggers. When we say these things, it is not a denunciation but a description. As the contrast appears in the English vices, so it appears in the Prussian virtues. Thus, that the Prussian kings worked hard for Prussia is as certain as that they worked hard against humanity. The fact that they saved money off their pleasures is as certain as that they always spent it on their power. The fact that they often kept the peace even under provocation is as certain as that they always broke the peace without provocation.

Tradition of Freedom

I have deliberately kept to a strict under-statement of patriotic claim; for the real case for England is best seen when all possible deductions have been made. And when they are all made, I believe it is still true that the vague English tradition of freedom, with its excesses in aristocracy and amateurism, has been proved even in the present war to be more practical than the Prussian centralisation and rigidity. No rational person will deny that we have suffered heavily from the muddles and scandals which come from being governed, as we are so largely governed, by a sort of social club. We have all the disadvantages that come from such a system; the shifting of responsibility, the gossip, the network of nepotism. Certain newspapers fan a perpetual fury against ministerial mismanagement; though I think that England has been in more peril from the organisation of the newspapers than from the disorganisation of the Government. It is always easy to show that any government is inefficient, this sort of government especially. But when they proceeded to prove that the Prussian type of government is efficient, they broke down.

That Prussianised Germany is supremely efficient is indeed widely asserted and often taken for granted. When I remarked elsewhere on the spiritual insanity of modern Germany, a critic ruefully expressed the wish that the German rulers would bite some of our own. I am far from saying that the German rulers may not bite somebody; one never can tell where true scientific progress may lead. But I am prepared to maintain that in the plain test of positive battle, their biting has been much less effective than General Joffre's nibbling. And I do not think it will be denied that, touching "der Tag" and the British Navy, their bark has been much worse than their bite.

Careful preparation, of course, there was. The German is prepared for everything except emergencies. It may even be said that he is always ready for anything, except the thing that happens. But the kind of readiness he had is much more conclusive in showing him to be morally wrong than in showing him to be intellectually right. After all the question, the first and simplest of all questions, is what happened to his huge preparations when they were first poured out upon Paris. They were, in the first week or two, out-generalled and defeated in the open by a very much smaller force; nothing they can say or do can efface that fact of history. But all they have done since illustrates much more widely the error of trusting to their particular theory and method. In the true and creative sense they have done nothing at all since; for they have only done the same thing over and over again. They not only tried perpetually to do things they did not succeed in doing, but they tried to do things that could not be done. Not only did they in Russia continually capture something the Russians evacuated; but they are now at Verdun trying to capture something the French have destroyed.

German discipline seems to be the science of repeating a mistake. It would really seem as if the concentration of the mind on mechanical triumphs made the mind itself mechanical. The essence of all machinery is recurrence. But though the engine must repeat itself to be a success, if the engineer always repeats himself he will be a bore. The wheel is always returning and beginning again; but we do not want the coach to be always going back and starting again. Nowadays it does not seem so much to be the North Germans who make a machine that repeats

itself; it is rather the machine that makes them repeat themselves. The fanciful might think they had really found perpetual motion, the impossibility—which has passed into a proverb; and that they had found it, like so many things mysteriously forbidden, a disaster for the sons of men.

Those who talk as if the English tradition of liberty or looseness were an unmixed weakness are perpetually reminding us of the fiasco of Gallipoli. The English abandoned the effort against Gallipoli. The Germans have not abandoned the effort against Verdun. To them it will probably appear a paradox, but it is a very solid truism, that the Germans have therefore suffered a much more crushing defeat than the English. The application of the same truth in other fields would call for a lengthy statement, and many of its aptest illustrations will not be known in detail till after the war. But amateurish as I am, even for an Englishman, I will venture the strong suspicion that immeasurably more novelties and originalities have been added to the naval policy which we inherited than to the military policy which the Prussians inherited.

A Living Thing

But there is a much wider area in which the truth is supremely true and supremely important. I mean, of course, the English tradition of a liberal adaptability in the problems of colonies and dependencies. Here again a mere Jingo optimism merely swamps the honest objectivity of the claim we can really make. England has done many things which I, as an Englishman, deplore or detest; she has done some things which all Englishmen deplore or detest. But what is strictly and scientifically true about England is this; that wherever the English influence is present, men feel that it has something which I can only call the flexibility of a living thing. The vital point is not that these things were done; it is that they were done and undone; that the men who made the mistake were alive enough to see the mistake. The strength of the Prussian, not by our account, but by his own account, lies in his inflexibility; and there are not wanting at this moment advocates of panic and persecution to urge this foreign fad upon the government of England.

The truth is that amnesty and compromise have been for England a strength in the very strongest sense; that most athletic type of strength that goes with activity. A wooden leg is not stronger than a living leg, because it does not flinch and draw back when it steps on a thorn. The strength of the English influence has been that at the extremest limits of its sprawling limbs it has been at least alive; and known the nature of what it touched. People complained of it, but they also complained to it; for they knew it had strength enough to move and mend. But the wooden leg is planted firmly in Belgium to-day; and we shall not waste our time in complaining to a wooden leg. We shall do so the less because the wooden leg is in truth adorned and completed by a wooden head; and the whole is one huge wooden idol carved like Hindenburg, which the limbs of living men shall lift and cast into the fire.

Little has been written about the conquest of German South-West Africa and a volume dealing with it is therefore doubly welcome. In *With Botha's Army*, by J. P. Kay Robinson (George Allen and Unwin) 2s. 6d., we have a story which has little to do with fighting the Hun, but a great deal to say about fighting hostile forces of Nature. This campaign among the sand-dunes between the desert and the sea was most picturesque (and most unpleasant), and Mr. Kay Robinson, who was a trooper in the Imperial Light Horse, conveys to us the lighthearted manner in which the hardest day's work and the worst sandstorms were faced.

Coming of a literary family, the author has an exceptional power of expression, and his descriptions of this weird kind of dustbin, out of which they dig diamonds, are vivid and entertaining. Before he writes another book, he will we hope, realise how dull and wearisome is the repetition of expletives. There's not much difference between soap-suds and the froth of Niagara; it is the force that generates the two that counts. So is it with "language," and as this force cannot be transferred to the printed page, oaths are more effectively taken as read. But this is a really fine little book, a valuable addition to a War Library,

The Empire in Arms

By Professor J. H. Morgan

ONE evening at the end of April last year two or three staff officers and myself were sitting at dinner in one of the dingy hotels at G.H.Q. Our talk was sombre. News was filtering in that the position on the Ypres salient was desperate, and from day to day perplexing rumours were in circulation—the first that the French troops on our left had been on the run, running “from Dan even to Beersheba,” as I heard some one put it. This circumstance, novel and perplexing in itself—for we knew the indomitable temper of our Allies—was not rendered the more reassuring by the second rumour which came on top of the first: That they had succumbed to some strange lethal vapour which had risen from the ground in the twilight like a river mist and floated stealthily over the fields until every trench and sap-head became a pocket of poisonous chlorine. Also that men, horses, cattle were lying all over the place, stricken by a kind of blight, and that the happiest were those who did not survive.

One heard strange stories of a Brigade with its left wing in the air, of flanking movements which had brought the enemy into our rear, of signal wires cut and whole battalions isolated, until the position was a kind of jigsaw puzzle. Also that there was a gap of four miles on our left through which the enemy was pouring like a flood. And other such things. As we talked, a young artillery officer, a Canadian, with his arm in splints, came into the room and shyly slipped into a place at the long table—the only table in the room. G.H.Q. is like a Welsh village—one knows everyone by sight, but the newcomer was unfamiliar to us. A stray remark about the position at St. Julien brought him into the radius of our conversation, and the next moment we were eagerly hearing from his lips the story of the colossal struggle still in progress and of how his battery of four eighteen-pounders had suddenly found the enemy right in their rear and had had to swing round their guns to face a force not 400 yards away.

It is not my purpose to re-tell the immortal story of those thirteen days—others have done it better—but the impression that stands out most clearly from my recollection of that young gunner's vivid narrative—illustrated by a rapid requisitioning of all the knives and forks within reach to reconstruct the positions—is that it was the beginning of a new epoch in the military history of the Overseas Dominions. For his talk was not so much of battalions as of brigades, of brigades not only of infantry but of artillery, and he spoke too of administrative field units, of ambulance, supply, and ammunition columns. And all this suddenly brought home to us the fact that for the first time in the history the Empire an Overseas Dominion had put a whole Division into the field. No man who knows anything of the problems of Imperial Defence requires to be told what that means.

An Imperial Army

For years it had been the dream of our Imperial General Staff to secure that there should be a homogeneous Imperial Army in which the composition of units should be that of our own War Establishments—the Division of three infantry brigades with its full complement of “divisional troops.” For the secret of sound military organisation is a standardisation of parts and a uniform composition of units. The Imperial army which took the field in the Boer War was such as to make an R.T.O.'s hair stand on end; its spirit was willing but its “make-up” was weak; the Colonial contingents differed in weapons, kit, organisation, and their composition was as unorthodox as their military vocabulary. The result was delay, confusion, and vexation of spirit.

In 1907 our newly-created General Staff took these questions in hand. The problem which exercised their minds was primarily a political one—the problem of securing a homogeneous army from a heterogeneous

Empire and of persuading self-governing Dominions, which are independent in almost everything but name, not only to take the Army Annual Act as a kind of Model Clauses Act for their own Defence Acts, but to conform to our own War Establishments. The General Staff had to work out its own plans within the rigid limits of two constitutional principles; the legislative independence of the Overseas Dominions and the liberty of the Dominion citizen to volunteer for extra-Colonial service or not as he thought fit.

No Compulsion for Foreign Service

The Dominions were prepared to impose compulsion on their own citizens for home defence; they were not prepared to impose it on them for foreign service—in the former they were ahead of us, in the latter we are now ahead of them. Whatever troops the Dominions choose to raise—whether compulsorily for home service, or voluntarily for foreign service—they claimed to control. Legally, a Colonial soldier is, of course, “the King's soldier,” the Crown is one and indivisible throughout the Empire, and the King is supposed by an engaging legal fiction to be personally present throughout his Dominions—a legal fiction which sadly perplexed a certain Colonial trooper when he had his pay-book made up in the Boer War.* The King is indeed, Commander-in-Chief of all the Dominion forces—Dominion Defence Acts recognise it. But, as everyone knows, the prerogatives of the Crown in the Dominions are vested in the Governor-General, or Governor, acting on the advice of his Ministers, who in turn are responsible to the local legislatures.

As regards the local defence of the Dominions a great advance had already been made in the early years of this century. Many causes contributed to it: the experience of the Boer War started it, the federation of Australia facilitated it, the emergence of a great Asiatic power in the Pacific accelerated it, but I fancy that it was the concentration of our navy in home waters, in response to the challenge of the German Naval Bill, that did most to consolidate it. Be that as it may, there was a remarkable sequence of Dominion Defence Acts in Australia (1903, 1904, 1909, 1910), Canada (1906), New Zealand (1909, 1910), and the new South African Union (1912). All of them, with some variation, adopted the principle of compulsory service for home defence though the application of the principle was more nominal than real. Training in peace and service in war are alike compulsory, though in the case of Canada the former is limited to a kind of militia ballot, to be taken when the Government think fit; whereas in Australia and New Zealand the compulsory training is universal for youths from the ages of 16 to 25, and the exercise of the compulsion is made mandatory upon the Government instead of discretionary. In all these Dominions the liability to service applies to every citizen under 55 or 60 years of age. Apart from this adoption of the *levée en masse* all the Acts provide for the raising of a Defence Force which—the nomenclature varies slightly—is divided into a Permanent Force and a Citizen Force.

Much might be written about the organisation of these forces as a series of experiments in compulsory training, but their immediate interest for us is the provision made for their use in such great Imperial crises as the present. The problem which presented itself to the General Staff was how far could they rely on the assistance of organised, highly trained, and uniformly composite forces in the case of a great emergency. As was pointed out in the Imperial Defence Conference of 1909, in none of the Dominions was it “legally possible for a military unit to volunteer, *as such*, for service oversea as part of an Imperial Army.” All the Defence Acts expressly provided that the members of the various Dominion Forces were

* See the case of *Williams v. Howarth* heard on appeal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1905.

not bound to serve outside the territories of each Dominion.*

The Defence Acts contained no such provision as that in Section 13 (2) of our own Territorial Forces Act whereby the members of those Forces can, through the commanding officer of a unit, volunteer to serve overseas. And even as regards home defence the application of the compulsory principle was restricted in scope, and the training in virtue of it modest in character.

For Home Defence

Canada never got the length of applying compulsion at all; Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa restricted it to men under the ages of 26, 25, or 21 respectively, and the training imposed on these classes was limited to about a fortnight annually in camp, although it had a sound basis in a system of compulsory cadet training during school age.† The Permanent Forces, as distinct from their Citizen Forces, were so small as to be almost negligible. I believe they did not exceed 5,000 men in any of the Dominions. The strength of the Citizen Forces when the war broke out was far below the War Establishment; in Australia and Canada it was barely one-third. The war, in fact, came upon the Dominions at a time when they were merely entering on their military novitiate. This, of course, only makes the splendour of their achievement the more remarkable; the overseas contingents they provided the moment the war broke out were no part of the Imperial covenant; they were as spontaneous as they were unsolicited. Except for the officers, the overwhelming proportion of those contingents represents men who had never been brought within the operation of the Defence Acts at all.

But in one respect we were more than ready. We were organised. The General Staff had expanded, under the inspiration of Lord Haldane, into an Imperial General Staff in 1908, and in 1909 the first Imperial Defence Conference, convoked as an extraordinary meeting of the Imperial Conference, had laid down the general principles of an Imperial war organisation to which each Dominion in turn conformed. An Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces was appointed, doubling the part of G.O.C. Mediterranean, and Sir Ian Hamilton began his memorable tours of the Dominions, resulting in a series of quite invaluable reports on their military systems—reports which everyone should read. How much has been achieved by him and others may be realised by a bare recital of the position of affairs as it was in 1909, when the Empire first began to think about putting its house in order.

At that date the number of squadrons to each cavalry regiment, of batteries to each artillery brigade, of companies to each battalion, varied throughout the Empire; there was no common type of Field Service Regulations and Training Manuals; there was little or no uniformity in the training of officers. There were legal as well as administrative difficulties. The command of Dominion Forces is vested, not in any officer of the Home Regular Forces, but in the Governor, and the King's commission issued to officers in England gives them no legal authority over Dominion forces. And as regards discipline the Army Annual Act does not *per se* apply to the Dominion Forces, which in this as in other respects are governed by their own Defence Acts—hence a real difficulty in the case of Dominion Forces serving outside the Dominion, because it is a rule of law that Dominion Parliaments cannot legislate ex-territorially.

The legal difficulties were easily solved. Section 177 of our own Army Annual Act gives extra-territorial validity to any Dominion code of discipline if and when the troops are serving outside the Dominion. The Dominions have, as a matter of fact, largely adopted our own Army Act and the King's Regulations as "common form" in their Defence Acts. Those Acts also empower the Governor-General in time of war to place the forces

*The exceptions are more apparent than real. The South Africa Act extends the liability to "outside the Union," but confines it to "any part of South Africa." The Canadian Militia Act extends it to "anywhere beyond Canada," but confines it to "the defence thereof." The Australian Acts explicitly confine it to the Commonwealth. The New Zealand Act (No. 28 of 1909), makes a distinction in the case of the Permanent Force, which is liable to serve "throughout New Zealand or beyond."

† There are variations, but limits of space forbid more particular treatment.

under the orders of the commander of any portion of the King's Regular Forces. Conferences with the Dominions resulted in a scheme of interchange of officers for duty in different parts of the Empire, under which a Dominion military officer on duty in England was to receive a temporary commission in the Home Regular Forces, and an officer of the latter on duty in the Dominions was to receive a temporary commission in the Dominion forces: The General Staff became the Imperial General Staff, a body in the creation of which Dominion susceptibilities were most carefully studied, the chief of the I.G.S. being at pains to disclaim any desire to give orders to the Dominion sections. In return the Canadian Government offered to confine its appointments to its section of the General Staff to P.S.C. officers, except where they had qualified by service in the field.

The military education of officers throughout the Empire was assimilated, our own examinations for promotion being adopted, and the British War Establishments were accepted as the basis of composition of units for service in the field. The Headquarters Offices at Ottawa, at Melbourne, and at Wellington were organised on the same basis as the War Office in London. The English model was followed in sub-division of staff duties, the local territorial organisation, and the system of lines of communication.

The Imperial System

Such was the Imperial system which had been worked out by patient and tactful effort when the mighty conflict came upon us like a thief in the night—a system flexible, expansive, voluntary, forged by links which are truly light as air but strong as iron. It depends entirely on the unsolicited support of willing peoples. The war, if it found us unprepared, did not find us unintelligent. It is more than probable that this shirt of mail, having now been tested at every link, will play a great part in the problem of Imperial organisation after the war. Sir Ian Hamilton, in his masterly Canadian report in 1913, put forward the happy suggestion that there should be an Imperial interchange of units—"the presence of a Canadian regiment in London, Delhi or Cairo would stir the imagination not only of the Five Nations themselves, but of the whole outside world." Prophetic words and a true inspiration! Perhaps we shall perpetuate in peace what we have improvised in war, and the mother-country and the Dominions may lend each other battalions for manoeuvres and even for garrison duty.

In the same report Sir Ian Hamilton visualised that day in the future when the protection of British possessions on the Imperial lines of communication would in the natural order of events be allotted to each Dominion within whose sphere of influence they lay. And indeed they were Dominion forces which hauled down the German flag in New Guinea, Samoa, and South-West Africa; it may be—indeed it is a certainty—that the Dominions which have conquered them will be empowered by letters patent to annex them, and the inevitable result will be an expansion of their peace establishments to hold them. Salisbury Plain and Bordon have become vast Imperial training grounds; they may well continue to serve in peace the purpose they have served in war. Certain it is that experienced staff officers look forward to the time when it will be the normal thing for Dominion officers to command Regular Brigades at Aldershot.

The Five Nations* have met in camp and council on the soil of the mother-country; such meetings will surely become part of the natural order of things.

At the request of Mr. Thornton, the General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, we are asked to announce that arrangements have been made for one of the Ambulance Trains, constructed and just completed by the Great Eastern Railway at their Stratford Works for the use of the Army in France, to be on view at Liverpool Street Station, platform No. 1 from 7.30 a.m. to 4.15 p.m. to-day and to-morrow, and also on Sunday, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Tickets, sixpence each, can be obtained at the booking office on the Station.

* It is not as widely known as it might be that at the present moment every Dominion has now a considerable contingent on service in this country or in France.

A War Colony of Oversea Women

By Mary MacLeod Moore

WHEN war thundered forth a summons to the sons of the Empire to quit them like men, and to fight for the lands their fathers left them, the women of Canada, like all British women, far and wide, rose to the occasion. There may have been among them those whose white hands clung "to the tightened rein, slipping the spur from the booted heel," but they were lost sight of in the army of brave and patriotic women who sent off husbands, sons—in some cases both—and lovers, with gay words and smiling faces.

The idea that women must weep while men work is exploded. Instead of shedding tears the women of the Empire organised with great ability and enthusiasm, and dedicated their brains, their hearts and their hands, to the good of the community. The Canadian women, throwing themselves into war work, such as Red Cross, making comforts for the troops, raising funds for afflicted Belgians, and a vast amount of similar labour, also went in numbers to visit their men at Valcartier (the famous training camp, which was laid out and equipped for thirty thousand men in less than three weeks), and some arranged promptly to follow them to England.

At first a few daring ones came. London, and Salisbury, where the First Contingent spent a memorable waiting-time, received them into hotels, lodgings and houses, where they lived as far as possible as they did in Canada. But by degrees more and more women crossed the Atlantic, in many cases with their families, until at the present time there are roughly about two thousand Canadian women, exclusive of the Canadian nurses, living temporarily in England. They stay near their soldiers till they go to the Front; they are ready to welcome them when leave brings them home, they keep themselves cheery and busy until the work of the men is done or until a name in the casualty list sends a lonely woman back to Canada to begin life afresh.

The British are the colonising people of the world, but it is probably the first time in history that a body of women, themselves the children or other descendants of men from the British Isles, who helped to build up Canada, should return to the land of their fathers and take domestic root, living the life of their kinsfolk in what the overseas people call affectionately "the Old Country."

Folkestone is the chief colony, though there are many Canadians elsewhere, for at Bramshott, for example, there are thousands of troops. Canadians are in London in large numbers, but the old grey city swallows them up and merges them into the community so that they form no conspicuous gathering as they do in Folkestone.

The lines of the soldiers fell in pleasant places when Shorncliffe became their temporary home. The sea, the lovely surrounding country, the Leas, the drives and excursions into historic districts within easy reach, have shown them England at her sweetest and her best.

Folkestone, Hythe, Sandgate, and the small places close by, are now the homes of Canadian women, often closely linked together by old ties; always by a common birthplace, and above all by a common anxiety. They talk of the same places and people; they share solicitude for the "boys" from their own towns; they mourn together over the lists of killed and wounded, and they offer the sympathy and affection of sisters to the bereaved, knowing always that they themselves may be the next to require compassion. There are some who come among their countrywomen as strangers. Soon they feel the closeness of the tie that links them together.

It is a curious feature of this gathering of Canadians that they are learning much of each other as well as of the people of England. Canada is a country of almost incredible distances. While there are many people who are familiar with East and West alike, and have friends all over the Dominion, there are others who have practically spent their lives in a community where everyone knows everyone else, and the customs of the town are a

*"I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue slays,
I will bring back my children
After certain days."*

standard of comparison. At Folkestone all have met and shared the same hopes and fears.

There have been meetings between friends long separated, with huge arrears of news to make up.

There have been glimpses of some charming women whom "I last saw on my wedding day." There have been enquiries for little So-and-So of Toronto, only to find her a war-bride soon to arrive in England.

The pleasant gossip of Montreal, Winnipeg, Kingston and Calgary drifts to the passer-by promenading the Leas and watching the flowering shrubs, climbing the cliffs against the wind, or to the people drinking tea in the hotels. Canadian slang has its place in the communities where Canadians congregate. Bewildered English people have discovered that the highest praise to bestow upon a box of good things from home is: "These are sure some eats!"

"The Maple Leaf Forever," "Alouette, gentille Alouette," and "O Canada!" are now sung by people who wouldn't know a maple leaf if they saw one: who never heard the Canadian National song until war brought it across the Atlantic.

The Canadian war-weddings have been many and brides abound. Just as at home, an engagement or an understanding is followed by a hurried wedding because a man is off to England *en route* for the Front. In some cases the girls have remained at home in Canada. In others they have accompanied their young husbands to England where they stay putting a brave face on their loneliness and fear, and counting the days till leave is due. Some brides have dared submarines and have crossed the Atlantic alone to be married. War romances have blossomed quickly on English soil, and English as well as Canadian girls have been married at short notice to Canadian fighting men.

Canadian women have no idea of sitting down with idle hands to wait for their men. While many are in hotels and lodgings others keep house. The solid comfort of England is a joy, the attentions of the servants and the tradespeople are pleasing, the cheapness of flowers is a surprise, the struggles with English money are a joke, but there is a serpent in Eden. If you ask a Canadian, new to English ways, what has struck her most, nine times out of a dozen she will wail of the iniquities of the winter heating arrangements.

The Canadian woman finds her waiting time well occupied. Besides the small social pleasures of which wartime admits, and her everyday intercourse with friends, she does an immense amount of valuable service in assisting at canteens, visiting the sick and wounded in connection with that admirable organisation, the Canadian Red Cross Society, to which many Canadian women in London devote their days, packing parcels for soldiers and for prisoners of war, helping with soldiers' clubs, giving entertainments and treats for soldiers, making and collecting comforts, and keeping her correspondents at home in touch with her life. There is in Folkestone a Canadian Women's War Work Committee, which has a large membership, and the kindness of these ladies will long be remembered gratefully by the soldiers.

It may be wondered if anything is done in England to make these fellow-Britons feel at home and welcome. Many, of course, have close ties with England, and a large social connection. But numbers are over here for the first time, and they are lonely and sad away from their old surroundings. Hospitable English people would be glad to meet them and show them some kindly attention, but it is not always easy to bring together guests and willing hostesses. The Victoria League, however, of which Dowager Lady Jersey is President, has done much in this connection. There is a Hospitality Committee, through which people at home have had the opportunity of meeting overseas women and cultivating their friendship. Lately Lady Perley, wife of the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, and a member of the Committee, gave a large reception, when many Canadians

met the Victoria League Committee and Council. Now the Victoria League has organised, for the duration of the war, the Oceana Club, at 21, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, primarily for convenience of women from the Dominions.

Good must come of the mingling of the people of the British Isles with those from Canada. Want of knowledge which is conducive to want of sympathy, gives place to a closer understanding. Canadians have discovered the charm of a restful, dignified England and her people. They have learned to appreciate that absence of self-assertion, self-praise and bustle which is essentially English. They have admired the splendid ability and quiet power of the Englishwomen, who have been working, speaking, organising, for the public good for nearly two years. When war ends two thousand Canadian women will return to Canada to tell what England really is.

Englishwomen are interested in the enterprise, the courage, and the cheeriness of the Canadians; their freshness and keenness; even their new ways of doing things, if it be only packing Christmas gifts. They have learned, too, some lessons in geography. People at home have discovered with shame and confusion of face that to call a Canadian an American can only be wiped out in deep humility.

And there are Canadians who have been able to make the story of the building of Empire a real thing to English hearers, for they can speak of ancestors who were United Empire Loyalists, and suffered all but death at the hands of the rebellious Colonists rather than be false to their Mother Country. In France and in Flanders their male descendants are fighting, or lying at rest. In England and in Canada the women watch and work and wait.

What Empire Day Means

By the Earl of Meath

AFTER fourteen years of constant labour on the part of the promoters of this "Empire Movement," the British Government at last thought fit to reverse its policy of indifference, and has so far recognised it as to hoist the Union Jack this year over Government Buildings on Empire Day. It is difficult to understand why this recognition was not given years ago, especially as in the Dominions and Crown Colonies, the National Flag has for years flown from State Buildings on this day, while in some Overseas States the day has been made a statutory holiday.

In 1914, the last year for which reliable figures can be obtained, over 19½ millions of British subjects observed "Empire Day." Of these some 9¼ million were school-children. The object of the Empire Movement is the creation of good citizens, and especially the training of children in all the virtues which tend towards this ideal. Its aims are non-party, non-sectarian, non-aggressive, and non-racial.

Its watchwords are Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice. It urges all its supporters "to love and fear God, to honour the King, to obey the laws, to prepare to advance the highest interests of the Empire in peace and war, to cherish patriotism, to regard the rights of other nations, to learn citizenship, to follow duty, to consider duties before rights, acquire knowledge, to think broadly, to practise discipline, to subdue self, to work for others, to consider the poor and the suffering."

Its spirit may partially be translated as the subordination of selfish or class interests to those of the State and of the community, and the inculcation in the minds of all British subjects of the honourable obligation which rests upon them of preparing themselves, each in his or her own sphere, for the due fulfilment of the duties and responsibilities attached to the high privilege of being subjects of this mighty Empire.

Each of the four words represents an idea, and one of vital importance to the well-being of the Empire. How overwhelming do the responsibilities attached to British citizenship appear, if only we consider what British citizenship means! "Responsibility," not only for the proper self-government of some 60 millions of white people, but also (that which is a much more difficult problem) for the just and beneficent government of some 350 millions of dependent coloured fellow subjects.

How imperative is the call of "Duty" sounding in the ears of all to whom is accorded the privilege of calling themselves citizens of the British Empire. How impossible for such to neglect that call without exposing the Empire and themselves to most serious dangers! Is not imperial duty a vain dream without "Sympathy" between the different peoples, creeds and classes who constitute the Empire? And is true sympathy possible without the presence in the minds of the people of a subconscious, it may be dormant, but still an ever-present willingness to sacrifice self, if need should arise, in the general interests of the Empire?

These four watchwords express the spirit which will insure the defence, honour and well-being of the whole Empire, but still more do they express the living spirit which should preserve it from the fate which has befallen the empires of the past

The love of personal and political freedom, the religious faith which exalts moral character, and a just consideration of the interests and well-being of other nations—these principles have in the main distinguished the British Empire, have contributed to its growth and given assurance of its permanence. They have also in a special manner won for it the respect of other nations—more than the vastness of its territory and its material power. It is therefore by keeping the watchwords of the "Empire Movement" in continual remembrance that not only the integrity and true welfare of the Empire will be maintained, but that the Empire will become the leader of international concord, and the guardian of the best interests of humanity.

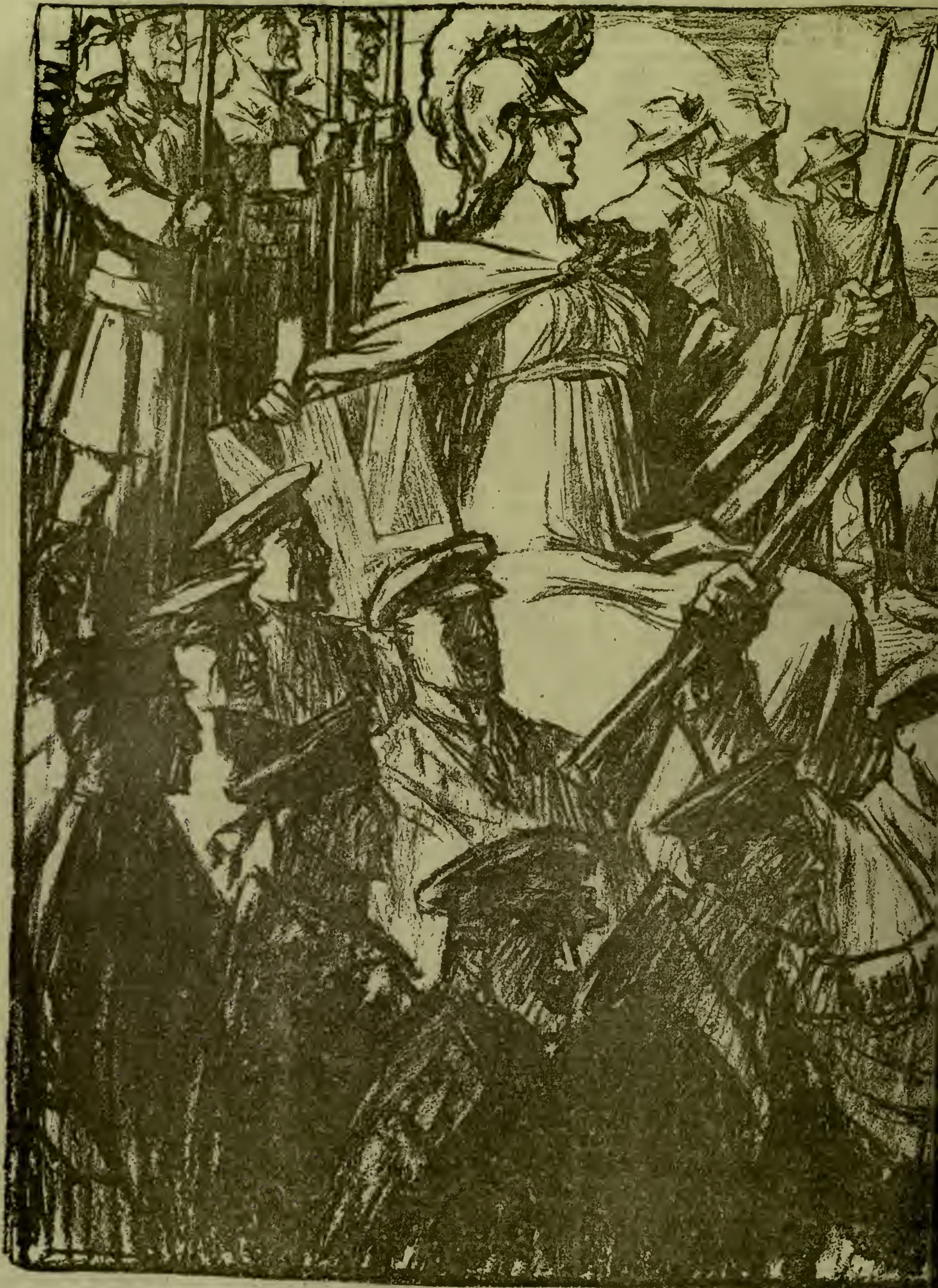
Is it too much to say that the spirit of the movement has already influenced in some small degree the united peoples of the British Empire, and that the marvellous loyalty and self-sacrifice displayed by all the subjects of the King-Emperor during the present war may not be entirely unconnected with the Empire Day?

Loyalty, patriotism, obedience to lawful authority, moral thoughtfulness and love of humanity, fidelity to duty, and readiness for sacrifice—these are some of the virtues which the Empire Movement desires to see instilled into the minds of the young, believing that through these and similar virtues good citizens are made.

It urges the State, public education authorities, teachers and parents to neglect no material aids to the cultivation of the civic virtues, and advocates that every school shall be provided with a full-sized flagstaff and Union Jack, with a large wall map of the Empire, showing its place in the world, and therefore its opportunities, and responsibilities of service, and with a portrait of the King.

It regards these as only outward aids to daily systematic instruction of the young in all matters that tend to the creation of good citizens, looking to parents and teachers not to leave this important branch of education to chance, but to concentrate on it their best abilities and energies. The "Empire Movement" has developed a literature of no small interest, which can be obtained from the Secretary, at 83, Lancaster Gate, London. It appeals to all citizens of the vast Empire which owes allegiance to King George V. to unite, at all events in thought and feeling, and to think imperially, not with boastful arrogance, but with the modesty that befits true greatness (even though it should be the case that the time has not yet arrived to federate politically), and to foster all those noble virtues which may make them worthy of the great responsibilities and duties which Providence has thought fit to place on their shoulders.

Finally, it advocates an annual popular celebration of Empire Day on some date not far removed from May 24th, the anniversary of the birthday of our late adored Sovereign Queen Victoria, during whose beneficent reign of 63 years the Empire grew to its present vast dimensions, as well as in freedom, wealth, strength, civilisation, and happiness. She was herself a type of noble Christian womanhood, and illustrated in her personal character and in her reign those elements which made the true glory of our Empire, and will be the stable foundation of its permanence.



By Louis Raemaekers.

For King



Drawn exclusively for "Land and Water."

An Untrue Tale

By Boyd Cable

THIS is not a True Story. Rather I wish to state that it is utterly and absolutely untrue, that the incident it relates has not to my knowledge the slightest foundation in fact, that the characters in it are entirely fictitious, that the nations to which they are supposed to belong are non-existent, that the persons, their doings, and conversations, everything whatsoever hereinafter told or suggested—except that “there is a war on”—is the outcome of nothing but my own imagination or invention. You may find people who will say the story is true; you may even find people who will say they told it to me; but I deny it and them, and repeat—the story is untrue. Having made this comprehensive and emphatic statement, because otherwise a great and friendly nation might imagine it and its citizens were being hinted at, and because the Censor might on that very account be inclined to prohibit publication, I will proceed with the untrue story.

Once upon a time the Government of Great Asterisk, believing that the great and friendly United Hyphens might be still more friendly to it if they thought it was going to win the war, invited a number of United Hyphen newspaper men to make a tour of the battle front and see just how well affairs were going. The Asterisk Staff at the Front were asked to show as much hospitality and as many dead enemies as possible to the newspaper men, to take every care of them, to see they did not get their feet wet, and to return them safely, carriage paid, This Side Up With Care, and so on, as soon as might be.

The Staff, of course, were delighted. They always are delighted, but in this case we are especially sure they were, because they themselves told the newspaper men so. They dined and wined the paper men well, surprisingly well remembering it was at the Front; they toured them round in motor cars; they allowed them to snap-shot ruined churches and many pictures of motor transport well behind the lines. And at last they sent them to a portion of the Front where they were to be allowed to go right up into the forward firing trenches, to look out through periscopes on to the Hun trenches, to risk their precious lives moderately, but sufficiently to allow them to write convincingly thrilling accounts of shrieking shells and whistling bullets, and perhaps even to acquire (at so much per) Hun helmets and other interesting souvenirs.

The portion of Front where an introduction to the shrieking shells and crashing explosions, etc., was to be effected was on a stretch occupied by a battalion of overseas troops, a battalion of the Princess Pipactoc's Caenacdonac Infantry. The paper men were motored up in the very early morning to a village a few thousand yards behind the forward trenches and were first shown a Caenacdonian battery of heavy artillery in a position tucked away amongst the broken houses and a ruined rose garden.

The artillery were kind and hospitable to a point of precious rye whisky, a tour of the gun emplacements, dug-outs and underground telephone exchange, and a hearty invitation to lunch. The correspondents accepted all these things as by divine right and apparently without any inkling that the irruption of seven or eight visitors into a normal mess of about five might in any way strain the mess resources. The staff officer who was doing Cook's guide to the party, however, had laid in provision for a lunch, and relieved the situation by taking aside the subaltern who, as “Mess Secretary,” was responsible for catering arrangements, and handing over to him the extra provisions.

Lunch was eaten in an unusually commodious cellar which was the Battery's Mess Room, and during and after the meal rye whisky and thrilling stories circulated freely. The correspondents were out for “stuff” and “stories,” and a lead having been very gravely given by the Battery Commander in a wonderful tale of how the battery, not wishing to damage a certain building behind the German lines, had destroyed the Germans inside the house without knocking a chip off the walls by shooting shells at about two-miles-range carefully

and accurately through the windows, the other officers played up nobly and provided those correspondents with material enough to fill their editors with joy and the Front (if it could have read the tales) with an unholy joy.

It was shortly after lunch was finished that a peculiar moaning, rushing noise was heard. It grew rapidly louder, and before the correspondents, lifting their heads and glancing about them inquiringly at each other, could ask the question each meant to ask, there was an earth-shaking crash that set the cellar walls shivering. A subaltern had slid from his seat at the first note of the rising sound and stepped to the telephone in the passage, and for the next few minutes the correspondents could hear him talking into the instrument. He was merely keeping in touch with the dug-out at the Battery to be sure that the wire to it was uncut and that the officer in charge there had nothing unusual to report, but presently one of the correspondents asked who was the 'phone through to. “It's only Pippy having a talk to Divisional Headquarters,” he was informed by the subaltern sitting next him. “He's asking what the orders are if any of you people are casualtied, or what we're to do with the bodies if you're killed.”

The correspondent (whom I shall call Hesketh P. Tubbs, because that is utterly unlike his real—or rather what would have been his real name if this had been a true story) a stoutish man, with a nervous manner and an obviously abnormal appetite and capacity for lunch and thrilling stories, gazed at his informant with an expression of amazement that grew rapidly to one of alarm as another shell banged down uproariously somewhere outside.

“B-but can a sh-shell touch us in here?” he demanded, and for the next ten minutes had to endure a technical description of the effects of a high-explosive detonating on or piercing the roof and exploding inside a room or cellar, a vivid word picture of some illustrating incidents the subaltern could recall from his past experiences, and an accompaniment of the rising moan-rush-crash of falling shells. Mr. Tubbs listened to it all, holding his breath and rounding his eyes during each whistling rush, winking and gulping convulsively at each crash. His note-book and pencil lay neglected on the table in front of him, although most of the others were very busily engaged scribbling in theirs.

When the shelling stopped about fifteen minutes later, the Major informed the party that this was merely a normal and expected mid-day “straff” which was now in all probability finished. Allowing another five minutes for safety's sake, the party emerged from the cellar and inspected the fresh shell-craters with immense interest, and hunted for fragments of the shells as souvenirs with which to aggravate their less fortunate fellows on their return to Fleet Street. Mr. Tubbs had left the cellar with considerable reluctance, and was closely accompanied by the subaltern who, during the hunt for shell fragments, assured Mr. Tubbs that there was no need to bother about that now.

“You're going up to the Observing Station in the trenches I hear,” he said. “Well, you'll get stacks of shell splinters there. They have all sorts of shells banging in there most of the time.”

The information did not appear to afford the satisfaction to Mr. Tubbs which might have been expected, and when the time came for the party to set off on their walk to the trenches, Mr. Tubbs unfortunately had developed a painful recurrence of a rheumatically knee and did not feel up to the walk. He stuck to that despite his friends' persuasions, and was at last left behind, and retired to the cellar and the company—at intervals—of the Major, and—without intervals—of the rye whisky. He and the Major went down again to the guns when a call came on the 'phone and the officer on duty said that the Forward Observing Officer wanted a few rounds fired to let the correspondents watch the shelling.

Up at the Observing Station the party had to wait a little for the firing of the rounds, first because the officer at the Battery said that Mr. Tubbs was coming down and he was waiting for him, and later because an

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aeroplane was over and the guns could not fire without disclosing their position. Previous to this a brief conversation had ensued between the Forward Officer and the subaltern at the guns.

"Tell that bunch up there," said the guns, "that we're going to fire some of that rotten ammunition we have been buying from their people, just to show them how poorly it explodes."

"Right-o," said the Forward Station. "But rotten as it is y' know some of it goes off all right. It would be just our luck if the rounds we wanted to show were bad, turned out to be good."

A chuckle came over the wire from the guns, "Leave that to me," said the voice which, of course, was inaudible to the rest of the party at the Observing Station. "I've had a word with Sergeant Dunkley, and—er, he knows which rounds are duds. You tell 'em the first three shells are United Hyphen make, and the next three are our own."

The first three rounds were "duds," and, moreover, did not land within fifty to a hundred yards of the spot pointed out as the target. This poor shooting, it may be mentioned, was the subject of some scathing comment from the Forward Officer until the officer at the guns, first looking round carefully to be sure that Mr. Tubbs was not within hearing, asked an apparently irrelevant question as to whether if sand were substituted in the shell for high-explosive, the ballistics of the shell would not be upset and the shooting spoiled.

"You see," said the Forward Officer to the group of correspondents crowded round the loophole of his lookout and peeping with periscopes through the broken tiles. "Your manufacturers not only stick in rotten explosive that hardly gives any burst, but they never seem to get the balance of the shell right. You can understand how erratic that makes the shooting; in fact, you've just seen how erratic. Now the next three rounds will be our own home-made goods. The guns will be laid at exactly the same angle and range as for those last three rounds but—well, keep your eye glued on that building I pointed out."

"Ooph!" the correspondents gasped and grunted in varying tones, but in the same breath as the first shell hit the building fair and square; and the exclamations continued as the second and third round followed and sent the ruined walls whirling and dissolving under a billowing canopy of black smoke, red brick-dust and grey plaster.

"Bully . . . great stuff . . . some shooting . . . and some ginger in those goods," said the chorus, and "wouldn't you bust up another target or two?"

"I could so," said the Forward Officer, "but if we stir 'em up too much they're apt to start shelling back. I don't suppose you want a brisk bombardment going on while you tour the forward trench?"

"Not any," said one promptly, but another countered as promptly, pointing out that it would make "great copy"; and the party took sides and proceeded to argue as to whether the risk was worth the copy or the copy worth the risk, until the Staff Officer settled the point abruptly.

"No more," he said. "If any of you are killed, your troubles are over, but mine would only be beginning. I'm not here to get you shot—to say nothing of my own objections to being casualtied."

"You're not stuffing us," said one correspondent dubiously. "I heard that boy of yours back at the battery piling the horrors into poor old Tubbs about what was to be done with our corpses and so on, but . . . 'course it's Tubbs' funeral if he's dub enough to fall for such stuff, but you might just skin the rest of us as gentle as you know how. It's your lay-out and we're playing it blind, so give us some sort of a show."

He could not have taken a better line, and after that the party had nothing to complain of in the show they got. But back at the Battery Mr. Hesketh P. Tubbs was not quite so fortunate.

At the first place he ruffled the lieutenant considerably by persisting in talking of "us" as if the Hyphens and the Caenacdonians were the one people (which they are not); and in the second he offended still more deeply by refusing to swallow the story of an incident (after swallowing many impossible ones) which the lieutenant

vouched for as having been seen with his own eyes. Lieutenant "Pippy" had been led to tell some of the nicknames which he had heard attached to the Caenacdonians. "The Gas-eaters and 'Un-stoppers were tacked to us after the Wipers show where we stuck out the gas attack and stopped the Hun, y' know. And Gethsemane Gardeners and Crossed Canucks is another title from the same scrap."

"Gethsemane Gardeners?" said Tubbs inquiringly, and on an explanation of what these names indicated he burst into loud laughter. "You're surely not trying to unload that guff on me about some of your men having been crucified by the Germans. Now I've known a heap of Germans in my time and I'm not going to believe—"

"I'm not asking you to believe," said Pippy tartly. "Only I saw the crucified men myself. But it's not a thing we care to talk about, or think about—except when we're going into action."

Tubbs would have argued, but Pippy turned the subject abruptly. They returned to the cellar and there Tubbs had some more Old Rye, and when the whisky within him began to talk, which it did presently at length, and, to Pippy, rather offensively, Pippy at last made some excuse and left him.

"Of all the Bounce-and-Brags I ever met," he said disgustedly a little later to some passing friends in the Pipactocs. "Why to hear him talk you'd think he fair ached to eat a Hun for breakfast every morning. And what the United Hyphens would only do if they came into this war. . . ." And he went on to give details of Tubbs' remarks, and of his rheumatism at thought of the trenches.

"Pity he can't have a chance to show this heroism of his," said one of the Pipactoc officers thoughtfully. "Now couldn't we fix . . ." And the conversation sunk to low tones and smothered laughter.

When Tubbs strolled out into the shell-smashed street, a little later he ran across a Pipactoc sergeant who most obligingly showed him round the village, and then, as if he had quite suddenly remembered it, told Tubbs he ought to know just who he was. Tubbs found him most difficult to satisfy. He produced all the credentials, passports and papers he had about him, one after the other, and at last the sergeant, calling another man and telling him to wait there with Mr. Tubbs, went off, as he said, to put the papers before an officer. Tubbs would have protested, but protests were simply ignored, and he had to wait a good quarter of an hour kicking his heels and getting angrier and angrier. At last his guard remarked briefly that he was sick of this waiting and—"So long." He vanished.

Tubbs, thoroughly angry by this time, set off to find his late guide and his papers. He took the direction the sergeant had taken, but on turning the first corner was halted abruptly by a sentry with fixed bayonet. A demand for the countersign and a brief parley ended in the appearance of the sergeant of the guard and an abrupt invitation to Tubbs—with a bayonet point hovering about six inches in the offing—to enter the guard-room. An officer was there and he cut short Mr. Tubbs' long explanation of who he was by a demand for his credentials. Tubbs could only commence a still longer explanation about the sergeant who had taken his papers. "What regiment was he?" Tubbs didn't know. "What particular Battery was this where you lunched?" Again Tubbs didn't know. "Where is this battery exactly?" Tubbs only knew it was somewhere around the village.

The officer turned from him. "Prisoner—close guard—here sergeant." Tubbs found himself hustled ignominiously into an inner chamber without a roof, his person roughly searched for arms, a guard posted over him with fixed bayonet and savage threats of the penalties to follow any monkey tricks.

He stayed there a painfully long two hours, the first part of which were spent in pleadings with and threats to the guard, and the latter part in dead silence after a curt intimation that "if he didn't shut his yap" . . . a significant motion of the bayonet finishing the sentence.

Up to now he had not had the faintest doubt but that he would be released and apologised to as soon as enquiries had been made, and he extracted what comfort he could from anticipations of how hot he could make things for the fools who had got him in this pickle. But a

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sudden and dreadful, qualm assailed him on overhearing a low-toned conversation between the guards and two men who relieved them.

"What's the Cap. doin'?" asked one. "Asleep," was the answer. "Same old thing—liquored as usual." "Isn't he chasin' round for evidence about this guy?" "Not him. We asked round a bit but nobody seems to have heard of him. He's a spy, an' soon as the Cap. wakes up or the Colonel comes round he'll be tried an' shot right away like that last one we nailed."

Tubbs tried to speak, but was silenced again savagely, and sat for another half hour alternately cheering himself with the thought that it must come right when he got a chance to speak at his trial, and remembering, with beads of cold perspiration oozing out on his forehead, all the horrible tales he had ever heard of summary courts martial and their abrupt endings with unpleasant results to the prisoner.

Then he was led back into the outer room to find there three officers sitting at a table and a few men with the sergeant who had arrested him. The officer who had first questioned him sat in the centre of the three. Tubbs took his place in front of the table, had his hat snatched off, and was told sternly to stand up.

"What have you got to say for yourself," asked the centre officer. Tubbs, telling himself he must keep cool, began the same long explanation he had given before. It was cut short before he finished. "Have you any witnesses?" "Crowds," he said eagerly. "There's the rest of my crowd, and the Staff Officer with them, and General Headquarters will vouch for me."

"Sergeant, what is your evidence?" The sergeant stated how he had been called by the sentry, and thinking the prisoner a suspicious character had arrested him.

"Have any steps been taken to verify or contradict the prisoner's story?" asked another of the officers mildly.

"Every possible step," said the centre officer. "But—nothin' doin'. Nobody seems to have heard of him."

"What was the number of this Battery you talk about?" Tubbs had to confess he hadn't heard it. "But the Major's name," he said with sudden inspiration "was—wait a minute—I called him Major mostly, but I know I was introduced. It was—er—oh—what in thunder was it now?"

"Yes, what was it?" said the centre officer grimly. "Now look here my son, you'll get off cheaper if you confess, and if you've got any useful information to give us about the enemy. If not . . . I really don't think it's worth wasting more time with him, is it?" he concluded, turning to the other two. "What do you say? Guilty?"

One nodded and the other hesitated slightly.

"This is murder," broke in Tubbs wildly. "You've only to send me to Headquarters or to find the Battery where I ate to-day."

"Could you find your way there? Here, can you show us where it is on the map?" and a large map grid-ironed with red lines was flung on the table. "Here's where you are now," said the centre officer, and placed a finger on the map. "Now, where's this battery you talk about?"

Tubbs declined to have anything to do with the map. He hadn't seen the place on the map, he didn't know or care where he was on the map; but if this cursed farce didn't stop he'd make somebody sweat for it presently; he'd.

"That'll do," said the officer sharply, and Tubbs stopped short at the touch of a pricking point in the small of his back. He gulped hard once or twice. "Send me to Headquarters," was all he said at last.

"What about it?" said the centre officer again. "Guilty—eh?" One of the others wondered hesitatingly whether it would be worth sending the man to H.Q., but that suggestion was promptly squashed. "Fat lot of thanks we'd get for that. What would G.H.Q. say or do if every suspected prisoner was shunted on to them. Besides, I'd object a heap to G.H.Q. trying my prisoners. Don't see why we shouldn't have the privilege of shooting our own spies. The men like the sport for one thing, and it teaches these gentry to keep clear of us."

"All right," gave in the objecting officer at last, and Tubbs' heart went down with a bump. "But just a minute. One thing that he said we might prove or dis-

prove." Tubbs' heart leapt up again, and when the mildly-mannered officer whispered a moment to the others and then turning to him said, "Just step over to the other side of the room out of earshot a moment please." Tubbs stepped over with alacrity. "Thank you. Now back again. . . . By the way, what did you say was the reason you didn't go with your friends into the trenches?"

In a flash Tubbs saw how he had been caught. He stammered "I—I—I—my—er—"

"Exactly," said the officer. "Your knee was very bad. It has completely recovered since, I notice." He turned to the other two: "I agree with the finding of Guilty. The sentence I suppose—"

Tubbs' face was going grey. "See here," he blurted out, "You caught me for fair and I'll admit there's nothing wrong with my knee. I just didn't feel well enough."

The officer looked at him coldly. "Was it before or after lunch you felt unwell?"

"I've been—er, most of—just about lunch time I think it was."

"Then, of course, you couldn't eat much lunch. Suppose"—and he looked at the others, "wouldn't the doctor and a stomach-pump settle this point? If it goes against the prisoner I've nothing more to say."

Tubbs remembered his lunch and his knees shook under him. "I may have eaten a fair—" he began, but a cold glance from his tormentor stopped him floundering. He was coming to hate and to fear this man that at first he had thought his best hope as the worst of his inquisitors.

"I'll tell you the plain truth," he blurted in desperation. "I got cold feet when that shelling came on. I didn't want to get killed, so I just plain quit."

"That may be the truth—at last," said the mild officer. "But you can understand that all the lies you told don't help you. I agree—Guilty."

"Never saw such a fuss over one paltry spy," said the centre officer. "Sentence of the Court—prisoner to be taken out and shot forthwith." He pushed his chair back and stood up. "Go on sergeant—usual place; and come back and report when he's turned off. Now you fellows, what about a drink?"

"You pop-eyed booze-lighter," shouted Tubbs, stepping forward a pace and glaring. "Wait till my crowd start looking for me. Wait till you hear what G.H.Q. has to say to you. Wait till you hear the Hyphen eagle squeal. You'll pay for this, you butchers. Talk about Germans, you're worse than any brute Hun that ever escaped. You—you—you."

The escort closed in and seized him still raving and shouting hysterically; but as they commenced to drag him towards the door his knees sagged, his feet trailed out behind him and his head drooped.

They laid him down hurriedly. "I was afraid it was going a bit too far," said the mild-mannered officer. "He'll raise Cain when he finds it was a sell," said the centre one, pulling off his fierce moustaches and stuffing them in his pocket. "Not much," said the third. "Don't forget, 'I got cold feet. I just plain quit.' That's a tale he won't be too anxious to advertise. But I think we ought to just naturally fade away and leave him to you, Pippy," he finished looking at the Artillery subaltern who had suddenly appeared on the scene immediately after Tubbs had collapsed.

"Hustle," said Pippy simply. "He's coming to."

Tubbs, as he came slowly round, saw Pippy's face bending over him. He stared vacantly at it a moment. "You just came in time," he gasped faintly. "In another minute I'd have . . . murdered some of those guards, and then I suppose . . . they'd have shot me for sure."

"Never mind that now," said Pippy soothingly. "Here, drink this. It's Old Rye."

Signaller Ellis Silas, 16th Infantry Battalion, Australian Contingent, had the honour of submitting his Sketches of Gallipoli for the inspection of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace last Saturday. The King was particularly interested in the drawing depicting the charge up the hill at "Bloody Angle" on May 2nd, 1915, and also "The Last Assembly," "when many of us stood shoulder to shoulder for the last time in this world."

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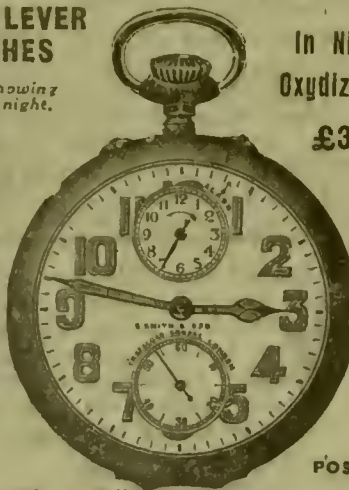
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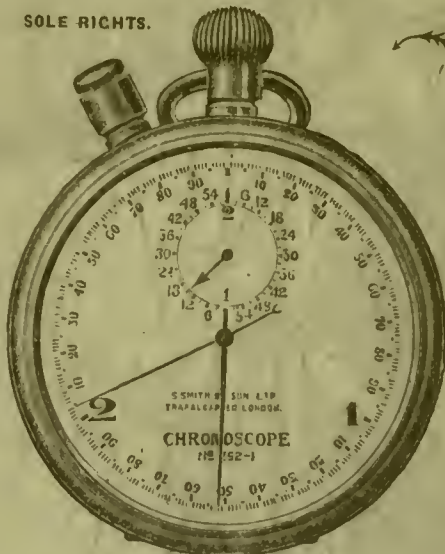
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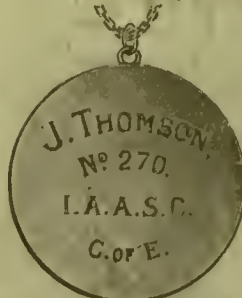


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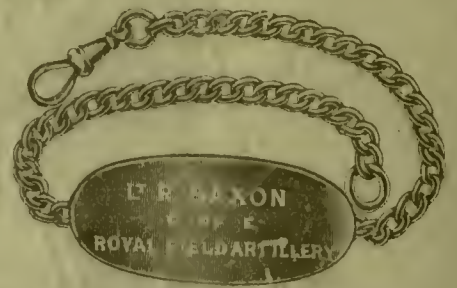
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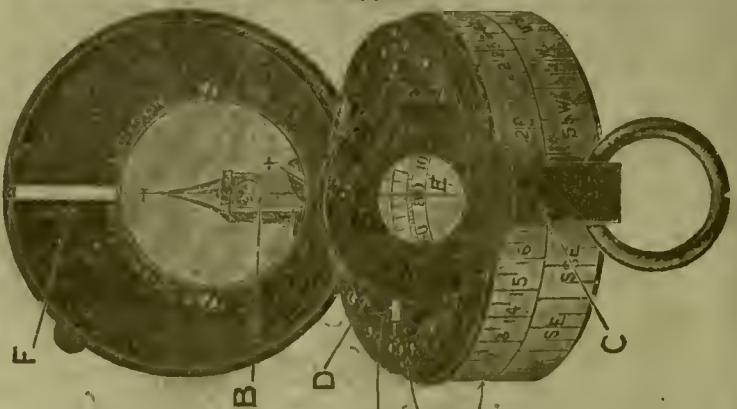


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British Empire Production and Trade

By John Holt Schooling (Author of "The British Trade Book").

WHICH is the more valuable thing to a man, to a nation, to an Empire: the power of production, or the opportunity of a cheap consumption? During recent generations, all fiscal legislation in England has been in the direction of securing cheap consumption, cheap for the time being that is to say, without any regard for efficient production. But surely, and notably in the long run, production is of far more value than cheap consumption. Our *ignis fatuus*, cheap consumption at any cost, has caused us not only to neglect the full development of our power of production, and the co-ordination of the vast resources of our Empire, but it has also given to our rival in trade and enemy in war a great advantage. Namely, the advantage of the Double Market for sales as compared with our Single Market for sales. To illustrate this point, look at the free or open market for sales possessed before the war by the United Kingdom and by Germany. Germany had a free market for sales of seventy millions of people in Germany, plus another free market for sales of forty-six millions of people in the United Kingdom. Namely, Germany had the Double Free Market of 116 millions of buyers. But the United Kingdom had only a free or open market for sales among forty-six millions of people in the United Kingdom. Namely, the Single Market as compared with Germany's Double Market. That fact has been for many years of enormous benefit to Germany, who has constantly fostered her power of production, while simultaneously, we have given to Germany great facilities for the sale of her production. When war came, we discovered that in many directions of our trade and finance we had allowed Germany to gain the control. Notable instances were finance in London, the production of certain necessary chemicals and dyes, and the control by Germany of the metal production of Australia.

We have also discovered that the *laissez faire* methods of our economic blind men have been taken advantage of by Germany to further her brutal national aims in addition to undermining our power of production. The time is ripe, and more than ripe, for us to take action to secure our future in all matters that concern British Empire production and trade. With this purpose in mind, I show some facts relating to the British Empire that may be useful.

TABLE A.—Production of Staple Articles within the British Empire. Yearly Average during three periods of five years each, covering the fifteen years 1899-1913.

STAPLE ARTICLE.	Average Yearly Production during each period of five years.		
	1899-1903.	1904-1908.	1909-1913.
Coal. Millions of Tons	246.0	283.1	314.2
Coal. Value—Millions of £	105.8	110.8	134.2
Iron-Ore. Millions of Tons	14.5	16.2	17.0
Pig-Iron. Millions of Tons (a)	9.0	10.0	10.5
Diamonds. Value—Millions of £	4.7	7.3	8.9
Gold. Millions of Ozs.	6.8	11.6	13.4
Gold. Value—Millions of £	28.5	48.4	56.4
Silver. Value—Millions of £ (b)	1.0	2.2	4.5
Copper. Value—Millions of £	3.2	5.1	5.3
Tin. Value—Millions of £	6.7	9.3	11.1
Wheat. Millions of Bushels (c)	452.4	515.7	702.2
Barley. Millions of Bushels (c)	103.0	115.3	124.2
Oats. Millions of Bushels (c)	341.9	409.3	536.1
Maize. Millions of Bushels (c)	36.3	41.6	44.0
Wine. Millions of Gallons	11.8	9.9	8.6
Tea. Millions of Lbs.	339.7	410.1	470.8
Cocoa. Millions of Lbs.	57.5	89.9	103.3
Coffee. Millions of Lbs.	42.6	43.1	41.0
Raw Sugar. Millions of Lbs.	5833.0	6091.0	7940.0
Rubber. Millions of Lbs.	7.1	10.3	47.9
Cotton. Millions of Lbs.	1066.7	1524.2	1754.0
Jute. Millions of Lbs. (d)	2656.0	3270.0	3343.0

EXAMPLE.—The average yearly production of Coal during the five years 1909-1913, was 314.2 million tons, namely, 314,200,000 tons. Similarly, the average yearly production of Rubber during 1909-1913 was 47.9 million lbs.—namely, 47,900,000 lbs.

(a) Including Pig Iron made from imported ores.
 (b) Excluding some Australian silver.
 (c) The production of cereals includes British India for Wheat, but not for Barley, Oats and Maize as the latter returns are not available. The above returns of cereals produced in the British Empire are stated to be the approximate figures.
 (d) Production in India only. The returns are not available for some small Jute production elsewhere.

[This Table is a condensed summary of the official returns in pp. 231-234 of Cl. 7827, Year 1915.]

Although the official records do not enable proof to be given that the British Empire is able to produce everything it needs for its own consumption, there is at the least a considerable degree of probability that if the power of production of the British Empire were wisely fostered and controlled, there would not remain many com-

modities for which we should have to rely upon foreign countries. In Table A is a summary of staple articles produced in the British Empire during the fifteen years 1899-1913. The year 1913 is the latest that can be given, as the war has interfered with the records for later years.

The grouping of the facts in Table A in three successive periods of five years enables us to see that an increase in production has occurred in most of the items. Wine and coffee, both minor articles, are the only two where production declined. There are of course many articles produced in the British Empire other than those stated in Table A, but this table and Table B summarise all the available official facts.

TABLE B.—Yearly Production of Staple Articles within the British Empire. Supplementary to Table A.

Silver. Million Ozs.	37.0
Copper. Thousand Tons	152.5
Tin. Thousand Tons	71.0
Wool. Million Lbs.	1257.9
Horses. Millions	8.8
Horned Cattle. Millions	146.6
Sheep. Millions	205.7
Pigs. Millions	8.3

NOTE.—The above results are summarised from pp. 242-274 of Cl. 7827, Year 1915. They relate to the year 1913, or to the year 1912. As regards Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs, these are the approximate number of each in the British Empire in the year 1912 or 1913. The facts do not allow the above items to be stated for the periods shown in Table A.

In addition to the above, the yearly production of Potatoes was 8.2 million tons plus 85.7 million bushels. And of Turnips and Mangolds, 41.4 million tons plus 90.7 million bushels.

As regards consumption of staple articles in the British Empire, no satisfactory records exist. The quantity of a few staple articles "available for consumption" in the British Empire is stated in the official records. But these official figures do not necessarily imply that the quantities were consumed. And they do not cover nearly the whole of the British Empire. For these reasons I am not able to give a table relating to the consumption of staple articles in the British Empire. In this connection, and also as regards production, some results that may be useful relate to British Empire trade.

TABLE C.—British Empire Trade. Yearly Average during three periods of five years each, covering the fifteen years 1899-1913.

DESCRIPTION.	Yearly average during each Period.		
	1899-1903	1904-1908	1909-1913
	Million £	Million £.	Million £.
IMPORTS INTO BRITISH EMPIRE			
From Foreign Countries	521	599	754
From parts of British Empire	180	233	291
Total Imports	701	832	1045
EXPORTS FROM BRITISH EMPIRE.			
To Foreign Countries	361	492	630
To parts of British Empire	122	149	195
Total Exports	483	641	825
TOTAL TRADE OF BRITISH EMPIRE	1184	1473	1870
BRITISH EMPIRE TRADE WITH GERMANY.			
Imports from Germany	47	69	89
Exports to Germany	52	71	97
Total Trade with Germany	95	140	180
PERCENTAGE PROPORTION OF BRITISH EMPIRE TRADE WITH GERMANY TO THE TOTAL TRADE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.			
	Per Cent.	Per Cent	Per Cent.
Imports from Germany	6.1	8.3	8.5
Exports to Germany	10.0	11.0	11.3
Total Trade with Germany	8.1	9.5	9.9

This Table is based upon Cl. 7827, Year 1915. Pages 5-10.
 EXAMPLE.—During 1909-1913, British Empire Imports from Germany were equal to 8.5 per cent. of the Total Imports into the British Empire.

Table C contains a much condensed summary of British Empire trade during the fifteen years 1899-1913. This trade is shown in two distinct groups. British Empire trade with All Foreign Countries, and British Empire trade with All Parts of the British Empire. The splitting up of the facts into three periods of five years each enables us to see that this trade has largely increased, both as regards imports and exports. Looking at British Empire imports, Table C shows that these entered the British Empire predominantly from Foreign Countries. During the first of the three periods, the facts in Table C will show that 74 per cent. of these imports came from Foreign Countries and 26 per cent. came from the British Empire. During the latest period, 72 per cent. of the imports came from Foreign Countries and 28 per cent. from other parts of the British Empire.

As regards the British Empire exports in Table C, a

similar preponderance of Foreign Countries is seen. During the first period, 75 per cent. of British Empire exports went to Foreign Countries and 25 per cent. to other parts of the Empire. During the latest period, 76 per cent. of the exports went to Foreign Countries and 24 per cent. to British buyers.

Another feature of Table C is that it shows British Empire trade with Germany. Diagram No. 1 also illustrates this. During the latest period, the total trade with Germany averaged 186 million £ per year. This is equal to just under ten per cent. of the total trade of the British Empire. When we bear in mind that Germany has proved herself unfit to associate with any white race and to be on a lower level than any black race, the measures of reform to be adopted in the British Empire should include the cutting out of this trade with Germany. Its bulk, ten per cent. of the total British Empire trade, is far more important to Germany than to the British Empire. Moreover, Germany's mode of trade is not safe for the nations that trade with her. For Germany combines with her trading a treacherous and base system of spying and deceit for the furtherance of her national schemes. Let the British Empire arrange its plans for reform so as to trade on preferential tariff terms with all parts of the Empire and with its friends such as France, Russia, Italy, Japan, and other worthy nations. But let us so penalise German production when it seeks to enter British Empire ports that entry becomes almost if not wholly impossible.

TABLE D.—Trade between the United Kingdom and Germany in 1913 (the last complete year before the War).

CLASS OF TRADE.	Net Value of Imports from Germany retained in the United Kingdom.		Produce and Manufacture of the United Kingdom exported to Germany.	
	Million £.	Million £.	Million £.	Million £.
I.—Food, Drink, and Tobacco	16.3	4.0		
II.—Raw Materials, or Articles mainly Unmanufactured	6.8	8.4		
III.—Articles wholly and mainly Manufactured	52.3	27.0		
IV.—Miscellaneous and Unclassified Articles	.8	1.3		
Total	75.2	40.7		

This Table is based on Cd. 8128. Year 1915. Pages 109 and 115.

NOTE.—Bullion and Specie are excluded.
The Total Value of United Kingdom Imports from Germany, including Merchandise not retained in the United Kingdom, was 80.4 million £.
Foreign and Colonial Merchandise exported to Germany from the United Kingdom amounted to 19.8 million £. The bulk of this was Raw Materials, Class II.

In this connection, look at the facts in Table D which relate to the trade between the United Kingdom and Germany. In 1913, the last year before the war, the net value of German goods imported into the United Kingdom and there retained was 76 million £. But the products of the United Kingdom bought by Germany were valued at only 40 million £. We were the best customer of Germany for many years before the war. Entire cessation of trade between the United Kingdom and Germany would be much to Germany's disadvantage. Especially when we note in Table D the trade in manufactured goods. We bought and retained 52 million £ of German manufactured goods. But Germany bought only 27 million £ of our manufactured goods.

TABLE E.—British Empire Trade with Foreign Countries.

PART OF BRITISH EMPIRE.	British Empire Imports from all Foreign Countries in the year 1913.		Each parts proportional share, per £1,000 of British Empire's Trade with Foreign Countries.	
	Million £	Million £	Per £1,000 of Imports in Col. (a)	Per £1,000 of Exports in Col. (b)
	(a)	(b)		
United Kingdom	601.0	465.4	711	654
Canada	101.7	47.9	121	69
British India, by Sea and Land	50.8	108.9	60	153
Australia	21.4	31.3	35	48
Straits Settlements	22.9	20.5	27	29
Union of South Africa	13.9	1.3	16	6
West India Islands	5.6	6.0	7	8
West Africa	4.0	6.8	5	10
New Zealand	3.9	1.7	5	2
Aden	2.5	3.0	3	4
Ceylon	1.9	6.6	2	9
Malta	1.3	1.1	2	2
Newfoundland	1.2	1.7	1	2
All Other parts of the British Empire	4.5	3.5	5	5
Total	815.5	711.7	1,000	1,000

This Table is based upon pp. 36 and 38 of Cd. 7827. Year 1915.

EXAMPLE.—Canada's Imports from all Foreign Countries were 101.7 million £—namely, £101,700,000. Canada's proportionate share was £121 per £1,000 of British Empire Imports from all Foreign Countries.

Think of what has been going on in the United Kingdom for many years owing to our foolish tolerance of

hordes of German business men, and German importer of German goods domiciled in England. Treachery, base ness, deceit in all directions. Even if the facts of our trade with Germany were reversed, even if this trade were more to our advantage than to Germany's advantage, could we regard the continuance of this trade with an outcast nation with any feeling other than abhorrence? It is not safe to trade with Germany.

Table E enables us to see, as regards British Empire trade with all Foreign Countries, the proportion of this trade appertaining to each part of the Empire. Of course, the United Kingdom has the lion's share. Of all British Empire trade with Foreign Countries, the United Kingdom buys £711 per £1,000 of the imports from Foreign Countries, and sells £654 per £1,000 of the exports sold to Foreign Countries by the British Empire. As regards the future striking out of Germany from the list of Foreign Countries with whom the British Empire will trade, there is ample scope to substitute an increased trade with our foreign friends for our former trade with Germany.

TABLE F.—Imports of certain Staple Articles into the British Empire, from All Foreign Countries, in the year 1913.

Staple Articles.	Value.		Staple Articles.	Value.		
	Million £			Million £		
I.—Food, Drink, and Tobacco						
Meat, including Poultry, etc.	41.1		III.—Manufactured Articles—	Iron and Steel Manufactures other than Machinery	40.5	
Sugar	35.9			Cotton Manufactures	23.0	
Wheat and Flour	29.6			Silk Manufactures	19.5	
Butter	19.7			Machinery other than Agricultural	16.9	
Maize and Meal	15.1			Woolen manufactures	12.8	
Tobacco	11.6			Paper and Stationery	11.8	
Wines and Spirits	8.4			Haberdashery and Millinery	8.5	
Milk, condensed	3.0			Leather, tanned and dressed	7.8	
Tea	2.5			Glass and Glassware	6.3	
Cattle, Sheep, and Swine	1.8			Ready-made Clothing	6.0	
Beer and Ale	.9			Leather Manufactures, Boots and Shoes, Saddlery, etc.	5.9	
Total. Class I	172.6			Linen, Hemp, and Jute Manufactures	5.0	
II.—Raw Materials—						
Raw Cotton	70.9			Railway and Tramway Rolling Stock, etc. (exclusive of Locomotives)	3.7	
Wood and Timber	36.6			Agricultural Machinery and Implements	2.8	
Oil	25.6			Earthenware and Chinaware	2.7	
Coal and Coke	12.4					
Hides, Skins, and Furs	10.3		Total. Class III.	173.0		
Raw Wool	10.2					
Flax and Hemp	8.2					
Iron Ore	7.6					
Raw Silk	2.1					
Raw Jute	.3					
Total. Class II.	181.2					

This table is based on Cd. 7827. Year 1915, p. 41. The total of the "Certain Staple Articles" here included, amounts to 521.8 million £. The value of other imports into the British Empire, from all Foreign Countries, and not separately stated, is 315.7 million £, including Bullion and Specie.

EXAMPLE.—The value of British Empire Imports of Meat from all Foreign Countries was 41.1 million £,—namely, £41,100,000.

TABLE G.—Exports of certain Staple Articles from the British Empire, to All Foreign Countries, in the year 1913.

Staple Articles.	Value.		Staple Articles.	Value.		
	Million £			Million £		
I.—Food, Drink and Tobacco						
Wheat and Flour	10.8		III.—Manufactured Articles—	Cotton Manufactures	79.1	
Tea	5.6			Iron and Steel Manufactures other than Machinery	31.6	
Meat, including Poultry, etc.	3.5			Linen, Hemp and Jute Manufactures	28.5	
Tobacco	2.7			Woolen Manufactures	26.8	
Wines and Spirits	2.2			Machinery other than Agricultural	22.6	
Cattle, Sheep, and Swine	1.8			Leather, tanned and dressed	5.6	
Sugar	1.5			Paper and Stationery	4.8	
Beer and Ale	.9			Agricultural Machinery and Implements	4.8	
Butter	.8			Railway and Tramway Rolling Stock, etc. (exclusive of Locomotives)	3.3	
Milk, condensed	.8			Leather Manufactures, Boots and Shoes, Saddlery, etc.	3.0	
Maize and Meal	.4			Ready-made Clothing	3.0	
Total. Class I.	31.0			Silk Manufactures	2.2	
II.—Raw Materials—						
Coal and Coke	51.7			Earthenware and Chinaware	2.1	
Raw Wool	38.3			Glass and Glassware	.3	
Raw Cotton	35.4			Haberdashery and Millinery	.8	
Hides, Skins, and Furs	24.7					
Raw Jute	16.2		Total. Class III.	219.0		
Wood and Timber	8.3					
Oil	7.6					
Flax and Hemp	2.5					
Raw Silk	.4					
Iron Ore	.3					
Total. Class II.	185.4					

This Table is based on Cd. 7827. Year 1915, p. 42. The total of the "certain Staple Articles" here included amounts to 435.4 million £. The value of other Exports from the British Empire, into All Foreign Countries, and not separately stated, is 278.3 million £, including Bullion and Specie.

EXAMPLE.—The value of British Empire Exports of Wheat and Flour to All Foreign Countries was 10.8 million £,—namely, £10,800,000.

The official records enable a useful summary to be shown in Table F. This Table sets out a number of the more important articles imported into the British Empire from All Foreign Countries. In class I, Food, etc., the leading articles are meat, sugar, wheat. As regards sugar, we have allowed our West Indian and other British

(Continued on page 44.)

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TABLE H.—British Empire Trade with All Foreign Countries in the year 1913. Distinguishing Imports and Exports by the various Classes.

PART OF BRITISH EMPIRE.	British Empire Imports from All Foreign Countries.					British Empire Exports to All Foreign Countries.						
	I. Food, Drink, & Tobacco.	II. Raw Materials.	III. Manufactured Articles.	IV. Miscellaneous.	V. Bullion & Specie.	Total Imports.	I. Food, Drink, & Tobacco.	II. Raw Materials.	III. Manufactured Articles.	IV. Miscellaneous.	V. Bullion & Specie.	Total Exports.
	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £	Mill. £
United Kingdom	214.2	190.3	170.3	2.4	24.7	601.9	32.2	128.1	258.9	6.7	39.5	465.4
Canada	15.1	27.4	55.1	1.0	3.1	101.7	10.8	14.5	14.2	.8	7.6	47.0
British India (by Sea only) .. .	10.1	4.6	21.5	.7	6.6	43.5	17.4	63.1	22.2	.3	.3	103.3
Australia	3.0	5.0	20.5	.0	.0	28.4	4.5	26.0	3.5	.0	.3	34.3
Straits Settlements	11.1	7.5	3.8	.0	.5	22.0	6.3	11.5	2.3	.0	.4	20.5
Union of South Africa	2.7	2.6	7.1	.7	.8	13.0	.2	3.7	.3	.1	.0	4.3
New Zealand5	.8	2.5	.1	.0	3.0	.2	1.4	.1	.0	.0	1.7
All other Parts, including British India by Land only	10.1	6.4	0.6	.8	1.1	28.3	10.5	14.3	7.6	.3	1.6	34.3
Total	287.7	244.6	290.4	5.7	37.1	845.5	82.1	262.6	309.1	8.2	49.7	711.7

[This Table is based on Cd. 7827. Year 1915, pp. 67 to 76 and pp. 35 to 38. The Exports above stated include Domestic and Foreign Produce exported from the British Empire to All Foreign Countries. That is to say, these Exports are not exclusively of British Empire production. The Domestic Exports are not separately recorded. As regards the United Kingdom, the above Exports to All Foreign Countries are made up as follows:—Merchandise of United Kingdom Production 829.9 million £; Merchandise not of United Kingdom Production 96.0 million £, Bullion and Specie 39.5 million £. Total, 465.4 million £, as above shown.

(Continued from page 42).

production to fade in favour of the inferior beet sugar we have bought in huge quantities from Germany. We have paid Germany many millions sterling per year for beet sugar. Reform is needed here. As regards wheat, Canada, if encouraged to do so, can supply all the wheat that is needed to supplement other British Empire production of wheat.

In Class 2 of Table F, Raw Materials, the leading articles of British Empire import from All Foreign Countries are raw cotton, wood, oil. And in class 3, Manufactured Articles, the chief items are iron and steel manufactures other than machinery, cotton goods, silk goods.

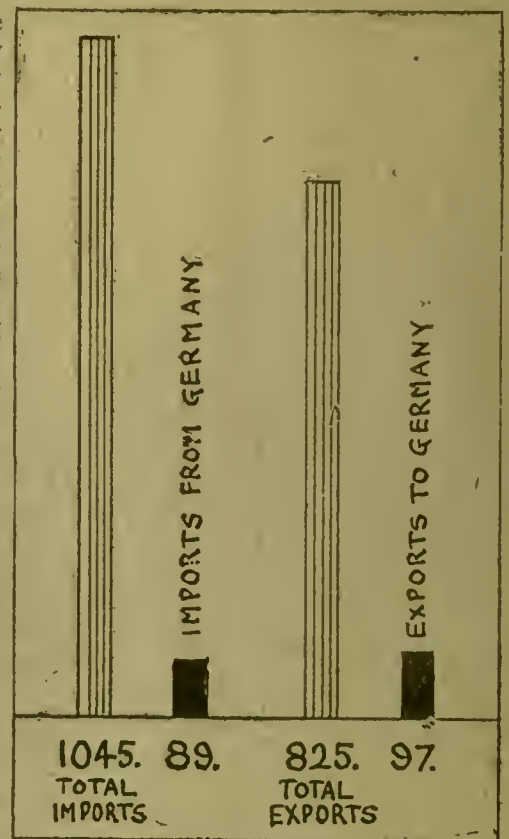
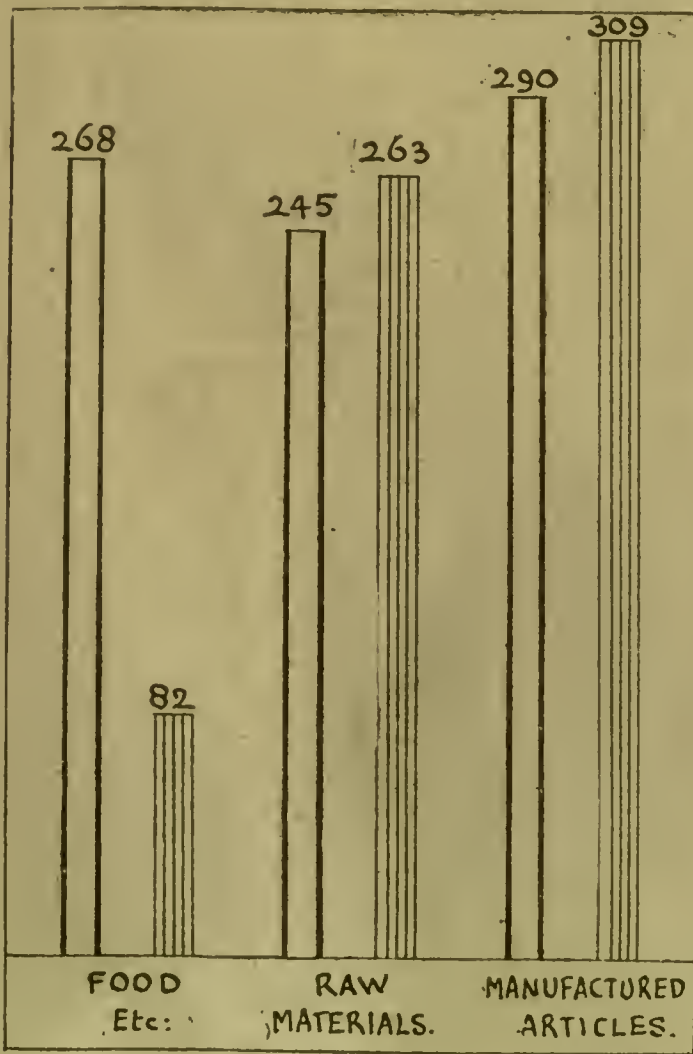
Table G shows the exports of certain staple articles from the British Empire to All Foreign Countries. It should be considered in conjunction with Table F.

Table H gives a summary of British Empire trade with All Foreign Countries, distinguishing the most important parts of the Empire and also showing the trade in each Class of imports and exports. In Class 1, Food, the Empire imports 268 million £ and exports only 82 million £. But this large difference is seen to be mainly due to the

United Kingdom's great imports of food. One of the reforms in British trade and production should be the decrease of the United Kingdom's dependence for its food upon sea-borne supplies of food. The decay of agriculture in the United Kingdom during recent generations has been an injurious and unsafe accompaniment of our mistaken trade policy. Foresight and prevision in this matter are urgently needed.

The other parts of Table H, which has been condensed from a large mass of official facts, are worth attention. Diagram No. 2 also displays some of the facts contained in Table H.

Some ten years ago, when the advocates of Free Trade and of Tariff Reform were making the air thick by throwing carefully chosen statistical bricks at each others' heads, I set about an investigation of the tendencies of British and Foreign trade in many directions. My purpose was to avoid the plan of selecting these or those facts which happen to support a preconceived opinion, and to use all the facts available in a sound way so as to make these facts disclose trade tendencies. Many useful results came to light, and one of them is shown in Table J. My method of taking the yearly average during a large number of continuous decades, illustrated in Table J, merges the confusing fluctuations of single years into decennial averages. The result is that a well defined tendency is disclosed, based upon the whole mass of facts without any biased selection. The result shown in Table J, for instance, is of importance when we are considering British Empire trade and production. We see that during the long period surveyed, the United Kingdom has gradually lost the whole of the predominance it possessed in 1880-1889 as a seller in British oversea markets. That predominance was finally lost in the decade 1899-1909. Two foreign countries that have been largely responsible for the displacement of the United Kingdom in the markets of British Dominions and Colonies are Germany and the United States. It is probable that after the war

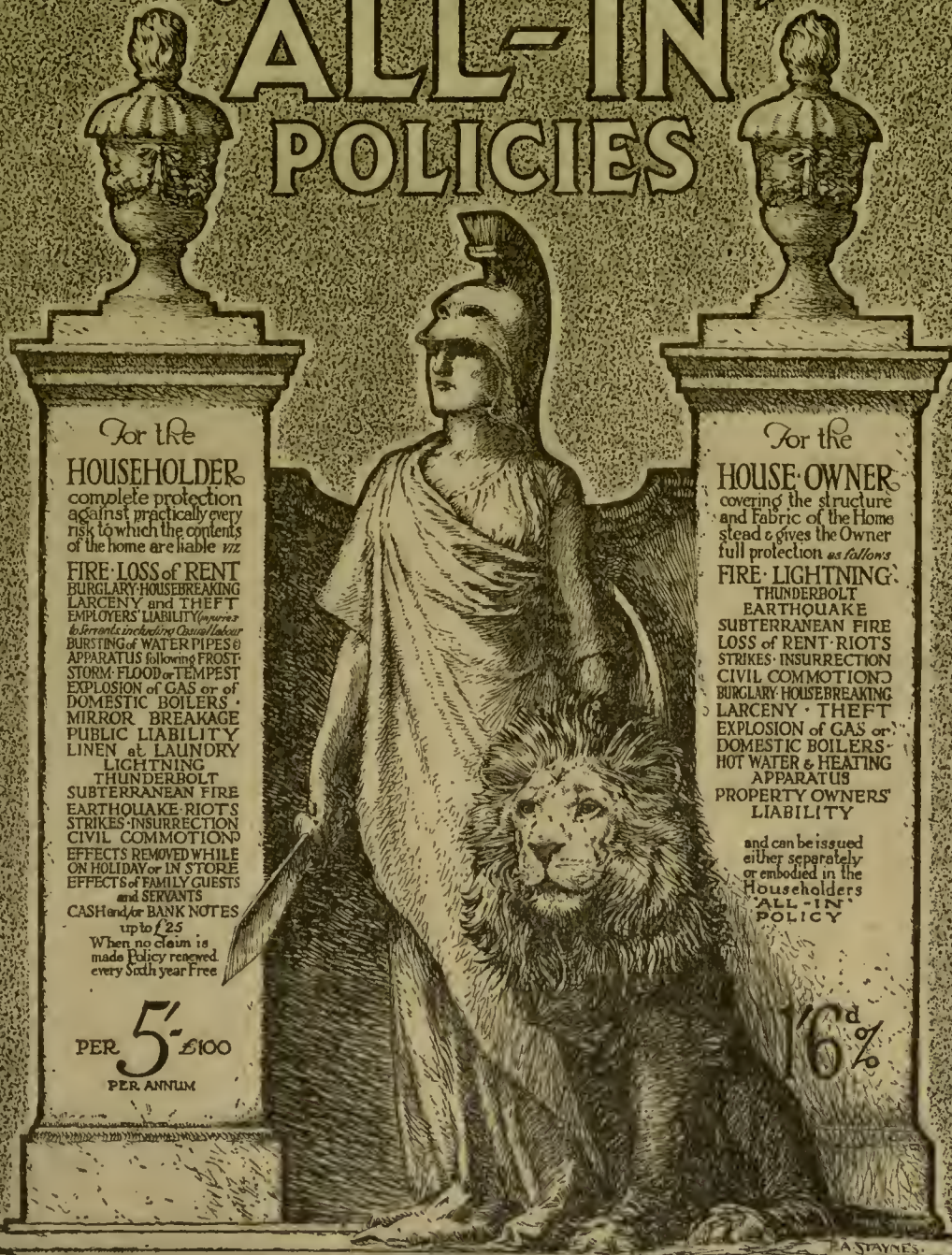


No. 2—British Empire Total Imports and Exports, distinguishing British Empire Imports and Exports from and to Germany. Yearly average during 1909-13 stated in million £ (see table C).

No. 1—British Empire Imports and Exports from and to all foreign countries in the year 1913. Distinguishing the three classes of trade. Stated in million £ (see table H).

(Continued on page 46.)

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(Continued from page 44.)

British Oversea Dominions and Colonies will to a large extent taboo trade with Germany.

TABLE J.—Showing, for the Twelve Principal British Empire Dominions and Colonies combined:—

- I.—Their Imports from the United Kingdom.
- II.—Their Imports from All Countries other than the United Kingdom.
- III.—Their Imports from All Countries.
- IV.—The Loss of the United Kingdom's Lead over Other Countries as regards the supply of Imports into the Twelve British Dominions and Colonies.

DECADRE.	Yearly Imports into the Twelve British Dominions and Colonies.			
	I.—From the United Kingdom.	II.—From all Countries other than the United Kingdom	III.—Total Imports from all Countries. (a+b)	IV.—The United Kingdom's Lead over other Countries. (a-b).
	(a)	(b)	(c)	(d)
	Million £	Million £	Million £	Million £
1880-1889	106.2	66.7	172.9	39.5
1881-1890	110.4	69.5	179.9	40.9
1882-1891	112.8	72.2	185.0	40.6
1883-1892	113.3	73.9	187.2	39.4
1884-1893	113.7	74.8	188.5	38.9
1885-1894	114.4	76.2	190.6	38.2
1886-1895	115.1	77.5	192.6	37.6
1887-1896	116.5	80.1	196.6	36.4
1888-1897	118.1	82.8	200.9	35.3
1889-1898	118.7	85.5	204.2	33.2
1890-1899	118.4	80.2	207.6	29.2
1891-1900	119.2	94.0	213.2	25.2
1892-1901	120.8	99.4	220.2	21.4
1893-1902	125.0	106.0	231.0	19.0
1894-1903	128.9	114.6	243.5	14.3
1895-1904	132.7	122.9	255.6	9.8
1896-1905	137.4	132.2	269.6	5.2
1897-1906	143.2	140.6	283.8	2.6
1898-1907	150.3	149.3	299.6	1.0
1899-1908	158.1	159.2	317.3	—
1900-1909	163.9	165.9	329.8	—

From p. 396 of the Author's BRITISH TRADE BOOK, Fourth Issue. Based upon the various statistical Abstracts covering the period 1880-1909. Note that in the decade 1899-1908, "Other Countries" supplanted the United Kingdom as predominant sellers in the markets of British Dominions and Colonies. Prominent among these "Other Countries" are Germany and the United States.

The greater the extent to which German trade can be killed by non-participation in trading with Germany, by the British Empire and her friends, the more difficult will it be for Germany to prepare again to attack us and our Allies. Our aim should be to keep this brutal nation deprived of markets in which to sell her production. If Germany is allowed to raise her head after she is beaten, the death's head helmet will be on that head in a few years and once more this nation of murderers will be let loose on civilisation. And Mr. Asquith promised our merchants bent on the reform of our trade—a peace book. My fellow citizens, whose sons with mine have died for their country, we must band together to defend our country against the future German menace and against the future apathy and shortsightedness of those in authority in this country. An essential reform to meet the danger is the reconstruction of British Empire production and trade without delay.

The Band of the Coldstream Guards will play at Royal Botanic Gardens, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons during the summer, beginning on Saturday week.

The Sixth Edition of the Cambridge University War List has just been issued by *The Cambridge Review*. It contains 11,834 names of past and present Members of the University of Cambridge on service. The following Colleges head the list:—Trinity 2,670, Pembroke 1,164 and Gonville and Caius 1,147. All the colleges show an increase. The casualties in killed, wounded and missing amount to 2,004, and the Honours List contains 868 names. At the end of the war the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press propose to publish, by arrangement with *The Cambridge Review*, a complete official list of members of the University who have served in the war, with brief biographical details of those who have been killed, and a list of distinctions conferred.

Considered from the point of view of dramatic effect, Miss F. E. Mills Young's novel, *The Bywoner*, is hardly up to the level of its predecessors, but as a picture of South African life it is the best work she has yet done, and compares favourably even with Olive Schreiner's one great book. The bywoner's daughter, Adela, is the central figure of the book, and her tragedy is vividly pictured; we are not nearly so much interested in her brother and his love story, and, in fact, the life goes out of the novel with Adela, some fifty pages or more from its end. In spite of this, it is all picturesque work, informed with thorough knowledge of veldt life and people, and well above the average in characterisation and style.

Motoring Overseas

By H. Massac Buist

THE war is exercising no less direct an effect on motoring enterprise in the Empire overseas than is the progress that has been achieved in automobile design and manufacturing methods in the interval of nearly two years since the start of the campaign. The demands of it have been so great as to make huge drafts on the stocks of horses practically throughout the world, and particularly in Australia and Canada. A result has been that to-day the overseas market for utility motor machinery has reached proportions which, had there been no campaign, would probably not have been attained in less than five or six years hence.

Here we may see something of the law of compensation. Had the present demand arisen under peace conditions, the bulk of the utility motor vehicles that would have been placed on the market to meet it would have proved more or less unsatisfactory. The experience necessary to make them satisfactory would have had to be gained at the expense of users in all parts of the Empire and over a period of years.

The average British manufacturer was content to evolve vehicles suitable for service on developed British highways and to be worked under conditions neither of extreme heat nor of extreme cold. Generally his idea of supplying machines of similar capacity for use overseas took the form of gearing them lower, and of providing them with a greater ground clearance, stiffer springs and stronger steering joints.

But because of the war he has been forced to supply vehicles for service with our armies in all the several areas in which arms are engaged. The unsuitability of the majority of the machines for working under conditions either of extreme heat or of extreme cold, over routes which we at home would scorn to recognise as roads, with continual exposure in that war vehicles are usually parked in the open, was quickly and abundantly manifest. The old excuse "that it is not reasonable to expect a man to build motor vehicles to stand that sort of abuse" no longer availed. Stern necessity demanded that suitable machines should be standardised and forthcoming in the necessary quantities; also that that work should be done against a strict time limit, our Russian Allies, no less than ourselves, having urgent need of ever-increasing motor services.

Good Effect of War

Thus through the war, in less than two years a degree of motor development has been attained which else would have taken many seasons to achieve. The fruits of this artificially rapid evolution are already available to the Empire overseas. It may be objected that, by reason of war's heavy demands on manufacturing at home, at present British motor makers are not able to supply the demands of British users overseas, who are therefore dependent for the most part on the American industry. Such a statement is true as far as it goes; but it is incomplete. As concerns their best features, the larger sorts of utility motor vehicles which America is supplying to the Empire to-day are the result of our work towards solving the transport problems presented by this war.

The reason is that the demand was so sudden and so great that the only way to meet it was for our military authorities to place large orders with the American industry, not for such vehicles as it was then producing but, for machines embodying this, that and the other features of design which our experience had enabled us to evolve.

The longer the war lasts the greater will be the demand as well for men as for horses, therefore alike in Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and other parts of the Empire the need for various types of motor machinery to supersede horse service and the handling of which calls for fewer men in proportion to work done, must continue to increase.

Nor should we conclude erroneously that the coming of peace will put a period to such demand. To do so would be utterly to fail to appreciate what the motor amounts to as an Imperial factor. Let us have in mind that the effects of this war on the cost of living are world-wide. Even the United States which has passed from the position of a borrowing to that of a lending nation, is a country where the costs of living are rising all the time. In some districts the retail price of petrol, for example, is as high as it is here, allowing for the fact that the English gallon is one fifth larger than the American one.

The only way satisfactorily to overcome the problem of the increased and increasing cost of living, which is manifest in different ways in different countries, is to enable the individual

(Continued on page 48.)

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(Continued from page 46.)

worker to produce greater results for the amount of effort he puts forth. To expect each man henceforth to do three men's work would not solve the problem, because that would only wear out men's lives untimely.

This being a scientific age, the obvious course is to employ machinery to an ever-increasing extent. It does not tire as rapidly as a man or an animal, and it can embody strength far beyond the capacity of human or animal physique. No form of machinery illustrates this more convincingly than the motor. Hence its growing importance as an Imperial factor.

Before the war the world's motor industry was primarily devoted to the evolution and production of passenger vehicles. To-day the greatest amount of developmental and manufacturing enterprise in Europe is being concentrated on the utility motor vehicle. Moreover, in the New World there are already over ninety utility motor vehicle producers. These facts alone illustrate the extraordinary degree of progress that has been made in a short time. But they do not give the complete idea. Mere haulage of goods either in bulk or in retail quantities represents but one among several classes of demand for motors in the Empire overseas.

During the last two years yet another notable branch of the industry, the ultimate proportions of which we cannot yet estimate with any degree of accuracy, has arisen in connection with agriculture.

Agriculture's Demands

In this connection it is argued by some that the British agricultural motor industry can never attain great proportions because in most cases the machines it produces are too expensive for the small farmer at home to buy and too large for the small fields that provide one of the most notable characteristics of our scenery. In the latter connection, however, the Britisher overseas will discover a notable reason why the agri-motor manufacturers at home are producing the sorts of machines which will be of the utmost use to him on the larger scale on which he farms. Nor are those who contend that the need is for much lighter agri-motor machinery than we produce wholly in the right, for we make some quite small varieties.

Of course the most widely agitated point at present touches the question of price. Despite all the heralding of publicity agents, the fact remains that no firm in America has yet produced the much-talked-of half-a-million agri-motors in a year. The time may come; but it is not yet. In any case, however we recognise the fact that some agri-motor manufacturers in the United States are already producing on a scale much larger than anything our own motor industry has yet attained, therefore there is no blinking the fact that they can cut prices accordingly. But there is no pretence that the cheaper American agri-motors are intended to last more than a few seasons. As the advantages of regularly acquiring fresh types of machinery were never less in any field of motor enterprise than in that of agriculture by motor, and as the more expensive types of British-made machines are very obviously built to last, I see no reason why users in the Empire overseas should not find it at least as economical to buy a higher priced, longer wearing article in preference to a lower priced one of much less durability.

Far more important in connection with this matter is the problem of design. It will take at least a decade before the average of the workers on the world's farms will have become engineers of sorts. Therefore agri-motor manufacturers must give more and more thought to producing machinery that can be put into the hands of the ordinary farm labourer of to-day, as distinct from instruments that demand the services of a mechanic to maintain them. This remark applies alike to the agri-motor productions of the Old and of the New World.

Admittedly, immense strides have been made already towards solving this problem; also in regard to the no less urgent matter of organising adequate systems for promptly supplying users with any parts that may be needed from time to time either as renewals or replacements. America leads the way in this direction. In fine, we are only beginning to apprehend and utilise the motor as an Imperial factor. By its aid, in the course of the next few years we shall both open up and bring under cultivation vast tracts of virgin country all over the world. Farming has already entered on a new phase in Canada.

Apart from the transport of goods by road and track, and of ploughing, sowing and reaping by motor, we have to recognise that we have only begun to employ it on colonial railway systems. Most of our overseas dominions will soon be producing all, and more than all the liquid fuel necessary to work their motors of every kind, including those to be placed wholesale on their waterways for the cheapest of all forms of transport.

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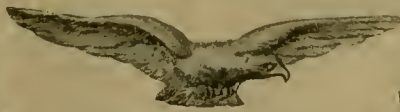
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Half Hours with High Commissioners

By Joseph Thorp

"Half hours" is quite a modest euphemism, as the various *Secrétaries* seemed to wish to convey to me when they appeared at what seemed to them appropriate moments with important looking documents for signature; documents of the sort that capable secretaries always do keep by them for the purpose of ridding their chiefs of importunate visitors. I am gratified to think that in each case I survived the first application of the document treatment.

A High Commissioner is a sort of Ambassador with a dash of Super-consul-General. The Office for which the Dominions choose their most distinguished public servants is one of rapidly developing importance and is shaping itself according to our traditional method through experience and practice rather than according to a preconceived or uniform plan.

The High Commissioner is strictly an official, representing his government not himself. Canada's representative, Sir George Perley is actually a Minister of the Canadian Cabinet, a Minister without portfolio. Mr. Andrew Fisher and Sir Thomas Mackenzie have both been Prime Ministers. Mr. Schreiner has had a most distinguished political and legal career in South Africa, and has twice been Attorney General, and was Prime Minister of the Cape before the Union.

This official aspect of the position inevitably restricts the candour of the conversations, especially in war time when every thorny question puts forth new spines. I can make them no better return for their kindness than to respect their candour and put the asterisks where these were enjoined me. My best service to readers of LAND & WATER is to attempt to give some impression of these interesting personalities and of the substance of their excellent talk.

I will attempt this in the order of my going.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

MR. ANDREW FISHER is a tall well-made man, without superfluous flesh, a bearing almost military, who has not yet reached the middle of the sixth decade. About his speech lingers



the flavour of his native Scotland, but no trace you would say of the mine which he entered when he was eleven. A man certainly accustomed to command. One has to rub one's eyes and remember that at

the age of twenty-three Andrew Fisher left Scotland, but before that he had expressed opinions that were considered of the "agitator" order. That was in the middle 'eighties. We hadn't begun even to try to understand our "agitators" then. I asked him how he felt about all that.

"I am glad I went to Australia," he said. "If it hadn't been for that, why I might have been still in Scotland thinking seriously of the fate of old age."

"You must have enjoyed your strenuous life?"

I caught a quickly passing expression of rather queer dismay.

"Yes, I have. But I wouldn't have another day of it over again. . . . No, I don't want to let life go. There's plenty to do, but it's an improving world, despite the war."

* * * * *

Here then is the hall-mark of the man, who has really counted and still counts in affairs—he is not so much concerned to plume himself on what he has ac-

complished against odds, but to think chiefly of what yet remains to be done.

I ventured to air a hope that we were nearing a new day when we shouldn't be so foolishly afraid of the power of Labour, but should welcome widespread developments of that power, now faintly seen on the horizon; and that increased responsibility and fuller experience would act as effectively wheels.

"That's it. You have not been fair to Labour. You don't understand it. You've not trusted it. An animal trampled on will bite; it has to. Of course, when the power of two parties is better balanced you will get fairer negotiations. You've been too apt to try dragooning—oh, yes, on both sides, of course I admit—but in the long run, in the average, it is kindness that tells, sympathy and understanding.

"Our Labour problem out there is free of some of Labour's worst troubles here and it has made us see clearer and further in some ways. We saw an obvious danger ahead of us and provided against it. We're not militarist, but military we had to be. Just as the experience of the war here is teaching Labour things it didn't realise before.

* * * * *

"But please don't talk of helping the old country. We're in this because it is our cause just as much as yours."

"I am afraid that was a bait of mine, Sir. I wanted to hear you say that—just like that. Old ideas and phrases die hard. We have, I think, almost got rid of talking about Colonies and the old fatuous air of patronage. . . . Perhaps the patronage now is a little bit the other way?"

The High Commissioner laughed.

"Oh, I don't think you need take that too seriously. The Australian talks up Australia because he believes in his country. We're a young country and no doubt we've young faults.

"Well, as I have said already, we're not here to criticise but to help win the war."

"I should like you to tell me some of the things Australia has done in the way of help, so far as official discretion permits."

"As to our share in the war. Well, we shouldn't have been able to get ready so soon to do our bit if it hadn't been for our system of universal military training—though as you understand every man who has come over is a volunteer for foreign service. As to numbers, well you appreciate the difficulties. It would be indiscreet if I say that over 150,000 troops of all arms have up to date left Australia for Europe. I needn't tell you that doesn't end our effort. We're all 'last man and shilling' folk. There are in training another 180,000, including cadets.

* * * * *

"Finance? Oh, that's a simple story. During the first six months the Commonwealth Government had to finance not only its own administration and its Army and Navy, but also the States, which were affected by a prevailing severe drought. The enemy within was much worse than the enemy without. The Commonwealth borrowed some 23 millions from the Imperial Government to finance its war requirements and lent almost exactly the same sum to the State Governments to enable them to carry on their public works. When this money was exhausted Australia realised that she must stand on her own feet. The Commonwealth Government raised a war loan, applied for 5 millions and received 13 millions at the first call. Within six months applied for a further 10 millions and received 21. That 34 millions is not yet quite exhausted, and I have every confidence that the additional loans proposed in the House of Representatives by the Treasurer will also be over-subscribed.

"A great deal of our ability to go on, naturally, rests

(Continued on page 52.)

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LORD GLADSTONE, Ex-Governor of South Africa, speaking on his experience as an Imperial Administrator at the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, on May 10, 1916, said: "The most experienced men in South Africa say now—facing innumerable native problems in various parts of the African continent—deliberately that the best hope of solving those problems happily and rightly lies in a forward missionary movement of the Churches. I found in South Africa the splendid missionary work and workers self-evident. I have never doubted the efficacy of missionary work."

LORD BRYCE, Ambassador to the U.S.A., says: "Because Christianity now lies under the reproach of having failed to avert war between Christians, we ought to try more than ever not to let missionary enterprise faint or flag, in the firm conviction that nothing but Christianity can eventually secure the world's peace."

The London Missionary Society throughout the British Empire, in India, Africa, the South Seas, Papua, and Hongkong; and through men like Livingstone, Chalmers, and hundreds of less known men and women, by education, healing the sick, and by preaching, is doing its part.

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Treasurer: MR. EVAN SPICER, D.L., J.P.

Home Secretary: REV. NELSON BITTON,
16 New Bridge Street, E.C.

(Continued from page 50.)

in the getting a prompt return for our great primary products—that is, wool and wheat. That makes the problem of transport, which is now receiving the careful consideration of the Prime Minister in London, the paramount problem."

"And what in your view does the future of Australia chiefly depend upon?" I said, asking the preposterously overwhelming question without which no interview is complete.

But the answer was not in the vague terms that such a question usually invites. There was fire in the reply.

"On our education, as yours does. Programme—well but we haven't time to talk of that. But, some other day.

But here the Secretary came in for the second time with a distinct air of finality and laid some real letters before his Chief.

When I pulled out my watch with a hand tingling from a very cordial handshake, I gasped. . . . But I carried with me a much prized invitation to discuss education and other matters under conditions necessitating less official discretion on the one side and less abject politeness on the other. And distinctly, a picture of a real man.

NEW ZEALAND

SIR THOMAS MACKENZIE received me in the beautiful new offices of the Dominion of New Zealand, just opposite the Tivoli site in the Strand. I hope Sir Thomas won't mind my saying that



he might be taken for a Londoner. He doesn't want to be one I know; he is a New Zealander through and through. But as he says the "youngest colony" though it is as sturdily nationalist and independent in the best sense of both words as the other

Dominions—well, time hasn't altered its characteristics so much. . . . New Zealand too has some of the best things of our climate (omitting some of the most beastly and taking volcanoes and geysers as a sort of make weight). In so far as the country makes the man they have distinctly the advantage of us.

As all our world has learnt with the profoundest sympathy, the High Commissioner's gallant son lost his sight from wounds in Gallipoli, and that sorrow (though not alluded to) made itself felt in the interview.

Mindful of my broken conversation with Mr. Fisher on education, I thought the subject might serve as an opening here. As it happens, no choice could have been more felicitous. It was obviously the High Commissioner's real hobby, though "Who's Who" gives "exploration, natural history and sport."

Sir Thomas has been closely associated with the really admirable educational system of New Zealand and spoke of its democratic opportunity and its ingenious machinery. The system of Education Boards, chosen not directly but by the popularly elected Committees, and the delegation of real power and responsibility to these Boards, draws an admirable type to this splendid opportunity of citizenship. I listened to a brilliant (brilliant because so transparently sincere) exposition of the ideals and achievements of an enthusiast. A few points stand out in relief.

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(Continued on page 54.)

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(Continued from page 52.)

that the railways, where necessary, take the children to school free of charge, and springcarts are also hired for that purpose. The teacher's pay is liberal. He is recognised as a national asset. Our system of education is secular, although from time to time colonists have desired to introduce religious instruction, and the Roman Catholics especially have pointed out the hardships under which they labour in requiring to provide their own schools. The system was brought to us largely by our Scottish colonists. Otago, the province to which my father went, was settled by the Free Church of Scotland, and Canterbury by the Church of England. Large grants of land were set aside in both these provinces for religious purposes, and churches still receive considerable support from these sources. Other provinces were settled by people from different counties in England. New Plymouth, for instance, was settled by Devonshire people.

"A youth of ordinary ability will receive a grant in aid during the later stages of his schooltime of £10 a year; if of extraordinary ability, a grant of £40 over and above his free education." It sounded like the Millennium to me and made me wonder whether the hard days that are probably coming for the professional classes in the matter of education mightn't drive some of us to apply for admission into this admirably alert young State.

I suppose I began apologising for something else, for Sir Thomas got up and let me have it straight from the shoulder. It wasn't a piece thrown off for publication, as I saw, if I may tell it without indiscretion, tears in his eyes.

"Don't go on apologising," he said. "Let me tell you from watching you pretty closely during the war, you're—you're a—a *grand people!* Still as sound as ever. It is a privilege to be here. Our fellows love your men when they come across them; their cheeriness, their grit, their very way of pretending there is nothing in it. Your hospitality to us has been astonishing. It has only got to be known that we need anything and the thing's done.

"You know all this means a great deal to me. I suppose the old country is less "home" to me than it was to my father; and to my children it is just a little bit farther away still. Old bonds were naturally weakening a little. That couldn't be helped; it is just the passing of time. But all this coming together in the war is just the big thing that was wanted to pull us all together again, and for all the dreadfulness of it, absolutely nothing could be better for the future we all look forward to. . . . Oh, yes, of course there are things we don't like and perhaps we shall have things to say in due time. But don't you go away with any impression that the young people have any contempt for the old. England, or rather Britain, will always be "home" in the old sense for me and for my children and for theirs, if it keeps as sound as it is to-day."

This was good hearing indeed. And I ventured, catching at a hint, to touch on the vexed question of Land Settlement."

The conditions of settlement which prevail in New Zealand are very generous, and enormous assistance is given by our progressive Government in encouraging the workman to become his own landlord and to give him a vested interest in the Dominion. However, we want to win this war, and after that is done I think there will be a wide field for the enterprising spirits of the Old Country."

"Oh, of course we have got room for the right men. And women? Oh yes. But they ought to be real home makers, really trained. It does seem to me that here as with us there is an astonishing neglect of the science, or the art rather isn't it, of domestic economy. Another of my hobbies, which I musn't ride.

* * * * *

"By the way, this might interest you, though it is nothing to do with the matter in hand. A Turkish officer forwarded to this office a pound note which had been found by one of his men on the dead body of one of ours, together with a memorandum by the poor fellow asking that the pound should be sent to his mother if he was killed. As you know our fellows came back with

(Continued on page 56.)

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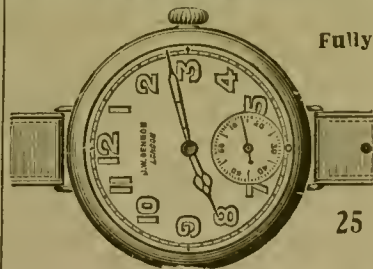
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(Continued from page 54.)

a very high feeling of affection for the Turk as a clean fighting man. You see he can be a gentleman in other ways also."

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

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I do not attempt to reproduce.

I found, if I may be frank, his extreme official discretion (while I could not but admire it) a little disconcerting. He knew all my gambits and no doubt some scores of others. My battalions of highly intelligent questions were withered by what I may call his curtain fire. On nothing approaching a controversial question—and "are not most questions from certain aspects controversial?"—would he allow any comment to pass his lips.

Trade arrangements, zollvereins, ah, those were indeed very delicate questions to discuss in detail at any time, particularly during the war. As General Botha had said, let us get on with the war and win it. Arrange afterwards. That seemed to him (for the purpose of this interview) extremely sound.

The general feeling of the Dutch in South Africa? Well, who could answer for the general feeling of any body of men? The broad facts open to all the world

stood for themselves. Clearly Botha's commandos in South-West Africa had their fair share of Dutchmen. As to the troops going over to England, of course there were less of Dutch than British blood. Sentiment counted a good deal. And then farmers (you have an analogous case in French Canada), were always less alive to questions outside their immediate ken than townfolk. And it was worth noting that South Africa had had one of its worst periods of drought, and the men after serving in thousands in South-West Africa, simply had to return to the farms to save the country's agriculture from sheer ruin.

And what of the future? Well, he could say that the change that had taken place in the fourteen years since the war was all but unbelievable. To have heard and seen the bitterness of some of the defeated in those early days was to dread that a future of reconciliation might be impossible. Yet the impossible had been substantially achieved. The tolerance and wisdom of the British Government, the sanity and faith of the men who promised allegiance at Vereeniging, education, in which great strides were being made, intermarriage, which was becoming more and more common, were doing this all-important work.

* * * * *

Yes, the war would in South Africa as elsewhere, strengthen the feeling of unity.

* * * * *

Only there were difficulties and dangers and no easy solutions. "There never are easy solutions." Nor could comprehensive statements be made.

* * * * *

The rebellion was a tragedy, but it had a happy ending.

* * * * *

Yes, there will always be nationalist aspiration everywhere. But in South Africa it could be reconciled with keeping complete faith with the fellowship of the Empire. Indeed no other serviceable plan gives better hope for South African nationalism.

* * * * *

He would like to say that the War Office had been extremely considerate towards South African applicants

(Continued on page 58.)

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The need of our brave men is urgent, and we ask you to send your gifts to-day so that the great work shall be extended and maintained.



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CARTOGRAPHERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

(Continued from page 56.)

for commissions, and he was proud of the South Africans both in the contingents and in the various units of the Army and Navy who had come over.

* * * * *

"With regard to finance, if you look through this report of Mr. Burton's speech in the House of Assembly, you'll get an impression of the temper of the House with regard to the war and the satisfactory state of South African finance. I don't suppose the details would interest your readers, as they won't generally understand the controversies that lie behind them."

If it was a strategical defeat I can at least claim a tactical victory. I was an hour and some minutes older and something wiser than when I entered. I had had a lesson in official discretion, and had listened to comments from the man as distinct from the official, and put by consent outside the scope of this interview, of interesting aspects of the Imperial problem.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA

THERE must be something in High Commissioning which keeps the body young. You would give Sir George Perley a dozen years less than his publicly recorded age. You find



here the man of business, direct, to the point, with his decisive speech and quick decisions.

The question of racial problems cropped up from my South African conversation.

"Oh, the French Canadian? Mostly a farmer like the South African Dutchman, less generally a lumber man, is not much interested

in world politics. What he is interested in is farms—his farm. He is quite content to live under the British flag and certainly wouldn't like any other.

No, the French alliance can't be said to make much difference. It is just that the farming class never does see these things in the same way as the townsman. And, of course, our settlers out West are newer to the country and their links with the Mother Land are necessarily much stronger. As to the detachment of the farmer you have surely something of the same sort here in England. Though I suppose the squires modify this a little.

"Oh yes, Bourassa is an out and out autonomist. He wants an independent Canada. Bourassa is able and sincere, but naturally we're not in sympathy with his separatism. What we want, of course, is a say in matters of life and death, as we have it in lesser matters.

* * * * *

Of course, Laurier has favoured our giving every possible assistance all through. There is nothing like a political crisis; we're all of us with you all the time. When we have seen this thing through together perhaps we shall be able to find some common ground for close Imperial relations."

"Would you mind, Sir George, being a little more explicit?"

"Well, you know, I rather would mind!"

"Oh yes, I know it's a delicate subject and by this time I know something of the appalling discretion of High Commissioners, but it's a really fundamental and interesting one. How do you think we ought to set about getting this question fixed?"

"Well, you are asking rather a good deal you know. I think I may say this that I don't believe in a set plan.

(Continued on page 60.)



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(Continued from page 58.)

I think if any group were to put up a scheme all the other groups might fall upon it, more or less on principle.

"I have thought of the possibility of an Empire Conference of not more than twenty-five members, delegates from all parts of the Empire, sitting here in London, hearing opinions and suggestions, discussing everything fully, and eventually putting forward a draft which had been approved by them all.

* * * * *

I think you would find that such a draft would be accepted by all the Five Nations. But that's premature. Let's get back to facts. The war, for instance.

"As to Canada's share in the war, I might remind you that within three weeks of the declaration of war we had 33,000 men fully armed and equipped, and within six weeks they were ready to cross for their final training. Then you know about Ypres and the rest.

"As to patriotic gifts; there is a Canadian Patriotic Fund of \$9,000,000; the Canadian Red Cross, of \$3,500,000; contributions to the British Red Cross for \$2,000,000; to the Belgian Relief Fund for \$2,000,000; funds for \$2,000,000 to the Special Machine Gun Fund, and for miscellaneous purposes over another million and a half. And, of course, more, for these are not actually accounted to date.

"Then there were the gifts in kind. Here is a memorandum of them: Canada sent as a gift 1,000,000 bags of flour, 500,000 bushels of oats were given by the Alberta Government; 4,000,000 lb. of cheese by the Quebec Government; 100,000 tons of coal was offered by Nova Scotia (in lieu of this \$100,000 was sent for the relief of distress); 100,000 bushels of oats by Prince Edward Island; 250,000 bags of flour by Ontario; cheese and hay by Prince Edward Island; 1,500 horses by Saskatchewan; 100,000 bushels of potatoes by New Brunswick; 50,000 bags of flour by Manitoba; 25,000 cases of canned salmon by British Columbia, etc., etc. A very large quantity of flour is now being sent from Saskatchewan.

"With regard to the wounded, here is a memorandum from Surgeon-General G. Carleton Jones, our Director of medical services. I'll take out a few salient facts.

"Besides the ordinary Canadian hospitals in England there are three special hospitals for after-treatment—Ramsgate, Folkestone, Buxton

"To Ramsgate go all cases of nervous shock; bones and joints that require further treatment; and here also the re-education and technical training of the soldier goes on. The men also make the splints, crutches, etc., for the Canadian hospital authorities. At Folkestone diseases and injuries of the eye, ear, nose and throat are dealt with. In such cases needing immediate and continuous treatment, the men are treated here instead of being invalided home.

"Among the many acts of kindness we may specially acknowledge that of His Majesty in putting Upper Lodge, Bushey Park, at our disposal for the Canadian convalescents and of Mr. John Walter in devoting Bear Wood Park to the same purpose.

"Then as I think you know, the munition work over with us has been put on a sound basis and is very much more considerable than most people here have any realisation of."

I next led that usual trump, Emigration. "Of course we want men, the right kind of men. Sturdy fellows from the land. Fellows also with initiative and, at least, a little capital. There are magnificent chances, especially in the western provinces, and of course war must have its effect on emigration; war always does. And I think you've seen the kind of men we turn out."

"You mean the kind that looks you straight in the eyes, and if you annoy it tells you to go to — etc.? Yes, we've all been enormously impressed with the faces of your men and the Anzacs. I remember two of your fellows I met from the camp near Hythe, and we had a day together in London. One an engine driver; one a bank clerk. And there wasn't any difference in manner, or speech or equipment between them."

Needless to say, Sir George takes the view of all big Dominion men that Canada isn't fighting just to help England, but to do her share for the Empire.



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The Forty-Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, and the Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Hunt Servants' Health Insurance Friendly Society, will be held in the Subscription Room at Messrs. Tatlersalls', Knightsbridge, London, S.W., on the morning of Thursday, the 1st day of June, at Eleven o'clock. Nominations of candidates for election to the Committee of Management of the latter Society must be given in writing to the Secretary, not less than seven days before the Annual General Meeting.

H. W. WRIGHT, Secretary, 40, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

The French Red Cross

By Hilaire Belloc

I HAVE been asked to say a word with regard to the claims of the French Red Cross, and, though I have no competence in such a matter, I am particularly happy to do so from my knowledge of the work which the London Committee has accomplished. This Committee covers the work done for the French Red Cross not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the Colonies and the United States. It was established by, and under the presidency of, M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, to act as a national clearing house for the contributions of the British Empire to the Red Cross in France. From small beginnings the Committee has grown until its sphere extends over the whole of the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and the United States. From all parts of the world contributions have come in money and in kind, no less than in the form of personal services. To collect all this material, to transmit it to France, and to distribute it there, where it is most needed, is the work of the Committee.

Some 25 British hospitals, aggregating over 3,000 beds, have been founded, staffed, and run by Great Britain for the French wounded. The Committee acts for all of these and contributes to their support in a greater or less degree. Direct contributions of money; drugs, dressings, clothing, food, and stores have been sent to over 1,200 French hospitals. Should resources permit, the Committee will assist the work of 4,000 more hospitals which are working unceasingly for the French wounded.

The Committee has sent out over 250 motor cars and motor ambulances with British drivers, and these are working in convoys close to the trenches, and for base hospitals in every part of the country. The Committee has supplied and equipped X-ray automobiles, one for each of the ten armies, and these are moved to where the need is greatest, diagnosing the wounds as they come from the field dressing stations. Fixed X-ray installations, douches, disinfectors, sterilizers, and other necessary apparatus have been supplied in many Red Cross hospitals in regions where the war has swept away the resources of the Red Cross Societies. A fairly

full record of all this work of the Committee may be found in the report, "The Work of the French Red Cross," published by authority of the Committee.

The question as to why Great Britain and her Colonies should be making a special effort of this kind may be answered in two ways. In the first place, the chief manufacturing provinces of France are occupied by the enemy, thereby largely crippling French resources. Since the first day of the war every able-bodied man has been mobilised, and the country is filled with refugees from the invaded departments. Many a home has not only lost its breadwinner, but is also supporting these refugees. This is a special burden which France alone of the western Allies has to bear. No such trial as this has been imposed on Britain, where, save for the transfer of men from manufacturing to military activity, industry is practically unharmed, and the homes of the people are virtually secure.

In the second place, as this war is testing the material endurance of every nation, so it is trying the tempers of the people. The North-Eastern corner of France, from the Channel to the Somme, has seen the British Army and the people there know what Britain has done, as do those in authority in France. It has remained, however, for the Red Cross to spread throughout the country a special and generous message of good will from Britain, which would have been impossible of communication through any other channel. It is not long since that the French Minister of War pointed out how important it was for the French people to realise the amount of good that had been done by this Committee in extending and cementing the understanding between the two nations, and he begged for continuance and renewal of the Committee's efforts.

The multiplicity of claims upon the public at this moment makes it a little difficult to speak for one more than for another, but if there is one fund asking for subscriptions which thoroughly deserves the support of the public at this time, it is this, which is perhaps the most directly useful of all spontaneous actions undertaken in support of the common cause.

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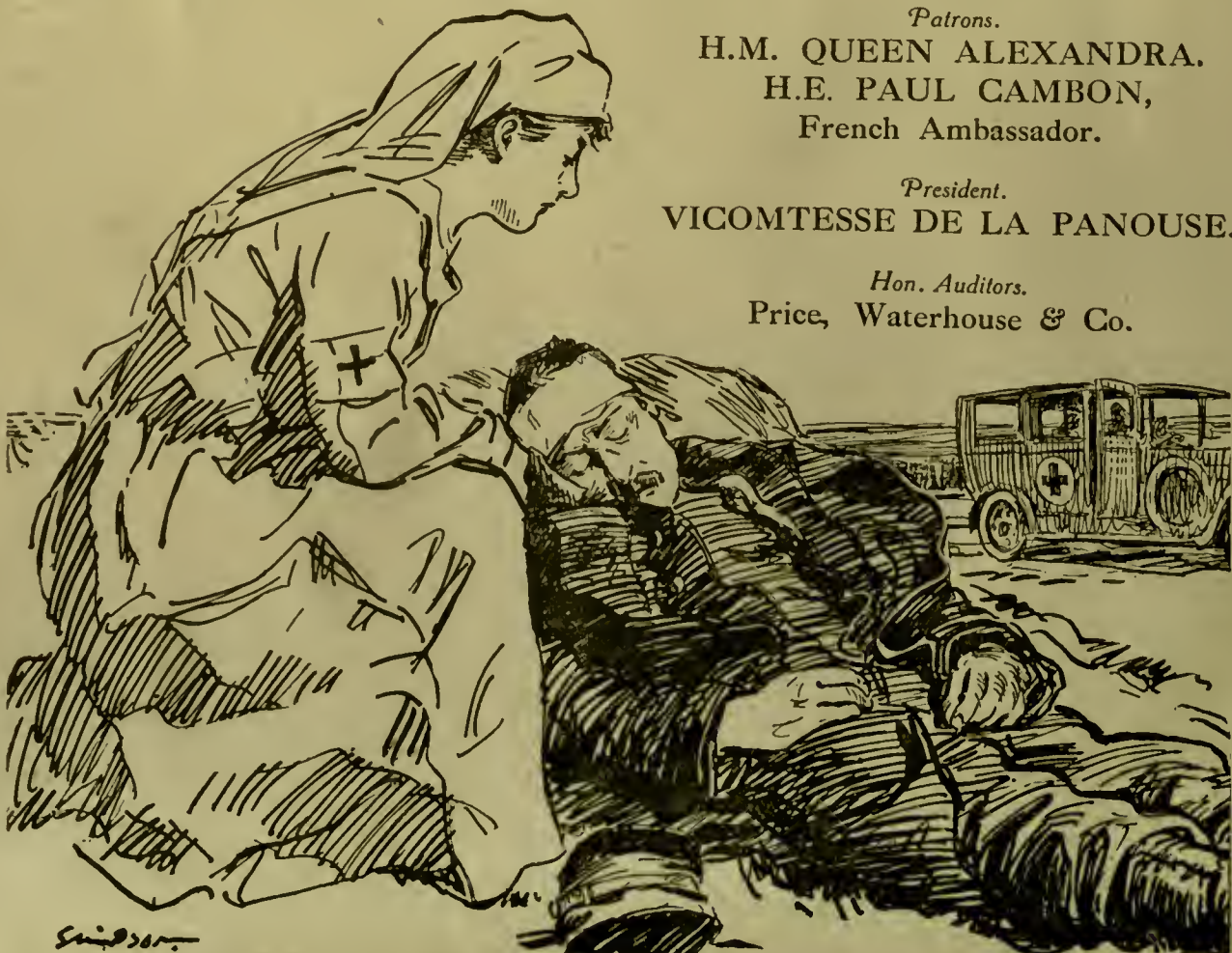
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The Overseas Club

THE OVERSEAS CLUB is the work of a dreamer of dreams who at the same time happens to be a man of business and affairs. Hence it has succeeded beyond the wont of dreams. The central idea was to put to practical use some of that fine spirit of fellowship which the scattered Britishers feel for each other, for the old flag and the old country. Here was a great thing not less real because intangible and imponderable. It needed a conduit. And there were difficult days coming for the Empire not only in war, which was not explicitly in the vision, but in peace. The Club was to be a band of brothers that should know and appreciate something of the privileges and responsibilities of British Citizenship.

It was inaugurated in 1910, on August 27th, Trafalgar Day. It found a patron in Lord Northcliffe, to whom the severest critic would not deny the faculty of imagination. He made very generous donations which saw it through the first critical days of struggle, put the Overseas Edition of the *Daily Mail* at its disposal as a vehicle of propaganda, and remains a generous and interested supporter. It now counts over 138,000 members. It has formally won its spurs; for the King has become the Patron-in-Chief—an honour only accorded, very properly, to proved and stable institutions whose record is absolutely above suspicion.

The club has roomy and beautiful premises with all the amenities, in that imperial centre, Aldwych. These have been constantly used by overseas visitors, especially during the war. It has corresponding Secretaries all over the Empire, or, as we are now learning to call it, with a truer insight, the British Commonwealth, and a machinery for welcoming and introducing members in their travels.

The war brought it the opportunity of proving its practical value. It has done amazingly good work. Its members have presented an Overseas Club's Imperial Aircraft Flotilla of no less than 69 aeroplanes at a cost of £103,000, and it is an open secret that others not reckoned in this register were inspired directly by its propaganda. It only needed such an opportunity to prove the substantial value of the organisation and the capacity with which it has been guided and controlled.

On its more friendly and human side it has raised the sum

of £125,000 for tobacco and comforts for the troops. It has distributed many thousands of pamphlets in various languages in neutral countries by way of presenting the case of the Allies as a counterblast to the extremely active German Press Bureau. Its Members have sent several hundreds of cases of clothing for the Belgian refugees. In a word, it is "doing things." Most notably its Central Committee has used to excellent effect, principles and methods of business which are so often wanting in such idealistic ventures. The Central Committee of the Overseas Club do not think merely in terms of "flag-waggery," though the flag means, as it ought to mean, a great deal to them. They work for "an Empire without a slum," for a change in "England's green and pleasant land" quite Blakeian in its breadth and splendour. Naturally as practical men they have to keep such visions largely to themselves! But perhaps the war is making an atmosphere about us in which such prudences will be no longer necessary. The point for the ultra-realists to remember is that the Overseas Club pays its way and does what it does promptly and with gathering momentum. T.

Chambers's Journal, one of the oldest and still one of the best of monthly periodicals, maintains its standard of merit to the full in recent numbers. A noteworthy item is a new serial by "Taffrail," entitled "Pincher Martin, O.D.," a vivid narrative of naval life in the present day—Marryat up-to-date, with the joys of coaling ship added. Breezily written, this story of Pincher is worth reading—as, in fact, *Chambers's* is throughout. In addition to giving a number of sidelights on the war and its various fronts, a notable feature of the magazine is its monthly review of science and arts.

Broken Music, by Helen Key (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net) is a little collection of poems of more than average merit, mainly based on the war and its incidents. Fully half of the contents bear the impress of Browning study, though there is enough originality in the matter to justify the manner even of the "Grammarian's Funeral." Here and there banal sentiment is expressed in banal phrase, but for the most part the work is distinctly original, and more than ordinarily attractive.

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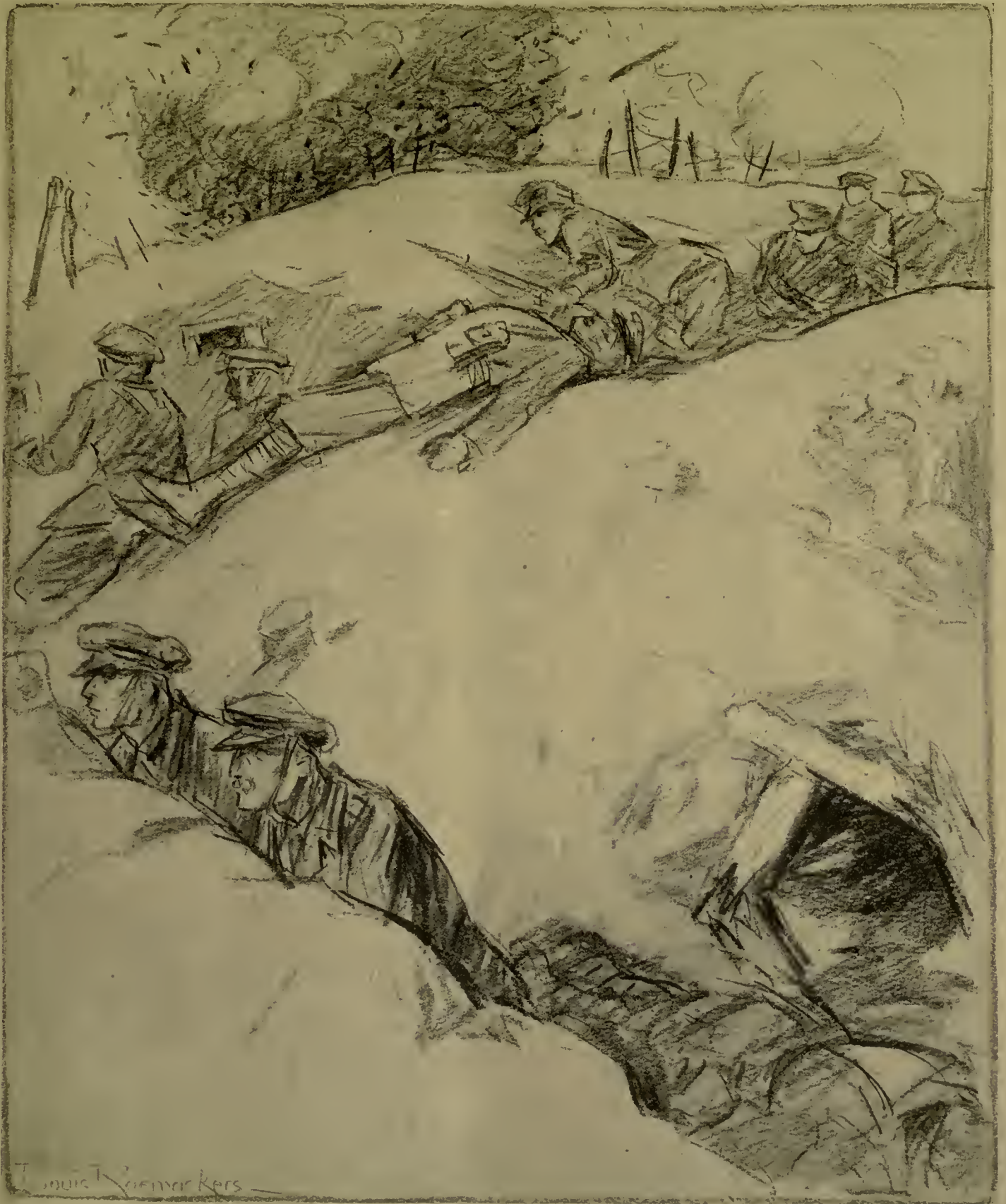
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LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1916

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For full particulars of the Thresher "Bolmat," see page 26 of this present issue.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1916

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THE FUTURE OF IRELAND

AFORETIMES if one raised the cry "God save Ireland," it was deemed seditious, but to-day there is not a man or woman with a personal interest in the sister island from whose heart this prayer does not arise. It is their fixed determination that so far as in them lies, a settlement shall be concluded which shall render the future of Ireland secure from troubles both within and without. When the Prime Minister determined to go over and examine the position for himself, he took a step which won the unqualified commendation of all save a few bitter political enemies whose first axiom appears to be that whatever Mr. Asquith does is wrong. He was able on his return to state with the strong authority which comes from experience that the feeling in Ireland is universal for a joint and combined effort to obtain agreement as to the way in which the Government of Ireland is for the future to be carried on, and he has with the full consent and approval of the Cabinet devised a plan of action which gives the best promise of success.

The occasion is more propitious than appears on the face of it. The possibility of a recrudescence of the previous acute Irish differences and disagreements directly peace was restored has hung like a heavy cloud on the horizon. It has not only presaged discord at a moment when harmony should prevail, but latterly it has been foreseen that it might hinder other and greater Imperial developments and neutralise much of the good of that closer union of the various units of the Empire which has been effected through the war. If the solution of every problem, be it political, social, economic or financial, is to be put aside until the war is over, it is obvious many of them will never be solved at all, and the nation will drift back into its former habits of procrastination and inaction. This is a very real and serious danger. But let us find an acceptable settlement of the Government of Ireland difficulty, and it will be new encouragement to tackle other complicated questions which ought to be faced boldly without delay. It is needless to say this settlement can only be based on compromise, but compromise should be all the easier if it be recognised that the opinion grows and gathers strength among thinkers that one of the first great works of peace will be to reconsider, and possibly reconstruct, the constitution of the British Parliament at Westminster so that all subjects of the King-Emperor, both at home and overseas, shall be adequately represented when Imperial problems are under discussion. This will

necessarily imply the delegation of local affairs to lesser Parliaments. It would be premature to declare that we are within measurable distance of Home Rule all round, but the omens point that way, and we may regard the Irish settlement as the first experiment in constructive statesmanship which this world struggle has caused to be attempted within the British Empire.

In selecting Mr. Lloyd George as his ambassador, Mr. Asquith has chosen wisely, and on the wisdom of his choice the future hinges. These two—Prime Minister and Minister of Munitions—have worked shoulder to shoulder for many years. They who fish in troubled waters and find pleasure and profit in the making of mischief, have done their best to foster jealousy and intrigue between the two, but without avail. The latter willingly continues the difficult task which the former has initiated, though it is obvious that if the success all hope for be attained, the credit for it will rest primarily with the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George throughout his political career has kept free from entanglements in Irish politics, and he is both temperamentally sympathetic with the Celtic character and happily endowed with imagination. Lack of imagination is a distinctive English trait; though this quality has advantages in these times of disturbance, it is not calculated to promote concord where other peoples and races are concerned. Yet in the coming years we shall be called upon to give imagination a far freer rein if we are to place the political union of the Empire on a sure foundation, so it is as well that this truth should be realised at once and difficult tasks of this nature entrusted to imaginative men.

It is not our intention to discuss Ireland's troubles here. No good can come of it. The story cannot be told in its entirety. Public inquiries into general causes and particular episodes are being held and the less discussion there is in the Press the better. But we would particularly invite attention to the excellent example which Ireland is giving England in certain social reforms, notably the reconstruction of village industries and the development and extension of agricultural co-operation. It has been Ireland's peculiar misfortune that owing to the bitterness of party dissensions, it has been considered impossible that any good thing can come out of her, and no attempt has been spared by political opponents to render futile schemes which are intrinsically sound and wise. Yet at the present time movements are prospering there which despite the political taint that has been so unfairly attached to them, ought not only to spread more rapidly in Ireland, but to be extended to this country. England can learn of Ireland and will learn, once we are rid of the dividing wall of suspicions and misunderstandings. Already it is more than half broken down by the gallantry of Irishmen in the field, and it only remains for so much of the barrier as still exists to be removed through the temperate and conciliatory efforts of her leaders in the Council Chamber.

We would not have it thought that we minimise the difficulties that lie ahead of the Cabinet, and its special representative, Mr. Lloyd George. No wave of a wand will cause men to change their deepest convictions of an instant, and though one speak with the tongues of angels, persuasion will not remove every personal animosity, but realising that the spirit of conciliation has never been more willing than at present, we entertain high hopes that a plan of settlement is not impossible and that before the war ends, it will be only the bare truth to assert that permanent peace has been established in Ireland. There would be singular satisfaction in such a happy conclusion. The Kaiser thought to break Britain through civil war in Ireland, and if he makes Ireland whole through having forced Britain into war, and thus brings about a permanent reconciliation between factions and discordant elements which have persisted through centuries, it will be fine, entirely fine.

The Trentino Offensive

By Hilaire Belloc

THE three military movements of the week have been the crossing of the Greek frontier by the Bulgars and Germans, the big and futile assault renewed upon the defensive line of Verdun, and the continued Austrian offensive against the Italians in the Trentino.

The first of these movements is not sufficiently developed for us to know even whether it is intended as an offensive movement at all. It may be a purely political act, not even intended to menace, let alone to lead up to the attack of the Salonika lines. We must wait for further developments before it is possible to give it any commentary at all.

The second movement—the massed attack upon the Verdun lines, I will deal with briefly at the conclusion of a general survey of the German and French theses which I append to the story I print this week of how a certain German Corps disappeared in the fighting round Verdun.

The Austrian offensive deserves more particular treatment, both from its novel features, and also because, although it is still in process of development so that we cannot yet define either its full objects or the measure of success it is attaining, yet the immediate results and the peril they involve are sufficiently grave.

The ground over which the new Austrian offensive is developing is an oblong about 30 miles by 45. This oblong is roughly bisected by the old artificial frontier between the Austrian Trentino and the modern Italian state.

Its importance consists in this: that the communications between the chief arsenals, depots, of men, etc., of the Italians and their main Isonzo front pass right in front of the projection down from the Alps, which the Trentino makes. This projection, the southern main point of which is at Borghetto, a few miles from Lake Garda, was specially designed when the frontier was drawn to weaken the new Italian state and to strengthen the Austrians, and the modern importance of railways has greatly increased its advantage.

There are two lines, roughly parallel, serving the front upon the Isonzo and each connected with the mass of peninsular Italy to the south of the Po and the industrial centres and depots of Lombardy and Piedmont. The

first passes through Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and Treviso. The second passes through Mantua, Padua, and so to the Isonzo front.

The second, which is marked (1) upon the accompanying map, is the principal line of communication.

The northern one, marked (2), has fewer sidings, fewer facilities for rolling stock and, I believe, only a single line.

It is clear that the enemy astraddle of the northern line alone and in occupation of Verona or Vicenza, or both—nay, seriously menacing the northern line—would be a very great peril for the Italian main front and would almost certainly provoke a retirement from it. The enemy's occupation of the other main line, the southern one, would still more clearly be fatal.

Now from the southernmost point of the old Austro-Italian frontier at Borghetto to Verona is, as the crow flies, less than 20 miles, and even by road and by rail not 30. Vicenza is from the nearest point of the frontier exactly 20 miles as the crow flies, and further east at Castelfranco there is a point almost equally near to that frontier.

Finally the distance from the first, least important lines of communications to the second absolutely vital one, is between Vicenza and Padua well under 20 miles of dead level ground.

We must also appreciate the fact that Verona and Vicenza lie on the edge of the Venetian plain, and the foot-hills of the Alps touch that plain upon a line corresponding to the line bounding the shaded area upon the map.

It is evident from all this that a passage of the frontier, upon even a narrow belt, by the enemy here would be of the very gravest importance, and it was to prevent it that the Italian Commander-in-Chief pushed forward in the first days of the war in order to block the avenues whereby the enemy might attempt such an advance.

There are two such avenues, as we pointed out last week. The Val Sugana, or valley of the Brenta and the Val Lagarina, or valley of the Adige. These valleys meet at Trent, and the whole importance of Trent in military as in social history consists in the fact that it is





the junction of the two great roads whereby not only armies but trade pass from the Venetian Plain up into and across the Alps.

We owe that position to a peculiar geographical condition, which is that the lake from which the Brenta rises, Lake Caldonazzo, instead of being separated from the valley of the Adige by a high watershed is only separated from it by an insignificant "portage," open and level, in the neighbourhood of Pergine.

These two avenues, leading from Trent to the Venetian plain, the valley of the Adige and the valley of the Brenta, carry, as we saw last week, the two main roads and the only railways in the district. *It is impossible for the enemy to do anything serious against the Italians until he is the master of one or other of these avenues, and improbable that he will do anything serious until he is the master of one or both.*

Upon this account the main Italian resistance has been massed in the two valleys, and in these, so far, the enemy has not made good. When the blow fell the Italian line ran between Roncegno and Noveledo in the Sugana and just south of Rovereto in the Lagarina.

Upon the former sector, the Val Sugana, the retirement, though uncovering the town of Borgo, has not exceeded six miles. In the latter and more important avenue of approach, the Lagarina, it has not covered as much as four. At the moment of writing the Italian line stands firm across both these essential avenues of approach, after a fortnight of Austrian effort.

But if the Italians thus successfully hold the Lagarina and the Sugana against direct attack, *may not those valleys be turned?* That is the serious problem of the moment. An Austrian force failing to break through on the upper Brenta or upper Adige might by getting through the centre between these divergent valleys appear on the lower courses of either stream and so be masters of a road into Venetia, cutting off the defenders of the upper valley. That is the danger.

In the centre, the base of the triangle of which the rivers Brenta and Adige form the other two sides, there has been a serious advance.

Let us examine the nature of that advance and the opportunities it may afford of making the Austrians masters of one or other or both of the great roads.

The frontier here corresponds to the secondary watershed between the upper and the lower valley of the

Brenta and the upper and the lower valley of the Adige. Thus there is a torrent rising upon the frontier ridge and falling into the Upper Adige near Rovereto, the valley of which is called the valley of Vallarsa, which I have marked (1) upon Map II. It has a tributary, which I have marked (2) called the Terragnolo, while further north a number of small streams fall into the Upper Brenta. South of this ridge, a corresponding system of torrents runs down to the Lower Brenta and the Lower Adige. Those falling into the Lower Brenta are the important torrents to notice. North of the great knot or central mass of mount Pasubio (not quite 7,000 feet high) you have the torrent of the Posina, which falls down to the mountain town of Asiero and becomes a tributary of the Astico, another torrent rising a little beyond the frontier. From the other side there falls into the Astico the torrent of Val d'Assa, and upon a tiny tributary of this is the town of Asiago.

Now the Austrians have not been able to force the Monte Pasubio, *but everywhere to the north of it they have reached the last ridges overlooking Asiero and Asiago.* Both these towns are served by light railways communicating with the main railway system of the plain immediately beyond. The whole district has considerable industrial importance in the manufacture of woollen goods, and its occupation would lead the enemy to the very edge of the plain, the line between which and the foothills is marked, in this region, upon my sketch map by a line of crosses, which show the dangerous proximity of the region to the open country below. Were Asiero and Asiago occupied—and it is difficult to see how such occupation can be prevented now—there lies behind them and between them and the perfectly open country only one last ridge, running roughly as does the line A B upon the above sketch.

But there is something much more important in the enemy's reaching Asiago than its mere proximity to the plains, *and that is its proximity to Valstagna on the Brenta.*

In order to see the importance of Valstagna let us consider the following argument:

Supposing Asiero and Asiago to be occupied by the enemy, and even supposing the last ridge A B to be lost to the Italians, but the main positions in the great and essential avenues of approach, the valley of the Brenta and the valley of the Adige, to be still held by the Italians, what then would be the position of the enemy?

It is clear that he would be occupying a very dangerous

salient indeed. He has, to feed that salient, only two roads, and neither of these is first class.

If he could force Mount Pasubio he would have a third road, the road going from Rovereto up the Vallarsa, and crossing the frontier ridge at C. So far he has failed to force the Pasubio mountain; his furthest advance up the Terragnolo valley (2) along the best road is as far as Chiesa at D. The only two roads he has as yet then for a continued advance (which, remember, is dependent entirely upon his preponderance in heavy artillery) upon this sector, are first the road up the valley of the Astico, where he has the advantage of holding the upper land and being already well down upon the southern slope, and secondly the road from Asiago up the Val d'Assa, where he has a similar advantage. But these two roads and the mountain paths of all that wild land give him no avenue of supply for a large army. He is simply compelled by the nature of the case to force or turn the two main valleys.

The Valley of the Adige he cannot turn until he either masters the Pasubio or forces his way across the pass at C, in spite of the heights there dominating him, and so gets right down into the lower country on the southern side.

The Brenta valley he has unfortunately a better chance of turning. From Asiago, to the nearest point of the

Brenta road and railway at Valstagna is only eight miles. There is no road at all across the tumbled mountain land there, but a successful action fought from Asiago would give him the mastery over the Brenta valley at Valstagna and its neighbourhood and even a threat to this would compel the immediate falling back of the Italian forces in the Upper Brenta Valley.

The last news received upon writing these lines shows us the enemy on the heights immediately dominating Asiago and Asiero from the north. The enemy's posts of observation look right down upon both towns in their valleys at not more than 6,000 yards from the Austrian lines. But they show us this advance with no good avenues of communication behind and dependent for any success upon either reaching the lower Brenta valley at the critical point of Valstagna, or forcing the Italian positions on the Upper Brenta valley just behind Borgo. Whether they will succeed in reaching Valstagna or whether the slowness of pace inseparable from their dependence upon heavy artillery will give the Italians time for a concentration sufficient to prevent further advance the next few days will tell us. So far (this is written upon Tuesday evening with the matter quite unsettled and still in full development) no judgment is possible.

Story of a Brandenburg Army Corps

I PROPOSE this week to lay before my readers, by way of an object-lesson to guide our judgment with regard to the Battle of Verdun, the story now available in some detail of one single German corps; of how it was selected and trained for the attack; how it suffered beyond anything its command had thought possible; how it was incapable of further effort after one week of such losses; how it was recruited; how one more attempt was made to use it; taken to the rear, rested, and how in two days that effort broke down, and the corps disappeared for good.

I think that the matter (which I have not seen dealt with at all in any English publication) will be illuminating, and, for many of those watching the present phase of the campaign, conclusive.

The 3rd Army Corps of the Prussian service is composed of Metropolitan and typically Prussian troops. It is recruited from the Province of Brandenburg. It has reputation in that service second only perhaps to the reputation of the Imperial Guard.

It was present, under the command of von Kluck, in the attempted enveloping movement by the 1st Army, which ended so disastrously in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the failure of which determined the Battle of the Marne. It was present in the Battle of the Ourcq when the French General Mammoury surprised von Kluck and was himself so nearly counter-enveloped.

It stood some days later upon the lines of the Aisne when the Germans dug themselves in. That was in September, 1914. For nearly a year the 3rd Brandenburg Corps remained there facing first the British, later the French, upon the limestone heights of the Soissonais.

The hurried concentration of German troops to meet the great French offensive in Champagne last September called down to that region certain elements of the 3rd German Army Corps. But later, with the month of October it begins a series of adventures which it is of the highest interest for us to follow, because they show how thoroughly and from what long date the attack on the Verdun sector was planned, what that attack was intended to do, and at what a cost it has failed.

Four months before the first shells of the great bombardment were delivered against the Verdun lines, the body of infantry which was to deliver the shock was already carefully selected and prepared. The method is familiar from half a dozen great examples in this war. A hammerhead of picked troops separate from the rest are collected and hurled at one point to deliver the hammer-blow that shall break the opposing defensive cordon. The main difference between the preparation of Verdun and the other actions of the war was the greater expense in time and in men which were contemplated. It was as though the Germans had said to themselves after the attempt to envelop the Russian armies had failed,

"We will stand or fall by one last great offensive against the Western front." At any rate, this picked corps of typically Prussian troops, the corps from Brandenburg, was chosen with others to form part of this great new agglomeration that was to strike the decisive blow. The first part of their preparation for this task was to take them away from the fighting line, to train and even feed them specially for a long period; to refresh them physically and morally in every way and produce by a patient attention to every detail and ample expense of time the very maximum effort when they should come to be launched against the French.

Like the rest of those chosen for this great task the Brandenburgers of the 3rd Corps were taken to the interior just when the exhaustion of the imperfect effort against Russia was apparent—that is, in the last third of October 1915 (1).

For nearly four months the special training, the repose, the special feeding even of this corps and its fellows proceeded far from the fighting.

At last, upon February 8th, it arrived upon the scene where it was to undertake the work to which all this preparation had been designed.

The 3rd Brandenburg Corps stood on February 8th billeted in the country behind the hills of Ornes, that is in Gremilly, Azannes-Ville, and to the north of those villages. It formed the extreme eastern or left wing of the great body which was to be launched a few days later against the French lines to the North of Verdun, and on the 21st of February it took the shock.

Let us review its strength and situation upon that day, Monday the 21st of February, the opening day of the infantry work before Verdun. Only so can we understand what followed.

The 3rd Corps had been given the task of driving the French covering lines in on a front of not quite two miles. Its strength in infantry actually present and designed to take part in the shock itself was no longer the full complement of 24,000 bayonets, but in the neighbourhood of 20,000. These 20,000 consisted in two divisions of about 10,000 each. These divisions were numbered the 5th Division and the 6th Division. We know a good part of the composition of these divisions. They were formed of three regiments each, or the equivalent of three regiments, and we are acquainted with the numbers of four of these and a portion of the 5th. The 6th Division, that on the extreme end of the line to the east or left was composed of the 24th and 64th regiments, and of a body of Jaegers, while the 5th Division contained the 52nd regiment and the 12th regiment with a third element,

(1) It is possible that certain elements of the 3rd corps were present not in the fighting but in reserve during the Serbian Expedition but the point is not certain. At any rate, the great bulk of the corps was at rest at that moment.

the details of which I have not seen published. These divisions were not fully deployed. The elements of each stood one behind the other in support, one regiment being destined to take the first brunt of the shock; its fellows would replace or reinforce it later according to the punishment it might have received.

In the mid-afternoon of February 21st, a cold and misty day, the advance portions of the 5th and 6th Divisions struck the French covering line after that line had been turned upside down by the previous intensive bombardment. The main region upon which the shock was delivered here on the east or left of the German attack was the wood of Herbebois, a wood recently cut, and full, therefore, of comparatively large clearings with under-wood grown up during the last year or two. The French obstacles here were very thoroughly organised and the attack of the 3rd Army Corps was checked with heavy initial loss.

On the next day, Tuesday, February 22nd, the attacks were continued in a flurry of snow and failed to secure an advance. They were further continued during the morning of Wednesday the 23rd. But in the afternoon the success of German troops further to the west pushing in the centre of the French covering line compelled the retirement of the French here on the east, and from 4 p.m. onwards the French retreated before the advance of the 3rd Brandenburg Corps into and beyond the wood of Herbebois, and during the following night fell back once more.

During Thursday the 24th and all the succeeding night the French further retired upon Bezonvaux village and the wood of La Vauche, so that by the dawn of day upon the Friday, the 25th, the whole French line was only just in front of their main position, the Ridge of Douaumont continued in a half circle to the Hill of Poivre, and so to the Meuse at Bras. Upon the morning of Friday, the 25th, the 3rd Brandenburg Corps, which had thus been held up at a considerable expense in men for nearly three days at the wood of Herbebois, but had in the succeeding two days advanced over nearly two miles of ground, delivered an attack violent in proportion to the critical nature of the moment. As they were the best troops the Prussians were employing for this great shock, so they had the chief task allotted to them.

The 5th Division on the west or right was checked, but the 6th Division mastered the ravine of La Vauche and acquired, though with very heavy loss, the summit of the ridge. The 24th Regiment rushed the ruins of the old fort of Douaumont, and we had the famous message upon which so much discussion has turned.

This Friday evening was the hour in which the enemy believed that he had achieved his purpose; the decisive point was the ridge and fort of Douaumont, and he had laid hands upon it. Heavy as had been the price already paid it seemed as though the rest would be the mere pursuit of a broken enemy.

But the French had been fighting with a covering line only, and upon the next day, Saturday the 26th, they launched a body as large in numbers as the whole German 3rd Corps, to wit, the French 20th Corps; they swarmed back over the level of the Douaumont plateau and recovered the ground on either side of the ruins of the fort, though not those ruins themselves. In these the remnants of the 24th regiment remained entrenched, and defied all efforts to dislodge them.

In order to clear the situation and to relieve the men in the fort from their perilous outlying position, as also in order to push further on to the plateau, and make themselves really masters of it, the two divisions of the 3rd Corps were ordered to strike again to the west and the east of the Fort. Upon the west was the village of Douaumont; upon the east the wood of La Caillette. It was therefore the 5th or right Division which attacked the village; the 6th or left Division which attacked the wood. Upon Sunday the 27th of February, the 52nd regiment of the 5th Division threw itself against the French entrenched in Douaumont village and was broken. On the next day, the 28th, its place was taken by the 12th regiment which met with the same fate. Meanwhile against Caillette Wood the 64th regiment of the 6th Division and the Jaegers hurled themselves six times upon the French lines in these same two days and were broken back as their comrades of the 5th Division had been against the village.

On Tuesday, February 29th, the 3rd Army Corps was exhausted in energy and broken. It was past any further effort and was called back to the rear.

The great mass designed for victorious shock, of which it had formed one portion, had failed in its task and had suffered so heavily that it was for the moment ruined. Its place had to be taken by reserves. The defence of this sector of a mile or so from Douaumont Village to the Caillette Wood was as a fact taken over by the 113th Division. The two divisions of the 3rd Corps, the 5th, and the 6th, or what was left of them, were withdrawn to positions right back again behind Ornes, to be reformed after their terrible experience.

Actual Losses

But all these terms "heavy losses": "terrible experience," and the rest are general. The reader will demand, if he is to form a judgment upon even this detail of the war, the proportion of losses.

From information unusually detailed which the French authorities obtained later on that question can be answered, and the answer is startling.

The patching together again of the 3rd Corps and the replenishing of its enormous gaps with new human material showed a necessity of replacing the cadres (that is, the officers and non-commissioned officers who are the framework of any military body) to the extent of *two-thirds*. Of three regimental officers and sergeants who had gone into action exactly a week before, on the afternoon of Monday, the 21st of February, two had been hit by the evening of Monday the 28th. The corps had no reserves left. Every one of its elements had been thrown in and shattered. The Jaegers, who had been most spared, received their worst punishment in the Caillette Wood in the last days. The 64th regiment of the 6th Division saw its last units shattered in the same place. The 24th regiment had spent itself in the tremendous attack which had carried Douaumont Fort, while of the 5th Division, the 52nd regiment, as we have seen, had been shattered in front of Douaumont village two days before the end; the remnants of the 12th taking its place had been broken upon the morrow.

We have no documentary evidence, I believe, of the exact losses in the rank and file, and it is wise to suppose that these were somewhat inferior to the 66 per cent. losses of the cadres. But at any rate they were certainly over half the effectives employed, and it is remarkable that in looking round for material to fill the gaps the chief remaining reservoir was only the young class '16. During the period of recruitment behind the lines these lads were poured into this crack corps in such numbers that many of the companies relied for nearly half their new strength upon the presence of such recruits.

On the fifth day of this remodelling, Saturday the 4th of March, a message and an order of the day of the customary rather sentimental sort (which perhaps we judge rather harshly from the ignorance everyone has of a foreign temperament) reached the 3rd Corps from the Commander-in-Chief of this group of armies before Verdun, the Crown Prince of Prussia. He appealed to his "faithful Brandenburgers," condoled with them over their losses, emphasised the peculiar value of the Prussians among the Germanic combatants, and told them how he relied upon them for further and "decisive" efforts.

This piece of rhetoric is not insignificant, for it tells us something of the effect produced by the immense sacrifice already suffered and tells us even more of the hopes that were still entertained of victory.

The 3rd Corps was not ready to march upon the day following this appeal as had been hoped.

It was not until the evening of March 7th, Tuesday, that its commander reported everything ready for taking up again the dreadful business of a renewed attack.

The 3rd Army Corps was reconstituted indeed, but it was no longer its old self. Less than half of the men who had been given that careful long training of four months behind the lines remained. Only a third of the specially selected and instructed cadres, which had held it together, marched out southward again to take the field. Not only were most of its men new, but as we have seen, a very large portion of them were of the youngest type of recruit. Most significant of all, the

3rd Corps even thus reconstituted no longer paraded anything like its old numbers. The companies had mustered just before the attack on Verdun about 200 strong. They appeared upon the roll call of the 7th with an average lessening—in spite of the new recruitment—of 40 per cent. They were upon the average 120 strong.

The change in the constitution of the corps and in its *moral* after the business of the week before appeared at once. A new attack was launched upon Wednesday, March 8th; the 3rd Corps being given its old sector with a slight extension towards the South. It was thrown in, fully deployed from Vaux Village right round to Douaumont Village. It was no longer of the quality to do what its predecessors of the same name had done only a week before. The attack of the 8th failed. The attempt to renew it upon the 9th was even more disastrous. The losses (as is always the case with inferior troops that fail in an attack) were disastrously large and out of scale even with the fearful casualties of the first fighting when the 3rd Corps was still composed of its original elements, and still thought itself capable of victory upon its sector of the line.

These last two days achieved the ruin of the unit.

In the night of Thursday, March 9th, the 3rd Corps was withdrawn from the action altogether and has never reappeared.*

Here is surely a most striking piece of evidence, concrete and detailed with regard to the nature of the German losses in front of Verdun. The nature of the original attempt, its failure, its expense, are all before us in this one example because we happen to have upon it more complete evidence than upon any of the other German elements used in the battle.

Even had we not further knowledge, such evidence would be conclusive as to the nature of the German wastage here, and the wisdom of the French restriction to that mere defensive which has astonished Europe.

We know the way in which the first week of the fighting ruined a body to which the most complete preparation possible had been given at the expense of four months in time and of its absence during those four months from all use in the field.

We know that 20,000 bayonets had been massed against never more than 3,000 yards and at last against less than 2,000 yards. We know what in that first week it had lost in officers and sergeants. We know the necessity it was under of recruiting from the younger classes. We know the changed temper in which it re-entered the field. We know that after a bare two days' experiment in renewed fighting it was hopelessly shattered and had to be finally withdrawn.

I repeat, did we only know this we should have an instructive and indeed decisive picture of the failure before Verdun.

But the French have obtained one last piece of evidence which clinches all the rest and which, read in connection with all the rest, is overwhelming.

The French authorities are possessed of evidence as to the losses actually suffered by the corps during those 17 days of which only 10 were days of action.

It will be remembered that the 3rd Corps had gone into action on the afternoon of Sunday February 21st, mustering about 20,000 bayonets. When its losses were privately established after the last and bloody defeat of March 9th, it was discovered that the grand total, including of course casualties among the new recruits thrown in, as well as among the original members of the force, was actually larger than its original total strength. 22,000 men had been hit in that brief space of time.

It is no wonder that the corps had ceased, in any military sense, to exist.

The Moral

What is the lesson of that astonishing story?

I must begin by begging my readers to permit me a rather dry piece of introduction in which much of what has been said before with regard to the nature of the

battle is necessarily repeated. But when I have again put forward those general principles as clearly as I can it will be easier to understand the immense significance of what happened to the Corps whose fortunes I have just described.

Roughly speaking, the Battle of Verdun was won upon the 9th of April. In other words it was clear after the great attack of that day that the intention of the offensive had failed and the intention of the defensive had succeeded. For the intention of the offensive was to break the French front upon this centre; while the object of the defensive was to use that intention as a means of making the enemy waste very many more in proportion to his remaining numbers than the French lost in the process.

This much being clearly settled nearly two months ago, there succeeded a phase which everyone studying the war spent a good deal of energy in discussing, but which no one could pretend at first fully to understand.

This phase has consisted in a steady persistence in attack after the French defensive had manifestly made good and after the only clear strategical purpose open to the enemy had been irretrievably lost.

This phase still continues and there seems no particular reason why it should not continue indefinitely: That is until the Allies make their offensive movement or until the enemy proposes to make a new attack somewhere else—with such forces as may still remain to him.

So long as it continues the enemy loses far more men in proportion than the men in the French sector opposed to him. So long as it continues he allows the British to accumulate their man power, and so long as it continues he allows the Russians to make the fullest use of the open water in the North and of the long daylight for the pouring in of arms and ammunition.

Seeing that all the merely numerical calculations are obviously against the enemy and that the military problem regarded merely as a mechanical thing (that is a thing upon the map estimated by the number of bayonets, guns, power of munitionment, etc., and presupposing both parties equal in *moral* factors) is clearly solved at Verdun already against the Germans, it follows that the German General Staff is persisting in attack for reasons other than the strictly calculable military reasons upon which one usually expects strategical action to be conducted.

I have indeed seen one and only one explanation modifying such a conclusion. It proceeds from the pen of a man whom all his readers have learnt to respect, who writes as a civilian and even as a professor, but whose writing has, especially in the last few weeks, deservedly attracted universal attention in Paris. If I read him aright this critic (who may be read in the *Debats* newspaper) conceives that the enemy continues because the French command will not now let him leave off. In other words he is in the position of which one reads so often tactically in the old battles, "he is no longer free to break off the action." He is "accroché," "hooked on." If he ceases to attack he will be at once counter-attacked under conditions which he cannot support.

This, I think it is suggested, explains the continued waste of men upon his side.

Much colour is lent to it by the tactics the French have been pursuing during all the last seven weeks.

Roughly what happens is this: The enemy masses a vastly superior number of men to rush some sector of the French covering line, usually he fails. Once in so many times he succeeds. He gains some acres; picks up not a few wounded men in the trenches he has rushed. He smashes up a certain number of trench mortars and machine guns. But all that at an expense quite out of proportion to the result. He pays in these attacks say four of his men to put one Frenchman out of action. But the French, though not fighting for ground but for numbers, usually reply to such a success by a counter-attack in which they recover the ground or a part of it at an expense in their own men superior to the expense of the enemy.

On the balance they are still heavily the gainers. But they would be much more heavily the gainers if they never counter-attacked at all upon a large scale. Why then, do they deliberately sacrifice a certain fraction of their force in thus counter-attacking? The critic whom I have quoted would seem to believe that this is done in

* Since writing this I have seen it suggested abroad (but not confirmed, and the suggestion not backed by evidence) that the body of troops which appeared in the last few days before Verdun and was made the subject of numerous executions after a failure to attack, was the partially reconstituted 3rd Corps brought back into the field after more than 2 months of eclipse.

order to "hook on" the enemy and make it impossible for him to stop his continued ruinously expensive and futile attack.

It may be so. But I believe if one could get into the mind of the German General Staff one would find that the motives of the enemy's action were mainly based upon his own initiative. I believe that he is attacking of his own will for the most part. I believe from the long lulls with which he has interrupted the action that he could still break it off altogether without disaster. And I consider that this motive of his is made up of certain ingredients the proportion between which it is difficult for us to judge, but the presence of all of which we can confidently assume

It is certain that among the ingredients of the enemy's thesis are:—

(1) The conception that the continued losses of the French though relatively far lighter than his own will ultimately shake French *moral*.

(2) That the *moral* of his own army requires of the enemy the actual entry of German troops into the geographical area called Verdun, or failing that the continued advance at no matter what cost and no matter how slowly, from one point of territory to another upon the sector of Verdun.

(3) That not only does the German army require such *moral* sustenance, but that the German domestic opinion also requires it.

(4) That neutral opinion would be affected particularly in countries not military but economically powerful, by the "taking" of Verdun town and is in some degree affected by the fact that the German armies in this sector advance from point to point. For one lay civilian observer who considers the nature of the offensive and the defensive and is acquainted with the now rapidly declining man power of Germany, there are a thousand whose estimate of success or failure is simply a movement upon the map, however slight.

I say that these ingredients in various proportions make up the German thesis; and of these it is clear that the first is by far the most important. The Germans must believe that the continued strain, no matter at what cost to themselves, is likely to exhaust French civilian endurance and military vigour. He may be quite wrong. Personally I believe him to be quite wrong. But my point is that he is working for a moral effect of which the chief part will be experienced, he imagines, in France itself.

Upon the other side the French thesis is what we have so often described: That so long as the enemy continues under this erroneous impression he is playing the game of the Allies.

Now it is very important, if we are to judge the value of either thesis, to discover what the nature of the enemy's sacrifice is. With this object I have given in detail the story of the third Corps, and I think the enemy's immense sacrifices may further be understood by considering the thing as a whole

It is clear upon general principles that an offensive thus conducted will always lose very many more men than the defensive opposed to it. Each party suffers roughly the same losses from artillery pounding before movement and the moment movement takes place the attacking party loses out of all proportion to the defence.

When movement has ceased the attacking party suffers

again in one of two ways. Either he fails to enter any portion of the positions of the defence, in which case his swarm flows back suffering terribly heavy punishment from the opponent's artillery; or he makes good, but makes good upon a spot which the heavy guns behind his opponent's line have to a yard and immediately deluge with what the French call "crushing fire." The offensive has not the same advantage against the defenders because the line upon which the greater part will retire is not thus accurately known. It has to be sought out and marked down later. Against these necessarily highly superior losses of the offensive the only point against the defensive is that positions occupied by the offensive at the end of its attack may be disorganised and suffer locally some abnormal loss through disorganisation—but then it is the whole point of a defensive to prevent that. If that took place on any large scale the defensive would break down, and the continued and complete success of the defensive policy for months in front of Verdun proves that it has not broken down.

The Week's Events

What has been happening this week at Verdun is a mere repetition of all that we have been discussing here. It has been on rather a larger scale than usual, but it exemplifies every point precisely. You have attack after attack which does not properly leave its trenches because it is caught in the first bound—for example, the two divisions trying to get out of the Crows' Wood last Sunday. You have the first massed attack launched against the Mort Hommie which the French estimate at about 50,000 bayonets, repelled—and leaving the very large proportion of 15,000 dead. You have the French local counter-offensive at Douaumont provoking another swarm attack, estimated at something like two divisions, say, in practice, 20,000 bayonets, or a little less, and retaking, at terrible expense, the ruins of the fort which are immediately subjected to the "crushing" fire which knows every yard of the spot. You have the heavy massing of men for the rushing of Cumières, the French local counter-attack recovering half Cumières, and you will certainly have, before these lines are in print, another great massed attack to rush Cumières again with the usual quite disproportionate expense in men: the preliminary bombardment was already notified in telegrams of Tuesday.

I have not seen evidence as to the sectors from which these fresh German divisions are drawn, save the public announcement by the French that they had identified two Bavarian divisions, which had come from the English front. But if the enemy is determined to play the French game here he can still continue so long as our defensive, which is strictly ordered upon every part of the line, gives him rope. He may still withdraw divisions from his ever weakening line (remember that his effectives are now declining in number) to melt them away at Verdun, and he will still find that defence almost passive and unprovoked to any great counter-move. It is for him to decide the date upon which such a policy will determine his inability to stand against the main counter-offensive of the Allies. At present he would seem to desire a hastening of that date, and he is the best judge of his own affairs.

Table of German Recruitment

IT is now at last possible to define with exactitude the rate at which the German man-power has been drawn upon in the course of the campaign. The evidence with regard to the calling up of each class is complete, and we can follow exactly the whole process of exhaustion: The last reserves of the active army all called up in the first three months; all normal recruitment exhausted in the first twelve; the unfit men re-examined and pressed in as far as possible in the autumn of last year, the calling up of the very youngest lads in December, and the complete drying up of recruiting power by the end of 1915.

I propose to put the whole thing this week in tabular form before my readers.

The publication of this all important matter has been

permitted in France. I take it for granted, therefore, that its publication will also be permitted in England, for I have come to believe that the failure to inform the public of vital things of this sort is due not to caution, but merely to sloth and lack of co-ordination between the various people responsible.

Indeed, there is no possible reason why such information should help the enemy.

It will be found, and I shall comment upon the fact in a moment, that the dates now officially known agree very exactly with the approximate estimates which have appeared from time to time in the columns of LAND & WATER.

First, as to the original German active army. We premised that the last recruits and reserves of this were

already summoned and present in October, 1914. ("The last reserves and the last recruits" was the phrase used). As a matter of fact, that date after which no elements of recruiting from the old active army are discovered is November 1st, 1914.

On that date—November 1st, 1914—all the immediately available men of the German Empire had been put into the field. The active army in a conscript country means, of course, all those men still alive and of military age and able to pass the doctor who have in the past received full military training.

I need hardly point out that the exhaustion of this recruiting ground, after only three months of war, was never dreamt of when Germany foolishly compelled Austria to join her in an unprovoked attack upon Europe. The wastage had been at an enormously higher rate than the General staff had ever conceived possible.

Behind the Active Corps was the so-called "Erzatz" Reserve. Germany, it is well known, did not train every possible man as France did, for instance, or Bulgaria. She thought it sufficient with her preponderant numbers and rapid increase in population to train about half of them. The excess, that is the young men fit for service but not actually incorporated, were given a certain amount of training, or at least most of them were. It was calculated that the training could be supplemented during the course of a war, and that this body would act as a sort of reserve for feeding the wastage of the army should a campaign last so long as to begin to exhaust the active army itself. These men were summoned by classes from almost the beginning of the war. The man-power of this body was exhausted on or before the 1st of February, 1915. After that date all the "Erzatz" reserve had been called up.

This is in part an explanation of the fact which has been pointed out more than once in these columns, that after February, 1915, no new German formations appeared.

There remained the men altogether untrained between 20 and 35; the last of these had been called up by the 1st of April, 1915. Upon that date all the "normal methods" (as the phrase goes in conscript countries) of recruiting the tremendous wastage had been employed. The young classes '14 and '15 had been called up by that time—as we shall see in a moment, and these also, lads of 20 or little less, may be regarded as "normal" material. Everyone who had actually been trained as a soldier, everybody who had been partially trained and kept in reserve; everybody who had not been trained at all, but who was at least physically capable had been summoned, the untrained however, only up to and including the age of 35.

Technically, military age extends to 45, but in the years between 35 and 40 (which are but a small proportion of any army) the great mass of men are better used upon communications and subsidiary work than in the field—though this modification applies, of course, far less to a small professional army in constant training and with perpetual selecting and weeding out than it does to a conscript force: a point which has been somewhat obscured therefore in the judgment of Englishmen hitherto best acquainted with professional armies alone. The remaining margin of wholly untrained men between 35 and 40 had been all called up by the month of July, 1915.

In exactly the first year of the war, therefore, not only had all normal methods been used, but every man who was even technically of military age and who had passed the doctor, was under arms.

There remained now only the "abnormal" methods. The word "abnormal" is rather misleading, though it is current, as I have said, in all conscript countries. The word "exceptional" would be perhaps a more accurate one to use in English. Part of these methods are indeed abnormal, such as the use of men who are not really fit, the "inefficients" and the use of very young lads. But other "abnormal" methods, such as the taking of a boy just before his 20th birthday, or just after it—that is, a year sooner than the practice in time of peace, are not "abnormal" in the ordinary sense; that is, they do not propose a strain upon human nature, or the serious lowering of military standards. At any rate, the "abnormal" methods to which all conscript countries have been reduced by the severity of the war, and not Germany alone, include the calling up of the younger classes until you get quite

young lads of 18 and even include the using, wherever use can be found for them, of men physically inefficient; the French call it "combing out of the cripples."

It will be remembered that I suggested many months ago in LAND & WATER, and upon several occasions, that this necessity for abnormal recruitment—the exhaustion of the efficient reserves—might come as early as November 1915, and could not be delayed later than the end of the year. The evidence now available amply confirms this judgment and shows that it was in its tentative form too "conservative." As a matter of fact, the "combing out of the eripples" (an exaggerated and slang phrase) began as early as October, 1915. Men who had failed to pass the doctor were required to present themselves for re-examination in that month and the process went on all through November. It was very severe.

Invalids Called for Service

I have received through private correspondents examples of its severity. Men have been summoned for auxiliary duties who were really invalids: men so much invalids that they were regarded as invalids in civilian life. Men who have lost some necessary limb or organ, an eye or a hand or even a leg, could be put to certain duties and were put to them. Every possible man was taken. For instance, in the duties of serving the heavy artillery behind the lines a maimed man can do a certain amount of work; even a man with one arm can turn a hand-wheel and help to traverse a gun, and even a man with one leg can help to load a wagon with shell or drive a vehicle; and it goes without saying that the very worst cases can be used in garrison work, the guard of neutral frontiers and prison camps, etc. At any rate, by the end of November, 1915, every possible inefficient who could do anything at all had been drafted into the service.

As to the calling up of the younger classes it was as follows: The active army, the army that invaded France and won at Tannenberg included class '13, but not class '14. In other words, except for the volunteers its youngest men were men of 21. For the year attached to a class in a conscript system signifies the year within which a young man attains his 20th birthday. The youngest men who marched (except the volunteers) in July, 1914, for the destruction of France, were men who attained their 21st birthday at some time in the year 1914, and as the armies did not move until the beginning of August, that is, until more than half the year was over, most of the youngest class incorporated in them (the class 1913), were men who had already passed their 21st birthday, while the rest were over 20 and approaching 21.

Class 1914, that is, young men born in the course of the year 1894, a year younger than the youngest men already in the army, were called up in November and December, 1914, after the first 3 or 4 months of war. The German system is to train these recruits for a comparatively short time before they are fed into the fighting units. It is a system which the French copied, discovered to be a weakness, and rapidly abandoned; substituting for it a much longer period of training. On the other hand, while we mark its unwisdom, we must remember that the German Empire had little choice. In its enormous wastage of men it had to use its new recruits as soon as possible; while the French were supported by powerful Allies who had not used anything like their available man-power.

The German class 1915 was not called up until the month of May, 1915. The process of calling them up lasted into June. At this point, the end of the first year, counting classes '14 and '15, all "normal" methods were, as we have seen, exhausted. But after this, after the first year of war, the process of calling up the young men became exceedingly rapid. The class 1916 was actually summoned in August and was all present at the training centres by the end of September. I have in these columns repeatedly alluded to the average period of training allowed during the war in Germany as being about 4 months and commented on its brevity. The experience, now available as evidence, of class 1916 confirms the time-limit which was when I wrote it little more than a conjecture. The Germans, as we have seen at Verdun, put it into the field in large numbers just four months after calling it up. Shortly afterwards, in December, 1915—last December—the last class, 1917, was called up.

It has not yet appeared in the field (I think) but it must shortly do so.

From the above it appears that the man-power of the German Empire had been called upon in its totality by the end of last year.

There now remains nothing but the lads who grow up as the war proceeds. The class 1918, more than half of whom at this moment are not yet 18 years of age, may have been already warned and will at any rate be warned soon. Behind them at a year's interval come the class 1919, and so on. But the wastage of this war is many times more rapid than the recruitment available from the younger classes. 1918 may be thrown into the fray before the end of this year and allowing for the necessary very numerous exemptions among such young boys, it will not furnish more than 400,000 individuals and probably less, and they will be of exceedingly poor quality. The German wastage per year is not 400,000, nor twice that figure, nor four times that figure. It is more like six or seven times that figure.

The position may be judged by the following table, which is both simple and accurate, and which it would be well to retain in all future judgments of the position, for it presents in the most elementary form both the rate of exhaustion of Germany and her present situation.

TABLE OF GERMAN RECRUITMENT	
Aug. 1 st 1914	} Least elements of Active Army called up.
Nov. 1 st 1914	
Dec. 1 st 1914	
Feb. 1 st 1915	} All the Ersatz Reserve called up.
April 1 st 1915	
May 1 st 1915	} Last wholly untrained men up to 35 called up.
July 1 st 1915	
July 31 st 1915	} Untrained men up to 40 called up.
Aug. 1 st 1915	
Sept. 31 st 1915	} Class 14 called up.
Oct. 1 st 1915	
Nov. 31 st 1915	} Class 15 called up.
Dec. 31 st 1915	
<p>July 31st 1915 ANNIVERSARY of DECLARATION of WAR. <u>END of NORMAL RECRUITMENT. BEGINNING of ABNORMAL RECRUITMENT.</u></p>	
Aug. 1 st 1915	} Class 16 called up.
Sept. 31 st 1915	
Oct. 1 st 1915	} Men previously classed as unfit "combed out" and called up.
Nov. 31 st 1915	
Dec. 31 st 1915	} Class 17 called up.

NORMAL RECRUITMENT EXHAUSTED IN FIRST YEAR OF WAR

Beginning of ABNORMAL RECRUITMENT. By DEC. 31st all available men taken.

The Enemy's Own Evidence

The most remarkable piece of evidence confirmatory of the above is the pains at which the German Staff have been to confuse neutral opinion (and I daresay panicky opinion among the enemies of Germany as well) by the circulating to the neutral press of a statement which I can only criticise as clumsy.

This statement was issued, I believe, in the course of the present week, probably about Tuesday or Wednesday. It first indulges in generalities which have no particular value, and which are only meant to produce an effect, such as, that Germany has plenty of men "awaiting the call to various fronts." In other words, that a great many of the German men in uniform, like French, Russians and all other men in uniform, are not at any one moment in the trenches. It then goes on to say that Germany is so full of men that there is no real necessity of putting men of over 40 into the trenches. As no belligerent ever puts any appreciable number of men over 40 into the trenches, the statement is obviously addressed to those who are not seriously following the war at all—to what is usually rather irreverently called "general opinion."

But after these generalities, which tell us nothing, there is a very remarkable piece of statistics divulged.

The German authorities go on to tell us that they are assured from the younger classes "of 30,000 recruits a

month as long as the war lasts." 30,000 recruits a month is 360,000 a year. As the reader has seen, I should have put it a little higher. I should have said that the lads (little more than boys who form the lowest yearly class available—for example, 1918 this year, 1919 next year, and so on, boys most of whom when they are called, will be less than 18 years of age), might at a squeeze have furnished 400,000. It would have been 400,000 of exceedingly bad material, but I think that number could be combed out. However, the Germans tell us it is less and we must be grateful to accept their own estimate.

Now this is the point where I call this German circular, like so many of the German circulars, clumsy. It aims at affecting the least instructed opinion among neutrals and for that matter among belligerents. No doubt that method has its value. But nothing is being done meanwhile to counteract the instructed comment which follows on the heels of every such misleading German statement. The German War Office does not seem to be here properly co-ordinated. The gentleman who has the task of fabricating this sort of thing is not checked by his colleagues whose business it is to read the serious commentary on the war published in such papers as this and proceeding from a very great number of competent critics at the head of whom I think we must continue to put Colonel Feyler. This work is not composed of wild statement. It is a mass of careful estimate and analysis, erring no doubt often by some margin one way or the other, often very uncertain and tentative from lack of evidence, and at any rate always approximating to a truth which can be definitely proved and which the evidence, when at last available, thoroughly supports.

In my opinion the German War Office under-estimates the value of such dry and detailed but continuous and widely circulated work. It is fully present everywhere on the side of the Allies, in the *Débats* of Paris for instance, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Morning Post* in this country, and in this paper. My readers will do me the justice to note, for instance, the points already made in this article, that the full evidence now available with regard to the calling up of the various elements of German recruitment not only generally tallies with the conclusions come to in this particular paper, but as a rule shows those conclusions to be rather conservative than otherwise. In the same way we saw only a couple of weeks ago how the private lists of deaths among the German medical service gave very nearly the same percentage of error between the truth and the official lists, as has been discovered upon more general grounds for larger categories of the German armed population.

Further, the enemy's losses and remaining man power as worked out in these numerous calculations in French, British and neutral critical journals (best of all in the *Journal de Geneve*) corresponds to what would be normally his position in such a war as this on the analogy of all the other belligerent Powers, whereas his statements propose conditions so abnormal as to be miraculous.

There is in this very circular to which I am alluding an example of those assumed miracles when we are told that nearly 9/10ths of the German wounded are fit shortly afterwards "to resume the most arduous military duties." That is rubbish, and the man who writes it must know that it is rubbish. You can keep the names

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

To Mr. Lloyd George on his Irish Mission.

*Our suit
Is that you reconcile them.*

Coriolanus, V., iii., 135-6.

Munition-workers who forego their holiday.

*Here pleasures court mine eyes, and
mine eyes shun them.*

Pericles, I., ii., 6.

Lord Curzon assumes his new office.

Now sits Expectation in the air.

Henry V., II., prologue, 8.

of men who have been wounded on your lists, and a proportion between 8 and 9/10ths can be put to some sort of work, if we include as "work" anything whatsoever connected with the service of an army, but the putting in of the word "arduous" makes the whole thing ridiculous. The number of wounded men who can go back to exactly the same work as they left before they were wounded and do it as well is not 9/10ths nor 8/10ths, nor 7/10ths, nor even, if we take the severest tests, quite 6/10ths. And Germany is no better off here than France or England or Italy or anybody else. We all have very good hospitals now with thoroughly efficient and quite sufficiently numerous staffs. We are all Europeans, and we are all human beings. The nature of our projectiles is all much the same. The character, effect and duration of wounds inflicted does not in any miraculous manner increase in severity when the body suffering them is French or English, nor as miraculously decrease when the body suffering them is some unfortunate German.

Better Late than Never

My readers may be interested to read the following seven passages.

1. *People wonder what is really happening at Verdun, and lose themselves in conjectures why the German Command persists in BUTTING ITS HEAD AGAINST A STONE WALL.*
2. *Hindenburg is said to have observed that the military situation of Germany is brilliant but without prospects. It is a close enough approximation to the truth and the REAL TROUBLE AT MAIN HEADQUARTERS MUST BE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THE IMPASSE INTO WHICH THE DECISION TO ATTACK AT VERDUN HAS LED THE GERMAN ARMIES.*
3. *We regard the German persistence in error as sheer obstinacy.*
4. *There has been scarcely any change in the situation and none, certainly, to justify the immense sacrifice of German life which has marked this most tragic episode of the war. The Germans continue to exhaust their army before Verdun to the point of extermination. They bring up divisions in reserve from every quarter where one is to be found, and each fresh contribution means a fresh assault and a fresh repulse.*
5. *Our glorious Allies have held the enemy at arm's length for the last two months, have punished him severely and have prevented him from scoring a single point.*
6. *The Germans . . . cheer up their country by declaring that they are exhausting the French reserves, and there is no wonder that they should try to do so, for opinion in Germany is becoming enervated and depressed. The French practice has been to give divisions a rest after serious fighting in order to prevent their quality from deteriorating and they can afford to do so because they have AMPLE RESERVES. THE GERMANS ARE NOT IN THIS FORTUNATE POSITION.*
7. *General Pétain has sold his ground inch by inch and every inch at the price of German lives. He has never been unreasonable, and when the Germans have been willing to pay the exorbitant price which he asks for ground they have been allowed to have it.*

The above extracts are not taken from back numbers of LAND & WATER. They are quotations from the *Times* of May 25th. Apart from the use of rather extreme adjectives they confirm the view that has been repeatedly and consistently expressed in this paper in the face of a good deal of criticism. Its truth is proved in a remarkable degree by the events of the past week during which the enemy has secured insignificant local advance without as yet any strategical result, and that at a gigantic cost in men.

H. BELLOC

It was with regret that no mention was made of Newfoundland, "our oldest Colony" in the *Story of the Nations*, told in the *Five Nations* number of LAND & WATER last week. The contribution on which we were relying failed to reach us. We have now received details, but too late for this number. The omission will be made good in our next issue.

Messrs. John Murray have just issued a shilling volume entitled *Infantry Scouting*, by Lieut. Cameron, a scouts' officer with service experience of the work he details. The book will be found a complete and concise exposition of infantry scouting, and is one to be recommended, not only to officers specially interested in reconnaissance work, but also to all infantry officers, who will find it of great assistance in preparing lectures for their men.

Les Jacinthes (Blue-Bells)

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

Le ciel est tombé par terre !

Il y en a tant
Sous les bouleaux blancs,
Tant sous les frênes gris,
Qu'ou ne voit plus le vert des tiges.
Il y en a tant et tant et tant—
Frisson d'amour, printemps fleuri—
Que le vertige
Vous saisit.
Il y en a tant qu'on ne peut plus
Marcher sans marcher dessus.
Il y en a tant qui dansent
Et qui rient
Qu'on ne sait plus
Où le ciel commence
Et où la terre finit.

Le ciel est tombé par terre !

Il fait si bleu
Sous les frênes gris,
Il fait si bleu sous les grands hêtres—
Frisson d'amour, printemps fleuri—
Qu'on croirait être
En Paradis.
Il fait plus bleu que les crevasses
De la Mer de Glace.
Plus bleu que les lacs d'Italie,
Plus bleu que les yeux
Des Bienheureux . . .

Un homme est tombé par terre !

Il est couché
Parmi les jacinthes, les bras en croix ;
Son képi a roulé
A quelques pas de là.
Il a un petit trou rond
Au milieu du front.
Il dort d'un profond sommeil.
Et sa tête, sur la mousse,
Dans son auréole rousse,
Luit comme un soleil.

Mai, 1916.

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Garden lovers will find much to awaken their interest in *The Well-Considered Garden*, by L. Y. King (B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 8s. 6d. net.). Mrs. King is American, and she writes of American flora and American gardens, but the root principle of successful gardening is the same throughout all the world, and the chief charm in this book lies in the fact that its author loves her subject, and had lived with and studied it in no common degree. The series of photographs with which the work is illustrated adds greatly to its value, but all devotees of the garden will find that the text will keep them interested.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

JUNE.

- "The Empire on the Anvil." By Sir CHARLES LUCAS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.
Sea Power in its Dual Relation. By Commander E. HAMILTON CURRY, R.N.
The Irish Enigma Again:
(1) What is Wrong in Ireland? By JOSEPH B. FISHER.
(2) An Appeal for an Irish Entente: a Lesson from South Africa.
By J. CHERI SHERIDAN (Commissioner for Revenue to the Union of South Africa).
(3) The Sinn Fein Rebellion. By the Rev. ROBERT H. MURRAY, Litt D.
The Future of Asiatic Turkey. By J. ELLIS BARKER.
Democracy and Diplomacy. By the Right Hon. the Earl of CROMER, G.C.B., O.M.
Shakespeare and the French Mind. By JOSEPH DELCOURT (Professor of English at Montpellier University).
Some Causes of Misconception: the Impressions of an English Resident in Paris. By CHARLES LAWREN.
Education after the War. By ARTHUR C. BENSON, C.V.O., LL.D. (Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge).
Benedetto Croce and his Activities. By DOUGLAS AINSLIE.
The Bible of the Japanese Soldier. By Professor J. H. LONGFORD (formerly H.M. Consul at Nagasaki).
National Railways after the War: a Reply to Mr. Hyndman. By ALFRED WARWICK GATTE.
The Resurgence of Russia. By ROBERT MACHRAY.
Trials to Come:
(1) Preparation for Peace. By ARTHUR PATERSON (Secretary Social Welfare Association for London).
(2) Our Soldiers after the War: a Suggestion. By Captain GEORGE S. C. SWINTON.
London: Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co., Ltd., 1, New-street Square.

The Navy at War

By Arthur Pollen

LAST week I was one of a party on a naval tour. We saw something of the coast patrol, of shipbuilding, of the two main divisions of the Grand Fleet. At the headquarters of one of the sections of the trade route defences we saw a sample of the new navy that the submarine blockade has called into existence. Apart from the captain in command and a staff of perhaps half a dozen naval officers, practically the whole of this force is commanded by naval pensioners, merchant, trawler and drifter skippers, and mates promoted to command on the strength of an aptitude shown since this force was organised. The crews are wholly taken from the trading craft, the fisheries, the coasters and longshoremen. Besides this the attack of hostile aircraft is part of the commanding officer's duty. He has, therefore, fixed and mobile guns, and great coveys of seaplanes, from the largest to the smallest, under his orders.

The chief part of the work lies in the keeping of the war route clear of mines and the unceasing patrol maintained to counter the submarines. These are grim and glorified forms of fishing and of deep-sea hunting. The sport of kings has become the sport of what, in more normal times, is one of the least royal of classes. Only those to whom a sport is a business could have developed the thing so rapidly and with such astonishing success. It is fierce and merciless, and calls equally for courage and for cunning. It has created a new brotherhood between the Royal Navy and the coasting and the fishing navies—a brotherhood born of a common danger, fostered by a common aim, and crowned by an uncommon success. Mine-sweeping is always a perilous business, for excellent as is the design of the German mine, and, if possible, still more excellent its workmanship, it does not always happen that these devilish contrivances keep their depth. Their cables do not always hold, and the rule that a mine, once the cable is broken, is thrown out of action, is one too often dishonoured by non-observance. And, apart from mines, the sweepers are exposed to gun attacks from submarines. So while those specially detailed for the larger game of submarine hunting both seek and encounter the greater danger, all, though unequally, are exposed to it.

The keeping of the war route for merchant ships is a different job entirely from sweeping for the safe passage of the main fleets across the North Sea. And the submarine patrol is again a totally different thing from that maintained for carrying on the commercial blockade. For these again entirely new naval forces have been created. Both are hazardous, and the second incredibly exacting, in that it must be carried on in all weathers. To all of this work the merchant navy has contributed officers and men with cheerful generosity, a personnel which has only taught us in war how high a character is developed by the sea service in time of peace. If you take the merchant, fisher, and coast trade men now serving under the white ensign, and add to them those who, in the service of the nation's supply, have faced the new perils of the sea, you will find that there is but little margin left for slackers. If the Government has been ruthless in commandeering ships, the Admiralty has never had to conscribe the men. It was splendid to hear the tributes of the naval men to their new comrades, not less splendid to see how perfectly the fishermen and others have fallen into naval ways and learned the few naval arts they did not know already.

Next on the Tyne and Clyde, we see the two main centres of shipbuilding. The reader will have seen elsewhere picturesque and detailed accounts of these, written by the very able journalists who composed the party. For myself I find it anything but a simple business either to analyse my impressions of what I saw, or indeed to recognise exactly what those impressions were. To say that seeing is believing is not so obviously true as it sounds. You may in point of fact see so much as to become incredulous. On the Tyne and Clyde shipyards'

and engine works are not numbered by threes and fours, but by the dozen. It is not the biggest of these that turns out, and has turned out for years, a thousand horsepower a day. Here are battleships and battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers, patrol ships and mine sweepers, some finishing in the tide way, others on the stocks, some actually beginning to grow upon the slips! before another keel, on a parallel set of blocks, is ready for launching—a bewildering panorama of noisy activity

Mammoth Works

What, at a single visit, are you to make of a firm that, in its ordnance munition works and ship-yards, employs between 60,000 and 70,000 hands; is turning out every form of vessel from the fastest and most heavily gunned capital ship to the latest of motor-driven patrol boats; which makes every nature of naval gun from the 15-inch to the 12-pounder, and every form of land gun from the giant howitzer to the British equivalent of the 75; that, on the top of all this, is grinding out shells—from monstrous things that stand nearly 6 feet high and weigh the greater part of a ton, to 18-pounder shrapnel and high explosives—and is completing, all told, nearly 20,000 of all kinds per day? The only single impression that is left is that Sir Edward Grey, so far as these two centres are concerned, was well within the mark when he told our Russian visitors that Great Britain was all out to win. Here at least every man, every machine, every atom of our working capacity is pledged to the great cause.

Then came the visits to the two bases between which the Grand Fleet is chiefly divided when not at sea. On the Tyne and Clyde we had seen ships in the making. At these two bases we saw the fleet in being. The lines of battle cruisers, the vast array of battleships, the attendant flotillas of cruisers and submarines, even the seaplane ships and the destroyer depots, and the main auxiliaries for engineering, water supply, etc.—with fleets so composed the great Spithead Reviews had familiarised us. What was a revelation was to find how in war a fleet, to keep in being, calls for the attendance, in addition not only of almost uncounted colliers and oil ships, but for an incredible array of mine sweepers and patrols, to clear for it a safe passage and to screen it from submarines.

Certainly the fleet to-day is a very different force from that with which we began the war. The odds against the enemy to-day seem, on paper, to be hopeless.

It is, indeed, impossible to see these vast Armadas, still less possible to converse with the Admirals, of officers and men who handle them, without wondering what are the enemy's real views of his prospects at sea. The famous Navy Law said it was German policy to build a fleet so powerful that the strongest navy in the world could not attack it without being so reduced in strength as to be a ready prey to weaker Powers. The German fleet would have to fight, and the neutral navies would have to seize the opportunity which the expected—but Pyrrhic—victory of the British would afford. Is it the coyness of the neutrals that explains German bashfulness? Failing this, so Bernhardi has explained to us, the British fleet was to be reduced by attrition.

Mines, submarines, bomb dropping aircraft were to take a steady toll of our swollen numbers. Well, in 20 months of war the fleet has grown by nearer 20 than 10 of the largest capital units, so that the triple attrition has not been very effective. There were anxious months no doubt, when inadequate protection made the submarine menace hideously serious. Nothing but an incredible vigilance, a heroic continuing effort, could have brought the mine danger to safe proportions. Only the cultivation of an excellent skill in gunnery could have brought the aircraft threat to nothing. But the simple fact remains that attrition as a policy has not succeeded.

When attrition had done its expected work, two other principles were to be employed to complete our

discomfiture. Ships were to be *diverted* from our fleet and so its strength reduced by the sacrifice of single vessels to harry the trade routes. A battle cruiser let loose upon the Atlantic would attract two or three to catch her. Then another would follow the first, and then a third, so that three or four German ships would reduce the British strength by nine or 12. *Diversion* would complete the work of attrition. Finally, the principle of *division* would make all things ready for the master stroke. A couple of army corps escorted by the older battleships would be sacrificed in an invading raid. The British fleet—already weakened—would have to send perhaps half its units to avert the blow, then the undivided German fleet would fall upon the hapless remainder. Skilfully laid minefields, daring destroyer attacks, cunning ambushes of submarines, all these devices would be brought into play, and the distracted, diverted, divided British fleet, with its harassed and impatient commanders would finally be crushed.

It was a lovely programme, but many things were needed for its success. The chief of these were that the German fleet should be willing to risk everything for victory, and that the British commanders should be driven, by their own disappointed ambition and public impatience, to a frenzy of insane imprudence. Of the

German willingness to take risks we know only this, that they have taken mighty few so far. Of the prospect of our Admirals losing their heads, those who visited the fleet can form a fairly good opinion. Sir David Beatty may be what he looks, the personification of the eager fighting spirit, but it is an extraordinarily calm, level headed, self-contained incarnation at that. As for the Commander-in-Chief, he has long been the very type of imperturbability. Twenty months of the greatest responsibility and the greatest strain that any man in any part of the fields of war has undergone, find him to-day without an added grey hair or an added wrinkle. And as the Commander-in-Chief, so every officer and man seemed also. It really looked as if continuous service, without a day's holiday or a moment's remission of incessant duty, must certainly be the best prescription for perfect health and perfect nerves. When one reflects upon what all these men have been through, what sea cruising means to-day, the incredible standard of skill that is being maintained, and the drills, practices and discipline that it calls for, the thing is a perfect wonder. Never has the fleet had less sickness; never have so few officers broken down or become unfit. One thing is sure. Any German hopes that are built on the supposition that the fleet is war weary are doomed to disappointment.

Peace and the President

As has not been unusual, the only outward and visible sign of naval war has, for the last fortnight, been the under water attacks on shipping. Full details are not published of these, but it would appear that practically all the ships that have suffered in home waters have run upon mines, and all those sunk and damaged in the Mediterranean have suffered from submarine attack. In our issue of May 18th we showed the home casualties between April 20th and May 15th inclusive. So far as positive information goes, therefore, there is no evidence that the Germans have failed to keep the undertaking which they have given to the United States. We have few details as to the circumstances in which these attacks were made. We are simply not told if ships were visited and searched or provision made for the safety of the crews. But in certain instances no such provision could have been made. There is naturally, therefore, some curiosity to know whether Dr. Wilson will repeat in the case of Austria the action he has taken in the case of Germany. So far the *Persia* correspondence has not been followed up.

Meanwhile due acknowledgment should be made of the fact that for the best part of a month, British and neutral ships in the neighbourhood of these islands have been free from the ravages of submarines. The emancipation—temporary though it may be—is one of real value, and in finally insisting upon a doctrine laid down in February, 1915, President Wilson has shown that where he has the will he possesses the power to compel belligerents to observe a civilised code in war. There seems no reason why this same power should not enforce in the Mediterranean the standard of conduct which it has exacted in the Channel and North Sea. Tardy though the diplomatic triumph of Washington has been, it is so real a triumph that we are left wondering why a capacity to enforce right action, which should have been obvious, was not exerted earlier and over a wider field. Even if America were to compel the Austrian Empire to yield as Germany has yielded, the fact would still remain that secret mine laying on the trade routes is a gross and hideous violation of civilised practise, whose criminality has only been obscured by the greater villainy of the submarine campaign. There are real difficulties, no doubt, in taking the same action here as in the latter case. But it certainly seems odd that no action should be taken at all. The first American ship to suffer under the war, the *Evelyn*, perished by a mine. And the practice of using them in this way is not only inhuman, but unlike the attacks by submarine, forbidden not only in implication, but specifically by international agreement. In this matter Germany has not only been shameless in action, she has been defiantly shameless in speech. In the first of all the Berlin replies, America was warned as cynically as the passengers in the *Lusitania* were warned, that the whole war area would be indiscriminately mined so that,

apart altogether from submarines, no neutral ship could enter it in safety. This threat in face of the standard set up both by precedent and the Hague Conventions might surely have given the American Government all the material necessary for taking a firm attitude. The weakest points in the American position in these matters are first, the immense length of time between her first protest and the effective threat of action, secondly, the limitation both of protest and action to submarine attacks only, and lastly confining the protest to attacks on ships carrying Americans.

It is of course a larger weakness that the protest has never extended beyond Germany's sea crimes. And this is much emphasised by Mr. Wilson's somewhat unfortunate address to "the League for Enforcing Peace." I call it unfortunate, because in this address he encouraged Americans to think that their Government would have a natural right to a voice in the after war settlements, on the ground that whether they wished it or not, the States of America were partners with the rest of the world in the grand affair of civilisation, and that all that affected humanity affected them. He sketched out in terms that could hardly be improved, the main outline of what the civilised nations should combine to maintain—the freedom of weak nations to choose their allegiance; their right of immunity from unprovoked aggression; the right of all peoples to the free and orderly use of the ocean highways. To have achieved such freedom of the seas for the whole world's shipping is the justification and boast of a century of British sea supremacy.

To vindicate the right of small peoples—like Serbia and Belgium—to choose their own allegiance; to win back for them the lands of which they have been despoiled; to guarantee Europe from any renewal of the present horror of unprovoked war—these are not things that the nations of the world must combine, *after the war is over* to secure—it is precisely to secure them that the war continues. Had President Wilson been defining the object for which the Allies are now fighting, he could not have put their purpose into happier terms.

If the American ideal of a civilised code of international life is realised, it will be by the heroism of the Allied nations, by their financial sacrifices and by their industrial efforts. All thinking men would wish the world to settle down to a new life once this war is over. And when it comes to organising this new life, the American help will be vital. But two things have to be done first. The military power of Prussia has to be crushed, and those who crush it must decide what restitution is due, what guarantees of future safety are necessary. The problem in all its immediate aspects will be European, and one in which America would hardly have a title to co-operate, nor could co-operate usefully. Mr. Wilson's speech seems to imply something different.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

South America and the War.

By Lewis R. Freeman

[The very remarkable figures showing Great Britain's share of South American trade on which Mr. Freeman bases his article have only recently been issued and are now for the first time published in this country.]

ONE of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most encouraging developments of the war—from England's standpoint—has been the manner in which British foreign trade has been maintained. That this has been done in spite of an unprecedented demand on home industries and unparalleled ocean freights, and in the face of the decreased buying powers of practically all of the overseas markets, only accentuates its importance on both scores. That imports would be greatly increased by the war, and that exports would be greatly restricted, was, of course, a foregone conclusion. But, staggering as the figures of the augmented imports—principally represented by foodstuffs and munitions—have been, the fact that Great Britain, notwithstanding the handicaps mentioned, has been able to bring back her exports almost to pre-war figures is even more remarkable.

British exporters, it now appears, have been able to maintain their hold upon practically all of the markets of the world that are open to them from the seas, but that they have been notably successful in this respect in one quarter of the globe, where it is especially desirable that such a hold should be maintained, was brought clearly to the writer's attention during a study he recently made in Washington of some late facts and figures relating to Latin American trade placed at his disposal through the courtesy of the Pan-American Union.*

The Ideal Market

The South American continent, as has long been understood in England and Germany, and, more recently, the United States, offers a nearer approach to the theoretical ideal of a market for an industrial nation than any other of the great geographical regions of the world. The "ideal market," it is generally agreed, is a country which is very rich in natural products, but which, through scantiness or inadaptability of its population, is not capable of doing much in manufacturing itself. This allows an exporting nation to market its manufactures in such a country with negligible home competition, and to take its pay in the raw products which it must get from somewhere in any case. China is not such a market because, with unlimited coal and iron and an enormous and energetic population, it will become—is rapidly becoming, indeed—a great manufacturing nation itself. Africa is not an ideal market because the producing, and therefore the purchasing, power of its great savage or semi-savage populations is too small. Similar, or equally potent, objections will be found to apply to all of the other great non-industrial regions of the world. Only the various countries of South and Central America—rich in raw products, but lacking in iron and coal and with scant inclination in their peoples toward modern industry—hold out the promise of being able to buy as much as they sell, of realising the "commercial ideal" of "fair exchange" on a broad international basis.

The South American Republics have probably been harder hit by the war than any other group of countries outside of Europe. This is due to the fact that the commerce and finances of South America were so largely dependent upon Europe that any disturbance of conditions in the latter could not but quickly be reflected in the former. South America—being a non-manufacturing region—a producer of raw materials rather than elaborated commodities—has been able to buy only about so much as it could sell. This is shown by the fact that, at the beginning of the war, that continent's

exports and imports very nearly balanced each other at something like two hundred million pounds each. It followed naturally, therefore, that as soon as Europe became unable or unwilling to buy South American products, this acted automatically to restrict that continent's ability to buy those of Europe. It was this sudden contraction of South America's principal markets as well as the drying up of what had been its principal financial sources, that operated to cut down the trade of the various republics from ten to thirty per cent. during 1914-15, and to make some form or other of moratorium necessary in every one of them.

In the trade of South America up to the time of the war, as in that of the rest of the world, Great Britain had a very considerable lead, with Germany second, and the United States a very close third. For several years the relative shares of the two latter countries were increasing more rapidly than that of the former, though Britain's actual lead was fairly well maintained. With the closing of the seas to Germany, the trade of that country quickly became an almost negligible quantity, and, especially in the first months of the war, that of Great Britain was greatly cut down.

Unfulfilled Anticipations

Immediately after the outbreak of the war the general feeling in commercial circles on both sides of the Atlantic, was that the United States would at once succeed to the South American trade of Germany, and to such of that of England, France and the other European nations as these would be compelled to relinquish. That this very natural expectation has been fulfilled only to a small degree is due to a number of causes, the most important one of which is doubtless the fact that the huge war demands of the belligerents have left the American factories little opportunity to turn their attention to more remote and—for the time being—less profitable markets. Shortage of ships and South America's decreased buying power have operated to the same end.

Nor was the United States, as it transpired, to have anything like the anticipated monopoly in foreign markets. England's industrial vitality had not been sufficiently reckoned with. Once the sea lanes were cleared of German raiders and industry at home got its second wind, Britain began to make good in commerce the "bulldog's" dictum she has so often made good territorially, and "What we have we'll hold" may well have been the war motto of British exporters in their plucky up-hill fight to keep their hard-won foreign markets. How well they have succeeded nothing could show better than the mounting figures of British exports during the last eighteen months.

How remarkable is Britain's achievement in so nearly keeping its export trade up to pre-war figures may be best appreciated from the fact that, in spite of the great industrial mobilisation in the United States, the trade of that country with all of the world outside of Europe does not show a dollar of increase for the year 1915 as compared with 1914. Roughly speaking, the total value of the exports of the United States for 1915 were two hundred million pounds greater than for 1914. Since this figure is almost exactly equal to the value of the increase of exports to Europe for the same period, it will be seen that America's trade with the rest of the world has no more than held stationary in spite of the elimination of the competition of Germany, Austria and Belgium, and the unprecedented war demands upon the industries of Great Britain, France and Italy.

The trade and finances of the Latin American countries have been adversely affected by the war in direct proportion to their previous dependence upon Europe. Those least affected have been the ones having the closest trade relations with the United States.

Argentina, Brazil and Chile are the most advanced commercially, as well as politically, of the South American republics, and by far the greater part of the foreign trade of that continent is in their hands. Argentina was

* This organisation, it may be in order to explain, is maintained by the twenty-one American Republics for the development of good understanding, friendly intercourse, commerce and peace among them. It is pro-North and South American rather than anti-European, and its headquarters in Washington is the only place in the world where one may study Latin American problems free from bias.

extremely hard hit by the outbreak of the war, but the worst effects of the blow were felt only until about the end of 1914. Its recovery in exports during 1915 has been one of the most spectacular commercial developments of recent times. Argentina's imports fell from £82,000,000 in 1913 to but little over £52,000,000 in 1914, a loss of £30,000,000. Exports decreased during the same period from nearly £94,000,000 to less than £68,000,000, or over £26,000,000. The total loss in foreign trade was in excess of £56,000,000, a huge sum for a country of less than 10,000,000 people.

Argentina's Foodstuffs

But Argentina, producing staple foodstuffs where all of the other South American republics depended almost exclusively upon luxuries, was in a strong position for a "come back," and the more than £80,000,000 worth of the products of her fertile lands which were exported in the first nine months of 1915 is not only greater than for any other similar period in her history, but also exceeds by a good margin the total exports of any other complete years save only those of 1912 and 1913. Argentina's foreign trade for the whole of 1915, the figures for which are only just to hand, are as follows:—Exports, £109,000,000; imports, £44,000,000; total, £153,000,000.

The following table, giving the percentages that the imports of the six leading countries bear to the total of Argentine imports for the last five years is a highly interesting record, especially in the light of the figures for 1914 and 1915. The almost total elimination of Germany in 1915, and the more than ten per cent. increase of the imports from the United States for the same year, are apparently its most striking features; but I found commercial experts in Washington inclined to rate the manner in which Great Britain, in spite of the turning of so many of her factories to munition works, was shown still to maintain her commanding lead, as an even more significant circumstance. There is a salutary lesson for the United States in this, they say, for England's ability to hold her own in the face of great difficulties is very largely due to the huge amount of British capital invested in Argentina railways and other industrial enterprises. No more striking illustration has ever been furnished of the persistent loadstone money is for trade.

Countries.	1911 Per cent.	1912 Per cent.	1913 Per cent.	1914 Per cent.	1915 Per cent.
United Kingdom .	29.6	30.8	31.1	34.0	32.0
Germany.. ..	18.0	16.6	16.9	14.8	3.3
United States ..	14.3	15.4	14.7	13.4	23.6
Italy	8.0	8.5	8.3	9.2	9.7
France	10.4	9.8	9.0	8.2	5.9
Belgium	5.3	5.3	5.2	4.4	0.5

If any Englishman has been inclined to harbour doubts regarding the industrial strength of his country, a study of this table—in the light of all that has happened in the course of the last twenty-one months—should go a long way towards removing them. *In spite of all her unprecedented industrial, financial and military efforts for herself and her allies, Great Britain supplied a larger percentage of the goods bought by Argentina in the year 1915 than in any one of the preceding years of peace.* Moreover, the figures, had I the space to set them down, would show more or less the same thing for nearly every country in South America.

Business conditions in Brazil, due to a number of causes, but notably to unsound finance and the decline of the coffee market, have been going from bad to worse for some time, and the war only served to precipitate a crisis which would have been inevitable eventually in any case. Over a hundred million pounds of Brazilian bonds of one kind or another are held abroad, and irregularity of interest payment has, in many instances, been the rule rather than the exception, for many years. This state of affairs was, of course, greatly aggravated by the war.

The decrease in Brazil's foreign trade as a consequence of the war was rather staggering. Imports fell away from £66,000,000 in 1913, to but little over £33,000,000, practically fifty per cent. Exports fell from £62,000,000 in 1913 to £44,000,000 in 1914. This startling decline continued during a part of 1915, but an improvement during the last quarter of the year in exports gave a slightly increased total for the twelve months. Imports fell away to less than £30,000,000, however, about forty-

five per cent. of the total for 1913. All countries suffered in their trade with Brazil for 1915, but England managed to maintain practically as good a lead in the percentage column as in the case of Argentina.

The principal factor in Brazil's commercial troubles is coffee, always that country's most important item of export. Something like half of the world's coffee supply is raised in the State of Sao Paulo, but owing to unscientific growing, marketing and financing, the industry has been in a bad way for some years. With the war this condition was accentuated not only by the shortage of shipping, but also by the fact that coffee, being more or less of a luxury, was one of the things Europe began to do without. The same causes operated to depress the Brazilian tobacco industry, and the heightened demand and increased price of rubber has not been enough to offset the loss in the two other great commodities of export. In a general financial and industrial reorganisation, the first forerunning signs of which are evident in the increased activities of several strong American houses in the great republic, lie Brazil's best hope of the restored prosperity her incomparable natural resources so fully entitle her to.

Chile's Nitrates

Chile, through nitrate, like Brazil through coffee and the southern of the United States through cotton, was another region that was the harder hit by the war as a consequence of carrying too many eggs in one basket. In 1913 the output of Chilean nitrate was approximately 3,000,000 tons worth, at the prevailing price of £8 per ton, £24,000,000. The shortage of shipping following the outbreak of the war, and the cutting off entirely of the German market, caused a slackening of the demand which forced the price down to £5 per ton, just about the cost of production. As a consequence, all but 36 of the 134 nitrate "officinas" closed down for a number of months. But by 1915 the increasing demand for refined nitrates for use in the manufacture of explosives increased the demand, and the price went up to over £9 per ton, with the indications good that this very satisfactory figure would be maintained through 1916. The present capital investment in the nitrate industry of Chile is over £30,000,000, about one-third of which is British, and this has proved a very important factor in enabling England, there as in Argentina and Brazil, to maintain her strong commercial lead. Chile's foreign trade fell off about twenty per cent. in 1914 as compared with 1913, but much of this was regained in 1915, and the present rate of increase will make 1916 very close to a normal year.

A study of the trade figures for Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Uruguay and the other less important South American republics reveal conditions more or less similar to those prevailing in the three leading ones—German imports practically negligible, Great Britain steadfastly holding its own, and the United States registering small but consistent gains. From the American standpoint perhaps the most encouraging feature of the situation is less in the actual gains made than in the evidence that American bankers and exporters are at last learning from England the important commercial axiom, that trade follows the dollar quite as persistently as it does the flag. American loans to or in a number of South American republics, and increased American investments in mines, water-power projects, railways, packing plants and other industrial enterprises, will unquestionably be more strongly reflected in the American trade returns of several years hence than in those of to-day.

A significant fact, calculated to have a very important bearing on the "trade war" which will be launched in South America immediately peace is declared in Europe, was brought to my attention by an official of the Pan-American Union just returned from a swing around the southern continent.

"Except for the south of Brazil, with its 400,000 Teutons," he said, "and the Chilean army, which is commanded by the *ex-revolutionista* and soldier of fortune, Gen. Koiner, every part of South America is not only actively pro-Ally, but vigorously anti-German as well. This will be of small moment one way or the other as far as the course of the war itself is concerned, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, is bound to tell heavily against Germany in its efforts to regain its lost markets after the war."

A "U" Boat's Victim

By Georgina Pennant

[Miss Pennant was a passenger on board a Japanese steamer which was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean Sea. She gives in this article a graphic description of her exceptional experiences.]

TWO to three o'clock on a warm sunny afternoon is a drowsy hour on board ship. There is no breeze, and a big Japanese liner slides steadily through the blue waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, on which yellow gleams of sunlight play. Most of the passengers are dozing, some on deck, some in their cabins, for the previous night for the first time during the voyage there had been a certain amount of anxiety which had kept us awake. All day a small white steamer had hung about, not half a mile away; to the unsuspecting passengers she was an object of interest, the only one in the waste of waters; but her innocence was only skin-deep—it began and ended with her white paint. She was a Dutch boat (so called), and had been sending off German wireless messages in a code, which aroused our Captain's suspicions, for this is an approved method of communicating with submarines.

On hearing this, most of us had sat up rather late, and had slept uneasily, for though darkness is a close time for submarines if a ship shows no light, yet night was hardly night just then with the full moon of southern skies shining down upon us. However, nothing had happened, and in six hours we should be at Port Said. All anxiety was at an end, as the Captain had himself assured me that morning, when bringing an Italian wireless message for me to translate for him. It referred, so he said, to a remote danger which did not concern us at all, being a warning that there was an enemy submarine in the "Cirelian Canale"—there was an interrogation mark after the former of these two words, and we could not make out what it meant; but thought it should have been "Sicilian"; I heard afterwards that the operator had taken it down incorrectly.

A Tremendous Explosion

It was getting on for three o'clock—my siesta was over, and I was standing up in my-cabin finishing my packing. Suddenly there was the report of a tremendous explosion, a sort of reverberating, roaring boom, which shook the ship from stem to stern; she stood still and quivered, and I fell over the berth. It made me think of a bird on the wing being shot.

Then overhead on the deck I heard the confusion of many sounds. The slap of running feet on the boards comes back to me distinctly, and voices calling in different languages, most noticeable being those of the Japanese crying "to-marine, to-marine." Or so it sounded.

My fur coat hung on a peg near the door; quick as thought I snatched it up and raced down the passage and up the stairs, collecting a lifebelt from an empty cabin on my way. We had had no boat drills or warnings how to act in an emergency; but I knew which boat to make for, No. 1 starboard, nearest the bridge. In rough weather in the Bay of Biscay the boats had all been swung out and lowered to the promenade deck, but at Gibraltar they had been hauled up to the top deck, which was reached by a steep flight of steps. I heard a voice say in husky, unnatural tones, "Torpedoed through the bows."

Men were already perched on the davits, swinging out the boats, and passengers and crew were fast assembling, some tying on ship's lifebelts, others struggling into Gieve waistcoats, and puffing and blowing into the tubes which inflated them till they slowly assumed the proportions of a motor tyre round their chests. There was no panic, nothing like a scene—no one uttered a shriek or a cry. One had to correct one's estimate of one's fellow passengers in a crisis like this. A strong, determined-looking man going out to take up a post of importance, who I had thought looked equal to any emergency, was one of the very few who seemed absolutely terrified, while a Spanish Jew, who ate and ate till he swelled visibly and the whites of his eyes turned

yellow, was of the greatest use in launching the boats, even stopping an Englishman from stepping in by saying "The women must go first." Perhaps the most helpful of all was a young man, who some people had thought was a German spy at the outset of the voyage. One middle-aged couple were a marvel of calmness, as they stood on the deck he said to her, "What about a hat?" She answered, "Plenty of time to run down to the cabin and fetch one." And off he went, returning with a new solar-topee and his dressing-gown, which the lady was very glad to wear later on.

Getting into the Boats

As soon as the boat was at the level of the deck, we began climbing in, which was not very difficult though you had to get over the oars as well as the gunwale. There was no confusion, though my boat being nearest the gangway was very much over-crowded, as people came tearing up the stairs and got into the first one they saw. I begged several of them to go on to the other boats; there were four more on this side, some of which I saw being lowered comparatively empty. Even as we were going down half a dozen or more stokers and engineers, who had been busy in the engine-room up to the last moment came pelting up on deck and hurled themselves over the rail among us.

So far as we could then see, the ship looked as usual, and I remember thinking, "It is all very well to get into the boats, but we shall be getting out again directly." Then I caught sight of the Captain, who stood near us on the bridge; he was a very brown Japanese, not yellow at all, but his face was deathly white and streaming with perspiration, and I knew the ship was doomed. But his composure and presence of mind were marvellous. While directing all the launching operations he was also dictating the log to an officer who stood beside him, which was brought and thrown into our boat before we reached the water.

Being lowered in the boats seemed a most dangerous proceeding, though mercifully most of us did not know then how dangerous. Recent wrecks where the ship has listed or could not be stopped have shown this. We only dreaded being stove in by banging against the ship's side in going down or when we reached the water, or being upset by the two ends not being lowered evenly. This very nearly happened in our case; at one of our davits was the chief steward, whom I had nicknamed "Too much trouble," as he always said it when asked to do anything special. He lowered his end much too fast, and at one time we were at a very perilous angle but the Captain shouted out directions and we were promptly straightened.

Getting out the oars was very inconvenient owing to the crowd, and I had a blow in the face from the blade of one, luckily only a cut and a bruise, but it might have knocked my teeth out.

Some Impressions

It is very difficult to be natural at a moment like this. You feel as if you are acting a subordinate part in some great drama where you can do nothing except not hinder the main actors. The actual lowering cannot have lasted more than two minutes, but it seemed endless. I know I had time to count the people in our boat—63—to think as we passed the port-holes of my cabin how all my possessions there would soon be floating about, to notice that all the other boats from the starboard side were afloat, and rowing hard and already some little distance from the ship; and worst of all to be seized with a fear that we with our big load might not be far enough away to avoid being sucked in when the ship sank. That was the time when I felt most frightened. I never thought I should be drowned. And all the time the Japanese talked without ceasing, and even laughed; it was disconcerting not to understand anything they said, but I am sure their light-hearted indifference to death and danger created an atmosphere which made it easier for all of us.

Somehow the oars were got out, and the boat warded off the ship's side at the perilous moment of reaching the

water. Rowing was started with much vigour, if not in a concerted manner. I felt very sorry for the two Japanese stewardesses—late arrivals—who sat on the floor of the boat with their heads bent down to be out of the way of the oars; they must have been most uncomfortable, but never uttered a word of complaint.

Soon we were 40 yards or more from the ship, going round behind her, and our hearts lightened. She was now settling down evenly by the bows with no list at all, a wonderful thing so far as we could judge, the torpedo must have gone clean through her, and the water must have entered evenly from both sides. This was one of the many things we had to be thankful for, as all the boats on the ship had been safely launched.

Value of Soap

At Marseilles when watching the cargo coming on board, I had noticed a great deal of soap (destined for Shanghai) in the forward part of the hold; if, as I imagine, it was here the torpedo struck her, it would be greased and hastened on its way by the soap instead of making a hole in only one side.

The rowing improved after a little while; as they pulled the Japanese kept time by chanting a sort of sing-song, just two or three words; they sounded like, "Oshima Toi, Oshima Toi."

The stern of the ship was now coming up out of the water with the screws slowly revolving. The Captain with one or two others was still on board, and we felt very much afraid it might be part of his code to go down with his ship, and were greatly relieved and cheered heartily when the last boat which had left the port side put back and took him off. Before leaving he had been into every cabin on the ship to make sure that not one was left behind. Just before leaving one of the sailors ran up the Japanese flag, so that our poor ship should go down flying her colours. There seemed something so pathetic about this that we were all touched.

The arrival of the Captain inspired us all with confidence. Hitherto we had seemed such a forlorn and helpless little fleet adrift on the ocean, the over-crowded boats progressing slowly, while the emptier ones were already some distance away. Our boat was now about one-eighth of a mile away from the ship. The great red stern was fast coming up out of the water, and towering over us, while black smoke poured from her funnels, a wonderful but awful sight. Some hid their eyes and could not bear to look at her, but I could see and think of nothing else.

A ship has more personality than any other non-sentient thing, and to witness such an end as this must fill the coldest heart with emotion.

The Last Farewell

Still there was nothing hurried or undignified about her. Slowly she heaved forward in a most deliberate manner till she was literally standing on her head nearly half out of the water, the screws pointing straight up to heaven. Then she began steadily sinking, but there was no rapid plunge, she merely subsided in a calm and stately manner. It was a most impressive and solemn moment. One minute she was still there—the next she was gone below to join—alas—too many of her sisters in the underworld of the Mediterranean; and what a glorious death salute her crew gave her. They all stood up, cheering, shouting and waving; it was more like hailing a victory than mourning a loss. One could hardly believe that it was only thirty-five minutes since she had received her death-blow. There was no regular whirlpool, only a rough swirl where the sea had closed over her; spars, chairs and bits of wreck, all danced on the surface of the troubled waters. An explosion, not a loud one, and a cloud of steam were the only signs of the tragedy.

Calm settled down again; we pulled ourselves together and began to think of our own fate instead of the fate of the ship.

It was now that I first saw the submarine, or rather, her periscope, which from our lowly position only looked like a large funnel. She was evidently keeping near to be ready in case there was any attempt to rescue us. She soon disappeared, but subsequently emerged three or four miles away to have a last look round.

The presence of the Captain made all the difference to our well-being. A comparatively empty boat came up and took off about twenty of our load, while one which had a leak was abandoned altogether. A ship's officer was put on each vessel to take command; ours was the chief engineer, whose name, "Funkiwashi," had always amused me. Then the roll was called, and to our great relief we were told that no life had been lost either of passengers or crew, 282 in all. Another piece of good news was next circulated. A wireless message asking for help had been despatched before the ship sank, and an answer had been received from Port Said to say that a salvage boat would be sent for us.

Nine of the ten boats were now roped together in a long line, about 30 feet apart, while the tenth, which contained some of the crew, rowed about independently. Sails were hoisted and oars put away, for it was our object to remain as near as possible to the scene of the disaster.

Though very calm, there was a slight swell, and the motion as we lay and flopped was very trying to most of us, some of the crew even succumbing. Some women and small children had begun being seasick almost as soon as the boat reached the water and they managed to keep it up practically all the time.

Feeling more at ease as to our prospects, we took stock of our fellow flotsam, and tried to make the best of our position. I was sitting at the side of the stern, and had the gunwale to lean against, but there was only a narrow bar to put my feet on; however, I had my shoes on, though no hat, so was much better off than the two ladies next me, who had come away with only stockings on their feet, and were also bare headed. Underneath the bar lay several stokers and cooks who were lightly clad, and found it warmer there. Later on a mackintosh sheet was cut in pieces to cover up those who felt cold.

A Merry Purser

The purser and his under-study were both in our boat. The former was a bald, elderly man, who chuckled merrily if spoken to. I did not at first recognise him in the boat, for he had completely concealed his uniform with a long drab mackintosh; on his head was a brown Homburg hat, and he spent some time in fitting his hands into a pair of new doe-skin gloves. Perhaps he had hopes of being taken for an American citizen if captured.

We were much exercised by seeing flames rising from the Captain's boat, and heard afterwards that he was burning some very important papers which must on no account fall into enemy hands.

The sunset that evening was a glorious sight. The west was afire with golden brown, when it died down an orange glow came over the sky and lingered long, while on the other side the full moon got up out of the sea, looking gigantic at first; as the darkness deepened the moonbeams playing on the water were like drops of liquid silver. Our little fleet then looked most picturesque, half the sails in brilliant light the other half in black shadow, while from time to time a brilliant red flare, burnt on one of the boats to attract attention, cast lurid reflections in the water, the dark figures against this glowing background had quite a theatrical effect. About six o'clock—much too soon—we began thinking that the rescue boat might turn up. Now and again lights showed in the distance. Some nearer, some further, and filled us with hope which quickly turned to despair, as one after another they made off. One came so near that the ropes were undone and we all rowed hurriedly towards her; she was a very small vessel, and on hearing that help had been promised us she promptly made off.

No doubt any ship which stopped to pick us up would have been exposed to the danger of being torpedoed, but that excuse cannot be made for the Dutch neutral boats which travel fully lit up and are perfectly safe from attack. Two came quite near and looked at us; then these Priests and Levites of the ocean passed by on the other side. A cruel disappointment.

Nine o'clock came, ten o'clock, still no sign of help; we all did our best to be cheerful, and luckily it was very still and warm. Biscuits were served out and some people were glad to nibble them, but I never felt the least hungry or thirsty though at first I had an odd parched feeling in my mouth. From time to time I slept fitfully for a few minutes, my head on the gunwale, my feet on

Lost at the Dardanelles

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(Continued from page 18)

the bar. The night wore on; eleven o'clock found us still waiting and watching, but the moon now shone down on some despairing faces.

It was after midnight when suddenly a small black vessel bore rapidly down upon us showing no light. She stopped dead, rolling horribly and challenged us in French. Quickly the Captain shouted back, "Camarade," and a signal of lights was sent up to say we might come on board. Oars were got out and a babel of Japanese voices arose talking and shouting. But everything was perfectly orderly. There was no fighting or struggling to be first in getting on board, which the ship's crew told us afterwards they expected, for she really looked too small to hold us all.

Our Rescuer.

She was a French patrol boat, heavily armed, an old tug really, and the oldest boat in the French navy, but she was the only one at Port Said with steam up. The Captain superintended the disembarkation most carefully; it was rather a difficult job as the ship rolled tremendously all the time. I managed very well with a good spring, but some people got rather hurt getting on board. The sailors told us they had had their guns trained to fire on us, as they took us for a submarine decoy or screen. They had been first to the scene of the wreck, but we had drifted five or six miles away, and they had only found one empty boat floating about there, and had concluded that the rest had gone down.

There was no room to spare when we were all on board; guns and a torpedo took up some of the little space there was. My place was sitting on the very dirty deck with my back against the cabin window, but we were packed so tightly that I had to settle with the lady next me when I was going to change from side to side, as there was literally no room to move.

The cabins were desperate little dens where the men fed and slept. The women and children were taken down to one, and the lightly clad Japanese took possession of the other. I could see them through the window I was leaning against. Stokers and engineers lay packed like sardines on the floor. Down the middle ran a narrow table, and there the Japanese barber lay at full length. On the little benches on either side sat stewards and stewardesses all fast asleep, with their heads in two rows on his body—really a most comical sight.

The French sailors were most hospitable; they fetched mattresses and rugs and distributed cigarettes and hot coffee and tea, which some people welcomed, though I could not touch it.

We got on very slowly with our heavy load, doing barely seven knots an hour. Eight of our little boats were fastened on behind, so that there should be something for us to take to in case of an accident (which was not an unlikely contingency); they impeded our progress considerably, and four were lost before Port Said.

It began getting light before seven, and the passengers with good sea legs made their way about and related their experiences. Everyone had fared very well on the whole, though a missionary who took a gloomy view of things, said even the men in his boat sobbed and wept when no help came. Someone else had had two rather hysterical French girls as fellow passengers; one had been looking for her gold purse and had delayed leaving the ship so long that she had had to go down a rope which had cut her hands badly. Some other late starters were two lady missionaries, but they were so neatly turned out, I think they must have been dressing for the wreck; they refused to cheer up even on the French boat; they were out to be miserable, and miserable they would be.

One friend of ours had rather an amusing experience. She and her maid had both got Gieve waistcoats which the maid took up on deck, but found her mistress already in a boat which was being lowered, so gave one of the waistcoats to a Swiss gentleman who was climbing in, and told him to give it to "that lady in the red cap." The Swiss, a man of resource, at once put it on himself, though he had a ship's lifebelt in his hand, and finding a flask of brandy in the pocket, he helped himself, and generously handed it round to others. Meanwhile the real owner, having no life-saving appliance at all, asked the Swiss if he would kindly let her have the ship belt as she saw he had on a patent one, and he actually had the effrontery

to give it to her. When the boat's crews were readjusted, the maid rejoined her mistress, and at once spotted the Swiss as the man to whom she had given the Gieve. The lady felt that this was more than she could bear and requested the gentleman to return her waistcoat at once, which, very shamefacedly he proceeded to do, making off to the other end of the boat, where however, he was well chaffed by some girls who had witnessed the whole scene.

It got very hot by nine o'clock; the sun blazed down, and I was forced to tie a dirty pocket handkerchief over my head. The mole at Port Said was a welcome sight, and we were soon in the mouth of the canal. Here an unexpected ovation awaited us. Three big French men-of-war which lay there had their decks manned with cheering men, the admiral stood saluting us, and the bands played the Japanese National Anthem.

We next passed the two Dutch liners which had glided by us looking like fairy ships the night before, leaving us to our fate; the Japanese gave them a very different reception, giving vent to yells of execration which one hoped must make them feel ashamed of themselves.

We had to go on board a small pilot boat to be landed, but before leaving the French ship, the Captain shook hands with all the passengers; we were proud to do so, and glad of the chance of thanking him for all he had done for us. I can only say that if one has got to be wrecked, ours was a very well-behaved wreck as wrecks go, and the behaviour of both passengers and crew was beyond all praise.

Some Fashion Notes

Heavy French crepons are being much used for summer coats and skirts and very attractive many of them are. They are thick enough to hang and cut remarkably well, and the crinkled surface of the material is in itself a decoration. For tennis and country wear a suit of this description is unrivalled, for it is cool, comfortable and cheap. Tan coloured crepon suits are amongst the best examples of their kind, and have an added advantage of not showing the dust at all.

Many women are wearing the new corded cape collars. These are just the same shape as postillions used to wear in the old coaching days, coming well down over the top of the shoulders. White washing collars of this kind renovate a last year's muslin gown surprisingly well, bringing it up to date with a minimum of trouble. There are also shoulder capes of taffetas but these are hot looking and not particularly smart or becoming to many women.

Many of the latest umbrellas are so short that they pack most conveniently into a week-end suit case. They finish with a loop of pigskin or some other leather and hang over the arm, for they are far too short to be a convenient aid to walking. An en-tout-cas of this kind may also be seen, but the notion has not yet spread to sunshades.

A boldly embroidered djibbah of Egyptian cotton is an idea for people wanting an inexpensive evening wrapper. The chief charm of a djibbah is the ease with which it can be slipped on. It goes readily over the head and fastens on one shoulder with a couple of tiny buttons and loops or invisible fasteners. Many people then seize the opportunity to dispense with the daytime corsets and wear narrow tea gown belts to which suspenders are attached.

Trains once more are making their appearance, but they are by no manner of means the appendages of yester year. The new trains are quite distinct from the short skirted dress beneath and hang loose from the waist downwards. We have been accustomed to frocks of diaphanous material, and trains of satin or some such weighty fabric, but the usual order of things was reversed the other day, with a frock of heavy dull black crêpe de chine allied to a train of gold embroidered tulle. The train spread out like a great fan along the floor, and at the end was a thick border of Greek patterned gold lace weighting it and keeping it in its right position.

Developments in the way of hairdressing have resulted in a large plait brought well to the top of the head and twisted round in a single loop at the back. This is a style of dressing which only suits the possessor of very regular features and people with large heads should undoubtedly shun it. Every body now is twisting their hair in a loose knot and securing it at some special angle at the back of the head, particularly in the evening, when no hat combats this mode of dressing.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1916

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[A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY



By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for 'Land and Water.'

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THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1916

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KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

That tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.

IN this hour of grief, while the nation mourns the death of Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, these words of Tennyson on the death of the Iron Duke, the great Field Marshal of the Napoleonic wars, inevitably recur. For Kitchener was also a tower of strength which stood unmoved amid the fierce tempests of this mighty Continental war, and round which the miserable squalls of partisan jealousy and spite fretted in vain. His very name inspired confidence in the breast of our Allies for they knew what he had accomplished in other years under other skies; our enemies recognised in him a modern Cadmus from whose sowings armed men sprang into being by battalions. His final public act in London before leaving for Petrograd was to meet face to face, on his own invitation, acrid critics of the House of Commons. He spoke to them and they spoke to him openly, and a new confidence in the War Minister and a clearer understanding of his policy and methods were engendered.

Courage, steadfastness and devotion to duty were the mainspring of his career. "His life was work." He was a type of man much better understood in the outer wards of the Empire where actual achievement is reckoned at higher worth than it is here at home among the haunts of politicians. Never believing in talk, either as a preliminary or afterwards, he left the deed to speak for itself. He was of the same mould as John Nicholson and the Lawrences who by sheer strength of character maintained our rule in India during those terrible days close on sixty years ago. Of all the many and varied types which our blood breeds, there is none to whom the British Empire owes more than to those quiet men of action who never fear to shoulder a responsibility, be it ever so heavy or dangerous; who enter on their work determined at all hazards to see it through to a finish, who, scorning popularity and the tinsel of success, will not be moved from their purpose by any attacks which tongue or pen can frame. It is a breed, thank Heaven, which shows no sign of failing in these islands, and although it is only given to the few to rise to the heights which Kitchener attained, the others recognise in him a true brother and a comrade and rejoice in his rewards. The grip which this great soldier had on national sentiment arose from this one fact. A lonely man he was in the sense that he did not mix freely and easily with his social equals; his tastes were not their tastes; the very conditions of his existence in the early part of his career fostered a natural love of solitude. But with all this he must be written as one who loved his fellow men. Before Kitchener entered the British Army, he, then a youth, faced death fighting as a volunteer in the French ranks against Germany in 1870. He met his death at the hands of his first enemy while on his way to confer with the Emperor of Russia and his General Staff, thus at the beginning and the ending of his career he forged new bonds between Great Britain and her greatest and most gallant Allies.

Though born in Ireland Lord Kitchener was an Englishman on both sides. The family whose name he

has lifted to a high place in the history of the nation were of old Hampshire stock. Was it pure coincidence that the *Hampshire* should have been the warship chosen to bear him on his last voyage? His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Horatio Kitchener of the 9th Foot, was born on October 21st, 1805, the day of the battle of Trafalgar; he himself dies at sea on June 5th, 1916, almost before the echo of the guns of the battle of Jutland has died away. This connection of the two greatest sea-fights of modern times by two lives covering a period of 111 years, is in itself extraordinary.

From that day, over forty years ago, when he who was to become Britain's most famous Minister of War took up surveying and archaeology in Palestine, he seems never to have varied his work. True, the material changed—from stones to men, but he has always been engaged in clearing away from the relics of the past, the debris and waste which Time has heaped up; in some instances restoring the edifices to their ancient purposes and in others rebuilding on the old foundations. It must have been then that he acquired that wise appreciation of time which has always marked his enterprises and reforms. Whether in the Soudan or in South Africa, at Simla or in Whitehall he never allowed himself to be hustled. He slowly won the Soudan back to civilisation and incidentally flooded Darkest Africa with light; he restored peace to South Africa, and in the process re-established the prestige of Great Britain for honourable and straightforward dealing; he reorganised the army of India and his work has stood what in those days was considered the supreme test of all—a European conflagration; he has given Britain an army comparable with the armies of the great Continental Powers. He never commanded or hoped to command in France or elsewhere the forces which he had called into being, but he has died on active service; he has fallen doing his duty, and at sea which is the greatest and most famous of all Britain's battlefields, and thereby he has entered into a new command of his own men. Henceforward, Kitchener's Army is led up the steep slopes of self-sacrifice by Kitchener himself.

When the first news of his death reached London, people would not believe it, they thought it must be an uncomely joke; but as the truth was borne in upon them they were stunned. It was almost as if death had visited every home. It succeeded so quickly to the sudden losses of the naval battle that minds paused perplexed between time and eternity. Death takes on a new guise when men pass away so rapidly in the middle of their work, in the prime of life, or in the first flush of manhood before the promise can be fulfilled. Everyone realised this to the full on Tuesday; you heard the same thought echoed and re-echoed. "Lord Kitchener is dead; we mourn him but we must not grieve as men without hope." And those familiar sentences from the most exquisite threnody in the English tongue were recalled: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" Formerly they had sounded in our ears as chords of solemn music, breathing consolation; now that we see them clearly to be triumphant verities, living and everlasting truths, they ring out like a trumpet call, summoning and inspiring the living to stronger action. The work continues though the hand that moulded it perishes; the body dies, but the soul lives on. There is no sting in the grave when on either side men press forward to one immortal goal and when living and dead battle together for in-ruptible principles. Whether individually we live or die signifies nothing, if that high cause for which we fight wins. Lord Kitchener's death will not interfere with the work he had undertaken, nor shall his passing delay, but rather shall it hasten the victory to which he looked forward.

The Battle of Jutland

By Arthur Pollen

IN the early afternoon of Wednesday, May 31st, a battle—which, from the number and power of the ships engaged on each side, no less than from the important and signal character of its results, must be regarded as by far the greatest event in the history of modern sea war—was begun between the battle cruisers of the British and German fleets. The action was fought in misty weather in which contact between the two fleets was occasionally lost. The fighting, therefore, was necessarily of an intermittent character. More especially was this the case in its later phases. From a quarter to four until a quarter to five the engagement was between the battle cruisers only. By this time von Hipper had been driven back on to the High Seas Fleet and the British fast squadron, reinforced by four Queen Elizabeths fought a holding action for the next hour and a quarter, drawing the German High Seas Fleet towards the forces that were approaching under Admiral Jellicoe. During this phase the British squadron was greatly outnumbered, of course, by the Germans, but at 6 they were reinforced by Rear-Admiral Hood with three further battle cruisers, and at 6.20 by Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot with four armoured cruisers of the Defence and Duke of Edinburgh classes.

Shortly after 6.30 Sir John Jellicoe brought the Grand Fleet on to the field of battle, upon which von Sheer retreated incontinently. From seven o'clock until darkness fell, the bad light, the thick weather, and the disorderly retreat of the German squadron made anything like an artillery duel between the two fleets impossible. The German destroyers did all in their power to hamper the pursuit by the British Dreadnoughts, and when pursuit by the capital ships was made impossible by darkness, the British destroyers were sent forward amongst the German ships. There then followed a night action, the pursuit being carried on by the British cruisers and destroyers until three on the following morning, when such of the German Fleet as survived had reached the mine defences of their main base. The Commander-in-Chief then recalled his fleet, and at daylight made a systematic search of the scene of the previous day's engagement, but without finding any disabled ships. At noon the British force returned to its bases, refuelled, and 24 hours later was once more ready for action.

Thus the Germans, who had entered the North Sea, according to their own account to engage and destroy the British ships that have been systematically sweeping the waters north and east of the Horn Reef, attained the first part of their objective only. They did succeed in engaging. But the consequences were disastrous. The plan of overwhelming the British fast division with superior numbers was defeated by the masterly handling of the British force, combined with the effective use that force made of its artillery. So far from Sir David Beatty having been overwhelmed, he succeeded admirably in his main object, which was to draw the German Fleet into a position where Sir John Jellicoe's squadrons could engage it.

The enemy was only saved from total destruction by mist, and by the approach of night. Not only did his whole plan miscarry, but he was driven ignominiously from the field, and with a very heavy loss in ships and men. The British Fleet suffered far less severely, and that the losses were not greater must be attributed very largely to the tactical skill with which they were handled. The three capital units that were lost owed their fate largely to bad luck—a matter which I will touch on later. Thus the net result of the first contact between the main sea forces of the two belligerents is that the field was left in the possession of the British; that the German Fleet was driven to seek safety behind the defences of Heligoland; and that it lies there now, having suffered the loss of many more ships than we have, so that its relative strength is disproportionately reduced. The German defeat, therefore, has certainly been signal and has probably been

final. It is difficult to conceive a combination of circumstances which can tempt or drive them into action again, nor any conditions of action likely to be more favourable than were those of May 31st.

The Story of the Battle.

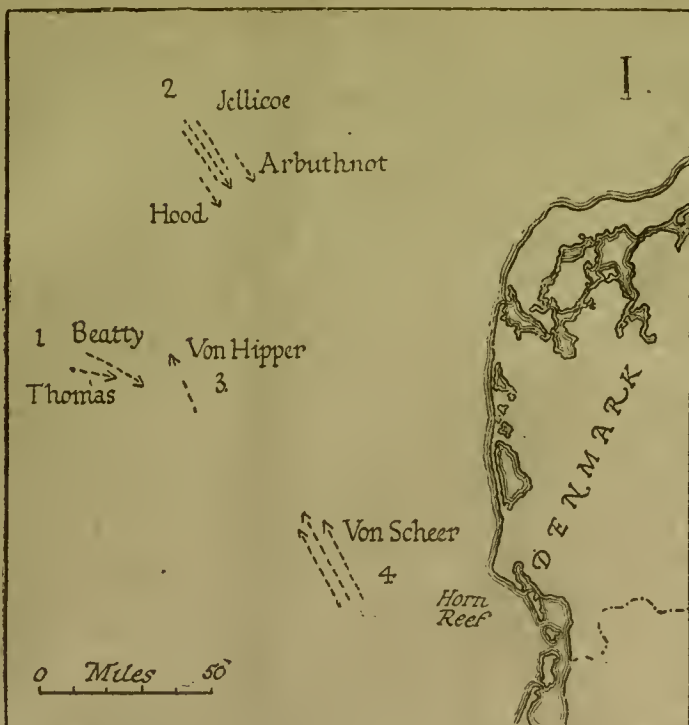
The King, in noble words, has thanked the victors and paid royal homage to the heroic dead. A week hence the slain will be commemorated at St. Paul's. It is the only way in which the nation can join in the homage of their King. But need the honours to the living wait till the tribute to the great dead is paid?

My readers will naturally wish to have something like a reasoned and consecutive account of this tremendous event. The official communiqués have been exceedingly meagre, but they have been supplemented by certain semi-official accounts of the action and by stories from officers and men who took part in it. Much interesting information has come, too, from British and neutral fishermen, who appear to have carried on their occupations regardless of the fact that the fate of the German Navy and the command of the sea were being decided on their fishing grounds. The Germans, too, have issued both an official and semi-official summary of these events. I have attempted in the following pages to collate all the available information and to elucidate it by a series of sketch charts to illustrate the principal phases of the action. But I offer this narrative and these sketches with considerable reserve. Practically nothing is known of the movements of the main fleets after contact was made round about seven o'clock in the evening. Of the pursuit from then till darkness all the accounts are most confused. And of the final phase—the night attack by the British light craft on the flying German Fleet—nothing is known whatever, except that the Commander-in-Chief seems to have recalled all his units at about three in the morning of June 1st. The narrative and sketches then, are offered for what they are worth, and no more can be claimed for them than that they contain nothing, as far as I am aware, inconsistent with reliable information to hand. Though the positions of the Fleets are, I believe, generally correct, the sketches are not to scale.

It is unnecessary to say that they are incomplete. But on one point the reader must be warned. The sketches indicate only the general direction and character of each movement. In the phase, for instance, in which Sir David Beatty, weakened by the loss of *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* was reinforced by Admiral Evan Thomas's four Queen Elizabeths, I have indicated the courses of the British Vice-Admiral and of the German Fleet as straight and continuous. It is most improbable that this can represent the events of an hour and a quarter of fighting. So, too, with the rest. At many periods during the afternoon the shifting mists and fogs made it impossible for the British to see their opposite numbers in the German line, and again and again the gunlayers had no other mark to aim at but the flashes of their opponents' guns. These conditions not only made gunnery extremely difficult, they made it quite impossible for participants to keep any clear recollection of the courses steered. With this preface, I will proceed.

(1) The Disposition of the Opposing Fleets.

This sketch indicates the approximate position at 2.15 of the forces engaged in the course of the afternoon of Wednesday, May 31st. Sir David Beatty was at position 1, steering south-east or east-south-east. He had with him four Lions, *Indefatigable* and *New Zealand*. There were of course also some flotillas of destroyers and probably more than one squadron of light cruisers. Throughout these sketches the small craft have not been indicated, but they must be assumed to accompany all of the main squadrons. Slightly astern and a little to

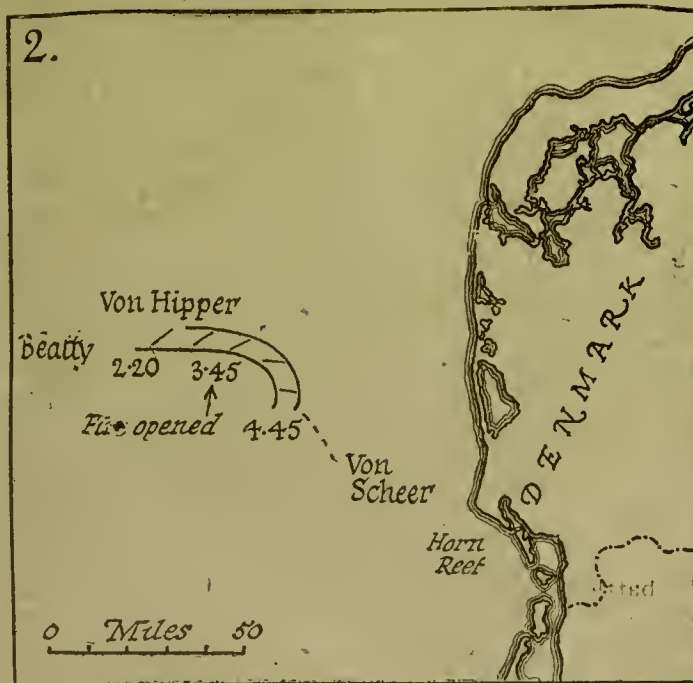


Plan I.—The opposing forces at (approximately) 2.30 p.m. 31st May.—
 1.—BEATTY: *Lion* (flag), *Tiger*, *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal* (flag), *Indefatigable*, *New Zealand* (flag); E. THOMAS: *Barham*, *Valiant*, *Warspite*, *Malaya*. 2.—JELlicOE: *Iron Duke* (flag), a b d Battle Squadrons; HOOD: *Invincible* (flag), *Inflexible*, *Indomitable*. ARBUTHNOT: *Defence*, *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Duke of Edinburgh*; 3.—VON HIPPER: *Hindenburg*, *Derflinger*, *Lutzow*, *Seydlitz*, *Moltke*; 4.—VON SCHEER: With 3 *Koenigs*, 5 *Kaisers*, 4 *Heligolands*, 4 *Westphalens*, and 6 *Pre-Dreadnoughts*.

the southward of Sir David Beatty, Rear-Admiral Evan Thomas, flying his flag in *Barham*, commanded a squadron of four *Queen Elizabeths*, the name ship only being absent. Some 75 miles north by east of Admiral Beatty was the Grand Fleet under Sir John Jellicoe, steering a south-easterly course. With Sir John Jellicoe was a squadron of three battle cruisers under Rear-Admiral Hood, *Invincible*, *Inflexible* and *Indomitable*, and, in addition to light cruisers and small craft, Sir Robert Arbuthnot's squadron of four armoured cruisers of the *Defence* and *Duke of Edinburgh* classes. Ten miles to the north-east of Sir David Beatty, von Hipper—who commanded in the affair of the Dogger Bank, January, 1915—was in command of five German battle cruisers, *Derflinger*, *Lutzow*, *Moltke*, *Seydlitz*, and either *Von der Tann* or *Hindenburg*, probably the latter. This squadron was heading north by west; and some 60 miles astern of him was the High Seas Fleet under Vice-Admiral von Scheer, consisting of all the German Dreadnoughts, sixteen in number. He also had with him half a dozen pre-Dreadnoughts of the *Deutschland* and *Braunschweig* classes.

The Opening Round.

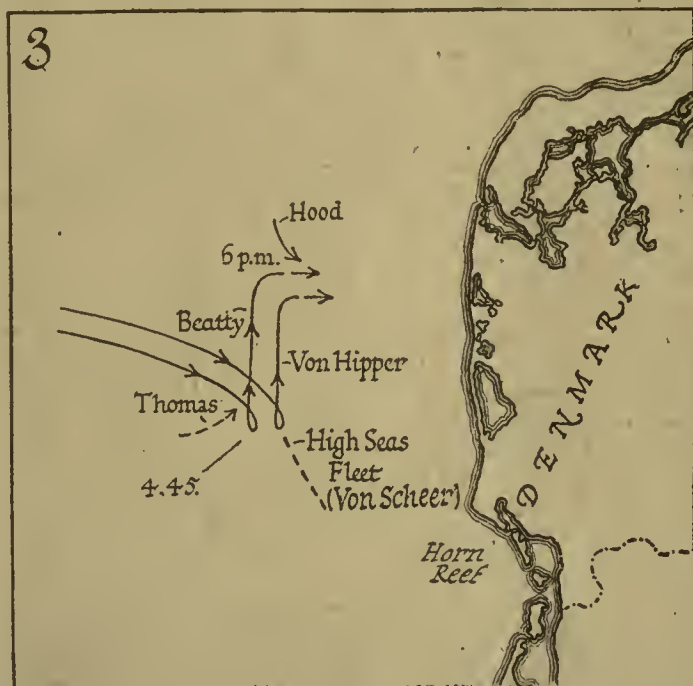
It was when the fleets were so disposed that the advanced light cruisers of Sir David Beatty and von Hipper's squadrons sighted each other and Sir David thereupon closed the German squadron at top speed. Von Hipper immediately turned his squadron eight points to starboard, and steered either east or east-south-east, and a stern chase followed. After about an hour and a half the battle cruisers got within 18,000 yards of the enemy, now bearing north-west from them, and opened fire. The four *Queen Elizabeths* had necessarily been left behind in this chase. The mist being thick and visibility poor, Sir David Beatty closed the range fairly rapidly and ten minutes after the engagement had become general *Indefatigable* was hit, blew up and sank. Twenty minutes later *Queen Mary* shared the same fate. One German cruiser was also sunk at this stage. Von Hipper had meanwhile been gradually changing course southward, Sir David conforming to the same movement as soon as he had got to a range that it was imprudent further to reduce. His squadron, it must be remembered, had now been reduced from six to four. Southerly courses were followed until, at about a quarter to five, the entire fleet of German Dreadnoughts was seen coming straight up to von Hipper.



Plan II.—(approximately) 2.20 p.m.

The Holding Action.

The latter then put his helm over, turned 16 points to starboard and took station at the head of the German line, where he had three *Koenigs* and the five *Kaisers* immediately astern of him. The gradual turn south-



Plan III.—4.45—(approximately) 6.20 p.m.

wards had enabled Sir Evan Thomas to bring up his squadron, and when Sir David turned 16 points, so as to keep a course approximately parallel to the enemy's, but a position slightly ahead of the German line, Admiral Thomas was able to fall in behind the battle cruisers, and engage both those of the German battle cruisers that had survived and the leading ships of the German Dreadnought fleet. At this stage of the action the British fast division had manœuvred itself into a position so much in advance of its opponents that the leading enemy ship bore about 40 degrees abaft the beam. There ensued an action lasting for about an hour and a quarter between these very disproportionate forces. But the English ships had the speed of the German, and seven out of the eight vessels had guns that would have been much more effective at long range had the weather conditions permitted of their being used to the full advantage. It is uncertain how many of the German battle cruisers were still in action at this point. Certainly not more than four, possibly only three. But even with a lesser number, the German force would be 19 ships to the British 8,

and obviously it was Sir David's duty to draw them northward, rather than to seek close and decisive action.

The Heroic Hood

At about 6 o'clock the first reinforcement from the Grand Fleet came upon the scene, and Sir David now being sufficiently ahead of the Germans to execute the right manœuvre, turned eight points to starboard, thus



Plan IV. - Approximately 6.40 - 7.0 p.m.

forcing the German line to turn also or be enfiladed. Shortly after this turn, say at about 6.10 or 6.15, Admiral Hood with *Invincible*, *Inflexible* and *Indomitable* swung gallantly into line ahead of the Vice-Admiral, and at once opened a very accurate fire on the leading German ships. Almost immediately, however, *Invincible* shared the fate of *Queen Mary* and *Indefatigable*.

The Dash of the Cruisers

Sir John Jellicoe's fleet was now deploying for an immediate attack on the German fleet. To enable the Grand Fleet to make its attack, Sir David Beatty forged head as fast as possible to the east, after ordering Rear-Admiral Evan Thomas to take station with the battleships. The battle cruisers had by this time done their task and the finish of the action was to be handed over to the Commander-in-Chief. The Germans, to whom the imminent participation of Sir John Jellicoe in the action was apparent, promptly sent destroyers and light cruisers

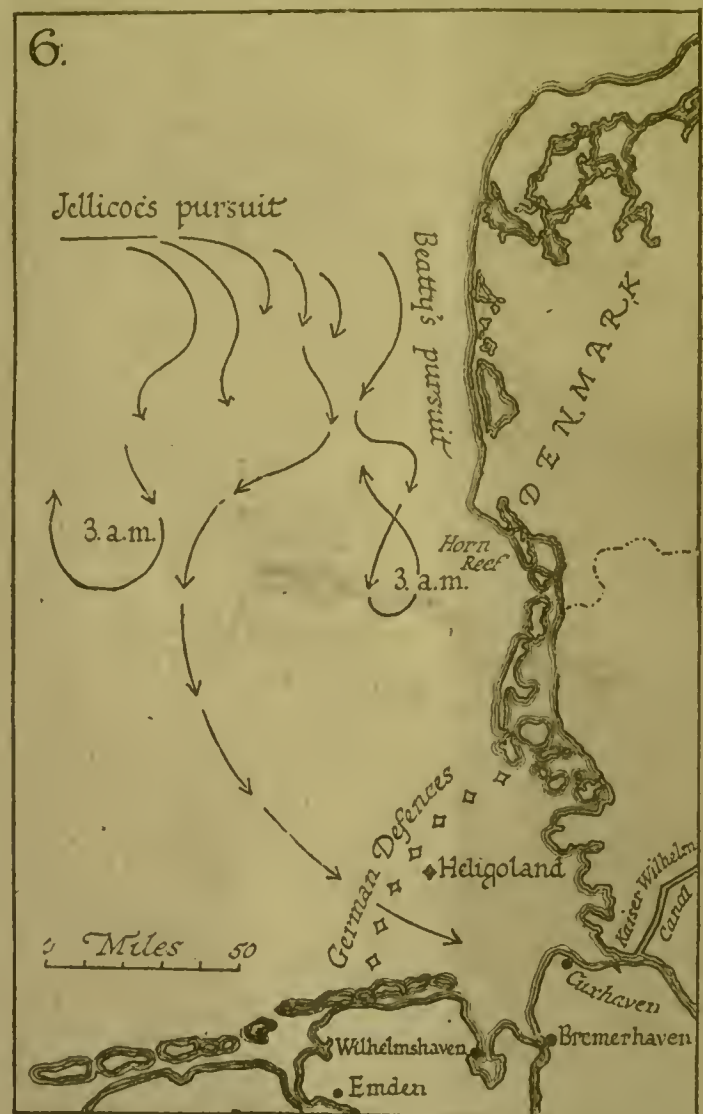


Plan V.—Grand Fleet joins action, approximately 7—7.30 p.m.

forward to hamper the British advance by torpedo attacks. It was apparently to ward off or thwart these that Sir Robert Arbuthnot—who was some little distance ahead of the battle squadron with his four cruisers—made a dash at the advancing line of light craft. This brought him under the fire of the German main fleet, and two of his ships, one of them *Defence*, the flagship, were immediately sunk, and a third, *Warrior*, was disabled. It was at this stage that *Warspite* (Captain Phillpotts) distinguished herself by her brilliant shielding of *Warrior*.

The Grand Fleet and the German Flight

The next phase of the action was the short and indecisive engagement between the main fleets. It was indecisive largely because the fog had become thicker, and short because von Scheer realised the hopelessness of a regular artillery combat with the British Commander-in-Chief's forces. But it lasted long enough to show von Scheer what would happen if it continued. *Iron Duke* and the other leading ships got in some useful salvos, but hardly had the leading squadrons become

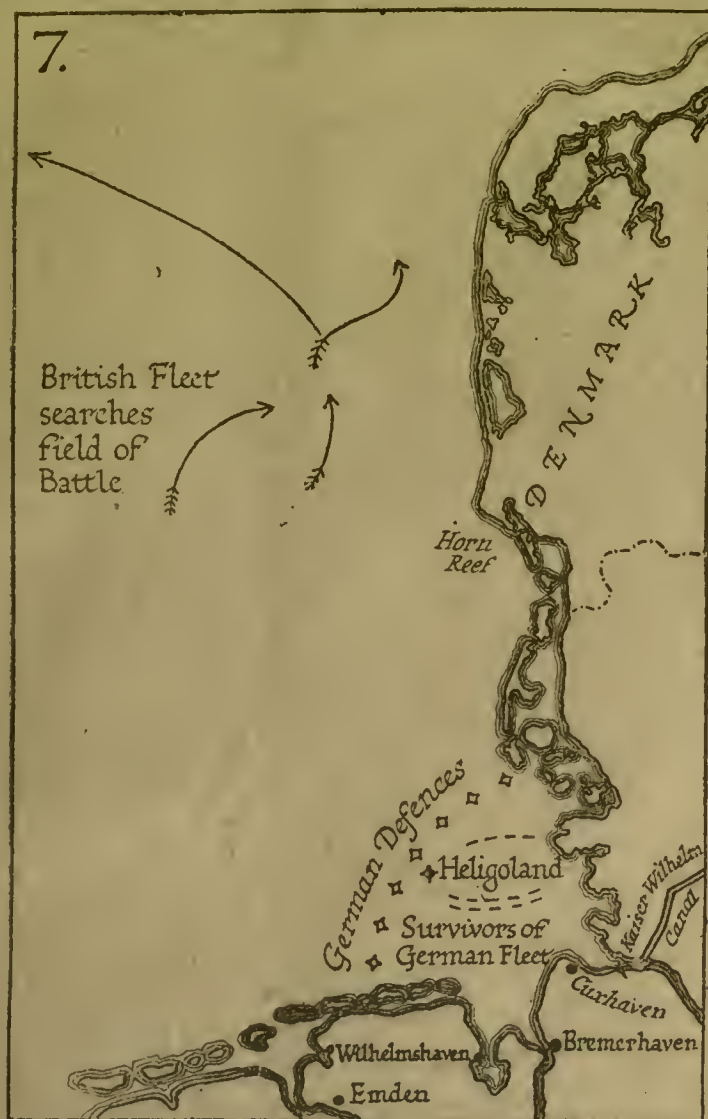


Plan VI.—May 31st. Approximately 8.0 p.m. till midnight.

engaged than a disorderly flight began, the details of which are far too confused for narration or diagrammatic reproduction. So long as daylight lasted the German destroyers and light craft did all that was possible to protect their main forces. First they sent up *barages* of smoke, which mixing with the fog and mist, made a barrier impenetrable to sight; secondly, they darted in groups of four and five out of this barrage to launch torpedoes against the advancing British ships. In the result the German Fleet was well off in its flight before Sir John Jellicoe could either locate its position or shake off the destroyers for an organised pursuit. The pursuit was, however, carried on until the gradually fading daylight made gunnery impossible and the battleships consequently useless.

Sir David Beatty, in the meantime, in pushing forward eastward to enable the battleships of the Grand Fleet to come into action, had a second objective in view as well. In getting between the German Fleet and the coast of

Jutland, he headed off the possibility of a German retreat into the Sound or any attempt, by either single fast ships or commerce raiders, to break past the British fleet and gain the Atlantic. There seems some authority for supposing that, almost as darkness fell, that is at 8.30 or shortly afterwards, he exchanged shots with the group of ships that had been leading the German line before.



Plan VII. June 1st. Daylight till noon.

At this stage there were seemingly only two German battle cruisers left, but the *Koenigs* and *Kaisers* that composed the rest of the squadron could not be usefully engaged in the light that gave the British 13.5 guns no range advantage.

The General Chase

The final stage of the battle was the pursuit of the retreating German ships by the British destroyers and light craft. This continued for no less than six hours, and it was not until three in the morning that the Commander-in-Chief was satisfied that all such German ships as could still steam had found their way behind the mine defences of Heligoland and the main German bases. All battleships, cruisers and destroyers were now recalled—the battle cruiser squadron being at this point as far south as latitude 55. By daybreak on the anniversary of the glorious first of June, the victorious British fleet reformed and made a systematic search of the scene of the previous day's engagements. It was a vast area that had to be swept. The fighting and pursuit had extended by daylight alone over an equilateral nearly 100 miles by 100. But by noon no trace of friends or enemy had been found and the fleet returned to its bases.

INTERPRETATIONS AND COMMENTS

(1) The leading of the B.C.F.

Such, in the briefest possible outline, were the chief movements of the Fleet on this memorable day. Comment is perhaps as premature as criticism must be ill-

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judged and out of place. If then I proceed to attempt to elucidate certain aspects of the tactics and strategy employed, or the character of some of the most striking incidents, it is because on many of these points judgment has already been pronounced, and in almost every case, a judgment, on the face of things, patently unjust. Take, for instance, the suggestion that has been made many times that the loss of *Queen Mary*, *Indefatigable* and *Invincible* is to be explained by their having been employed "in rash and impetuous" tactics, or sent to engage a superior force by the "over-confidence" of the admiral responsible for their movements. One critic has gone so far as to say that the opportunity afforded the German Commander-in-Chief to overwhelm an inferior British force with greatly superior numbers was exactly what the enemy was looking for. No impartial examination of the events, as I have recorded them, affords the slightest justification for any such aspersions. When Sir David Beatty, with his six battle-cruisers sighted von Hipper with five, he certainly went for them at his top speed and fought them as hard as he could. Von Hipper probably thought that he was carrying out his own plan and not Sir David's, in falling back upon the German High Seas Fleet, and, doubtless, when he effected a junction with that force, at a quarter to five, thought he would get the opportunity which the *Times* critic says he was awaiting. If so, he must have been signally disappointed by the skill and adroitness with which the British Admiral defeated his intentions. For the manœuvre had enabled von Hipper to join the main German squadron, also enabled Rear-Admiral Evan Thomas to join Admiral Beatty's squadron, and the British ships having now a minimum speed of 25 knots, were able to keep the entire German Fleet in play, without exposing themselves unduly, for a period of no less than an hour and a quarter, during which Sir David acted the part that in the first hour's engagement fell to von Hipper. But the difference between the two exponents of the same manœuvre was this. Von Hipper led Sir David Beatty into what was no trap at all, and Sir David led von Hipper and Von Scheer into a veritable trap, from which they only escaped by incontinent retreat and the favour of the weather.

If there were anything in this criticism, surely it would be supported by some facts. But *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary* were lost, not when Sir David was engaging eight ships against nineteen, but when he was engaging six ships against five. Again Sir David Beatty's cruisers were continuously in action from 3.40 till nearly seven o'clock. We do not hear that *Lion*, *Princess Royal*, *Tiger*, *New Zealand*, *Indomitable* or *Inflexible* were at all seriously hurt. Yet had they been continuously, or even, rashly and imprudently exposed; if, at any stage, they had been trapped and overwhelmed, surely more than one of the first four would have been knocked to pieces between a quarter to five and six, and one at least of the others before a quarter to seven.

(2) The loss of the B Cruisers

It is time the myth that the Battle Cruiser Fleet is led by a dare-devil maniac should be laid to rest. That it needs the rarest kind of courage to exercise

tactical skill of the highest order in the face of great odds, is obvious. But if skill is useless without the courage, so is the courage dangerous without the skill. And it is primarily to skill that we owe last week's victory.

As to the true explanation of the loss of the three ships that did blow up, the Admiralty, no doubt, will give this to the public if it is thought wise to do so. But there can be no harm in saying this. The explanation of the sinking of each of these ships by a single lucky shot—both they and practically all the other cruisers were hit repeatedly by shots that did no harm—is, in the first place, identical. Next, it does not lie in the fact that the ships were insufficiently armoured to keep out big shell. Next, the fatal explosion was not caused by a mine or by a torpedo. Lastly, it is in no sense due to any instability or any other dangerous characteristic of the propellants or explosives carried on board. I am free to confess that when I first heard of these ships going down as rapidly as they did, one of two conclusions seemed to be irresistible—either a shell had penetrated the lightly armoured sides and burst in the magazine, or a mine or torpedo had exploded immediately beneath it. But neither explanation is right.

(3) Sir Robert Arbuthnot's self-sacrifice

The manœuvre in this action that is most likely to be criticised is that of Sir Robert Arbuthnot's squadron of cruisers. The result seems to show that the risk taken was almost prohibitive. I say "almost" because clearly if by the sacrifice of these ships either the Germans were kept from flight for a sufficient period to enable the Grand Fleet to get up, or if the manœuvre increased the speed of the Grand Fleet's advance by thwarting the effort to check it, then the improved prospect of the battle squadron's guns coming into action was worth a very heavy sacrifice indeed. The success or otherwise of the manœuvre does not, of course, in the least affect its tactical or strategic rightness. The admiral in command has to play the cards in his hand. If there was a reasonable chance of his lead taking the trick, it was manifestly the right lead. That his sacrifice was not rewarded by such contact being obtained as could finish the business of the enemy is therefore irrelevant to appraising its merits. It remains one of the most glorious and inspiring memories of a historical day.

(4) Destroyer Tactics

The lay reader may be puzzled at finding that the chief rôle of the German destroyers was to attack the British ships by daylight, and that of the British destroyers to attack the Germans at night. The weapon of the destroyer is the torpedo and the range of the torpedo in action is not absolutely so many yards, as is the range of the gun, for the reason that the time of its maximum run is so long that the target can travel an immense distance while the torpedo is on its journey. Thus, if a torpedo can go 10,000 yards at a uniform speed of 30 knots, and is fired at a squadron advancing at 20 knots, clearly the squadron will advance some 6,600 yards while the torpedo is travelling 10,000. 16,600 yards then is the effective range of the torpedo at the oncoming enemy. But if a torpedo is fired at a retreating enemy, the distance that the enemy goes while the torpedo is travelling must now be deducted from the torpedo's range. The 30-knot torpedo then would not hit a 20-knot battleship retreating along the line of its passage, if the initial range were greater than 3,300 yards. The retreating force, then, is armed with a 16,600 yard weapon and the pursuing force only with a 3,300 yard weapon. But at 3,300 yards in daylight the destroyers have very little chance against the battleships's guns. In a daylight pursuit, therefore, the destroyer is of far less value than in a night attack. But its defensive value in a daylight retreat is at its maximum.

THE COST OF VICTORY

The losses suffered in this battle have naturally been exceedingly heavy. The British navy has lost *Queen Mary*, *Invincible* and *Indefatigable*, battle cruisers, *Defence*, *Black Prince* and *Warrior*, armoured cruisers, and eight destroyers. Between 5,000 and 6,000 officers

and men have perished, a loss that it is difficult to face with equanimity. But heavy as this loss is, the enemy loss has been far heavier. They have lost two Dreadnought battleships of the first class, and several others have been so battered as clearly to be unfit for work for many months to come. Two of their latest battle cruisers are gone also, and a third is either lost or disabled. Since the beginning of the war Germany has produced a new type of light cruiser armed with six-inch guns. Two of these have been sunk and two light cruisers of an earlier type as well. Six destroyers and a submarine complete what has been officially announced. In the fleet, however, the opinion seems to be universally held, that the German losses were far heavier than this. But it necessarily happens that in an action fought over 10,000 square miles of sea, largely at night and entirely in misty and foggy weather, there should be wide uncertainty as to the ultimate fate of many ships crippled and apparently disabled. It will be surprising, however, if serious additions are not made to the list we know. Von Scheer did not probably have under his command all the Dreadnought ships completed, but whether that total before the battle was 16 or 20, a reduction by two is the loss of a very serious percentage. The British Dreadnought fleet remains in the meantime what it was before. Of battle cruisers we have lost three out of 10, the Germans two out of six, and we have none disabled and they certainly one. The loss of Sir Robert Arbuthnot's armoured cruisers is undoubtedly a heavy one, but their military rôle is far less obvious and important than it was when they were first designed in pre-Dreadnought days. Certainly the loss of four light cruisers by Germany is a greater handicap to the prospective employment of the enemy's fleet on any future occasion. For Germany's cruiser losses have been serious from the beginning, and her margin now must be an extremely narrow one. The most difficult point to determine is the extent of Germany's destroyer losses. Six are claimed for certain, but the total is likely to exceed that very greatly.

The Worth of Victory

It should be borne in mind, however, that though the actual losses of the enemy are far heavier than ours, our victory would have been worth winning with the tale of losses reversed. In the first week of war Germany was deprived of the whole of her overseas trade, and before the end of the second week of war, Great Britain was using the sea as the high road of her military communications. In the 22 months of war the German navy has attempted no stroke, either to restore her trade or to interfere with our reinforcing and supplying the army that must prove decisive in the continental war. Never before has a Power possessing a great fleet waited inertly for so long in face of so heavy a loss as our sea blockade is causing, or in face of so dreadful a military menace as our army in France holds out. Precisely what, after so long a patience, brought the German navy out on May 31st is uncertain. Its professed object, as we have seen, was to attack the squadrons that had been in the habit of cruising off the Danish coasts. But would such an enterprise have been ventured on had there not been some impulse from within the country, some fading confidence in the higher command, some despair at the stringency of the grip on Germany's food supply, that made it absolutely necessary to restore the dynasty's prestige and put heart into a despairing people? The very promptitude with which this great defeat has been held up as a great victory seems to lend colour to the idea that the German navy was to sacrifice itself gallantly,

After *Quinney's*, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new book, *The Triumph of Tim* (John Murray, 6s. net) is in the nature of a disappointment, for Tim is rather an ineffectual person. His varied adventures—for the book is no less than his life story—make good reading; out in California, on board ship, and in the rest of the phases through which Mr. Vachell conducts him, he holds the reader, for the adventures are worth reading, but all the time we feel that Tim himself is not as good as his author thinks. The vicar, too, who has some share in the making of Tim's life, is mildly exasperating, and the only character who merits whole-hearted admiration is Duffy, the heroine. Mr. Vachell's skill saves the book from mediocrity, but it is not up to his usual level.

so long only as the name of the German success could be claimed afterwards.

It is this point which lends significance to the event. And it is because Germany's greatest necessity now is a renewal of the national *moral*, that it is the Allies' greatest necessity to strike at the instrument of its restoration, regardless of what the blow may cost. Had in point of fact the British attack on the German fleet been "over-confident" or "rashly impetuous," had our success been gained at a loss disproportionate to that which the enemy had suffered—but nevertheless remained a success, then the sacrifice of ships and men would seemingly have been rightly incurred. It was the plain duty of the British fleet to thwart the purpose of the enemy at sea, whatever it might be, and to drive his fleet back into harbour at whatever cost in ships and men.

The News and Its Reception

This truth, it seems to me, was so obviously the key to the whole naval position, that I must confess to complete astonishment at the way in which the news of this event was broken to the people of this country and in some quarters received by them. The first announcement was made on Friday evening at seven o'clock, in the form of a statement issued by the secretary of the Admiralty. Apart from the known losses of the British fleet and the supposed losses of the enemy, this statement told the public nothing but the following facts.

An engagement had taken place on the afternoon of the previous Wednesday off the coast of Jutland. In its first stage the battle cruiser fleet, supported by fast battleships, had engaged the German fleet till the British main forces appeared. The action between the main forces was brief, because the enemy took advantage of a low invisibility to avoid action. Finally, the enemy had retreated to his harbours.

To anyone with the faintest understanding of things naval, two things were clear. First, if the enemy had any object in being at sea, he had been thwarted in obtaining it. Next, the day had ended with Sir John Jellicoe in possession of the field from which the enemy had been driven. It was evident, therefore, that our sea command had been vindicated; that the victory was ours. The statement of losses made it, it is true, appear that the cost of victory had been heavy, but relatively to the size of the two navies, the enemy's losses were at least as serious. The victory might not be decisive in the sense that there was no enemy fleet left to fight with; but it was obvious that the enemy's plans, no less than his hopes had been defeated, and that he was in certainly no better a position than he was before to dispute Great Britain's control of the North Sea.

Subsequent statements, it must be remembered, added nothing almost to these substantial and eloquent facts. They did put the German losses higher, and limited our destroyer casualties to eight. But the evidences of victory were patent from the first communiqué.

Whether the Admiralty was right or wrong to leave the interpretation of this statement to the intelligence of the newspapers that reported it, is a point that is difficult to decide. That we had won was clear. It may have seemed wiser to let the absurd German statement have a start, so that the truth, when fully known, should have a still greater effect. For once, the facts were allowed to speak for themselves. And the result was startling. Mr. Balfour's administration has ever since last autumn been subjected to alternations of sniping and curtain fire from a certain section of the press. If Mr. Balfour had ordered the circulation of Friday's statement with no other object than to let his enemies in, he achieved it to admiration.

A small section of the press, small in numbers, but highly important from its circulation and popularity, read in the Admiralty's report nothing but the list of the ships sunk, and immediately lost its head. The *Times* treated the event as a German "success snatched from us upon our own element." "We have suffered," it said, "the heaviest blow at sea we have met with during the war. . . we engaged, perhaps in over confidence, in a long running fight against ships more numerous, stronger and more heavily armed. . . and we have suffered heavily." The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily*

Chronicle found the result one that could not be "regarded with satisfaction." The latter paper declared that a feebler force had been sent "far forward into enemy waters, to be almost overwhelmed by its stronger adversary," and that this policy "is directly traceable to the influence upon naval strategy of civilian alarm." The *Weekly Dispatch* asked "What was wrong last week? . . . The British navy was beaten. . . Why did we fail? . . . The fight itself was mismanaged. . . Lord Fisher must be recalled to the Admiralty at once." The *Daily News* mourned over this "gravest disaster" and foresaw a serious danger of diminishing confidence in the administration of the navy, and called at once for the return of Lord Fisher "in this hour of the country's urgent need." The *Observer* would have it that "we had missed victory," "that our strategical object had not been obtained," that "it was a public duty to be plain" and "nothing could compensate for the absence of Lord Fisher from Whitehall." Elsewhere we were told that we could not dismiss from our minds the thought that someone had blundered. Of London papers the *Morning Post* and the *Westminster Gazette* put the matter from the first in its true light, but even the *Daily Telegraph*, exceptionally sane as a rule on naval subjects, warned us not to be *too* gloomy or to indulge in *undue* pessimism—as if a measure of gloom and pessimism would be wholesome!

It is an odd way of commending a new naval chief to forces fresh from victory, to tell them that he alone can rescue them from the disastrous consequences of defeat! And it is as unfortunate as it must be unjust, that Lord Fisher's name should have been coupled with views almost too repugnant to professional intelligence and feeling to be called ridiculous.

But on Saturday and Sunday last, it was not the ridiculous side of it that I saw. The news that a near relative had been severely wounded in the action took me to one of the bases and was the occasion of various visits to the naval hospital. Here were men who had taken part in the great action, had been knocked out of shape, or burned almost out of human recognition on this glorious day, and they had come into hospital counting their sufferings as nothing weighed against the greatness of their deeds. It was certainly pitiful when one of them said to me, "We were a bit bucked with-ourselves when we came in here, but look at these papers. They tell us we have been beaten!" The thing became tragic when one heard of widows and bereaved mothers having their grief embittered by the thought that the lives of husbands and sons had been lost in a failure. It should not, one would imagine, need a very robust faith in the British navy, to make one slow to believe in defeat. It was once supposed to be a characteristic of the race that we did not know when we were beaten. Now it seems we do not know when we have won.

"The sailors, naturally enough, are broken-hearted that they have not sunk every German ship. The result, in this respect, is so contrary both to their expectations, and to their knowledge of what their guns could and would have done, had it been possible to see, as to seem a much smaller thing than obviously it is. But there is no reason why the nation should measure its gratitude by their disappointment."

But there is another aspect of the matter that must be noted. It is not necessary, if ever we are defeated, to scream at once that someone has blundered. It is conceivable that defeats may come without any blunder at all. It is certainly not very generous to imply either that the Admiralty—though this department can look after itself—or that naval officers, who cannot do so, have brought disaster on us by rash tactics and professional incompetence. Time, in this instance, will vindicate the accused. And the time will not be long. But however ignorant and ill-conceived, these hasty judgments give pain. They have been persisted in, after the least observant must have realized that our tactics had succeeded, and they are not supported by any facts known to us. They are a poor return to those who risk not only life and limb, but honour and name in the country's cause.

ARTHUR POLLEN.

Professor I. P. Jack's article "A Bad School of Statesmen," owing to the sudden demand upon our space, has regretfully to be held over until next week.

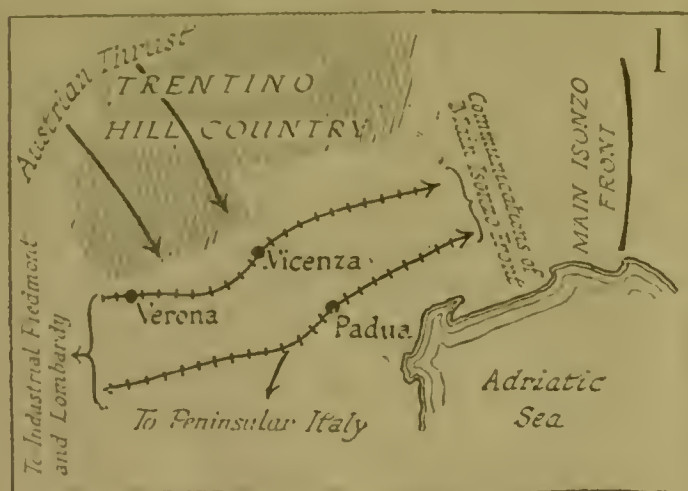
The Trentino Front

By Hilaire Belloc

THE interest of the war by land this week (pending further developments upon the southern Russian front) still centres on the Trentino; and, what is more, it is probably in the present week, certainly in the immediate future, that we shall know whether this important offensive upon the enemy's part has failed or succeeded.

The great news of the week, by sea, should not obscure for us the capital value at this moment of the Trentino Theatre; nor should the news of the Russian movement of which only the beginnings are apparent at the time these lines are written.

The offensive will succeed if it gets across, or even imperils, the communications feeding the main Italian front on the Isonzo. If it is definitely stopped short of such an objective it will fail.



The communications of the main Italian army are the two railway lines, the northern one through Vicenza and Verona, the southern one through Padua, both leading to the Isonzo front. The southern is the main one and the more important one because it has been from the beginning the one most remote from peril, and the one by which most shortly arrive the masses of recruitment, while it also leads to the industrial areas of the north.

But the northern one is also important. It is not a single line, as I erroneously suggested last week, but a double one, and the enemy in possession of it would not only threaten within a few miles all the communications of the main Italian army on the Isonzo, but would already be in possession of half those communications.

This Verona-Vicenza line runs of course on the edge of the Venetian plain just under the mountain country; but the enemy's immediate object is not to "reach the plain," but to secure one of the two, or preferably both, of the great avenues of supply by which alone a large army can be maintained if it is to attempt an advance across that plain, and meanwhile to secure a certain third inferior line of supply which, as we shall see in a moment, exists between the two.

Getting into the plain merely because it is a plain; getting out of the mountains merely because they are mountains, means under modern conditions hardly anything. A strong defensive line established across a plain at the mouth of a mountain valley is overlooked indeed from the hills, and to that extent suffers a disadvantage. Further, the points at which a line across a plain can be attacked are indefinite in number, whereas the points upon which a mountain line can be attacked are limited in number.

These are not the main things. You will get examples over and over again in this war of a strong defensive line well held in flat country and even in flat country overlooked by neighbouring hills. What you never get in this war, what you cannot get in the nature of things is an offensive pursued upon a sector behind which there is no proper avenue of supply.

We all know by this time that the modern offensive consists, as against an entrenched line (not in a war of movement) of concentrated heavy artillery fire followed by infantry attack for which it is the preparation.

An offensive under siege conditions has always consisted of these elements since artillery was invented, but the peculiarly novel character of the present operations since the spring of last year is the weight of shell which it has been found necessary to deliver over a restricted sector and within a restricted time if that sector is to be attacked with success even by great masses of troops.

This great weight of shell must be brought up somehow. Each missile weighs from 60 lbs. up to several hundredweight. The mere handling of such masses presupposes artificial communication of some sort. The moving of them in large bodies presupposes railways for general supply and good roads for petrol traffic between railhead and the guns. Short of such ample communication modern concentrated heavy artillery fire is physically impossible.

The reader is acquainted with the conditions of communication upon the sector, about 40 miles across as the crow flies, which is the scene of the Austrian offensive.

You have two great divergent valleys, the Val Sugana and the Val Lagarina, valleys of the Brenta and Adige respectively. Between them you have only one really good road which runs from Rovereto up the Vallarsa and across the frontier by the Fugazze pass just behind the block of the Pasubio Mountain. It runs down on the south side of the Posina ridge to Schio, and then finds a single line of railway continuing the communication to Vicenza.

North of this good road you only have two interrupted roads, not so good, one leading to Asiago by the ravine of the Astico, the other leading to Asiago. Neither could supply a large force advancing southwards.

If the Austrians could have pushed down the Adige valley or the Brenta valley, or both, that would have been the first and most obvious thing for them to do. But they failed. For it was obviously at these two points that the Italians had to put up their strongest resistance. In the Adige valley they only managed to carry the northern end of the Zugna ridge. They occupied the Zugnatorta but they have failed, after nearly a fortnight's effort to carry Conizugna. On the further side of the Adige, between the Val Lagarina and Lake Garda, they have been held absolutely: the line still passing just south of Marco and through Mori.

In the Val Sugana it has been the same story.

They have got the Italians back a few thousand yards; uncovering the rather open piece of valley at Borgo. They have failed to dislodge the Italians from the natural position lying just down stream east of that town.

It has therefore been their business to try and get at the lower part of one or both of these two great avenues of approach, the Adige Valley and the Brenta Valley by going round through the wild country between, since they could not get at them by going straight forward. And going round meant attacking in all the central mountain mass between the two rivers. Apart from the guns which they have specially massed for their effort, they were helped by the fact that they had long established works on the Folgaria plateau and in the Lavarone district. They forced the frontier here, as we know, up to a salient in crescent formation (AAA) the most advanced points on which are the towns Asiago and Asiago.

What progress have they made or are they making towards proceeding from this salient on to either the Lower Brenta valley or the Lower Adige valley?

It will be remembered that I pointed out last week the obviously critical point of Valstagna, and said that if an advance could be made by the Austrians from Asiago towards Valstagna, so that the latter point should come under effective fire, the Italian positions on the Upper Brenta near Borgo would be turned. Towards this



objective the enemy has in the interval made no progress whatsoever.

It is exceedingly difficult country.

Asiago lies in the centre of a sort of shallow basin, which itself is part of the surface of a great plateau. The plateau is called the "seven villages," because there was here a settlement of seven isolated German-speaking villages which only in modern times learned to speak Italian. It was long ago a sort of barbaric German island cut off from the civilisation around it by the difficulty not only of communication, but even of water supply.

This plateau is cut by the deep ravine of the Astico, but save for the exception of that valley is bounded everywhere along the south by an escarpment (B B on the map), whence the land falls very sharply down into the plain.

It seems to have been thought impossible hitherto by the Austrian Higher Command to force a way down the exceedingly rugged, and in their latter part exceedingly steep paths which lead from Asiago to Valstagna by the wild Valtrenzela, with the Italians holding in strength the natural position formed by this escarpment of the plateau B B. They may attempt this easterly move, but time is getting on and they have not yet attempted it; and to attempt it with the Italians on the position BB (on May 11.) right in front of them untouched would be extremely perilous.

Their chief effort has been against the other limb of the problem set them. They cannot here, indeed, directly approach the valley of the Lower Adige, as they might hope to approach on the other side the valley of the Lower Brenta. In this central mountain push of theirs they have come to within eight miles of Valstagna upon the valley of the Lower Brenta; but the valley of the Adige, as the map shows, turns further and further away from them as it goes south. They are a full thirty miles away from its lower portion in the neighbourhood of Verona.

What they can hope to do and what they are attempting to do is twofold:

1. They are attempting to get hold of the central part of the Adige valley by turning the positions the Italians have so stubbornly and successfully held upon the Zugna ridge.

2. They are attempting to get hold of the subsidiary line of communications, the road from Rovereto to Schio, whence a single line railway leads to Vicenza.

The first of these efforts has been conducted as follows: The road from Rovereto to Schio runs up the Vallarsa to the Fugazze pass. This pass is rather



more than 3,000 feet above the sea, about 3,000 feet above the plain, and about 2,000 feet, I believe, above Schio. They have pushed along this line as far as the point of Chiesa, whence their front turns outward again slightly round Mount Pasubio, which they have



failed to carry. They cannot push down the Adige valley much beyond Marco, and the Italians still strongly hold the height of the Conizugna which is about 5,000 feet above the sea, though they have lost the lower summit of the ridge to the north, the Zugnatorta. Just south of the Conizugna and immediately above Chiesa, is a pass (without a road) called the Buole pass. It is only 700 feet below the peak of the Conizugna. I have marked it on the above sketch Map III. with the letter X. The enemy are fighting as hard as they can up from the valley at Chiesa to force the pass of Buole and so to come down on to the Adige valley. If they could do that they would cut off the Italians to the north, and would about double the present strength of their hold upon the road and railway that follow the Adige valley south of Rovereto. Probably their main difficulty consists in the fact that the Italian batteries on Mount Pasubio command the Buole pass. But how far it is thus overlooked and with what effect only those on the spot can know. At any rate, this attack upon the Buole pass with the object of getting into the middle of the Adige valley is the first part of the present Austrian effort.

The second part is an attempt to get hold of something second best in the way of communication. That is, the excellent road of which we have already spoken which runs from Rovereto behind the mountain of Pasubio to railhead at Schio.*

If they can get this road they would have an avenue of supply down towards the plain only second in value to the two main avenues of the Brenta and the Adige. They would lay a light railway, of course, immediately along the road and they could feed with munitionment an advance towards Vicenza. The crossing of the northern line at Vicenza would be a blow of capital importance, and I repeat that the excellent road from Rovereto to Schio with the rail beyond gives an avenue of supply if it were once thoroughly held by the Austrians, for an advance on Vicenza.

They have been all this week fighting hard to obtain full possession of this road which runs from Rovereto to Schio and the possession of this road depends upon their being able to turn the Pasubio position.

The Italians on Mount Pasubio stand, and have stood, for now three weeks, against all attack. It is the mountain block which dominates all that country. To push up

* There is a tramway on to a point a mile or two higher up the valley, but Schio is the point where the most natural transshipment would take place between road traffic and rail traffic.

the road behind the Pasubio the Austrians found impossible. They got as far as Chiesa and were there held. The Austrians must therefore try to get round, and that is what they are now doing.

The Italians on Pasubio can be amply supplied by the single line railway from Vicenza to Schio and then up this excellent road C C, which runs behind the mountain, the road which the Austrians are trying to seize.

Importance of Posina Ridge

It is obvious that if the Austrians from A (in the above Map IV.) were to strike across the Posina Torrent, through to a point between Schio and the pass of Fugazze, the position on Pasubio would not only lose its importance, but probably its guns and its men as well. The Italians would have to withdraw everywhere from the road between Rovereto and the point where the Austrians had got in behind them. And the Austrian main effort at this moment is being made to effect this:—To get upon some part of the road south of the Fugazze pass and so turn the present Italian hold of the Pasubio mountain.

Let us see what the local conditions of this effort are.

There runs from the Pasubio mountain block (which has two peaks, one B about 7,000 feet above the sea, and the other E, rather over 6,000) a ridge, steep and with high crests, which I have marked on the accompanying Map IV. with the letters E E E. The summits of this ridge are from 1,200 to 1,600 feet lower than the Pasubio, and these chief summits, or teeth upon the sharp edge of the ridge, which I have numbered 1, 2 and 3, are Mount Alba, Mount Posina and Mount Cogolo respectively. The ridge ends sharply at the gorge of the Astico, but is continued beyond the Astico in the ridge D D D, which stretches on to Valstagna, and is also held by the Italians. The Austrians are engaged in an attempt from the region A in the above Map IV. to carry the ridge E E E, to cross it and to reach the main road somewhere about Valli dei Signori. They have crossed the Posina torrent and have got a footing in the villages of Bettale and Posina, and are now doing their utmost to force their way up the steep slope to the summit of the ridge. The peaks of this summit are about 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the torrent, and the main attack is against the slopes of Mount Alba and of Mount Posina, but we may take it that the whole of this steep and high bank is under attack. Up to the moment of writing the Austrians have had no success here, and the position covering the road is still solidly in the hands of the Italians.

Losses in Front of Verdun

WITH the continuation of the German offensive rhythmically, month after month, in great intense efforts succeeding the long intervals of preparation, opinion in this country seems to have wavered somewhat upon the fundamental point of

all, the fact that the German tactics, as well as the main German strategic policy here—which is a continued offensive—necessarily involve very much heavier losses to the enemy than the enemy inflicts upon the French.

What the enemy thesis is in its continued attack, how

far it is political and how far strategic, has been more discussed than any other matter in the war—and has been less decided.

He may be merely playing for time. But whatever his thesis may be, it is clear that the whole *French* thesis in this struggle reposes upon the apparently elementary truth that the offensive at Verdun is far more expensive than the defensive.

As a general truth this has been affirmed over and over again in these columns. It is upon the face of it impossible to believe the opposite, if only from the fact that the French have refused a counter-offensive of any magnitude during the whole business, while the nature of modern defence makes the losses of the offensive, save those of a very rapid and successful offensive or of one where the losses are quickly cut, necessarily higher than the losses suffered by its opponent.

Nevertheless, the German authorities instruct their press to repeat continually the legend that the German losses are actually inferior to the French upon this sector. One inspired writer said *half!* And whatever Germany says about her losses or any other matter is religiously believed by a certain section of opinion here. It may be of service, therefore, if we go into some detail on the matter, though I have already dealt with the rough proof more than once.

Those who are on the offensive in such work as that which is going on at Verdun act as follows:

First they deliver a very great number of large calibre high explosive shell over the advanced trenches they are about to attack, delivering at the same time a certain proportion of shell upon points behind the lines: Points where they believe, or have discovered, a battery to be established: Points through which men and supplies must pass to reach the advanced trenches.

Under this intensive bombardment the advanced trenches are virtually obliterated in a certain number of hours. A few machine gun shelters will remain and possibly a few sections of trench which men can still hold. But the design and the effect of this continued bombardment is to obliterate the defensive quality of the first line.

Now it is never possible to be certain of the extent to which your initial bombardment has really destroyed your opponent's defensive powers in these first lines. You do not know in what strength he was holding them to begin with, nor exactly where his principal fire-power may lie when you come to advance, nor even what defensive elements may have escaped the effects of the bombardment. But, at any rate, during this preliminary stage the attacking party is suffering no losses in direct connection with attack; the defending party is certainly suffering some losses and may be suffering heavy losses. Meanwhile, the defenders are also at work busily delivering shell against places where they believe the attackers' batteries to be situated, upon his communication trenches, and other points through which men and supplies must pass and, of course, upon the enemy's own advance trenches from which the attack will be launched. The defence cannot be quite certain of the line from which the assault will spring. It is further handicapped by the fact that the offensive concentrates fire upon points chosen by itself, and a counter-concentration is not possible at short notice and in equal strength.

From all these causes it is reasonable to suppose, and it is in fact the case, as many months of experience have taught all the belligerents, that during this preliminary phase the losses of the defensive are superior to the losses on the side which is about to attack.

How much superior depends upon a hundred local accidents. But the capital point to seize in the nature of the losses suffered during this first phase is that, short of excessively bad management or bad quality of troops which cannot hold a line save very densely, or the effect of surprise, the main losses of neither party are suffered during this preliminary phase.

It is in the second phase that the really heavy losses appear.

This second phase opens in one of two ways: Either a whole large body leaps out of the trenches to the attack and attempts to rush the battered trenches of the defence immediately before it or—what is much the commonest plan now in front of Verdun—comparatively small bodies are sent out as a sort of skirmishers to find out what

resisting power remains to the battered lines. In the second case, if the skirmishers find that the defensive power is greater than was expected no main attack is launched; while if it is found, or thought to be found (for, of course, the defensive attempts to deceive) sufficiently weakened by the bombardment, then the main attack follows in a great swarm, sometimes as many as five men being allowed in it (exclusive of all reserves) to the yard run.

Here enters a point of considerable moment in this discussion. What is the enemy's formation in attack before Verdun? Some people speak as though he always came on in very close formation on which the play of field-gun, rifle and machine-gun fire is murderous. Others affirm that he has abandoned this old tradition of his and attacks in open order.

The discrepancy in evidence is simply due to the fact that the enemy uses both methods; one witness has experienced the one, another the other.

For instance, the great attack on the eastern slope of Mort Homme two months ago, the Silesians were disposed in successive waves of assault. But in the attack before Cumières the other day, there were dense columns; columns as dense as the old formations. Whatever the reason for such a murderous plan, that was the fact as reported by actual witnesses in the French press.

The moment these considerable bodies appear they are a target not only for the remaining advanced-rifle and machine gun fire of the defensive line, but for the field guns of the defence, which have, of course, studied every yard of the ground over which the attack must pass.

It is in this phase that the heavy casualties occur. And during this phase one of two things must happen. Either the great main effort of the attack, even if it be repeated over and over again, fails to get home or, at last, some of its elements do get into the battered trenches of the defence and occupy them. If there is great momentum in the attack they even push on well beyond towards the second line. In the first case, the losses of the attack are overwhelmingly greater than those of the defence. They may be ten, twelve or twenty times greater. There is no comparison between them.

In the second case, the attack must also normally lose much more than the defensive, but not so enormously more. For there will be a considerable amount of hand-to-hand fighting in which many of the defenders will be killed and wounded, and all those over whom the attack passes and who survive will fall into the hands of the attackers as prisoners, and will be permanently lost to their own side.

So far we have the mathematical certainty that the offensive will lose more than the defensive. It will lose rather less during the preliminary phase, but during the second phase, which is the only critical one in the way of losses, it will lose *enormously* more if the attack fails, and considerably more even when it succeeds. The only exception to such an obvious truth is to be found when the quality of the defence is so poor that it has to be densely packed to meet attack at all, and breaks down

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

To the British Navy.

*The grace of Heaven
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round!*

Othello II., i., 85-7.

The Braggart Enemy.

*The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with
hunting him.*

Henry V., IV., iii., 93-4.

The German Fleet off Jutland.

*They that of late were daring with
their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.*

Henry VI., III., ii., 113-4.

the moment the attack approaches: a modification of this kind does not apply, of course, to what is going on before Verdun where the defence is skilful and stubborn.

It will be clear from the above that a very considerable element in the deciding of what extra losses the attack suffers is the proportion of successful to unsuccessful assaults. We can tabulate pretty accurately this proportion in front of Verdun. Counting only the main attacks delivered by large bodies of, say, at least a brigade, it seems to work out roughly at about five to one. On one occasion in which you have the successful rushing of the advanced elements, such as was accomplished by a couple of German Divisions between the Mort Homme and Cumières the other day, you have, I think, about five exactly similar occasions in which a main assault is broken. And the expense of these is further added to by the fact that the attempt is usually made up of several successive failures in the same day.

If the fighting round Verdun consisted simply in repeated German attacks usually failing but succeeding once in, say, about five times, and therefore gradually eating into the French lines without reactions against such an advance, the German losses would be immensely higher than the French. They might be fourfold.

But there is another category of fighting here as we all know. The defenders launch counter-attacks, sometimes recapturing, sometimes failing to recapture certain sections of their line which they think critical.

Whenever action of this kind is undertaken the rôles are reversed.

The force which is upon the whole on the defensive is for the moment attacking and loses proportionately. If these counter-attacks were as numerous, and carried out with as large forces as the main attacks of the offensive we might expect the losses on both sides to be equal, but we know as a matter of fact, that these counter-attacks are nothing of the kind. They are always local, delivered over a comparatively small front, and, what is very important, *when a point taken in a counter-attack is abandoned it is abandoned as a rule before the heaviest pressure of the returning enemy has been felt.* In such cases the territory yielded is immediately subjected to the *feu d'écrasement*, which can always be delivered upon an enemy mass, the position of which is exactly known. It is a tactic which cannot be employed of course when territory is lost in the confusion of an assault, but it can be employed, and is employed, when the retirement is deliberate. It was employed, for instance, at Douaumont fort on the 25th or 26th of May, and it was employed two days ago upon the north fosse of Vaux.

It is a tactic possible only to a defensive which intends to remain a defensive, for it is a tactic only open to a force which is willing to yield ground on condition of making an enemy pay the price for that ground.

I have no more certain information on the matter than any reader of this. I receive private letters dealing with Verdun now and then and have heard information second-hand. I read the accounts in the foreign press—often by eye-witnesses—and I have followed, of course, the judgments of the chief writers upon the Continent. I do not pretend, therefore, to anything but an estimate or a guess, but I will suggest that even in the present stage of the struggle, with the French nearly stationary and the great attacks following each other at considerable intervals, there is a disproportion between the two sets of losses of more than two to one.

The Southern Russian Offensive

It is unfortunate for the purposes of this article that the offensive which the Russians have undertaken against the Austrian lines south of the Pripet, or rather the news of it, should only be learned in London just as these lines are written. No details enabling us to analyse the great movement or to conjecture its probable development, or even its main objective are yet available. We are told (by the Austrians) that the heaviest fighting has taken place a little south of the centre of the line—but there is nothing sufficiently definite to guide us to even the most general statement at the moment of writing. We can only await further developments. The facts as contained in the two communiqués, Austrian and Russian, are as follows:

After a preliminary bombardment, undertaken ap-

parently upon all sections of the southern eastern front from the Pripet to the frontiers of Roumania, the Russian infantry attacked last Sunday upon sectors covering the whole line and had *before evening* made 13,000 prisoners, and had also captured a certain (unnamed) number of guns.

The intensive bombardment was proceeding as the infantry advanced. The main weight of the pressure was upon the watershed between the Styr river and the Pruth, with especially severe fighting in the neighbourhood of Okna.

The Russian local advance was most pronounced immediately to the north-west of Tarnopol, and appears to have overlapped upon either side the specially-strengthened position of Kuzpow, to the west of the latter. Strong attacks were also delivered in the region north-west of Dubno. The whole affair is apparently only beginning, and at the moment of writing (Tuesday evening) no details are available upon which to pass any considered judgment.

The German Class '17

One of the principal objects of speculation with the Allied command at this moment is the exact time when the German class 1917 (the last of the contingents called up) will be compelled to appear in the field.

I have received not a few accounts from private sources, some of them detailed accounts, of the presence of the 1917 class already in the field. But I have seen no evidence that give these isolated instances the value of a general policy. I have seen no evidence, official or even private, of any considerable numbers of the 1917 class yet present in the fighting units.

The date generally given as the latest upon which the 1917 class will appear in considerable force—that is, the latest date to which the Germans can postpone calling upon these lads for the maintenance of their effectives—would seem to be the end of the present month. That, at least is the general opinion upon the Continent, both among the Allied students of the war and neutral students. I presume that the fixing of this date as the last moment of entry for the class is based upon intelligence from within Germany. Common sense would lead one to believe that it could not be postponed very much later. Much of Class 1917 has already been kept back later than the other young German contingents. It was first called up a little before the corresponding French class, because the German effectives are somewhat more exhausted in proportion than are the French. The French began calling up their 1917 class in January. The Germans began calling their 1917 class in December. The incorporation went on through January, and the tail end of it lasted through February. But even though the Germans continued their incorporation of the 1917 class up to the very end of February that would still give a full four months between the date of the incorporation of the last of these and the end of the present month, and six months since the first were called. Four months is the average length of time after which the Germans think it safe to put newly trained men into the field.

There is, by the way, interesting evidence also to hand of the use of 1916 before this class was put into the furnace of Verdun. Some prisoners taken from this class were found to have already seen service in Serbia. Presumably only after the occupation of Serbia was completed, and used only for policing and garrison duties.

H. BELLOC

Notes on Street Fighting, a sixpenny manual issued by Messrs. Forster Groom and Co., is the first book of any kind that has appeared devoted to this subject, and, in view of the probable change that will come over the Flanders front with the end of the trench warfare, it is one that recommends itself for study by military men. *Hints for Flight Sub-Lieutenants* (1s. net), published by the same firm, is a booklet of common sense advice for the Royal Naval Air Service, written by a flight lieutenant, and containing many useful tips. Other recent publications by this firm are *Gunnery Formulae Simplified* (1s. net), by Lieut. L. N. Rawes, R.A., and *Musketry* (6d. net), the latter a very handy little introductory study of the mechanism of the rifle, care of arms, and the meaning of "musketry" as the term is at present applied to the use of the rifle and training therein.

The Prime Minister

A Character Sketch

THE judgments of history upon the men who control events in the great crises of the world are often widely different from contemporary criticism. There is no reputation more unassailable to-day than that of Pitt. Yet few men suffered such a running fire of attack as he did from the critics of his policy. And Lincoln, whose name has become a fixed star in the firmament of history, was harried, insulted and traduced by Horace Greeley in the "New York Tribune" with a virulence that has become historic.

It is well to remind ourselves of these things to-day. When a week or two ago a well known newspaper invited from the public "Ten shillings Groans for Asquith" as a form of contribution to the Red Cross Fund I asked myself what history would be likely to say about those "groans." Would it endorse them, or would it marvel at the vulgarity, the hysteria, the levity that produced the appeal? Will its judgment be for Mr. Asquith, or for the critics?

History's Verdict

In attempting to answer these questions we must remember that history will not see this vast conflict as we see it, in momentary fragments, in flying day to day glimpses, by half lights and vague hints, through the haze of rumour and the emotions of our hopes and our fears. It will see it in the large, by the light of full knowledge and by the understanding of those great currents and tendencies which we see so dimly, but which are fashioning the decision and upon which the momentary incident, which seems so big to us, floats like driftwood upon the surface of the torrent. The historian will see the forest. We can only see the trees. He will see motives and complex causes; we can only see results.

It would be impertinent to anticipate his judgment; but it is not impertinent, it is even necessary, to suggest some considerations as to what his judgment will be. And this, not in the interest of Mr. Asquith. I suppose there is no man who has played a great part in the affairs of this country who has been more indifferent to popular applause, less moved by criticism, more obstinately reliant upon the sanctions of his own mind. He is "Yorkshire" to the last fibre—a sort of sublimated Yorkshire manufacturer, saturated with Oxford culture, but carrying the original grain of the timber into every detail of his life; a little brusque in his manner, as the Yorkshire manufacturer is; very scornful of all forms of flummery; brief and lucid of speech; suspicious of cant in others and avoiding it with a sort of intellectual horror himself; more attached to principles and to historic tradition than to adventurous empiricism, but with a healthy distrust of his imaginative limitations that keeps his judgment open to the empiricism of others; a man who bears opprobrium with a scornful shrug of the shoulders and a silent tongue, and upon whom flattery is as much wasted as water on a duck's back.

But from the point of view of the country it is extremely important that we should try to understand what history will have to say about Mr. Asquith. For it is only by that detachment of vision that we can range ourselves on his side or the side of his critics. And we have to do one or the other. We have to trust someone in this tremendous crisis of our history. Is he the man to trust, or can we do better? And let us start with the elementary reminder that whomsoever we trust it will be a human being, and, for that reason, a fallible instrument. The choice is not between a miracle and a man, between perfection and imperfection; it is between relative perfection and imperfection. Mr. Asquith would be the first to disown infallibility. He cultivates no fanciful fictions about himself, does not pose before the mirror, and has no dreams of personal triumph. He is, indeed, singularly impersonal in his habit of thought. An acute critic has said of him that he has no jealousy, no vanity and no egotism. I think that is the strict truth. The suggestion that he clings to office for the sake of power and profit is made either in total ignorance of the man, or in malice.

Few men are more free from the vice of ambition or the passion of personal power, and in regard to the baser suggestion, it is enough to remember that he gave up an income at the bar of £15,000 a year when he took office at £5,000. He has no small ends to serve and it is this fact which gives his actions that rare magnanimity that always marks them. He wants no man's place in the sun, and is content to let anyone have the limelight rather than himself. What he is concerned about is getting the thing done, and the man who can do it is welcome to the rewards. In all his career there has never been a breath of suspicion in regard to his probity or his honour. He preserves both with a certain haughty disdain of temptation. I should not like to be the person who suggested a "job" to him. I think I see the glare of his eyes and the swelling of the nostrils at the hint that he is that sort of man. He has a family of sons as brilliant as any in the land, but they have had to make their own fortunes and they have had less chance of public pickings than if they were outside the circle of patronage. They have taken their place in the army without advertisement, one of them has been wounded, and none of them has had any sort of favour either of advancement or service. They are not of the stuff that asks for soft jobs and preferential treatment.

Personal Motive Power

What, then, is the motive that has kept this man at his post in the face of every form of slander and abuse? What has enabled him to survive a succession of crises each of which has threatened to engulf him? I think the secret is his austere devotion to the cause and his clear vision of the part he is called upon to play. It is neither vanity nor ambition that governs that vision, but the plain understanding of the essentials of victory and of the bearing of his own personality upon them. There are many swifter and more supple minds, but there is no mind which sees the struggle with more detachment, with a more constant grip of fundamentals, with a clearer discrimination between the momentary incident and the permanent tendency. He is not the slave of moods, but sticks with grim obstinacy to the vital things. It is easy on a superficial survey of his actions to convict him of weakness here, of infirmity of purpose there, of slowness of vision, and of many other deficiencies. To this critic he seems faithless to principles; to that he seems blinded by his traditions to the shattering impact of realities. On this side he surrenders a friend who is virulently slandered; on that he allows a curious latitude to those who are obviously pursuing independent and even unfriendly courses.

All this is puzzling until one grasps the underlying thought that resolves all the seeming contradictions into one motive. That motive is the steady consolidation of all the forces of the country and of the Allies for the struggle. In the midst of the Napoleonic wars Pitt was once asked what was the most important quality in a statesman? Various answers had been given by those about him. When the question was put to Pitt, he replied "Patience." Some years ago Mr. Asquith, in a speech, recalled that famous reply and declared his agreement with the verdict of Pitt. It is that declaration which reveals to us the secret of his policy in the midst of the stupendous storm that has overtaken the world. What was the chief peril with which that storm threatened us? It was that under the shock the nation would give way to passion and panic, that internal political disagreements would break it in pieces, that the Allies would be beaten before they could consolidate their power, that the Alliance would collapse before it could discover a solid basis of co-operation and understanding—in a word, that Germany would win before the Allies had had time to collect their forces, marshal their strength and learn how to win.

That calculation has been defeated. It has been defeated by the patient and sagacious statesmanship of Mr. Asquith. Through two years of unprecedented peril,

in the midst of a torrent of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, in the face of difficulties of incalculable gravity, enveloped by cabals, tugged at on this side by the fierce partisans of his own school, assailed on that side by the suspicions of the opposing school, he has pursued the one dominating purpose of his policy with unflinching tenacity. He has turned a blind eye to the cabals, he has been patient with the impatient, he has led this body of thought by persuasive tolerance from one side and that body of opposed thought from the other side, he has smoothed away personal hostilities and softened ancient political asperities, and all the time he has been collaborating to make the foundations of the Alliance deep and enduring. The stern ordinance of restraint that he has imposed upon himself has carried him through crisis after crisis. In the eyes of his enemies he is always about to fall and at the end of every attack he is seen to be more firmly rooted than before.

Mr. Asquith's Influence

And the reason is as creditable to his traditional opponents as to his own merits. The influence which he exercises over the Conservative members of the Cabinet is notorious. It has brought them under the censure of a certain section of their Press which openly charges them with the betrayal of their cause. It is a foolish and unjust charge. The truth is that, like Mr. Asquith, they are living to-day for a cause more precious even than their party. They see in Mr. Asquith a disinterested

passion, a high sense of public duty, an entire forgetfulness of self, and a masculine comprehension of the complex factors of the struggle that command their confidence and draw out the best that is in them. "I went into the Cabinet" said one of them "believing that Asquith was an extinct force: to-day I know he is the only thinkable leader in this emergency."

He has made mistakes, as Pitt made them, as Lincoln made them, as everyone who has to deal with the intractable elements of human life and the incalculable forces of war must make them. But in the large estimate which the future will form of the mighty doings of this time, it is not a very hazardous forecast to say that the achievement of Mr. Asquith will stand out as the supreme personal contribution to the victory that awaits us. He has kept a cool head and a firm judgment in the midst of a reeling world. He has carried every element of the nation with him step by step in the task of converting it into one vast instrument of war. He has formed the nucleus around which the various and often conflicting forces of a Democratic society have cohered for a common purpose, and he has kept the mind of the country steadily fixed on the great end. In a very real sense he represents that English rock of dogged purpose and unfaltering endurance upon which the schemes of Napoleon finally broke and upon which those of the Kaiser are doomed to break. They will break all the sooner because, happier than Pitt, he has been able to keep the Alliance, on whose integrity victory depends, invulnerable to the machinations of the enemy.

Kitchener's Grave

By James Douglas

Nobly her warrior sleeps with Drake and Hood

In the old grey shrine whose walls are her green waves,
Hero not least of her heroic brood,

Soldier of soldiers in her grave of graves.

Her tears are salt as her own spindrift blown,

Her heart is sad as her own sea-mew's cry,
Over her eyes a mist of grief is thrown,

But his voice whispers: "Britain shall not die!"

Out of the deep he calls, out of the deep

His valiant voice rings like a clear sea-bell,
Out of his sleep he calls, out of his sleep:

"Go forward, Britain! Forward! All is well!"

While on her head the battle-thunders broke,

While round her face the battle-lightnings played,
Her seas were sorrowing o'er their grudging stroke,
Her waves were grieving o'er the shroud they made.

Her billows knew the warp and woof they wove.

Have they not woven it a thousand years?
Bitter their guardianship, and dark their love,
And pitilessly pitiful their tears.

Stand strong, thou smitten isle! Glory in death

More glorious than too much inglorious life.

Stand, as he stood, like granite: breathe thy breath,
As he breathed his, in calm, unwearying strife.

"Death in the tide of duty full and free,

Death in the wind of victory brave with brine,
Death in the arms of my unconquered sea--

If this be death," quoth Britain, "be it mine!"

Under Three Flags, by St. Clair Livingston and Ingeborg Steen-Hansen (Macmillan and Co., 3s. 6d. net) is a concise and rather impersonal record of the work of two nurses in Belgium, France, and Serbia. The most attractive part of the book is that which deals with work in Serbia before its final overrunning by Germans and Bulgarians. The last chapter of the book carries the story on to the retreat from Monastir, and one feels at the end that even the fate of Belgium is better than that of Serbia. As a study of life among the human wreckage of war, this book is one of the best that has yet appeared.

Raemaekers' Gift.

With a total of nearly four million pounds, the *Times* Red Cross Fund stands as one of the most remarkable charitable enterprises of the war—and, in fact, as one of the greatest contributions to the relief of suffering ever organised by a private corporation. A recent contribution of note to the fund is made by Louis Raemaekers, who has given the first set of signed proofs of his cartoons to be sold in aid of the Fund for the benefit of the French and British Red Cross Societies.

The nominal value of this set of artist's proofs of the world famous cartoons, of which there are 150 subjects, is one guinea each, but this set, forming the first impressions taken from the approved plates, would naturally be of greater value than even under normal circumstances. This is still farther enhanced by the fact that each plate is stamped with a die which records that it was given by the artist, whose signature it also bears, in aid of the work of the French and British Red Cross Societies.

The work of Louis Raemaekers is well known to readers of *LAND & WATER*, in black and white reproduction, but this set is produced in "four-colour facsimile," which gives practically the same delicacy and power as in the original drawings—only an expert could tell the difference if reproductions and originals were placed side by side.

Such subjects as "The Yser," corpses floating on their way to Calais, "The German Tango," "Barbed Wire," and "The Zeppelin Triumph," have already won world-wide fame. The gift of this set of proofs is worthy of its object; Raemaekers has given the best that is at his command in aid of the greatest humane enterprise that the war has called into being. The full set of 150 subjects has already been purchased by Lord Furness.

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

Earl Kitchener.

O untimely death!

King Lear, IV., ii., 256.

*Thou ha(d)st that in thee indeed, which
I have greater reason to believe now than
ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour.*

Othello, IV., ii., 216-8.

Thou art mighty yet;

Thy spirit walks abroad.

Julius Caesar, V., iii., 94-5.

Germany's Mistakes

1.—Strategical

By Colonel Feyler

[Colonel Feyler, Switzerland's distinguished military critic whose writings are followed carefully by students of the war throughout Europe, contributes to LAND & WATER three articles on "Germany's Mistakes." The first, which appears below, deals with her strategical blunders. Next week Colonel Feyler will write on her political and afterwards on her moral mistakes.]

IT is only when the full consequences become manifest that one can obtain a clear insight into the errors committed by a staff or by an army at the beginning of an action. In the future, when Germany has been vanquished, it will be of absorbing interest to examine the mistakes which will have led to the downfall of so powerful and so formidably prepared an Empire. From a military point of view, such mistakes can be classified under four heads, to wit, *tactical*, *strategical*, *political* and *moral*, each succeeding variety more grave than the other.

Tactical mistakes are those committed on the actual battlefield by subordinate commanders, or even by private soldiers; *strategical* mistakes are those of a General Staff in the preparation of military operations and in the orders issued for the purpose of ranging the armies in order of battle; *political* mistakes may be made by a belligerent Government in its resolutions regarding the declaration and the conduct of war, and may have effect on mutual relations with other States, and lastly, *moral* mistakes are such as, whether committed by Government, General Staff, commander or soldier, outrage individual or national consciences.

All these mistakes may be repaired, but under very unequal conditions, for the reparation needs time in proportion to the gravity of the mistake.

Tactical Blunders

Tactical mistakes can usually be corrected immediately or at no long interval after their commission. On many occasions a failure at one point of the field is balanced by a success at another. Such mistakes are so common that the victor of an action is not he who fails to commit any, but he who succeeds in committing the least. Strategical mistakes are of deeper import, for a single one may spoil a whole battle or even a whole campaign. Moltke wrote that a strategical error at the beginning of a war might compromise the whole course thereof.

Still more serious are political mistakes, for they may put in danger the very existence of the State. For instance, Napoleon III. foresaw a struggle with Prussia; nevertheless he allowed her to crush Austria alone at Sadowa, thus imperilling the interests of France and necessitating a new war, at much greater risk, in an effort to counterbalance the effects of the first. Unfortunately, this new war merely aggravated conditions, and forty-four years were to elapse before another attempt was made to settle the same question. And lastly again, moral mistakes may have to be paid for by the shame and humiliation of countless generations.

Which of these faults can be laid at Germany's door? If appearances do not mislead, all! This is why Germany's position in the war seems very grave to all who can see further, so to speak, than the mouth of a 420mm. howitzer. There is nothing to prevent the Germans winning yet more victories, for the last word is not spoken until the last gun has ceased fire. Napoleon saved himself in infinitely more critical situations; but then he was Napoleon—and even he eventually succumbed.

It is too early to discuss the tactical mistakes; these are rarely decisive, and the Allies have probably committed just as many as the Germans. Such errors can only be of general interest if their nature and frequency betray a mistaken general method. Such a study would need an exhaustive examination of numerous actions.

Strategical errors make themselves more immediately manifest. We can already ask ourselves whether the Ger-

mans did not commit a first mistake in 1914 in passing to the left bank of the Belgian Meuse, and a second, even more apparent, in sweeping blindly forward between Paris and Verdun. We may further ask whether the first mistake was not due to too blind an adherence to Moltke's strategy, nor the second to too literal an application of the tactical theory of a pursuit which is to make the victory doubly complete. Lastly we may ask whether these two errors do not reveal a state of over-confidence reinforced by under-estimation of the enemy. These can, however, be but passing questions, for, in strategy as in tactics, it is the subsequent facts which lead to a definite conclusion, and we may not simply say "It was a mistake to act thus" without seeking to lay down the correct, or at least a less objectionable, course of action.

With this reservation then (for a detailed examination is impossible until the end of the war) we can safely state that the two movements above quoted have every appearance of being strategical mistakes.

Crossing the Meuse

The disadvantages consequent upon the crossing to the left bank of the Meuse have shown themselves to be the following: A great loss of time, which postponed the moment of the general attack just when one of the essential conditions was that this attack should be immediate and overwhelming. To keep in alignment with the left wing in Alsace, the right wing had to march for several days which would have been better employed had it kept to the right bank of the river. This loss of time was aggravated by a resistance superior to the expectations of the German Staff, who had under-estimated the value of the obstacles to be overcome, thus leading to a further delay in the general attack and the loss of the strategic element of surprise which was the fundamental point of the operation. A second disadvantage of this movement between Meuse and Scheldt, was the extension of front thereby involved, necessitating a large increase in the forces engaged, whereas the plan of a campaign against France and Russia simultaneously advised strict economy. Proportionate reserves, too, had to be constituted. A third disadvantage was in the extension of lines of communication in an enemy country, which immobilised considerable forces.

The consequences of the second strategical mistake, namely the blind rush between Paris and Verdun, were even more immediately conspicuous, and the German armies were forced to beat a hasty retreat out of the trap into which they had rushed. Quite truthfully, this was described as a "concentration to the rear" and quite inaccurately as a "voluntary retirement." No one will easily believe that the German Staff led their advancing columns forward till their heads almost reached the Seine with the intention of withdrawing them beyond the Marne only forty-eight hours later. They retired because they were taken in flank, and they were taken in flank because their higher command, precisely as in Belgium, failed to appreciate the true value of the obstacles to be overcome.

Since that moment the second strategical mistake has not ceased to manifest its consequences. The weaker the German forces grow, the more hampering is the effect of the great extension of their lines. Moltke's saying, that such a mistake may compromise the whole course of a war, threatens to find confirmation.

Camp Craft, by Warren H. Miller, editor of the American journal, *Field and Stream* (B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.) is a practical work devoted to camp lore, with an introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton. Cooking, shooting, tents, camp comforts and organisation, are a few of the subjects treated, and, though camping is considered from the American point of view, lovers of the open air in this country will find the work a mine of information on the practical side of camping out, and the nearest way to comfort and the perfect health that comes of life in the open.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

[These letters, which will appear weekly, are from the pen of him who wrote "Aunt Sarah and the War."]

MY DEAR YOU,—Every "Lonely Officer" has his letter-bag—even the very Lonely One who, in some odd romantic moment is driven to advertise for it! And there seemed to be just a tinge of envy in your tone when you—a Lonely Civilian, often far afield in the service of the State—spoke of the snowing-under of a Soldier-Solitary who had thus publicly appealed to a benevolence he found, to his confusion, he had underrated. So I made the ready promise of the rash; and passed my word that you should hear from me weekly in your favourite paper.

You told me you had even more than your usual leisure for reading just now, being a diplomatist and therefore a bit out of a job. Whereupon I quoted Carlyle pat: "Diplomacy is clouds; beating of your enemies is land and sea." And then, little fore-knowing, I sat down and wrote to you an every-day letter, with a pun here, and a paradox and pretty bit of gossip there—all in ink that has a little gall for an ingredient—or my chemistry has gone rusty. Then, before I could post my missive, the news came. The North Sea blotted out my characters, as though they were sins.

Of course I spare you recapitulations. All other papers shall be taken as read; and for me remain only such domestic episodes as those that may help to bring home the big issues—elusive by their very size; such episodes, too, as may easily miss any other recorder.

Ascension Day passed, and we did not know. The next day brought rumours—but we had heard so many of their sort. On that evening, however, came the Admiralty announcement. I read it over three times, and I read it yet again. So it was really true! Then I passed from the general, itself overwhelming, to the particular—overwhelming too. For I had just left a friend—the bearer of a familiar name—who, when the war began, was the devoted father of four sons. One, when that fateful Fourth of August came, was already in the Welsh Fusiliers; another, an Oxford undergraduate, loving life, loving poetry, instantly transformed himself into a subaltern in the Royal Scots. Quite early in the war—within the short space of one week—these two boys gave us their young lives. Now the anniversary of their deaths had passed; those who loved them, and could never cease to lament them, had entered upon outwardly normal ways—even an unbroken night's sleep had begun to revisit their pillows. For they had even this to reconcile them to life—a third son, sixteen years young, a gay and guileless middy on the *Indefatigable*. "Your happy son" had been the signature of his last letter home. How strange that I should be writing it! He could not have brooked so much publicity. His fellow middies would never have let him hear the last of it—and that Lieutenant, whom he had to wake for the morning watch! I have to pull myself together to realise that these too, are gone—they will read no more any human writing. And what it means for these now thrice bereaved parents—you will understand. I leave it at that. It may be I have said too much; but private griefs are now no more. Into the larger family of the nation merges each one of those five thousand households to-day united in a common loss.

Politicians, who used to shake their heads over the arbitrariness of our laws of primogeniture, might now feel altogether at ease. Property now passes by right of a sad rotation to the younger born! The fifty fighting heirs of peerages who have made way for their juniors are only part of a multitude of other elder sons of answering renunciations. I know cases where two, and even in the instance already quoted where three, brothers, heirs to an estate, have in turn laid down their inheritance, leaving the succession to a boy not yet emerged from the nursery: a family tragedy, but what a memory for that young heir, and for England!

You will have seen that some other friends of yours and mine already advertise for sale their lovely house in which we were so happy as fellow-guests—among its beauties that vision of the sea from the front windows.

Their son, their only son, has passed away with his ship; and the sight of the sea has become unendurable to those who lived by the love of him. You remember how Mrs. Browning, while yet Elizabeth Barrett, lost her brother, Edward, through the foundering of his boat in Babbicombe Bay? Henceforth "even the sound of the sea became a horror to her." I suppose these are things that cannot in any useful way be argued about. But the earth is still beloved of men and women, though plotted out in unforgotten graves; and the sea may claim to be in some sort the kindest and most decent place of sepulchre. Anyway, the Angel of the Resurrection was as cognizant of the elemental water that shall give up the Dead that are in it, as he was of the closer clasping arms of Mother Earth: and that's what most matters. How have the waves of the sea been likened, by the poets we both live by, to a hundred things, from a lamb's fleece and a horse's mane to human wrinkles! But to many an eye those billows will henceforth stand up as grave-stones. Nameless, yes; but the names of those who die at sea for England are writ on that water.

Talking of names, somebody said to me the other day an obvious thing, which yet might easily escape unremarked. The Kaiser does not know the names of our Dead; but our Dead know the name of the Kaiser. What ghosts will yet arraign him when he reaches the shades! Not his will be "the sprightly port" that makes the ghosts gaze. Napoleon will need to cower no more—he will hold up his head—amid his comparatively insignificant cohort of accusers.

I like me, I'm sure you scanned with mixed feelings the Honours' List last Saturday—that morning of Deathday rather than of Birthday Honours. I own I saw all the time between the lines the name of the man who had given three sons to England, but I knew it was not on the printed list, and I knew, too, that no name there could rank with his in equality of sacrifice. A new irrelevance seemed to have suddenly entered into all human reckonings of distinction. All the same, I didn't find myself at all among the cynics when I saw that an O.M. had gone to Mr. Balfour in recognition of his distinguished services to Literature and Philosophy. Why not? An unlucky moment, I grant, for the announcement; but the time wasn't of his own choosing; it was all in the ordinary course; and so I couldn't waste that still strangely common commodity, a smile, on the man who surfeited my ear with the stale Whistler persiflage about Leighton, the master of so many other rôles, also "a bit of a painter." I'm only glad we have a First Lord who is also a lover of Letters and of Philosophy—the things which really do count for Mankind-in-the-making.

Ordinariness is indeed a great need for us all just now; and in defence of the exercise of it even in the date of publishing a list of Birthday Honours, battle or no battle, just because it's due, I will tell you a not too outlandish story. There was a great Italian Saint (at least one church in London bears his name in its English version) who was playing cards with his friends when a question arose—how really much more to the point than any ever asked in Parliament! "If you had only a minute to live, what would you do with it?" That was the instant proposition. One card-player said he would hasten into church, another he would kneel down right there;—but the Saint: "And I would go on with my game!"

On this same parallel of ordinariness, I could not be severe on the Grammarian of the family who pouted a usual pout over a little lapse of the language he loves even in an affecting Admiralty notice. So and so, it said, "was not on board. All the other officers on board were lost." Had Literature's O.M. (affectionately hailed "Old Man" that day by a friend never before so familiar!) passed an Admiralty clerk's superfluous and even rather misleading "other"?

How shall I sign myself to you? You said, when last we talked far into the night—(there are no friends like *new* friends)—that I was your double in many of my reflections! So let me sign DOUBLE-YOU, which is more concisely written as what happens to be also my own Christian initial—

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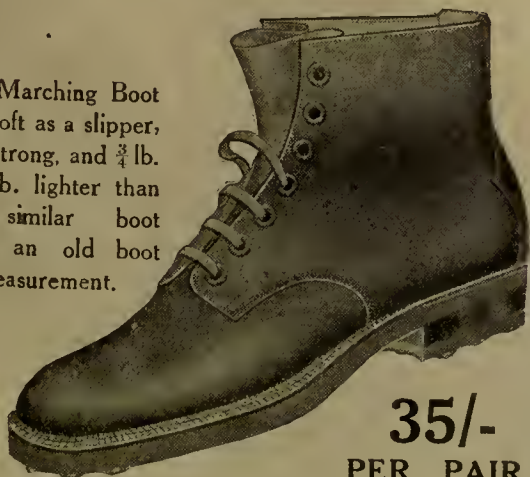
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The Hohenzollern Ghost

By Francis Gribble

THEY speak of the ghost as The White Lady. Her local habitation is a certain tower of a certain old Schloss—old, for Berlin, that is to say—on the banks of the Spree, built by the first King of Prussia, who was envious of the glories of Versailles; but I had never heard of her until she cropped up in the course of a conversation during my involuntary sojourn in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg in wartime.

It was on the day on which my host gave a party in honour of a huge salmon trout which he had caught that morning in the Our. No friends of Prussia were present, and speech was consequently free. We discussed the fish, and then we discussed the war. Some one produced an almanack containing the predictions of Madame de Thèbes—a prophetess whose reputation, I fancy, no longer stands exactly where it did; and then, superstition having been approached, someone else said:

"I hear, too, that the White Lady has been seen. It's a good sign. Something is going to happen—something that they won't like. Wait and see."

We waited and we saw. What happened was the Battle of the Marne. The Germans have never yet formally admitted that they did not like the Battle of the Marne; but they have not challenged our credulity of boasting of it as an agreeable experience, so that we are entitled to our own estimate of their feelings.

Luxemburg, it may be, took an exaggerated view of their disappointment; for Luxemburg claimed to have heard from a charwoman, who claimed to have access to the waste paper basket of the General Staff, that Germany had lost no fewer than 160,000 prisoners in that action; but that is a side issue. The main point is that the mention of the White Lady and her warning aroused my curiosity, and started me on phantasmological research.

"Who was she?" I asked; and it appeared that no one knew for certain.

"What does she do?" I asked; and there again I came up against conflicting versions of the Hohenzollern ghost story.

According to some, the White Lady wandered nightly through the passages of the Palace, and only entered the royal apartments on the eve of the death of a member of the royal family. According to others, the spot which she ordinarily haunted had never been discovered, and no one ever saw her except a prince who was about to die. According to all, however, her apparition was a presage of misfortune.

It was agreed, too, that she was the mistress of one of the Electors or Margraves of Brandenburg; but different authorities gave different Electors and Margraves the credit. There was no evidence which could fairly be called evidence; but the most convincing story—artistically convincing, I mean, of course—identifies her with a certain Agnes von Orlamunde of whom a certain Margrave Albert the Handsome was enamoured.

"Willingly would I marry this beautiful widow," said Albert the Handsome, "if it were not for four eyes which watch and worry me."

The beautiful widow thought that he referred to the four eyes of her two children, and she killed those children by piercing their eyes with a golden pin. But the Margrave really referred to the eyes of his father and mother, who objected to the marriage; and when Agnes discovered her error, her remorse drove her mad, and she is still condemned to haunt the earth.

Perhaps that story is true—it has a truer ring, at all events, than any of the others; and, in any case, Berlin's belief in the White Lady is firm, and as well founded as any such belief can ever be. She not only may be seen,—she actually has been seen, not once but often in the course of the tragic Hohenzollern annals. And the apparition has always been followed by disaster. She was seen on the eve of Valmy, and again on the eve of Jena; and even Princes for whom she has remained invisible have lived in dread of the vision. If Frederick the Great was protected from the terror by his scepticism, William I was not. Attended by a trembling aide-de-camp, he once spent the whole of a long and anxious night searching for the White Lady in every one of the six hundred apart-

ments of the Palace; but his hour was not yet, and therefore she did not appear.

There have been sceptics, as there are everywhere—sceptics who have vowed that, if ever they met the White Lady, they would speak to her and solve the mystery; but the only sceptic who ever tried that experiment paid for his rashness with his life.

It happened in the reign of Elector Sigismund—he whose daughter married the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus. The sceptic was one of the Elector's pages; and it happened that, one night, he saw the White Lady coming towards him in a dim corridor. He made a bold gesture of gallantry, taking her by the waist and asking:

"Well, Madam, where are you going?"

There was no word of anger or of answer. The White Lady had a key in her hand—the key, doubtless, which was to have admitted her to the royal apartment for which she was bound; and she rapped the page on the head with it. He lived long enough to tell the story, but no longer; and Elector John Sigismund himself died in the course of the following day.

And then there is the story of the White Lady's appearance to Frederick I., the first of the Kings of Prussia.

This Frederick, like so many of the Hohenzollerns, was a bad husband. His first wife, Leinbitz's friend, Sophie-Charlotte of Hanover, kept sedulously out of his way; but his second wife was of the House of Mecklenburg, whose members are not distinguished by meekness or any tendency towards self-effacement. She put up with a good deal; but when the King, envious as has already been said, of the splendours of Versailles, came to the conclusion that a Montepan or a Pompadour was essential to his dignity, if not to his comfort, and established the Grafyn von Wurtemberg, the wife of his Prime Minister, as his *maitresse en titre*, the point of her endurance was passed, and she resolved to act.

"Throw that woman out," she said one day to her lackeys; and the lackeys threw her out—right out into the street.

One can imagine the scandal and the royal wrath. All Berlin talked about it, and neither King nor Queen forgave the other. Melancholy, indeed, preyed upon the Queen's mind, and unhinged it; and the rest of the narrative may be given in the words of one of the most recent historians of the Hohenzollern House.

"The King," we read, "had fallen ill, almost at the same time as his wife, and had not been informed of the Queen's condition. She, one day when she was more excited than usual, escaped from the room in which she was kept under observation, passed along a gallery, and entered her husband's apartments through a glass door which she smashed with blows of her fist. The King was asleep. Hearing the noise, he awoke with a start; but he had neither the time nor the strength to rise from his bed. The Queen had thrown herself upon him, cursing him as she did so. Terror overcame him when he saw her half-clothed, attired in white, her hands and arms splashed with blood. Some officers who were on duty in an adjoining room heard his cries and ran in and rescued him; but Frederick was so affected by the experience that he fell into a fever. He moaned, as he got into bed:

"I have seen the White Lady. It is all over with me."

The next day, he died.

Of all the many stories told of the apparition of the White Lady, that assuredly is the most dramatic, unless we give the palm to the story that it was for sudden fear of her that Frederick William turned tail from the French at Verdun, in 1792. The truth contained in them cannot, of course, be exactly measured; but one can, at any rate, affirm with confidence that they are believed.

The Hohenzollerns believe in the White Lady, and so do their Prussian subjects. Whenever there is reason to apprehend disaster, either to the realm or to the rulers there are always those who look up to the Palace window, by night, fearful lest they should see a white form gliding past them in the darkness. We may be quite sure that there are many watchers for the White Lady now; and we may be not less sure that presently we shall hear that the White Lady has once more been seen.

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1916

[REGISTERED AS] PRICE SIXPENCE
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By Louis Ruenicker

Drawn exclusively for 'Land and Water.'

Der Tag

Admiral Wilhelm: "Thank God, the Day is over"

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THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

TWO weeks ago we spoke of the endeavour to arrive at a settlement of the Government of Ireland difficulty, "as the first experiment in constructive statesmanship which this world-struggle has caused to be attempted within the British Empire." The Economic Conference which began in Paris yesterday, is, if we look at it aright, the second serious attempt in the same direction. Its importance from the Imperial point of view is emphasised by the presence of the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth and the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce. That Mr. Hughes and Sir George Foster should be taking part in an international council which has for its main object the defence of the peaceful nations of the world against renewed treacherous aggression after the war in almost the very hour that the men of Canada and Australia are fighting heroically in the trenches against the onslaught of Germany, is in itself an event of singular significance. We have pointed out that a solution of the Irish problem might possibly be the easier at this time in that the constitution of the Imperial Parliament would be one of the first questions demanding revision when peace was given back to us. That this is an accurate view is established by the proposals placed before the Irish Parties wherein it is stated in distinct terms that immediately after the war an Imperial Conference of representatives from all the Dominions of the Empire will be held to consider the future Government of the Empire. But at Paris the supreme right has practically been conceded, and freely conceded, to the Dominions of representation when questions affecting the Empire as a whole are under discussion with the friendly Great Powers of Europe. This is an immense stride towards Imperial union on a sound and common-sense basis. It will be cordially welcomed by all men of thought throughout the British Empire.

We speak of the Paris Conference as an economic conference which is, of course, quite correct in that it deals with questions of trade and commerce. But we must be on our guard against confusion of ideas, for with Germany commerce is not peaceful barter, but preparation for world-power at a future date. Not a nation or state exists which is not suffering from Potsdam's cunning and cleverly organised trade campaigns. The number of German firms which have been conducting prosperous business in these islands and which are now being closed down is amazing to most people. There does not appear to be a single industry which has not been eaten into by Teuton traders who, like the lesser vermin of the tropics, have a curious instinct for

assimilating themselves to their surroundings and counterfeiting the very substance on which they work destruction. While that is so at home, it is far more the case in the Dominions and Colonies. We hope that Mr. Bonar Law may signalise his administration of the Colonial Office by tabulating exact figures and facts from all parts of the Empire showing how Germany has eaten into British trade during the last two decades. We ought also to have details of the way in which British traders have been welcomed in German Colonies, and how they have been allowed to carry on their business without let or hindrance (if such instances exist, which we doubt). We know that not only have British firms received no encouragement to plant themselves in Germany, but no obstacle or injustice has been spared to prevent them taking root there except through German Agents. Not a person in his senses can believe that the free trading of the past will be permitted to Germany in the future, if it can be prevented.

Can it be prevented? We believe so, but not easily or without sacrifice. All trade questions are in themselves complicated and intricate, and this question of our economic relations with Germany after the war is still further involved in that we shall have to deal with an older intellect than the Teuton and with a race of world-wide ramifications and outstanding ability and age-long experience in trading. Germany's peaceful penetration, as it is called, could never have attained its gigantic dimensions in so short a period had not the organising and executive power been largely furnished by Jewish brains. It is folly to blink that truth, for it will be a dominant factor in the future. Mr. Hughes in one of his earliest speeches in London said: "We may be sure that the great commercial interests of Germany drank in with avid zest the teachings of Treitschke and Bernhardt." Evidence abounds that this was not the case; Germany's great commercial interests lived in terror of these very teachings; this world-war was a continuous nightmare to them, for possessing to the full those fine qualities of the Jewish blood, patience, perseverance and far-sightedness, they saw world-power within their grasp provided nothing occurred to alarm the rival nations for another twenty or at most another forty years. The Declaration of War, or to be more exact the Battle of the Marne, when the quick destruction of France was seen to be impossible, was the end of their dreams for the time being.

As certainly as the sun will rise to-morrow, these same brains, directly peace returns, will plan and scheme to build up their ruined hopes on the old foundations. Doubtless already they are hard at work. No prejudice can obscure the truth that the rapid commercial rise of Germany throughout the world has been a miracle—an achievement of which any nation has the right to be proud. It is the purpose to which it has been turned that is the danger, and the Powers will deserve neither pity nor mercy in the future if they shut their eyes to it. We may be certain of two things; first, that the enemy's commercial interests will do everything in their power to persuade the Allies that Germany after the war will be a new Germany, and therefore safeguards will be unnecessary; secondly, that no attempt will be spared to foster and develop conflicting interests and trade rivalries between the Allies. Against both these perils we must be on the watch. It seems an elementary precaution for the Allied countries to agree on withholding from Germany for a period of at least five years, but preferably longer, all most-favoured-nation clauses and on imposing adequate trade restrictions to enable the economic conditions of their own people to revert to the normal. Though this involve sacrifice, it were nothing as compared with the sacrifices we have endured owing to our neglect of adequate precautions in the past.

The Russian Offensive

By Hilaire Belloc

THE new great Russian offensive upon the southern part of the Eastern front has now so far developed that we are capable of understanding its nature and appreciating the alternatives before it.

It is, of course, upon the same model as the other four great offensives of the series in which it forms the fifth, the other four being the Austro-German offensive upon the Dunajetz undertaken on the last day of April, 1915; the combined Allied offensive in Champagne and Flanders undertaken last September; the German offensive upon the Verdun sector undertaken upon the 21st of last February, and the Italian offensive in the Trentino undertaken on the 14th of May.

The lessons previously learnt in the course of the war, notably through the partial French offensives in Artois during the spring of 1915 and during the German unsuccessful offensives against the lines of Warsaw at the same time, have been appreciated by all the belligerents and may be tabulated as follows:

(1) A modern defensive line upon which sufficient time has been spent for its consolidation and equipment with defensive weapons, for the examination of the ground in front of it, and for the perfecting, if necessary, of communications leading to it from the bases and of lateral communications, can be held with a minimum of about or a trifle less than two men to the yard run. That is, rather more than 3,000 men to the mile, which figure covers, of course, much more than the mere defensive line, including all local reserves and also, of course, every branch of the service in the armies holding the front, but excluding the men upon main communications.

When we say that this minimum of men will "hold" a modern defensive line we mean that this is what experience has proved to be the minimum in the present war for the withstanding of such shocks as have been delivered when conditions of armament were fairly equal between the two sides.

(2) Such a line being established and reposing upon flanks which cannot be turned, can, it is presumed (but hardly yet proved) be broken by a combination of two offensive factors:

(a) Prolonged and intense artillery preparation: That is, the delivery of a very great weight of high explosive large calibre shell, far superior in amount for the space and time in question than had ever been prepared for until the later phases of this great campaign.

Thus, the Allied artillery preparation of Champagne last September was quite tenfold or more than tenfold the artillery preparation of nine months before.

To this preparation by heavy artillery, which flattens out the advance trenches, interrupts more or less all communication with those trenches, bewilders, confuses and throws into disarray the men defending the line, is added intense work from the field guns against the obstacles before the trenches, especially with the object of destroying the most effective of these obstacles, the barbed wire entanglements.

(b) The launching, immediately after this artillery preparation ceases, of great masses of infantry which occupy the region devastated by the artillery, capture the survivors of those who held the advance lines and push forward as far as they can towards the second line of defence beyond.

Each of the great offensives has been based upon these two main principles combined. They are no more than the extension, upon a prodigious scale, of similar principles which have governed all siege work since the introduction of artillery and firearms in general. It is only the vastly increased mass of shell that must be delivered within a given period and over a given area as well as the vastly increased effectiveness for the infantry work following which distinguishes this attack upon the modern defensive from the older siege model.

The object of such an offensive is immediately the breaking of the enemy's front and ultimately the envelopment

of so great a portion of his armies as shall leave the remainder in a position of manifest inferiority. Such an ultimate result, were it ever attained, would be a true "decision," that is, the campaign would, in that field at least, be won by the belligerent who should attain that ultimate object.

So much being said with regard to the main principles now discovered to be essential to a great offensive against modern entrenched and unturnable lines, there remain to be considered a number of points in which the great offensives have differed among themselves, partly through the accumulation of experience after each attempt and the consequent development of or changes in the methods of attack; partly through the different conceptions of war held by the various commands.

The Element of Surprise

Thus it is clear that the element of surprise is of great value. If a complete surprise could be effected it would be decisive. But it is also clear that the element of surprise has been largely eliminated from modern warfare by the use of aircraft, while it is further evident that the accumulation of very large pieces and their munitionment is an affair so slow and ponderous that rapidity, a main element in surprise, is largely eliminated.

Roughly speaking, the Allies have attempted to produce this element of surprise by prefacing their offensives with general bombardments all along the line, which might leave the enemy in doubt as to the sector to be ultimately attacked in force, while the Germans have regarded expenditure of ammunition along the whole line as a waste, believing apparently that no true surprise is possible.

Their preparations against Verdun were not prefaced by a general bombardment; neither were their preparations against the Dunajetz nine months before. On the other hand, the Austrian accumulation of munition and guns in the mountains before their recent offensive in the Trentino was certainly capable of concealment from the Italians in some large degree, and the element of surprise entered considerably into the first success of that offensive. Before Verdun and upon the Dunajetz the Germans made their preparations in such fashion that whether through their own fault or from their contempt of the element of surprise, the Allies were well acquainted with those preparations weeks before the offensive was delivered.

Again, there has been development in, and also discussion upon the size of the sector against which the offensive should be delivered. On the whole, the Allies have depended upon the theory of attacking large sectors and the enemy upon the whole has believed in attacking smaller sectors. The Allies in Champagne attacked upon a front of nearly 17 miles, and at the same time attacked in the north upon a front of at least 8, if my memory serves me right, making a total of 25 miles. The two main thrusts on the Dunajetz by the Germans and Austrians were nothing like so extended, and the thrust upon the sector of Verdun originally covered less than eight miles.

The difference between the two schools lies in this: The one maintains that if you attack upon too narrow a sector then, should you break through, there is danger of your troops that have got through being cut off by the re-closing of the enemy's line. They point out that the flanks of the gap being still open to attack, if the gap is too narrow it may develop into what the French call a "hernie" that is, a sort of pocket or trap for the attackers. The enemy's thesis would rather seem to be that though an attack on an average sector has to be of this extended nature to be safe after its success, yet if you carefully choose a particular sector where circumstances are favourable to you, you may safely attack on a narrow front with the added advantage, of course, of much greater concentration of fire, and a greater weight of men per yard. Thus, each of the Austrian attacks in the Trentino

has been upon a comparatively narrow front, a thing made possible by the fact that the Italian flanks in mountainous country could not rapidly support the centre. Similarly, the attack on the Verdun sector was made over the narrow front of less than eight miles, the flooded Meuse preventing the French left flank from supporting its centre easily, and the French line turning a sharp corner on its right—so that if the short front between the flooded Meuse and this corner were broken, the whole sector would go.

Another set of differences lay in the different conceptions of various belligerent commands with regard to the best way of holding the advance portion of the defensive line. In general the Germans have believed in holding this densely. True, they have put very few men in the very first trenches, but their first line as a whole they have always held strongly, with the result that if the offensive got in, the enemy lost a comparatively large number of prisoners in the very first phase of the attack. The Allies, on the other hand have, upon the whole, and especially the French, preferred to put forward bodies as small as they thought safe for what may be called "covering lines." Thus, the losses in prisoners during the first shock of Verdun were only one-third of the corresponding losses in the same period of time during the first shock in Champagne. Finally, the following development has occurred differentiating the later offensives from the earlier.

The first great offensive on the Dunajetz broke through the Russian front completely and provoked an immediate retreat. The Allies in the West considering this lesson, made a similar attack with one blow in the September following. They failed to get through, and their failure was a subject of an elaborate memorandum upon the part of the German observers of the action, which may be seen quoted in America. It was to the effect that these offensives in the future had better be conducted by progressive moves: That there should not be one attempt with all one's forces to break through since the second line would almost certainly hold one up, at least against equally prepared opponents. There should be a mastering of one advance belt, then the bringing up of the guns and further ammunition for the mastering of a second belt, and so forth. It was upon this method that the enemy acted in the Verdun sector, and it is upon this method that he is acting in the Trentino.

When we compare the various measures of success of each of these offensives, we find the following table:

(1) The first of these great offensives, that of the Austro-Germans against the Dunajetz in the last days of April and the first days of May 1915, completely broke the front opposed to it and provoked an immediate retreat of the Russians. This retreat was precipitate until the line of the San was reached. There the Russians rallied about twelve days after the opening of the great action and from that moment, from just before the middle of May 1915, to the exhaustion of the enemy's effort at the end of September, effort after effort to envelop any considerable portion of the Russian Army failed. There were half a dozen such efforts, the last and greatest being that round the salient of Vilna. We may say, therefore, of this first of the great offensives, that it was successful in its immediate object of breaking the defensive front opposed to it, but failed in its ultimate object of enveloping a portion of the broken line and thus achieving a decision.

(2) The second of the great offensives, that of the Allies in the West was less successful. As it was rapidly halted by its commanders, as it "cut its losses," to use the vernacular phrase, the losses inflicted upon the enemy were very high in proportion to the expenditure of effort by the Allies, but it did no more than occupy the first line of the sector attacked. It failed to carry the second line and to break through. The immediate object, therefore, was not reached and the ultimate object was not even approached.

(3) The third great example, the offensive against the sector of Verdun, was even less successful because the first line which the Germans carried, just as the Allies had carried the German first line five months before, was thinly held, so that the losses of the defence were not heavy in proportion to the expense of the attack, while the determination of the Germans to continue the attempt right on to the 9th of April, by which date the defensive

had finally won the Battle of Verdun, made of this third offensive a really disastrous failure. By that date the losses of the offensive were quite out of proportion to the results originally obtained and were already far more than double the Allied losses in the offensive of five months before. What has gone on in front of the sector of Verdun since that date, the repeated assaults against the French lines, has no longer been any idea on the part of the Germans of breaking the French line (a thing they now know to be impossible in this particular case), but only of an effect partly moral, partly political and partly of usury in men and munitions, by a combination of all of which they hope to render the Allies more willing to discuss peace.

(4) The fourth of the great offensives, that on the Trentino, is still in progress, but so far it would seem to move upon a model not unlike that of Verdun, and so far it has quite failed in the first or immediate object of breaking a front and has therefore not approached the ultimate object of enveloping a portion of the enemy's forces and thus attaining a decision.

What of the fifth? What of this last great offensive, the attack of the Russians upon the Austrian defensive line in Volhynia and Galicia? That experiment is also in progress. With regard to it also we cannot yet affirm that it has attained its immediate object—though it seems probable; still less can we affirm that it is approaching its ultimate object. We cannot say at the moment; of writing that the defensive line is broken so as to be compelled to a general, immediate and precipitate retreat; still less can we say the line will be incapable of re-forming as it retreats, that a permanent gap will open in it through which the Russians can advance, and thus envelop the southern portion of the Austrian line. If the Russians can do this they will have obtained a decision. But such a result has not yet been obtained, and we have not the elements before us to judge as yet the probability of its attainment.

What we can do is to examine in the light of what has just been described with regard to the general character of these great offensives, the extent and the nature of the Russian success at the moment of writing.

The line with which we are concerned should, if we are



to understand what is happening, be closely followed upon the foregoing sketch map 1.

The centre of the Eastern front from the lakes of the Dyvinsk region right down through the marshes of Pinsk to the lower courses of the River Stry is a region of forest and marsh quite improper to large military movements, and this is especially true of the southern part of this central portion, the marshes of Pinsk themselves. There is no exact boundary traceable for this region in which the numbers required to hold a line (or for that matter to attack it) are far below the normal and in which, more properly speaking, there is no true line at all. But when we come to the limit of glaciation, that is, to the southern edge of the area which was covered by ice in early times, the quaternary formations of sand and alluvial mud gradually cease and one reaches the tertiary cretaceous formations lying to the south in the non-glaciated area. The character of the landscape, as of the ground, changes. From this point southwards the movements of troops on a large scale is possible; roads, railways and multitudinous human habitations appear.

The River Stry, which rises near the town of Brody and flows northward into the Marshes of Pinsk, passes just before it reaches the marshy region under a group of low hills lying above its right bank and marked upon Sketch Map 1 with the letter "A." Just at this point stands also on the right bank the village of Rafalovka, which we may regard as the northern limit of the line useful to operations. Beyond this village to the north nothing effective can be done. To the south the country is ground for a campaign.

Just south of this little group of low hills a railway, which is the artery running south of the marshes, crosses the River Stry at Tchartoriisk. The station and large village of Tchartoriisk (now, of course, long in ruins), lie upon the left bank of the Stry, a situation which gives them great importance. For the Russians seizing them possess a bridge-head across the river—here for long the chief defensive obstacle in front of the Austrian line. This ruin and bridge-head of Tchartoriisk were taken by the Russians some time ago, and they have held them ever since. But immediately to the south the original Austrian line against which the Russians have just struck lay open upon the river and followed it as far as the bridge of Kolki. Here the line crossed the stream and proceeded southward as follows:

It ran just in front of the villages of Silno and Karpilovka. At this point it is worth while noticing that a line of marshes lies here immediately to the east. I have marked them BB upon the sketch. It was this line of marshes which formed the true covering of the Russians in this district for many months, and they occupied Karpilovka as a sort of bridge-head beyond it. Their front trenches, then, reached just south of Karpilovka to the second of the railway communications, the importance of which I will deal with in a moment, the railway between Rovno and Kovel. South of the railway there comes a fairly dry region of rolling land, the principal village in which is called Olyka. This is a region of considerable importance in the line, the name of which, "the region of Olyka," will be remembered by many of my readers as appearing in recent communiqués, and we shall see a little later on why it is so important. Thence the line continued southward until it struck, immediately in front of Dubno, the third of the main lines of communication which it crosses, the railway through Brody to Lemberg. At this point the Austrians began to rely as a defensive line upon the upper course of the river Ikwa which flows past Dubno. Roughly speaking, the old front followed the line of the Ikwa, but the stream, which is here no formidable obstacle, was in Austrian hands, and the Russian front lay east of it, passing near Kremenietz. Then it crossed the old political frontier between the Austrian and Russian Empires, entering the Austrian province of Galicia. The old frontier here corresponds to the watershed between the basin of the marshes of Pinsk, that is of the Stry and of its tributary the Ikwa, and the great basin of the Dniester, which river is the artery and in some sense the creator of Bukovina and of south-eastern Galicia. With the watershed the ground and landscape change. The Dniester basin is hard exposed sandstone, a bare plateau through which the great Dniester itself runs in a

deep cleft as do its tributaries, which come in singularly parallel lines straight from the north to join its stream; the Strypa, for instance, along which the old front ran down as far as the Dniester. After crossing the frontier the line covered the town of Tarnopol and crossed, not far from the station of Jezierna, the fourth great line of communications by road and rail, that leading from Tarnopol to Lemberg. Before reaching the Dniester the line crosses the fifth and sixth main avenues of communication; the fifth being the railway just south of Tarnopol and leading to Stryj; and the sixth the railway through Buczacz which a little way off to the west joins the main line from Czernowitz through Kolomea and Stanislaw to Stryj and Lemberg; Lemberg we see again is the great railway centre, as it is also the great road centre of the whole country. After reaching the Dniester the old line left to the Austrians this formidable obstacle as far as Okna station, which is at the end of a little branch railway. Immediately after this point the line ended upon the Roumanian frontier.

There was, therefore, on the extreme left, grave difficulty presented to a Russian advance in the deep valley and broad stream of the Dniester covering the Bukovina and the main Russian effort to effect a breach in the Austrian line must necessarily be made, not to the Russian left or south, but to their right or north.

Such was the front along which the general bombardment opened upon Saturday, June 3rd. The mere elements of the map show one at once that a real Russian advance to be properly supported must rely upon the whole nexus of railways which converge upon Lemberg. An observation equally elementary is that if the Austrian front were really broken then to break it not far south of the marshes would be to isolate the great mass of it lying from the neighbourhood of Lutsk to the Roumanian frontier.

The Russian effort then has been for now a week, and still is, so to destroy the Austrian resistance in front of the right centre of the Russian line, in front that is of the region of Olyka marked D upon Map I, as to permit the cutting off and turning of everything Austrian to the south of D. The immediate object is to break the front and compel a retreat in front of D. But attainment of that immediate object will have but an imperfect result unless the ultimate object is also attained and unless the Russian advance can be so rapid and the Austrian retreat compelled to be so precipitate that in some such direction as the large arrow marked EE upon the sketch map, an advancing Russian body can turn all the Austrian positions to the south.

If the Austrians prevent this, and if the main Russian advance can only proceed northwards towards Kovel, no final result will be achieved.

What the Russian forces attacking are we do not know. What we do know is that they have a great advantage in number.

We also know roughly what the Austrian divisions (with two German divisions added) come to upon this front. The total of men corresponds to that minimum necessary to hold a defensive line, which has been everywhere apparent in the later stages of the great war. The line as a whole—that part of it which is subject to attack—is somewhat over 200 miles long, and the total of the Austrian forces present upon it at the moment, plus the two German divisions (one of them the 3rd division of the invariably included Guards corps), is just under 700,000 men.

Such then are the conditions of the task. The Russians started from the line we have described, evidently surprising their opponents, who did not believe they were ready to take a general offensive yet; bombarding the whole enemy line (upon the French model) in order to make him doubtful as to where the main blow would be delivered, they were none the less compelled to choose some one region where their pressure should be far more severe than in any other. They were compelled to such a selection because the concentration of heavy artillery and of ammunition and of men required for a main stroke is only possible upon a front of some few miles. The region where the concentration was effected was that of Olyka, and, while the Austrian line as a whole has given way somewhat in many points, has stood in others, the main blow upon which everything must

depend has been struck from Olyka westward against Lutsk.

Let us see how far this plan has developed.

In order to do this we must first tabulate the communiqués sent us by our Ally, compared with contemporary communiqués sent us by the enemy. When we have them before us in their order, and only then, can we know how the affair is progressing.

The Story of the Advance

The first notice of the advance is telegraphed from the Russian War Office on Monday, June 5th, and deals with the fighting of Sunday, June 4th. Immediately afterwards there reaches London a corresponding communiqué from the War Office at Vienna. Putting the two communiqués side by side what we get is this: After an artillery preparation developed along the whole line (which we learn, later, began on Saturday the 3rd, late afternoon) from the marshes of the Pripet to the Roumanian frontier, the Russian Infantry attacked upon so many sections of that line as to make this first stage of their offensive almost general. But the Austrians felt specially strong pressure in the region north-west of Tarnopol and on the southernmost end of the line, or near the southernmost end. Of the extent and nature of the first advance that day, Sunday, June 4th, we are told nothing, but the Russians had counted by evening 13,000 prisoners.

Next day, Monday, the extent of the nature of advance was also denied us, though it was evidently progressing. The Austrians continued to note a general pressure along the whole fighting front of over 200 miles, but the only definite piece of news is the Russian statement of prisoners and guns. They tell us that up to the Monday evening they had counted 480 officers and 25,000 men, 27 guns and about 50 machine guns.

The third batch of communiqués deals with the great action on Tuesday, June 6th. By the evening of that day the Russians count 900 officers, over 40,000 rank and file and 77 guns, 134 machine guns and a great number of search lights, field kitchens, stacks of arms, reserves of ammunition, and material generally. They further inform us that certain of the enemy's batteries were captured intact. While from Vienna we learn that in the course of that day a retirement was ordered of the Austrian troops in front of Lutsk. The retirement, the Austrians also tell us, was undertaken deliberately and was not interfered with by the enemy's pursuit. Meanwhile, on the extreme north of the line, just before the marshes begin, on the low hill of Rafalovka, the Austrians tell us that the Russians were held. We are also told in a more general fashion that the other Russian wing to the south was generally held, and the impression is conveyed that at this southern part of the line, the Russian left centre, the Russians were stopped at the line of the Strypa.

The next set of communiqués refers to the fighting of Wednesday, June 7th, the fourth day of the great action. On that day the Russians tell us that they reached, but did not pass the whole line of the Strypa, counted 11,000 of the rank and file as prisoners, but only 56 officers—at least that is the form in which the telegram reached London—and further large stores of arms, field kitchens, etc., and material in general, while the Austrians tell us that on this same day they established themselves on the Stry as a defensive line and on the Strypa.

Meanwhile, it is on that same day, Wednesday, that the Russian occupation of Lutsk is officially mentioned, though the date of it is referred to as Tuesday. The statement presumably signifies that the first units of cavalry following up the Austrian retirement entered Lutsk on the Tuesday evening, and that the town was occupied as a whole during the following day.

With regard to the action of the Thursday the news becomes more detailed, and we are beginning to see the thing as a whole. In the course of that day the Lower Stry below Lutsk was crossed by the Russians. They appear to have crossed in front of Rafalovka in the extreme north, and they certainly crossed at the extremely important railway bridge, Rojichtche, a short day's march north of Lutsk. The Russians report on the same day the first captures of German prisoners and the capture of a certain though small number of heavy guns, tanks of asphyxiating gas, and balloons packed for re-

moval. Nothing appears to have been done on that day in the extreme south where the Russians were holding the railhead of Okna north of Czernowitz. A little further north on the Russian left centre an important development was recorded. The Russians here crossed the Strypa line, which thenceforward was no longer available as a defensive line for the enemy, and certain of their units, presumably cavalry, reached the left bank of the next river westward, the Zlota. By the evening of that day, Thursday, the fifth day of the battle, the Russians counted 64,714 of the enemy rank and file in their hands, and 1,143 officers.

On the Friday a large quantity of war material was captured. We are not told upon what sector. The number of prisoners returned for that day was small. The next day, Saturday, in common with greatly increased masses of war material the Russians counted 409 officers and 35,100 soldiers taken prisoners as well as 30 more field guns, but only 13 machine guns, and what is oddest of all at first sight, only five trench mortars. On the same day certain German units appeared at the important bridge-head of Rojichtche, and helped the Austrians to try and take it back. The Germans also here lost 2,000 prisoners and two guns. On the same day the Russians entered Dubno and what is apparently a cavalry force got round to Demidovka, seizing Mlynov on the way—the importance of this will be apparent in a moment.

On the same day upon the Russian left there was a very heavy and successful blow struck in the neighbourhood of Czernowitz, covering the whole country in front of Okna and permitting a rapid Russian advance up the further southern bank of the Dniester, so that this formidable obstacle was turned right up to the Bridge of Zaleszczyki at F.

That is exceedingly important, for if the Russians can turn the Lower Dniester line as a whole, the Bukovina is theirs.

Lastly, we have the news, reaching London on Tuesday and referring to the fighting of Sunday. It is very imperfect because storms had interfered with telegraphic communication in the night between the southern front and the capital, but it informs us that the number of prisoners captured to date, or at least the number to date, was 114,700, of whom 1,700 were officers. We were further told by both sides that there was sharp counter-attacking by the enemy a few miles north-west of



Buczacz upon the Lower Strypa, and exactly the same kind of action by him north-west of Tarnopol.

The New Line

Putting all this together in order to draw our conclusions from it, the first thing we must establish is the new Russian line as it stood on the evening of Sunday last (since which no official news has reached us at the moment of writing this), that is after exactly eight days of fighting.

We have that line now running as follows:

It runs just west of the Styr instead of just east of it from Rafalovka down to Kolki. At Kolki there is a point where it recrosses the Styr to its old position on the western bank, but immediately above Kolki it passes to the western bank again and well in front of it, thoroughly holding the important bridge-head at Rojichtche, thence it proceeds west of Lutsk to Demidovka. South of this last point it was evidently still in rapid movement at the moment the despatch was sent and we have no clear trace of it, but we find it again in the hilly country about 12 miles north of Tarnopol, not far from the station of Jezierna on the railway from Tarnopol to Lemberg. South of this it follows the Strypa, but upon the west side of the river, and covers Buczacz. As it approaches the point where the Strypa falls into the Dniester it bends sharply round, keeping everywhere on the wrong or northern side of that stream, which here runs in a fairly deep valley between sandstone slopes and is a formidable obstacle. That obstacle is not crossed until the neighbourhood of Okna, but thence the Russians have sent bodies along the southern bank of the Dniester until they threatened the Austrians holding the bridge of Zalesyzyki.

Significance of these Movements and of the Numbers and Dates

The reader has now before him the measure of the actual territorial advance made by our Ally in this great week of effort. We see how much more pronounced it is in the neighbourhood of Lutsk than elsewhere, how it is held for the moment upon the two main railways A and B converging on Lemberg from Dubno and Tarnopol respectively and how it is pressing on the extreme left in front of Czernowitz, while hardly advancing at all as yet on the extreme right just south of the marshes.

But we all know by this time that the measurement of territorial advance or retirement is the least significant of all indices in the present great war. All that we are really concerned with is how far the Russian advance, its form, its rapidity, the damage it has inflicted, brings the Allies towards a decision.

The official story given in the communiqués (I purposely neglect all unofficial-accounts, tempting though they are) shows us in the first place that permanent destruction by actual capture at the hands of the Russians is between a fifth and a sixth of the total force opposed to them. These figures are certainly accurate. The policy of the Allies, like that of the Central Powers, in the matter of prisoners is perfectly well known. The Allies either say nothing of the prisoners they capture or in the case of great offensives mention an exact tale. The Central Powers have preferred—and it is well within their rights—to begin with exaggerations within the limits which their opponents may for the moment be led to believe; for instance the number of British prisoners which the Germans have claimed at various times is very nearly double the number now discovered to be in German hands. Each party reaps the fruit of its policy.

But while the Russian figures are true we must remember that they almost certainly include wounded and unwounded, and some proportion, though probably a small proportion of men who have died since they were captured. Only those on the spot can make even a rough estimate of the probable proportion between the numbers thus actually fallen into Russian hands and the total Austrian losses, temporary and permanent, in this drive. It is not extravagant, however, to suppose the total losses somewhat more than double the captured, wounded and unwounded, and to set them at least at a quarter of a million. They may be less if (a matter we cannot determine from the news to hand) there has been rapid and orderly retirement upon large sections of the

line: though even in that case one would imagine large numbers of the wounded to be evacuated and saved. The total losses are quite certainly not less than 200,000.

The next thing to note is the comparative regularity of the daily returns. The large number given for Sunday, the small number given for Saturday are probably due to the imperfection of the returns upon the former day which swelled the return upon the latter day. At any rate the daily steps run thus in thousands—13, nearly 13, over 15, 11, very nearly 14, and in the last two days between 18 and 19 each.

Note further the comparative losses in officers and men. It remains normal throughout in about one officer to 60 men. In a rapid retirement such a proportion is common. If units are captured whole it is, of course, higher: more like one officer to 35 men.

As to the guns, we notice a capture of 77 guns, nearly all field guns, in the first three days. Not quite double that number in the first eight, so there has been a fairly regularly progressive rate in this item also. On the other hand, the comparatively small number of machine guns taken and the still smaller number of trench mortars would seem to mean that on those sectors where the enemy retired, the retirement was continuous without any attempt to dig in and resist from line to line. In a word, the figures of prisoners and guns taken point in general at once to surprise and to the rapid regular following up of retirement where retirement has taken place, *but not to a completely broken line.*

But the most important point of all has yet to be decided. What is the form of the Russian advance and of the enemy's retirement, and how do they seem to affect the immediate future?

It is clear from a glance at the foregoing Sketch Map II that only in one region has there been any considerable retirement of the enemy's line. That region is the region where the main blow fell, delivered from Olyka towards Lutsk. Now supposing such a push to be continued what does it mean?

A drive of this sort can only be supplied by the railways and the main roads which in this undeveloped and flat country follow the general lines of the railways.

To this fact add another fact. Any turning movement to cut off the mass of the Austrian troops must aim at Lemberg. Lemberg once occupied you have the centre of all the Galician railways in your hands. You utterly paralyse everything to the south.

But for an advance on Lemberg you have only the two converging lines, apparently, the one from Dubno the other from Tarnopol, which I have marked A and B upon the map. The one from Tarnopol (B) is being fiercely contested by the enemy, who has here held up the Russian forces in the hilly country about 12 miles north of Tarnopol for the whole week. It is by the northern railway (A) that the best chance of an advance turning the Austrian positions to the south lies, for this railway can be got hold of by striking south from the extreme point of the advance beyond Lutsk. Already a Russian body has passed through Mlynov, occupied Demidovka and so turned to Dubno and compelled the Austrians here to fall back upon the railway line (A). A continued advance westward from Lutsk permits of this process being continued indefinitely.

It is possible also that the Russians have another avenue of supply. It is said, I do not know with what truth, but it is obviously probable, that the enemy in the course of his occupation of the country has constructed a railway to continue the old railway (C) through the intervening stage (D) and thus directly connecting Lutsk to Lemberg. If this is the case the meaning and value of the great stroke at Lutsk are at once apparent in a new light. For if there is a new railway from Lutsk to Lemberg direct it enormously increases the turning value of the Russian forces now in the Lutsk region.

Meanwhile, as I have already said, a failure to turn the Austrians round by Lutsk and a mere shepherding of the Russian advance up northward towards Kovel would effect nothing final. It would compel a retirement of the enemy's front in the central marshy district; it would rearrange the line to Russia's advantage and would gain territory. It would not advance the war.

As to the general chances of the ultimate Russian object: the permanent division of the Austrian line, the cutting off of the southern portion and a true decision

being thus achieved, the factors would seem to be as follows:

1. As an initial blow the Russian success is much greater than the corresponding Austro-German success of last year. It shows a very much larger number of prisoners and a very much larger number of guns.

2. But, on the other hand, the Austro-German blow of last year took all the Russian Carpathian positions in flank, because the Russian lines were bent round in the shape of the letter L and the blow fell upon the corner, or foot of the L, rolling up the stem. The Austrian line in this case is not so menaced. It presented no refused flank for the Russians to strike at, therefore it has a much better chance of reforming and making a stand.

3. The Russian retirement then provoked stood for some time upon the line of the San. But it could not maintain itself long on one line, though it stood time and again after its first stand upon the San. It was unable to stand permanently on any line because it lacked munitionment. This will not be the case with the Austrians.

They will be amply munitioned as they fall back upon their main depots. And such a line as that of the Bug in front of Lemberg or any other they may have prepared further west would, if they could rally upon it, find them at least not short of missiles, which was the true cause of the Russian retirement last year.

4. On the other hand, the great Russian retirement last year gave the enemy no true decision on account of these two things in favour of Russia: An indefinite space on which to retire and indefinitely large numbers from which ultimately to recruit. The enemy has no such advantage in the present state of the war. He is approaching the exhaustion of his reserves in numbers, and any retirement continued for say a month uninterruptedly would be disastrous for him in the way of space.

Upon the whole the chances are much more in favour of the Austro-Germans reforming their line than of the great decision being arrived at in this field immediately. But only the future can show whether the event will follow those chances or no.

Pressure upon the Trentino Front

It would be a great error to imagine that the Russian offensive will immediately relieve the pressure upon the Trentino front.

Extraordinary ideas of that sort get about at this stage of the war, based on the assumption that the enemy have been able to whisk vast masses of men from place to place in a few days by rail.

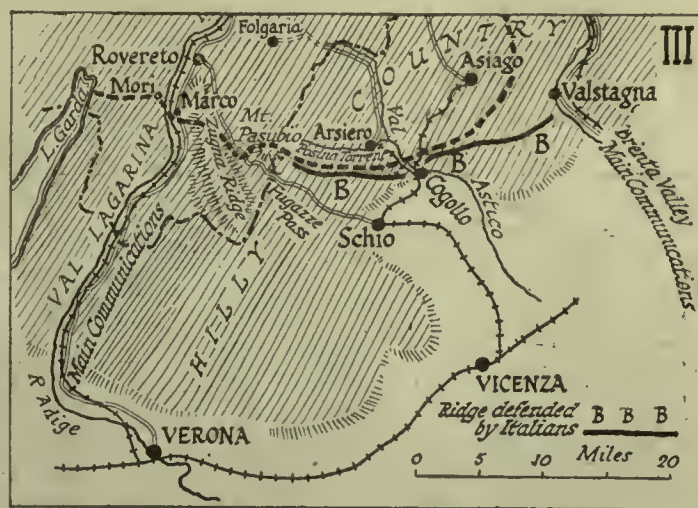
As a matter of fact, the enemy's handling of railways had not been superior to that of the Western Allies. He has never done anything equal in rapidity or exactitude to the moving of all the British divisions right round from the Aisne to Ypres. Still less anything that can compare to the swinging of the 4th corps 120 miles from the extreme right to the extreme left of the Allied line while the battle of the Marne was actually in progress and just behind the line of that battle.

The truth is here, as in almost every other matter, that the great modern industrialised nations are much of a muchness in the handling of machinery, with slight differences in favour of the one or the other belligerent in particular categories.

Now with all the good will in the world and with all the exactitude of organisation conceivable it would be impossible for the Austrian Empire to despatch adequate reinforcements from the Trentino to the Galician front in a less time than several weeks. A single division occupies 80 trains at least. The special concentration upon the Trentino front, over and above the original garnishing of that line, is not less than 10 divisions, probably more. And it was the winter's work—a thing long and carefully prepared against the spring opportunity for advance in the mountains. But more of a factor in time (in proportion to the amount of material to be moved) even than the transmission of men and field artillery, is the movement of the big guns and their munitionment. These have been painfully established in the mountains of the Upper Adige and Brenta basins after what was certainly months of preparation. Not less painfully a large head of munitionment was piled up behind the emplacements. You cannot suddenly transfer an organisation of that kind for a distance by rail equivalent to the distance between Rome and London, and that with no advantage of parallel lines at your service such as exist in the northern part of the enemy territory. By at least three great arteries parallel to each other the enemy in the north can bring troops from west to east and east to west, yet he has only been able to handle a comparatively small proportion of troops in this fashion, and that at great expense in time. For the swinging of troops from the Trentino to the Galician fronts you have at the very most two such arteries, one through Vienna and the other along the Drave valley and so through Buda Peſth, and until the mouth of the Brenner Pass you have one double line of railway only along which to move the whole of that enormous business. It would be simply impossible to get back any large number of guns to the Russian front; still more impossible to accumulate a large mass of munitionment for them during the progress of this great offensive, the checking of which or the

gaining of a decision through which will be known in the next few days. It is indeed probable that the effect of the Russian offensive in relieving the pressure on the Trentino will be apparent in the course of the month, for it is probable that men will be transferred. But they will not be transferred in such numbers and they cannot be transferred in such time as to cause an immediate relief upon the Trentino front in the next few days. Indeed, the pressure upon the Trentino has been continued during the whole week which saw the unexpected Russian advance, 900 miles away. And we shall do well to notice the fortunes of this continued Austrian offensive against the Italians because, as has been apparent ever since the first blow was struck, now nearly five weeks ago, success in this quarter on the part of the enemy would give a decision. It is the only place in Europe where the Allied communications are in peril from a flank attack. Let us see, therefore, how things have stood in the past week.

My readers will remember the general position as it was expressed in last week's sketch map, which I reproduce here.



The Austrians for their advance must ultimately control the Brenta and the Adige valleys, one of them at least and better both. Otherwise they can never possibly munition and feed and do everything else necessary for a large army.

Pending their possession of these two avenues there is a second best, which would suffice for temporary needs if the advance could be rapid, and this second best is the road from Rovereto to Schio over the Fugazze pass. The Austrians after a month of fighting have failed to get a grasp even of this second best line of communications. They have got their line into a big salient which occupies the Asiago plateau, the plateau of the "Seven Villages," and from that place, with their heavy guns placed just behind the northern crest of the plateau, they are making alternate efforts to the right and to the left.

To the right they were trying to seize the road from Rovereto to Schio by forcing the Posina ridge, that is the steep, bare mountain bank which frowns two thousand feet and more over the bed of the Posina torrent to the west. On the left they were attempting what would be a very much more important thing, if they succeeded in reaching the Brenta valley in the neighbourhood of Valstagna. This would cut off the whole of the Upper Brenta, and would bring them very near to the issue from the mountains and the possession of the whole of this avenue of communication.

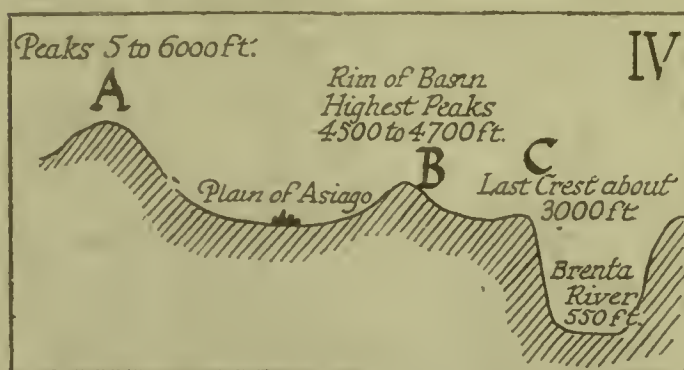
Last week there was a lull in the effort towards the Austrian left, towards the Brenta valley, and a particular intensity in the efforts towards the Austrian right on the Posina. That effort to force the Posina ridge failed altogether.

This week the effort has been the other way. There has been a lull on the Posina and the main part of the heavy guns and the mass of the infantry have been used for the effort upon the left and centre and the reaching of the Brenta valley at Valstagna or the point of Schio by way of Cogollo.

Now let us see what the conditions are which govern that effort.

Imagine a rather thick book near the edge of a table and up against the side of the book a saucer with a rather high rim. The book stands for the row of high mountain ridges and peaks bounding the plateau of Asiago to the north and west. That is from the direction this Austrian offensive has come. The saucer stands for the hollow upland plateau of the Sette Comuni or Seven Villages, of which the little town of Asiago is the chief centre. The edge of the table below the level of the saucer is the rocky crest of that exceedingly steep bank which falls down three thousand feet into the Brenta valley.

Another way of expressing this condition of the ground is by way of a section taken from north-west to south-east from the high mountains of the frontier ridge to the gorge of the Brenta near Valstagna.



You have the high ridge at A with peaks as much as 6,000 feet and 5,500 feet. It falls on to the hollow plain of Asiago some 3,000 feet above the sea. The outer rim B of this hollow tableland rises again into peaks of as much as 4,500 and 4,700 feet in height and a general crest about a thousand feet above the plain of Asiago.

Beyond this ridge or crest there is another step down to the last rocky crest C, and thence the sides of the Brenta gorge fall very steeply indeed down a stance, in some places, of as much as 3,000 feet.

In order to prevent the Austrians getting out of this basin the Italians have seized the edge or rim of it, and if we notice the points upon the accompanying sketch map we shall see in what fashion they hold this rim and how the Austrians are trying to break through their line.

Up into the high mountains northward from the Asiago plain run clefts, passes and torrents. One of these valleys is that known as the valley of Campo Mulo from the huts and pasturage in its higher flats. And on the eastern side of this valley stand the two peaks of the Maletta and the Little Maletta, each about 5,500 feet high, the latter having behind it the highest peak, about 6,000 feet, and the Greater Maletta.

The Italians hold all that ridge which overhangs the valley of Campo Mulo from the east. Proceeding further to the south one gets a cleft in the rim of the basin, and this cleft is that profound ravine called Val Frenzana.



which leads down by nothing better than a rough mule track to Valstagna.

Now the Austrians have certainly set foot in the upper part of this cleft, but there is some discrepancy in the evidence as to the exact amount by which they have been able to proceed down it.

They cannot go down the cleft so long as the heights overlooking it are held by the Italians. They have to carry those heights progressively on the right and on the left side of the cleft in order to be able to advance down it at all. In one of their communiqués they claim the capture of a Maletta height and they tell us they are in the village of Ronchi, the position of which will be noted upon the Sketch Map V. The Italians have not denied, I believe, the Austrian occupation of Ronchi, but they tell us that their positions at the head of the valley of Frenzana have been slightly advanced in their counter-offensive of the last two or three days. As we are not quite certain to within say half a mile where the line runs at this point I have marked it upon Sketch V with notes of interrogation.

When we get further on the bend of the rim the position becomes clearer. All along the high ridge which runs south of Asiago the Italians hold commanding positions and the Austrians are trying to push them up and over those positions, just as they were trying last week to push them up and over the corresponding positions of the Posina ridge away to the west. That is what is meant by all the matter of the communiqués about the fighting in the neighbourhood of Cesuna, a little village south of Asiago, and of various mountains which are either the foothills or the main slopes of the rim. The Monte Cengio, for instance, the Monte Marco, the Monte Busibollo are all main heights upon the rim of the plateau, while the hill which the Austrians claim to have taken is one of the foothills.

The other central issue from the upland plateau of Asiago which the Austrians are trying to force is that marked C upon Sketch V.

Its capture would not give such great results as the issue of the Val Frenzana on to the lower Brenta. But it would still have the effect of turning the whole of the Schio-Rovereto secondary avenue of communications, and further has the advantage of possessing a light line of railway and a road. This is the Cogollo gap which opens just beneath the Monte Cengio. The disadvantage of this issue is that the heights upon both sides are very much better supplied from the Italian bases, having good roads and a railway immediately behind them, than are the heights in the Val Frenzana. On the other hand, if it is taken the Austrians are very near to turning the whole of the Rovereto-Schio road.

The last communiqués up to the time of writing, Tuesday afternoon, leave the matter thus, with the Austrians relaxing for a moment their efforts against the basin of the ridge and still attempting both the Cogollo and the Frenzana issues from the upland hollow plateau of Asiago. There is, however, this much development in the situation, that the Italians are now undertaking successful local counter-offensives which seem so far to contain the enemy.

Capture of Fort Vaux

The events of the present week, in particular the development of the great Russian offensive, forbid me space to deal at any length with the Verdun sector. I propose to analyse the position more thoroughly next week, but it may be worth while pointing out briefly what is meant by the entry of the enemy into the ruins of Vaux Fort.

As every one knows the word "fort" in this connection has no relation to the old purposes of the forts surrounding Verdun. Permanent restricted works sheltering heavy artillery disappeared in the first days of the war. But these dismantled works are ready-made obstacles and ready-made shelters. A comparatively small number of men holding them can do a great deal of execution against an attack attempting to carry them, even when that attempt is brief as in the counter-attack of the French 20th army corps in the ruins of Douaumont on the 26th of February—which, it will be remembered, failed to carry the ruins—or the very brief and successful recapture of the fort of some weeks ago, or the equally brief counter-stroke whereby it fell again into German hands two days later. But if the attempt to recapture such a place is prolonged, the disproportion between the losses of the assailants and those of the defenders becomes prodigious. A determination therefore upon the part of the enemy to acquire such a piece of ground at no matter what cost gives the very fullest opportunity for the practice of the French tactics upon the Verdun sector, which is, not to preserve particular areas of ground, but to inflict a maximum loss upon the enemy with the minimum loss to themselves. On the other hand, the possession of the fort of Vaux was a very valuable one for the Germans and the effect of its loss to the French must not be minimised, for it was the last good observation post over the Woevre plain possessed by the French to the east and north-east of Verdun. The fort of Souville is higher. It stands on the top of the down lying behind the fort of Vaux, which latter is built upon the shoulder of the down just before the bank plunges steeply down into the plain of the Woevre below. But you have no good

observation of the Woevre from the distant back summit, although it is higher. From the fort of Vaux you had one of the best observation posts in the whole district. I believe at the present moment there is no French observation post left which directly commands the plain of the Woevre in this district. Further, the possession of this spur upon the shoulder of the down gives the enemy an entry upon the Vaux ravine.

But when we have weighed the loss and the gain it still remains true—and would that every writer upon the war would steadily keep it in mind—that the main underlying ideas before Verdun are, upon the German side to occupy the French by a continual offensive, to wear down their moral by losses which, if inferior to the Germans' own losses, may yet, they hope, have an ultimate effect; impress opinion at home and abroad by an approach to the geographical point of Verdun, and possibly after the exhaustion of their useful striking force to enter the ruins of the town itself. While, on the other hand, the French conception of the fighting is the compelling of the enemy (since he is determined, after his loss of the original battle, to continue an offensive of usury), to lose the very largest number of men possible in proportion to the numbers that must be lost by the French in order to inflict that damage. In general, the Germans believe that by wearing themselves out they are also wearing out the French, and that with the wearing out of the French the whole alliance will lose its moral. The French believe that the Germans are wrong in this calculation, and that their error will cause them to exhaust their forces at such a rate as to make the counter-offensive, when it does come, immediate and crushing. The future will show which of these two theses is right, but the gradual advance of the enemy over this sector at an average rate of about 300 yards a month since the first main line was reached upon the 26th of February, is not the approach to a fortress and has nothing to do with the "taking" of Verdun. The more we use that meaningless phrase the better the enemy will be pleased.

H. BELLOC

The Battle of Jutland

By Arthur Pollen

SINCE writing the general sketch of the battle of Jutland which appeared in last week's LAND & WATER, I have seen no additional information published that seems to be of material value. In his speech in the City, Mr. Balfour dealt with the position created by our victory in terms that were just, statesmanlike and moderate, but he gave no further details to assist us in forming any clearer picture of the event itself. The Commander-in-Chief has paid a splendid tribute to the brilliant assistance given to him by Vice-Admiral Beatty. "No Admiral," he says, "could wish to be better served." And he has thanked the Flag Officers, officers and men of his fleet who are upholding the glorious traditions of the Navy. But in speaking of the victory he, like Mr. Balfour, speaks with perfect modesty of the British performance. Sir David Beatty, in addressing his men, maintained that the enemy's losses must be heavier than ours. Sir John Jellicoe contents himself with saying that they are at least equal. There is no attempt anywhere to pretend that the losses are crushing or to give official sanction to the convictions held by many reliable officers as to the actual damage the Germans have suffered. And no doubt a moderation in these claims is right and proper.

The whole world has paid its respect to the candour with which we have admitted our own losses and our under-statement of those which we believe we have inflicted. This candour was strikingly exemplified by the fact that in the first communiqué, not only was every known loss published, but all ships not actually heard from by the afternoon of June 1st were included amongst those that might be lost. When it came, therefore, to giving a corrected list, the actual losses

turned out to be smaller than might have been anticipated. Similarly too, little if anything was made of the damage we had inflicted. At the beginning of last week the Admiralty put the probable losses of the Germans at four capital ships, four cruisers, nine destroyers and one submarine. Yet in his message to the fleet, Sir John Jellicoe, as I have stated, speaks of them only as at least as heavy as ours. But this message seems, though only published on Tuesday, June 13th, to have been written at least ten days earlier. After a careful sifting of the evidence available to me, I have formed the opinion that the Admiralty statements of a week ago must be considerably below the truth. It is highly probable that two more capital ships are sunk, that the loss of cruisers is 7 and not 4, of destroyers 15 and not 9, and instead of one submarine at least three were sunk by the British and probably one by the Germans themselves. But I admit without any hesitation that no estimate can be reliable until all the evidence is thoroughly sifted and impartially compared, and I have only suggested these figures, not as definitely established German losses, but as indicating that there is evidence of much higher losses than we have claimed.

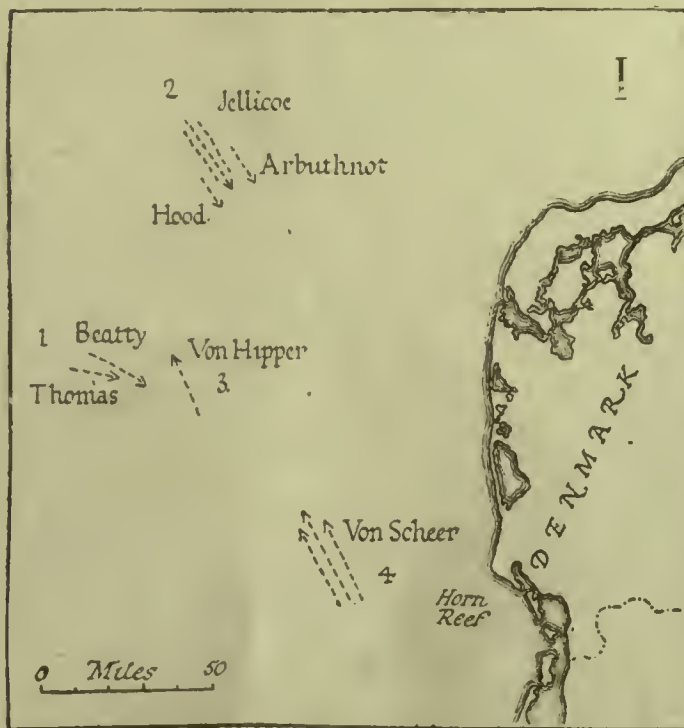
The Enemy Losses

The course that the enemy has followed in this respect has been strikingly unlike our own. He began by putting forward a claim to victory that—in the face of his retreat and his total inability to seize the fruits of victory—was patently fatuous. The only losses he admitted were the small cruiser *Wiesbaden*, the pre-Dreadnought *Pommern*, the *Frauenlob*, and some

torpedo boats. It was perhaps pardonable that he should claim to have sunk many more British ships than actually went down. It was as easy for him to be mistaken in such a matter as for us. Thick weather, bad light, the fact of a night action, all these things would make the losses of one side uncertain to the other. But the attempt to conceal his own losses must from every point of view, except the German, appear a fatal mistake. A very different list has since been admitted. The *Lutzow* and the *Rostok*, the loss of which till June 8th was denied "for military reasons," have now to be added. Why, one may ask, are these losses admitted now. The inference is obvious. The Germans lied about their losses in the first instance, for without the lie the legend of the fruitless victory could hardly have got currency even in Germany. They have admitted a small part of the truth now in the hope of concealing the larger part kept back.

The point is not of very great interest, for in this matter our opponents are only following in naval matters the course they have pursued from the first with regard to their losses on land. It is a course that deceives no one outside Germany, but is, one must suppose, justified if it deceives and consoles the Germans. At this stage of the war it is very doubtful if neutral opinion is of much importance, but if it is the incident of the *Lutzow* has this value, that all German official statements about their successes, their failures, their losses, their prisoners and their booty will be treated not merely as suspect, but as deliberate and calculated untruths.

While we have no fresh information to alter our general view as to the course or the result of the Battle of Jutland, careful reconsideration of the evidence already in our possession prompts me to no material alteration in the opinions that have already been expressed. There were one or two palpable errors in the account which I published last week, and I have to thank several correspondents for pointing them out to me. It is also clear from letters I have received that the preliminary disposition of the forces and certain features of the action present considerable difficulties, and not only to lay readers. I cannot this week deal with more than one or two of these.



Disposition of the Fleet

First let us make it quite clear what their relative positions were. And here I have to make a correction. In the first of the seven diagrams I gave last week, I gave Sir John Jellicoe's, Beatty's, von Hipper's and von Scheer's positions at approximately 2.20. This was an oversight. The time should have been approximately 3.45, when fire was opened. I reprint the diagram this week. And to get the position of the two battle-fleets at 2.20 the reader must imagine Sir John Jellicoe to be about in the top of the left-hand corner and Admiral Scheer to be somewhere just off the Horn Reefs, and both Sir David Beatty and

Vice-Admiral Hipper further to the west. By 3.45, when the action began, they would have closed to the position in the diagram.

The plan of the action followed by the British Fleet was undoubtedly that formulated by the Commander-in-Chief. He had not on this occasion to consider any new or unrehearsed problem. The fleet was embarking on a manœuvre which it had performed on innumerable previous occasions. The task allotted to each section of the fleet was the result of past experience and a careful consideration of all the probabilities. The objective was to bring the enemy's fleet as a whole to action. The plan, therefore, had to take into consideration a thousand contingencies and obviously could not be the best possible plan for dealing with any particular one of them. The question is in point of fact one that can only be discussed intelligibly when all the experience and information available to the Commander-in-Chief are known, and conclusions, as misleading as they may be unjust, will be put forward if the disposition of the fleet is discussed, as if the position and plans of the enemy were known before the British Fleets left their ports.

British Prisoners in German Hands

A fact which has puzzled a great many people is this. *Indefatigable* was, as we saw last week, sunk within ten minutes of the battle cruisers opening fire on von Hipper's squadron. The action continued in a south-easterly and southerly direction for an hour after this and then our fast division led the Germans northwards for another hour and twenty minutes, when, after the entry of Hood and Arbuthnot into the field, the way was clear for the Grand Fleet, and the action ended with the disorderly flight of the enemy. How then did it happen that the Germans, if driven off the field, should be found after the battle with prisoners from *Indefatigable*? The explanation is really quite simple. Von Hipper, we must remember, when the first contact was made at 2.20 until 3.45, when the action commenced, was always to the north and eastward of Admiral Beatty. He had no doubt distributed his destroyers well ahead of him when cruising northward, so that when Beatty made him turn and fall back on the High Seas Fleet, he would be followed by the destroyers that had previously been his advance guard. These destroyers would, in the ordinary course of things, pass over the scene of the engagement a quarter of an hour or half an hour after it had taken place. Our own destroyers, in the meantime, which had been ahead of Sir David Beatty, would probably have remained ahead of the squadron. Consequently our destroyers would not pass over the field of the action. There is nothing surprising then, in the Germans having found a few survivors, and it is gratifying to know that they had the humanity to save them.

I have to make two other corrections in the account of the action which I gave last week and in the diagrams. First, it seems clear that Rear-Admiral Evan Thomas's battleships got into action before 4.45; they seem to have fallen into line behind Sir David's battle cruisers

The City of London Rose Society holds its annual show at the Cannon Street Hotel on Tuesday, the 27th inst. Last year the Society was able to hand over £65 to the British Red Cross Society as the result of this show, and this year it hopes to do better.

The oak-trees at Ashstead are being devastated by caterpillars. Mr. Compton Merryweather writes suggesting that the trees be sprayed with chromate of lead. This was done successfully in Richmond Park three years ago under similar circumstances on the advice of Mr. Maxwell Lefroy, Mr. Merryweather lending the necessary pumping apparatus.

The Women's National Land Service Corps is, we are informed, in urgent need of recruits, more especially among educated women. This Corps, whose president is the Duke of Marlborough, is recognised by the Government as the central voluntary body for enrolling girls and women of the professional and leisured classes for work upon farms. Short trainings from four to six weeks can be arranged. It is found that the presence of educated women acts as an incentive to local female labour. Of course not every woman, be she educated or not, is suitable for farm work, but many of them have shown extraordinary aptitude.

in the course of the southerly pursuit of von Hipper. I was also wrong in supposing that Sir Robert Arbuthnot's dash with the armoured cruisers was made after Sir David Beatty formed the gap between himself and Evan Thomas. The incident took place while the battle-cruisers and fast battleships were still fighting as a single squadron.

Effect of Shell Fire

Far too few details as to the effect of modern shell fire on modern ships are as yet available for it to be safe to draw sweeping deductions. But when it is remembered that the bad light made it necessary to engage at a range which this war has taught us to consider only moderate it seems astonishing that the battle cruisers should have come through such severe punishment with such insignificant injuries. One hears of a ship receiving over fifty hits of 11 and 12-inch shell without losing a knot of speed, one-tenth of her complement, or having one-quarter of her guns out of action—as an actual fact, needing no essential repairs to make her just as fit for fighting at the end as she was at the beginning of the action, and suffering no damages that very few weeks in dockyard cannot put right again.

This is a thing that should perhaps make one cautious in believing every enemy ship that was for any time under effective fire must be virtually destroyed, or shot to pieces. But it must be remembered that all through the action the British were using guns of far heavier calibre and, consequently, throwing far more destructive shells, than were the Germans. From 3.45 till 6 o'clock, Sir David Beatty's force was firing first four, then three broadsides of 13.5's and four broadsides of 15-inch guns. Only one of his ships was armed with 12-inch. We can take it as certain also that in the short time that the Grand Fleet was engaged, it would be the 15-inch and 13.5 gun ships that were principally in action. Where, therefore, there is reliable evidence of these ships having brought enemy vessels under a succession of salvos, it seems reasonable to suppose that he must have suffered, hit for hit, far more heavily than we did.

Spirit of the Fleet

The Navy has had to wait so long for its first big battle, so many of the officers and men and ships had not been in action before May 31st, that to the vast majority this was their baptism of fire—the first test to which their professional skill, long training and above all, their spirit had been put. Those who knew the Navy best have been least surprised at the triumphant egress of all from this ordeal. Those deeds of daring that end in death naturally claim our first tribute and impress themselves the more deeply upon our memories, so that the gallantry of Hood, the splendid heroism of Arbuthnot and his fellows on the cruisers, and the last hours of Onslow, stand out pre-eminent. It is much to be hoped, however, that of the innumerable instances of courage, intrepidity, of light-hearted facing of risks, and of the cheerful bearing of suffering, the more picturesque and striking will be recorded and preserved not only for the honour of their heroes but for the encouragement of future generations. Many yarns are current already, and as a first step towards the desired anthology I note the following.

An officer of one of the light cruisers was reported in the official return as "severely wounded." Whitehall immediately received a telegram respectfully but ardently protesting against so misleading and humiliating a description. "I have only got a chip knocked out of my shin and shall be ready for duty in a very few days." The P.M.O. was promptly wired to for a full description of this officer's injuries. It turned out that he had the right leg fractured, and left tibia chipped, a large piece of shell embedded in his groin, and seventeen other cuts and wounds.

In the 6-inch battery of one ship an enemy shell set fire to a cordite charge, and there being others in close proximity, the officer of quarters at once gave orders to clear the battery. Before the order could be obeyed, two boys were knocked over by the ignition of a second charge. A naval chaplain went back, brushed the burning propellant off them and pulled them out, and got badly

burned about the face and hands in doing so. With every feature disfigured and almost blinded, he was led, almost by force, below. The pain must have been excruciating. But he protested he was an absolute fraud, not a bit hurt and that they ought to be giving their attention to people who were seriously injured.

Another chaplain, hit in the spine, was told by the doctor that he only had a few hours to live. He sat in the chair, conversing cheerily with those around him till death came—by far the least concerned of all in the company.

It is said that *Sparrowhawk* having lost the whole of her fore part lay throughout the night of the 31st and 1st a helpless wreck. Early in the morning a cruiser was seen approaching. It soon became quite clear that she was an enemy. The men in the *Sparrowhawk* had no conceivable means either of attacking, or of defending themselves. There seemed no alternative to death or imprisonment. They watched the approach then of the cruiser with none too pleasant anticipations of the result. Suddenly, to their amazement, without a gun being fired or any notice being taken of them, the enemy cruiser up-ended and sank in half a minute. She had not appeared to be badly damaged; there was no explosion or explanation whatever.

ARTHUR POLLEN

Epitaphe

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

TO the Memory of Sergeant Jacques Bouvier, aged 23, killed at Dixmude, while relieving a comrade buried under his dug-out, in an advance post.

Il n'est pas mort.
Il est parti.
Il a forcé la porte de sa vie.
Il a franchi,
D'un bond, le seuil de son sort.
Il n'est pas mort.
Il est sorti
D'un monde qui était trop petit pour lui.

Couvrez le tambour d'un voile noir.
Couvrez son corps
Du drapeau de la Victoire.

Il n'a pas eu, comme d'autres, la patience
D'attendre jusqu' au bout.
Il n'a pas eu, comme d'autres, la prudence
De boire à petits coups.
Il n'est pas mort.
Il est parti.
Il a vidé sa coupe jusqu' à la lie.
Il a franchi,
D'un bond, le seuil de son sort.
Il a fait, d'un geste, tout ce qu'il avait à faire,
Il a dit, d'un mot, tout ce qu'il avait à dire,
Il a livré sa guerre
Et souffert son martyre.

Battez le tambour à petits coups ras.
Portez son corps
A petits pas.

Il n'est pas mort,
Mais nous mourrons
Chaque fois que nous songerons à lui
Et que nous nous souviendrons
Que nous ne l'avons pas suivi.
Il n'est pas mort,
Mais nous vivrons
Bien des jours et bien des nuits
Sans jamais voir la porte d'or
Qui s'est ouverte devant lui.

Plantez une croix sur son tombeau—
Il n'est pas mort—
Gravez son nom, son numéro,
Et tirez sur son corps
La salve des héros!

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

MY DEAR YOU,—Kitchener in his death has solved, at least for me, one of the minor and later enigmas of his life. Early in March he assured a Cabinet Colleague that the War would be over in three months. That Cabinet Colleague could not at all tell what "K" meant—he was even gainsaying his own famous forecast of a three years' term of fighting. Again, dining with friends in St. James's Square a day or two later, "K" solemnly assured a fellow-guest: "It will all be over in June." Everyone who heard it wondered at a forecast which facts seemed to falsify on the very face of it. And now we have the only conceivable clue. For June has come, and all is over—for him.

Kitchener's most noticeable features were his eyelids. Eyes may dull or may brighten; but it is the lids that really lend expression, by their shape and by their minute muscular contractions. In shape, his were quite the most soldierly ever seen. The cut of his lids proclaimed war—they made weapons of his eyes. The upper lids weighed thoughtfully upon the iris; and the grave eyesight of the man—of the military man—looked from a kind of ambush—not a stealthy ambush, but a courageous and strategic. I have heard people liken his eye—must one really say his eyelid?—to a tiger's. That illusion was a little helped by the colour-scheme of cold blue orbs set in a dark ruddy face—the deepened palette to which the earlier pink of his complexion had given place. His smile further flattered the fancy. Someone who told a funny story at a party at which "K" was present, and who was asked afterwards if "K" had laughed, replied: "O yes, he just showed a fang."

So laconic was his speech he could not have borne more than a single word—"Thorough" was the one word chosen—for the underline of his heraldic device. His utterances were so simple as well as so brief as to be at times doubly disconcerting. "What are they doing?" he would ask, when a crowd came out to welcome his entry into a town, or his arrival at a port. "What a lot of people!" became quite a formula with him on such occasions and even at private gatherings. When a Mayor read an address which informed him of things (things *he* had done!) his expression became that of a scolded schoolboy. It was a frankly bored expression when, early one May morning, he was taken prisoner to the Academy by a picture-adoring Duchess. Connoisseur of china though he was, he brought to Burlington House—say the soldier's eyelid, rather than the artist's eye! Sometimes the sentiment, behind those bare sentences of his, was itself a little bit of a surprise. Once, when he had desired a girl to continue dancing in his presence, he explained: "She is so like a figure on a vase!"

"Thorough" in life, in death he was a Man of Four Mitigations. Long since he said to a friend, with a shyness which in him was never unmanly: "A soldier should not marry—he doesn't know what may happen to him." And now the comfort is that the close company of his private mourners do not include a father, a mother, a wife, or a child.

As you may imagine, Osterley Park made altogether welcome the baby-girl that has been born to Lady Jersey. War-time vastly changes many an expecting mother's anticipatory sex-preferences: some will say it changes them unpatriotically. The coming event is itself shadowed nowadays by the blackness of battle; and the ancient joy of a man child being born into the world gives place to a new delight in the arrival of one of the *safer* sex. Is it really true, I wonder, that boys gain on girls in the birthrate after a big war? Anyway, the time is at hand when that popular superstition can be put to a decisive test. In so long a war, we need not even wait till the end to discover whether the heroism that fills the air does or does not fill the cradles with potential heroes. I own to being incredulous; and the latest figures of the Registrar-General do not reprove my lack of faith in this particular display of Nature's obligingly benign opportunism.

Very old people still recall that a bygone Lady Jersey was similarly pleased, in the middle of the last century, by the *début* of a baby—that time a boy, and not even her own! A telegram from France told her, one morning, that her friend, the beautiful Empress Eugénie, was "expecting" that day. Hour after hour was passed in eager anticipation of the final bulletin; and dinner was prolonged that night by the Jerseys into an era. But not till six the next morning did the message come which might mould history. Do you quite realise that the Empress-mother of that morning is now at Farnborough—she, too, in her turn, anxiously waiting bulletins from France, but, alas, of death instead of birth? A woman who kept her ninetieth birthday a month ago coaching herself in the most alert methods of modern aviation! And can you imagine the Prince Imperial the man of sixty he might now be?

I'm sure I can't. The Zulu assegai gave him immortal youth—in some poor way the compensating gift conferred, during these last months, on so many an English mother's sacrificed son.

Stevenson, you remember, knew a middle Lady Jersey—the grandmother of the four little Villiers children in the Osterley nursery to-day. In an unpublished letter, written by Stevenson's wife from Samoa to a friend in England, she says: "People wonder how we can bear the dullness of our life here. In truth we live in a whirl of excitement. To be part of a living Opera is not dull, nor do I believe you would find it so. Lady Jersey has just been visiting Mr. Haggard, brother of the novelist. I believe she intends publishing her impressions of Samoa—it would be an amusing paper. She has turned the heads of all the male population of the Island, and leaves us, I should think, well pleased." And as, in the magazine article this Lady Jersey did afterwards publish about Samoa, she modestly omits all mention of this concerted movement of male heads, Mrs. Stevenson's letter adds a completing Footnote to History.

One of the things which first made me your friend was your saying that you didn't know the woman with whom you'd not been a little in love. Women, you said, never seem to know how nice they are—how nice men find them; and men, though they feel the thrall, don't care to talk of it. I think that's true. If men said all they felt (and a little more), they might subject themselves to a reproof I once, in youth, received at the tongue of the great Gladstone. Other topics failing, I was reminding him of a party at which I had first met, among others, himself, his wife, and the Hayters; and I said, "I fell in love, at sight, with Lady Hayter." "I grant you she's very intelligent," deprecated this great literalist, whose voluminous speeches you may search in vain for an image. "But I fell in love with her," I insisted. "O, well, she's a charming woman, *and her husband*—" but luckily, before the last significantly accented sentence was completed, somebody came along, or a Commandment had been quoted! Lady Hayter later became Lady Haversham, but she remained in dark ignorance, as women commonly will remain, of a conquest made across a dinner-table!

"The country has a right to have me, but not to shave me," remarked the least foppish of men to me the other day in view of his coming conscription. Middle-aged, he has never yet used a razor. Why should that weapon be compulsory? I think bearded Lord Latymer might reasonably have put shaving soap down on his list of minor war economies, even for the civilian. For the soldier, with all the discomforts of camp and trench, the razor, in novice hands, is an instrument of torture which Parliament really should abolish. In different places and times, shaving has been variously considered a sign of effeminacy, of servitude, of liberty, of renunciation of the world. It is as a mark of servitude only that it is regarded by my bearded friend. In the Crimea our men were liberated from the lather; and, in this war, the French soldier's very name indicates his full freedom to be hairy—he is now the *poilu*.

W.

A Bad School for Statesmen

By Professor L. P. Jacks

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, in his essay on Disraeli's Novels, rebukes the people who extol the man of deeds above the man of words. True to his profession as a man of letters, Mr. Stephen believes there is nothing like literature. "I will confess," he says, "to preferring the men who have sown some new seed of thought above the heroes whose names mark epochs in history. I would rather . . . leaven a country with new ideas than translate them into facts, inevitably mangling and distorting them in the process. . . . I would rather have been Voltaire or Goethe than Frederick or Napoleon; and I suspect that the historian of the nineteenth century will attribute more importance to two or three recent English writers than to all the English statesmen who have been strutting and fretting their little hour at Westminster."

If the different clauses of this statement are put together it will be seen that Mr. Stephen's examples are somewhat confusing, and that he is not quite consistent with himself. He begins by preferring the man of words to the man of deeds, and ends by preferring the position of a writer to that of a Member of Parliament. The latter person Mr. Stephen, by a perverse change in his angle of vision, chooses to regard as a man of deeds. This is gravely open to doubt. To be sure, the statesmen who strut and fret their little hour at Westminster are engaged in talking or making speeches about action to be taken. But talking about deeds is a very different thing from performing them. By confusing the two things Mr. Stephen unconsciously becomes the ally of the most dangerous delusion of our times. The delusion is that talk will do the business, or in the more concrete form, that I am a man of action because I spend my time in making speeches, or even in preaching sermons, about actions that have to be performed by other men.

Houses of Verbiage

Because seven hundred gentlemen are discussing how children ought to be educated or drunkards reformed, it does not follow that any child is being taught what he needs to know or that any drunkard is being saved from his doom—nor indeed that they ever will be. The contrary is often the truth. All the time these gentlemen are making speeches the children and the drunkards are passing beyond their reach; the children by growing up into men and women, the drunkards by drinking themselves to death. When the speeches are prolonged through several generations, as they have been in both the instances given, the net loss is very serious. It may suit the politicians to "wait and see" and talk about it in the meantime; but the children and the drunkards, to say nothing of the great currents of history, neither wait nor see. The result is that the people in whose interests action was first proposed are in their graves before the seven hundred are ready to act. Others no doubt will have taken their place, but if those who have been lost in the intervals could be summoned from their resting place I doubt if they would agree with Mr. Stephen in classing the seven hundred as men of action. They would rather support Carlyle, who regarded the Houses of Parliament as essentially Houses of Verbiage, and they would have told Mr. Stephen, who preferred the man of words above the man of deeds, that with such a preference Parliament was undoubtedly his proper place.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. Stephen and many others who talk about "ideas ruling the world" and "words being mightier than deeds" have in mind a very particular class of ideas and a sort of words which is by no means common. There is a story about the Shah of Persia which illustrates the point. Somebody had proposed to this potentate that he should go to the Derby. The Shah refused.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that I am so ignorant as not to know that one horse can run faster than another?"

The answer, though interesting, was irrelevant. For the object of the Derby is not to demonstrate that one

horse can run faster than another, but to show *which* horse can run faster than *which*. In the same way the statement that ideas rule the world is irrelevant as an answer to the man who is inquiring whether this world is well governed or ill. Little is gained by knowing that ideas rule the world until you know further whether the ideas in question are good or bad. The worst kind of world, in my opinion, would be a world ruled by an idea—and that idea a bad one. Nor is there any consolation in learning that words are mightier than deeds. *What* words? "The pen is mightier than the sword." Well, what if it is? I would rather live under the might of a sword that is clean than under the might of a pen that is dipped in lies and venom.

Foolish Idolatry

One may carry the idolatry of "ideas" and "words" a little too far. One may carry it to the length of not knowing a good idea from a bad one, or of taking every windbag for a prophet, or of thinking ourselves men of action because we buy the *Daily Mail*.

If our legislators spent their time in legislating there would be some justification for classing them, with Mr. Leslie Stephen, as men of action. But a scrutiny of their proceedings soon reveals the fact that they do nothing of the kind. The legislator, if he happens to be a prominent man, spends much of his time, probably the greater part of it, in repulsing the attacks of his opponents and in counter-attacking. This process is dignified by the name of "debating"; one might almost say it is canonised under that name, for there cannot be a doubt that "debating" is regarded by most Englishmen as a holy occupation. Now, nobody, not even the most abandoned heretic, would rail upon debating, if the object kept in view during the debate were the merits of the measure under consideration. But in the ordinary course of our Parliamentary procedure this is not always the case. The debate becomes a war of minds, conducted for its own sake in the first degree and for the public good only in the second. The interests of the debaters, their seats and their reputations, are the interests primarily at stake, while the public has to content itself with the residual policy which is left in being when the various warring factions have settled their accounts and reduced each others forces, so far as possible, to immobility. To say that the remnant of wisdom thus left over represents the popular will is a transparent fiction which deceives only those persons who are bemused by phrases. Instead of being what everybody wants the result is often what nobody wants or ever wanted.

The truth is that the people have in Parliament a big Debating Society, not always of the first class, in which debating has become an end in itself, and where

Sortes Shakespearianæ

By SIR SIDNEY LEE

To the Russians.

God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!

Richard III., V., v., 1.

The Economic Conference.

It is like we shall have good trading that way.

1 Henry IV., II., iv., 401.

King Constantine and his Ministers.

*To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.*

King Lear, II., iv., 305-7.

the interests of the community are exposed to death, mutilation, capture or a precarious survival according as the fortunes of parliamentary warfare sway to one side or the other. By means of certain well-established fictions the public has persuaded itself that this orgy of debating is "government," and even comes to believe in course of time that this is the only way in which a people can govern itself. The fiction is maintained by the fact that, at the long last, something definite usually emerges from the orgy, which may be either a positive measure or the destruction of one. This result, which is held up as representing the will of the people, does not represent even the will of the majority in power, but only so much of their will as their opponents have not succeeded in thwarting. Home Rule is a case in point. There are many others, and history has nothing more pathetic to show than the readiness of the British public to accept these by-products of debating, these survivals of the parliamentary war of minds, as corresponding to the will of the people. They are not what we want, but what we have accustomed ourselves to put up with.

Now and then, however, a situation arises which reveals to us, with a kind of shock, that the issue of great affairs cannot be left to dance attendance on the fortunes of a Debating Society. How often since the outbreak of the present war has the formula been spoken in the House of Commons—"The interests of the nation render it undesirable to discuss the question raised by the Honourable Member." Sometimes no doubt the motive of the answer is the need of secrecy; but more often it is the need of effectiveness and promptitude, qualities for which Government by Debating Society does not provide the favourable conditions. To teach us this is one of the beneficent functions of a great war. During the last two years we have been learning that a great Empire does not exist for the purpose of providing seven hundred gamesome debaters with subjects for a series of lively evenings. It is important, no doubt, that speeches should be made; but it is more important that the Empire should be maintained; and the two are not always compatible.

Time, A Doubtful Ally

Mr. Lloyd George has recently informed us that time is a doubtful ally. He was thinking of the conditions a government has to face under a state of war. But is not the saying equally applicable to a state of peace? Is not time a doubtful ally, nay, often a clearly treacherous ally, when social reforms are in question—education, public health, housing, poverty, hunger, race-suicide. These things do not stand still, like Joshua's sun over the Valley of Ajalon, patiently waiting without change until a factious assembly has made up its mind what to do with them, and submitted its proposal to the House of Lords. They are going from bad to worse all the time! Indeed, when the final measure comes out, as "amended in Committee and modified by the House of Lords," it is not infrequently found applicable only to a state of things which has passed away, and to be inadequate to the new and worse form which the problem had taken in the meantime. Ireland once more!

If you tell me that these things cannot be decided in a moment and that time is required for their solution, I assent; but I assent on the principle which dictated the sapient remark of the Shah about the Derby. I know that all problems require time for their solution, and that some require more than others. The question is *how much* time do *these* require. Will they tolerate the delays involved in a whole epoch of speechmaking, wire-pulling, caucus-mongering, and parliamentary antics? Can they be safely left to wait until all the secondary interests which have gathered round the machinery of popular government have adjusted their chaos of differences, until the newspaper press has exhausted its controversies and its venom, until every one of the fighting factions has been given the time it needs to accomplish its supreme desire—that of dishing its opponents, under the pretence of promoting the popular will? Even if the popular will be allowed to have a definite form of existence—a point on which I confess to having doubts—it is to me inconceivable that it should ever get itself expressed by a process such as this.

There is a party at the present moment which is contending that all questions of foreign policy should be

frankly submitted to Parliament and so made the subjects of democratic control. I am doubtful in the first instance whether a "democracy" is really competent to manage its relations with foreign states. It would be, no doubt, if the people always clearly knew what they wanted and were in one mind about the matter. But there is nothing about which a people is in so many minds as about its foreign policy—a fatal state of things for effective control of any great question affecting peace and war. However that may be, we should not get democratic control by submitting these things to Parliament. We should get control by Debating Society—a different thing altogether. Were such a course adopted we might predict, with confidence, the speedy downfall of the **Empire**.

New Order of Statesmen

The present war has revealed, both by its inception and its progress, that what the government of a great empire needs most urgently is an order of statesmen who combine far-seeing vision with an aptitude for prompt, decisive, silent and even masterful action. How to find such statesmen is a problem which can only be solved through great changes in our whole national ethos, through a reformed education and indeed through a reformed morality. But the first step to its solution is to realise that our Parliamentary system neither produces such men nor trains them. Parliament may be a good school for politicians but it is a bad one for statesmen. The kind of political wisdom it fosters is the kind which is skilful in handling majorities, in guiding debate, in countering intrigue, in dishing opponents, and above all in reducing a number of factious interests to their lowest common measure—which is seldom the measure of the nation's needs or its dangers.

All this may have its uses. It certainly requires enormous ability in the men from whom it is daily demanded. But the ability so developed is not statesmanship. Nay more; it is a kind of ability with which, for obvious psychological reasons, statesmanship rarely co-exists. In the turmoil of parliamentary warfare "vision" is lost, the near usurps the place of the distant, and the great currents of history, on which the fate of empires depends, become invisible. Worst of all the habit of *waiting* until controversy has exhausted itself and faction grown tired unfits men, both temperamentally and morally, for swift decisions in matters which admit not of a moment's delay. In Parliament the argumentative habit is developed at the expense of insight and promptitude, which are the statesman's gifts. The consequence is that our great Ministers become not rulers of the nation or its destinies, but rulers of Parliament—a very different thing.

For Parliament is an institution with an independent life of its own—a life most imperfectly co-ordinated, some might say not co-ordinated at all, with the essential interests of the State. The very perfection of the Parliamentary machine largely defeats the purpose for which Parliaments were originally created. It becomes an end unto itself. Its political energies, its intelligence, its wisdom are used up in maintaining its own balance. The interests on which its vision are concentrated are primarily its own. Immersed in its atmosphere statesmen become, and can hardly help becoming, myopic. They acquire that blindness to "things as they are" which suffered them two years ago, and the nation which blindly followed them, to drift unprepared into the greatest crisis of the world's history. What else indeed was to be expected from men whose training had been in the narrow cockpit of British politics—of men whose wits had been kept at the stretch for years in mastering an endless series of fierce but petty storms—strikes, Ireland, suffragettes, trades unions, tariff reform and all that devil's dance of concessions, compromises, sops, bribes, manipulations and adjustments, with its wild accompaniment of speechmaking in Parliament and demonstrations outside, which, in normal times, does duty as our "political life." A worse school for statesmen it would be impossible to imagine.

The fault is not theirs. It lies with the public which creates, maintains and applauds the school, and then complains because its atmosphere has failed to produce the men who foresee the hour of destiny and act swiftly when it strikes.

The Air Board

By F. W. Lanchester

THE creation of the Air Board, under the presidency of Lord Curzon, may be regarded as inaugurating a new phase in the development of military and naval aeronautics. Apart from the multitude of minor problems of greater or less magnitude with which the Air Board is, and will be, faced, the whole fate and future development of the air branches of our Services may be said to rest in its hands. It is true that the Board has no executive power, but it possesses that which will probably prove as effective—the President has the power, in order to avoid a deadlock, of going to the War Committee of the Cabinet for authority to decide any point that may arise, or on which disagreement may exist.

There are some (with whom I am myself inclined to agree) who regard the Air Board, or at least an Air Board, forming a link between the Services, as the right and appropriate solution to the control of our air forces. From this point of view the air branches of the Services, just as the artillery of the Services, will remain under separate control; the War Office and Admiralty being, as at present, respectively responsible for the air efficiency of the Army and of the Navy. There are others who (I think without sufficient consideration) assume that an ultimate solution must be sought in some kind of amalgamation of the two branches into an Air Service under an Air Minister. I have previously discussed this question to some extent in these columns.* I now return to the subject to consider the alternatives with greater analytical exactness.

Permanent or Temporary

The point of importance at the present juncture is broadly whether we are to regard the present Air Board as a good and—humanly speaking—permanent solution to the problem; or whether, as strongly urged by Lord Montagu, and as actually foreshadowed by Lord Curzon, we look to an Air Ministry and single Air Service as the probable outcome. Lord Curzon's actual words † are:

Having said so much, I should like to add for myself that I think such an Air Department is destined to come. I see before myself, before many years have passed—it may be even sooner—I paint to myself a dream of a single Service under a single head, under a single roof, with a single organisation. Such a unification I cannot believe to be beyond the administrative genius of our race. But if I am right in that, I would sooner see it come—as in the past few months I have seen military compulsion come—as the result of a *concordat* between all those who are interested in the matter, as the result of a cordial acceptance of the principle by both services and both Departments, and with the avowed support of the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Board which has been appointed will undoubtedly hold this consummation in view. It is one of our duties to explore the ground and to examine the possibilities of such a solution. One day it will be our business to report to His Majesty's Government upon the matter. But in the meantime I think I can show the House that we have more immediate and more pressing duties to perform. For the reasons I have stated I cannot accept the Motion of my noble friend Lord Montagu. His Motion is really one, rather cleverly disguised, for the immediate creation of an Air Department or an Air Ministry.

This actually goes further than Lord Montagu desires, if we take his remarks in the House of Lords Debate as a criterion. Thus (following the above) he says, "I particularly disclaimed any idea of an Air Ministry at present." (The italics are my own.)

Whatever the future may have in store, it is I think generally agreed by those with whom the decision lies that no immediate action is possible beyond that already taken by the Government, namely the appointment of an Air Board, and through that medium the more close correlation of the existing departments and the independent study of the problems of air warfare, with a view

to tendering advice to the Services, and making provision in advance to meet such extensions in the duties of aircraft as may seem feasible and desirable.

I will now take the matter up from the point at which it was left in my article of May 4th under the title "Air Problems and Fallacies."

Direct and Indirect Military Value

It is at the outset necessary to insist on the fundamental distinction between operations of direct and of indirect military value; it is precisely on this point, and it is definitely on the future of potential value of operations of indirect military value that the case for an Air Ministry will stand or fall. If no such operations were feasible or, from a strategic point of view, desirable, then there is no case for an Air Ministry. If on the other hand it can be shown that operations of indirect value are destined to become of importance, then there is a case for an Air Ministry and for an independent Air Service, and the more important the operations of indirect military value become, the stronger the case. Whether or no, the Air Ministry and independent Air Service will ultimately prove necessary will depend finally upon the strength of the case as above defined; thus if such operations are found to be in practice rare there is no reason why the whole new apparatus in the sense of an Air Ministry with its corollary Service should be created for its execution, when there are other means available. If on the contrary these operations of indirect military value become, or are shown by experience to be, of great national importance, and require to be initiated and carried out on a large scale, then we may take it that an Air Ministry and an Independent Air Service is the inevitable solution. So far, experience is lacking.

It may be urged that the preceding paragraph is too dogmatic; it is not propounded as dogma, it is a statement of the case which it is the object of the present articles to make good.

It is doubtful whether the experience of this War will be final on the question of the utility or otherwise of operations of indirect military value. It has been pointed out in the previous article (to which reference has been made) that in almost every case, whatever may be the value of operations of indirect value, they are, more often than not, weak in comparison with direct operations, therefore so long as we are building up continually increasing armies with their necessary complement of aircraft, *matériel* and *personnel*; it is certain that, whatever the future may be, the present will not leave much scope for experimental development outside immediate military and naval requirements. The present situation so far as the Board is concerned is clearly that any operation of indirect military value, which, one may say, by definition, does not come naturally into the purview either of the supreme Admiral of the Navy, or Commander-in-Chief of the Army, must be considered and worked out and defined by the Air Board, who will also decide which of the present Services will be expected to undertake any particular kind of duty. Let the matter be exemplified by a few illustrations.

If it were thought necessary to conduct bombing raids in the rear of the enemy's lines, to destroy his magazines or interrupt his communications (as has been done repeatedly in the course of the western campaign) we have to deal with a class of operation which is *decisively of direct military value*, for example the bombing of the railway station and junction at Lille, or the raid on the enemy communications behind Verdun; such work is definitely related to military operations with which, both as to time and place, it requires to be co-ordinated.

It would be useless for example, and might even be prejudicial, if such work bearing directly on other military operations were to be carried out at the wrong instant, as might easily happen were it conducted independently of the military command; the more closely such air operations are co-ordinated with other work in the field the more effectively will aircraft be employed, hence it would

* LAND & WATER, April 20th, 27th, and May 4th.

† Official Rep. House of Lords, Vol. 22, No. 38, p. 157.

be suicidal to place the conduct of such operations in the hands of a separate Service. It would be still more suicidal to relegate to a separate Air Service the still more intimate duties of aircraft, as concerned in military reconnaissance, "spotting" for artillery, etc.; it would be as foolish as placing the artillery or the cavalry under the control of a separate Minister. On the naval side again many examples might be cited of the employment of aircraft which are essentially so related to other naval operations as clearly to be inseparable.

Direct Military Value

In all such military and naval air work, that is to say, in operations of *direct military value*, the precision and exactitude of co-ordination or co-operation with the other arms of the Service, or with our Naval Forces, is so important that it is unthinkable that any such operations should be placed under a separate Ministry or any organisation other than that of the appropriate Service. An air operation, such as a bombardment from the air (at least as we know it at present) is as compared to the operations of the other arms of the Service in itself but of moderate effect, but by accurate co-ordination such air operations may prove (and have proved) of signal value and utility. It is of little use bombing a railway, for instance, a day too soon because experience has shown that repairs can usually be effected in a few hours. It is useless conducting the same operations a day too late, it is essential that it should be done *to time*, at the psychological moment, in fact, when the enemy is relying upon the use of his railway or communication, and when its failure will be of the greatest detriment to him; thus an air raid, such as is under discussion, requires to be accelerated or held back, or repeated, according to the progress of other operations, and the more intimately the command of the air force is identified with that of the Army on the one hand or the Navy on the other, the more efficient it will become.

A typical operation of *indirect military value* was the raid on Friedrichshafen in the autumn of 1914. That raid was not connected with the movements of any of the armies on the western or other battle front; it was not connected with any naval operation in particular. It was an attempt to weaken the enemy's industrial power and in particular his power of building airships. There was no special reason why that should have been undertaken at any particular instant of time, there was in fact no clear reason why the raid should have been organised at all, so far as the Admiralty is concerned; it was, we may take it, initiated by certain adventurous spirits, and perhaps we may say justified by results. That it has not been regarded as a class of operation of great utility is well evidenced by the fact that no serious attempt has been made at its repetition.

Building Up a Flying Corps

The truth is that with the limited numbers of aeroplanes which have been hitherto at the disposal of our authorities, and the tax on our manufacturing resources by the rapid growth of our armies, there are more important duties always at hand. It must be borne in mind that, with an army which has grown in less than two years to the extent of three or four millions of men, it has been a problem of no mean magnitude to build up a Flying Corps, the "cavalry of the air," commensurate with the strength of the other arms of the Service. The problem is still the continuous increase required, more and more pilots, more and more squadrons, more and more mechanics, depots, etc.

In suggesting that a raid such as that on Friedrichshafen is not an example of the best possible employment of our air squadrons, it is necessary to say *under existing conditions*; it may be fairly inferred that in due course, when adequate provision of *materiel* and *personnel* is available, such operations will be fully justified and will have to be carefully considered and organised in advance. Any operation such as the Friedrichshafen raid is rightly to be regarded as one of indirect military value, since, as pointed out, it has no intimate relation to other operations either in the Army or the Navy, and, further, there is no definite indication from the character of the operation whether it is part of the responsibility of the

Army or the Navy. It may be argued on the one hand that since the value of the Zeppelin airship is mainly naval reconnaissance, the destruction of its headquarters would fall naturally to the Navy. On the other hand it might equally be argued that since the object of attack and the only available base are both far inland the duty is clearly one for the Army. In brief the incentive to attack is naval, and the undertaking itself is within the military zone.

The raid on Friedrichshafen is merely an example. There are scores of industrial centres in an enemy country where munitions are manufactured of different kinds, any and all of which would be appropriate subjects of attack were the appropriate air forces, i.e., machines, trained *personnel*, etc., available, and all these duties, so far as not immediately connected with the military or naval strategic plan, may be classified as operations of indirect military value. It is these operations which it will be one of the great concerns of the Air Board to study and provide for. In the first place (and under present conditions) it is desirable that a clear decision should be reached at the earliest possible date, as to what these duties comprise and which operations are to be regarded as coming within the responsibility of the military authorities, and which (if any) the Navy will be expected to undertake. Clearly the Services can neither of them legitimately be called upon to carry out work which does not come within their own strategic scheme or plans, and for which they have had no opportunity to provide either *materiel* or *personnel*. Later, if and when operations of indirect military value have been undertaken, it will be a matter of serious consideration whether these shall be allowed to remain as collateral responsibility of the Army and Navy, or whether their importance will justify an Independent Air Service under an Air Minister.

Test of Experience

Obviously this latter question must be one of degree—in brief it will depend upon the relative magnitude and the importance which will ultimately attach to the operations in question. Should it transpire or experience demonstrate that these operations have not great or real importance then we may rest assured that an Independent Air Service will not be justified. If on the other hand, as is generally believed, attack on enemy centres of production, etc., should prove a valuable method of breaking his power, and capable of fast and effective development, then we may rest assured that the Independent Air Service will be found the appropriate solution.

There is fortunately no need to jump at any conclusion, the future will take care of itself. Thus the present Air Board is fully capable of considering the possibilities of large scale air raids and of taking the necessary initiative when our resources permit. The War Office or the Navy will be advised that certain operations are considered desirable from a national point of view, and believed to be feasible, and either one Service or the other will be informed that the work of carrying out such and such operations has been assigned to them.

The production of the necessary *materiel* and *personnel* will then be undertaken with perhaps a special supplementary grant based on the decision of the Air Board; in due course the utility or otherwise of the measures taken will be proved. It is on the test of experience that the future situation will require to be judged. On the one hand we do not want a separate Air Service to conduct half a dozen long distance raids per annum; on the other hand if such raids could be shown of sufficient value to become a matter of daily occurrence it is more than probable that it may be found advisable ultimately to relieve the existing Services of these duties, and concentrate all air work of indirect military value under an organisation with its own Minister, Chief, and Staff.

It is of interest in this regard to review the history of our present day systems of two Services; in other words to examine the manner and conditions in and under which the British Navy emerged as a separate Service from its origin as a mere adjunct to the military system of feudal times. It is from the reading of history that we may expect some real guidance from the past, and not from the setting up of false or unproven analogies such as are implicitly embodied in the current slogan "One Element, one Service."

Extension of the Union Jack Club

Our Special Appeal to Readers of *Land & Water*

By the Editor

THE Union Jack Club was presented by the nation to the Navy and Army as a memorial to those of the Services who fell in the South African war. As everybody who lives in London knows, it stands in Waterloo Road, close to Waterloo Station, the terminus of the London and South Western Railway, which serves Aldershot, Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth and Devonport, so it is placed as it were, at the main gate of London, from the point of view of its members. The Union Jack is a Club in identically the same sense as the "Rag" in Pall Mall, or the Athenæum or the Bachelors in Hamilton Place. The same facilities and advantages are offered to its members by it as by them. It is run on strict business lines; the Club pays for itself, and has each year a small balance to the good, but only a small one, for the right principle is that profit should not be made out of members. A difference, besides the range of prices, which exists between the U.J.C. and those Clubs we have mentioned, is that it provides much greater sleeping accommodation. During 1915, the actual number of members who passed a night at the Club were 211,445 of whom 33,921 were sailors, 2,948 marines, and 174,576 soldiers. Better testimony to the appreciation of the Club could not be given. Where think you, would these men have slept if the U.J.C. had not existed? Yet the melancholy fact has also to be mentioned that some hundreds of men had to be refused, regretfully refused, sleeping accommodation just because there was no room for them.

Let us try to understand not only what the U.J.C. has done for Navy and Army, but the light it sheds on certain social problems of which many good people are apt to take the gloomiest view. Before it came into existence the sailor and soldier who found himself on leave in London, usually with a bit of money in his pocket, had nowhere to go to provided he had neither home nor friends. Was it any wonder that he turned to the nearest public place of refreshment that was within his means? Unfortunately, our Licensing Laws have more or less compelled public-houses to be mere drinking-dens, and the man on leave often only too quickly got rid of his cash and made of himself in the process either a beast or a fool. Then society blamed the man. Which was wrong. It should have blamed itself for not providing its defenders on their rare holidays with a place where they might live decently and amuse themselves rationally. A sensible and healthy man never gets drunk from mere love of getting drunk. The idea that he does so is a foolish and wicked delusion. Outside occasional conviviality, intoxication is directly due to a desire to escape from uncongenial environment. Change the environment, make it congenial and drunkenness disappears. The truth of this statement has been proved over and over again, but there is no stronger testimony in existence to-day than the success and popularity of the Union Jack Club. There are other obvious evils from which the Club saves men who would otherwise be on a loose end in the streets.

In this connection the ability of the Club to provide a bedroom to every member who requires it is urgent. It is pathetic to have to send away a self-respecting man to a doss-house or cheap lodging-house for a night's rest. That is so at all times either in war or in peace, but it is doubly pathetic at the present when the man perhaps has just come in after a spell of wild weather in the North Sea, or may be from a fight with enemy, or if he be a soldier straight from the trenches and continuous pounding night and day by big shell.

As we advance in life the clearer do we behold the eternal truth underlying the saying, God made all men equal. Inequality between the natures of different men and nations largely arises from the conditions which man, through his laws, customs and traditions, has made for himself. Men may laugh at those who believe in ideals and would constitute life on idyllic conditions, and call them unpractical.

But such persons are far wiser and more sensible than those others who judge human nature at its lowest and treat mankind accordingly. We stand in need of golden-tongued saints to preach the doctrine of original good, instead of original sin. It is closer to the truth. Bear in mind the old parable of the sower; the good ground that bears fruit a hundredfold is there for the tilling in the heart of each one of us at birth; it is human society that tramples the seed underfoot or denies it the moisture it needs or permits the fowls of the air to devour it. If only we moulded our lives more closely



Members of the Union Jack Club

on this principle the world would be a happier and better place to live in. But we can at least make a beginning, and when we find institutions, which acting on this principle have proved its truth by their practical success, give them the fullest support within our power and the most generous pecuniary help within our means.

Such an institution is the Union Jack Club, for the extension of which we make this special appeal. The four members whose photographs we give here are typical of all; their cheerfulness is a good suggestion of the pleasure all derive from their Club. Let us briefly describe the Club-house, a photograph of which is overleaf. It is a fine building, but not big enough. Within there is a barber's shop where are sold tobacco, matches, cleaning materials, shirts, socks, caps, etc., picture postcards. Baths hot and cold cost 2d., including attendance, towels and soap; shower-baths are free. Members are given blacking, etc., to clean their own boots or they can give the Club boot-black a penny to do it for them. There is a large and comfortable smoking-room, but no standing bar; members order what they want and are attended by waitresses. All kinds of drinks are served. A member can have his glass of beer or brandy and soda if he prefers. In the billiard-room are six full-sized tables. The library, also the writing-room, contains two thousand volumes; writing materials are free; they cost the Club last year just £100. Then there is the dining-room, open from 7 a.m. to 10.45 p.m., where prices are most reasonable. Last year waitresses were first introduced; they have proved so successful that

many members hope the Club will never revert to men-waiters. Chief Petty Officer Thompson voiced this wish at the annual general meeting in April. He said: "In the dining-room it is better to have ladies or girls as we call them, than it is to have men. You are waited on nicely. There is no slackness whatever, and I have seen here hundreds and thousands who have been attended to without any argument or cross word by anyone." It was at this meeting that Serjeant-Major Wood remarked that he had heard men say so often until it had become a proverb in the army: "If you go to London, there is only one place to go to. If you go to the Union Jack Club you will receive the proper treatment a man should receive from everybody there." Could there be higher or truer appreciation? Said a sailor the other day to the Secretary: "I have used the Club since it opened; it is my home." A soldier who left by a very early train on his return to active service, pinned this note to his pillow: "This is the best place I have ever been in. Thanks for all." These one or two tributes say more for the good work the Club is doing than volumes of writing or talk. It has proved invaluable to the British Navy and to men of the Regular Army and the New Armies, the Naval Volunteers, the Territorials while mobilised, and to men of the Dominion and Colonial Forces. All of them are eligible and all of them have made free use of the Club. Is it any wonder that the Clubhouse has proved too small?

LAND & WATER appeals to its readers to help in the extension of the Club. That this appeal will be liberally responded to we are convinced, and not only by individuals but we trust also by communities in a manner we will shortly explain. How urgent is the need, and how desirable it is that the work should be put in hand without delay can be judged from these messages from Admiral Sir John Jellicoe and General Sir Douglas Haig:

From ADMIRAL JELlicoe:

The Union Jack Club has been of inestimable benefit to the men of the Fleet since its erection, and its value has been beyond words. During the war the urgent need for further extension has been demonstrated a thousand times, and I trust that your appeal for funds for this extension will meet with the wonderful success which has so far attended all your kindly efforts.

From GENERAL HAIG:

Please accept my best wishes for the success of your appeal. The Union Jack Club has for the past nine years conferred inestimable benefits on many thousands of our sailors and soldiers. Your proposed extension scheme comes at a most suitable moment, and will, I feel sure, be welcomed by all who wish to perpetuate the memory of those gallant men who have fallen in the cause of freedom.

The King, who is patron-in-chief, laid the foundation-stone of the Club, when he was Prince of Wales on July 21st, 1904, and it is hoped that next month may see the foundation-stone of the extension laid, possibly by His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, who is Patroness-in-Chief, should their numerous engagements permit. King Edward, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, opened the Club on July 1st, 1907, so July is a momentous month in its annals. If readers of LAND & WATER were to enable the coming month to witness this new function, it would indeed be a splendid achievement. But there is no time to be lost. It is more bedrooms that the Club requires most urgently. To have to refuse sleeping accommodation goes greatly against the grain, but until more bedrooms are in existence this is inevitable. Sir Douglas Haig, it will be noticed, speaks of the extension

scheme as a means to perpetuate "the memory of gallant men who have fallen in the cause of freedom." This is possible in a simple fashion. Each bedroom is calculated to cost £100, and a donation of £100 gives the privilege for one room to be dedicated to whomsoever the donor nominates. A small tablet is affixed to the door, signifying in whose honour it has been given, and whosoever enjoys a night's repose there must of necessity feel gratitude to him or those whose memory it perpetuates.

Throughout the British Empire to-day memorial funds are being raised to commemorate the gallant self-sacrifice of men from this or that village, township or possibly commercial undertaking "who have fallen in the cause of freedom." A bedroom at the Union

Jack Club should always be at least a part of such memorial. It is in this way that communities are able to assist in this good cause. We should also like to see every one of the ancient Guilds of the City of London represented at the Club in this manner. Their peculiar glory is the freedom they have the right to bestow on their fellow citizens, a freedom which was only won through centuries of struggle and which is now being maintained and defended by members of the Union Jack Club.

As for private individuals, many we know there to be who have only to be made acquainted with "the urgent need for further extension," to quote Admiral Jellicoe's words, to contribute generously and gladly, rejoicing in the opportunity thus

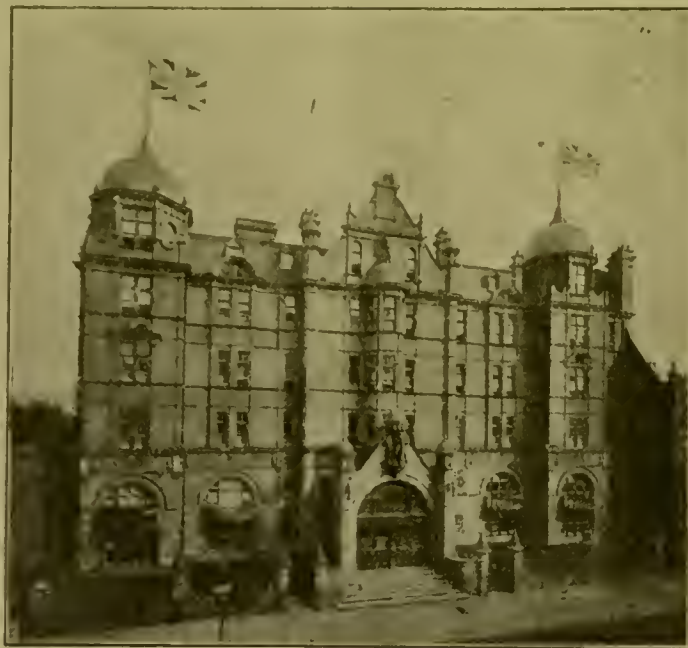
afforded to pay a personal tribute to rank and file of Navy and Army. How often and often during the last sad months have we heard of officers who lived for their men and died leading them into action. There could not be a finer or fitter manner of commemoration than by consecrating a bedroom to their memory. Think what it would mean in practice. Men of the old regiment where the remembrance of these gallant gentlemen shines with lustre, would be glad to occupy the rooms and would proudly relate to their fellow-members the deed, the life and the death of them whose name it bore. Thus would the Union Jack Club become as it were, the muniment tower, the record office of the most unselfish heroism of this great war. The dead would be held in remembrance, their glory would not be blotted out, through the continuance of that consideration for their men's welfare for which they laid down their lives.

Union Jack Club Extension.

All Contributions for the U.J.C. Extension Fund should be forwarded to:

The Editor,
"LAND & WATER,"
Empire House, Kingsway,
London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund." Cheques should be drawn in favour of the U.J.C. Extension Fund, and Crossed "Coutts Bank"



The Club-House in Waterloo Road

LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916

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By Louis Raemaekers

Drawn exclusively for 'Land and Water.'

Shall there not be room for all?

This cartoon has been drawn by Mr. Louis Raemaekers, and is published by the Proprietors of *Land & Water* on behalf of the special appeal (see page 20) for the extension of the Union Jack Club

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE.

THE recommendations made by the Economic Conference, held in Paris last week are now published, and will be heartily approved by all who regard these questions of trade and commerce from the Imperial point of view. The representatives of the Allied Governments declare that "after forcing upon them the military contest in spite of all their efforts to avoid the conflict, the Empires of Central Europe are to-day preparing in concert with their Allies for a contest on an economic plane which will not only survive the re-establishment of peace but will at that moment attain its full scope and intensity." This statement, though it only confirms what was generally known before, has a double importance—it proves that the nations are all equally alive to the perils of peace, and it makes clear the reason why it is necessary without delay to so reform our trade systems and methods as to secure protection after the war from German aggression.

This journal is conducted on non-party lines, but since our leader of last week on the Economic Conference, we have received a letter protesting that we have departed from this policy, as if forsooth economic questions were the monopoly of partisan platforms because in the past they have been their favourite shuttle-cocks. It is high time we awoke out of sleep and realised that such questions have a much deeper and more far-reaching import than is touched by academic arguments about supply and demand, free-trade and protection. Only this week the Kaiser informed the world at large that the untiring activity of the late von Moltke was devoted to the "brilliant preparation" for this war; though the deceased General confined his activity to military matters, it may be accepted without demur that the same "brilliant preparation" included every possible weapon in the armoury of economics. Germany has chuckled with evil glee over our endless disputations about shibboleths and phrases, while she went on her way silently absorbing every fraction of trade that could eventually be turned to her direct benefit.

In this economic pact we may behold the first foundations of peace. Here they are laid, and truly laid, but we have to build upon them. The denial of "most-favoured-nation" treatment to the Enemy Powers for a period to be fixed by agreement, to which we made allusion last week, is one of the main recommendations for what is called the reconstruction period. And the deter-

mination is expressed to restore to those countries suffering from destruction and spoliation the industrial plant and raw materials of which they have been despoiled. The systematic manner in which Germany at the time of the invasion of Belgium, Northern France and Poland, not only commandeered all raw materials but dismantled factories and industrial works, destroying what could not be removed, is not as generally realised as it should be. The idea was to cripple instantly possible competition after the war, and to ensure a period of time when certain manufactures could practically be furnished by Germany alone, owing to her having destroyed for the time being the rivalry of France and Belgium. This is further evidence how Germany's brilliant preparation and conduct of war embraces every branch and department of national life, both her own and her neighbours. We must accept this truth and act accordingly; wasting no more time listening to elderly prophets who wrangle and abuse each other in the market-place over empty catchwords and worm-eaten gospels.

They who drafted this international agreement have taken long views, and have made several excellent recommendations for permanent measures of mutual assistance. A common law covering patents, indications of origin and trade marks will go far towards establishing a firm commercial alliance, which in the end must prove the surest defence against the recurrence of war. We would not suggest that this pact of peace is the first grey streak of the dawn of the millennium, but it is certainly a step towards the federation of mankind which is the ideal unto which humanity still toils painfully. That there will be trade jealousies and disputes in the future as in the past is obvious, but they will not be quarrels out of which armed conflict will arise. It is to be hoped, so far as this country is concerned, there will be a thorough overhauling of antique manners and customs. May we not anticipate the abolition of our ancient system of weights and measures and the adoption of a decimal coinage—on which subject we publish a special article to-day. The commercial harm which British conservatism in this respect has wrought is incalculable. And the change could be made, if not as easily as we adopted paper currency or gained an extra hour's daylight by putting on our clocks, certainly with infinitely less trouble and expense than it has cost us to reclothe our army in khaki, or refurnish it with newer kinds of munitions. This is the age of transition; let us tread courageously the new roads and be done with the easy contentment and "don't bother me" ruts of the past. The Economic Conference has given the country the lead it requires; we must look to our statesmen to build up this new defence of civilisation against commercial attack by scientific barbarism which prepares the paths of peace for the wheels of its big guns and makes friendly commerce the harbinger of the foulest horrors of war.

Attempts will doubtless not be lacking by a certain school of economists to prove that these dangers, once the enemy is defeated, will be more or less imaginary, and that the sole salvation of the working-classes of the United Kingdom will lie in the future as in the past in cheapness irrespective of consequences. We have suffered so heavily through the blind worship of this abominable fetish that it may reasonably be hoped that such efforts will make small headway. But we must be ready for them. Trade and commerce is now part and parcel of Imperial defence. We know how the enemy works and who are our friends and must act accordingly. Great Britain has not hesitated to depart from old traditions in defence of freedom, and now she must display equal courage and firmness in the maintenance of independence when the war is over. It is for us to set an example in putting into practice the wise and well-considered recommendations of the Economic Conference.

Kovel and Lemberg

By Hilaire Belloc

THE best informed and the most reasonable of the German students who are following this war and publishing their commentaries upon it, is Major Morait, whose studies in the Berlin *Tageblatt* have often been alluded to in these columns.

In the evening of Monday the 5th of June, when the first news reached Berlin of the Russian blow upon the south-eastern front, this eminent authority committed himself to the following judgment which appeared over his name in the issue of the paper of the next day, the 6th of June.

" . . . It will need a Russian Army of several millions to create any serious menace against our scientifically consolidated and extremely strong front. They can have no success unless they compel us to bring troops from other theatres of the war. But that will not be necessary, for we are quite strong enough there to hold on the defensive, and this last adventure of the Tsar's armies remains an error in calculation."

We all know what followed. The enemy writer's judgment was at fault—and the fault was characteristic! For the mark of all Prussian opinion throughout this war has been a strange attempt to supplement what Germans call "objective reality" by something else exceedingly "subjective." In plain English, to bolster up real misfortune by crying an imaginary victory. This conception that thinking about external things in one's own fashion will change the nature of those external things is, luckily for us, very deeply rooted in modern Germany; it is not unknown elsewhere.

At any rate, we all know what really happened. Within twelve days of the evening on which those lines were written the Austro-Germans on the south-eastern front had lost at

least a third and perhaps nearly half of their strength and had seen an advance by the Russians at a critical point of nearer fifty than forty miles. They had also seen the loss of the Bukovina and the complete transformation of the whole situation between the Marshes and the Roumanian border.

But if we are to follow the great operation, to measure the amount of the Russian success, and to estimate its future chances, we must go into some detail and not be content with the general impression of the advance. For the purposes of such detail we shall do well to regard the whole operation as composed of three main actions, which I will separate on the accompanying sketch map and tabulate as follows:

(1) The effort upon the north or right Russian flank, which may be called the effort in the region of Lutsk and Kovel.

Here the Russian object is twofold.

(a) To reach the railway junction at Kovel so as to paralyse or at least gravely interrupt communications between the northern and the southern portion of the enemy's line and the opportunities for reinforcement from the north in men and in material. (b) To strike down south-westward so as to begin the envelopment of the central enemy body—that massed east of Lemberg—and either (at the best) capture it, or (at the worst) compel it, under the threat of envelopment, to fall back.

(2) The action upon the other flank end of the line, the left or southern wing: Here the Russians proposed to themselves the mastering of both banks of the Dniester right up to the mouth of the Strypa; the occupation of the railway centre, Czernowitz, and thence of all the Province of Bukovina: Operations which would put them upon the right or southern flank of the main Austro-German central body above-mentioned, just as the operations of the Kovel-Lutsk region would put them upon the northern or left flank thereof.

(3) The action in the centre: From the region of Brody to the region of Bucacz: That is, the points covering the four railways and the four main roads which converge from the east upon Lemberg.

In this central field the Russians have maintained themselves with less strength than on the two wings. They are there, especially at the chief point in front of Tarnopol, subjected to the pressure of the Austro-Germans. These attempt to relieve the increasing peril upon their two flanks by forcing the Russian centre. Such is the order of the great battle

I.

The Lutsk-Kovel Region

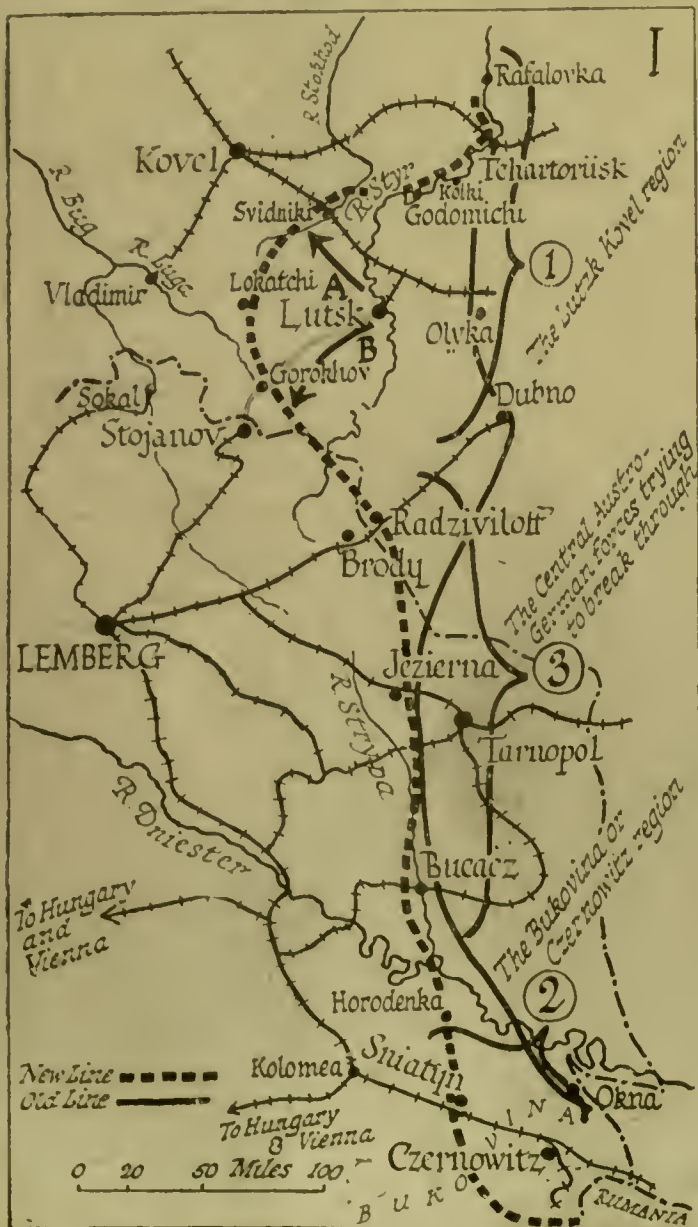
Turning to Sketch Map I we see that the main advance of the Russians has been in this region of Lutsk.

Starting from the region of Olyka last Sunday fortnight they have pushed on until they have arrived just fourteen days later to the point marked by the dotted line on Map I which shows the general limits of their advance at the time of writing.

The Russian pressure here makes a great bulge into the whole of the old Austro-German position, shifting the line back by an indentation now over fifty miles deep.

Now this indentation can be used in two ways and is undoubtedly intended by the Russians to be used in both those ways. In the first place along the arrow (a) it threatens Kovel—the value of which will be explained in a moment; in the second place—and more important—it creates a new northern flank whence the whole Austro-German centre, covering Lemberg and in front of Tarnopol, is threatened along the arrow (b).

Whether the Russians will be able to use either or both of these two opportunities only the future can show. But whereas their action down southward and westward against the new flank has not yet developed, and the line of resistance which they will have to meet



is as yet only conjectural, their pressure towards Kovel is already well developed. On that account, it has attracted most attention in Europe

It is rumoured with regard to the Russian attempt to strike down in flank towards Lemberg and cut off the Austro-German central armies that it will be met, not upon the line of the Bug, which is the chief natural obstacle of the district, but upon a prepared line of trenches which start from Vladimir, pass through Sokal and so run at an angle to Sojanow. Whether this will be so or no we cannot tell until the shock of the rapidly proceeding advance in this direction comes upon the main line of defence, which the enemy shall establish upon this northern flank of this central sector.

But a much more obvious line is that of the Luga.

If the enemy were to stand behind the Luga, small as the stream is, he would cover all his railheads—Vladimir itself, Sokal, and Sojanov, and at the same time he would have a continuous straight front in this region, and he would have in front of him to protect him an obstacle not very serious as the old wars went but valuable for the increased power of the modern defensive.

At any rate he must try and stand somewhere between Vladimir and Sojanov unless he wants his northern flank broken in and his central armies enveloped.

This movement, I say, the most important of all, is as yet only sketched out. But the direct Russian advance upon Kovel is already very highly developed.

Now the value of Kovel is clearly apparent from the simplest railway plan of the eastern front. Take that front down from Dvinsk to Czernowitz and you find it interrupted by the bad country of the Pripet Marshes. Roughly speaking, the apex of these marshes at the end of the good land and the beginning of the bad land is marked by the fortress of Brest. Across the marshes runs a railway that would link up the whole front, and the Austrians and Germans fought very hard to get this railway; after they had failed in their attempt to destroy the Russian armies last summer, their last object was to reach this lateral communication (marked on the accompanying Sketch II with a thick black line and the letters (a) (a) and hold it. They failed. They got the northern part of it as far as Vilna and they got the southern part of it from Dubno, but they could not seize the middle part of it. The consequence was, as Sketch Map II plainly shows, that they could not communicate between the northern and the southern sections of their front save by the railway communication marked with a



double line and vitally dependant on the junction of Kovel. Their few forces in the Pinski Marshes they could supply by the railway from Brest to Pinsk, but for general communication from north to south they had to pass through Kovel.

If Kovel were to fall into Russian hands the enemy would be compelled to abandon all that he holds east of Kovel and south of the marshes. The whole southern line would have to be modified.

Note, such a modification of the southern enemy front, such a retirement, would not be a decision in any sense of the word. It would leave the enemy intact. No true decision can be got on this front save by envelopment.



But the shifting of the line in its southern portion right back to Brest would weaken it and would prepare the way for better things later on. Therefore this advance upon Kovel, though not decisive, has great value for the Allies, and a corresponding disadvantage for the enemy.

How is the enemy meeting the pressure of this advance upon Kovel which, after the threat of the direct south-westward advance, is the principal danger menacing them?

In the first place, by directly opposing the main advance, secondly by bringing all the pressure he possibly can to bear upon the Russian right flank. The accompanying Map III will make the position clear, I hope.

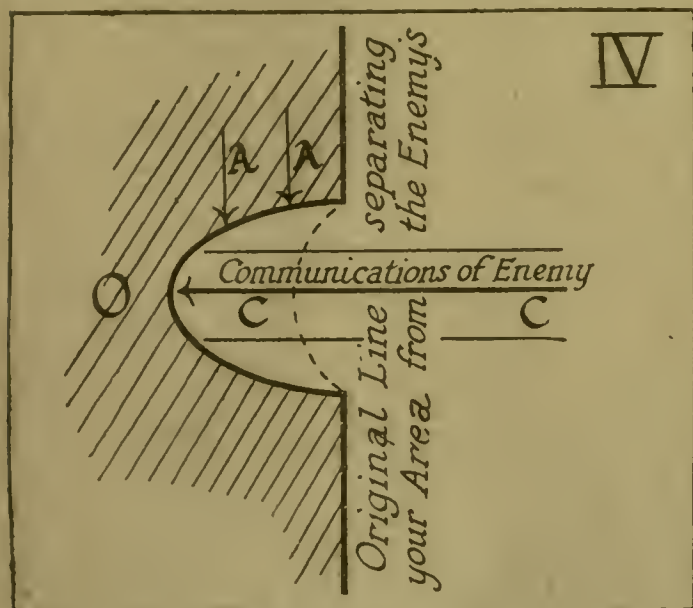
Kovel Junction with its five converging railways is connected with Lutsk by a railway and by a road which will be seen upon the sketch; I have divided both roughly into sections of five English miles, starting from Kovel. Up this road and railway the Russians are pushing, but at a certain point marked X upon the map, at 21 miles from Kovel by the railway, their advancing body has come across the obstacle of the River Stokhod.

This river, like all the watercourses of this region, runs through soft black soil and its banks are marshy. It is of little depth at this point, and perhaps no more than 50 yards across, but I believe there is no hard ford.

Just where the railway crosses, upon the further bank (from the direction of the Russian advance), is the village of Svidniki, the possession of which by the Russians obviously gives them a bridge-head across the obstacle. For three or four days the line of the Stokhod held up the Russian advance towards Kovel. But upon Friday last the passage was forced—how we are not told—and the village of Svidniki securely held by our Allies.

So much for the direct advance. It had by Friday night, the 16th June, got to about 20 miles from Kovel Junction, and there lay between the head of its column and that objective no formidable natural obstacle.

Now consider the attack in flank by which the Germans and Austrians—but the Germans in very large proportion—propose to spoil the Russian plan.



It is clear that an enemy advancing towards a point O, the reaching of which would strategically affect you for the worse, and making a big bulge forward in his line towards this objective, O, gets into an angle more and more acute as he advances. You will check his advance and put him in peril in his turn, if by striking upon either side of the bulge, say upon the right hand side as by the arrows at A-A, you can bend in his line. For by so doing you threaten his lines of communication C-C.

That is exactly what the Austro-Germans, but particularly the German Higher Command (which we can here see at work) is trying to do in the Lutsk-Kovel region.

If the reader will turn back to Map I he will see what the enemy is about and what advantages support him.

The Russians are holding the line of the Styr from the bridge-head of Tchartoriisk up the river of Kolki and beyond. They are holding it on the defensive and the enemy are putting forth all their energy in an attempt to cross the Styr here and to force the Russians back southward and eastward from the river until the head

of the bulge out by Svidniki is in peril. If the enemy could get across this part of the Styr in the Kolki or Godomichi region upon any reasonably broad front, they would have in front of them two fairly good roads for advancing down upon the rear of the Russians.

Note that the Austro-Germans have for this attempt the support of an excellent lateral line of communications. Their troops lying along the Styr in this region are supplied by the railway which runs from Kovel to Tchartoriisk, and just up to the neighbourhood of Tchartoriisk station itself this line is in their hands.

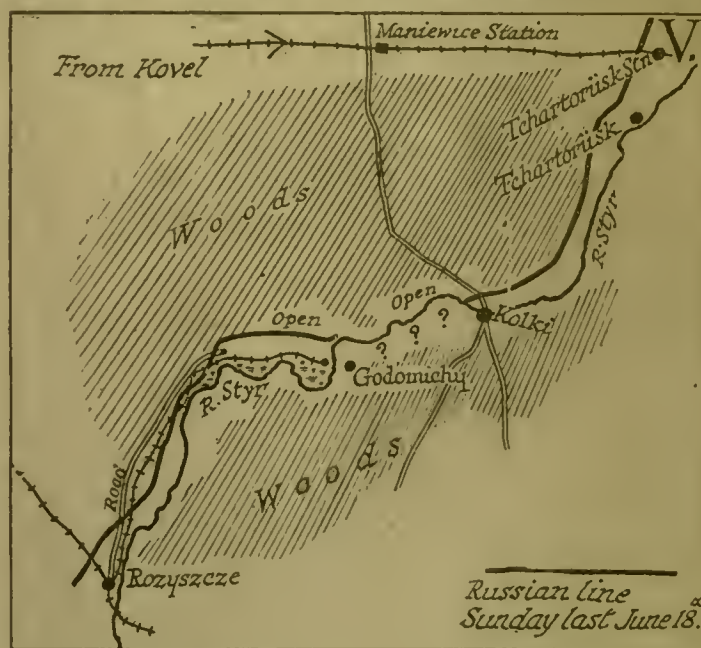
From this railway there runs the good road marked on Map III with the numbering 111; and the distance across which the fighting units have to be munitioned from railhead at Manievice station is only twenty miles.

The actual situation of the Russians on this imperilled flank is a little obscure because the various communiqés do not exactly fit in to each other. But this much would seem certain:

The Russians firmly hold the bridge-head of Tchartoriisk and are on the West bank of the Styr as far as Kolki.

Some days ago a certain and unexpected piece of pressure from the enemy in front of Kolki forced our Allies here on to the further bank of the river. They have recovered this point and are again upon the northern bank at Kolki, holding the bridge-head. I find it difficult to determine from the very scarce evidence available whether they hold the whole stream up to Godomichi, but there upon the eastern bank ("the wrong side" from the Russian point of view), enemy pressure very heavily developed as late as last Saturday. By the last advices the enemy is thrust back again on to the western bank at Godomichi also.

Such is the situation in this region at the moment of writing (Tuesday afternoon, June 20th). The Russians have advanced on the Kovel road as far as Svidniki, leaving a flank on the north against which the enemy is hammering as hard as he can, and with particular violence, at the critical points of Kolki and Godomichi, where he is nearest to the main roads by which the Russian advance on Kovel is supplied, as well as by the railway.



All along the northern bank of the Styr from Kolki to Rozyszcze there is open land above flood or marsh level, immediately behind which begins the great mass of the woods. Before the Russians seized the bridge-head at Rozyszcze the Austro-Germans had laid along this high open land and along the edge of the woods a light railway, which followed a rough road of the neighbourhood and had its terminus just opposite Godomichi. But when the Russians had got hold of the bridge-head at Rozyszcze this railway was no longer available, and the attack on Godomichi had to be supplied from beyond Kolki.

To Kolki the enemy can bring comparatively large forces along the road which leads directly through the woods and the marshes to the railway at Manievice station—a road which now certainly has a light railway laid along it.

At Godomichi the enemy is hampered by the absence of a good road. He can only bring up munitionment along the comparatively open high land north of the river where

there is a track. Perhaps he can use in this weather certain rough tracks through the woods as well, but at any rate he cannot do as much at Godomichi as at Kolki.

It is to be presumed that the narrow passage between the Stokhod and the Styr is held strongly by the Russians. At any rate, this point would be a difficult one for the enemy to attack upon on account of its distance from his railway. His success or failure will still depend upon his efforts at Kolki and Godomichi, and it is upon these points that we must fix our attention in order to judge the measure of our Allies' and their opponents' action in this region during the next few days.

Meanwhile, there is a very important piece of news arrived in London just before these lines are written. It is to the effect that the Russians in some force have reached the neighbourhood of Gorokhov upon the main road which leads from Lutsk to Lemberg.

The despatch which tells us of this does not mention fighting in Gorokhov itself but, after speaking of a violent Austrian effort (which captured 3 Russian guns and against which a strong local counter-offensive had to be taken just east of Lokatchi) goes on to tell us of two actions which clearly prove the presence of considerable Russian bodies close to Gorokhov upon the main road. There is mention of a whole regiment in action with horse artillery—an advance body—an advance body, therefore, but a considerable one operating at Korytnitz, taking prisoners and machine guns. But, what is more important, there is also a mention of another operation on a rather larger scale at Bojeff near Gorokhov.

they only modify the enemy's front, but down from the north upon Lemberg they may—improbably—achieve a true decision.

II

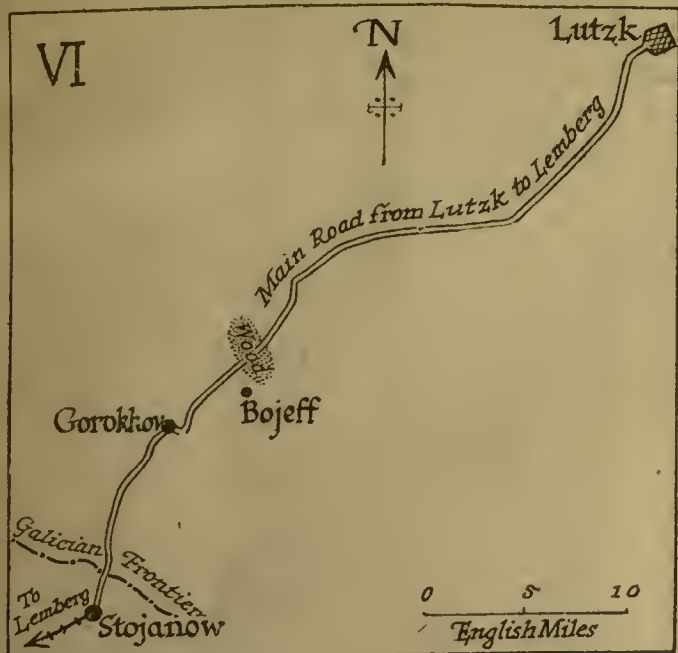
Southern Field of Operations : Czernowitz

The next field to which we must turn our attention is the extreme opposite end of the line : The Bukovina and its capital, the town of Czernowitz.

The Russians are here making another, southern dent, corresponding—though much shallower—to the northern dent, and creating another flank whence the central positions covering Lemberg and in front of Tarnopol may be threatened. In a word, they are making one of those great salients the "pinching off" of which is the obvious and only strategy possible in a vast advance of this sort. They are doing exactly what the Austro-Germans did against them last year—but with this difference, that they are taking more prisoners and are less tied by heavy artillery, while their opponents have far less space on which to fall back and are more exhausted in men.

This southern indentation, though far less marked than the northern one of the Lutsk-Kovel region, is yet of great importance, and that on account of the nature of the obstacles here present and of the communications which man has established in the region.

When the Russians began their movement in this quarter they were planted just south of the Dniester in the region of Okna and the distance separating their lines



Just outside Gorokhov on the great road between Lutsk and Lemberg, and about 11 miles from the frontier of Galicia, a tongue of wood lies across that road, through which wood the advance column of the Russians was feeling its way, presumably upon the morning of Sunday last the 18th. This tongue of wood is called the Wood of Bojeff from the name of the village standing somewhat off the road at its southern extremity. It was in this wood that the Russians took prisoners a whole battalion with four machine guns. They secured the whole wood; they have debouched from it, and the head of their column is quite probably at the moment of writing in Gorokhov.

The importance of this news lies in the advance it shows along the main road between Lutsk and the railhead at Stojanow and so by road and rail on to Lemberg.

It means that the south-western thrust against the northern flank of the central Austro-German bulge has now come very near to its point of trial.

That point of trial, as we have seen, is rumoured to be a defensive line recently organised and uniting the three railheads of Vladimir-Volinsky, Sokal and Stojanow. It is more probably a line covering these three railheads, but actually lying along the stream of the Luga and carried eastward and southward till it reaches the Galician frontier. Upon their power to force this line and seriously to menace the great Austro-German central salient from its new flank in the north will largely depend the future success of the Russians in this campaign. For by Kovel

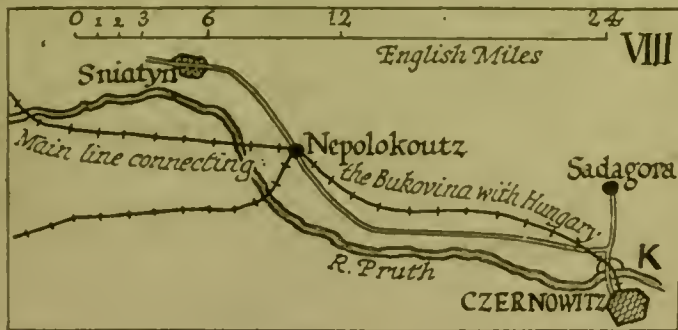
from the Carpathian mountains was not fifty miles across. Czernowitz, the railway junction at this point (corresponding in importance to Kovel in the north), was little more than 15 miles away. Yet should they gain possession of Czernowitz they would have done upon the south work corresponding to, and as valuable as, the work in the north. The occupation of the Bukovina and of its railway centre Czernowitz would place them right upon a most vulnerable flank of the great salient.

Southern Galicia is approached from the south by one main railway line, which forms the lateral communication for all armies defending it, and which runs from Czernowitz to Lemberg, from south-east to north-west. All the other communications of this district are roughly parallel to this main line. The other railway, and a great number of good roads, all follow the same general

direction and are all of them so many avenues leading straight up from the south towards Lemberg.

Further, there is no natural obstacle covering this southern flank when once it has been opened. Its true boundary and defence is the deep limestone cleft of the Dniester. Once you hold that, then you hold the Bukovina.

The occupation of Czernowitz (apart from its political effect upon Roumania, of which I say nothing) gives one a complete hold of this region on account of the way in which the railway has been laid down.



The one railway connecting Czernowitz and all its junction lines with Lemberg and the north was not designed for modern defence. There is here one natural obstacle, not a very formidable one, the upper waters of the River Pruth.

So high up in its course this watercourse is fordable in many places, even below Czernowitz. Still, even such as it is for a line of defence, the railway vital to the support of Czernowitz makes no use of it; neither does the great road. Both of them cross the Pruth just in front of the town and proceed on their way to the north (the vulnerable side) beyond the river.

It was thus an easy matter for the Russians once they found themselves in a superiority here, to cut off Czernowitz before having to force the Pruth.

Once they had occupied Sada Gora and Sniatyn, Czernowitz was at their mercy, although the Pruth was not yet forced. For where the road and the main railway and the side line from the Carpathians all meet at the junction of Nepolokoutz you can cut the avenues of supply upon which Czernowitz depends; and once the Russians had reached that level in their process of invasion, even before they forced the Pruth river, Czernowitz was at their mercy. The enemy rapidly evacuated it, leaving at the bridge-head north of the river at K a battalion or two by way of rearguard and a few guns. Most of this rearguard appears to have fallen prisoners to the Russians, and Czernowitz was entered upon Saturday last, the 17th of June.

The Army of Pflanzer which was operating in the Bukovina, with Czernowitz as its principal base and with the railway from Kolomea as its chief avenue of supply, was not destroyed by the Russian success. It had the following fate:

Somewhat over 20,000 men and officers fell into the hands of the advancing Russians as prisoners: a total loss of say a third to a quarter of its total effectives. Of the remainder some considerable fraction was got away by the main line up through Kolomea before that line was cut by the Russians, who, before reaching Sniatyn, had cut it at Nepolokoutsk. But the greater part of the remainder seems to have been compelled to fall directly back along the line which runs south from Czernowitz along the Roumanian frontier to Dorna Warta.

Some of the published accounts speak as though a retirement along this line were perilous and its result doubtful. One cannot tell (without far more details) whether the Russians have any chance of interfering with such a retirement, but so far as the mere communications are concerned this railway is ample for the Austrian purpose. It is true it goes through a wild, broad and sparsely inhabited section of the Carpathian Range. It is also, I believe, true that before the war it was not linked up with the Hungarian railway on the other side of the valley over the easy Borgo Pass.

That defect in communications (a gap of 30 odd miles—but served by an excellent road) has doubtless been made good since the war. In any case the road and railway between them would be quite sufficient to keep a retreating force supplied even if, as is probable, it stands

upon the northern side of the mountains. Still more is it sufficient for permitting a continued retreat if the Austrian Higher Command should find it necessary to withdraw the whole of this remnant back into Transylvania, and send it round by rail to Galicia.

Meanwhile the test of all this southern operation is Kolomea. If or when the Russians occupy Kolomea (at least, within a reasonable lapse of time from the present moment), they will be really threatening in flank any Austro-German troops still operating upon the central sector west of the Strypa. For Kolomea commands the railway over the Jablonitza Pass, i.e., the main avenue of approach from Hungary and Kolomea occupied, all Galicia north of it is threatened. It is upon the fate of Kolomea that we must fix ourselves in order to judge the news in this section during the next few days.

III

The Central Austro-German Salient

The third sector of the movement concerns the centre: Roughly speaking, the positions from near Brody to near Buczacz covering Lemberg.

Here we must be careful not to fall into an error which misled opinion not a little when things were going against us on the eastern front, and which may equally mislead it now that things are going in our favour.

The object of the Russian Higher Command, like that of every other Higher Command in this war, is not to occupy territory nor to get "within so many miles of" places in the newspapers, nor to parade through "conquered" towns, but to obtain a decision against the opponent: that is, to put as many as possible of his armed men out of action with the smallest possible expenditure of armed men upon their own side.

This military object is necessarily common to every Higher Command in any war, but it is peculiarly true in this war, and above all in the present critical phase of this war, that it is the object of the Allied Higher Commands.

With the Austro-Germans in their present situation; with the German temperament what it is; with the type of neutral opinion the enemy hopes to affect; and with the chance offered him by the baser Press even in the Allied countries, the mere occupation of territory and the parading of troops through occupied towns, has got a certain political value for the enemy's commanders.

Strategically they were beaten long ago and they know it. Therefore, their remaining chance is largely political. But with the Allies it is just the other way. Strategically, if we regard them as one indissoluble body, the game is already theirs and has long been so; and the one thing that could imperil their ultimate victory would be allowing political considerations—the mere retention of a town or the mere advance over territory—to interfere with their strategical conceptions.

All talk, therefore, of the Russians "advancing on Lemberg"; of our hopes that they will "take" Lemberg, etc., of their being "only so many miles from Lemberg," are as foolish and beside the mark, as the rubbish about the Germans being "only four miles from the citadel of Verdun." The Russians are not out to "take" Lemberg, but to disarm the Austrian forces in as large an amount as possible.

Now, as we were saying last week, if they could get round south-westward from the Lutsk region towards Lemberg, while the Austro-German central forces covering Lemberg were still engaged far to the east, they would have a chance of cutting off great bodies of the enemy.

There are two ways of disarming any enemy deployed in front of you. One is to smash his organisation by a blow, the other is to envelop him so that he surrenders. The Russians have accomplished a part, but only a part of their task in the first method. Their great blow has put out of action certainly more than one-third of the Austro-Germans between the Marshes and the Roumanian frontier, perhaps nearer one-half. But they have not destroyed the organisation in front of them any more than the enemy destroyed the Russian organisation in his great advance last year. To do that they must somewhere try and envelop. The capture of the Bukovina (and Czernowitz means that) puts them upon one flank of the main Austro-German forces in the centre. An advance southward and westward from the region of Lutsk

would put them upon the other flank. Were their victories to the north and the south sufficiently rapid and the retirement of the Austro-Germans in the centre sufficiently tardy, the result would be a great decision. The Austro-German forces of the centre would be destroyed.

The chances of obtaining such a great decision in this region and at this moment, are odds against. And that for this reason: That whereas the Austro-German armies of the centre have a mass of excellent roads and three railway lines whereby to retire towards the region of Lemberg and reduce their salient, the Russians, though well provided with communications upon their southern flank have upon their northern flank in the Lutsk region poor communications.

But it may be asked why in any case are the Austro-Germans thus fighting so hard in the central section and holding in the hill country near Jezierna, north-west of Tarnopol; in the hill country just west of the Strypa and so south to the Dniester? Why, especially, are they putting so great an effort forward in the region of Jezierna towards Tarnopol, if this standing out eastward in the centre, while the Russians advance westward above and behind them, puts them in peril?

The answer to that question is the old answer. When you are pressed upon your flanks, you have, if you are in sufficient force, a chance of breaking the enemy's centre. If we regard the Austro-German effort in front of Tarnopol as a "holding up" of the Russian advance, we have got the situation absolutely topsy-turvy. It is the Austro-Germans who are here attacking and the Russians, deliberately less strong here than on the two wings, that are holding up the attack.

The situation of this central portion at the moment of writing would seem to be as follows:

Beginning at Radzivilov on the frontier and upon the main road and railway between Lemberg and Dubno (which was occupied by the Russians some days ago), this front crosses the frontier somewhere near Popovce, covers, I think (but I am not certain) Zalosce—and then cuts the main Tarnopol-Lemberg road and railway in the hill country just east of Jezierna. It crosses the secondary railway from Tarnopol to Lemberg due south of the point where it crosses the main railway; then runs along the Upper Strypa Valley upon its eastern side, I think (at the moment of writing), crossing the stream rather less than half-way down its length. The line runs up the west side of the Strypa along the watershed to the east of Podhajce and so down to the Dniester, which stream it strikes somewhere quite close to the Strypa mouth.

From this description two points will be apparent.

First, that the Austro-German central advance sector, the front of the big salient which the Russians have forced upon them, is very straight, running almost exactly along the 23rd degree of eastern longitude from Greenwich.

Secondly, that there has been no conspicuous Russian advance here south of the Jezierna region. There has been a certain advance, especially in the effort of Buczacz, but elsewhere, as for instance in the neighbourhood of Tarnopol, there has been hardly any movement at all. But, as I have said, the right way to look at the thing is to conceive of it as an enemy thrust against the Russian centre which the Russians are holding up while they try to get round the flanks. So long as it is held up we need not bother about the strength of Bothmer who commands here. The longer he stays so far forward the better for the Allied plan. But, unfortunately, whenever he chooses to fall back he has ample opportunities, no less than three railway lines and a whole network of good roads upon a front of only sixty miles.

THE TRENTO FRONT

There is nothing to add this week so far as the news reaching London upon Tuesday afternoon advances us with regard to the position upon the Trentino front. The rim of the Asiago plateau is held thoroughly by the Italians and our Allies have begun local counter-offensives as well. Austria has not attained to the possession of any one of the main roads essential to a further development of their plan. They are thoroughly held upon the Brenta and the Adige, which valleys would give them, could they force them, a continuous railway each as well as a road. They have not even been able to reach the



secondary avenue of communications which is afforded by the road from Rovereto to Schio.

The Italians have now thoroughly identified the whole of the Austrian effectives acting between Arsiero and the Brenta: that is, the units now used in the most active fighting, excluding those that are held up in the Brenta and Adige valley, and those massed against the Posina Ridge and in the Vallarsa. These units total 15 brigades, of which six, if I am not mistaken, are mountain troops.

The Italian local counter-offensives obtained their first successes on the evening of the 5th of June, a fortnight ago, during the storm which marked that night. These successes took the form of pushing the Austrians down the northern slope of the rim bounding the upland plateau in that portion of the rim lying west of the Astico. East of the Astico the Austrians had the day before mastered the Cengio mountain, and occupied all the Pass leading down to Cogollo, as we have said. There must, therefore, have been a very critical moment upon that Sunday and for a few days following, but at the end of the week an Italian counter-offensive recovered the ravine and all the south-eastern slopes of the Cengio. In other words, the issue from the plateau down to the plain and the railway was blocked by the Italian counter-offensives a week ago. Going further eastward the Austrians in the neighbourhood of Asiago claimed, on the 7th of June, the foothill Lamerle which overlooks the Plain of Asiago by about 700 feet. This claim was part of the general policy of the enemy dictated from Berlin, whereby, for some reason best known to themselves, the enemy announces the occupation of a position which he either has not yet reached, or will never reach. At any rate, the Lamerle hill was not carried upon that Wednesday the 7th of June. They were still fighting for it three days later upon the 10th, and upon that day the Italian brigade of Forli, which is composed of the 43rd and 44th regiments of the line, counter-attacked and drove the Austrians with the bayonet down such part of the hill as they had already occupied. Further to the east again the effort of the Austrians to obtain the Brenta at Valstanga, the most important effort of all, was also heavily pushed upon that same day, Wednesday, the 7th of June. A brigade of Southern Slavs was thrown into the action; the 2nd regiment from Bosnia and the 22nd from Gratz. They carried the Meletta and the next day the mountain called Castelgomberto, but there the advance stopped. There has been, if anything, a slight Italian readvance in this neighbourhood and particularly at the top of the Val Frenzela.

H. BELLOC.

“Your Splendid Work”

By Arthur Pollen

IT must be some time before Sir John Jellicoe's Jutland dispatch reaches the Admiralty. For the operations involved a fleet five times as numerous as that which Nelson commanded at Trafalgar, and the fighting extended over an area more than a hundred times greater. As contact was made with von Hipper at 2.20 and the chase was not abandoned till between three and four on the following morning, the number and length of narratives to be written, examined and collated, imposes a long and difficult task both on the Admirals and Captains engaged, and finally on the Commander-in-Chief and his staff. And pending the receipt of the dispatch, it is natural enough that there should have been no official statement made by the Admiralty, nor any further information published other than flat denials of certain German inventions. The section of the public, therefore, that is anxious to form right conclusions about naval events has had to look to contributions and correspondence of specialists for further light upon the many problems this great battle has set for solution. An extremely interesting correspondence has been running in the columns of the *Times*, and many professional judgments have reached us from seamen in foreign countries. What is perhaps their most noticeable feature is the contrast between the unhesitating verdict of the foreign experts and the somewhat diffident criticisms of native controversialists. Is it a becoming modesty that explains the difference in the British attitude? There are, of course, exceptions. Sir Cyprian Bridge, for example, does not hesitate to describe the tactics of the battle-cruiser fleet as perhaps the most brilliant recorded in naval history. He perceives that these tactics were exactly designed to make possible that which actually occurred, namely, the intervention of the Grand Fleet in a fashion that was as masterly as it was decisive. There is no closer student of naval history or naval science than Admiral Bridge, and he would not speak as positively as this if he were not exceedingly sure of his ground. It is a real pleasure to record his concurrence in the view expressed in these columns a fortnight ago.

The more doubtful attitude taken by other writers seems to me to arise from two things. First, the original impression made by the Admiralty *communiqué* was that the action had been indecisive. And in spite of the clearer vision that should have come with time, some writers, more by accident than by intention I think, have said things that tend to perpetuate this illusion. Admiral Henderson, for instance, in calling attention to what I believe to be the second reason for confused judgment—namely, the fact that the main forces on both sides were widely separated—has likened the engagement to that of Mathews off Toulon in 1744. Apart from the bare fact that the British forces were divided on both occasions, there is manifestly no parallel at all. But it has misled others, notably Mr. Leyland, who reminds us that the majority of naval actions have been indecisive, as if the Battle of Jutland were a case in point. Surely nothing more decisive than the recent battle can well be imagined. One of the most distinguished of German admirals, the President of the German Naval League, von Koester, is clearly under no illusions whatever on this point. For speaking at a meeting of that extremely combatant body on Sunday last in Berlin, he explained that the task before the German Fleet was to protect Germany against enemy attacks, to keep open the ocean thoroughfares, to destroy the enemy's trade, and in the highest degree damage the enemy in revenge for his efforts to starve Germany. What more damning comment on the Kaiser's claim to a sea victory could be uttered? His audience must have been rudely disillusioned. For protecting Germany against hostile attack has only one meaning. It is to forbid the use of the sea to the enemy as a line of communication for his invading forces, and it is immaterial whether the attack comes through France, or directly through a point seized on the German coast. But since the second week in August, 1914,

the British Army has been transported over the sea for the attack of Germany without, so far as is known, the loss of a single transport, though their numbers have been incalculable. This part, then, of the German Fleet's task has never been attempted. And the ocean thoroughfares were closed before the first transport was sent! Not since the 6th August has a German ship from overseas entered a German port. The third division of its duties has, it is true, been essayed. Fifty-six British ships were captured or sunk by surface craft in the short five months before the last of the fugitive German cruisers was run down and sunk off Juan Fernandez. The tale of submarine success was longer—but so discreditable that it had to be abandoned in the face of the protests from the civilised world. The last of von Koester's categories is really the most interesting—to do the “utmost damage to the enemy.” Apart from the submarine campaign, how has the Germany Navy sought to discharge this duty?

And first, we must realise that our Battle Cruiser Fleet stands in a relation to the Grand Fleet that has no parallel on the German side. The Grand Fleet without Sir David Beatty was undoubtedly superior in strength to the united German Fleet. We then could afford the luxury of division ships faster than the rest, because their fitness to “lie in the line” was sacrificed to speed. But the enemy was in a different case. It should long since have been recognised that as navies only exist to win or dispute the command of the sea, and that as command follows the victory of the main force of one side over the main force of the other, Germany in setting up a navy should have concentrated her effort on producing the greatest amount of fighting force that her financial and other sacrifices would give her. Up to the completion of the *Lutzow* and the last of the *Koenigs* the big ship navy that Germany had actually built for herself consisted of six battle cruisers and 17 battleships. Why did she build battle-cruisers?

Battleships v. Battle-cruisers

Writing immediately after Sir David Beatty's pursuit of von Hipper in 1915, I pointed out that the most serious of Germany's naval mistakes was her failure to realise that no naval forces except those capable of disputing command with our main forces could be of the slightest use to her. The armoured cruiser *Blucher* and her six battle cruisers can hardly have cost her less than £14,000,000 sterling. This is a sum that would have produced at least seven battleships, of which five could have been ready at the outbreak of war. Had they been ready, Germany might have had 21 or 22 Dreadnoughts in commission in August, 1914, at a time when we had only 20 in the Grand Fleet! She seems to have built these battle cruisers for the curious reason given by von Koester, namely as instruments of revenge—engines of frightfulness, like Zeppelins and submarines, that could wound the British even if useless for conquering them. Their whole employment from the beginning of the war has been consistent with this theory, and it was an employment that on every occasion risked their existence. No doubt the extreme care with which the several raids on Yarmouth, Scarborough and then Lowestoft were arranged, reduced those risks to a minimum. But the risk was there and had it materialised should have been fatal. But for an accident to *Lion* the adventure of January 24th must certainly have been fatal.

The German disposition at Jutland risked them once more, and this time quite fatally. They were risked because it was the essence of the German plan to fight a partial action—useless if it succeeded, ruinous if it failed. If three are destroyed, von Hipper's squadron, as a squadron, ceases to exist, even if the *Hindenburg* is finally commissioned and got ready for action. But the point to bear in mind is this, was there something in the type that made this risking of the

squadron inevitable? The German could see nothing in speed but the capacity to strike a blow and run away before the counter-stroke could fall. It is a fatal misreading of theory. The value of speed in a fighting unit is proportioned not to its actual pace, but to the effectiveness of the fighting power that the speed delivers at the decisive point. If it delivers the striking force at an indecisive point—namely, to bombard bathing machines—speed is a deception. It only helps you to run away. It is the strategy of the gutter snipe. It is not magnificent; neither is it war. But I am not at all certain that it is not failure to appreciate this curious German perversion of sea doctrine, that explains much of the recent criticism of British strategy and tactics.

The King's Verdict

But whatever the origin of our doubts the time has surely come now when they can be laid to rest. Though we have not Sir John Jellicoe's dispatch, though the Admiralty is still silent, we have yet in the past week had one judgment on the battle—namely, the King's—which has a value quite apart from the fact that it is expressed after the fullest information that anyone can possess, and is the judgment of one trained to dispassionate impartiality. For in naval matters the King speaks with an authority that is something more than Royal. All his early life was spent under the White Ensign, and since he relinquished active service in the fleet his interest in naval science has been as profound and sustained as his training was thorough. When then he has visited both sections of the British fleet, and expresses his judgment at the end of it, it is something more than phrases of ceremony that we hear.

"Unfavourable weather conditions," His Majesty says, "and approaching darkness, prevented that complete result which you all expected. But you did all that was possible in the circumstances. You drove the enemy into his harbours and inflicted on him very severe losses and you added another page to the glorious traditions of the British navy."

"You could do no more, and for your splendid work I thank you."

Especially important are these words from the fact that the King himself adopts what those who had any belief in the navy might have guessed for themselves to be the true reason why the "major portion"—as the secretary of the Marineamt modestly said—of the German forces regained their ports. His Majesty is satisfied that it was only the ill fortune of a falling fog that saved the German battle fleet. Some critics have urged us not to excuse our ill success by pleading ill luck. Not this way, they tell us, lies the road to victory. But the manly thing is, seeing things as they are, to tell the truth about them. And the truth of the battle of Jutland is simple. Had the mist not intervened ten minutes after the Grand Fleet came into action, the German fleet, instead of being only defeated, demoralised and damaged, would have been utterly destroyed.

The Fruit of Victory

There is some disappointment that our victory has not yet resulted in some development palpably favourable to the Allied cause. As to this, two things may be said. First, there is nothing we can do now to embarrass our enemy that we have not always, since the first day of war, been perfectly free and able to do. Secondly, our disappointment is nothing at all compared with that of the Germans—who also, it must be remembered, have won the same battle. And now we should not have long to wait for the fruits of victory. For no less a person than Mr. Balfour has said that it is open to us to draw the lines of our blockade with greater stringency. It is a thing that certainly can be done with advantage. And if Mr. Balfour insists, it will be done. But need we have waited till we had beaten the German Fleet before doing everything that was possible? As the American Note, published last Monday, reminds us, we are not pretending to blockade even now. If a naval victory inspires the First Lord of the Admiralty to egg on the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to a bolder course it will advance the final victory materially. But I must insist that it is not the military results of the Battle of Jutland

that will have made the more effective policy possible. If the more effective policy follows, it will show that, for us, the moral effects of victory have been more important.

It has been understood that we have hesitated to use our sea power to the full, because it seemed better that the enemy should be revictualled than the neutrals offended. If the battle has sent down German stock and made ours soar, if it has turned the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay into departments of war instead of conciliation, then we must expect great things to happen.

There is nothing in Mr. Lansing's Note about the mails to make our statesmen pause if they are really contemplating drastic action. For Mr. Lansing—who wrote, remember, before the decisive battle was fought—in admitting the belligerent right to verify the *bona fides* of all mail packets, as he does, brings back the actual discussion to what is the main point in all the previous American Notes, namely, the loss and annoyance which neutrals suffer, not from our right, but from our actual methods of exercising it. America has not yet admitted, and it is supposed will not admit, that ships with the hold-capacity of those of to-day simply cannot be searched at sea. When I say that they *cannot*, I do not mean that it is *literally* impossible, because if there was no other way of doing it, the investigation would have to be made, and made if necessary, in mid ocean. But it can only be done at an inconvenience to all concerned, at a loss of time infinitely greater than is caused by taking ships into port. There is besides the risk from submarines, which would be greater for the neutral ship under examination than for the cruiser; for the cruiser will be armed. The issue between the Allies and the United States is not then really the sanctity of the mails any more than the real issue over the so-called blockade is our right to prevent goods from reaching Germany under the admirable American doctrine of the "continuous voyage." The issue is whether making neutral ships enter British ports to be searched is a justifiable application to changed conditions of rules that, though constantly questioned, were firmly established under the old conditions. No doubt this controversy presents serious difficulties and must be conducted on the Allies' side with skill and tact if strained relations with America are to be avoided. For strained relations—especially at election times—are quite conceivable even when there is no issue so paramount as questions of life and death, justice and humanity. On all such matters the record of the Allies is absolutely clean. So far as we are concerned the freedom of the seas from murder, torture, and outrage has been absolute. That in hitting at our enemy we have caused some neutrals severe damage to trade and property, it would be idle to dispute. But other neutrals—and of the same nationality as the sufferers from our interference—have done astonishingly well out of the Allies. Our command of the sea has created for the United States a foreign trade prodigious beyond all precedent and lucrative beyond all belief. If the total losses suffered by America are balanced against the total American profit, the net gain—which the citizens of the United States owe to the effective protection that the British Navy extends over their export trade—will be recognised as one of the most astounding of all the features of a war, each of whose features is without precedent. The present controversy is hardly one over which the public will have to alarm itself, unless indeed, it becomes the interest of one of the contesting parties in America to make election capital out of it. But as both Republicans and Democrats are commending their candidate on a programme of peace with honour, it seems unlikely that it would be the business of either to make a fighting issue of the war.

Submarines Again?

There is far more likelihood that Germany will take advantage of the enthusiastic pacifism of the candidates to revive the submarine attack on British and neutral shipping. Von Koester and the *Freisinnige* openly urge it. Indeed an attack of sorts on neutral shipping has already begun. Two Norwegian steamers were sunk by submarine on June 9th off the coast of Holland. One paper says six have been sunk in June. The *Orkedal* was bound from Rosario to Aalborg with a cargo of maize. Nothing more neutral can well be imagined. She had

not apparently touched at a British port and the destruction off the Dutch coast seems to have been purely wanton. No warning was given and the crew were left to shift for themselves. The *Bure* bound from London to Christiania, was also sunk without warning and one of the crew was killed. One British steamer the *Elmgrove* was submerged earlier in the month, and the *Dalegarth* on the eve of the battle, but we have no information as to where these outrages took place.

On the other hand, attacks on trading vessels in the Mediterranean appear to have slackened off the last fortnight. The almost complete stoppage of attacks here and their recrudescence in the North Sea are puzzling phenomena. Has America intervened, and have the Austrian and German submarines in the Mediterranean conformed to the conditions imposed on Germany in May? Or have the measures we have concerted with France and Italy, for extirpating the undersea pest, proved effective? Are the attacks on the *Elmgrove*, *Orkedal* and *Bure* in the North Sea indicative of a German intention to revive the attack in home waters? For the moment, we simply do not know. But, as was pointed out in these columns when Berlin gave the undertaking on May 4th, it was one that would only be kept so long as Germany is afraid of American intervention. Indeed, one of the embarrassments that the claim to victory on May 31st has brought on the German Government is that it is urged by the Jingoists to revive the submarine war! Do the Presidential election and the imminence of trouble in Mexico afford the opportunity?

Perhaps the only immediate result of the Jutland battle has been that the Allied Powers have at last had the courage to bring naval pressure to bear on Greece. The position there is no doubt obscure. But if, as seems probable, the Greek Government is being bullied by German agents into unfriendly courses, the remedy is in our hands. Greece depends on the sea for a great deal more than her food. Her shipping is at once the most important and most lucrative part of her wealth, and Athens is the only European capital that can be reached by gunfire from the sea. There is not evidence enough yet to say whether the recent skirmish off the Swedish coast—when a few Russian destroyers sank and drove ashore some German transports and scattered their armed escorts—is another by-product. Nothing is more probable than that the Germans have been compelled to call in their light craft from the Baltic, for the excellent reason that they are no longer able to support them. There is indirect evidence that this must be so, for the press of Berlin has been clamorous as to similar measures having been taken by the British Admiralty. How driven these gentry are for proofs of their victory is evidenced by the reception they have given to one of the most interesting examples of public spirit that we have seen during this war. In the course of the last week three admirals, Sir George Egerton, Sir Frederick Inglefield, and Sir Arthur Farquhar have retired to make room for the promotion of younger men to flag rank. Their example has been followed by no less than three captains, promoted to rear-admiral's rank in consequence of vacancies so created. In addition, Rear-Admirals Hood and Arbuthnot and Captain Sowerby have died the death of heroes—so that there have been many vacancies to fill. Several very distinguished officers thus reach the rear-admiral's list, the most conspicuous amongst them being Commodore William Goodenough. The German papers represent these retirements and promotions as proof of the drastic changes in the "higher command of the British Navy," that the Admiralty has recognised as necessary in consequence of the disasters that befell us on the 31st May. It is a statement on a par with the suggestion that the British Navy is capable of picking up a German torpedo, adapting it to a British torpedo tube, and of firing it—all in less than a week—from some invisible craft at a stationary Dutch liner, so as to bring the Germans into trouble! Statements as foolish as these are usually associated with nurseries and asylums.

ARTHUR POLLEN

[Mr. Pollen's article in our last issue was submitted in the ordinary course to the Press Bureau, but the Censor's corrections were only received just before we went to press. Consequently Mr. Pollen had no time to revise the article and there was an inevitable interruption in the argument. It has happened to a less extent again this week.]

Italian Artists and the War

GERMANY is engaged in a war by land and sea, and the Allies are determined that it shall end, when it does end, in her defeat. Thereafter, we are told a new war of trade and commerce will begin, wherein Germany counts on success. We merely record this fact and express no opinion. But there is yet another war in progress, the full effect of which can only be guessed at, though Germany has already realized the danger. It is war by the cartoonists of whom Raemaekers is the protagonist. Go this week to the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square and see the pitiless satire in which Italian painters have depicted for all time the barbarities, falsehoods, heartless cruelty and carnage of Germany. How can *Kultur* withstand these attacks? Will Germans ever be able to hold up their heads again in the face of these pictures? It seems impossible.

In the far gallery there are some wonderful paintings of warfare on the High Alps. For the first time many a Briton who gazes on these pictures will realise the titanic difficulties which the Italian army have had to overcome. Ludovico Pogliaghi, a well-known Italian painter, was the only artist permitted to visit the Army that is fighting among the Dolomites; he has made good use of his opportunity. The effect is most impressive, and after looking on his work one comes away with a new sense of the stupendous efforts which our brave Italian Ally is making in the common cause. On page 19 of this issue we reproduce two photographs of these glorious paintings, which are executed entirely in grey tones; this tends to augment the grandeur of the scenery and to emphasise the perils of the snowy mountains. In this issue Mr. Will Irwin, the distinguished American war correspondent, describes the Alpine fighting, and these pictures illustrate and elucidate his article.

In reviewing this exhibition we refrain purposely from dealing with it merely from the point of art. Splendid though the art is, it takes a secondary position to the political influence which these pictures must exert for all time. Horrible are many of them, with a haunting horror, as for instance the *Lusitania*. The ship sinks on the horizon; the Kaiser wades to land pursued by a shoal of jelly-fish, the body of each fish, a skull, and the soft tentacles cling round his ankles. Here one recognises a vital presentment of the *Lusitania* crime; never until the sea gives up its dead will the Kaiser be able to free his name from that despicable murder. There is grim humour in Golia's caricature of King Constantine, who holding his Queen in his arms cries piteously to the Entente Powers; "You have taken Salonika, you have taken my country, O, why don't you take my wife too?" Golia, all of whose cartoons are striking, is the editor of the satirical journal, *Il Numero*, published in Turin; before war was declared he was threatened personally by the German Colony for his daring work. An even more famous journalist and cartoonist is Galantara, who attacked the Middle Europe Powers so scathingly in the Roman journal *L'Asino*, that he was prosecuted by the German and Austrian Embassies. The prosecution, needless to say, fell to the ground when war opened. The cartoon which led to this diplomatic attempt to suppress the powerful art of Galantara is exhibited here—No. 124.—The Two Butchers. It is not a pretty picture; it expresses an awful truth in terrible fashion.

This extraordinary power of expression is a distinctive attribute of these Italian cartoonists. No matter whether their work is pathetic or humorous, pitiful or brutal, it clutches the mind with a new force; the deed it represents is visualised henceforth in the form of the painting. They enter into the soul of things, and for this reason their work is enduring. Is it pure chance that no great cartoonist has arisen to defend German methods of warfare, but that all have concurred in denouncing them to the full strength of their powers? May we not rather see in this the truth that art is on the side of righteousness, and that we may ever rely on its support in those things which make for the right advance of civilisation and the true progress of mankind. It is impossible to believe that the Kaiser would ever have dared to advocate "frightfulness," had he the least idea that the abomination he let loose would haunt the picture galleries of Europe for all time. This is to be his punishment on earth, a hell of his own making.

Germany's Mistakes

2.—Political

By Colonel Feyler

[In the preceding article, Colonel Feyler, the well-known military critic of the "Journal de Genève," began an examination of the mistakes which, in his opinion, will lead to the defeat of Germany. He divided these mistakes into three classes—strategical, political and moral—and in his first article published two weeks ago, he confined himself to the strategical. He held it was a serious blunder for Germany to cross to the left bank of the Meuse, i.e., to invade Belgium. It wasted valuable time, unduly extended the front and increased the lines of communication through an enemy country. Another serious mistake was the blind rush forward between Paris and Verdun that preceded the battle of the Marne. In this article Colonel Feyler passes on to Germany's political mistakes]

HAVING in the preceding article discussed the strategical and tactical mistakes which have seemingly been committed by the German Armies, we may now amplify our conclusions by a study of the *political* mistakes committed by the German Government.

Having to fight on two diametrically opposite fronts, Germany, for very good reasons, resolved at first to stand on the defensive in the East and to put forward all her effort in the West. Military and geographical conditions, to say nothing of the help of Austria-Hungary, favoured such a course; whilst the latter looked after the South, the Germans merely had to consider the northern part of the Russian front, where territorial conditions in East Prussia gave excellent defensive facilities to troops who had been thoroughly trained in that district. A very small proportion of the active forces sufficed to form the kernel of defence in the East, whilst almost the whole active army could be hurled at the French.

Numerical Superiority

Germany was thus in marked numerical superiority on the Western front. Of the twenty-two active corps of France, three at least were immobilised in watching Italy, namely the 14th and 15th in the Alps and the 19th in North Africa, for although not directly participating in the war, Germany could count on Italy's attitude having a hampering effect on France. Some troops also would have to be left for the policing of Paris and the army of occupation in Morocco could only be withdrawn slowly, if at all. Germany could count on a specially speedy advance, thanks to the faultless regularity of her railways and to the minutely organised perfection of those elements of her army that worked behind the actual firing line, both of which are factors of capital importance to a speedy mobilisation and concentration.

Whereas the Great General Staff was under no illusion as to the German power in these matters, it fell into a complete error as regards Italy, where German diplomacy showed an unexampled failure. Italy was not long in realising that her partners in the Triple Alliance had not met their engagements towards her, and consequently felt herself released from her engagements towards them. Italian public opinion, too, showed in no uncertain manner, not only its repugnance to fight on the side of Austria, but a distinct hope of the collapse of that Power, thus enabling the French General Staff to bring into use, without much hesitation, the army of the Alps as well as the African troops. This constituted a second blow to Germany's original plans.

The passage to the left bank of the Meuse—in fact, the invasion of any part of Belgium—seems to have provided yet another blow. Its effects were threefold, namely, a decrease in the superiority of numbers, a loss of time, and an indication to the Allies of the enemy's plan.

Notwithstanding, one is tempted to believe that this plan was not too evident to the French; of course, this is mere hypothesis, as we know too little of their initial

concentration and subsequent movements to be able to form more than a vague impression. The impression remains, however, that the French attributed to this movement too little importance; they seem to have anticipated the enemy's main attack east of the Meuse. Furthermore, their offensives in Alsace and in Lorraine lead one to believe that their concentration and deployment were not carried out against the enemy's principal effort. In consequence, the loss of time on the German side was of less advantage to the French than might have been the case, although this loss was immediately apparent in the delay to the armies of Lorraine and Luxembourg, which were obliged to wait for the arrival into line of their marching wing; whereas more weight was given to the French offensive in Lorraine which helped to attenuate the violence of the enemy's attack.

The Belgian Army

The damage done to the German plans through the upsetting of the balance of numbers was, on the other hand, immediate and marked. The German Staff had thrown the whole Belgian Army into the arms of the Allies, thus giving the latter 150,000 unexpected reinforcements, and even incurring losses in that same act. The most significant point is the ignorance manifested by the German Staff of the technical and moral value of its new enemy: notwithstanding the undoubted superiority in military education of the German soldier as compared with the Belgian, it was necessary to detach considerable forces to deal with the latter, who even then succeeded finally in making good his escape.

As a last consequence, and a consequence that proved the third and most serious blow to the Austro-German plans, this act procured for France, over and above Italy's neutrality and Belgium's Army, the formidable assistance of Great Britain. The German Staff were highly indignant and poured forth all the vials of their wrath against the English.

Surely this was puerile: they had better reserved their indignation for themselves, for all the evidence goes to prove that they alone were responsible for throwing away, one after another, their best trump-cards. It was not upon England's advice that Italy gave France a free hand in the Alps. I venture to think that this result was rather due to the Emperor William's proclamation of his intention to establish a German world-hegemony; and if the German generals resolved to violate Belgian neutrality without regard to the attitude of England, surely the fault lies not at England's door.

Britain's Intervention

In effect, Great Britain's intervention did not at the outset seriously disturb the numerical balance, for General French's Army was not strong in numbers and does not seem to have arrived in line until the last moment. It constituted none the less a heavy blow to Germany's plans.

It will be observed that all these circumstances, which disturbed the original German plan of campaign by minimising their initial preponderance in numbers, were ultimately due to *political* blunders, that is so say to German *diplomatic* defeats, and that every *political* trump thrown away by Germany was a *strategical* trump gained by her enemies.

The results can after all not be totally surprising. Germany's enemies blame her chiefly for her "militarist" government, upon which they throw the responsibility for the present world-conflict. History must be left to prove how much or how little this charge is founded, but it can be taken for granted that the diplomatic defeats as above enumerated were chiefly suffered as a result of subordinating diplomatic questions to the strategical necessities of the General Staff rather than to the dictates of Higher Policy. To this extent, therefore, Government was certainly under the guidance of the General Staff, and it was an essentially defective guidance,

The Adventures of Richard Hannay

By S. P. B. Mais

"It's awful fun: you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all, no trouble, no strain, no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, apropos of "Treasure Island."

THERE is more than a little of the spirit of Stevenson in all Mr. Buchan's novels, and we can imagine him saying, after writing *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, just what Stevenson said on completing *Treasure Island*. We do desire books of adventure, romances, but no man will write them for us. It must be "awful fun" to sit down and indulge the pleasure of your heart for once without thought of accuracy and imagine yourself suddenly caught up in a whirlwind of adventure, deciphering codes which will disclose diabolic Teuton plots directed against the heart of England, running wildly from a relentless foe who dogs your steps o'er crag and fen, o'er moor and torrent with aeroplane and motor car, whose secret agents seek to decoy you into lonesome places so that they may do you to death, running your head into the craftily concealed noose only to escape by a fraction of a second with your life and more valuable information.

What does life hold in store more ecstatic than those moments when you confront and even converse amicably with those who are moving heaven and earth to find you in the guise of a Scots roadmender?

Mr. Buchan is a wizard with his pen, and what is more a Scots wizard. He makes you scent again the invigorating winds of the Highlands, he takes you back in the spirit to those blue-tinted mountains which even we unimaginative Sassenachs cannot resist peopling with Brownies and Pixies, his word-pictures make you thrill just in the same way that the sound of the pipes played on the far side of a lone loch make you thrill; in a word, he takes you right out of yourself so that your overstrained, overtired body at last begins to take rest and your soul is soothed as if with the touch of some cool, loving, unseen hand.

We shall not easily forget that day when we first lighted on the initial instalment of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* in "Blackwood's" or "Maga," as its lovers more commonly call it. Who on earth was "H. de V."? In three minutes we were enthralled, in five we had forgotten war, the call of dinner, the work that shrieked to be done, our wives and families, our debts and duties, our multifarious troubles . . . all the cankers and cares of a weary world: we had become one with that ardent traveller Richard Hannay, who was so bored by the monotony of London that he gave half-a-crown to a beggar because he yawned.

We were back in the golden days of youth, the time when we lay flat on the furze-clad Devon cliffs, overlooking the red loam and the sky-blue sea with our much be-thumbed and battered but never-sufficiently-to-be-read copy of *Treasure Island* in front of us, dreaming of pirates and Black Dog, of the Black Spot and John Silver, of "pieces of eight" and a derelict ship while the waves lapped the golden sands far below to the never-ceasing tune of "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum." Seldom indeed is it given to us to recapture even for a fleeting instant the first fine careless rapture of childhood's days; but the more we strive to attain this happiness the more elusive it becomes. John Buchan in *The Thirty-Nine Steps* succeeds as no writer of romance has ever succeeded. All too soon was the delicious morsel finished: the Editors of *Maga* had whet our appetite: we could scarcely believe it possible that we must wait for 31 days before we could hope for another taste of this gorgeous story. We thought seriously of writing to the author imploring him to have mercy upon us and relieve us of our anxiety about Scudder and the Black Stone and the meaning of all those cryptic phrases which had caused us shivers even to the very marrow. But no: that would not be playing the game: we had let ourselves in for this agony of expectation and we must wait.

The second and third instalments at last came after an age of scarcely bearable length, and we could be seen

with our eyes glued to the printed page, turning over as if our own fate were to be sealed on the first line of the succeeding one. How the very titles of the chapters roused us to wild anticipation, "The Man Who Died," "The Adventure of the Literary Innkeeper," "The Adventure of the Radical Candidate," "The Adventure of the Spectacled Roadman," "The Adventure of the Bald Archaeologist," "The Coming of the Black Stone" . . . and not one of them but far exceeded our most sanguine hopes.

Before the war we gave scant attention to any but the problem novels. We revelled in the artistry of Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole, Arnold Bennett, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Laurence, and all the host of younger novelists who were all out to smash contemporary traditions, iconoclasts who sought to make us see that our gods were mere tinsel, our conception of love sentimentality and only a travesty of the real thing. We were content to see ourselves in these feckless irresolute heroes and commonplace rather ugly heroines who fought for freedom and made a horrid mess of their lives in the doing of it. We admired them as brave realists who shunned nothing in their endeavour to depict us as we really were.

Then came the war with its change of values. What was incredibly unreal and melodramatic in 1912, became the ordinary incident of every-day life in 1915 and conversely, what we had looked upon as a photographic representation of life in 1913 looked simply silly in the light of what had happened to each of us during the year following it. The consequence of all this was that we came to regard the novel as a more and more decadent branch of letters; something had to come in to take its place. It was not that we ceased to have a need for literature. Rather did we require the solace of books more than ever. The sales of our popular novelists fell to almost nothing, but poetry, biography, history, and philosophy began to boom.

It was at this point that John Buchan stepped into the breach with his new romance, "where the incidents defy the probabilities and march just inside the borders of the possible." But as in these days the wildest fictions are so much less improbable than the facts he "caught on" at once, and is now not likely to relax his hold on the great mass of readers. It was a daring move on his part.

Except for Mary Johnston no one could claim of late years to have written a "romance" couched in even respectable English. Yet John Buchan descends into the lists with his fine sense of style, his precise, logical, Swift-like command of language and declares to the world "Look now: I will write you a romance that shall hold children from their play and old men from their chimney corner," and behold it is done.

We search in vain for the secret. Whence did he call forth his magic wand and wave it over the dictionary so that he conjured up a novel that will outlast not only our own century, but many more centuries to come? There is no answer. If you asked him he would not be able to tell you. He would with his customary modesty reply, "Oh! all I tried to do was to enable an honest man here and there to forget for an hour the too urgent realities with a 'dime' a 'shocker,' a precipitous yarn, call it what you will." By accident he has achieved very much more than this.

I am the last person in the world to contend that the object of the novel proper is "the story for the story's sake." I am of those whose interest is in psychology, in the unravelling of the tangle of human life, the development and unfolding of character, but in such books as *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, an entirely different side of our nature is appealed to, a side which in these days will not be denied, a healthier side, one not obsessed with doubts and frets, which accentuates the never-altogether-dead sense of wanderlust and adventure which even the most sedentary of us feel at times to be almost ingrained in our system, a cast back to our pirate, free-booting ancestors who placed us in this island home of ours.

Letters to a Lonely Civilian

By the Author of "Aunt Sarah and the War"

MY DEAR YOU,—There was a famous party at which we were invited to cite the most *surprising* saying of any great modern. Somebody quoted Gladstone's declaration, at the beginning of the American Civil War, that the South had made herself an army, had made herself a navy, had made herself a nation. Then followed from across the table the great rival's fretful allusion to the Colonial millstone hanging about a bothered mother's neck. Next, the creator of Richard Feverel and of Lucy was summoned to the bar for favouring (in an interview he later foreswore to his friends) a term of ten years' matrimonial trial. Or was it seven? Fancy Richard asking Lucy to mate him till she was twenty-three! Frederick Myers' (whose essay on Virgil George Wyndham bracketed with Francis Thompson's *Shelley* for the finest modern instances of creative criticism), was quoted as declaring that the two faultless authors in all literature were both of them women—Sappho and Jane Austen! These, and a score of other such samples, some of them easily discounted as due to the fervour of a moment or the melancholy of a mood, seemed to make easy records among unexpected issues of speech.

But now that I think it all over, I confidently put Bismarck into the box. When Italy and Austria were at war, in 1859, the maker of Modern Germany (himself, of course, a Major as well as a Politician) foresaw that, sooner or later, war must be waged between Austria and Prussia, and between France and Prussia. And he had great misgivings for his Prussia. "The German troops," he says, "on whose support we reckon, are for the most part quite wretched; and, if things go ill with us, their leaders will fall away from us like dry leaves in the wind." O what a welcome rustle could we hear it this autumn! Then the Major turns Philosopher, and the Philosopher, Idealist; and he writes calmly and confidentially to his wife:

"As God wills: It is, after all, only a question of time. Nations and peoples, folly and wisdom, war and peace—they come and go like waves, and the sea remains. What are our States, and their power and honour, before God, but ant-hills and bee-hives, which the hoof of an ox tramples down, or fate, in the form of a honey-gatherer, overtakes? . . . Farewell, my sweetheart, and learn to take a melancholy pleasure in life's folly; there is nothing in this world but hypocrisy and jugglery, and, whether fever or grape-shot shall tear away this mask of flesh, fall it must sooner or later, and then such a resemblance will become apparent between a Prussian and an Austrian, if they are of the same size, that it will be difficult to distinguish between them; the stupid and the clever, too, properly reduced to the skeleton state, look a good deal like each other. Patriotism for a particular country is destroyed by this reflection, but in any case we should have to despair, even now, if our happiness were built upon it."

And that was the word of the greatest war-maker but one of the modern world—the world which to him was all jugglery and hypocrisy, never a battlefield between real right and real wrong. Slaughter counted not. Leave out that preliminary capital letter, and what is left is—laughter, the laughter of a cynic. Wars achieve nothing, but let Prussians at least achieve wars!

Private Secretaries of Ministers are just now the busiest of men. They do their work behind the screen, and are themselves perhaps the only people who know how important their services—and their silences—are. Lord Rowton will always remain the pink and pattern of a Prime Minister's secretary, so it must needs be a bit of a disappointment to find but little light thrown, in the new volume of the Disraeli biography, on the relations between "Monty" and his Chief. "Of the (first) meeting with Montague Corry, Disraeli has left no account," says Mr. Buckle. But he refers to a "tradition" about that memorable coming together which so perfectly illustrates the characters of the two men that I like to tell it to you as Lord Rowton himself told it to an intimate friend. Disraeli went visiting the Duke of

Cleveland at Raby Castle—where, by the way, somebody had just written in the Visitors' Book:—

What a pity at Raby
There isn't a baby!

And at Raby there were other pities. The girls of the house-party thought it a pity, one hot wet afternoon, that everybody and everything should be so dull. They really must be amused; and, accordingly, they seized on a young man with a reputation for wisdom and gravity, and insisted on his becoming a baby for their sakes. So he was commandeered to sing a comic song to the accompaniment of the rattle of his heels. The very incongruity between the Wise Youth and his fooling gave licence to the fun. In the midst of the frolic he looked up and saw the Sphinx-face of Disraeli in the doorway. His first meeting with the Minister the night before had been the event of the young man's life. "I had a great respect for your father," said the Minister. And now, on this afternoon when he was supposed to have gone to his apartment to write letters (one to his devoted sister Sarah, be sure!) he was witness of this farce; and the willing yet unwilling performer heard in memory one sentence that choked his song: "I had a great respect for your father." "And what a fool he must think me!" was his reflection as he stopped short in his dance and shout with a deferential gesture towards the onlooker. The girls, bent with laughter, cried out to him to go on; and on he went. The Minister remained for another minute or two, his face-mask betraying neither amusement nor vexation. Then he turned his back on the resumed revels, and took refuge in his room. After dinner that evening, when others passed on, Disraeli waylaid the young man, now grave even beyond his custom. He expected to be candidly accepted as a *farceur*. The Minister's hand was on his shoulder, and the words came: "I think you must be my Impresario." The Minister had seen in him one who was sensitive yet compliant; and he knew his man.

My last American mail is a weighty one, and rather a weight, too, on my spirits. What bothers me most is that people over there are themselves badly bothered about the Irish executions. "The military lynching of a band of melancholy poets and mystics in a part of the world many have regarded as the source of civilisation makes us greatly content to be Americans." What a misunderstanding! Perhaps an inevitable one following on the English official forbearance and good feeling which minimised and otherwise censored in the reporting of them, the horrors and cruelties of the rebellion. This was kindly and tactfully done lest England should be further incensed against Ireland, and the position of Redmond (your hat off to him, please!) made more difficult than ever.

Thus is England punished for her reticence. As for "lynching" the word is surely too native and too reminiscent to have been prudently launched against us from overseas. And friends of W. D. Howells here have written to beg him to talk no more of our shooting of "prisoners of war." Unthinkable! He of all men should know it is "A Foregone Conclusion" (how I delighted in his story of the name when it was possible and even easy to be delighted) that rebels who rise in arms against their fellows, without even the decency of a declaration of war, take their lives in their hands. That is why they take also our hearts in their hands. Deprive the rebel of his sacred right to sacrifice himself, and you cheapen his name and his calling. Already the name of the pirate, joy of our youth, has been wasted by its application to the Kaiser. What are the nurseries of the near future to do when rebels and pirates are robbed of the romance with which their close dealings with death endowed them?

W.

Mr. F. W. Lanchester's contribution on the Air Board, in continuation of his article of last week, is unavoidably postponed to our next issue.

New Steps in Economic Reform

By Arthur Kitson

ONE of the many changes already accomplished by the war, is that effected in the mental attitude of the British public regarding social and economic reforms. Two years ago our conservatism and dislike for innovations seemed to be ineradicable. We were regarded by our Transatlantic neighbours as almost impervious to new ideas and to all radical reform measures. We were considered as a people on the down-grade, living on the memories of the past, and in most of our methods and habits nearly 50 years behind the times. To-day our conservatism is conspicuous by its absence. The British public mind hitherto regarded as fossilised, has been changed to a condition of remarkable plasticity. The symptoms of old age, and decadence, which were apparent two years ago are no longer visible, and instead of this, we find a mental vigour and moral outlook indicative of a nation in the young and formative stage.

A Period of Reform

We are living at a period when almost any moral, social or economic reform could be introduced and welcomed with avidity. Witness the ease with which paper money has displaced gold coins for currency purposes, a system which Lord Goschen with all his skill and influence failed to introduce. Witness also the recent Daylight Saving Act, which two years ago was regarded as altogether Utopian. In fact, we have arrived at a stage of our national history when almost any reform is possible. And the imagination becomes confused when one contemplates the innumerable plans and policies suggested and necessary in order to carry Britain to heights of progress hitherto considered unattainable.

Without rushing too far ahead, let us consider one or two simple practical and urgent reforms which could quickly and readily be effected, for which the present times are propitious. Nearly a century and a quarter ago, the French Government offered to the world the simplest system of physical measurements—for weights and measures—ever proposed before or since. With the exception of the great English-speaking races, practically the entire commercial and industrial world have adopted the French Metric System. Only Great Britain, her Colonies, and the United States still cling to their archaic system. It is perfectly true that we have recently *legalised* the French system, but the time is surely now ripe for making its use *compulsory*. If this were done, its introduction could be achieved without any serious trouble or dislocation of trade, and an economy in time and labour would be achieved that would be incalculable! The saving which would be effected in clerical labour alone would furnish a small army of clerks for much needed service in other fields.

There is another reason which should induce us to urge the immediate adoption of this system. We are hoping to form some kind of Commercial Union with our Dominions, and to enter into certain friendly trade-relations with our Allies after the war. We are preparing to capture German trade in many countries. To do this we must understand the nature and methods of trade in those countries, and by adopting the same standards and methods of measurement, we shall make the task of our manufacturers and merchants much easier. Many a foreign contract has been lost by reason of the inability or refusal of British manufacturers to estimate in terms of metric measurements. The Germans have no difficulty in this respect, since they use the same system.

Accompanying this change, however, there should be introduced a decimal coinage and currency system. Although the United States still join us in retaining the old unscientific system of weights and measures, they, as well as Canada, long ago recognised the enormous advantages of the decimal monetary system, and adopted the dollar and cent as their monetary units. In fact, Great Britain is the only important nation that has not yet adopted the decimal coinage.

An American writer recently asserted that the adoption

by the U.S.A. of the English coinage system would require nothing less than a conscription of all the American youths to undertake the clerical labour which this extra work would entail! But it is not merely in the matter of bookkeeping where vast economy would be effected by such a change. Let anyone interested stand at any of the booking offices of a London railway station or theatre during holiday times and witness the time taken by the cashiers in receiving coins and notes and counting and giving change. Then let him do the same at any of the New York, Boston or Chicago offices and note the difference. I have seen a hundred passengers pass through a New York Elevated Railway turnstile, each one buying his ticket, and the majority receiving change, in less than six minutes! I have been one of a line of 20 at a London booking office and it has taken the clerk over ten minutes to perform the same service. In other words, it has taken the London official with our complicated archaic coinage system ten times as long to attend to a given number of passengers as the American with his simple decimal coinage! Nor is this all. The chances of errors and mistakes in giving change, are enormously greater with the former. No head work, no mental arithmetic is necessary with the decimal system, whilst ours usually entails some very nimble and careful calculations.

This discussion is, of course, the revival of an old subject. But the conservatism which has hitherto made such simple and undeniably essential reform impossible, is to-day almost non-existent. Moreover, economy is in the air, and the public is clamouring for it in every shape and form.

Our Coinage System

Many suggestions have already been made for changing our coinage system. That which would necessitate the least inconvenience is to make the ten shilling piece the standard coin in place of the sovereign. This would only occasion a change in the division of the shilling. By dividing the shilling into ten pennies, we should arrive at the decimal system in practically one step. For convenience we might regard the penny as divided into ten parts, although it would not be necessary to furnish a coin of less denomination than half-a-penny. The standard coin (10s.) might be called the "George" in honour of the King, just as the standard French coin is the Louis, formerly the Napoleon. We should then have:

10 farthings = 1 penny.
10 pence = 1 shilling.
10 shillings = 1 George.

The transformation of "George" into pounds and *vice-versa* would thus be simplicity itself. No doubt the monetary pound—relic of a barbarous age—would gradually disappear from our vocabulary. Ever since gold supplanted silver as the money metal, the term pound, has lost its original significance.

Scientific opinion in this country and in our Dominions, as well as in the United States, is almost unanimously in favour of the general adoption of the decimal system in all our methods of physical measurements, and the present time is undoubtedly the psychological moment for beginning a new era in this particular field.

Earth that has felt our tears like rain,
And shared our wounds of body and soul,
Gives of her flowers to ease our pain,
Gives of her heart to make us whole.

This comes from the little poem which Sir Owen Seaman has written for the catalogue (the cover of which is designed by Mr. Byam Shaw) of the great sale of flowers and fruit organised by the Royal Horticultural Society on behalf of the British Red Cross. It is to be held at their hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, mornings and afternoons. It will be a remarkable sale.

The City of London rose show at the Cannon Street Hotel which was to have been held next Tuesday, has been postponed until Friday, July 7th, owing to the cold weather.

The Roof of Armageddon

By Will Irwin

[This vivid description of Italian fighting in the High Alps—a form of fighting not at all realised in this country—is from the pen of the famous American war correspondent, Mr. Will Irwin. Mr. Irwin, it will be remembered, made a great reputation at the beginning of the war for his exceedingly graphic accounts of the early battles in France and Flanders.]

“AND now,” said our Lieutenant, whose English is idiomatic even under excitement, “it is legs!” He jumped down, skipping like a boy at the touch of his native mountain soil. The motor car which had at last struck an impasse on the snowy road, whirred and coughed as the military chauffeur backed it out to a turning-place. The Lieutenant’s military servant loaded himself like a pack mule with our knapsacks of Arctic clothing and we crunched on. The spring snow had been wet and heavy all that day as we climbed by train and by motor under the panoramas of the Alps. Our feet, in spite of our five-pound, hob-nailed, grease-soaked Alpine boots, and our two pairs of wool socks, were churning water with every step. Now, it had begun to blow up a little colder, and a wind whipped down a lighter and more piercing quality of snow from the peaks above.

We trudged on, trying to keep pace with the loose, easy swing of that exceptional mountaineer, our Lieutenant. For all that we were going into what might be battle and would surely be a good deal of hardship, we travelled with considerable light-hearted anticipation. For this was the afternoon of Easter day, which is to the Italian a festival as important as Christmas, and there were going to be doings of some kind in the advanced Alpine base just ahead.

What we had been seeing all day in the way of scenery, what we were seeing now in the rifts of the snow-mist, I despair of describing. Mountains are mountains; but the Alps are more abrupt, altogether more perilous in every aspect than any range we North Americans know. To left and right shot up great ridges bristling with straight firs now snow-dusted. Behind these ridges rose white precipices, behind them pinnacles of grey rock so abrupt that the snow clung only to the clefts, and further up—but that was lost in the whirling snow mist. It was clear, however, in one direction, where the snow had stopped momentarily. And there, at the very top of the landscape rose a sheer wall of white. It seemed impossible that anything which travelled on legs could scale that wall; yet beyond its very top, as we know, lay important positions both Italian and Austrian. Not only had men scaled it, but they had dragged with them cannon, and somehow, every day, other men were carrying to the fighters above their food, their ammunition, all the heavy and complicated apparatus of an army in action.

The camp, when we crunched into it at last, wore what I took for a holiday air; I being unaware just then that work was going forward on this as on every day and that this was only the habitual gaiety of the Alpini. Officers in capes and grey Robin-Hood hats, looking as Alpinists always do, like the merry men of Sherwood Forest, came running down to greet their old comrade the Lieutenant, to pound him on the back, to wrestle with him in the snow. Between two long barrack sheds were half cylinders of black building-paper bowed down with laths, a squad of men in white were practising on skis. As I looked, one of them took an awkward, shambling run, leaped into the air from the top of the slope before the barracks, and brought up, a tangle of arms, legs and skis, in the snowdrift at the bottom. Another started, and he too spilled himself before the first man could arise. They grappled, they wrestled, with their skis performing awkward evolutions in the air; and all the rest of the camp yelled loud encouragement.

As we stood with the officers, getting acquainted, a company passed by in single file, lifting themselves by their wheel-tipped alpenstocks. These were not Alpinists

as their caps showed, but infantry reservists, they who help to feed and supply the fighters on the high cliffs above. The tall, lean fellow in command packed a snowball, and shot it into the midst of our group. Our officers, laughing, pelted him unmercifully. On a slope above, a company who had just come into camp and delivered themselves of their packs caught the infection and opened a snow battle. Most continental Europeans throw but awkwardly as compared to Americans and Englishmen who have played baseball and cricket since childhood. These men threw well, and they learned it, I suppose, at snowballing, the sport universal of northern peoples.

They had been all winter in this camp, and had made things comfortable and ship-shape. The doctor’s cabin, where I was quartered for the night, had a stove, less for warmth than for drying purposes. There was a tiny bunk of canvas, slung from boards, a sleeping-bag and a straw pillow, book shelves, even a little shelf for a reading lamp. What gave it the home touch to me, however, was the finish of the walls. As in the miners’ cabins of the Sierra and the Rockies, they were papered with newspapers and illustrated weeklies, stuck on by flour paste. The furniture was made on the spot of pine boards, fashioned during the long pauses of the winter storms by soldiers glad of something to do.

All that afternoon, in fact all the way from Headquarters, we had been hearing details concerning the life and organisation of the Alpini, whom circumstances have made a corps d’élite of the Italian army; and the Lieutenant told us still more as we strolled off to bed. The men of these mountain regions, when the time comes to do their military service, are drafted into the Alpine Corps. Already most of them have had practice since childhood in mountaineering. They have been goat-herders, following their flocks up and up, with the rise of the spring grass, to the very edge of the glaciers. They have been guides, making mountaineering records for hardy tourists who think they made the records themselves. They have tracked and killed chamois along the higher peaks. By the time he comes to the army, the average Alpine infantryman is learned in the craft of the mountains which requires special senses acquired only in childhood.

During his two years of army service, the Alpinist finishes off his education in mountaineering. He roughs it through all weathers, “hardening his meat” as the Indians say, and learning under expert guidance all that he had not already learned concerning the conquest of nature in her more cruel aspects. Though the Alpini now include many men of the lowlands, such are the backbone of the Corps. The increase of forces to war strength and the inevitable losses have brought to this work thousands of men from Southern Italy, who never saw snow before the war, yet they are standing an Arctic climate as hardily as their comrades of the North. There is a wonderful vitality in all these Italians.

In the theory of Italian army organisation, each regiment defends or extends that border lying nearest the district from which it is recruited. The men know that district with its peculiarities and ticks of weather; and they fight for their homes. In the practice of this war, the army has been obliged to relax this rule a little; but it still holds measurably true. Once I stood on a shoulder of the mountains talking in French to an Alpine infantryman.

“Where do you live?” I asked.

“Down there,” he said, and pointed far below, in a cleft valley lay a little village—his home.

The officers of the Alpini, if not all mountain-born, are usually at least from Northern Italy—Milan, Turin, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and the like. From the time they enter service, they follow with enthusiasm what, I dare say, is the noblest sport in the world—mountain scaling. As your cavalryman plays polo, so do they try for impossible peaks or new ways of getting at peaks

already conquered. Dining one evening in a valley base we waited a few minutes for a Colonel who had been "up" that day and whose return to camp had been announced by telephone. He came in, a compact round-headed little fighting man of forty-five or so with a fresh sunburn over his tan, and began to talk in animated Italian.

"It has been a quiet day up there," the Lieutenant translated, "and so he has performed a feat. He has climbed, for sport, to a point which no one else has been able to reach this winter."

All their active lives, these Alpine officers practice the sport as a part of business. So they learn the tricks of the treacherous mountains, such as avalanches, crevasses and hidden streams, against the time when such knowledge may mean life or death for a whole company. They love the mountains and they hate Austria. It is a border-hatred for one thing; and the memory of old days of Austrian misrule remains a long memory to Lombardy and Veneto. At Brescia they still show you with hate in their eyes the wall where the martyrs were shot during the abortive uprising, the false dawn of freedom, in 1849. All through the valleys they will point out this or that village where Garibaldi drove back the Austrians in 1866, and will describe to you with much tire and many gestures how Germany made her own peace and tricked them out of victory just when the Lion of Italy had Trent in his teeth.

The Italian army stands perhaps next to the French for democracy, and in no corps is the relationship between men and officers more fine and democratic than among the Alpini. When, even in manœuvres, an Alpine officer goes on a piece of far and hard mountain service with his men, he must live as one of them for days at a time, wrapped in the same blankets, sheltered by the same sliver of rock. Officers save the lives of men and men of officers with equal recklessness and gratitude on both sides. It is hard to hold yourself superior to men with whom you have shared such primitive hardships and valour, and the distinction among these mountain fighters, I think, is less between men and officers than between Alpini and other people.

Now Italy holds a line of six hundred and fifty kilometers, as long as the present French line since the British extended their sector. Perhaps a bare third of it is merely high-hill fighting. All the rest is Alpine work. The front of that Alpine line belongs to these born mountain fighters. The infantry of the plains supports or reinforces them; the reservists feed them; the territorials dig and delve for them, far back. The diagram of the human material in the Italian army is a pyramid, and its point is the Alpini, who have been wiggling for a year into Austrian territory peak by peak.

When we went to bed in our sleeping-bags that Easter night, the stars were out. On the way to quarters we asked the Commander if we might go forward in the morning? He reserved his decision. When I woke next morning and looked out it had begun to thaw a little; and at breakfast the Commander put his foot down on our project. "It is dangerous, it is most dangerous," he said. For a sudden thaw following a heavy snow, brings the avalanches; and that, in the winter fighting, is the real enemy, taking toll from both sides. In these avalanche days the army transport service performs only the most necessary labour, leaving the heavy work for a less dangerous time. Just now, we could not in ordinary prudence attack the glacier from this point. However, a party of officers and men was going forward that morning to a place where the most dangerous avalanches began. We might accompany them, if we wished.

It was a great place to study the ways and causes of avalanches. The rock-walls were cleft to their top with gigantic runways. A little way from the summit of these creases the snow began; it had found a slope just low enough so that it might cling. Thence it spread down toward us in great funnels and half-cones. You realised how, at any time, it might begin to start and slide, as it slides from a mansard roof in town.

At a certain point the officers stopped.

"We had better go no further," said the Chaplain. "There are brave men buried under there," he added, pointing to a great domed drift in the distance, "and we shan't get the bodies until spring." We turned back. This trail had been carefully laid to avoid avalanches

as much as possible. But no trail is entirely safe here in such weather. Alpini from further up passed us as we stood waiting to gather and go. When they entered the sector of the path below these funnels, they would glance cautiously over their shoulders at the runways above and then scurry past the danger-point. And we scurried after them.

Just before we turned back, one of the officers pointed upward to three crevasses widening out into funnels.

"When one of them starts, they all go," he said. And, now, having learned the signs, we saw that there had been two or three avalanches that morning. None, however, had been great enough to cross our path. You could mark their course perfectly by the break in the even white surface, by gigantic irregular snowballs, and even by rocks brought down from the crags.

Once more in the safe district, we took another climb. This brought us to a natural platform in the mountain, and to the foot of a curious piece of military work, devised since the war and of immense use to these mountain fighters. The author of this enterprise is, I believe, a young engineer of Milan.

The Italians call it a "teleferica," and as we have no name for the device, I had better follow their tongue. A teleferica is nothing less than a gigantic cash-carrier, such as we use in department stores. A carriage perhaps four feet long by two or two and a-half feet wide, depends from two wheels on a wire cable. Another cable draws it up, the power being furnished by gangs of men or by motor engines. We stood on this platform and looked up to a perilous crag above. From platform to crag, perhaps a third of a mile, ran the double thread of the teleferica—one for the upward journey, the other for the descent. That crag, however, was only the first landing-place. From it another double-wire stretched upward and lost itself in a cleft of the mountains. There were still other stages further up, they told us, and when the supplies had shot the last stage, they were within comfortable reach, by man-back or sled, of the snow-covered advanced trenches.

How useful the Italians make this device only their army engineers know. Later, and in another place, I saw a teleferica which makes the trip in seven or eight minutes. From its first stage to its second there is also a mule trail hewed out of the mountain side. The mules take two and a-half hours for the climb. In still another place I heard a Commander boast that his series of telefericas did the work of thousands of men—and, what was more important, did it more quickly in emergency.

This, however, was a small hand teleferica, the motive power the sturdy arms of three stout reservists. Piled in one of the semi-cylindrical black sheds were supplies such as army never employed before this war, devices whose uses I did not understand until the Chaplain explained. For example, there were "trench boots" for the snow-huts of the glacier. Their soles were of thick wood, studded with sharp spikes. Their uppers rose above the knee, and they were lined with the thickest of rough wool. That tin bucket, as big as a ten-gallon oil can, was not a fireless cooker as I supposed, but a gigantic thermos bottle which would keep dinner for a squad warm all day. They cannot cook by ordinary means up there in the glacial trenches where the snow drifts high over the sand-bags, where one lives like an Esquimaux. That would betray the position.

Not only supplies go up that perilous cash-carrier, but men. By this means the high officers save time, by it the surgeons ascend in case of emergency; and by it they bring down the wounded. An army surgeon, but a year ago a prosperous specialist in Milan, remarked to me one day that he did not bargain, when he enlisted, on being an acrobat.

The Alpini, weather sharps all of them, squinted at the heavens and prophecied another fair day. Which gave our Lieutenant an idea. He had learned by telephone that a certain high officer from a position far down the valley was going up to a very high mountain base within easy touch of the glacier. Why not join him, and go along? We could make the trip easily in a day because of the teleferica.

Now I had best stop here and describe, in the general and hazy way permitted to war correspondents, what we were about to do.



By Ludovico Pogliaghi

Alpine troops and wagons going through a pass in the Alps



By Ludovico Pogliaghi

Alpine troops with a cart in an Alpine pass

Italian Artists and the War

These remarkable pictures, reproduced here, are on view at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, where a wonderful exhibition of Italian Artists and the War is now open. They are the work of Ludovico Pogliaghi, the only artist who has been allowed to go to the Italian front.

The Club with Five Million Members

Land & Water's Special Appeal for the Union Jack Club

THE extension of the Union Jack Club is one of the most urgent practical needs of the hour. Sailors and soldiers should be given a place in London where they may be certain not only of a welcome home, but also of a bed if they require it. This Club has strained its sleeping accommodation to the extremest limit, and is unable to meet the demands



Entrance Hall

upon it, therefore it is endeavouring to obtain the funds without delay in order to extend its premises. It has purchased the buildings alongside, which as they stand are entirely unsuitable for the requirements of a Club. They have to be pulled down, and a new edifice constructed. The work can be put in hand directly the money is available, and for this money LAND & WATER presses this special appeal.

It has been contrary to this journal's policy to be constantly making claims upon the purses of its readers, nor would it do so now, did it not feel most strongly that here is a cause which has special and peculiar claims and which might easily be overlooked amid the other numerous and more clamant demands.

A fact that has also had its full influence is that the Union Jack Club, from the day when its doors were first open exactly nine years come Saturday week, has been run on thoroughly sound and efficient business principles. Year after year Sir Edward Ward, President of its Council, has been able to present at the annual meeting a balance-sheet showing a small profit on the working after due provision had been made for depreciation, securities written down to their market value, and a reasonable amount added to reserves.

There is not a Club in the land which is run on better principles than this one with its five million members. It prides itself on being independent of outside help for its upkeep, and of paying its way out of its own income. But naturally it has not the funds at its disposal for this new extension, the need of which is entirely due to the war. Nor would it be justified in utilising its small reserves in this manner. On the other hand, if ever there was an institution that had the right to look to the country and ask for assistance it is this Club with its clean financial record combined with the splendid use it is to our fighting men on leave in London.

Mention was made last week of the manner in which the Union Jack Club can render equal service at the same time to the dead and to the living. A gift of £100 enables a bedroom to be built which can be dedicated to the memory of any gallant gentleman. A donation of £1,000 will construct a corridor of ten bedrooms. To those who have the means this must appear a noble, simple and sensible way of per-

petuating the memory of brave men who have given their lives for their country.

Said Colonel Clive, M.P., at the recent general meeting: "The sailor and soldier have shown themselves well able to run a good Club like this for themselves, but the help they do require is for its extension. Even in time of peace this Club was constantly over-crowded in weekends, and how Major Wilkinson has been able to manage during the war, not only for the members who used it in peace time, but for the large number who were made honorary members, and also the Over-sea troops it is difficult to understand." Though he has done much Major Wilkinson cannot achieve impossibilities.

The War Office, it should be mentioned, has been applied to for a grant from canteen funds. But it is the public that must supply the most of the money if work is to be put in hand at once. The Club Council displayed shrewd wisdom in asking Mr. H. E. Morgan to organise and manage this appeal, for he brings to his honorary but by no means light task exceptional energy and experience. The appeal in the end is bound to be successful, and we feel sure our readers will delight in making it so with as little delay as possible. Bear in mind that until this extension is complete the Club is continually compelled to refuse applications for bedrooms and members, so stranded, have to fend for sleeping quarters the best way they can.

Owing to mechanical difficulties the section of LAND & WATER, in which this article appears, has to go to press the day after the publication of the previous issue; therefore it is not possible to publish to-day a list of contributions or yet to comment on the letters which had



Dining Room

begun to reach this office as we went to press with this part of the paper. The subscriptions will be printed next week. It is evident from the tone of the letters we have already read, that the appeal has won cordial approval; more than one writer thanking us for drawing attention to this need of the Union Jack Club. Its good work is, of course, widely known in naval and military

circles, and officers and men concur in bestowing on it the highest praise. What the Club requires is further scope for its usefulness, so that members, when they apply for rooms as shown in the photograph at the head of this article, may not be turned away. The illustration of the dining-room gives a very good idea of the spaciousness and airiness of the Club generally.

All Contributions for the Union Jack Club Extension Fund should be immediately forwarded to :

The Editor,

"LAND & WATER,"

Empire House, Kingsway,

London, W.C.

Envelopes should be marked "U.J.C. Fund."

Cheques should be drawn in favour of the U.J.C.

Extension Fund, and crossed "Coutts and Co."



